

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1958

ICK RACY



WELL, HERE WE ARE.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



THE BEST INSURANCE AGAINST CAR LARCENIES—YOUR DOG. BUT LEAVE A WINDOW PARTLY OPEN SO THE ANIMAL CAN GET AIR.

Rich Tenny



YES, WE DECIDED TO LET YOU HAVE THE RECORDS. THE RHYTHM IS SO CORNY, AND NONE OF THE FELLOWS DIG THAT DIRGE.

LIKE I SAID, GIRLS, THEY'RE PURELY COLLECTORS' ITEMS.



LOOK, I WANT TO PAY YOU FOR THEM. HOW ABOUT TAKING THIS C-NOTE?

REALLY?



AND IN THAT TARPULIN-COVERED TRUCK, NOT MORE THAN 20 FEET FROM WHERE THE THREE STAND, A CAMERA CLICKS.



AS TRACY PHOTOGRAPHS PANTSY, WHOM HE HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE, LIZZ, THE POLICEMAN, STANDS BY IN AN ADJACENT DOORWAY.



SO LONG, GIRLS. GOOD LUCK.



WELL, THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT? REMEMBER, NOT A WORD TO ANYONE, GIRLS.

OH, BOY! WE CAN DONATE THIS TO OUR SCHOOL BAND UNIFORM FUND.



ONE HOUR LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS.

THANKS TO THE GIRLS, WE HAVE THE CONTENTS OF ALL THREE RECORDS TYPED AND TAPED, AS WELL AS THOSE PICTURES OF OUR QUARRY.



AND OUR NEXT JOB IS TO GET TO THAT BURIED MILLION DOLLARS LOOT BEFORE HE DOES.

THAT'S EASY, CHIEF. IS OUR CREW READY?



LATER, AS PANTSY TRIUMPHANTLY REJOINS HIS MOB—



YOU GOT THEM! BRING THE RECORD PLAYER, PAUL!

OH, NO! WE'RE NOT PLAYING THESE RECORDS HERE!



PANTSY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU WANTS TO WORK A DOUBLE CROSS?



A DOUBLE CROSS?

WE'LL PLAY THESE RECORDS IN THE CAR AS WE GO! THAT WAY NO ONE WILL HAVE ADVANCE INFORMATION, SAVVY?



ABOUT SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO GEOFFREY CHAUCER WROTE: "MORDRE WOL OUT, CERTAIN, IT WOL NAT FAILE." SPELLING CHANGES; BUT A FACT IS A FACT.



AI-YEOWIE! I STILL CAN'T GET OVER THAT SCARED LITTLE RABBIT... TH' WAY HE JUMPED OVER THAT LOW STONE WALL! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!



NEVER GUESSED ON TH' FAR SIDE IT WAS TWO HUNDRED FEET DOWN TO TH' BOTTOM O' THAT OLD QUARRY! HAW! HAW! WONDER WHAT HE THOUGHT, GOIN' DOWN!

YEAH! YOU KILL ME, TOO, YOU BIG STUPID OAF!

NOW, SADIE... IT WASN'T ED'S FAULT...



BUT THAT STORY! TH' GUY HAD IT IN A BIG ENVELOPE... BUT ED BRINGS BACK THIS! SHAKESPEARE IN BRAILLE!

I TELL YUH THAT'S WHAT WAS IN TH' ENVELOPE HE HAD!



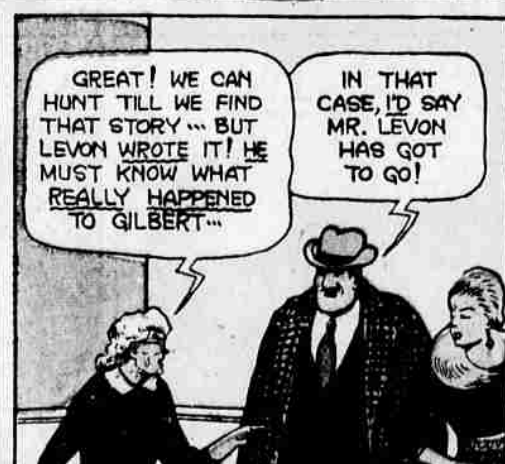
THERE'S SOMETHIN' AWFUL FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE DEAL...Y SURE THAT PUBLISHER STUPE IS DEAD?

TWO HUNDRED FEET INTO A QUARRY? HA! WHAT DO YOU THINK?



BUT THAT STORY! I HEARD 'EM TALKIN' ABOUT IT... IT COULD HANG US, I TELL YOU... ALL OF US!

MUST STILL BE HERE... AND OLD LEVON NEVER MAKES DUPLICATE COPIES...



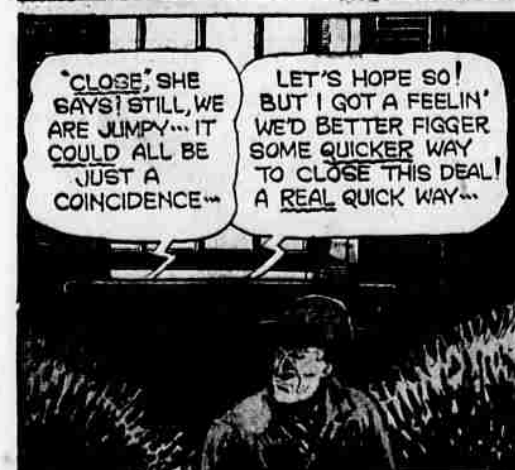
GREAT! WE CAN HUNT TILL WE FIND THAT STORY... BUT LEVON WROTE IT! HE MUST KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO GILBERT...

IN THAT CASE, I'D SAY MR. LEVON HAS GOT TO GO!



ARE YOU NUTS? WE WORK FOR YEARS TO BUILD HIM UP TO WHERE HE MAKES ME HIS BLUSHING BRIDE... THEN HE COULD GO...

BUT IF HE'S ON TO THE WHOLE DEAL... HE CAN'T BE! HE JUST HAPPENED TO COME CLOSE IN HIS STORY...



"CLOSE," SHE SAYS! STILL, WE ARE JUMPY... IT COULD ALL BE JUST A COINCIDENCE...

LET'S HOPE SO! BUT I GOT A FEELIN' WE'D BETTER FIGGER SOME QUICKER WAY TO CLOSE THIS DEAL! A REAL QUICK WAY...



TRACKS IN THE FROST SHOW THE CAR PULLED UP HERE... TH' LITTLE TRACKS JUMPED OUT...

...TH' BIG TRACKS JUMPED OUT TH' LEFT SIDE TO CHASE TH' LITTLE TRACKS... OH-OH...



LITTLE TRACKS TO TH' WALL... GLOVE TRACKS ON TH' STONE... BIG TRACKS RIGHT BEHIND...

LITTLE TRACKS STOP... BIG ONES GO BACK TO CAR... HEY... LOOK, MAC...



S'POSE THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT O' TH' LITTLE GUY DOWN THERE?

HM-M... GET TH' BIG FLASH AN' BRING IT HERE... IF I SEE WHAT I THINK I SEE...

HAROLD GRAY