

KLAATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1960

DICK TRACY

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

ROOKIES! MEMORY CAN BE FLEETING

KEEP WRITTEN NOTES ON CASES YOU'RE WORKING ON. DRAW A ROUGH SKETCH AT SCENE SHOWING CONDITIONS. SECURE NAMES, ADDRESSES AND PLACES OF EMPLOYMENT OF WITNESSES.

POLICE ARE ATTEMPTING TO LOCATE THE PERSON OR PERSONS WHO ABANDONED THIS CHILD.

MY BABY!

CHILD ABANDONMENT IS A FELONY PUNISHABLE BY A TERM IN THE PENITENTIARY.

HE'S TALKING TO YOU, MRS. UPP! THAT'S WHAT'S AHEAD FOR YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER IF WE SQUEAL—

OH-BOO-HOO-HOO— MY LITTLE BABY.

WILL YOU SHUT UP? OH, I WISH I HAD BEEN KILLED IN THAT CAR WITH MY HUSBAND JOHNNY.

THEN THIS IS JUST PLAIN OLD BLACKMAIL—FOR \$5,000—IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

YES, BURPIE UPP.

INDEED, OH, YES! HOW RIGHT YOUR GUESS —KEATS

IN CASH!

NATURALLY, DAHLING.

MEANWHILE, DICK TRACY HAS BEEN CALLING ON HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARDS.

A BEARD? A BABY WITH A BEARD??—NO, OUR RECORDS SHOW NO SUCH BIRTH.

—A BEARD?? HEY! A FATHER WALKED IN HERE SEVERAL WEEKS AGO WITH A BABY THAT HAD A BEARD.

SHE'S RIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE CHILD WASN'T BORN HERE—BUT THE FATHER BROUGHT HIM HERE TO SEE WHAT COULD BE DONE ABOUT THE BEARD.

HE WAS TOLD NOTHING COULD BE DONE.

WHAT WAS THE FATHER'S NAME?

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE A RECORD OF HIS NAME.

A BABY WITH A BEARD! WHAT WON'T YOU DETECTIVES HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT NEXT?

YOU NAME IT!

THAT'S THE BABY!

Little Orphan Annie

EXPERIENCE IS GOOD, IF NOT BOUGHT TOO DEAR! —THOMAS FULLER

WHAT THAT SUPERLATIVE MASTER, EXPERIENCE, HAS TAUGHT ME! —PLINY THE YOUNGER

WHY, ANNIE WENT TO BRING IN SOME WOOD BEFORE DARK! SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT—SANDY WENT WITH HER!

THANKS, MARLENE. MAYBE I CAN HELP HER!

WORD IS, OLD BROWNIE'S ON HER WAY THROUGH TO THE BIG WOODS FOR THE WINTER! SHE'S FRIENDLY, ALONE, BUT IF SHE'S GOT THAT CUB WITH HER, SHE'LL BE PLENTY MEAN!

EEEEEE!

N-N-NO, SANDY! SHE KNOWS WE'RE FRIENDS! 'SIDES, SHE WEIGHS OVER FOUR HUNNERT! OH-H! NO-NO!

S-SANDY! HELP! NOT HIM! HER!

ARF!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THAT WAS CLOSE! STILL IS! BUT HE'S GOT HER CHASIN' HIM, NOW!

CUB WENT UP A TREE LIKE A ROCKET! BUT SHE'S STILL AFTER SANDY! HA! HE'LL MAKE IT THROUGH THAT THICKEST FASTER'N SHE CAN!

BUT, OH-H-H! HE HASN'T A CHANCE NOW! EH? HE'S JUST SITTING DOWN, WAITIN' FOR HER—AND LOOK AT HER!

SHE CAN'T FIGGER IT! LOOKS AT SANDY, THEN BACK AT HER CUB, THEN AT SANDY. SEEMS T'SAY, TH' DICKENS WITH THIS FOOL GAME!

11-6-60

OH, HELLO, CAP'N BAR! DIDJA SEE THAT? I TOLD SANDY T'STAY IN TH' HOUSE! NEVER TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS!

LUCKY Y'CAN'T, MAYBE!

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS, MAYBE WE SHOULD PAY ATTENTION AND LEARN A FEW THINGS FROM OLD GEEZERS WHO'VE BEEN AROUND AND KNOW THE SCORE, EH?

YEAH! MEBBE SO, CAP'N, MEBBE SO!

HAROLD GRAY