

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

FEBRUARY 5, 1956

HE DID IT IN A SPLIT SECOND.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

NEVER EXPECT "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING" BEFORE TURNING OVER LARGE AMOUNTS OF MONEY TO STRANGERS. CONSULT YOUR BANKER.

AS SAM AND THE OFFICERS CAME DOWN THE ALLEY, JOE PERIOD ROLLED UNDER THE CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING—

—AND KICKED HIS WAY THROUGH THIS BASEMENT WINDOW.

THIS IS MERELY A BAGGAGE STORE-ROOM—FOR GUESTS' TRUNKS, ETC., AS YOU CAN SEE.

THESE OPENINGS AT THE CEILING—WHAT ARE THEY?

AT ONE TIME A CONVEYER BELT PASSED THROUGH THIS ROOM. IT WAS USED TO CARRY PROVISIONS FROM A LOADING PLATFORM TO THE HOTEL KITCHEN.

A LABYRINTH OF BEAMS AND PIPES.

HE HAD TO CRAWL UP THERE—THIS DOOR WAS LOCKED.

THERE'S A LONG ROW OF UPRIGHT BEAMS WITH SPACES WHERE HE COULD HAVE ASCENDED.

MEANWHILE, AT THE EMERGENCY WARD, THE CORONER TALKS TO TRACY—

THE BULLET THAT KILLED THE PARAKEET ALSO STRUCK THE GIRL.

WHERE IS SHE?

LIZZ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE NOT ON ACTIVE DUTY—YET.

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE IS THE SINGER, JULIE MARRLIN?

WE WERE SEPARATED AT THE ORPHANAGE FOURTEEN YEARS AGO. ONLY IN RECENT MONTHS DID WE LEARN EACH OTHER'S IDENTITY—

THIS GIRL IS MY SISTER!

MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN THE STEEL WEB OF THE HOTEL STRUCTURE—

I'M LOST—WHICH ONE DID I COME UP?

Tracy

THOU CANST MOULD HIM INTO ANY SHAPE LIKE SOFT CLAY. —MORRIS

"GAINST THE LOGIC OF THE DEVIL HUMAN LOGIC STRIVES IN VAIN!"

A.L. GORDON

I HEAR THAT CANDY CAIN HAS QUIT THE VALENTINES RAT PACK AND DONE JUST WHAT Y'D EXPECT—TIED UP WITH SOME THREE-TIME LOSER CALLED BILLY BOTCH—

YEAH, POP—I HEARD ABOUT IT—

GOING TO BE A BIG HOOD NOW! BUT WHAT WORRIES ME, SON, IS THE TALK I HEAR ABOUT YOU TAKING OVER AS HEAD OF THAT GANG OF YOUNG THUGS!

DON'T B'IEVE NOTHIN' YOU HEAR, POP—

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT JOB WITH A FORTY-FOOT POLE—S'LONG F'R NOW, POP—GOTTA GET T'WORK—

S'LONG, SON—GIVE MY REGARDS TO JOLLY JASPER—

GLAD Y'GOT HERE EARLY—VIC VENOM'S ON HIS WAY OVER—HE'LL WANT THAT BACK TABLE AND HIS SPECIAL CUE OUT O' TH' LOCKER—

SURE, JOLLY—I'LL HAVE IT ALL SET UP FOR HIM—

THOURS LATER

JUST ONE MORE T'RY TO GET EVEN WITCHA, EH, BOSS?

SURE, AL—LAST GAME—YOUR BREAK—

GOIN' O. K. FOR YOU, EH, KID? HEAR YOU'RE T'BE LEADER OF TH' VALENTINES! YOU'VE EARNED IT—MY CONGRATULATIONS—

THANKS, MR. VENOM—BUT I'M NOT TAKIN' OVER THAT SPOT—

WHAT? WHY NOT?

OH, I GUESS I'M JUST NOT TH' TYPE—LOT O' THOSE GUYS ARE HOODS ALREADY! I'M NO HOOD!

'COURSE, YOU'RE NOT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU TAKE CHARGE! YOU'LL MAKE SOMETHING BIG AND FINE OUT OF THE VALENTINES!

GEE! IF I THOUGHT I COULD—BUT THEY'RE AN AWFUL TOUGH GANG—

SURE, THEY ARE—BUT THEY'RE ALL JUST GOOD, HEALTHY BOYS—FULL OF SPIRIT, BUT NOT BAD—AND THINK OF THIS, JUNIOR—

IF THE VALENTINES BREAK UP, OR GET A WEAK LEADER, HOW LONG Y'FIGGER IT'LL TAKE THAT RATTLER MOB FROM TH' HOLLOW TO MOVE IN HERE AND TAKE OVER BIG! Y'WANT THAT?

YOU'RE TAKING THE JOB, AFTER ALL, NOW—EH, JUNIOR?

I—I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY BEFORE, MR. VENOM—Y-Y-YES—I'LL TAKE IT!

HAROLD GRAY