

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
JANUARY 26, 1958

LISTEN TO THIS—

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

A ROBBER CONFESSED WHEN HIS VICTIM'S LICENSE NUMBER WAS FOUND HASTILY SCRIBBLED ON HIS OWN DASHBOARD.

IT'S A PARAGRAPH IN HERB BLURB'S COLUMN ABOUT AN ITEM IN THE "HIGH SCHOOL NEWS" CONCERNING TWO PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS?

"TWO ANCIENT RECORDS—REAL ANTIQUES FROM 1916 WHICH NOBODY SEEMS TO CLAIM—WERE FOUND YESTERDAY BY JANIE SMITH AND HELEN BROWN HANGING IN THE SCHOOLGROUND HEDGE."

I CHECKED THE SPOT WHERE THE GIRLS FOUND THE RECORDS AND DISCOVERED IT'S JUST 20 FEET FROM WHERE "NITRO SHORTY" DIED IN HIS CAR SMASHUP.

MEANING? JUST THIS—FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, A PHONOGRAPH RECORD ENVELOPE HAS FIGURED IN THIS CASE.

I SAY THOSE RECORDS FLEW OUT OF NITRO'S CAR—

LIZZ, CALL THE HIGH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT. LOCATE THOSE GIRLS.

THE GIRLS? HAH! THE GIRLS ARE VERY BUSY IN A RECORD STORE—

THE SIX BROWN BROTHERS? WHO EVER HEARD OF THEM?

WHAT CORN!

JANE, THE RECORDS ARE OLD BUT THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'VE NEVER BEEN PLAYED.

AND LOOK AT THE FUNNY LABEL—NOT LIKE A REAL LABEL.

HEY, THIS LABEL'S LOOSE.

IT'S BARELY STUCK ON.

UNDERNEATH—LOOK! MORE GROOVES.

MORE GROOVES? YOU'RE KIDDING!

HELEN, LET'S GO HOME WHERE WE CAN LISTEN TO THESE IN PEACE. THIS PLACE IS TOO NOISY.

MEANWHILE

—DIG IMMEDIATELY NORTH OF THE BOULDER. THE MONEY IS BURIED SIX FEET DOWN IN A REDWOOD BOX.

TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!

PANTSY SAID TO KEEP PLAYING IT. MAYBE YOU'D REMEMBER WHERE THE OTHER TWO RECORDS ARE.

RECORDS

THIS WORLD IS VERY ODD WE SEE, WE DO NOT COMPREHEND IT, BUT IN ONE FACT WE ALL AGREE, GOD WON'T, AND WE CAN'T, MEND IT.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLARKE—

OH, DON! YOU WORK SUCH LONG HOURS AT YOUR WRITING—YOU'LL RUIN YOUR HEALTH... I WORRY SO ABOUT YOU!

DO YOU SADIE? THAT MUST BE BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A SWEET GIRL...

OH! OH! THAT RUG! I DIDN'T MEAN TO FALL RIGHT AGAINST YOU... D-D-DON...

NO HARM DONE, SADIE... MY... YOU ARE QUITE A GIRL!

BOY-OH-BOY... CAN'T SAY SADIE ISN'T IN THERE PITCHIN' EVERY SECOND! GOT PRETTY FAIR CURVES, TOO... BUT ARE THEY FOOLIN' MR. LEVON?

OH, HELLO, TOM! Y'KNOW I STILL CAN'T GET OVER WONDERIN' 'BOUT THAT MARK ON SADIE'S WEDDIN' RING FINGER...

"WONDER" TO YOURSELF, ANNIE. THIS OLD CON TELLS YOU, ASK WRONG QUESTIONS AND GET YOUR BRAINS KNOCKED OUT...

BUT WHAT HARM IN ASKIN'? NO SIN IN HAVIN' BEEN MARRIED... HM-M... WONDER WHERE TOM'S GOIN'...

SADIE AND HER OLD DRAGON MOTHER... SO THEY DID KNOW THAT POOR SLOB TH' COPS FOUND DEAD AT OUR GATE...

HEAR A LOT, IF Y'HAPPEN T'BE BACK OF A HEDGE AT THE RIGHT TIME... POOR GUY... THREE WEEKS ON THAT SLAB... ANOTHER WEEK, TO POTTER'S FIELD...

YEAH...YEAH...THIS IS MAC, TH' SERGEANT... WHAT? THAT BODY IN TH' MORGUE? HIS NAME IS GILBERT GRIFF? HEY... WAIT... SPELL THAT... HELLO... HELLO!... AR-R-R-R...

CLICK

GO, ONE GOOD DEED IN A NASTY WORLD... IF THEY COULDA TRACED THAT CALL, THEY'D HAVE RUINED ME... ME, AN EX-CON...

WELL? ARE YOU FINALLY MAKING ANY PROGRESS?

IF Y'WANT THE ANSWER TO THAT, GO GET A LOAD O' TH' LIPSTICK ON OLD LEVON'S FACE...

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! HOW CAN ANYONE BE SO SMACK IN TH' MIDDLE O' THINGS, YET KNOW SO LITTLE 'BOUT WHAT'S REALLY GOIN' ON?... EH, SANDY?

ARF!

HAROLD GRAY