

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1920.

# ERRING GIRLS "COME BACK" AT RAINBOW FARM AND MARRY HAPPILY

## GIRLS LEAVING JOBS ADVISED TO MARRY

### Home Work Bigger Than Anything in the Business World, Says Woman Friend Of Government Aids.

What course will the thousands of girl workers in Washington pursue as they are released from government service?

Will they marry, go home to "wait," or continue in business life?

In search of answers to these questions a Sunday Herald reporter called on Miss Fannie Wolfson, secretary of the Woman's Chamber of Commerce here and in close touch with the business world and the government.

Home the Best Place. Here is what Miss Wolfson says: Every girl in a georgette waist and short skirt should have a husband and a home.

Falling in this, she should enter business or a profession, thoroughly trained for her work.

No girl, no matter how rich her parents may be, has a right to be idle.

If she doesn't have the job of making a home and rearing a family, she should either work downtown or in her mother's kitchen.

"I don't think any woman should take a position away from a man," says Miss Wolfson. "She doesn't need to. There is not a single position a man can fill that a woman can't also fill, and she can work both ways. Of course, the place where this is most evident is in the home and, after all, that is the 'biggest job' any woman can have."

"Nation Lags If Home Falls." "The woman who is fortunate to have the position of doctor and mother has no right to go into outside business or politics; she should leave that for her less fortunate sisters, and there are many of them."

"Our power can't last if we lose the home or let it disintegrate because of other interests. It is the woman's province. If the home goes to pieces there will be referendum after referendum against woman suffrage, and the ballot will be useless to us. We can't sustain suffrage unless we sustain the home."

"It is the woman who has no aim in life who has to find one, and this is the woman who can and should take up commercial or political activity. I have never known a woman in my life, but I believe a woman who has a home, a husband and children is in the best business in the world."

"Those girls who came from the country," Miss Wolfson continued, "will not be willing to go back. They have had a taste of a broader life, and the humdrum of the small town will be distasteful to them. The girls who marry now, and you know I believe they could do nothing better for themselves or for American life, will be happy no matter where they go. It is foolish to say a year or two of business life in Washington will keep a girl from marrying for where love is concerned nothing else seems to matter much."

"The thing I dread and fear is that some, perhaps many, of the girls will again resort to idleness. There are numberless fine girls in this city and all over the country who do nothing but live. They should be at work. Even if they are rich, they could help in the kitchen in these days of servant difficulties, and with girls of this type wages shouldn't be such an object."

"The college graduate should teach, but does she do it? No. She seems to think it is beneath her. She has a wonderful chance there in service. No woman has the right to sit back and fold her hands."

140 Too Much for Room. Miss Wolfson alluded to the disproportionate view of money held by many girls. She told of a young friend of hers from New Orleans who visited the club where Miss Wolfson lives.

"Oh, it is beautiful here," sighed the girl. "I wish I could live here, too."

"Well," said Miss Wolfson, a room has just been vacated, but the rent has been raised to \$40, and that is pretty high."

"Oh, \$40 isn't so much," the girl replied. "My chums and I pay \$45 a month where we are now."

And then Miss Wolfson's lips tightened. "Any girl," she said, "who thinks \$40 a month for a room is a girl who has no business away from home."

Women belong, claims Miss Wolfson, first to their husbands and children and then to the public and commercial world.

"I have never voted for any woman as a member of my club," she says, "who had a young husband and a home. Her evenings belong to her children and to her children. Later, when the children are grown up, the mother should join a club and in every way prepare herself to be the companion of her children."

## Girls "Fighting Back" to Decent Place in Nation's Society

### Run 325-Acre Farm in Virginia Hills Near Washington



Dr. Kate Waller Barrett and some of the girls she has rescued, as they return from a day's work on the rainbow farm at Ivakota. Naturally, they are looking into the future, so that no one in their tragic past may recognize them.

