

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1960

**CRASH**

**WHAT?**

**CRIMESTOPPERS' TEXTBOOK**  
 BUT I HAD MY LEFT DIRECTIONAL LIGHT ON!  
 YOU DID NOT!  
**PLAY IT SAFE**  
 CHECK THE LIGHTING SYSTEM OF YOUR CAR REGULARLY. YOU MAY BE DRIVING WITH FAULTY LIGHTS.

IS THAT ANY WAY FOR A BATTALION CHIEF TO LEAVE THE SCENE OF A FIRE?  
 CRASHED RIGHT THROUGH THAT INNER GATE!

THAT WAS NO FIREMAN DRIVING THAT CAR.  
 HE HAD ON THE BATTALION CHIEF'S UNIFORM.

DOES THIS EXPLAIN WHERE THE UNIFORMS CAME FROM?

THIS WAS NO ORDINARY FIRE. THE SMOKE WAS LOADED WITH POISON GAS.

IT APPEARS THEY STARTED THE FIRE FROM PAGES TORN FROM BOOKS.  
**THESE ARE FLYFACE'S LAWBOOKS**

YES—HE KEPT ASKING FOR HIS LAWBOOKS ALL THE TIME.  
 THEN WHY DIDN'T FIFTH AND FLYFACE SUCCUMB TO THE GAS?

YES, WHY DIDN'T THEY GET KNOCKED OUT, TOO?

LOOK, THE PAGES ARE COMPLETELY TORN OUT OF THIS ONE VOLUME.  
 HEY! THAT'S THE ONE BOOK HE KEPT ASKING FOR.  
**VOLUME SIX!**

H'M—THESE PAGES ARE A PECULIAR LAVENDER TINT—LIKE THEY'D BEEN STAINED, OR MAYBE DIPPED IN SOMETHING.

DID YOU NOTICE THIS? THERE MUST BE A DOZEN CIGARETTES WITH THE FILTERS TORN OFF.  
**FILTERS?**

GET THAT PAPER OUT OF YOUR NOSE AND ROLL DOWN YOUR WINDOW.

WE'RE LEAVING THIS TUB IN THE FIRST DARK ALLEY—BUT QUICK.  
**WHEE!**

WELL, WE'VE SURE BROWSED THIS PART O' TOWN! KIDS AN' CATS, FOLKS ALL LOOKIN' STRAIGHT AHEAD, TRYIN' T'MAKE A BUCK TH' HARD WAY—SCUFFED SHOES, NEAT, CHEAP CLOTHES!

“BRAVERY NEVER GOES OUT OF FASHION.” —THACKERAY.  
 “FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE.” —TERENCE.  
 “VALOUR GROWS BY DARING.” —PUBLILIUS SYRUS.

HARD, SHIFTY EYES, HOPELESS, WORRIED EYES SEEN' NOTHIN', NOW AN' THEN TWINKLIN' EYES! KINDLY EYES, LOTS O' JUST DEAD-LOOKIN' EYES AIMED INSIDE, MAYBE!

BUT IT'S HOME, SANDY! TH' PLACE WE KNOW BEST! MILLIONS O' FOLKS, LIKE THESE, ALL 'ROUND US! WUNNERFUL, GEN'ROUS, HONEST PEOPLE! ONLY A FEW GYPS AN' BUMS!

THEY SAY YER BORN, Y'MARRY, AND Y'DIE, PERIOD! MAYBE SO! AND THEY SAY THESE FOLKS ARE JUST TH' 'MASSES! SO-O, WE'RE PART O' TH' 'MASSES!

IS THAT BAD? IN SCHOOL I READ THAT LINCOLN SAID THE LORD PREFERS COMMON-LOOKING PEOPLE. THAT IS THE REASON HE MAKES SO MANY OF THEM. HEY! LOOK, SANDY!

SHE DROPPED HER POCKETBOOK AN' DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT THOSE TWO BUZZARDS DO! QUICK! C'MON!

NO, YUH DON'T!

WE SEEN IT FIRST!  
 WHY, YOU...  
**OW!**

I'LL LEARN YOU, YUH\*\*\*LITTLE **AW-YI!**  
 MY LEG! I THINK SHE BUSTED MY **LEG!**

WE'LL BE BACK!  
 NEXT TIME I'LL BEAT YUH SO FLAT THEY CAN SHOVE YUH UNNER TH' DOOR AT TH' 'MERGENCY WARD!

DID YOU SEE THAT, DENNIS? WHAT A TOUGH LITTLE BATTLER, EH?  
 HA! AN HONEST KID, TOO! JUST SITTING THERE, WITH THAT SATCHEL, TILL MRS. GRIT MISSES IT AND COMES BACK LOOKIN' FOR IT!

HAROLD GRAY