

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1958

SURE, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. JUST LOST A LITTLE BLOOD, THAT'S ALL.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

IF YOU SUSPECT YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED, TURN IN AT THE FIRST LIGHTED HOUSE, KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND ASK THE TENANT TO CALL THE POLICE.

I HAD OUR CHIEF SEND FOR YOU, TRACY, BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT THE WOMAN LOOKS LIKE, MISS EGGHEAD—THAT IS.

WUNBROW, IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE CALLED DOWN TO CUBA TO HELP CATCH THIS MURDERESS.

HERE'S HER PHOTO. TAKE THIS CRAYON AND GIVE ME AN IDEA OF WHAT HER DISGUISE WAS LIKE.

REMEMBER, I'M NOT MUCH OF AN ARTIST—BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A LITTLE HINT.

I VIEWED HER THROUGH THE MESH OF THE DRAPE—BUT I GOT A GOOD LOOK.

BRU—THER! SHE CAN SURE DRAW A FAST DAGGER!

H'M! THIS IS A WICKED LITTLE ITEM! SHOPKEEPER'S NAME STAMPED RIGHT HERE ON THE HANDLE.

THERE YOU ARE, TRACY.

WE'LL HAVE CIRCULARS MADE BEARING BOTH PICTURES—AND FLOOD THIS ISLAND FROM TIP TO TIP—ALSO—WE'LL HAVE A FEW SENT BACK TO THE MAINLAND.

MEANWHILE, MISS EGGHEAD HAS STAYED IN THE BANANA CART—HE'S FED HIS OXEN—HE'S COME IN THE HOUSE—IT'S GETTING DARK.

AT LEAST HE DOESN'T LIVE TOO FAR FROM TOWN. I SEE A STREET LIGHT.

TELEPHONE?

SI.

CHICORY, LISTEN CLOSELY! IN THE PAST I'VE BOUGHT A LOT OF GAME-CKOCKS FROM YOU AND PAID YOU LOTS OF MONEY—NOW I'M IN TROUBLE, AND I NEED A FAVOR.

LOOK, CHICORY, I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF CUBA NOW—TONIGHT! UNDERSTAND?—TONIGHT!

TARRANTULAP!

SOLES

7-20-58

VIC FLUB IS STILL BACK THERE A PIECE... WE'VE GOT TIME...

NOT 'LESS WE GET BY THAT RATTLE...

"COME WHEN YOU'RE LOOKED FOR, OR COME WITHOUT WARNING"
—THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS
THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY, TOM, FOR WHAT'S COME TO VIC FLUB...

HIS KIND ARE ALWAYS TOO MEAN T'MOVE OVER... AND HE'S SO BIG! ...JUST THAT LITTLE STICK...?

HE'S JUST MEAN ENOUGH TO STRIKE, IF I... HA! THERE'S HIS HEAD AND I GOT HIM PINNED DOWN!

YEAH! TH' END WITH TH' FANGS! BUT SH! FEET OF HIM THRESHIN' AROUND! HE'LL GET LOOSE...

QUICK! GET BY 'FORE HE DOES... EH? WHADDYUNKNOW?

FLYIN' THROUGH TH' AIR... SPLASHIN' INTO TH' WATER... AND HE'S NOT RATTLIN' ANY MORE!

BANGED HIS TAIL 'GAINST THAT STUMP SO HARD HIS RATTLES BROKE OFF...

WOW! NOT A SOUND OUT O' HIM... BUT HE'S MADDER'N EVER NOW...

SO HE'S MAD! WE'RE BY HIM AND HE'LL STAY THERE... C'M'ON... LET'S HURRY...

HEY! Y'TORE OUT A PIECE OF YOUR DRESS ON THAT BUSH BACK THERE...

WHO CARES NOW? OOOOOH... LITTLE JUG... LOOK... NO MORE ROOM TO RUN... THIS... THIS IS TH' END...

HA! HEARD 'EM UP AHEAD... CAIN'T GO MUCH FARTHER... YEP! PIECE O' TH' REDHEADED BRAT'S DRESS SNAGGED ON THAT BUSH...

MUSTN'T LEAVE NO EVIDENCE THEY EVEN BEEN HERE... NEVER KNOW WHO'LL COME SNOOPIN' THIS WAY...

E.E.E.E. YII!

THAT... THAT TERRIBLE SCREAM! THAT... THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MR. FLUB...

UH-HUH... AND HEAR HIM RUNNIN' NOW? BUT THE OTHER WAY...

YEAH... WHAT Y'SPOSE HAPPENED? DON'T S'POSE AN OLD SWAMP MAN WOULD... ER...

... WOULD EXPECT A RATTLE TO RATTLE? ... COULD BE...

HAROLD GRAY

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