

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1960

### CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



#### INTERESTING FACTS

THE ODDS ARE 3,000,000,000,000 TO ONE AGAINST ANY TWO TYPEWRITERS PRODUCING WORDS EXACTLY ALIKE.

A THOUGHT RECORDER THE SOUND OF HIS TAPE RECORDERS MIGHT BRING CONSCIOUSNESS BACK TO HAKU KOU.

WE'LL SPLIT THE TAKE SO-TO-SPEAK WITH YOU.

BUT NO LUCK. HE STILL SLEEPS.

WHY WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE RICHEST MAN IN HAWAII?

OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! POOR HAKU. WHAT CAN WE DO?

I'M CONVINCED TWO OUTFITS ARE INVOLVED IN THIS. THE GANG THAT TRIED TO KILL HIM WAS NOT THE SAME GANG THAT TRIED TO BRIBE HIM.

HERE'S A SKETCH REPRESENTING ONE OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR THAT CARRIED HAKU TO THE CRASH.

JUNIOR MADE IT FROM EVIDENCE GATHERED AT THE SCENE.

HEIGHT 5'6" RED HAIR CIGARETTE HOLDER HEAVY PIGEON-TOED SHIRTLESS

THIS DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE ANYBODY WE KNOW, DOES IT?

HMM? NO.

YEAH? NO KIDDING?

THEY JUST REPORTED FIRES BROKEN OUT ON THE B TIER, WEST BLOCK OF THE COUNTY JAIL.

B TIER, WEST BLOCK?? FIRE? WH?

THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING FLYFACE AND FIFTH?

WATCH IT! THAT SMOKE SEEMS TO HAVE A POISON GAS IN IT.

OH, BOY! DID THAT KID FOOL US! BUT IT WAS OUR OWN FAULT! SHE NEVER SAID SHE'D MISSED THAT TRAIN, OR THAT SHE WAS ALONE AND BROKE!

NOPE! WE FIGGERED THAT FROM THAT TAG SHE WAS WEARIN'! BUT I'LL BET SHE IS ON HER OWN!

THE FOXES HAVE HOLES, AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR HAVE NESTS; BUT THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD. - JUST GIVE THIS GAL TIME!

CIGARS! A WHOLE BOX O' CLEAR HAVANAS! AND THAT DOLL SHE GOT FOR YOUR KID!

Y'KNOW, IF MY LITTLE GIRL SHOULD EVER HAVE TO BE OUT ON HER OWN, I PRAY SHE CAN HANDLE IT AS WELL AS THAT LITTLE RED-HEAD! THAT'S ALL!

THOSE FELLAS JUST MIGHT GO LOOKIN' FOR US ON FIRST AVENUE, WHERE THIS SHIPPIN' TAG SAID!

SO WE WON'T GO NEAR FIRST AVENUE! WITH MILLIONS O' FOLKS LIVIN' IN THIS TOWN, THERE'LL BE PLENTY PLACES WHERE NOBODY'LL NOTICE US!

TH' TRICK IS, NEVER LOOK LOST! WALK AS IF YOU KNOW ZACTLY WHERE YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR! MAKE LIKE YOU'RE A NATIVE!

LE'SSEE, NOW! RICH NEIGHBORHOODS ARE NO GOOD FOR US! RICH FOLKS ARE O.K., BUT MOSTLY THEY'RE PRETTY BUSY!

AND THEY DON'T WARM UP MUCH TO STRANGERS, 'SPECIALLY NOT TO STRANGE KIDS! CAN'T BLAME 'EM, I S'POSE! WHY ASK FOR TROUBLE?

POOR FOLKS ARE MORE OUR SPEED! PEOPLE WITH NOTHIN' MUCH T'LOSE DON'T HAVE T'BE SO CAREFUL WHO THEY MEET I GUESS!

ANYWAY, WE WANT T'EARN OUR WAY, 'S WELL AS WE CAN. WHAT COULD WE DO FOR FOLKS THAT HAVE EVER' THING?

SNIFF, SNIFF! FUNNY HOW Y'CAN TELL BY TH' SMELLS PRETTY MUCH WHAT PART OF A CITY Y'RE IN! SMELL THAT CABBAGE COOKIN'? NICE, EH?

YEP! LOT O' KIDS! STICK BALL! ROLLER SKATES! WASHIN' HANGIN' ON TH' FIRE SCAPES! UH-HUH! IT SOMEHOW FEELS ALMOST LIKE COMIN' HOME!

HAROLD GRAY