## UNCLE WIGGILY HONORS 34 BOYS AND GIRLS AND OFFERS MORE CASH PRIZES FOR COLORING

### So Many Submit Drawings Of Merit That Honorable Mention Is Given 25.

Uncle Wiggily has selected the girl and boy winners for the best coloring of his drawings that appeared in last Sunday's Washington Herald and in addition to announcing the names today he offers more cash awards for the coloring of another picture.

The Herald coloring feature attracted so much attention last week that several hundred boys and girls sent in drawings. Many of the pictures were very good and showed that Uncle Wiggily's little friends have been studying the characteristics of him and of Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy very closely.

25 Get Honorable Mention. Because there were so many exceptionally good pictures submitted, Uncle Wiggily's board of judges had a difficult task in selecting the winners. Although it was impossible to give cash prizes to all the contestants the judges decided to give honorable mention to twenty-five boys and girls whose work showed special merit.

The awards were made as follows: First prize, \$2.00—Martha Ennis, 11 years old, 1317 Fairmont street northwest.

Second prize, \$1.50—Billy Lloyd, 7, 1819 G street northwest.

Third prize, \$1.00—Marie Monahan, 15, 1007 Maryland avenue southeast.

Six prizes, 50 cents each: Marguerite Holloway, 3, of Menchville, Va.

Kenneth Wettig, 15, of 705 Sixteenth street northeast.

Joe Howell, 9, of 351 H street northeast.

Margaret Donovan, 9, of 3619 Tenth street northwest.

Beatrice Yablanski, 7, of 123 M street southeast.

Martha Stover, 12, of 3623 Tenth street northwest.

Honorable Mention—Lalla R. Bowman, 1481 Rhode Island avenue northwest; Elizabeth Johnson, 303 Thirteenth street southeast; Helen G. Barton, 3817 Tenth street northwest; Marjorie E. Marshall, 1023 Otis place northwest; William Beverly, Jr., Broad Run, Va.; Margaret Schuberger, 3614 Tenth street northwest; Marietta E. Bode, 2389 Georgia avenue northwest; Allathair Hilton, 2302 Thirteenth street northwest; Dorothy E. Breit, 2317 Fourteenth street northwest; Joe Vansicker, 30 Fifth street northwest; Mary Virginia Murray, 3960 G street northwest; William H. Test, 3028 Fifth street northwest; Margaret A. Dinwood, Iowa apartments; Vivienne Reed, Mt. Rainier, Md.; Helen Geary, Woodstock, Va.; William Hitchcock, 1929 Eighteenth street northwest; Martha Stover, 642 Pickford place northeast; Sara Jane Odell, 3112 Thirteenth street northwest; Frances H. Holman, 1224 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

Must Be In Wednesday. This week's contest is conducted on exactly the same lines as those of the last two Sundays. Girls and boys up to 16 years old are invited to color the Uncle Wiggily picture on this page with crayon or paint. A picture must be in The Herald office not later than Wednesday noon, and must be addressed as follows:

## Uncle Wiggily and the Brown Bird



Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

"Do you feel like cinnamon brown buns, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, as she stepped in from the kitchen, whence came many delicious smells.

"Do I feel like cinnamon brown buns?" repeated the rabbit gentleman as he looked at his muskrat lady housekeeper. "Well, to tell you the truth, I feel pretty good. I could even dance a fox trot if a grasshopper would play a little music. But as for feeling like a bun—"

"Oh, I didn't mean that exactly," said Nurse Jane, with a smile which made her whiskers curl around toward the back of her neck. "I should have asked you if you liked to eat cinnamon buns?"

"Do you mean with brown maple sugar sprinkled over the top?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," said Nurse Jane.

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggily, and his pink nose twinkled like an alarm clock going off at half past six on a wintry morning.

"Then if you like cinnamon buns so much I'll make you some, if you go to the five and ten cent store and get me some brown cinnamon," said Nurse Jane.

