

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1958

I'VE USED DETERGENT AND LEMON JUICE AND VINEGAR AND MILK, BUT IT'S **STILL THERE**. I CAN STILL SEE A LITTLE BLOODSTAIN.

BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY I WORRY SO. I DID IT IN SELF-DEFENSE. HE CAME TOWARD ME—

ANYWAY, IT COULD BE BLOOD FROM ONE OF MY ROOSTERS. AHA! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! AHA!

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

WE REPEAT

DO NOT PERMIT CHILDREN TO PLAY WITH MATCHES OR TO PLAY AROUND BONFIRES.

WE EGGHEADS DIDN'T AMASS OUR MILLIONS BEING DUMB! **THIS** WILL SOLVE MY PROBLEM!

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! NOT A QUITTER IN THE PEN—EVERY BIRD A CHAMPION!

HAVE AT IT, LITTLE BOYS—IF THEY LOOK FOR BLOOD, LET THEM FIND LOTS OF IT.

YOU'RE TWO OF MY FIERCEST FIGHTERS—COME, LITTLE WARRIORS. HA, HA, HA!

CONCHITA, I TOLD YOU TO **STAY AWAY FROM HERE!**

BUT, MISS EGG-HEAD, EET EES IMPORTANT. THE POLICE ARE HERE.

THE POLICE?

YES, MAYBE THEY HAVE NEWS OF MY PAPA. I DO NOT KNOW WHERE HE HAS GONE—PERHAPS I COULD ASK THEM.

MISS EGGHEAD EES EEN THE ROOSTER STABLE.

SINCE MY PAPA HAS GONE—SHE HAS HAD TO DO ALL THE WORK. COME THEES WAY, PLEASE.

THAT LITTLE KID, FLOATIN' IN THAT BOAT... HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THAT... THAT...

THIS IS OUR SPECIAL DUTY, THAT IF ANYONE SPECIALLY NEEDS OUR HELP, WE SHOULD GIVE HIM SUCH HELP TO THE UTMOST OF OUR POWER!—CICERO—

LOOK OUT!

POPPED HIM RIGHT UP ONTO TH' BANK... HE SURE IS LUCKY!

OR IS HE? **WAHOO!**

THAT STOPPED HIM FOR A SECOND... LIE STILL, BOY... DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE AND HE WON'T NOTICE YOU!

WAHOO! WAHOO! YOWIE! IT WORKED!

OH, BRU-THER! LIKE A TRAIN GOIN' THROUGH... AND RIGHT ON OUT INTO TH' DRINK...

NOW TO SEE 'BOUT THAT KID... OH-OH...

SO I CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST!

BAW!

I OUGHT TO WHALE YOUR HIDE TILL IT SMOKES! I OUGHT TO BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY CARCASS TILL...

5-25-58

DON'T YOU DARE LAY ONE DIRTY FINGER ON THAT KID!

HA! WHAT D'YOU FIGURE YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT?

I CAN PLAY CATCH WITH YUH, WITH THIS MEAN LITTLE D'MON' BACK RATTLER... HERE... Y' READY?

NO! NO! YOU WIN! YOU'RE A REAL LITTLE WILDCAT... BUT LET'S SEE THAT RATTLER...

LEGGO TH' KID, OR YOU'LL SEE IT RIGHT IN YER CHOPS, MISTER!

HAROLD GRAY