

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1958

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

DURING THE DARK MURKY WEATHER, TRAFFIC POLICE SHOULD WEAR WHITE OR YELLOW REFLECTIVE HAT COVER, RAINCOAT AND GLOVES.

AND SO I WILL BE ON MY WAY. THE MONEY HAS BEEN PASSED, THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN SIGNED AND YOU—MY TWO OLDEST EMPLOYEES—ARE THE NEW OWNERS OF THIS PLANT.

I MADE A LOT OF MONEY HERE, BUT I'M SICK OF MANUFACTURING SLOT MACHINES. I NEED A REST. IN FACT, I'M GOING TO TAKE A LONG REST.

YES, OF COURSE.

I MAY GO TO EUROPE OR MAYBE SOUTH AMERICA.

HERE ARE THE KEYS TO THE FACTORY. IT'S ALL YOURS.

HEADACHE, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU UNDERSTAND.

UNDERSTAND WHAT?

UNDERSTAND WHAT?

WE UNDERSTOOD YOU WENT WITH THE BUSINESS—THAT YOU WOULD STAY ON.

YES, YOU'RE THE GUIDING GENIUS WHO MADE THIS CONCERN.

BUT FELLOWS, I DISTINCTLY—

YOU'RE THE GENIUS WHO DESIGNED THIS MACHINE. YOU'RE THE GENIUS WHO PERFECTED MASS PRODUCTION OF THIS MACHINE—FROM CHEAP MATERIALS.

HEADACHE, THE BUSINESS CAN'T EXIST WITHOUT YOU.

YOU'RE VERY FLATTERING, AND I THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS APPRAISAL OF ME—BUT I'VE BEEN AMPLY COMPENSATED.

PARTING FROM OLD EMPLOYEES IS HARD—

BUT NOW—I'LL BE GOING.

YOU'LL WHAT?

HEADACHE, I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT ARMED GUARDS HAVE BEEN INSTALLED THROUGHOUT THE PLANT.

AND I GAVE ORDERS TO HAVE THE FENCE AROUND YOUR QUARTERS ELECTRIFIED!

YOU?? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE PARTY WHO PUT UP THE MONEY FOR THE PURCHASE. I AM THE NEW BOSS—AND WE NEED YOU.

IF LIFE IS REAL! LIFE IS EARNEST! AND THE GRAVE IS NOT ITS GOAL! WELL, THE OLD BURIAL VAULT SURE WASN'T ANNIE'S AND BILLY BILINE'S GOAL!

YOU SAY THOSE FEDERAL DICKS HAVE GIVEN UP AND BLOWN TOWN—MAYBE—BUT THEY'RE TRICKY—

BUT NOW CAN'T WE PULL IN THOSE CEMETERY GUARDS?

NO—KEEP 'EM ON THE JOB—AND TELL 'EM TO STAY OUT O' SIGHT—ME, I GOT A HUNCH—SEE?

SURE, BOSS—IF YOU SAY SO—

THE WORD'S REACHED ATILLA THAT WE'VE ALL GONE—BUT HE'S GOT THE CUNNING OF A SNAKE—HE MAY NOT FALL FOR IT—

WHATCHA WANT BILLY AN' ME TO DO?

WE KNOW AL'S HAD MEN WATCHING THAT GRAVE EVERY NIGHT SINCE YOU WERE SHOT AT IN THERE—GOT TO FIND OUT IF THEY'RE STILL THERE—

WANT US TO GO POKE AROUND THAT GRAVE AGAIN, EH?

THAT'S IT—IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS, YOU'LL BE COVERED—

YEAH! WITH DIRT, IF THEY HIT US THIS TIME—C'MON—LET'S GO, EH?

DO YOU FEEL BRAVE, ANNIE? I'VE BEEN HOLDING MY BREATH FOR TEN MINUTES—

ME, I GOT GOOSE BUMPS THAT I WISH WAS A SUIT O' IRON UNNERWEAR!

AIN'T Y'GOIN' TO LEAVE 'EM HAVE IT? MAKE SURE?

TCH—TCH! WHY, THAT WOULD BE MURDER!

IF THEM FEDS ARE HANGIN' AROUND, THIS SHOULD BRING 'EM INTO TH' OPEN—

NA! IT WAS JUST THAT KID AND THE SMART NEWSBOY!

YOU SAW THEM GRAB ANNIE AND BILLY—

NOT TAKING THEM WITH THEM! TOO LATE TO HELP THEM NOW—SH-H—LET 'EM GO, FOR THE PRESENT—

OH, BRU-THER! DOWN IN AN OLD, OLD BURIAL VAULT—SOUNDPROOF—NEVER FIND US IN HERE—

BR-R-R—AH, WOE IS ME—AND I ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING A HERO IN THE "UNDERGROUND"!