

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1958

I MUST FLY BACK TO THE STATES IMMEDIATELY.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

MOTORISTS, BE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL OF ELDERLY PEOPLE CROSSING THE STREET. REMEMBER, MANY OF THEM HAVE POOR EYESIGHT AND HEARING AND SLOW MUSCULAR REFLEXES.

CHICORY SENT ME. HE SAID YOU WOULD HELP ME.

THAT DEPENDS! WE DO BUSINESS WITH A VERY RESTRICTED CLIENTELE.

I MUST FLEE CUBA IMMEDIATELY! CHICORY SAID YOU HAD A PLANE.

I DO. I HAVE A FLEET OF TWO-MOTOR CONVERS.

A FLIGHT TO YOUR HOME TOWN WILL COST YOU ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS—TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS?

I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISS EGGHEAD, AND I ALSO KNOW SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAY INTEREST YOU.

WHAT IS THAT?

DICK TRACY IS IN CUBA FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF PICKING YOU UP FOR MURDER.

HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? WHO ARE YOU?

IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW THINGS. SHALL I BOOK YOU FOR A SIX O'CLOCK FLIGHT?

YES, WHEN DO I PAY?

HAVE THE CASH WITH YOU AT THE AIRPORT. NOW, WILL YOU PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HOOD FOR 10 SECONDS?

—AND LOOK INTO THE MIRROR.

GOOD—NOW, PUT THE HOOD BACK.

THE ATTENDANT WILL TELL YOU HOW TO REACH OUR PRIVATE AIRPORT. BE THERE AT 5:45. THAT IS ALL.

MEANWHILE—

YES, MY NAME IS CHICORY AND I RAISE GAMECOCKS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BEING A STOOD PIGEON, I NO SPICK THE LANGUAGE.

NO SPICK THE LANGUAGE, EHP?

THE GRAPEVINE TELLS ME THIS WOMAN VISITED YOU NOT MORE THAN AN HOUR AGO—OH—

OH—THIS LANGUAGE YOU SPICK—EHP? WELL, LET'S TALK.

OLD VIC FLUB LET OUT THAT ONE HORRIBLE YELL... THEN WE HEARD HIM BUSTIN' THROUGH TH' BUSHES A WAYS... SINCE THEN, NOTHIN'...

"JUSTICE INDEED SHOULD EVER BE CLOSE-EARED AND OPEN-MOUTHED," THIS MIDDLETON—OPEN-MOUTHED IS RIGHT, WITH FANGS YET!

MAYBE HE'S GONE...

THOSE BIG BLACK BIRDS UP THERE DON'T SAY SO...

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WELL, LET'S GO BACK REAL QUIET AND SEE IF HE'S GONE...

NOT ME! THAT RATTLER'S STILL WAITIN'...

FLUB'S BOAT, HIDDEN IN THE GRASS... THOSE BUZZARDS... SO... THAT WOULD BE HIS WAY...

USED THE POOR CHILDREN TO BAIT THE TRAP... NOW HE'S IN THERE SOMEWHERE, WAITING FOR ME TO COME...

WELL, HE WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! EASY, NOW... CHECK EVERY LEAF... TWIG... VINE... VINE? THAT'S NO VINE...

QUET DOES IT! ODD! NO WARNING RATTLE... BUT THE KRAITS AND COBRAS NEVER WARNED, EITHER... SEEING THEM FIRST... BEST WAY IN THE JUNGLE...

NOW THEN... NEXT SHOULD BE VIC FLUB... WAITING SILENTLY WITH HIS SHOTGUN FOR ME TO COME ALONG...

WELL, THERE HE IS... AND WITH HIS SHOTGUN... AND HE'S SURE WAITING SILENTLY...

BUT THE CHILDREN... LITTLE JUG AND ANNIE... I THOUGHT... IF THEY'RE NOT HERE...

HEY! LOOK! IT'S HEAD'S BEAT FLAT! HOW... WHO...?

MUST'A BEEN... IT WAS GRAMPW! Y' SAVED US!

SAVED YOU? NOT I, MY BOY... A FAR GREATER POWER THAN ANY OF US DID THAT...

HAROLD GRAY