

ROLF

Super Hero of Our Animal Hero Contest.

Gold Medal Winner for the State of Minnesota in the 1932 Hero Animal Contest of the Latham Foundation and the Minneapolis Journal.



ROLF.

ROLF, a pedigreed German police dog, scion of a line of Germany's finest manhunters, saved three children from a burning house and is a great son of his breed. It was dogs of Rolf's ancestry that went over the top with German messages in the war, and it was Rolf's strain which made these dogs the terrible super-intelligent hunters of criminals that became known throughout the world.

Food was scarce in Dusseldorf in 1923 during the occupation. There wasn't much to go around for the dogs, and Mrs. Anton Dirkse, 56 North Victoria Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, visiting in Dusseldorf, brought Rolf back to this country with her.

Rolf had been trained by the police with his brothers, and was one of their most promising pupils. The feat for which he received the gold medal of the Latham Foundation was a marvelous one.

It happened while Rolf's owners were spending the summer at a resort. Nearby lived another family with three children. Rolf does not care for children particularly as playmates, but he knows how to guard them well. Several times he had seen them at play in the yard.

Then one day while the children were taking a nap in the house, and their parents were down at the lake, fire broke out. A curl of smoke drifted out of an upper story window and then more and more. Rolf, in his own yard, saw the smoke. Instantly he was on his feet, his ears cocked, his head forward. He knew what smoke meant.

Then at a bedroom window from which the smoke had begun to seep, appeared a frightened little face

and a childish cry came across the yards. In a flash, uttering a single bark, Rolf started forward. Between him and the burning house were two fences. Over these he sailed and sped up the lawn.

There was a screen door at the rear of the house. As 110 pounds of heavy police dog hit it going fast, it splintered and tore. Into the smoke, Rolf disappeared.

The door to the bedroom had been shut, but Rolf remembered his early training. With a lunge he hit it, and the light lock burst open under the impact. One child Rolf seized firmly by its clothes, while another, child-like, clung with its arms around the dog's neck. With his double burden, Rolf went down the stairs and outside. Dropping his load he dashed back through the flames and seized the third. Quickly, for the flames were mounting, he yanked the child off its feet and started down the stairs. His beautiful body singed by the flames, he gained the yard as the first of the neighbors came running up. The children were saved. Quietly Rolf trotted off. His work was done.

At another time a prowler entered the Dirkse home. He stayed just two seconds and emerged with a roaring police dog behind him. The man took only two steps, and with consummate skill Rolf had him tripped and down and with a snarl was at his throat, his fangs an inch away from the trembling fellow's jugular vein. Not daring to move a muscle, and with his wits almost frightened out of him, the prowler stayed just that way until the police arrived. Then with a wag of his tail, Rolf trotted off. On a third occasion, Rolf saved a child from being run down by an automobile when he rushed to the street and shoved her out of the way.

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"Do butterflies always eat nectar?" asked Brother Buzz.

"One kind does not, though I don't see any around just now," said the Fairy, looking all about her. "They are called Wanderers and are very valuable to the flowers and plants, for their caterpillars eat the woolly lice, that cottony white mass that we see on plants. They suck the sap and life from everything they attack, and these tiny caterpillars do good service by devouring quantities of them. The adult butterfly Wanderers eat the honey-dew from plants infested by these aphids. They rarely are seen on flowers."

"Look, look!" cried Brother Buzz. "What is going on over there?"

He and the Fairy flew quickly to a tall hollyhock from which they could overlook a big bed of white and purple iris.

The warm sunshine was drawing a faint perfume from the royal purple flowers, showing more deeply colored against the delicate white of their sister blossoms; and thickly coming and going, sipping their nectar, resting softly amid their petals, caressing, fluttering, rising to whirl away into the air and as quickly returning, were hundreds of tiny white butterflies. It was a wonderful sight and Brother Buzz and the Fairy sat still, unable to even speak. At last the Fairy said gently, "There is a tale that white butterflies are the souls of dead flowers. This seems as if it might be true."

Brother Buzz felt that the world was surely more beautiful, more kindly and more lovable for these glorious little creatures, whose mission in life was greater than their work, to make people appreciate the marvelous handiwork of the Creator. And the way to enjoy them is to watch and study their ways and life as they fly, free and happy, not struggling under cruel nets or more cruelly pinned up in collections. One live butterfly can teach more than a thousand dead ones.

QUESTIONS

1. Whom did Brother Buzz see in the acacia tree?
2. What happened when the Fairy blew her trumpet?
3. Are there many kinds of butterflies?
4. Describe Sir Giant Swallow-tail.
5. Describe the chrysalis.
6. How long do butterflies remain in a chrysalis? How do they break out?
7. Describe Spring Azure, American Copper, White butterflies and Wanderers.
8. What is an aphid?
9. What do butterflies do for the world?
10. Why do we learn more from the lovely live butterflies than to cruelly collect them?

SUPPLEMENTARY WORDS

aphids	moult	oval
feelers	snapdragon	haunts
locust	woolly	

FAITHFUL BILL



Bay View Bill

Bill Promises to be Present in Person at Poster Exhibition

Bay View School, San Francisco, Calif.

February 13, 1933.

Mrs. Dolores Wilkens Kent,
Secretary Latham Foundation,
Oakland, California.

My Dear Mrs. Kent:

A belated response to your very nice letter of January 19, 1933—due to a broken arm of mine—brings my assurance that we shall be happy to have "Bay View Bill" participate in your Hero Dogs program, attendant only upon the fact that his condition will permit such appearance, as his rheumatism is sometimes more troublesome than is comfortable for him.

However, he seemed quite proud and delighted when I read your letter to him and led me to believe that he would do all in his power to conserve his strength until the momentous occasion in May.

My very best wishes are yours for a stupendous success.

Cordially yours,
ROSE STOLTZ, *Principal.*

P. S.: Bill is now in his seventh year of attendance at school, and up to date, is 100 per cent perfect. He sends his greetings to you and your pets.—R. S.

SPECIAL NOTICE

As conspicuously announced in our January issue (No. 55) the closing date of the Scrapbook Contest is MAY 1, 1933.

Through some error which we are at a loss to understand the closing date was announced in the September, 1932, issue (No. 52) as March 1, 1933. We wish to correct this mistake and to make it clear that the closing date is as above—May 1, 1933.