

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON | SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1958

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

WOMEN WALKING THROUGH STRANGE NEIGHBORHOODS AT NIGHT SHOULD WALK NEAR THE CURB.

MY CAR?

YES, MISS EGGHEAD, WE'RE BACK TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR CAR.

HELP YOURSELF, MR. TRACY, BUT "WHAT IS THE PITCH?" AS THE FELLOW SAYS-

ANALYSIS OF PARTICLES FOUND ON THE FRONT BUMPER OF YOUR CAR PROVE IT WAS USED TO BATTER DOWN THAT DOOR WHERE MIGUEL'S BODY WAS FOUND.

MY CAR?

OH, THAT MIGUEL! I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS SO INVOLVED WITH THE UNDERWORLD--AND USING MY CAR!

AND BY THE WAY, MISS EGGHEAD, CAN YOU SHED ANY LIGHT ON THIS?

WHAT IS IT?

A PIECE OF METAL.

IT WAS REMOVED FROM THE SKULL OF THE DEAD MIGUEL. IT'S NOT A BULLET.

MR. TRACY, IF YOU PROFESSIONAL DETECTIVES DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, HOW WOULD YOU EXPECT ME--A WOMAN--TO KNOW?

UNNOTICED IN THE TENSION, CONCHITA, WHO HAD SLIPPED INTO THE ROOM, ALSO VIEWS THE OBJECT.

HER BROW FURROWS IN STARTLED COMPREHENSION.

SHE SLIPS TOWARD THE DOOR, AND ENTERS THE TROPHY ROOM.

USED TO BE, THEY SAY, THAT IF A BUGLE BLEW, YONDER IN THE GROVE, EVERY LEE MAN HERE WOULD TAKE HIS GUN, FALL IN THERE ON THE LAWN, AND GO MARCHING OFF DOWN THE LANE--AND NEVER LOOK BACK--

I HEARD PEOPLE CALL YOU "COLONEL," BUT LOTS O' MEN ARE CALLED "COLONEL"--

OH, YES... I WAS A COLONEL--NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT SOLDIERING, IN MY FAMILY--

YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHO GREW UP HERE AND OWNED THIS PLACE--?

YES... HE FELL AT GETTYSBURG, ON THE SECOND DAY-- HE WAS A REAL SOLDIER--

LEES ARE MORE NUMEROUS HEREBABOUTS THAN SMITHS-- BUT OUR LEES HAVE ALWAYS GONE TO WAR, AS FAR BACK AS THERE WERE LEE MEN--

BUT WHAT WAR WERE THEY GOIN' OFF T' FIGHT?

WHO CARED? THE BUGLE HAD BLOWN-- "THEIR'S NOT TO REASON WHY--"

THINGS AND FOLKS SURE HAVE CHANGED A LOT SINCE THOSE DAYS-- EH, GRAMPAW?

I WONDER-- I COMMANDED COMBAT TROOPS OUT IN THE PACIFIC-- THOSE MEN WERE SOLDIERS!

I THINK, ANNIE, WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, AMERICANS ALWAYS WILL HEAR THAT BUGLE IN THE GROVE-- AND GO MARCHING DOWN THE LANE, WITHOUT LOOKING BACK!

ANN-IE! WHERE ARE YOU, ANNIE?

COMIN'--

LITTLE JUG DOES SO WANT TO GO FISHING, AND I'M SO AFRAID TO LET HIM GO ALONE--

GEE, I'D LOVE TO GO FISHIN' WITH LITTLE JUG, MIZ--MIZ--

OH, DON'T CALL ME "MIZ"-- IT WOULDN'T BE FITTING, I KNOW, TO CALL ME "MAW" OR "MOM"-- BUT HOW ABOUT AUNTIE LILYMAY?

YOU BET, AUNTIE LILYMAY! YOU'RE MY FAVORITE AUNTIE!

THE SORT OF BRIGHT, SWEET, LOVING, AND WHOLESOME LITTLE CHILD WE PRAY OURS WILL TURN OUT TO BE-- EH, LILYMAY?

YES-- AND AS OURS ALWAYS SEEMS TO US, IF WE CLOSE OUR EYES A LITTLE, GRAMPAW--

HAROLD GRAY