

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1958



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

DON'T FORGET! PICKPOCKETS FREQUENTLY OPERATE IN BALL PARKS, BUSES, CIRCUSES, ETC. THE SAFEST PLACE FOR YOUR WALLET IS YOUR SIDE PANTS POCKET. *Right Tracy*

THE GAMECOCKS ARE ALL IN BAGS, CHICORY. LET'S GO! QUICKLY!

WHAT ABOUT HER?

WE'VE GOT TO GO TO HIGHER GROUND. THIS STORM IS TAKING ON THE ASPECT OF A TIDAL WAVE.

"FORGET MISS EGGHEAD!" SCREAMS CHICORY. "WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OURSELVES AND THESE GAMECOCKS."

DON'T LEAVE ME!

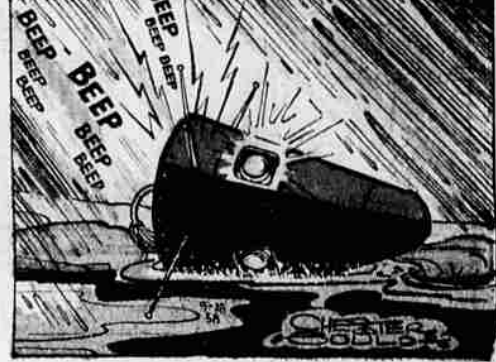
AND SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY, THE SAME STORM LASHES THE ISLAND PRISON WHERE TRACY AND SUPT. WHITEHALL STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE.

THIS IS A DELUGE, WHITEHALL. RIGHTO! THE ENTIRE FLOOR OF THE CANYON IS UNDER WATER.

ALL WE CAN DO IS SIT TIGHT. AND THANK OUR STARS IT'S WARM RAIN.

HEY, LOOK! WHAT?

IN THAT LAST FLASH OF LIGHTNING, I SAW SOMETHING.



Little Orphan Annie

TALK ABOUT BEING GRAVELY INVOLVED WITH THE UNDERWORLD! THE GRAVE IS THE GENERAL MEETING PLACE THIS FULLER - SURE CROWDED TONIGHT!

GOIN' FISHIN' WITH AN OLD CURTAIN ROD? AND AT NIGHT? AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN HEADIN' FOR TH' RIVER!

QUITE SO...AS BILL SHAKESPEARE REMARKED... "BY INDIRECTIONS FIND DIRECTIONS OUT."

YOU TALK CRAZY... HEY! YOU ARE CRAZY! WE'RE GOIN' STRAIGHT TO "SYLVAN REST" CEM'TERY...

WHY, SO WE ARE... SH-H-H...

PIPE DOWN! I DON'T CARE IF YOU HOLLER TO WAKE THE DEAD...BUT DON'T STIR UP ANY LIVE ONES!

BUT WHY? TELL ME WHY.

I'M NOT QUITE READY TO STAY HERE, IN GOOD OLD "SYLVAN REST"...

HEY! ISN'T THIS TH' GRAVE LEM LOAM, TH' GRAVEDIGGER, TOLD US 'BOUT?

YEP! HE LEFT IT TO FILL, TILL THE COOL OF THE EVENING... WHEN HE CAME BACK...

I 'MEMBER... GOODHEARTED STRANGERS HAD FILLED IT FOR HIM...

'MAGINE SHOVELIN' IN ALL THAT DIRT, JUST AS A FAVOR...OR A JOKE ON HIM, MAYBE...

UH-HUH... NOW WE'LL SEE IF WHAT THEY FILLED IT WITH WAS ALL DIRT...

DID TH' ROD HIT A ROCK OR SOMETHIN'?

SOMETHING... BUT NOT A ROCK... NO... MORE LIKE A...

BANG!

DOWN... KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN... AND RUN... THIS WAY... GIVE ME YOUR HAND...

QUICK! THE WOODS...THEY'LL FIGURE WE KEPT ON THROUGH...

SO, WE DOUBLE BACK UNDER THESE BUSHES BY THE STONE WALL...

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THERE THEY ARE... BUT WHO...?

YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY JERK... DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY WERE! WHY'D YOU SHOOT, BEFORE YOU WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE SURE?

SORRY, BOSS... WAS SURE I HAD TH' BIG ONE...HE MUSTA MOVED...

HAROLD GRAY



