

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1960

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



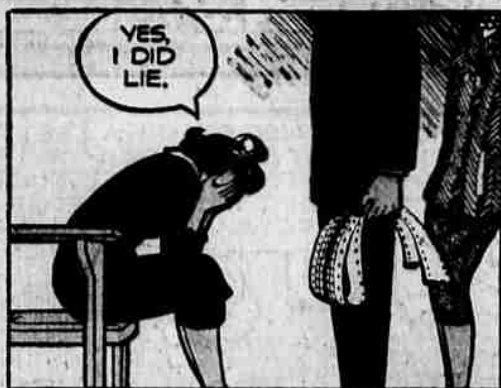
WITH
ICY
WEATHER—

- CARRY A PAIL OF SAND.
- CHECK EXHAUST AND MUFFLER.
- PRACTICE DRIVING COURTESIES.
- DON'T FOLLOW TOO CLOSELY.

Dick Tracy



FRESH, THE POLYGRAPH INDICATES YOU LIED TO US.



YES, I DID LIE.



I PUSHED HER! I PUSHED MY MOTHER FROM THE ROOF.



SHE WAS WICKED! SHE MADE ME ABANDON MY BABY. I PUSHED HER—



—AND I'D DO IT AGAIN!



OH—BOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO, HOO.



AND WITH THAT WE SHIFT THE SCENE TO SUNNY DELL ACRES—
"JOHNNY PLENTY? KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT— FATHER OF LITTLE BOY BEARD."



YES, SIR, THIS FELLER COULD BE MY COUSIN JOHNNY I HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE HE WAS 2 YEARS OLD.

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE RELATED TO THE FATHER OF THAT BABY?



IT'S LIKE THIS, GERTIE. REMEMBER I WAS ONE OF EIGHT BOYS—BUT MY FATHER HAD A BROTHER NAMED HADA PLENTY, WHO LOST 3 WIVES AND MARRIED THE FOURTH TIME, HADA HAD A SON NAMED JOHNNY.



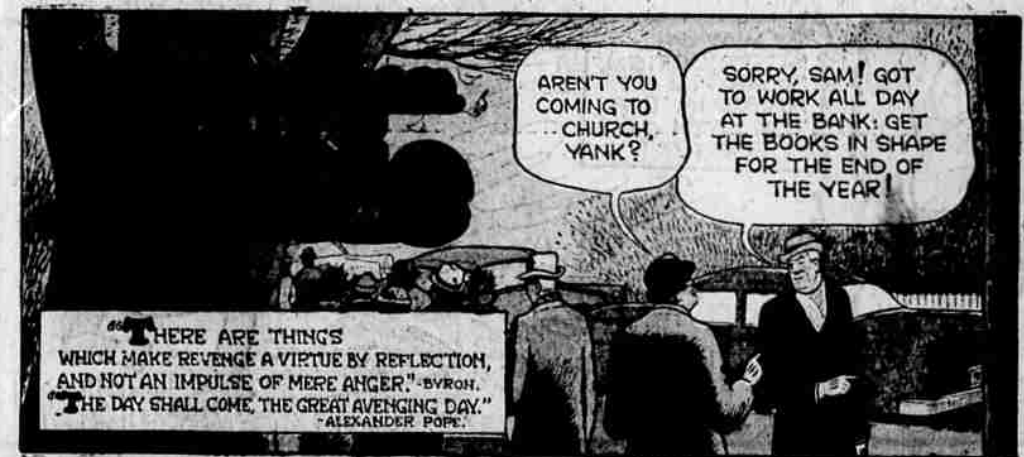
REMEMBER, WE GOT AN INVITE TO HIS WEDDING 'BOUT A YEAR AGO?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE MARRIED SOME SOCIETY WOMAN'S DAUGHTER.

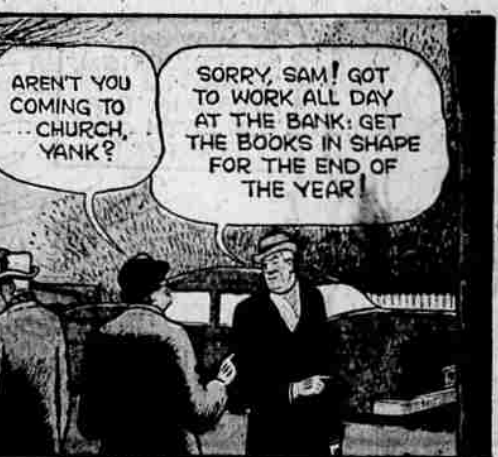


GREAT POTATOES! THEN THIS BABY IS YOUR SECOND COUSIN, S.O.P?

HIT SHORE LOOKS THAT WAY.



"THERE ARE THINGS WHICH MAKE REVENGE A VIRTUE BY REFLECTION, AND NOT AN IMPULSE OF MERE ANGER."—BYRON.
"THE DAY SHALL COME, THE GREAT AVENGING DAY."—ALEXANDER POPE.



AREN'T YOU COMING TO CHURCH, YANK?

SORRY, SAM! GOT TO WORK ALL DAY AT THE BANK. GET THE BOOKS IN SHAPE FOR THE END OF THE YEAR!



WELL! WHAT A HAPPY COINCIDENCE, YOU DROPPING IN! EH, BOYS?

YEAH! SAVE US HAVIN' TO BLOW TH' PRETTY VAULT DOOR!



WHADD'YUH KNOW! TH' COMBINATION! HE REMEMBERED!

YEAH! WE WON'T NEED YOU NO MORE!



HEY! WHO'S THIS JOKER?

EH? YOU KNOW HIM, TH' TIN SOLDIER BOY WHO'S GOIN' T' MARRY THAT BLIND DAME! TH' CRAZY GAL YOU CALL SHEEP DOG MARLENE!



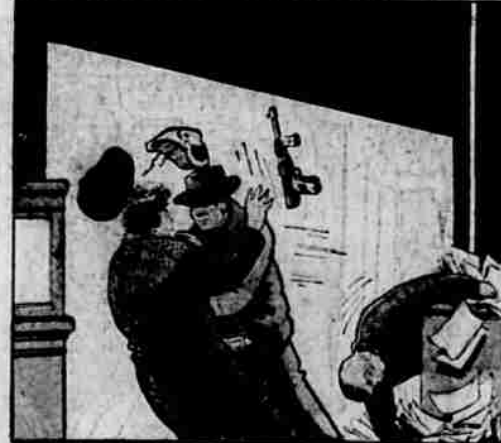
WHY SHOULD I KNOW HIM? —OR ANY BLIND DAME?

HA! YOU OUGHTA REMEMBER HER OLD MAN REAL GOOD, AND HER, AND HER MAW! IT WAS YOU...



SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! NOW WE GOTTA CHILL THIS GUY, TO KEEP HIM QUIET! HAND ME THAT CHOPPER!

YEAH! SURE! HERE! GLUP!



LATER:

HIM, AND THE ONE BY THE BACK DOOR, NECKS SNAPPED! THIS ONE WILL LIVE BUT, IF HE WALKS, IT'LL ALWAYS BE SIDWAYS, LIKE A CRAB!



HEAR YOU GOT THE DRIVER IN THE GETAWAY CAR!

TREE STOPPED HIM, REAL COLD! HMM! SPECK O' RED PAINT ON THAT KNIFE HANDLE! EH, JOHNNY?

NOT OUR "RED PAINT!" BEST THAT WAY, EH, CAP'N?

HAROLD GRAY