

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  
JANUARY 1, 1956

**HAPPY 1956!**  
—AND NOW, LIZZ, WHAT IS ON YOUR MIND?

**CRIMESTOPPERS** TEXTBOOK  
PURSE GRIPPED TIGHTLY UNDER ARM  
WHEN SEEKING THOSE BARGAINS IN A CROWD, HOLD ON FIRMLY TO YOUR PURSE

MR. TRACY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN POLICE WORK—I THINK I WOULD MAKE A GOOD POLICEWOMAN.

YEAH—BUT YOU JUST GOT MARRIED, LIZZ.

THAT'S JUST IT—MY HUSBAND, JIMMY, BEING A REPORTER, I'M SURE WE'D BE A GOOD TEAM.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TALK HER OUT OF IT.

JUST THE SAME, I'M TAKING MY CIVIL SERVICE EXAM TOMORROW. I HOPE I MAKE IT.

I HOPE YOU DO, TOO, LIZZ, SINCE YOU FEEL THAT WAY.

IN MY OPINION, SHE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG TO GET ON THE FORCE, ONCE THE LIST IS POSTED. THEY NEED GOOD POLICEWOMEN BADLY.

WELL, HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY! WE'RE GOING INTO 1956 WITH NEW BLOOD IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

YES, SAM, NEW BLOOD IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT—AND NEW PROBLEMS—ALWAYS NEW PROBLEMS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, MR. POCKETCLIP!

AW, FORGET IT! WHERE'S JOE?

JOE PERIOD! MY PALSIE! HI YOU, BOY!

GOSH! YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS GLAD TO SEE ME BEFORE, MR. POCKETCLIP. I DON'T GET IT.

LOOK, JOE—IT'S A NEW YEAR—I'M MAKING SOME CHANGES. I WANT YOU TO WORK FOR ME, PAL.

GEE—WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

AHA! LOOK, WE CAN DISCUSS YOUR REGULAR DUTIES LATER, RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT A SPECIAL JOB FOR YOU—SORT OF A FAVOR.

I'M CRAZY ABOUT A CERTAIN GIRL—A BEAUTIFUL DISH—BUT SHE CAN'T SEE ME FOR THE DUST—SHE WON'T EVEN ANSWER MY NOTES.

I KNOW YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE SHE'D LISTEN TO! YOU'VE GOT A WAY WITH YOU, AND I THOUGHT—

LOOK, I'M WILD ABOUT THIS KID—I'M IN LOVE WITH HER. WILL YOU GET ME A DATE, JOE?

WHO IS SHE?

SANDY—Y'KNOW YOU AND I ARE TH' TWO LUCKIEST VAGABONDS ON SIX LEGS?

ARF!

"A WONDERFUL STREAM IS THE RIVER TIME, AS IT RUNS THROUGH THE REALM OF TEARS, WITH A FAULTLESS RHYTHM, AND A MUSICAL RHYME, AND A BROADER SWEEP, AND A SURGE SUBLIME, AS IT BLENDS WITH THE OCEAN OF YEARS."  
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TYLOR.

JUST THINK BACK A YEAR! GINI GINI... SOL AND BECKY'S STORE... WHAT WUNNERFUL FOLKS... AN' JOE GOE! WHAT A MAN! AND THAT ADVERTISIN' GENIUS, PAUL PULSE, AND TH' ADVERTISIN' STUNT HE WHIPPED UP!

TH' TRIP TO THAT FANCY FOREIGN CASTLE... THING LIKE THAT COULD SHORTEN YER LIFE... DUKE DE SANGRE! BR-R-R... DUNGEONS... "DADDY" IN CHAINS... IT WAS NIP AN' TUCK... 'TILL SANDY 'SCAPED..."

...AN' BROUGHT PUNJAB AND TH' ASP... SO WE'RE ALL FREE AND SAFE AGAIN... 'TILL WE GET HOME TO "DADDY'S" TOWN HOUSE... AND TH' "SYNDICATE" MOVES IN...

COURSE HANDLIN' THOSE TRICKY THUGS WAS OLD STUFF TO "DADDY," THOUGH I WAS HALF SCARED T' DEATH... THEN OFF TO SEE "DADDY'S" CHILDHOOD HOME, IN TH' TOWN O' SUPINE...

MAYBE ONE SHOULD NEVER GO BACK... SOME STRANGERS TOOK "DADDY" AWAY ONE DAY... BUT SOMEHOW, KNOWIN' HIM, I FIGGER HE'S O.K....

GOOD OLD MIKE AND KATY MADIGAN... AND THAT LEPRECHAUN, WITH HIS TRICKS AND HIS POT O' GOLD... THEN LEN LEETS, THE POOR RICH MAN, WHOSE WIFE AND DAUGHTER HAD BEEN MURDERED.

WELL, WE CAUGHT TH' KILLERS... ROY (ROCK-AN) ROLL AND GEORGE (G.G.) GANGRENE... SURE... WE CAUGHT 'EM, BUT THE D.A. TURNED 'EM LOOSE... THEY DARN NEAR GOT US AFTER THAT... HM-M...

Y'KNOW, MAYBE SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO THOSE TWO LITTLE PUNKS, OR WE'D HAVE HEARD MORE FROM 'EM... OH, WELL... HERE WE ARE NOW...

1-1-56

AND B' LIEVE ME, SANDY, THIS IS A REAL HOME... SO IT'S NOT FANCY... SO WE AREN'T RICH... SO WHO CARES?

HAROLD GRAY

WE GOT FRIENDS... WE GOT OUR OWN PEOPLE! I FIGGER THIS IS GOIN' T' BE TH' HAPPIEST NEW YEAR EVER!

ARF!