

The fires set by the flaming gasoline are burning viciously. There's nothing to stop them. No fire department-not even any water.

The night was already oppressively hot. Now, with many houses roaring infernoes of flame, the heat makes your skin shrivel.

Already, many others are moving onto a vacant lot, trying to get away from the searing flames.

You hear a man and his young wife screaming at each other, a few houses away. She is trying to run back into their house to get something, before it burns up. He is holding her while she struggles and screams. Their kids huddle around her, crying.

She never gets to go into the house.

A carload of blacks see her in her nightgown, as they go by. They shoot her husband and her kids. They grab her and drag her screaming, into the car, laughing insanely and boasting to each other what they are going to do. And you can't do a damned thing with empty guns.

Within minutes, two more carloads of the black and brown devils roar into the neighborhood. But these don't keep going-shooting-like the others.

They get out to loot-and rape!

Most of the men around you have long since scrambled off to hide in terror. You can do little else, yourself.

From under a bush on somebody's lawn, shaded from the worst of the blazing heat and light, you watch the savages grabbing everything they want-radios, TV's-and women! God, you never thought you'd see a sight like this!

You'd read about it happening far away in the Congo and other places, but always thought it was something you'd never see here.

Now you are forced to watch, helplessly, while six of the animals rip the clothes off a little teenage girl and rape her, one after the other-after murdering her mother, father and brothers. At first, she screams and struggles desperately. But after two or three of the lustful beasts have beaten her and had their way, she lies whimpering. Then there's no more whimpering.

All night the horror continues. The houses burn to black ruins. And still they burn. Carloads of negroes and other non-whites roam at will through the neighborhood, looting, murdering the wounded just for pleasure-and raping!

You are helpless! Beaten!

Finally, about three a.m. things slow down a bit. You crawl out and call to some others still alive.

"Where the hell is the National Guard?", you keep repeating to each other, dazedly, stupidly. "Where in the hell is the God-damned Guard?"

You are the only one with enough experience and leadership to try to do anything at all. You suggest gathering the wounded and helpless and trying to get them all together behind a pile of old bricks and stone in the vacant lot. The wounded are crying, really crying for water. But there is no water. Nobody thinks of food, yet. That will come later. But for now, everybody is just trying to survive. And every moment, you can hear the roar of the huge mob in the central city moving out, getting nearer!

The others agree to try to get the wounded down behind the brickpile. But before you can finish the job, you hear a new noise,-the clanking, motor noises you remember from the war: TANKS!

The Guard! At last!

"It's the National Guard!" you shout to the others. "I can hear the tanks!"

They all listen. A feeble cheer goes up as they all hear the tanks.

Just in time, too, because now the black mob is within blocks! You can imagine just what it would be like if that swarm of bloodthirsty animals gets here to finish off the remaining survivors!

Now the tanks are moving in to restore order at last!