

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1959

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

SPRING AND STRAY DOGS

IN CASE OF DOGBITE:

- 1. REPORT WHETHER DOG WAS ON LEASH.
- 2. IF POSSIBLE, GIVE DESCRIPTION OF DOG AND OWNER.
- 3. INDICATE WHICH WAY THEY TRAVELED AFTER BITE INCIDENT.

...AND SO, E. KENT HARDLY, BY THE TERMS OF YOUR BROTHER'S WILL, YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE ESTATE.

IT IS ESTIMATED TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN NICKELS, DIMES AND QUARTERS WILL BE YOURS WHEN THE WILL IS PROBATED.

ME? INHERIT ALL THE DIRTY MONEY MY BROTHER MADE WITH SLOT MACHINES? I SHOULD SAY NOT!

NO, SIR!

THAT MONEY ISN'T HIS! IT BELONGS TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THIS COUNTY.

THE LAW DOESN'T LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, MR. HARDLY.

THE FAMILY IS WIPED OUT, AND THIS WILL NAMES YOU AS THE ONLY HEIR—IT'S YOUR MONEY.

PST—PST—MAY I SPEAK TO YOU, KENT?

WHAT IS IT, PET?

E. KENT HARDLY, LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE EYE!

YOUR BROTHER WAS NOT A SLOT MACHINE KING, WAS HE? HE EARNED ALL THAT MONEY BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW, DIDN'T HE?

UH—UH—ER—

HE WAS A NICE MAN. HE KNEW WE COULD USE ALL THOSE NICKELS, DIMES AND QUARTERS---

NOW YOU GO OUT THERE AND TELL THE LAWYER AND MR. TRACY HOW HAPPY YOU ARE TO INHERIT THIS FORTUNE.

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, GENTLEMEN. YES, YOU'RE SO RIGHT ABOUT THIS LEGACY. WHEN CAN I GET MY HANDS ON IT? HOW SOON, MEN?

WELL, MR. HARDLY, PROBATE TAKES ANYWHERE FROM SIX MONTHS TO A YEAR. BUT WE'D BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU OVER AND LET YOU VIEW YOUR INHERITANCE.

GOOD, GOOD, GOOD!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THAT BASEMENT FULL OF COINS," SAYS HIS WIFE. "RIGHT," SAYS E. KENT HARDLY, "AND WHAT'S MORE, I WANT TO RUN THROUGH 'EM BAREFOOTED, EH, PET?"

EMBALMED IN AMBER EVERY PIRATE LIES. VACHEL LINDRAY—WELL, NOT QUITE EVERY PIRATE! HERE IS AT LEAST ONE THAT GOT AWAY—A LITTLE ONE!

THAT LANTERN SITTING ON TH' FLOOR! THAT'S WHAT MADE YOUR SHADOW TEN- FEET TALL! Y'SURE SCARED ME HALF T'DEATH!

I'M GOIN' TO BE SIX AND A HALF FEET TALL, SOME DAY!

I BET YOU WILL BE, AT THAT! AND ARE YOU GOIN' TO BE A PIRATE THEN, TOO?

MAYBE! BUT I GOTTA GET BIG FIRST, AND GROW REAL WHISKERS!

WERE YOU FOOLIN' WHEN YOU SAID YOUR GRAMMAW IS A REAL DUCHESS, AN' THIS IS HER CASTLE?

DON'T EVER CALL HER GRAMMAW! SHE'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!

GOTTA CALL HER DUCHESS! EVEN MY AUNT SUNDAY CALLS HER DUCHESS!

GEE! THINK O' THAT! AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ME? OH, I'M TINK! GUESS THAT'S ALL TH' NAME I'VE GOT!

ISN'T THAT ENOUGH? I'M JUST ANNIE! WHO NEEDS A LOT O' NAMES.

WHAT'S TH' MATTER? YOU SORT O' SICK? YOU GOT A STUMMICK-ACHE?

YEAH! A KINDA ONE! Y'SEE, I FORGOT T'EAT MUCH LATELY.

COME ON, THERE'S PLENTY T'EAT IN TH' GALLEY! NOBODY IN THERE NOW, AN' EVEN IF THERE WAS...

OH, I DON'T WANT TO GET YOU INTO ANY TROUBLE, TINK.

TROUBLE? ME? A PIRATE CUTS HIS WAY THROUGH TROUBLE! FROG MADE ME THIS CUTLASS! IT'S REAL STEEL—AND SHARP AS A RAZOR!

YEAH! I BELIEVE YUH!

NOW, YOU JUST COME ON! BUT EASY! NO USE WARNIN' TH' ENEMY, IF THEY'RE WAITIN' FOR US!

GH—H—H! SOMEBODY IS IN THERE! BUT WE'LL TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE! FOLLOW ME! ONE—TWO—

HO! STRIKE YER COLORS! SURRENDER OR I'LL CHOP YE TO DICE MEAT FOR TH' SHARKS!

Y! PIRATES! TINK! DON'T DO THAT TO OLD PUDDING!

HAROLD GRAY