

WITH A SQUAD CAR BEHIND HIM AND HIS ROUTE ABOUT TO BE BLOCKED BY A SPEEDING TRAIN, RHODENT HAS TO ACT FAST.



CROSSING IN FRONT OF THE MOVING TRAIN BY A SPLIT SECOND, HE HEADS UP THE OTHER TRACK—

WHUEE



TRACY, LOOK! HE'S MOVING! HE'S CAUGHT ON THE FREIGHT!



THEY'VE SPOTTED ME



THE CROSSING GATES ARE DOWN, AND TO HIS HORROR RHODENT SEES ANOTHER POLICE CAR! HE'S TRAPPED!



IT'S A STANDING FREIGHT, WAITING ON A SIDING FOR THE OTHER TRAIN TO PASS.



THAT AUTO FITS THE DESCRIPTION!

BUT WE CAN'T CHASE HIM DOWN THE TRACKS! RADIO THE STATE POLICE AT GRASSVILLE, THE NEXT TOWN.



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

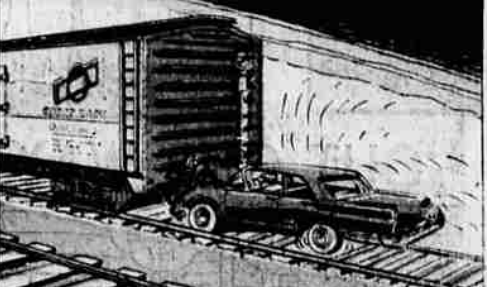
THE 3-DAY HOLIDAYS ARE EAGERLY AWAITED BY BURGLARS. WHETHER YOUR STORE HAS AN ALARM OR NOT, HIRE A WATCHMAN OR KEEP TRAINED DOGS ON THE PREMISES *Tracy* IF YOU ARE TO BE AWAY.



I'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THE RAILROAD TRACK—IT'S MY ONLY HOPE.



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE IDLE TRAIN STARTS UP.



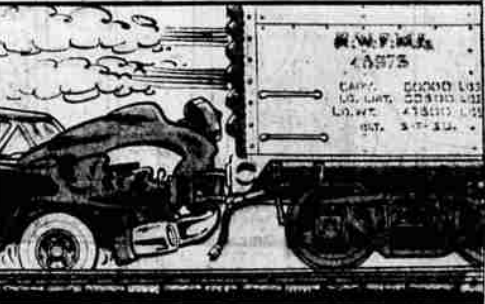
THEN—THIRTY, FORTY, FIFTY—SIXTY M.P.H. HOW LONG CAN RHODENT'S CAR HOLD TOGETHER?



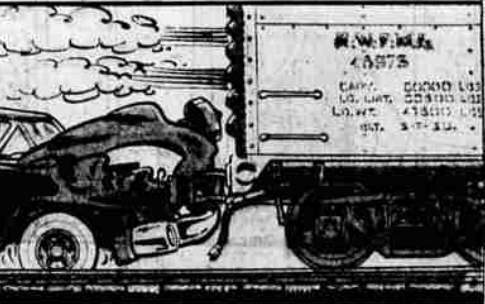
ONLY TO CRASH WITH A RESOUNDING BANG INTO SOMETHING STATIONARY.



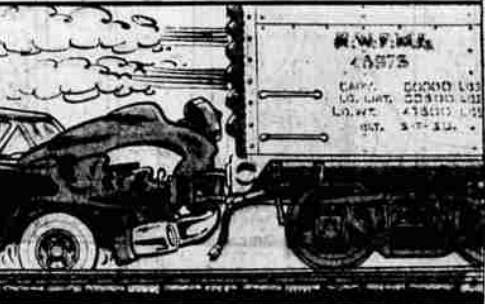
INDEED HE IS CAUGHT! RHODENT'S CAR IS LOCKED SECURELY TO THE BACK OF THE FREIGHT CAR.



