

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1959

IT'S GONE! GONE! GONE!

**CRIMESTOPPERS** TEXTBOOK

**OFFICER. BE ALERT!**

WHEN ENTERING TO MAKE A CAPTURE, KICK DOOR ALL THE WAY BACK FIRST. YOUR QUARRY MAY BE HIDING BEHIND THE DOOR, ARMED AND WAITING.

YES, WE REACHED THE FOUNDATION, BUT THERE WERE NO BAGS OF MONEY IN IT.

WELL, SAM AND I WERE DOWN HERE AND SAW THE BAGS OF MONEY. EVEN NOW YOU CAN SEE THEIR IMPRESSIONS IN THE CEMENT.

JUST BECAUSE E. KENT HARDLY WAS TOO CHEAP TO PUT A GUARD AT THAT VENTILATOR SHAFT THOSE TWO NIGHTS? OH, BOO, HOO, HOO!

I'M GLAD IT'S GONE.

**NUTS TO THE MONEY!** I'M HAPPY! I'M A NEW MAN, MEN.

HERE'S THE MINA-CAMERA PICTURE I TOOK OF IT. IT WAS THERE THEN.

TWO NIGHTS THAT VENTILATOR WAS UNGUARDED— AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, KENT.

WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO RICH!

UNQUESTIONABLY, WHEN WE FIND THE GANG THAT MURDERED THE AQUARIUM EMPLOYEE, WE'LL FIND E. KENT HARDLY'S \$1,736,427.80 WORTH OF COINS.

WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, A DRAMA OF EQUAL TENSENESS IS TAKING PLACE FAR OUT ON A COUNTRY SIDE ROAD.

I TOLD YOU THE LITTLE BRIDGE WOULDN'T TAKE IT. I TOLD YOU TO COME IN FROM THE SOUTH WHERE THERE'S A BIGGER BRIDGE.

I KNOW YOU DID, RHODENT. I KNOW YOU SAID THAT—

AND WERE ONLY HALF A MILE FROM THE FARM WE RENTED— JUST HALF A MILE MORE!

LUCKILY THIS ROAD ISN'T USED MUCH. IF THE ROAD COMMISSIONER COMES ALONG, HE'LL ASK WHAT'S IN THE TRUCK.

NO GOOD! YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, RHODENT?

YEAH— WHAT DO WE DO?

SLEEP CALMLY IN THY DUNGEON, TOMB. CALMLY, HE SEZ! WHO CAN BE CALM OR GET MUCH SLEEP IN A SPOT LIKE THIS? LEAPIN' LIZARDS!!!

SO! MIDNIGHT AND WE MEET AGAIN! WHAT IS YOUR PLAN TO BRING JUSTICE TO THE DUCHESS?

HARK! THAT SOUND! LIKE A STEALTHY STEP!

JUST RATS, PROBABLY!

RATS LEFT THIS CHAMBER OF HORRORS LONG YEARS AGO!

BUT I DID NOT LEAVE! SO-O-O, I SEE YOU HAVE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY! HA! HA! HA! YOU POOR FUTILE PEASANTS!

S-S-SHE CAN WALK!

OF COURSE I CAN WALK! AND I TRICKED AND KILLED THEM ALL! WHY NOT? HERE IN MY CASTLE I AM THE LAW!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, Y'FAT OLD.....!

HA! HA! HA! IMBECILES! SO YOU FOUND THEM, EH? WELL, STAY WITH THEM! AT MY PLEASURE I'LL OPEN THE SEA-GATE AND YOU'LL DROWN LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

AU REVOIR, MY CAGED ONES! I'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO CONSIDER YOUR STUPIDITY... BEFORE YOU DIE! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!

WE CAN BUST OUT O' HERE WITH TH' TOOLS WE USED TO TEAR DOWN THAT WALL! WHERE ARE THEY?

WE WAS NEAT! WE TOOK TH' TOOLS BACK TO FROG'S SHOP! REMEMBER?

ASLEEP! GOOD! WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HER! LET THE DEAD PAST BURY IT'S DEAD... WITH A BIT OF HELP FROM THE DUCHESS!

WHILE THROUGH THE CROOKED, DARK AND NARROW CHANNEL, INTO THE COVE, SLIPS SILENTLY, AND WITHOUT A LIGHT, A BLEEK BLACK SCHOONER!

WITHOUT A SPLASH THE ANCHOR GOES DOWN. A FIGURE LEANS ON THE AFTER RAIL— A TALL, TRIM MAN, WHO STARES STEADILY AND SILENTLY AT THE CASTLE!