

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
FEBRUARY 2, 1958

YES, THOSE KIDS HAVE BOTH RECORDS.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR NEIGHBORS! IF SUSPICIOUS FOOT IMPRESSIONS APPEAR NEAR WINDOWS OR OTHER PARTS OF YOUR HOUSE, NOTIFY THE POLICE.

I TELL YOU THEY WOULDN'T SELL ME THE RECORDS. THEY WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME TOUCH THEM.

OH, COME, PANTS! YOU COULD HAVE GRABBED THE RECORDS AND RUN, COULDN'T YOU?

LOOK! CONDITIONS WEREN'T RIGHT! HIGH SCHOOL KIDS WERE COMING AND GOING. A COP WAS DIRECTING TRAFFIC 50 FEET FROM WHERE WE STOOD.

AND THE GIRLS REFUSED FIFTY BUCKS?

CERTAINLY! SAID THEY WANTED TO PLAY THE RECORDS FOR A FEW DAYS. I TOLD THEM TO GO AHEAD—I'D CONTACT THEM LATER.

PANTS! THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU.

WE'VE WAITED 2 YEARS TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT MILLION BUCKS. WE CAN WAIT A FEW MORE DAYS. THIS CALLS FOR FINESSE. THEY THINK I'M A DISC JOCKEY.

AND IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM OF ONE OF THE GIRLS' HOMES.

---LEAVING THE CITY HALL, PROCEED SOUTH ON BOULDER STREET TO ROUTE 7, TURN RIGHT.

YOU WILL SEE A RED BRICK MILL. GO LEFT ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF THE MILL TO MAIDINE STREET.

I KNEW THESE RECORDS HAD SOMETHING TERRIBLY IMPORTANT ON THEM, HELEN. ISN'T THIS EXCITING?

QUICK, JANIE, PLAY THE OTHER ONE.

FOLLOW BROAD STREET TO ROUTE 2. TAKE ROUTE TWO TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF BENSONTOWN WHERE THE ROAD FORKS. TAKE THE LEFT FORK, PROCEED 308 MILES.

YOU WILL SEE A GRAVEL ROAD. TURN ONTO IT AND FOLLOW IT TO THE END, WHICH WILL BRING YOU TO—

THESE RECORDS ARE WORTH A LOT MORE THAN FIFTY DOLLARS.

JANIE, THERE'S A POLICE OFFICER DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU.

WHAT?

HELLO, JANIE. MY NAME'S DICK TRACY. I'M FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

I UNDERSTAND YOU FOUND TWO RECORDS.

BOY, OH, BOY! THAT MOON OVER TH' RIVER, AND TH' HILLS BEYOND! COLD UP NORTH, BUT HERE IT'S AS BALMY AS SPRING...

THE HEARING EAR IS ALWAYS FOUND CLOSE TO THE SPEAKING TONGUE. SO SAID RALPH WALDO EMERSON... THAT SURE FITS LITTLE ANNIE BIG EARS!

FANCY BOATHOUSE, IN IT'S DAY... ROOMS AN' A KITCHEN EVEN... AND UP HERE ON TOP, THIS OPEN DECK... EH... SH-H-H... PEOPLE TALKIN', SANDY...

I TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW... I HEARD MRS. REDIPS MENTION HIS NAME... GILBERT GRIFT...

YEAH, TOM... SURE... NOW HEAR THIS... FROM THE CHICAGO COPS...

GILBERT GRIFT... SMALLTIME CON GUY... CHEAT... TEN YEARS AGO MARRIED A BLONDE WORKIN' IN A CLIP JOINT ON NORTH CLARK ST... GAL CALLED HERSELF SADIE LA PEARL...

LA PEARL? SO WHAT? BUT SADIE? AND OUR LOCAL SADIE'S A BLONDE...

THERE'S A MILLION SADIES, OF COURSE, ALL BLONDES...

HOW MANY HAVE A BUM NAMED GILBERT GRIFT KILLED OUT IN FRONT... AND KNOW HIS NAME?

I'M AN EX-CON... YOU BOYS FIGURE I DID IT?

YOU COULD HAVE, TOM... SO COULD OUR SADIE... OR HER OLD DRAGON OF A MOTHER...

SURE... EVEN MR. LEVON... HE'S BLIND, BUT I'VE READ HIS BOOKS! HE'S A VERY SHARP CHARACTER...

OR IT COULD BE SOMEBODY WE STILL DON'T EVEN KNOW... WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU, TOM...

YEAH... I HAVE NO DOUBT OF THAT...

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! AND I FIGGERED TH' COPS HAD FORGOT ALL 'BOUT THAT DEAD GUY... GUESS THOSE GUYS NEVER FORGET...

WHEW! GONE NOW... THEY SURE DON'T MAKE MUCH NOISE COMIN' JR GOIN'... ANYBODY COULDA' DONE IT, THEY SAID...

BUT WHO? SHUCKS! I JUST CAN'T FIGGER ANYBODY HERE GOIN' THAT FAR... OH, OH... HOLD IT, SANDY... NOW WHO'S THAT GUY?

WHAD'D'YUH KNOW? STRANGER TO ME... JUST WALKED UP AN' TAPPED ON TH' DOOR... SOMEBODY LET HIM IN... WHOEVER 'T WAS, THEY KNEW HIM... APPARENTLY... REAL GOOD!

HAROLD GRAY