

her door to see what it looked like. The light was the size of a pie plate it was red but it didn't throw a beam of light like our flashlights but it did have depth. There were at least two people one waited outside and watched while the other one went inside to get the papers. We lived right on the state line and we got Indiana papers so every evening I'd put out The Elkhart Truth, The South Bend Tribune and Chicago Sunday Tribune and magazines.

One night the dog was not tied and he started to bark but his bark was sliced off. I'll never forget the sound of it. I supposed that they killed him but I was not brave enough to go out and look. I got up early the next morning to see he had run half way across the yard and he had fallen over just as he ran. he was unconscious but not dead. I walked right by him but he didn't move. This was another proof of their goodness and human qualities because their flashlight was a ray light and they could have killed him had they wanted to. He came to enough to pull himself into a more comfortable position before