"Picks Up His Crutch. As quickly as never, was Uncle Wiggily caught up his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch and away he hopped, over hill and down dale until he came to the cinnamon store. There he bought some of the sweet, brown spice which he put in the pocket of his red vest.

## Latest Picture Affords More Children Chance to Display Talent as Artists.

skip and jump. He ran very fast, did the bunny with the brown cinnamon in his red vest pocket, but the Bazook ran fast also.

"Oh, he'll surely get me, I fear!" said Uncle Wiggily, but just then he happened to see a swampy wet place in the woods, and he skipped through that. Now the Bazook is always afraid of getting his claws wet, so when this bad chap saw Uncle Wiggily go in the damp swamp the Bazook dared not follow.

"Well, you got away from me, and saved your souse this time," said the bad old Bazook as he turned back from the swamp. "But I'll get you another day."

"As long as I am safe today, little else matters to me," said Uncle Wiggily, as he went deeper into the swamp. "And tonight I shall have cinnamon buns."

As he spoke thus, Uncle Wiggily put his paw in the pocket of his red vest, and to his great sorrow and disappointment, the package of brown cinnamon was not there.

"Oh, woe is me!" cried the bunny. "I must have dropped the cinnamon in the swamp! I wonder if I shall ever find it."

Hears Bird's Song. He looked all around and he was beginning to feel more and more unhappy when, all at once, he heard the most beautiful bird song that had ever come to his ears.

"I did not know such a wonderful bird singer would come to a swamp," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, yes, this is where I most love to sing," said the bird, as he flew to a tree limb, near the bunny rabbit, was a brown bird. Once again he sang, did the brown bird, and so sweetly that Uncle Wiggily felt happy tears come into his eyes.

"You have made me glad, even if I did lose Nurse Jane's package of cinnamon," said the rabbit. "Please sing again, Mr. Brown Bird, and tell me your name."

"I am called the veery," was the answer. "I am something like the brown thrushes, but I love to live in quiet places, like swamps. Shall I sing again for you?"

The Same Color. "Yes, please," Uncle Wiggily said. "I don't mind about losing the cinnamon or not having the brown buns, when I hear you sing." Once again the veery trilled out his sweet notes, and then he flew right off a low branch to the ground and picked up something in his bill.

"Is this what you lost?" the veery asked the bunny.

"Yes, that is the cinnamon for Nurse Jane," spoke Uncle Wiggily in surprise. "How did you find it?"

"Why, it is the same brown color as my feathers," was the answer. "I saw it lying on the ground and thought it might be one of my little birds. Here, take it home with you."

## DEAD PAST BURIED IN HILLS OF VIRGINIA

### Happiness Comes in Feeding Chickens, Hoing Potatoes or Sawing Wood at Dr. Kate Waller Barrett's Ivakota.

Girls gone wrong CAN "come back."

This much has been proved by Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, of Alexandria, president of the National Florence Crittenton Mission.

Three years ago, Mrs. Barrett established a rainbow farm for girls that were called the "worst kind" by the police and courts. It nestles among the hills of Fairfax County, Virginia, less than thirty miles from Washington, and is known as Ivakota.

Today, girls who have been "graduated" from Ivakota are happily married. They boast that they got their first glimpse of the dawn of a new day at Mrs. Barrett's rainbow farm, where "every girl has the power within herself to regain her lost place in the world."

Offering a constructive idea for the care of girls in their teens, Mrs. Barrett makes this novel suggestion:

"In every block in every city at least one home is a failure. Just across the street is a home where the sons and daughters will go morally wrong or where there is not enough money to support the family. Every neighbor in the block must cross the street and gather together to form a protection for those children. It is America's hope."

Mother and social worker, president of the National Florence Crittenton Mission, Mrs. Barrett's philosophy is thus summed up:

No girl is past reform. Mothers and wrong home life are to blame for a girl's transgression.

No girl is born "bad," the world makes her so. Man is just like woman—weak.

