

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
OCTOBER 20, 1957



NO LIGHTS

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



RIGHT TURN LEFT TURN SLOW OR STOP

ARE YOUR DIRECTIONAL LIGHTS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY? PLAY IT SAFE! THE PROPER HAND SIGNALS ARE SHOWN ABOVE.



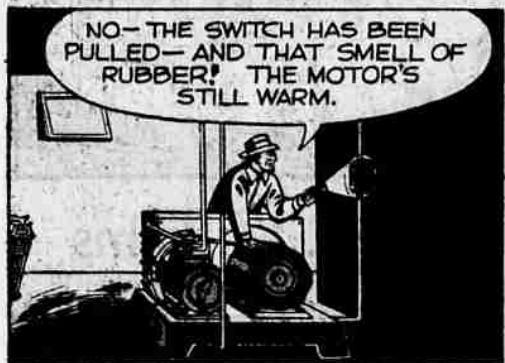
ONLY A SMALL BULB BURNING IN A FRONT HALL—THE REST OF THE MANSION IN DARKNESS. STILL—THEY RAN UP A \$30 LIGHT BILL.



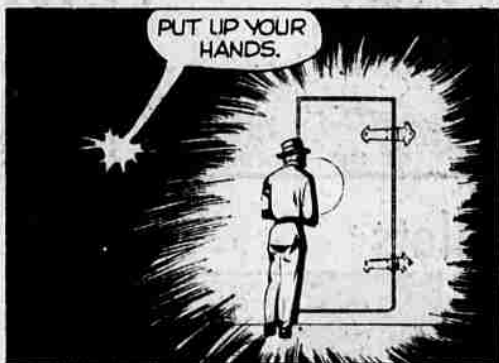
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY! WHY WOULD AN ELECTRICITY BILL JUMP FROM \$490 TO SIX TIMES THAT AMOUNT?



A FREEZER COMPRESSOR? BUT IT'S NOT RUNNING! MAYBE IT'S OFF-CYCLE.



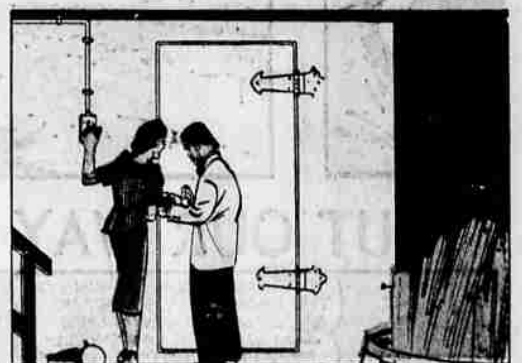
NO—THE SWITCH HAS BEEN PULLED—AND THAT SMELL OF RUBBER! THE MOTOR'S STILL WARM.



PUT UP YOUR HANDS.



KEEP YOUR FACE TO THE WALL. GET HIS GUN.



AT LEAST THEY OVERLOOKED MY KEY RING FLASHLIGHT. H'M?? AHA!



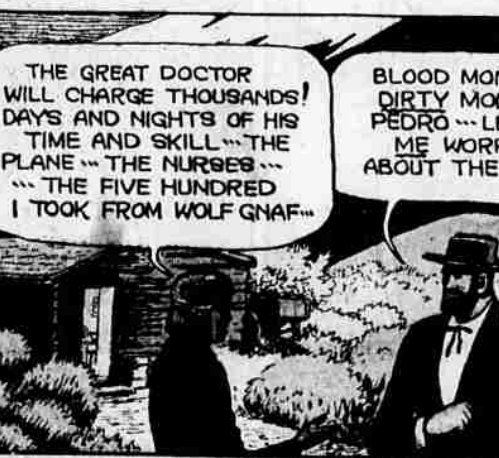
IT'S THE REFRIGERATION SERVICE MAN TO FIX THE COMPRESSOR. BUT NOW, I—



YOU LEFT WORD IT WAS AN EMERGENCY, MA'AM, AND WE— OH, YES! RIGHT THIS WAY!



CHANCE AND VALOR ARE BLENDED IN ONE— VERILY— THE MOST PATIENT MAN IN LOSS, THE MOST COLDEST THAT EVER TURNED UP AN ACE— SHAKESPEARE



THE GREAT DOCTOR WILL CHARGE THOUSANDS! DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HIS TIME AND SKILL—THE PLANE—THE NURSES— THE FIVE HUNDRED I TOOK FROM WOLF GNAF—

BLOOD MONEY? DIRTY MONEY, PEDRO— LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE DOC—



HE'S SAVED YOUR WIFE, LITTLE DOE— THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS—

IT WAS YOU, SENOR, WHO SAVED HER—



WELL, DOCTOR— YOU'VE DONE A MAGNIFICENT JOB— WHAT'S YOUR BILL?

HM-M— WHEN YOU PHONED ME, I FIGURED YOU MUST BE A BIG OIL MAN OR RANCHER—



I'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE PICTURE— YOU'RE AS BROKE AS THEY ARE, IN THERE— BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T MIND—



IN FACT, I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE ENJOYED ANY CASE SO MUCH— THERE IS NO BILL, MY FRIEND—

YOU'RE A GOOD GUY, DOCTOR— NOW I'LL SAY MY PIECE—



I AM BROKE— BUT VERY SOON I'LL SEND YOU FIVE THOUSAND, JUST AS A TOKEN— GIVE IT TO CHARITY, BUT RESPECT MY PRIDE—



FIVE THOUSAND, SENOR? BUT HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO GET SUCH A FORTUNE?

I DON'T THINK IT WILL BE TOO DIFFICULT, PEDRO—



LOOK! IT'S THAT HALF-BREED, PEDRO!

AND WITH TH' GUY HE WAS PAID TO KILL!

THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE CASINO!



I FEEL LIKE A LITTLE GAME—

SIT DOWN, FRIEND— YOUR DEAL—

10-20 57



HIGH CARD FOR FIVE HUNDRED—

HIGH CARD IT IS— I HAVE A KING OF HEARTS—



THE ACE OF SPADES! SHALL WE TRY AGAIN— FOR A THOUSAND?

WHY NOT? THIS TIME MY DEAL— CUT—

HAROLD GRAY