

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1958

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

ROOKIES—LEARN TO USE THE 2-WAY PROPERLY. SPEAK DISTINCTLY. BE SLOW AND CALM. YOUR DISPATCHER MUST CLEAR MANY MESSAGES.

I SAW THE PLANE THAT BROUGHT YOU, AND I SAW THEM KICK YOU OUT—JUST LIKE THEY DID ME.

YOU?

MY QUARTERS ARE AT THE OTHER END OF THE CANYON. I COULDN'T HURRY TO FIND YOU—GOT TO CONSERVE MY STRENGTH, Y'KNOW.

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

YES, I SAW IT ALL.

SINCE THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF MARCH.

HERE—HAVE SOME.

I'VE BEEN RATIONING IT TO MYSELF, BUT YOU NEED FOOD.

WHAT IS THIS?

THAT IS DRIED GOAT MEAT.

HOW DID YOU GET IT? I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET ANYTHING.

I MADE A SLINGSHOT FROM MY PARACHUTE LINES AND DID A BIT OF PRACTICING.

BUT THERE'S NO GAME IN THIS HOLE!

UNFORTUNATELY THAT'S TRUE, BUT ABOVE ARE WILD GOATS. ONE OF THEM STUCK HIS HEAD OVER THE CANYON RIM JUST ONCE, TOO OFTEN. I GOT HIM.

THERE, THERE! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW—YOU'LL FEEL BETTER SOON, OLD CHAP.

IT TASTED LIKE A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WHO ARE YOU?

WHITEHALL—

I'M JOHN WHITEHALL, SUPERINTENDENT OF FRAUD INVESTIGATION FOR SCOTLAND YARD.

SCOTLAND YARD?

Suburban Annie

"THERE WAS THE DOOR TO WHICH I FOUND NO KEY; THERE WAS THE VEIL THROUGH WHICH I MIGHT NOT SEE." *OSCAR WILDE*

I JUST HEARD... YOUR MOM WAS EDITOR AN' PUBLISHER O' TH' "EXPOSER" OWNED TH' PAPER! WOW!

SURE... I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW THAT...

MUST REMEMBER, BEANIE, ANNIE JUST ARRIVED IN OUR TOWN...

YES... BESS INHERITED THE "EXPOSER"... HER GRANDFATHER STARTED IT WAY BACK... NEARLY BANKRUPT FIVE YEARS AGO...

BUT BESS WAS MAKING IT PAY AGAIN... AH, BESS... WE WERE SCHOOL KIDS... MY FOLKS HAD NOTHING... HERS WERE THE MOST PROMINENT FAMILY IN TOWN... RICH... RESPECTED...

BUT I LOVED BESS, FROM THE TIME SHE WAS NO OLDER THAN BEANIE... WHY SHE LOVED ME I'LL NEVER KNOW... BUT THERE NEVER WAS A HAPPIER PAIR THAN WE...

SHE WAS A BORN NEWSPAPER-WOMAN... GAVE IT UP TO MAKE ME FEEL BIG, AS HEAD OF THE FAMILY... THEN I GOT SMASHED UP AT THE PLANT... FIVE YEARS AGO...

SO, BESS WENT BACK TO WORK... AND HOW SHE WORKED! DOUBLED THE "EXPOSER" CIRCULATION IN FOUR YEARS... THEN... THEN SHE VANISHED...

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME REASON, UNCLE BERT... SHE'LL COME BACK...

OF COURSE, ANNIE... WILL... WILL YOU PLEASE TURN ON THE LAMP IN THAT WINDOW IN HER OFFICE? IT'LL BE DARK SOON...

SURE, UNCLE BERT... YOU BET...

"THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW"... EVERY NIGHT NOW FOR OVER A YEAR... AND IT COULD GO ON FOR YEARS... LONG AS HIS HOPE AN' FAITH LAST, I S'POSE...

SHE CAN'T HAVE VANISHED, REALLY... BUT S'POSIN' SHE'S FOUND... THAT COULD BE MAYBE LOTS WORSEN NEVER KNOWIN'...

MAGINE... THERE SHE WAS, TEN O'CLOCK THAT LAST EVENIN', WORKIN' AT THAT OLD DESK... TEN THIRTY, GONE... JUST COMPLETELY GONE!

NOT A CLUE... NO TRACE... COPS CHECKED EVERY INCH O' THIS ROOM, OVER AN' OVER... GEE... THAT OLD DESK... HER GRANDFATHER'S... TH' SECRETS I BET IT HOLDS!... HM-M...

HAROLD GRAY