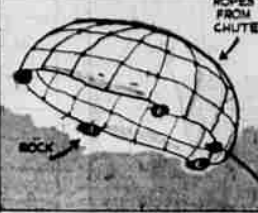


KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1958

DICK TRACY



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



DESPERATELY TRYING TO BEAT THE SPECTRE OF STARVATION, TRACY HAS FASHIONED A THROW-NET FROM THE SHROUD LINES OF HIS PARACHUTE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE SOME WILD GAME.



I ONCE SAW SOME NATIVES HANDLE ONE OF THESE THINGS—BUT IT WAS **SECOND NATURE** WITH THEM.



THOSE WILD PIGEONS ARE THE ONLY GAME I'VE SEEN—AND THEY'RE 25 FEET UP—



IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME PRACTICE—BECAUSE THOSE BIRDS WILL BE ON THE WING AFTER THE FIRST CAST.



TRACY PICKS OUT CERTAIN STONES AND BUSHES—AND CONTINUES TO PRACTICE LAYING THE NET OVER THEM.



THAT NYLON WILL TAKE A LOT OF PUNISHMENT. THIS PRACTICE WON'T HURT IT—



IS THAT THE MAN THE PARACHUTE HARNESS BELONGED TO—THAT IS, THE ROTTEN FRAGMENTS THAT I FOUND? IS HE THE OWNER?



A VINE! HE TRIED TO CLIMB OUT—THE VINE BROKE—HE DIED WHERE HE FELL.



THE VINE CONTINUED TO GROW—GAD! THAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED SEVERAL YEARS AGO.



ALL OF WHICH WOULD SEEM TO PROVE THIS PLACE IS **ESCAPE-PROOF!**



"BE NOT FORGETFUL TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS: FOR THEREBY SOME HAVE ENTERTAINED ANGELS UNAWARES." —OLD TESTAMENT. —EVERY LITTLE GIRL IS PART ANGEL.



SHE DIDN'T WANT TO COME IN, POP, BUT I SAID IF SHE DIDN'T, I'D START SCREAMIN' BLOODY MURDER!



OH, POP—SHE HASN'T ANY MOM OR EVEN ANY POP—AND SHE NEVER DID!



OH, POP—SHE'S SO ALL ALONE—CAN'T SHE STAY HERE WITH US? PLEASE!



OH, BEANIE'D HAVE COME HOME PRETTY SOON ANYWAY...



I—I'M AWFUL SORRY—BUT SHE—SHE'LL COME BACK...



IT WOULDN'T BE SO LONELY IF SHE WERE LIVIN' HERE—MAKE HER STAY WITH US, POP!



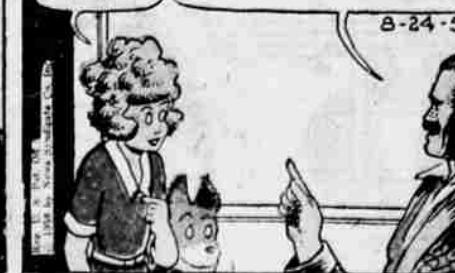
BUT IF YOU WOULD STAY, MY CHILD, YOU'D BE HELPING BEANIE AND ME MORE THAN YOU CAN KNOW...



GEE—IF—IF YOU REALLY WANT ME—



A GOOD, SOUND NAME—ANYBODY ASK, YOU'RE ANNIE BOND—FOLKS ALL DEAD—THAT'S TRUE ENOUGH, EH?



WHY, SANDY, YOU'RE TH' SPITTIN' IMAGE OF THE GRANDEST HUNTING DOG I EVER HAD, WHEN I WAS ABOUT ANNIE'S AGE ON TH' FARM...



A YEAR—THE LONGEST YEAR OF MY LIFE—BEGS—WHERE? HOW? WHY? THAT CHILD—OUT OF THE NIGHT—A SIGN? AN OMEN? IT CAN'T BE—AND YET...



8-24-58

HAROLD GRAY