Society leaders set the pace; the poor girl pays the fiddler. It is better for a girl to want something bad and to work for it than to have no ambition at all.

Only Place of Its Kind in U. S. In the old-fashioned drawing room of her Southern home in Alexandria, Mrs. Barrett talked to a Sunday Herald reporter of the girl that needs another chance and of the one place in America where she is accepted without question of moral, mental or physical condition.

It is Mrs. Barrett's belief in the power of home surroundings that has led to the founding and growth of Ivakota, where girl after girl has "fought back" to right living, acceptance by the world, a husband, home and happiness.

Five years ago Mrs. Leonard D. Williams, of Chevy Chase, then Mrs. Ella D. Shaw, offered her farm as a gift to the National Florence Crittenton Mission if they would take possession in three days. They did so several years before the farm was used only as a summer home for the Washington branch of the mission, and then Mrs. Barrett dedicated it to its present service.

Are From Washington. The winding road through the hills from the little village of Clifton prepares one for the natural beauty of the farm, whose wooded acres and open fields are sweet with wild honeysuckle this June. On top of one of these hills stands the main house, although there are two other houses in which live the fifty-eight girls now there.

Most of the girls are from Washington and Virginia. To the matron, Miss Barrett, the girls are like the man before her to be loved and trusted no matter how far down the ladder of respectability they had gone before.

All have come from the streets, from the very dregs of society. They are girls of 16 and 17 and 18 who have been made the victims of evil, willingly or unwillingly, and who have tasted the bitterness of the outside world.

"A little bungalow houses an infirmary, where the United States Public Health Service maintains a trained nurse to give them daily medical attention."

Change Her Whole Life. "But the physical cure is only a basis," says Mrs. Barrett. "It is the complete change in the girl's thoughts and mode of life that counts. When the girl first goes out there she may feel a little discontented. When a holiday comes she thinks of the wonderful time she had in some dance hall the year before. All her thoughts are in the past."

But after she has been there a year, the holiday is linked up with the last one at Ivakota and she does not long for the dance hall. She has been changing a whole new set of surroundings and the thought of going back to dirt and grime is unpleasant to her. She no longer wants that life.

"It was because she was reaching out for something new that she went wrong originally. It was her desire to express herself, the urge of her ambition. She took the easiest path and the one nearest at hand, but I would rather have the girl striving toward something, even though that thing be bad, than to have all ambition dead."

"It is up to us to divert this energy into channels that are best for the girl and for society."

Girls Run Farm. Every effort is made to have Ivakota a real farm. To one girl is assigned the duty of caring for the electric light plant, to another the care of the dairy, still another girl feeds the forty-five hogs. Down in the barnyard a girl stands feeding the chickens; just back of the house two girls are busy with a cross-cut saw getting wood for the kitchen; over in the garden patch a dozen are hoeing the rows of potatoes; and beans or perhaps taking up the thousands of young tomato plants for transplanting.

Each girl is paid for this work and she is allowed to spend the money as she wishes, but most of them bank it to have a "stake" when they leave, for the girls go out from Ivakota with a different outlook on life, say those who have

gone before and who often come back to visit.

"You see, we keep in close touch with the girls after they leave," says Mrs. Barrett. "They are on probation for a year and if they slip back we have power to bring them back, but never once has this been necessary. Not a girl that has left here has returned to her old ways."

Tells Husband of Past. "Most of them go into work of some sort for which they were prepared here, but the larger part are married before long. Yes, their husbands know they were here—the girl tells him herself—but not one of these marriages has turned out unhappily."

Just across the road from the main buildings at Ivakota stands the unfinished school house, which will serve as a community house to the entire neighborhood. There will be two school rooms on the first floor and an auditorium above. The D. A. R. of Virginia, of which Mrs. Barrett is State regent, has contributed the building.

