

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1958

DICK TRACY



THEES EES THE CHICKEN!

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH YOUR POLICE FORCE'S IDENTIFYING BADGES AND PASSES. BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.



NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE ME, MR. TRACY, BUT THEES EES THE CHICKEN. THAT KILLED MY PAPA.



MEES EGGHEAD STRUCK MY PAPA WEETH EET—AND THEES EES WHERE THAT PIECE OF METAL YOU HAVE, CAME FROM.



DO YOU NOT SEE? EET FITS—NO?



DID YOU SEE MISS EGGHEAD KILL YOUR FATHER?

NO, BUT AUNTIE EGGHEAD DID—I HEARD HER SAY SO.



WHERE DID YOU LAST SEE MISS EGGHEAD AND THE AUNT?

THEY WERE CHASING ME.



SAM, HAVE THE LAB TAKE PHOTOS OF THIS WITH CLOSE-UPS OF THE BROKEN CLAW WITH THE PIECE FITTED IN.

THEN YOU AND I ARE GOING TO MISS EGGHEADS.



MEANWHILE, ESTABLISHED ON THE SUNDECK OF A CUBAN HOTEL WHITHER SHE HAS FLED BY PLANE, MISS EGGHEAD PLANS HER FUTURE—

THIS CUBAN SUN IS BOUND TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE.



AH—NOW FOR THE HAIR.



AH, SEÑORITA, I DID NOT RECOGNIZE YOU.

HA! HA! IT'S FOR A PART IN A STAGE PLAY. IT DOES CHANGE MY LOOKS, DOESN'T IT?



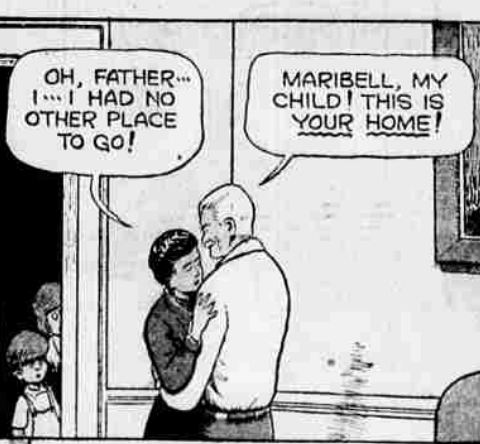
LATER, AT THE ESTATE

THIS PLACE IS ABANDONED, TRACY.

YEAH—EVEN THE AUNT IS GONE. WHAT TH—?



JENNYJO AND ESSIEGUE'S SISTER, MARIBELL, ONCE RICH, NOW WIDOWED, ALONE AND PENNILESS, HAS COME BACK TO THE OLD HOME.....



OH, FATHER... I... I HAD NO OTHER PLACE TO GO!

MARIBELL, MY CHILD! THIS IS YOUR HOME!



SINCE DUD WENT, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAVE GONE WRONG! I'VE LOST EVERY CENT HE LEFT ME...AND I FEEL SO...SO ALONE...

WELL, AROUND HERE YOU'LL NOT BE ALONE...



DON'T TELL ME YOU AIN'T GOT YOUR BIG CAR NO MORE!

MEAN TO SAY YOU CAME ALL TH' WAY HERE ON A BUS?

OH, THE BUS TRIP WAS VERY PLEASANT...



CHILDREN! YOU REMEMBER YOUR NICE AUNTIE MARIBELL!

WHY DON'T YOU SAY HELLO TO AUNT MARIBELL?

HELLO, CHILDREN... MY, HOW YOU'VE GROWN!



H'LO...

H'LO...

'LO



THAT'S NOT A VERY NICE WAY TO GREET YOUR FAVORITE AUNTIE... SHAME ON YOU!

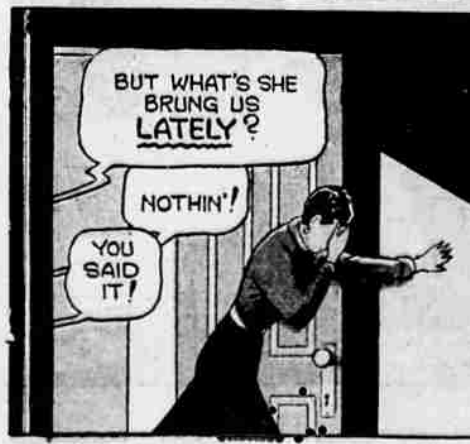
AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE HER A NICE BIG KISS, LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO?

WHY?



WHY, YOUR AUNTIE MARIBELL NEVER FORGOT ANY HOLIDAY! YOUR BIRTHDAYS! REMEMBER ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS SHE USED TO BRING YOU?

SURE... WE REMEMBER...



BUT WHAT'S SHE BRUNG US LATELY?

NOTHIN'!

YOU SAID IT!



TO HURT HER SO! OH, BRÜTHER! WHAT I'D LOVE T'DO WITH A HARD PADDLE AND A STRONG ARM...

SOME THINGS MAKE ME SO MAD I COULD CRY... IF I WEREN'T SO MAD!



WHAT THOSE LITTLE DICKENSES SAID! I THOUGHT I'D BUST OUT LAUGHIN' RIGHT IN MARIBELL'S FACE!

WONDER HOW IT FEELS TO BE JUST COMMON FOLKS LIKE US AGAIN...



"COMMON: WITHOUT REFINEMENT."... BY GEORGE, IT TAKES MORE THAN BEING POOR TO BE THAT COMMON!... AND THEY'RE MINE... ALL MINE?!!

HAROLD GRAY