

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1959

DICK TRACY

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

LEARN - AND LIVE!

ROOKIES, WHEN PURSUING A CRIMINAL, PAUSE AND OBSERVE BEFORE ROUNDING THE CORNER OF A BUILDING. HE MAY BE WAITING FOR YOU WITH A COCKED GUN.

THIS IS MATTY MUNKIE. AS YOU KNOW, THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME, AND I JUST WANT TO SAY I'M OKAY.

I KNOW YOU'RE SURPRISED TO HEAR FROM ME, BUT I HAD TO CALL YOU TO APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT I DID ON MY TELEVISION SHOW THE NIGHT YOU WERE A GUEST.

I'VE BEEN TERRIBLY UPSET OVER YOUR LOSING YOUR JOB IN TV—TERRIBLY! MAYBE I CAN TALK TO THE STATION MANAGEMENT AND—

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT FIRST, WOULD YOU CONTACT MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER AND TELL THEM I'M ALL RIGHT?

THEY'RE IN OUR NEW APARTMENT, BUT THE PHONE HASN'T BEEN CONNECTED YET—SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THERE. HERE'S THE ADDRESS—

I'LL BE GLAD TO GO OUT THERE AND DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE.

TELL HER I'M OKAY AND I'LL BE HOME SOME TIME THIS EVENING.

MY CONSCIENCE HAS HURT ME EVER SINCE HE DISAPPEARED! THANK GOODNESS, MATTY MUNKIE IS ALL RIGHT.

I KNOW HIS WIFE WILL BE RELIEVED TO HEAR FROM HIM.

I'M GOING OUT THERE RIGHT NOW.

LIZZ—

AREN'T YOU BEING A LITTLE EAGER? HOW CONVINCING WAS THIS GUY?

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY CONVINCING!—CERTAINLY, HE WAS CONVINCING.

WELL, THERE YOU ARE, FIFTH! NOW HOW ABOUT LETTING MY WIFE, DAUGHTER AND ME GO?

—UH—WHEN MY MEN PHONE THAT THEY HAVE THE POLICEMAN, YOU THREE MAY GO.

THAT POLICEMAN KILLED MY BROTHER. REVENGE IS GOING TO BE SWEET.

Little Orphan Annie

WE PARTED IN SILENCE, WE PARTED BY NIGHT, ON THE BANKS OF THAT LONELY RIVER. THE PATH IS SMOOTH THAT LEADETH ON TO DANGER. —SHAKESPEARE—

THAT GOAT BLOOD YOU SMEARED ON THE THRONE OF THE WHITE GOD, DO YOU THINK—?

DO I THINK YOUR BOUNTY HUNTER PALS WILL FIGURE IT'S OUR BLOOD?..

WHEN THEIR GAZE TURNS TO THE LITTLE BROWN PEOPLE JUST FINISHING A DANDY FEAST? ANSWER IS PRETTY OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?

BUT WHAT WILL THE POLICE DO ABOUT IT?

RUN, IF THEY'RE SMART, AND CAN START FAST ENOUGH!

YOU SEE OUR LITTLE CHILDREN OF NATURE ARE ALSO GOING TO NOTICE THAT BLOOD ON THE THRONE OF THEIR WHITE GOD!

AND MY GUESS IS THEY AREN'T GOING TO STOP TOO LONG TO SECOND-GUESS FIRST IMPRESSIONS! BLOOD? THEIR WHITE GOD MISSING? ENEMY WHITE MEN BY THE THRONE? PLUMP ONES, TOO!

HARK! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE A BIT OF A SCUFFLE! JUST A SHORT ONE! VOICES, NOW! BUT NOT THE VOICES OF YOUR BOUNTY HUNTER PALS, JUNIOR!

I'M B-B-BREAKING OUT WITH A COLD CHILL! CAN'T WE GET AWAY FROM HERE NOW?

AND GIVE THE WHOLE THING AWAY BY STARTING THE MOTOR?

SOME HOURS LATER—

THOSE SHOUTS! AND THE DRUMS! THEY'RE STARTING A BIGGER FEAST THAN EVER!

SO THEY ARE! A REAL NOISY ONE, ISN'T IT? O.K.! LET'S CAST LOOSE!

ALL ASHORE AGREE WE'RE NO MORE, SO THERE'LL BE NO PURSUIT, IF WE ONCE GET PAST THERE UNDETECTED! WE'LL DRIFT DOWN AND ACROSS THE RIVER!

FINE! THEY'LL NEVER HEAR US PASS FROM OVER HERE, ABOVE THE RACKET THEY'RE MAKING! AND SO, NOW, FOR CIVILIZATION! —EH?

HOLD IT, WISE GUY! I CAN MAKE IT FROM HERE ALONE! MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOME FANCY MAGIC TRICK TO BEAT THIS, EH!

AH, ME! NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU, JUNIOR?

"D-D-DADDY!" HE ISN'T FOOLIN'! HE'S GOIN' TO KILL US!

11-1-59

HAROLD GRAY