

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1961



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

BE CONSIDERATE!

WHEN YOU PARK GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO PULL OUT.

Dick Tracy

YES, B. O., SINCE YOU'RE THE BABY'S SECOND COUSIN, IT'S PERFECTLY NATURAL FOR US TO KEEP HIM TILL HIS MOTHER IS FREE.

HIS MOTHER FRESH SHORE IS A NICE WOMAN, AND SHE SEEMED RIGHT HAPPY TO HAVE US KEEP THE SWEET LITTLE FELLER.

TO THINK HE'S MY SECOND COUSIN!

OW!

BUT THE STRENGTH HE HAS IN HIS SWEET LITTLE HANDS FRIGHTENS ME, B.O.

LOOK WHAT HE DID TO THIS FRYING PAN HANDLE.

AND MY DAD-BURNED FACE HURTS ALL OVER WHERE THE SWEET LITTLE FELLER'S VANKED MY WHISKERS.

HEY! HE'S GOT MY BULL FIDDLE STRINGS—STOP 'IM!

MAKE 'IM QUIT, PAPPY.

KEEP A COOL HEAD, SPARKLE.

WHILE AT HEADQUARTERS—

COULD YOU STAND A LITTLE GOOD NEWS?

I SURE COULD.

BRACE YOURSELF. AFTER HEARING TESTIMONY FROM ALL THE WITNESSES, THE GRAND JURY VOTED A NO BILL.

WHAT'S A 'NO BILL'?

...YES— YOU'RE FREE, FRESH.

GRAB HIS LEG!

HE'S TEARING MY SLEEVE!

HE'S GOT MY STRINGS!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, OR TO ALL!

'SO, UP GOES A BRAND NEW ONE. AND INTO TH' ASH CAN GOES BEAT UP OLD 1960! BUT IT SURE HAD ITS MOMENTS FOR US, EH, SANDY?

YEAR AGO NOW "DADDY" AND I WERE FRESH BACK FROM THAT HORRIBLE JUNGLE BIT AN' WUN WEY HELPED "DADDY" GET TH' BEST O' MORTIMER MOGUL AN' HIS GANG! AN' "DADDY" WAS BACK ON TOP AGAIN!

'Y'D THINK HIS TROUBLES WOULD'A BEEN OVER, 'SPECIALLY AFTER GETTIN' UP DR. MEDICUS WITH THAT TR'MENDOUS MEDICAL RESEARCH FOUNDATION!

BUT ENEMIES NEVER QUIT, AT LEAST TH' BIG TIME BOYS PLAYIN' FOR WORLD-SIZE STAKES! BOOM! NO MORE "DADDY"! ALMOST NO MORE US!

SO-O-O, INTO TH' CITY AND A HOME WITH WUNNERFUL JOE AN' GERTIE GRIT, AN' MARIA, AN' THEIR LITTLE STORE! GEE! THAT COULD'A WORKED OUT SO NICE!

...TILL BIG SAM, TH' SQUEEZE, AN' HIS HOODS MOVED IN! AFTER THAT IT GOT PRETTY ROUGH, TILL PINKY LACY MOVED IN! I SURE NEVER FIGGERED A COLLEGE-TYPE KID LIKE HIM FOR A TOUGH COP! NEITHER DID BIG SAM, TILL TOO LATE FOR HIM!

BUT WHY, WHEN EVER'THING SEEMS ALL SET T'RUN SO SMOOTH, DO WE ALWAYS SEEM T'RUN INTO OUR WORST JAMS? FATE, MAYBE! ANYWAY, YUMA AN' WHITEY AN' SPIDER REC'NIZED US AN' GRABBED US!

'CORDIN' TO THEIR INFO, "DADDY'S" STILL ALIVE, AN' THEY FIGGERED I'D BE WORTH A MILLION OR SO WITH TH' SYNDICATE HANDLIN' TH' DEAL... AND US GETTIN' DEAD PRETTY QUICK!

BUT WE LUCKED OURSELVES OUT O' THAT ONE, AN' HERE WE ARE! WITH TH' WHOLE COMMIE UNNERGROUND GUNNIN' FOR JOHNNY, SEEMS AS HOW, AN' NOBODY SAFE ROUND HERE!

OH, WELL! WHO WANTS T'LIVE FOREVER? HM-M-M! COME T'THINK OF IT, I'M IN NO RUSH T' CUT OUT! ...WONDER IF "DADDY" COULD BE STILL ALIVE! 'TISN'T POSSIBLE! AN' YET...

HERE, OR IN HEAVEN, WHEREVER HE IS, HE'D S'PECT ME TO HANDLE OUR PROBLEMS, NEVER SNIVEL FOR HELP AN' PLAY OUT MY STRING, HONEST AN' DECENT AN' 'FRAD O' NOBODY OR NOTHIN' ON EARTH! SO, HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND HERE WE GO AGAIN! EH, SANDY?

ARF!

HAROLD GRAY

1-1-61