

KLANATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1961

DICK TRACY



CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



VAULTS AND ICE BOXES SHOULD BE EQUIPPED WITH HIDDEN TELEPHONES.

Dick Tracy

OUR LAB TEST SHOWS THE MAID DIED OF AN OVERDOSE OF CHLORAL HYDRATE, OR KNOCKOUT DROPS.

AUTOPSY

PATHOLOGIST

THE POISON WAS IN THE COFFEE, SAM, JUST AS WE FIGURED.

SHE APPARENTLY HAD BEEN INVITED IN TO HAVE SOME COFFEE BY THE GUEST THAT OCCUPIED THIS ROOM.

BUT HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN OUR FINDING HER UNIFORM IN A LAUNDRY HAMPER IN THE HALL?

LET'S LOOK AT THAT UNIFORM AGAIN.

NICE AND CLEAN--- UM??---HEV!

WHAT IS THAT?

LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF TRANSPARENT ADHESIVE TO ME.

AHA! I SEE.

LOOK, SAM, AT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SOCK THIS ON MY FACE.

NO KIDDING! IT'S A PERFECT IMITATION OF AN OLD KNIFE WOUND.

YES, SAM, IT'S ONE OF THOSE ARTIFICIAL SCARS!

AND WHAT DID THE ROOM CLERK SAY?

HE SAID THE WOMAN WHO RENTED THIS ROOM HAD A SCAR ON HER LEFT CHEEK.

THAT WOMAN WANTED A MAID'S UNIFORM SO SHE COULD MOVE ABOUT THIS HOTEL UNNOTICED!

I THINK," SAYS TRACY, "WE'RE BEGINNING TO GET SOMEWHERE."

WE CAN'T GO ON WITH HIS TV WORK TILL HIS BEARD GROWS OUT.

Little Orphan Annie

WHEELS, WHEELS, WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS! "THE BEST LAID PLANS, AND ALL THAT, ONE STUPID CLOWN CAN LOUSE UP ANYTHING!"

YOU F. B. I. BOYS HAVE SUPPLIES TO LAST A WEEK! YOU'RE SET UP HERE IN THE OLD POTATO CELLAR TO RECORD EVERYTHING! I'LL NOT COME NEAR HERE AGAIN, IN CASE THEY'RE WATCHING!

AND I'M LOCKING YOU IN FROM OUTSIDE! IF THEY CHECK, THEY'LL SEE THE LOCK AND NOT LOOK INSIDE! WHEN IT'S OVER, I'LL CALL YOU! THIS IS MY SHOW!

MARLENE AND ANNIE LONG ASLEEP! BETTER BRING IN SOME WOOD BEFORE I TURN IN! MIGHT SNOW BEFORE MORNING!

EH? A CAR PULLING INTO OUR LANE! IT'S NOT JOHNNY! WHO...?

GOOD EVENING, SIR! WE REALIZE IT IS VERY LATE, BUT WE HAD TIRE TROUBLE!

WE HEARD OUR OLD FRIEND JOHNNY QUICK LIVES HERE! IS HE HOME?

WOULDN'T GENERALLY TELL ANYBODY, BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE NICE BOYS. JOHNNY'S STAYING NIGHTS OUT AT HIS OLD HOMESTEAD! SHOW YOU HOW TO GET THERE!

OH, THANK YOU, SIR!

GO TO THE FIRST TURN LEFT, THEN RIGHT AT THE RED BARN AND---

UGH! YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM!

HE WILL NOT DIE! DUMP HIM IN THE BUSHES, BEHIND THAT WOODPILE, AND LET'S GO!

MAKE ME A LAUGHINGSTOCK! ME! JUDGE GUFFY! ROB ME! MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A FOOL!

I'LL KILL HIM! THESE WOMEN'S OVERSHOES! NEVER TRACK ME! AND A SHOTGUN! FANCY BALLISTICS PROVE NOTHING! AND WHO'D EVER SUSPECT ME? EH? THAT LIGHTED WINDOW?

IT'S AS IF PROVIDENCE WERE ON MY SIDE! HIM, JUST SITTING THERE, WHAT A TARGET! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SURE!...CLOSER...CLOSER! JUST A LITTLE---

HAROLD GRAY