

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1959

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

ROBBERY VICTIMS, JOT DOWN DESCRIPTIONS OF STICK-UP MEN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. IT IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO THE INVESTIGATING OFFICERS.

HAROLD GRAY

YOU CAN PUT THE OXYGEN KIT AWAY NOW. HE'S ALL RIGHT. WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE, TOO?

SO YOU AND YOUR FOUR SONS WERE THE SLOT MACHINE "SYNDICATE," EH, MR. HARDLY?

THREE OF YOUR SONS CHOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT. THE FOURTH MADE A GETAWAY. WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE, TOO?

AND INSIDE
IMAGINE ROOMS FILLED WITH QUARTERS, DIMES AND HALF DOLLARS! THERE MUST BE TWO MILLION BUCKS IN THIS HOUSE, TRACY.

AND LEGALLY, THIS MONEY IS HIS, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE. ALL NEATLY WRAPPED.

HEY-I DIDN'T SEE A PHONE BEFORE— SH-H! I THINK I'LL ANSWER IT, SAM.

HELLO—THIS HERE IS UNCLE KENT OVER AT THE GENERAL STORE. UNO IS IN HERE SHOT THROUGH THE THROAT! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

WHO DID YOU SAY THIS WAS? WHY, THIS IS KENT HARDLY, YOUR BROTHER! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME, CHARLEY?

MY NEPHEW WALKED IN HERE TEN MINUTES AGO AND COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR. YOU BETTER COME AND GET HIM BEFORE—

HE TRIED TO KILL YOU, KENT. MY OWN NEPHEW!

KENT HARDLY, YOU AND YOUR RELATIVES! EVERY MESS WE'VE EVER BEEN IN WAS CAUSED BY THEM.

THE GENERAL STORE? IT'S HALF A MILE BACK AT THE JUNCTION. LET'S GO!

REJOICE THAT MAN IS HURLED FROM CHANGE TO CHANGE UNCEASINGLY, HIS SOUL'S WINGS NEVER FURLED. —SO ARE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRLS, SOMETIMES!

URANIUM ON THAT OLD RANCH OF MINE! FIVE MILLION, AND THAT'S ONLY TO START! AND IT WAS YOU, SUSIE, WHO DID IT! IT'S YOUR RANCH AND YOUR MILLIONS, BUD! I JUST HAD MY MININ' BOYS TAKE A LOOK!

AS A POOR COP I'D NEVER HAVE LET MYSELF ASK YOU TO MARRY ME! BUT NOW— NOW WE'RE AT CITY HALL, AND YOU'LL SOON BE SAYIN' "YES," OR BY GOLLY, I'LL—

WHILE BACK AT THE FLAT— WE KNOW THE OLD FOOL IS WORTH MILLIONS, AND SHE NEVER WENT NEAR NO BANK! WHERE IS IT?

WELL, IT AIN'T HERE, MOSSY! WE AIN'T MISSED A' INCH O' THIS DUMP! YEAH! WELL, WE AIN'T LICKED YET! THAT KID! THE OLD BAT'D PAY HEAVY FOR HER!

C'MON, BOYS! TAPE HER GOOD! AND TH' DOG, TOO! THEY'RE WORTH A MILLION, SO TREAT 'EM TENDER—TILL WE COLLECT! Y'SAID IT, MOSSY! O.K.! LET'S MOVE!

BUD! LOOK! IN FRONT OF THE FLAT! THOSE MEN! WHAT ARE THEY PUTTING INTO THAT CAR? IT'S ANNIE AND SANDY! IT'S A KIDNAP! DRIVER, GIMME THAT WHEEL! I'M A COP!

IT'S THEM! THE PISTOL PACKIN' DAME AND INSPECTOR BUD BEAN! HE CAN SHOOT, TOO! CAN'T HIT US IF THEY CAN'T CATCH US! WE CAN LOSE THAT CAB IN FIVE BLOCKS!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT? FELL OUT O' TH' KID'S POCKET! LOOKS LIKE A SILVER BUCK, ER—NO! NO! WHADD'YUH MEAN, "NO"? YOU LOOK LIKE Y'D SEEN A GHOST!

GHOST! I WISH IT WAS! YOU GUYS TAKE A LOOK! THAT? ON HER? Y'KNOW WHAT THAT COULD MEAN! YEAH! TH' BIG GUY! TOUCH HER AN'—OOOOO! WE GOTTA LOSE HER, QUICK!

THOSE PUNKS, THEY GRABA TH' KID! THAT'S A RIGHT, BOSS! INSPECTOR BUD BEAN, HE'S A RIGHT AFTER 'EM, IN A CAB! PASS TH' CAB AND TAKE 'EM PERSONAL? YOU BET, BOSS! NOW!

QUICK! STOP HERE! THIRTY FEET DEEP! FAST CURRENT! SHALL WE T'ROW HER IN NOW, MOSSY? NO, YOU IDIOT! WE'D BE DEAD IN AN HOUR IF WE HURT HER! THERE! THAT OLD BOXCAR!

3-8-59
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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HAROLD GRAY