

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
OCTOBER 13, 1957

CRYSTAL? CRYSTAL?

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

POLICEWOMEN WORKING ON DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS SHOULD BE READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY. BE PREPARED!

DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRICITY

YES, THE CLAUDE CRYSTAL CREDIT HAS BEEN OKAY HERE, MR. TRACY.

THEIR LIGHT BILLS WERE PAID LATE A FEW TIMES, BUT WE'VE NEVER HAD TO SHUT THEM OFF.

\$4.62, \$5.27, \$4.90— THESE BILLS ARE FOR APRIL, MAY, JUNE?

YES, THEIR BILL USUALLY RAN AROUND FIVE DOLLARS, AND THESE NOTATIONS INDICATE MRS. CRYSTAL COMPLAINED THAT IT WAS TOO HIGH.

TOO HIGH?

YES, BUT HERE'S THE FUNNY THING—LAST MONTH IT SUDDENLY JUMPED TO \$28.80, AND SHE PAID PROMPTLY WITHOUT COMPLAINING.

\$28.80? THAT MEANS A TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN KILOWATT HOURS, WHY?

SEARCH ME, OUR INSPECTORS CHECKED THE METER—AND THAT WAS THE CORRECT READING.

SHE PROBABLY ADDED A LOT OF NEW APPLIANCES, YOU KNOW, TODAY EVERYTHING IS ELECTRICAL.

AND SHE NEVER COMPLAINED ABOUT IT?

MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE MANSION—

WHEEE EEEE—

THE COMPRESSOR! IT'S NEVER MADE THAT NOISE BEFORE—I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S WRONG.

WHEEE EEEE

SORT OF WHISTLING SOUND—I'D BETTER CHECK THE TEMPERATURE.

WHEEE EEEE

STILL 20 BELOW ZERO— THAT'S OKAY.

BUT I DON'T LIKE THAT NOISE—AND IT'S GETTING LOUDER!

DARE I CALL A SERVICE-MAN?

CHESTER GOULD

NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—JUST STOP THAT COMPRESSOR!

ELSA, WHAT'S THAT RACKET IN THE BASEMENT?

YEP! THAT FOX WAS LOOKING BEHIND US—SO WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED—OH, WELL—IT'S A FREE COUNTRY—

THAT BEST PORTION OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE HIS LITTLE, NAMELESS, UNREMEMBERED ACTS OF KINDNESS AND OF LOVE— ARE—SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS PEAKING!

WHOA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

WELL, YOU SURE HAVE GOT YOURSELF IN A FIX, OLD GIRL—AND FIVE LITTLE SPITFIRES DEPENDING ON YOU—LET'S SEE, NOW—NOW—NOW—TAKE IT EASY—

A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO KILL A MAN—I DO NOT KNOW HIM—THE MONEY MAY SAVE MY WIFE'S LIFE— AH-H-H—NOW, AS HE—

...THE TRAPPED SHE-CAT— WHY DOES HE NOT KILL IT?— AH—THE ROPE—HE IS TYING IT—TO TAKE IT ALIVE TO PUT IN A CAGE— BUT NO?

...NOW HE HAS FREED IT FROM THE TRAP—NEXT TO DRAG IT ALONG THE TRAIL— AH-H-H—STEADY—

WHAT? HE COULD HAVE BEEN BADLY MAULED!— HE HAS FREED THE CAT! IT CAN NOT BELIEVE IT—NOR CAN I!

IT IS GONE, NOW, WITH ITS KITTENS, INTO THE BUSH—AND HE? HE STANDS AND LAUGHS AFTER THEM—

AND I— I AGREED TO KILL SUCH A ONE FOR A THOUSAND DIRTY DOLLARS? NO! I CAN NOT DO IT—

HE IS TOO MUCH LIKE ONE OF MY PEOPLE— MY MOTHER'S PEOPLE!

HELLO, AMIGO! LOOKING FOR ME?

YES, SEÑOR— I HAVE THESE FOR YOU—

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND YOUR RIFLE? I DON'T SABB—OR MAYBE I DO!

I THINK YOU DO, SEÑOR!

HAROLD GRAY