KINDNESS IS TELLING OTHERS ABOUT ANIMALS THAT NEED OUR HELP, AND GIVING THEM A CHANCE TO HELP, TOO.

Photo courtesy Tyler Courier-Times-Telegraph  Read story on page 5
Dear friends,

Once I had an open porch with a rafter beam that had a ledge—just the right size for a Phoebe nest. Mr. and Mrs. Phoebe bird looked it over carefully, and then decided this was where they would raise their family. It was fun to watch them fly in and out bringing materials and building the nest. They became quite used to people sitting on the porch, watching them work.

All through the building of the nest we watched. Mrs. Phoebe laid her eggs, and when she started to sit on them, she didn't seem to mind people walking across the porch, going in and out of the house. Of course we always remembered to be quiet and not make sudden movements. Three babies hatched and it was fun to listen to their excited chirps as mother and father Phoebe brought food. They fed each baby in turn, and by the time the third baby had been given food, the first baby was chirping to be fed again.

I never saw such well-trained babies. While they were still tiny, mother and father Phoebe cleaned house as they left the nest each time they went for more food. Just as soon as the babies were old enough to balance well, they were taught to perch on the edge of the nest to let their droppings fall to the floor below. Then it was my turn to help clean up after the babies.

Soon it was time to learn to fly, and within two days all the Phoebe family were darting about from tree to tree. They no longer slept in the nest, but learned to sleep on a tree branch, with their parents.

The following spring Mr. and Mrs. Phoebe returned and built a nest on the ledge next to last year's nest. They took great pains to be sure the nest was just right. When it was finished, and before the eggs were laid, they celebrated by singing to each other, and flying in and out through the open porch, darting in, and darting out again. I had carelessly left the front door open, and in their excitement they flew right into the house. Seeing the picture window, and not understanding the glass formed a solid barrier, they thought this was an opening they could fly through. Mr. and Mrs. Phoebe hit the glass at full speed. They died instantly.

The porch is now enclosed so birds can't fly through. Two Phoebe nests still sit on the ledge—a memorial to two friendly birds who once lived with me. The picture window now has streamers that flutter to warn other birds that it is not an opening they can fly through.

One of the Phoebes' first year's babies has just returned with his mate to my house to live. They have just completed their nest on a ledge I built especially for them, under the eave, outside the house, where there are no windows near. The young Mrs. Phoebe still gets upset when someone walks by. I don't want her to get too used to us. It is sometimes dangerous to let wild animals become too tame, and get too used to people. We didn't mean any harm to come to our first Phoebes, but they died because they became too tame, and were not cautious about flying right into the house.

I'm looking forward to watching the new baby Phoebes hatch and begin to cheep to be fed. It will be fun, too, to watch how their parents teach them not to soil their own nest. But I will watch from a safe distance, so this Phoebe family continues to be wary of people. It is their world, and we will not disturb it. I'm happy they like the ledge I built for them, and we have Phoebes living near again.

Your friend,
Have You Met...

the lumpy, bumpy, bug-eyed friend who starts his life looking like a tiny black whale? He's friend toad. Born in water, he changes, through a magical metamorphosis, to a creature who can live on land. In his baby stage, as a tadpole or 'polliwog', he can be seen in ponds and puddles everywhere. As he matures, he grows legs and his tail disappears. Most of his life is spent on land, though he is an amphibian. He and his relatives belong to a family called Salientia, and frogs are part of this family. Salientia come in an array of greens, browns and clay reds that let them blend into their background. Friend toad's only other protection is an acid poison given off by his skin. It is harmless to people, but may cause smarting and irritation to the eyes or mouth. A dog who has caught a toad usually decides never to do it again.

A toad's liking for insects makes him a friend in deed. His sticky tongue whips out to full length to catch an insect in flight. He's a shy fellow, sensitive to light, hibernating in a deep sleep in winter and estivating (summer sleeping) in wet leaves or under boards or rocks in the hot months. Some male frogs make a resounding croak formed in a neck pouch that swells like a balloon.

It's hard to resist, but we must let tadpoles, toads and frogs alone. Tadpoles rarely survive in jars and aquariums. Nature has devised the ideal incubator for them - the pond. Next time you find a toad in your garden, talk to him. If he gets to know you, he'll respond to your voice and come to you when you call.
Miss Alice Blackburn's 4th Grade Class Club from Haviland Avenue School, Audubon, N.J., with their puppet show. They gave a performance with their puppets as entertainment for their local humane society's annual meeting. Members of the Animal Welfare Association were impressed and delighted with the performance.

TYLER TIMBERWOLVES

The Kindness Club booth at the East Texas State Fair, operated by the Tyler 'Timberwolves' Branch Club. Big brothers for the Timberwolves, from Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, took turns wearing the Snoopy costume as an attraction for fair visitors. Many people signed petitions and took leaflets that told about The Kindness Club.
TADPOLES, FROGS, AND TOADS

One of the most fascinating animals is the tadpole, because you can watch him lose his tail and grow legs, turning into a frog or toad shape. Boys often collect tadpoles and keep them in a jar to watch them change into frogs or toads. But how would you like to be taken from your home and have to live in a glass jar while you grow up?

Collecting tadpoles is cruel. Many collected tadpoles die because the right food isn’t available for them. It upsets them to be in a strange world, away from the pond that was their home. We need every tadpole to grow up into frogs or toads to control insects. A full grown toad is worth $25 to a farmer in the amount of insects he controls in just one season. Every time someone collects a tadpole in a glass jar he upsets the balance of nature just a little bit. Several tadpoles in a glass jar upset the balance of nature a lot more than you could imagine.

You can have fun watching tadpoles grow, but watch them in the pond where they live. Visit them every day and see how fast they grow. But leave them there. Remember—take nothing but memories; leave nothing but footprints.

Kindness Club members often write and ask if they can collect money to send to help animals. We can’t authorize you to ask for money, but there are ways of earning or raising money to be used to help animals. Here are some of the things Kindness Club members have done that successfully raise money for helping animals:

Hold carnivals or pet shows, selling tickets and refreshments.
Grow plants to sell.
Make useful items for sale, such as bird feeders or bird houses.
Collect donated items for a garage sale.
Mow lawns or do other jobs for neighbors.

See what you can do this summer to earn money for helping your animal friends.

Photo courtesy Nacogdoches Daily Sentinel

'Cottontails' selling cookies to raise money for helping animals. 'Cottontails' (girls) and 'Beagles' (boys) both animals. 'Cottontails' (girls) and 'Beagles' (boys) both animals. The two clubs recently merged, working together they raised $50 for the animals.

"PANDA" KC VISITS KIND HEADQUARTERS

The Panda Kindness Club, 3rd grade class club at Lorton Elementary School, Lorton, Va., recently visited KIND Headquarters. Miss McGlynn, their teacher, is Raccoon headquarters. Miss McGlynn, their teacher, is Raccoon headquarters. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade Captain. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade. They brought Miss Balkman, and her 3rd grade.

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Photo courtesy Nacogdoches Daily Sentinel

A billboard sign donated by the 'Beagletails' of Nacogdoches, Texas. A bank donated space for the sign. Some counties ban billboards to keep scenery natural. Be sure space is available before planning such a project.