The old school house burned last winter. When the fire broke out one of the girls at Ivakota burst into tears, crying:

"Oh, the school house is burning down on the part of nearby town. I had to get an education. I have nothing more to live for." But Mrs. Barrett's son, J. B. Barrett, at once moved the desks across the road and that afternoon classes were continued by the State.

When the home was first established there was considerable opposition from the part of nearby farmers, but this has changed and grown into a spirit of co-operation that makes Ivakota one of the principal institutions of the countryside.

With 125 acres of the farm under cultivation, practically everything used is produced there. The wheat is ground at Manassas, and a number of hogs are killed each year. A cannery factory was near the hotel, but this has been sold to handle the 20,000 cans of tomatoes produced on the farm this year, and will help in maintaining the farm as well as affording work for six girls.

The only methods of discipline are a bread and water diet or confinement.

"It is the older girls who voluntarily maintain discipline," say farm workers. "If a girl is inclined to run away when she first comes, she soon gets over it. The girls who take possession in three days are the ones who show her what a tremendous opportunity is hers if only she will stay, and her attitude changes. One girl who left recently to accept a good position for an office, another one insists on staying and paying for her board. Her brother was killed in France, and she has his insurance. We could let her go, but she prefers to stay."

Has Helped Girls Forty Years. For forty years Mrs. Barrett has been active in the work of the National Florence Crittenton Mission, which has branches in seventy-six cities in America. Probably no other woman has helped so many girls more than she. Her influence has guided them, nor has won their love as has Kate Waller Barrett. From far and near they flock to her when in trouble.

"I have one girl in my house in Alexandria now," she said, "who is in terrible trouble. She was married to a good man and has an 18-month-old baby to which she was devoted, when an evil sweetheart persuaded her to run off with him. They went to West Virginia, taking the child with them."

As motherhood approached her, she began to grow remorseful. Although she loved her little son dearly, she took him back to his father in expiation and then came to me. She went back to her man with whom she ran away, but she will she accept any money from him for support.

"What will I do with her? I am going to send her to a Florence Crittenton Mission near her home, where her husband will probably see her. I believe he still loves her, and that, once together, he will take her."

Her Own Early Life. "That girl is not wicked; she was weak. And it works just the same with men; a boy and a girl are alike. I think all boys and girls should be tested along this line and the weak one helped before they have gone too far. I can go into a high school class full of boys and girls and, after a few minutes of home talking, can pick out those who need help and are likely to go wrong."

"The most beautiful and the most fragile thing in the world is the girl of 16. She has her father's estate as a part in life, and she will start down one path or the other."

Her Own Early Life. "Over half a century ago a young girl of aristocratic family stood evening after evening under the trees of her father's estate beside the Potomac river and watched the night boat bound for Washington go by with its crowds, lights and music."

"That girl was I. I would rather have known my thoughts in those days, her husband would have turned white with horror. I would have given anything in the world I possessed to leave my old home life and join the outside world."

"I was just the sort of girl who would have gone wrong, as the world calls it. Youth and the world were urging me as they urge every boy and girl, and I made up my mind I would love the first man from the outside world who came along."

"And I did. Fortunately, he was a splendid young man, an Episcopalian minister."

"But if he had been a bad man I think I should have loved him and gone away just the same."

## BRYAN ANALYZES FRISCO HOPEFULS

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

To every political observer two things are apparent: first that the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination is proceeding without acrimony.

That brings us to the second obvious characteristic of the campaign, viz., the shortage in Democratic votes, as shown by the primaries, and by the various straw votes recently taken.

In Nebraska, for instance, in 1916 President Wilson carried the State by 41,000 majority; this year, in spite of the spirited fight over the liquor question, the Democrats polled only about 15,000 votes.

In Michigan, the Republicans polled more than twice as many votes as the Democrats. In Ohio, the Republicans polled considerably more than twice as many votes as the Democrats, although the Democrats carried Ohio in 1916.

It should be said that in Indiana, California, Massachusetts and other States where a vote has been taken the Literary Digest poll, to largest ever taken, reveals that of Democratic voters.

