

The Giddings News

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"A MAN'S BEST FRIEND"
By Barry Louis Bishop,
age 10 years.

While I was visiting my grandmother, Mrs. L. J. Foester at Port Lavaca a very queer thing happened that astonished us all. She has a little rat terrier dog. Once when it was outside I called it with all my might for there was a rat in my grandmother's wastebasket. At first the dog was so glad that it had some rat chasing to do that it almost turned over the wastebasket. While it was chasing the rat in the wastebasket all of the family were waiting excitingly for the dog to kill the rat when all of a sudden the rat bit the dog on the foot and away the dog went. Of course then all of the family thought that it wasn't any good, because instead of trying to kill the mouse it jumped out of the wastebasket and ran off. Lately the dog had been going to the woodpile and bark and bark. One evening my grandmother and I went over to the woodpile and when she had taken some of the lumber away she looked down in a hole in the pile and saw a possum. I guess somehow the little dog knew what we had said about it not being such a good dog so to show that it really had the ability to kill a rat it grabbed the possum and killed it. Don't you call a dog a man's best friend now?