CLIFF CLAYTON
4-8975
CITY: 52-1113, 5-22
L.H.W.: 478-1113, 5-22
GUT: 3-7-52

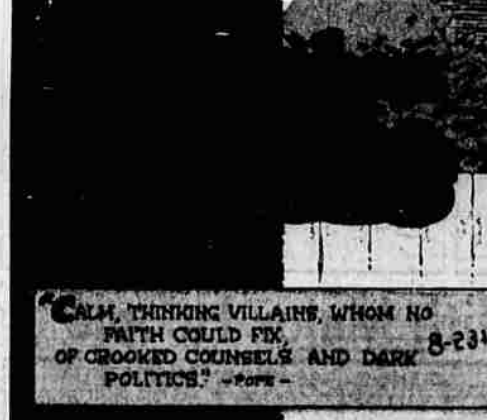


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“CALM, THINKING VILLAINS, WHOM NO FAITH COULD FIX, OF CROOKED COUNSELS AND DARK POLITICS.” —POPE—

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YES! I'M CONSTABLE POUNCE! WHAT KIN I DO FER YE?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CAPTAIN WILLIAM WERE!

WE HAVE INFORMATION HE HAS FOUND A PIRATE TREASURE!



MEBBE SO! MEBBE NOT! SUPPOSIN' HE HAS? IT'D BE HIS'N BY RIGHTS, I GUESS!

AH! THERE'S WHERE YOU'RE QUITE WRONG! "TREASURE TROVE" IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN!



MEANIN' EVEN IF HE'S TH' RIGHTFUL HEIR TO IT, IT AIN'T HIS'N?

THERE ARE MANY INVOLVED LEGAL ANGLES! FOR INSTANCE, WAS THE TREASURE STOLEN PROPERTY?



YOU SEE, THE LAW MUST DETERMINE THE ORIGINAL LEGAL OWNERS, TRACE THEIR HEIRS!

AND OF COURSE THERE IS THE MATTER OF TAXES DUE!



I'LL BET! TAX HOUNDS AN' LEGAL BEAGLES! I BET YOU BOYS COULD ARGUE TWENTY YEARS OVER THIS'N! ANYWAY IT WENT THERE'D BE NOTHIN' LEFT FER TH' FINDERS!



WHOLE THING 'MINDS ME O' SOME MONSTER, JEST GULPIN' EVER' THING! HM-M... TELL YE WHAT YOU BOYS DO! WHY DON'TCHA GO HAVE A LOOK DOWN UNDER THET OLD CASTLE, EH?



RUMOR HAS IT Y'MIGHT FIND SOMETHIN' DOWN IN TH' OLD WINE CELLAR! MIND YE, THAT'S JEST A RUMOR!

RIGHT! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK! COME ON, HENRY!



BUT AFTER WE HAVE SEARCHED THAT OLD WINE CELLAR, IF WE DON'T FIND THE TREASURE, WE'LL BE BACK!

YOU WILL? HM-M-M... WELL, GOOD HUNTING, BOYS!



WHILE FAR OUT AT SEA—

OH, DARLING, DARLING! I NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE SO HAPPY!

WHEN THE MINISTER SAID, "I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE—"



THAT MOMENT MY LIFE BEGAN! NOTHING CAN EVER HURT US AGAIN, MY SUNDAY!

THE TREASURE! ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE IN THE HOLD? THOSE FIVE MEN—



ALL THAT TREASURE! ONLY NEXT DOOR, Y'MIGHT SAY!

AND WE'LL HAVE IT! I TELL YE, M'LADS, WE'RE TAKIN' THIS SHIP! AND TH' BLUSHIN' BRIDE, FER FROSTIN' ON TH' CAKE! NOW HERE'S M'PLAN!

WE'RE WIT' YOU, BLOODY BILLY!

WHILE BELOW IN THE BRIG

HAROLD GRAYS

