

THE SUNDAY COMIC SECTION OF

The Oregon Statesman

SALEM FOUNDED 1851 OREGON

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DICK TRACY

HE JUST DISAPPEARED, CHIEF—THAT'S ALL.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

CLUES CAN BE ANYWHERE

A PIECE OF BLOODSTAINED JACKET, TORN FROM A CRIMINAL'S SLEEVE AT THE SCENE, IDENTIFIED THE GARMENT AND CONVICTED THE OWNER.

THERE ARE WHAT APPEAR TO BE TRACKS OF 2 PEOPLE PULLING SOMETHING ON A PAIR OF SKIS—BUT THE TRACKS DISAPPEAR IN THE DRIFTED SNOW.

OH, YES, CHIEF, AND JOE CULLUN, CRIME REPORTER OF THE CITY PRESS, SAID HE HAD SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

HI, JOE.

THAT GIRL SKI CHAMP, WHO WAS KILLED BY AN ARROW, MADE A DATE TO GIVE ME A NEWS SCOOP.

NEWS SCOOP? YES, CHIEF, SHE PHONED ME THE DAY OF THE SKI MEET AND SAID THE FOLLOWING DAY SHE WOULD REVEAL SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT HER PAST.

HER PAST? WHAT FACTS? I DON'T KNOW, BUT I GOT THE GENERAL IDEA SHE WAS AFRAID FOR HER LIFE.

HER NAME—INGA VELMA? YES, SHE WASN'T ALWAYS A SKIER—SHE STARTED OUT AS A MEMBER OF AN ALL-GIRL GYMNAST TEAM.

GIRL GYMNAST TEAM? HOW COULD A WHOLESOME BACKGROUND LIKE THAT BREED A MURDER? GYMNAST TEAM?

WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, IN A SECLUDED WOODED AREA—

ALL RIGHT—GET INSIDE, DICKIE BOY.

THAT'S IT—SIT! THIS IS NO GOOD!

NO GOOD? I'LL SAY! HE SAW HER FACE! WE'RE SUNK UNLESS WE KILL HIM. BUT THEN WE'VE GOT TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY. THAT TAKES A LITTLE THOUGHT.

CHIEF, GOULD

STAND UP, BABY. LET'S GET THE REST. EVER SEE A 2-WAY WRIST RADIO? OH, IT'S TURNED OFF, DON'T WORRY.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE SHARPEST LITTLE SHOP-LIFTING GANG IN THE COUNTRY WOULD ONE DAY LIFT THIS—THE GREAT DICK TRACY?