

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  
JANUARY 22, 1956

**CRIMESTOPPERS** TEXTBOOK

ALWAYS CHECK YOUR PRISONER'S PENCILS AND "FOUNTAIN PENS". THEY MIGHT BE WEAPONS.

YES, CHIEF—IT'S PAUL POCKETCLIP—A DISBARRED ATTORNEY. I REMEMBER HIM WELL. HE SERVED TIME FOR JURY TAMPERING.

NO VISIBLE WOUNDS ON THE BODY.

HE MUST HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK.

FLOWERS—A BOX OF CANDY. THIS MAN WAS CALLING ON A LADY FRIEND.

NO MARKS—NO BRUISES.

THE SHOE LACE?

YEAH.

WHAT KIND OF AN APARTMENT HOTEL IS THIS?

VERY HIGH CLASS, ONE OF THE BEST ON THE NORTH SIDE.

I CAN SEE YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED IT WAS A HEART ATTACK, TRACY.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, CORONER?

WELL, SHALL WE START KNOCKING ON DOORS TO SEE IF ANYONE HEARD A COMMOTION.

LET'S LOOK AROUND FIRST, SAM.

THIS DOOR, SAM.

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. JULIE MARRLIN, THE SINGER. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU GENTLEMEN?

MISS MARRLIN, WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS?

HIM? I-I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE—WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING IN THE HALL?

HOW COULD I? I WAS ASLEEP.

"THE FIRST BRINGER OF UNWELCOME NEWS HATH BUT A LOSING OFFICE, AND HIS TONGUE SOUNDS EVER AFTER AS A SULLEN BELL, REMEMBER'D TOLLING A DEPARTING FRIEND."  
—SHAKESPEARE

BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED? THAT TOUGH WITCHES' GANG SAID THEY'D GET ME— BUT NOW THEY'RE ALL PALSY WALSY!

YEAH! AND I BELTED CANDY CAIN AND HE WAS OUT TO FIX ME GOOD—

ALWAYS ALMOST ANYBODY DO WHAT WE DID—THEY'D GET BEAT TERRIBLE, SLASHED, MAYBE KILLED—

BUT CANDY SAYS HE ISN'T EVEN SORE AT ME—THEY'VE BEEN SCARED OFF— BUT WHO COULD—?

MAC, MAYBE?

NA! THOSE TOUGH KIDS—THEY KNOW TH' COPS AREN'T ALLOWED TO TOUCH 'EM ANY MORE, THANKS TO A LOT O' REFORMERS!

IT SURE BEATS ME— BUT IT'S NICE TO FEEL SAFE, FOR A CHANGE—

HUH! HUH! HUH! WAS GLAD T'SEE YOU AND JUNIOR TRY SHAKE AN' MAKE UP—HE'S A NICE KID—

HE'S A WISE PUNK, JOLLY, AN' YOU KNOW IT!

HUH! HUH! HUH! NOW I'D HAVE SAID JUNIOR APPEARS TO HAVE A REAL GOOD FUTURE AHEAD OF HIM— FROM WHAT I HEAR—

YEAH? YOU'RE CRAZY!

MAYBE— BUT I ALSO HEAR YOU, CANDY CAIN, COULD AWFUL EASY WIND UP WITH YOUR FUTURE BEHIND YUH! HUH-HUH-HUH! HAVE ANOTHER COLD-UN, BOYS—ON TH' HOUSE—

THERE GOES NATCHEZ NELL NOW—

LET 'ER GO! WHO CARES?

SHE DON'T LOOK SO DANGEROUS TO ME—

HOW YOU SO SURE SHE'S SYNDICATE?

M'BROTHER— HE DID SEVEN YEARS UP T'SING SING— HE SAYS SO—

HE SAYS SHE'S IN TH' SYNDICATE?

NA— HE JUST SAYS IF SHE TELLS YUH, DO IT!— AN' DON'T ASK NO FOOL QUESTIONS—

HEY, CANDY— WHAT'S TH' MATTER? WHERE Y'GOIN'?

DROP DEAD, BOTH OF YUH! I'M GOIN' HOME AN' HIT TH' SACK— I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!