But more astounding than the scarcity of Democratic votes is the apparent landslide of Democratic voters to Republican candidates.

Mr. McAdoo is seriously handicapped by his close relationship to the President. Clark has his own States behind him, and his reason for being complimented by the number of votes he has received in the Literary Digest poll.

Judge Girard's candidacy has the relative availability of the candidate and must be remembered that availability is not necessarily proportionate to merit.

To begin with, the President need not be considered. While various suggestions have been thrown out occasionally, no one claiming to speak for the President, or near enough to him to be assumed to express his wishes, has announced his candidacy.

The most active of the avowed candidates for the Democratic nomination is Governor Edwards of New Jersey. The primary vote shows he has a strong following among the Knights of Virtue. Democrats of his variety thrive luxuriantly in the wet cities. His propaganda, however, does not take agricultural sections and his following in the convention will not be sufficient to make him a serious competitor for the nomination.

Governor Cox, of Ohio, is likely to be the residuary legatee of all the other vet candidates and may be regarded as the final rallying point for all Democratic hopes, either because of financial interest in the liquor traffic or because of their own fondness for intoxicants, regard love for liquor as the only legitimate affection and the right to buy it at the very greatest extent guaranteed by the Constitution. But Governor Cox's record is as maledorous as Governor Edwards, and extends over a longer period.

Vice President Marshall is making a feeble bid for the wet vote, but he is hampered by his church connections. His religious speeches excite suspicion among those who

## SOLDIER POET CITED FOR LYRIC VERSES

Cited by a member of the French Academy, author of three plays, contributor to numerous magazines, and writer of a book of poems just published by the press of Richard C. Badger in Boston, Vance C. Criss, of Washington, still insists that he is "no poet."

"It seemed to me," he told a Herald reporter, "that there were many little incidents of everyday life in France, so different from those of this country, that they were worth crystallizing into a bit of verse."

All of the verses in "Lyric Leaves from a Khaki Notebook," the book published this month, deal with soldier life. Some half dozen of them were written on this side, but the rest were composed in France, where Mr. Criss served with the engineers of the A. E. F. The verses deal with the high spots of a soldier's life.

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## Birdland Divorces Discovered By U. S. Biological Experts

Some choice scandals in birdland have been uncovered by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Recent experiments by the biological survey bureau of this department show that nearly all feathered tribes have a mania for divorce. The robin who chirps to his mate in spring may desert her and run off with "the other woman" before summer is over.

This was later through legal identification bands on the legs of mated birds. Later in the season the same birds were captured with another mate, although the first wife was still alive.

The extent to which birds follow this practice is not generally known. The department is anxious to trace as many examples as possible.

A large corps of volunteer workers is being organized in all parts of the United States to capture and place bands around the legs of birds. The bird then is released with the expectation that it will be recaptured, perhaps many times. At each capture a report will be

made to the department.

Within a few seasons after the bird banding is started the government expects to have much more accurate data on the habits of the most common birds than has been known before. At present, regulations designed to protect birds of recognized economic importance are drawn from a limited knowledge of bird habits.

Many birds, instead of fearing traps, develop a fondness for them, members of the department claim, because they find them a source of ample food which can be secured without danger to themselves. It is believed by the department that birds will go to the same traps year after year in the course of their migrations.

The distance birds go from their nests in search of food, what percentage of mature birds return to the region of their birth and to what extent birds follow identical routes in the course of successive migrations are among the questions to be studied through the banding system.

## DOG HELPS MOTHER TO FIND LOST SON

Sandy, a little Irish terrier messenger dog at Red Cross headquarters, has been instrumental in bringing together a Red Cross worker in a far overseas country and his aged mother in a middle-west city. The mother, who was poor, sick and alone, was attracted by a picture of Sandy in a local paper. She asked the Red Cross to locate her son. Examination of the dog's name in a Red-Cross account now in Poland.