

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1963

DICK TRACY

HARDWARE

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

PHOTOGRAPHER

NON COMPOS MENTIS

AFTER HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN, THE SUBJECT HELD UP THE PHOTOGRAPHER BUT FORGOT TO TAKE THE NEGATIVE FROM THE CAMERA.

UNSUCCESSFUL IN HIS ATTEMPT TO MAKE JUNIOR REVEAL THE NAME OF AN EYEWITNESS, UNCLE PUNKY DECIDES TO ACT.

I'LL CONVINCE HIM—HA!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU WHEN UNCLE PUNKY COMES BACK.

THISTLE, HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SWELL GIRL.

LOOK, LOOSEN THIS TOP ROPE JUST A LITTLE SO THAT I CAN GET MY BREATH.

I'M SMOTHERING FROM THIS PRESSURE. I CAN'T BREATHE.

HM? YOU'RE JUST A DUMB LITTLE COP.

PLEASE—

YOUR SKETCH SENT MY FATHER TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF ME?

MISSING HER WORDS DIRECTLY INTO JUNIOR'S FACE—HER HAIR FALLS ACROSS HIS MOUTH. HE DOES THE ONLY THING HE CAN DO—HE GRABS THE HAIR IN HIS TEETH.

DUCKING HIS HEAD IN A LIGHTNING-FAST MANUEVER, HE—

COMES UP WITH HIS HEAD ENCIRCLED, BUT ABLE TO TAKE A BIGGER BITE, ALMOST AGAINST HER SCALP.

HIS GRIP IS SECURE—AND THE EFFECT IS EXCRUCIATING.

OUCH! YOU'RE TEARING AWAY MY SCALP—NO—NO—

UNTIE THE ROPE.

THE BATTLE IS DESPERATE AND VICIOUS—BUT JUNIOR CANNOT BE DISLODGED.

WHAT ABOUT UNCLE PUNKY?

Little Orphan Annie

ONE HOUR OF LIFE, CROWDED TO THE FULL WITH GLORIOUS ACTION, AND FILLED WITH NOBLE RISKS, IS WORTH WHOLE YEARS OF THOSE MEAN OBSERVANCES OF PALTRY DECORUM.

TH' HACIENDA GOES WAY BACK, BUT THOUSANDS AN' THOUSANDS O' YEARS BEFORE, PEOPLE DUG TUNNELS THROUGH SOLID ROCK, UNDER HERE!

YEP! SEEMS AS HOW, ANNIE!

AND WHEN Y'REALIZE THAT EVEN TENS O' THOUSANDS O' YEARS BEFORE THAT TH' OCEAN WAS THERE, ROLLIN' IN ON TH' BEACH, JUST TH' SAME AS TODAY! MAKES Y' THINK!

BUT IT WASN'T WASHING IN THE SAME SEAWEEED! PHEW!

LET'S MOVE, TILL THEY GET THAT SMELLY MESS TRUCKED AWAY!

HM-M-M... THAT TRUCK ISN'T HAULIN' SEAWEEED! WHAT'S IT DOIN' DOWN THERE ON TH' BEACH?

YES! WHAT, INDEED? THOSE ROCKS HIDE THE SEA ENTRANCE TO THE ANCIENT TUNNELS, BARELY COVERED AT LOW TIDE!

TRACKS IN TH' SAND FROM THAT TRUCK INTO THOSE ROCKS!

KEEP WATCH, ANNIE! I'D BETTER GO DO A LITTLE CLOSED CIRCUIT NEWS BROADCAST!

SURE, LILY, I KNOW WHAT Y'MEAN!

BE DARK IN A FEW MINUTES! IF I'M GOIN' T' FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON I'VE GOTTA GET DOWN THERE!

HM-M-M... NAME'S PAINTED OUT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A LADILLA CONSTRUCTION CO. TRUCK! TRACKS IN AMONG TH' ROCKS ALL RIGHT—EH? WHAT'S THAT WHITE THING?

FOLDED NEWSPAPER! GUY MUST'VE DROPPED IT, TOO DARK T'READ! OH-OH! THAT POOL IN THERE! LIGHT UNDER TH' WATER!

GEE! TWO OF 'EM! FLASHLIGHTS, SKIN DIVIN' OUTFITS! HEY! THAT'S LON LADILLA! OH-H, B-B-BROTHER! IF THEY EVER SPOT ME HERE!

YEAH! IT'LL BE A CINCH, LON! WRAP TH' CASES WATERTIGHT; NEED A LOT OF IT! TAKE A FEW DAYS—WHAT'S TH' MATTER?

JUST AN OLD NEWSPAPER I HAD. MUST'VE LOST IT. OH, WELL, NO MATTER!

TEN MINUTES LATER.....

I LOOKED ALL OVER! WHERE DID YOU GO?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! LOOK WHAT LEN LADILLA DROPPED ON TH' BEACH!

OLD RENO PAPER, ALL ABOUT THAT UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION THEY HAD!

HAROLD GRAY

2-17-63