

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
NOVEMBER 20, 1955

OH-OH-VEL-LO

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

CLUES CAN BE ANYWHERE

A SIGNET RING WORN BY SUSPECT MATCHED PERFECTLY IMPRESSION MADE ON VICTIM'S CHEEK.

BELIEVING THE SECRET TO OODLES' WHEREABOUTS LIES WITH "NOTHING" YONSON, DICK TRACY AND SAM LAUNCH A JOINT OPERATION.

THIS IS THE JANITOR—THE RESTAURANT'S BEEN CLOSED TWO HOURS ALREADY—

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY IN A PHONE BOOTH, SAM IMITATES AN INEBRIATE—

NOW, LOOKY HERE OODLES, I'M A FRIEND OF YONSON'S AND I'M HUNGRY.

KNOWING THE ONLY ACCESS TO THE CLUB AT THAT HOUR WILL BE THE ALLEY DOOR, TRACY ENTERS WHILE SAM TALKS.

AHA! THIS IS THE ROOM I'M LOOKING FOR!

SO THIS IS "NOTHING'S" MONITOR ROOM.

EACH DIAL NUMBER IS A TABLE.

TAPE RECORDER BELOW.

A DRAPE ON ONE WALL—COULDN'T BE BETTER.

THIS 2-WAY WRIST RADIO SNAPPED TO THE UNDER SIDE OF THE DRAPE WILL PICK UP EVERYTHING.

THE ATOM BATTERY IN THOSE GADGETS KEEPS THEM BROADCASTING FOR OVER A YEAR.

MEANWHILE, IN HIS NORTH WOODS HIDEOUT, OODLES IS IN TRAINING TO REDUCE AND THUS CHANGE HIS APPEARANCE.

A CREW-CUT WILL BE A BIG HELP, OODLES.

ANYTHING—ANYTHING TO KEEP FROM BURNING.

I'M A MARKED MAN—I'VE GOT TO BEAT 'EM. ANYTHING—ANYTHING AT ALL.

MORE GRAPE JUICE, OODLES.

HEY, OODLES, LOOK! ALREADY YOU'VE LOST 50 POUNDS.

SH-H-H—NOW YOU DO JUST WHAT NATCHEZ NELL SAYS, ANNIE—SHE'S A SMART ONE—MAYBE IT WILL WORK—

HERE—CURL UP RIGHT HERE, UNDER THESE STAIRS, AND GO TO SLEEP—

"THE HEART IS WISER THAN THE INTELLECT," J.G. HOLLAND—SURE IT IS—AND MIXING IN A DAB OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY NEVER HURT ANY, EITHER—

THERE'S TH' DOOR TO THE TRY'S FLAT—BUT JUST GO TO SLEEP NOW, BOTH OF YOU—

WHEN Y'WAKE UP? WELL, JUST PLAY TH' CARDS TH' WAY THEY FALL, KID! AND GOOD LUCK!

NOW THAT'S A FUNNY ONE—OLD "DANDY" DAN AND NATCHEZ NELL, TAKIN' THAT STRANGE KID AND TH' POOCH IN THERE—THAT'S WHERE TOM TRY LIVES—HM-M—

TOM'S CRIPPLED—TESSIE'S WORKIN' NIGHTS AT TH' LAUNDRY—TOM JUNIOR'S NOT A BAD 'UN YET, BUT HE'S SURE RUNNIN' WITH BUMS! AND POOR LITTLE TOOTS—

"DANDY" AND NATCHEZ! WHY TAKE A KID IN THERE AND NEAR FIVE IN TH' MORNIN'—COMIN' OUT—THEY'VE LEFT HER IN THERE—I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL AT ALL—

D'YOU REALLY THINK IT WILL WORK OUT FOR TH' KID, NATCHEZ? THOSE TRY'S, WITH ALL O' THEIR TROUBLES ALREADY—

YEAH! IT'S FOLKS WITH TROUBLES, "DANDY," WHO HAVE TH' HEART FOR OTHERS IN NEED O' HELP—

FOR ALL TH' STONY EYE AN' TH' ROUGH TONGUE, NELL, YOU GOT A HEART ABOUT AS HARD AS A WET SPONGE—

DON'T KID Y'RSELF, "DANDY"—YOU AIN'T SEENIN' TH' REAL ME TONIGHT!

HI, NATCHEZ—HI, "DANDY"—

H'LO, MAC—

MORNIN', MAC—

HM-M-M—THEY SURE DIDN'T LOOK OR ACT GUILTY—BUT WITH THEM TWO, HOW CAN Y'TELL?

11-20-55

I'LL JUST HAVE A PEEK—WELL, I'LL BE—SOUND ASLEEP—EXCEPT I SEE YOU GOT ONE EYE OPEN!—A WINK BACK AT YUH, M'HAIRY FRIEND—GO BACK T'SLEEP!

SIX-SEVENTEEN! AH, GOOD MORNING, MRS. TRY! EVERY MORNIN' I COULD SET M'WATCH BY YIR HOME-COMIN' FROM TH' LAUNDRY—

GOOD MORNING, MAC—IS IT GETTING WARMER, OR DO I ONLY IMAGINE IT?

HAROLD GRAY