

18
COMICS

Herald and News

10^c

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1959

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



WITH VACATIONTIME HERE, ALWAYS CARRY A SUPPLY OF RED FLARES IN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR TO BE USED IN ROADSIDE EMERGENCIES. IT COULD MEAN SAVING YOUR LIFE.

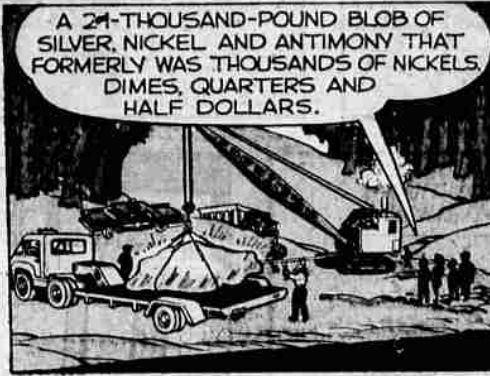


THERE IS E. KENT HARDLY'S \$1,736,427.80 FORTUNE! FUSED BY A STROKE OF LIGHTNING INTO ONE BIG MASS OF METAL!



WHAT WILL IT WEIGH?

AT LEAST 12 TONS.



A 24-THOUSAND-POUND BLOB OF SILVER, NICKEL AND ANTIMONY THAT FORMERLY WAS THOUSANDS OF NICKELS, DIMES, QUARTERS AND HALF DOLLARS.



WELL, E. KENT HARDLY, IT BELONGS TO YOU. WHERE DO YOU WANT IT TAKEN?



TAKE IT TO THE COUNTY SEAT, BOYS. I'M DONATING IT AS A PUBLIC MONUMENT TO BE PLACED IN THE SQUARE.



IT WILL BE A MONUMENT TO THE EVILS OF GAMBLING," SAYS KENT.



I'LL HAVE IT PUT ON A BIG GRANITE PEDESTAL. PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTY CAN LOOK AT IT AND SEE WHERE THEIR SLOT MACHINE LOSIN'S WENT.



BESIDES, BY GIVING IT AWAY, I WON'T HAVE TO PAY ANY TAXES ON IT, PET. WE'LL BE RID OF THIS WHOLE FORTUNE! THINK HOW LUCKY WE'LL BE!



LET'S GO, MEN.

BOO-HOO, HOO-HOO, HOO!



AND AT HEADQUARTERS BUT THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY FATTY DESCRIBED HIM.



NO MATTER HOW I TRIED, I COULDN'T BREAK DOWN FATTY'S DESCRIPTION.

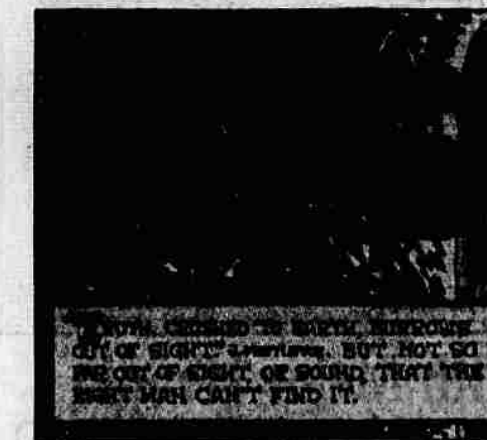
SHE EVEN BROUGHT ALONG HER BROTHER'S ABC BOOK.

THAT'S WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.



I TOLD YOU FROM THE BEGINNING, HE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE A RAT.

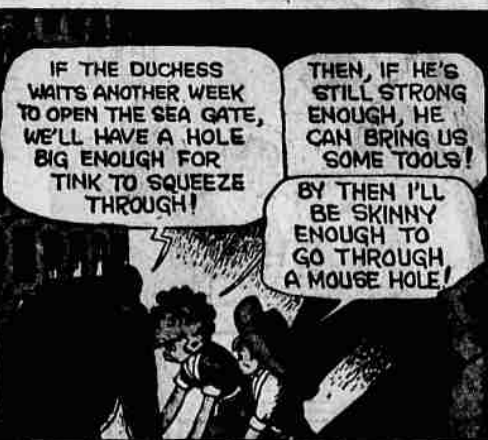
DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WAS WEARING A RUBBER MASK??



IF THE DUCHESS WAITS ANOTHER WEEK TO OPEN THE SEA GATE, WE'LL HAVE A HOLE BIG ENOUGH FOR TINK TO SQUEEZE THROUGH!

THEN, IF HE'S STILL STRONG ENOUGH, HE CAN BRING US SOME TOOLS!

BY THEN I'LL BE SKINNY ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH A MOUSE HOLE!



YOU NEVER KNEW MY MOTHER! WHY ARE YOU SO SURE SHE DIDN'T RUN OFF WITH SOME SAILOR?

SHE WAS TOO GOOD AND KIND AND SHE LOVED YOU TOO MUCH EVER TO HAVE LEFT YOU LIKE THAT!



SEAWEED GUE, OLD FROG, THE OTHERS! THEY ALL KNOW THAT! BUT THEY FEAR THE DUCHESS, MY MOTHER!

YOU KNOW, MY LITTLE COUSIN, I DO LOVE YOU!



B-BUT YOU MUSTN'T LOVE ME! WE'RE COUSINS!

WHAT'S THE HARM IN A COUSINLY KISS OR TWO?



WELL! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'RE RED AS A BEET AND ALL OUT OF BREATH!

ER...I THOUGHT YOU CALLED, SO I RAN UP THE STAIRS FROM THE LAUNDRY ROOM!



EH? WHAT YOU DOING, SKULKING THERE? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A SKULKER! WHAT'S SCARED YOU, OLD BOY? YOU CAN TRUST ME!



FOLLOW YOU? WHY NOT? LEAD ON, MY FRIEND! DOWN, DOWN WE GO, EH? HM-M! TO THE OLD WINE CELLAR? HARK! HOLD IT, BOY!



CHIP! CHIP! CHIP! HOW WELL I RECALL THAT SOUND, IN A DUNGEON'S ETERNAL DARKNESS! SO SOMEONE'S TRAPPED DOWN THERE, EH?



COME AWAY QUIETLY, FRIEND! 'TIS SOMETIMES BEST TO APPROACH THE UNKNOWN FROM THE REAR!



I DIDN'T SPEND FOURTEEN YEARS OF MY RESTLESS YOUTH IN THIS OLD ROCK PILE WITHOUT KNOWING JUST ABOUT ALL OF ITS SECRETS! HA! JUST AS I REMEMBERED!



SEE, MY HAIRY COLLEAGUE? A STONE SLAB ON STONE HINGES, WHICH NEVER RUST! AND SO, INTO A REMOTE CAVE INSIDE THE WINE CELLAR. SILENTLY, NOW, TILL WE SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE, EH?

HAROLD GRAY