

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1958

YOU POOR DARLING.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

REPORT TO POLICE ANY STRAY DOGS SEEN ROAMING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN.

EVEN THOUGH YOUR PAPA IS GONE, CONCHITA, YOU WILL NOT WANT FOR CARE. MISS EGGHEAD WOULD LIKE TO BE A MOTHER TO YOU.

THE BROOKER ROOSTER

BUT I CANNOT BELIEVE MY PAPA EES DEAD. WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KEEL HEEM?

THERE! THERE! WE MUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO THE POLICE.

BUT, MISS EGGHEAD, THEY CANNOT BRING BACK MY PAPA!

WHILE AT HEADQUARTERS--

WHAT IS THAT?

THEY'RE WOOD AND PAINT PARTICLES FOR EXAMINATION UNDER THE STEREO-MIKE.

"WHERE'S SAMP" ASKS TRACY. "HE'S GATHERING EVIDENCE DOWN AT THAT BUILDING WHERE MIGUEL'S BODY WAS FOUND," ANSWERS THE CHIEF.

WHOEVER LEFT MIGUEL'S BODY IN THAT LAB GAINED ENTRANCE TO THE PLACE BY RAMMING THE BACK DOOR WITH THEIR CAR.

YEAH?

INCIDENTALLY, WHERE DID THESE PARTICLES COME FROM, TRACY?

FROM THE FRONT BUMPER OF MISS EGGHEAD'S CAR.

MISS EGGHEAD'S CAR?

AND IN THE MORGUE POSTING ROOM--

---DEATH DUE TO SKULL FRACTURE CAUSED BY BLOW OR BLOWS TO BASE OF SKULL WITH SHARP INSTRUMENT---

---A FRAGMENT OF WHICH BROKE OFF AND WAS EMBEDDED IN SKULL AND IS HEREWITH REMOVED AND SUBMITTED AS PART OF THIS REPORT.

WHAT IS THE DARN THING, JOE?

A PIECE OF METAL OF SOME KIND--AND IT ISN'T LEAD.

EVERY HOUSE WHERE LOVE ABIDES AND FRIENDSHIP IS A GUEST, IS SURELY HOME, AND HOME, SWEET HOME; FOR THERE THE HEART CAN REST.

---HENRY VAN DYKE---

WELL, ANNIE, BETWEEN US WE FOUND LITTLE JUG AND BROUGHT HIM HOME, SAFE AND SOUND...

SURE HAS MADE A LOT O' FOLKS HAPPY...

YEP! WELL, WHILE NOBODY'S PAYIN' US ANY MIND LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A MESS OF PORK CHOPS OR HAM... SOME GRITS OR GREENS, MAYBE...

I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH T'GNAW ON THAT ALLIGATOR, IF HE WAS HERE NOW!

OH, GRAMPAW! GRAMPAW! YOU FOUND MY LITTLE JUG--MY BOY! ALIVE!

WELL, NOW, LILYMAY... IT WAS ANNIE WHO FOUND HIM FIRST--

I'M SO CRAZY HAPPY... I FORGOT ALL MY MANNERS! LITTLE JUG TOLD ME YOU SAVED HIS LIFE FROM THAT GATOR...

SHUCKS! TH' GATOR WAGN'T TRYIN' TOO HARD...

LITTLE JUG SAYS HE THINKS YOU HAVEN'T ANY FOLKS...

HE'S SO RIGHT 'BOUT THAT...

WELL, YOU HAVE NOW, ANNIE! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH, BUT EVERYTHING WE DO HAVE IS YOURS, HONEY CHILD, FROM NOW ON FOREVER...

GEE! I--ER...

LILYMAY MEANS THAT, ANNIE... AND THAT GOES FOR ME AND FOR ALL OF US IN THIS HOUSE... YOU'RE ONE OF US...

YOU... YOU'RE ALL SO DOGGONE WUNNERFUL--

I... I HOPE YOU'LL S'CUSE ME... I C.C. CAN'T HELP IT... I'M GOIN' TO CRY...

YOU BET YOU CAN HAVE MORE, TILL YOU'RE READY TO POP! WE GOT A SMOKEHOUSE FULL O' HAMS FIT FOR EATIN'...

HERE, ANNIE! MORE GRAVY... AND YOU'VE HARDLY TOUCHED THE BISCUITS AND HONEY...

SANDY! YOU LOOK ACTU-LLY POPEYED!

HE WAS AWFUL HUNGRY, TOO! CAN HE GO HUNTIN' WITH ME TOMORROW?

IT MAY BE PRETTY DULL AND QUIET HERE FOR YOU, BUT WE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT WELL ENOUGH TO WANT TO STAY... HEY! ANNIE... ARE YOU AWAKE?

EH? OH... YES, GRAMPAW!

HAROLD GRAY