

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
AUGUST 28, 1955

Crime Story

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

WALKING THROUGH DARK AREAS

AN INCONSPICUOUS WHISTLE WORN AROUND THE NECK CAN BE INVARIABLE IN SUMMONING AID.

THAT'S THE 64-DOLLAR QUESTION, CHIEF! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR BULLET MARKS ON THE BONES—NO RESULTS.

THIS WAS THE WORK OF A PROFESSIONAL MOB.

I'M WITH YOU, CHIEF. I'M CONVINCED THEY DELIBERATELY DRESSED HIM IN A MUCH SMALLER SUIT—THAT WASN'T HIS OWN—IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE.

HOWEVER, THEY MAY HAVE SLIPPED UP. IT SEEMS THEY FAILED TO REMOVE HIS OWN SHOES, THE SIZE OF WHICH JIBES WITH HIS BONE STRUCTURE. SIT DOWN AND LOOK.

THE RIGHT HEEL IS A HALF-INCH THICKER! THIS MAN OBVIOUSLY HAD ONE SHORT LEG.

WOULDN'T THAT BE APPARENT IN THE FEMUR BONE?

NOT NECESSARILY—VARIOUS ABNORMALITIES COULD CAUSE IT.

MEANWHILE, SAM CATCHEM HAS BEEN CALLED BACK TO THE SCENE BY THE OFFICER ON GUARD.

SEE? SOMETHING SHINY!

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT IT WAS A STONE—BUT IT'S TRANSPARENT.

IT'S EMBEDDED IN THE CEMENT.

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

YEAH.

WHAT TH-??

AHA!

YES! MY WIFE'S MOTHER WEARS ONE OF THOSE.

SURE, IT'S THE EARPIECE OF A HEARING AID.

YEAH—THAT'S THE LITTLE GADGET THAT FITS INSIDE—AND HAS A WIRE ATTACHED TO A BATTERY.

I THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING, MURPHY.

MEANWHILE—

BUT IT'S HIS ROOM, MA'AM! YOU NEVER WANTED ANYTHING TOUCHED.

TAKE IT ALL OUT AND BURN IT—SHOES, SUITS, EVERYTHING!

Suburban Annie

POOR MR. LEETS! A MILLION DOLLAR HOME... GARDENS... LAKE... MOUNTAINS... BUT HE JUST SITS AND STARES... AND SEES NOTHING!

"JUSTICE IS BLIND. BLIND SHE IS, AN' DEEF AN' DUMB AN' HAS A WOODEN LEG." FINLAY PETER DUNNE— "A BITTER THOUGHT"— BUT POSSIBLE!

SEEMS I REMIND HIM OF HIS DAUGHTER... GEE... IF THAT'S GOOD, I'M GLAD, O' COURSE... BUT SHOULD ANYONE BE REMINDED? WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER JUST TO FORGET?

STILL, YUH CAN'T FORGET SOME THINGS... LIKE TH' SMART D.A. WHO GOT HIM INDICTED AND TRIED HIM FOR KILLIN' HIS OWN WIFE AND KID... AND THAT CRAZY TYPE JURY...

FOUND HIM GUILTY! HOW CAN TWELVE PEOPLE BE SO WRONG? BUT THEN A COUPLE O' KIDS SHOWED UP... THEY'D BEEN SCARED TO TALK...

TOLD O' TWO TOUGH BUMS PARKIN' A BATTERED OLD PANEL TRUCK ON A WOODS ROAD, AND SNEAKIN' UP TO TH' LAKE COTTAGE WHERE TH' KILLIN' HAPPENED... TH' KIDS HID... THEN RAN HOME... DIDN'T TELL WHAT THEY'D SEEN FOR WEEKS...

BUT TH' CLINCHER WAS TH' PREACHER, WHO'D TALKED TO MRS. LEETS AND ANN, AN HOUR AFTER MR. LEETS HAD GONE OUT ON TH' LAKE FISHIN'...

...PREACHER HAD GONE WAY OFF TO AFRICA... MISSED TH' WHOLE TRIAL AND ALL... BUT WHEN HE GOT HOME AND HEARD 'BOUT IT... AND TOLD HIS STORY... PLOP WENT TH' D.A.'S GREAT VICTORY!

BUT, TONY... GOTTA BE A MOTIVE... WHY DID TH' JURY FIGGER MR. LEETS COULD DO SUCH AN AWFUL THING?

INSURANCE! FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND! LOT O' MONEY, TO PLENTY PEOPLE NEVER HAD NOTHIN'... LIKE THEM ON TH' JURY, I GUESS...

BUT MR. LEETS DOESN'T NEED THAT KIND OF MONEY...

NO! BUT HE'LL USE IT, REAL GOOD... YES! REAL GOOD!

HAROLD GRAY