

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
OCTOBER 2, 1935

THAT WAS YOUR VOICE, MRS. VULCAN. REMEMBER?

CRIMES TOPPERS TEXTBOOK

CHAIN LOCK

THE CHAIN LOCK IS STILL THE MOST IMPORTANT LOCK IN YOUR HOUSE.

YOU HAVE COME HERE TO TELL ME YOU'RE THROUGH PAYING. WELL, MRS. VULCAN, I MADE THAT TAPE RECORDING THE NIGHT YOU HIRED ME TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND. IN '36.

YOUR WEALTHY HUSBAND WAS IN YOUR WAY, AND YOU MADE A DEAL WITH ME. VERY INCRIMINATING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

YOU FAT DEMON! GIVE ME THAT TAPE!

CALM DOWN, MRS. VULCAN. EVERYTHING WAS AIR-TIGHT—YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. JUST KEEP PAYING.

NOT ONE MORE CENT!

TAKE HER HOME, BOYS—SHE NEEDS A SEDATIVE AND A LITTLE REST.

LET GO OF ME!

IN A TWINKLING, THE OLD LADY GIVES THE CANE HANDLE A YANK.

IT'S A .32. AND IT'S GOT FOUR SHOTS

NOW, TOSS ME THAT TAPE WITHOUT DROPPING YOUR HANDS! THE REST OF YOU—FREEZE!

KEEP THOSE HANDS UP!

THAT STUFF DOESN'T BURN TOO EASILY, BUT AFTER THIS TREATMENT, YOU CAN NEVER USE IT.

THIS TILE FLOOR MAKES IT NICE.

LATER, IN THE BUSHES IN FRONT OF THE VULCAN APARTMENT—

IF SHE WENT OUT IN A WHEEL CHAIR LIKE THE HELP SAID, IT MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH HEADLIGHTS! IT'S TWO A.M.

AND IF SHE WENT OUT IN A WHEEL CHAIR—SHE'S GOT TO COME BACK IN A WHEEL CHAIR.

TRACY TO CITY—

WHAT? YOU SAY TO FLASH ALL CARS TO BE ON LOOKOUT FOR AN OLD LADY IN A WHEEL CHAIR? AT 2 A.M.?

HE'S KIDDIN'!

FLASH PHOTOS OF THOSE TWO PUNKS, JUST AS THEY HAD THE DUG-UP MURDER WEAPONS IN THEIR HANDS! PERFECT!

DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER HELP YOU WITH THOSE TWO, SLIM? WHAT IF THEY JUMP YOU?

SLIM IS AN OLD HAND AT BAGGING REPTILES OF ALL KINDS AND BRINGING THEM BACK ALIVE—SOMETIMES, IS THAT GOOD?

SAVE TH' COUNTY TRYIN' 'EM, AH RECKON... TURN AROUND, BOYS!

HONEST, WE WAS JUST DIGGIN' FOR NIGHT CRAWLERS, TO GO FISHIN'...

DIGGIN' UP THAT OLD JUNK WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!

HM-M... THIS .38 POPGUN AND THIS SEVEN INCH SHIV, JUST TOYS—NOW THEN, GIT GOIN'...

YORE TRUCK'S HANDY... USE IT T'HAUL YOU BOYS TO TH' JAIL...

HE MISSED MY SECOND GUN—WHEN I SAY—

YEAH! I GOT ANOTHER KNIFE, TOO...

...NOW!!!

NO CUBE COP'S TAKIN' US TO NO JAIL!

AH COULD GUN YOU BOYS, BUT AH'D RUTHER SEE YORE KIND HANG! Y'SUFFER MORE!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! GUESS YOU WERE EXPECTIN' 'EM TO TRY THAT—EH, SLIM...

YEP!

COUPLE BIG GUNNY SACKS IN TH' BACK O' MY CAR—BRING 'EM HERE, WILL YOU, ANNIE, PLEASE?

SURE, SLIM!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LATER—

WHAT TH' DICKENS Y'DRAGGIN' IN HERE IN THOSE SACKS, SLIM?

COUPLE RATTLES...

USED T'GIT A QUARTER APIECE FER BIG RATTLES, WHEN AH WAS A KID—THESE HERE IS RUNT—NOT WUTH OVER A DIME, AH FIGGER—ANYWAY, AH'M GIVIN' 'EM TO YOU, CHIEF—FREE!

WE WASN'T DOIN' NOthin'—JUST DIGGIN' FER BAIT! HONEST!

WE'RE JUST KIDS! NO COP'S GOT NO RIGHT LAYIN' A HAND ON US!

HAROLD GRAY

10-2-55