

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1959



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK
FARMERS, BLASTERS AND OCCASIONAL USERS OF DYNAMITE: NOTICE!
DYNAMITE THAT HAS DETERIORATED CAN BE DANGEROUS. LOOK FOR (1) DISCOLORATION, (2) LEAKINESS, (3) UNUSUAL HARDNESS OR EXCESSIVE SOFTNESS, (4) CRYSTALS ON OUTSIDE. TURN OVER TO YOUR POLICE.

SCENE: THE McDONALD FARM, AS A DEPUTY SHERIFF REPORTS—
I HAD DROPPED BY HERE 15 MINUTES BEFORE AND FOUND EVERYTHING FINE.

AS I CAME BACK LATER, I SAW A CAR DASH OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY AT TOP SPEED AND HEAD SOUTH.

AS I ATTEMPTED TO OVERTAKE IT, 2 SLUGS CAME BACK THROUGH MY WINDSHIELD, ONE CREASING MY FOREHEAD.

IT STUNNED ME FOR AN INSTANT AND I WENT INTO THE DITCH—BUT NOT BEFORE I HAD SEEN THE DRIVER.

IT WAS THE RAT-FACED MAN, ALL RIGHT.

AND THIS WOMAN'S HAT WAS LYING HERE IN THE DUST, EH?

THERE'S NO ONE HERE, TRACY—NEITHER IN THE HOUSE NOR IN THE FARM BUILDINGS—ANYWHERE! THE PLACE IS ABANDONED!

THIS ALL HAS HAPPENED WITHIN THE LAST FEW MINUTES. EVERYTHING HERE IS SHIP-SHAPE. ANIMALS OKAY. WATER TANK FULL.

PEACEFUL AND QUIET, EVEN THE OLD WINDMILL ISN'T—

HUH?

WHAT? SOMETHING RED!

BLOOD?

LOOK!

YEAH, I SEE IT. A HAND AND TWO FEET.

IN WRITES HISTORIES, GOODNESS IS SILENT—ANCIENT HISTORIES, AS ONE OF OUR WITS HAS SAID, ARE BUT FABLES THAT HAVE BEEN AGREED UPON. —VOLTAIRE.

THOSE FIVE KILLERS WANTED TO BRING UP THE TREASURE!

IT'S A DANGEROUS BUSINESS!

CAP'N WILLIAM IS LETTIN' 'EM DO TH' JOB!

HERE COMES TH' CAP'N NOW!

THAT'S THE LAST OF IT, BOYS! A FORTUNE FOR EVERY ONE OF US!

WHAT ABOUT THEM FIVE, SIR? DO WE LEAVE 'EM DOWN THERE?

NO! BRING THEM ABOARD! BILGEWATER—KEELHAUL KELLY—DIRK—BLOODY BILLY AND THE THROTTLER! THERE'S MORE WORK FOR THEM!

THEIR FOREBARS MUTINIED AGAINST WEREWOLF WILLIAM! HOW THEY PAID WAS IN HIS DIARY! I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER WAY FOR THESE CUTTHROATS TO BE PUNISHED!

YOU FIVE, GET THOSE CHESTS TO THE HOLD! LIVELY, NOW! LAY THE LASH TO THE SLOWEST ONE, MR. FANG!

AYE AYE, CAP'N! 'T'WILL BE A PLEASURE!

SO! CARGO STOWED, EH? AND STILL AN HOUR TILL DAYBREAK! HAVE THE SCHOONER AGAIN ANCHORED OFF THE VILLAGE, AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED THIS NIGHT!

AYE, SIR!

THOSE FIVE! THROW THEM IN IRONS AND TOSS THEM IN THE BRIG! ONE LOUD SOUND FROM THEM; SHOOT THEM!

AYE, CAP'N!

WOW! YOUR DAD SURE GETS THINGS DONE HIS WAY, EH, TINK?

GUESS HE'S A LOT LIKE OLD WEREWOLF! THEY SAY HE NEVER WAS MUCH FOR RUNNIN' A DEBATIN' SOCIETY ON HIS SHIP, EITHER!

THINGS HAVE BEEN MOVIN' SO FAST I'VE SORT O' LOST TRACK OF SUNDAY! WHERE Y'GPOSE SHE IS?

OH, SHE'S GETTIN' READY FOR TH' WEDDIN'! DIDN'T YOU KNOW? FANCY NEW CLOTHES! EVERYTHING!

WEDDING? WHEN? WHERE?

DUNNO JUST WHEN, BUT REAL SOON, AND IN TH' LITTLE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH OVER THERE!

THEY SAY THAT'S WHERE TH' FIRST WILLIAM WERE WAS WED! IT'LL BE SORT O' LIKE HIST'RY REPEATIN' ITSELF, EH?

YEAH! EVEN TO HIS SHIP LYIN' IN TH' COVE, LOADED WITH PIRATE TREASURE!

HAROLD GRAY