

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1958

TRACY

YES-THERE WERE THREE.

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

NEIGHBORS! NOTIFY POLICE OF ANY APPARENTLY ABANDONED AUTOMOBILE BUT DO NOT TOUCH IT. IT MAY HAVE BEEN USED IN SOME CRIME AND POLICE WILL WANT FINGERPRINTS.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION, THE BODIES WERE CARRIED BENEATH THE SURFACE AS THE FUSELAGE SETTLED. CONSEQUENTLY, THEY WERE NOT BURNED TO DEATH—BUT DROWNED.

THE FBI IDENTIFIED THEM THROUGH FINGERPRINTS. TWO OF THEM WERE INTERNATIONAL HOODLUMS—WANTED IN THE U.S.A. AND A COUPLE OF SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES.

THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO HERE. LET'S GO.

LATER AT THE POLICE MORGUE.

THE "DROPPER'S" REAL NAME WAS NED GARMARR. HE WAS AN AMERICAN FLIER WHO LATER GOT INTO "ONE-WAY" OCEAN-RIDE BUSINESS FOR THE UNDERWORLD.

HOW MISS EGGHEAD MADE CONTACT WITH HIM, WE CAN ONLY SURMISE.

AND SPEAKING OF MISS EGGHEAD REMINDS ME OF WUNBROW. WHAT'S THE LATEST?

ALL WE KNOW, TRACY, IS THAT WUNBROW INSISTED ON GOING TO CHICORY'S HOUSE DURING THE STORM. HE SAID HE HAD A HUNCH.

A HUNCH? WHAT HUNCH?

HE WOULDN'T SAY. WE COULDN'T TALK HIM OUT OF IT, AND YOU KNOW WUNBROW—HE HAD HIS WAY.

HES A STUBBORN ONE.

CUBA'S GREATEST DETECTIVE—BUT HE TOOK TOO MANY CHANCES.

WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS GET BACK TO YOUR HOTEL AND GET SOME REST?

NOW THAT THE STORM IS SUBSIDING, EVERY POLICE BOAT, AS WELL AS THE COAST GUARD CRAFT, WILL BE LOOKING FOR WUNBROW.

HEY—HUH??

WHAT IN—??

NO! IT'S A MIRAGE.

—ISN'T IT?

WUNBROW!

SALUDO.

MISS EGGHEAD??

YES, IT'S A LONG STORY! DO YOU WANT TO HEAR IT?

POOR OLD LEM LOAM—MURDERED—AND IT HARDLY MADE TH' PAPER—NOT FIFTY WORDS—

THAT'S MORE THAN THEY GAVE THE POOR OLD GUY ON THE POLICE BLOTTER—

"OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE, WHEN FIRST WE PRACTICE TO DECEIVE!" BUT AL'S NOT PRACTICING—HE'S AN OLD PRO AT IT!" —SCOTT—

NEW GUY GOT TH' GRAVE-DIGGIN' JOB ALREADY—LIVIN' IN LEM'S OLD SHACK—LOOKS LIKE A REAL BUM—

TAKES AN ODD CHARACTER FOR THAT JOB, MAYBE—SHALL WE CALL ON HIM?

WANT TO GET ME SHOT FOR BEING SEEN TALKING TO YOU TWO? GET AROUND BEHIND THE SHACK!

YOU HEARD THE MAN—

WH—WHAT DID HE SAY?

CAL CASE BEEN AROUND, CHARLEY?

WE'RE IN TOUCH—THIS IS A TOUGH ONE, BILLY—DON'T DARE EVEN SPEAK TO THE LOCAL POLICE—AL ATILLA'S GOT THIS TOWN SEWED UP REAL TIGHT!

WE CAN'T TRUST ANYONE AROUND HERE! ... BANK—BUSINESSMEN—EVEN THE CIVIC LEADERS ARE FOR HIM—HE'S SUCH A GENEROUS GIVER—BLOOD MONEY, BUT WHO CARES?

GEE! Y'D NEVER FIGGER HIM FOR AN F.B.I. MAN—

LET'S HOPE AL ATILLA AND HIS BOYS DON'T—

THOSE FEDERAL DICKS CAN'T TOUCH ME, BUT THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS—THINK THEY CAN PIN THAT BESS BOND VANISHIN' ACT ON ME, EH?

I CALLED CHIEF SID SILK, LIKE YOU SAID—OH, HERE HE IS NOW—

I'LL GIVE 'EM ONE TO FIGGER OUT—WE'LL OPEN THAT CASE—PROVE MRS. BOND WAS MURDERED! NAME THE KILLER! TRY HIM! CONVICT HIM!

SURE, AL—BUT WHO?

THAT GIMPY HUSBAND OF HERS—MY "PAL", BERT!

BUT IN A WHEEL CHAIR—HOW COULD HE—?

STRONG AS AN OX IN HIS ARMS! SHIFTY—CRAFTY! PLANNED IT ALL—HAD HELP, AN EX-CON WHO LATER GOT KILLED—

BUT YOU GOTTA SHOW A MOTIVE!

ENVY—JEALOUSY! SHE WAS SUCCESSFUL—HE WAS A FAILURE—SHE HAD THE MONEY—HE HATED HER—I TELL YOU, WE'LL HANG HIM FOR IT!

I DUNNO, AL! I'VE SEEN YOU PULL OFF SOME DAIGIES—YOU MIGHT GET AWAY WITH IT AT THAT!

HAROLD GRAY