

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1958

SHE'S NOT HERE!

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

DOG LOVERS! REMEMBER YOUR PETS NEED ATTENTION, TOO. PROTECT THEM. HAVE THEM VACCINATED AGAINST RABIES.

IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO ENCROSSED IN GETTING ME OUT OF THE HOUSE, YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE BRAT LEAVE.

WHERE COULD, SHE HAVE GONE SO FAST?

SHE NOT ONLY KNOWS THAT YOU KILLED HER FATHER— SHE HAS THE EVIDENCE WITH HER TO PROVE IT!

SHE'S TAKING THAT BRONZE ROOSTER TO THE POLICE TO SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

WHERE COULD SHE HAVE HIDDEN?

WE SEARCHED THE GROUNDS, WE SEARCHED THE HEDGES AND SHRUBS— NOW. WE MUST SEARCH THE MARSH. SHE COULD BE HIDING IN THE MARSH GRASS.

EGGIE—NOT SO FAST—MY HEART CAN'T TAKE IT—DON'T LEAVE ME.

EGGIE, DON'T HURRY SO—DON'T LEAVE! WAIT, EGGIE!

MEANWHILE, CONCHITA HAS MADE SOME PROGRESS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION IN SPITE OF HER HEAVY BURDEN.

IF ONLY SOMEONE WOULD BELIEVE ME.

THEY JUST LAUGH WHEN I TELL THEM I MUST FIND THE POLICE.

AHA, I THEENK I SEE A POLICE CAR! NOW MY TROUBLES ARE OVER!

YOO-HOO, YOO-HOO!

HELLO, LITTLE GIRL. CAREFUL, STAY OFF THE STREET.

CHESTER GOLD

THE BUILDING UP OF A FAMILY IS A MANUFACTURE VERY LITTLE ABOVE THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE OF CARDS. —LORD HALIFAX.

WELL, ESSIE, ARE YOU AND SIL AND THE KIDS PLANNING TO STAY A COUPLE OF WEEKS?

WHY, FATHER... WE CAN STAY ALL SUMMER, TO KEEP YOU COMPANY...

MR. SHAW AT THE STORE SAID SIL WAS SPENDING SO MUCH TIME ON THE MEMORIAL LIBRARY DRIVE HE MIGHT AS WELL SPEND ALL HIS TIME ON IT...

SHAW FIRED SIL, EH? WHAT ARE YOU ALL LIVING ON?

OH, WE ALWAYS MANAGE... SIL'S SO CHEERFUL, EVEN ALL THE TIMES HE'S OUT OF WORK... HE SAYS, "WHY WORRY?" HE'LL FIND SOMETHING BY FALL...

HM-M-M... AH, YES... LET'S HOPE SO...

EH? WHAT'S THAT BIG LOUT DOING AROUND HERE?

WHY, THAT'S CHUCK FLUB—HE'S GOING STEADY WITH OUR TESSIE... THEY GROW UP SO FAST...

TESSIE? WHY, SHE'S ONLY THIRTEEN!

SHE'S A MONTH OLDER THAN I WAS, WHEN I RAN AWAY TO MARRY SIL SIMPER...

YOU WERE DEAD SET AGAINST SIL... REMEMBER? SAID I WAS A SILLY CHILD... CALLED SIL A WELL-MEANING, HALF-BAKED NINCOMPOOP!

YES... I REMEMBER VERY WELL WHAT I SAID...

HA! FIVE WONDERFUL CHILDREN... NEVER A WORRY OR CARE... GUESS NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT YOU WERE WRONG...

HM-M-M... I'LL ADMIT YOU AND SIL HAVE NEVER WORRIED...

BUT THAT YOUNG PUNK, CHUCK! HIS DAD'S THE WORST NO-GOOD IN TOWN! DROVE CHUCK'S MOTHER TO SUICIDE! WHY, IF THAT OAF...

CAN'T BLAME CHUCK FOR HIS FOLKS! ...AND TESSIE ADORES HIM!

FAMILY! CHILDREN! GRAND-CHILDREN! DREAMS! HOPES! PLANS! SOMETIMES I CAN ALMOST UNDERSTAND MEN WHO CHUCK EVERYTHING, AND BECOME HERMITS!

HELLO, GRAMPAW! WOW! HAVE WE GOT A FAMILY 'ROUND HERE NOW! YOU KNOW, BEIN' AN ORPHAN, I NEVER HAD ANY FAMILY BEFORE...

HM-M-HAVING A FAMILY CAN BE NICE—I'VE HEARD...

AN ORPHAN! NOT A RELATIVE IN THE WORLD... BY GEORGE, WHY SHOULD ANYONE EVER BE SORRY FOR AN ORPHAN?

HAROLD GRAY