

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1958

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

POLICE: KNOW YOUR FIREARMS.

TO BE EFFECTIVE, A MUNICIPAL POLICE FORCE MUST BE WELL-ARMED. OFFICERS, KNOW YOUR WEAPONS AND THEIR CAPABILITIES.

THIS DOOR!

THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME, SENOR WUNBROW.

REMEMBER, MISS EGGHEAD, I DID NOT COME HERE TO PLAY HERO, BUT TO MAKE YOU MY PRISONER.

AND AS MY PRISONER, YOU WILL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME.

IF WE BOTH LIVE THROUGH THIS, YOU CAN EXPECT TO FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

I'M REMOVING THE HANDCUFFS. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW TILL CONDITIONS IMPROVE.

SEÑOR WUNBROW, WHERE CAN WE EXPECT TO GO ON THIS?

ANYWHERE FROM HERE TO THE SARGASSO SEA.

I OFTEN WONDERED WHAT GOOD PURPOSE THESE MASSIVE SPANISH DOORS SERVED. NOW, I KNOW.

MEANWHILE, DICK TRACY AND SUPT. WHITEHALL ARE BEING RELEASED FROM A CUBAN HOSPITAL—

REALLY—IS THAT ME?

WHITEHALL, I FEEL WE SHOULD INTRODUCE OURSELVES ALL OVER AGAIN, NOW THAT WE'RE BOTH SHAVED.

RIGHTO.

WE'RE READY TO GO, OFFICER PAREZZ. WHAT'S THE LATEST?

THE STORM STILL RAGES, BUT I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL THAT MAY BE IMPORTANT.

A CONVER PLANE HAS BEEN WASHED UP ON A SUGAR CANE PLANTATION SOUTH OF HERE.

A CONVER?

WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT? ASKS TRACY.

JUST THIS," SAYS PAREZZ. "ALL PLANES HAD BEEN ORDERED OUT OF CUBA PRIOR TO THE HURRICANE."

FURTHERMORE, THE CUBAN AERONAUTICAL COMMISSION REPORTS THE NUMBERS ON THAT PLANE ARE PHONY.

Ende Orphan Annie

WHADD'YUH MEAN, HOW'D I LET THAT DUMB REPORTER GIMME TH' SLIP? HE AIN'T GIVE ME NO SLIP...

WELL, THIS IS STEVE'S STUBE... IT'S ELEVEN... HE AIN'T HERE, IS HE?

10-12

STRANGE TO RELATE, BUT WONDERFULLY TRUE, THAT EVEN SHADOWS HAVE THEIR SHADOWS, TOO." CHAS. CHURCHILL.

I HEARD HIM MAKE A DATE T'MEET A DAME HERE... SEE? HE'LL BE HERE... SO HE'S LATE... WE'LL WAIT...

HO-KAY... BUT AL AIN'T GOIN' TO LIKE IT IF YOU GOOFED AN' LOST HIS PIGEON...

WHILE ACROSS TOWN...

ANNIE, THIS IS AN OLD PAL OF MINE, CAL CASE... HE'S IN, AH, GOVERNMENT WORK...

THAT'S RIGHT... GLAD TO MEET YOU, ANNIE...

SOME TIME LATER...

THAT'S EVERYTHING WE KNOW OR SUSPECT, CAL... YOU SEE HOW OUR HANDS ARE TIED...

YES... BUT I'D SAY YOU'VE DONE PRETTY WELL, IN SPITE OF THAT...

WE'VE KNOWN THE MESS IN FUTLE SPRINGS FOR A LONG TIME... THIS MAY GIVE US A LEGAL REASON TO MOVE IN HERE...

JUST WHO IS HE, BILLY? IS HE AN F.B.I. MAN?

LET'S SAY HE'S THE BEST INVESTIGATOR I KNOW... MET HIM IN THE WAR... HE WAS IN INTELLIGENCE, WORKING UNDERGROUND...

MAYBE WE COULD HAVE SOLVED THIS THING, AND GOT TO BE DEAD UNKNOWN HEROES FOR OUR REWARD...

YEAH... WHEN Y'DON'T DARE GO TO TH' CHIEF O' POLICE EVEN...

I'M AFRAID NO ONE ALONE COULD LICK THIS ONE, BUT CAL WON'T BE ALONE...

HI, WISE GUY...

WHERE Y'BIN FER OVER T'REE HOURS?

HMM... AND NEITHER ARE WE...

10-12-58

AH, BOYS... DID YOU MISS ME? I MET MY BEST GIRL AT 'JEEVE'S SCOOP' AND WE LINGERED OVER OUR DOUBLE CHOCOS...

"JEEVE'S SCOOP"! I T'HOUGHT Y'SAID STEVE'S STUBE...

STUBE, STUBE! YOU'RE TH' STUBE!

SO, WE LOST HIM... WE FOUND HIM... WHAT'S TH' HARM? WE KNOW HE DIDN'T MEET NO GUY...

AH, HE'S A HARMLESS NUT... I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY AL SEZ WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIM...

HAROLD GRAY