

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1963 KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

DICK TRACY

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK

TEETH AND SHARP FINGER-NAILS, NATURAL WEAPONS.
WOMEN, IF YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER, YOUR PURSE HOLDS ITEMS YOU CAN EMPLOY—SCISSORS, NAIL FILE, PENCIL, ETC.

THE VISIT TO B.O. PLENTY'S BIRTH-PLACE HAS BEEN ANYTHING BUT BORING—FOR B.O. PLENTY.

ONE LOOK AT THE OLD GRAVEYARD AND I'LL BE READY TO GO.

PAPPY, WHAT'S TO BE SEEN IN A GRAVEYARD?

WHY, SPARKLE, ONE OF YOUR GREAT UNCLES AND AN AUNT ARE BURIED HERE.

HE'S GONE PLUM CRAZY, MR. SMITH. I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO HOME.

EASY, GERTIE, B.O. IS ENJOYING HIMSELF.

GREAT POTATOES! THIS IS MY GRANDPAPPY'S GRAVE. HE DONATED THE GROUND THIS CEMETERY STANDS ON.

B.O. THAT MIGHT FALL ON YOU.

AND THIS IS ABDOMIN PLENTY'S! HE WAS OUR FAT CATTLE-RUSTLIN' COUSIN.

AND THIS MUST BE LITTLE LEONA. —CAIN'T READ THE LETTERS—THEY'RE TOO SMALL.

GERTIE, HAND ME YOUR GLASSES.

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.

PORE LEETLE TYKE—UH—"BORN NOVEMBER 10, 1872, DIED MAY 20, 1873"—

ECK!

WHAT HAPPENED?

TH—THAT TOMBSTONE MOVED—WHEN I LEANED ON IT!

MOVED?

Y—YES—I—I LEANED ON IT AND IT MOVED.

H'M?? THIS MARKER ISN'T STONE, IT'S WOOD.

WOOD???

YES—AND IT DOES MOVE. IN FACT, THE WHOLE TOP OF THE GRAVE MOVES.

LET'S GO HOME!

Little Orphan Annie

WHEN I CAME ON THIS TRIP WITH YOU AND TOM TOM I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST GOIN' T'BE LIKE SORT OF A PICNIC!

WELL, ISN'T IT?

MONUMENTAL BRONZE UNCHANGED HIS LOOK, A SOUL THAT PTY TOUCHED, BUT NEVER GHOOK, TRAINED FROM HIS TREE-ROCKED CRADLE TO HIS BIER THE FIERCE EXTREMES OF GOOD AND ILL TO BROOK—

CAMPBELL

LOOK, HAIRY WOLF! I WOKE UP AN' SAW YOU SITTY' BY TH' CAMPFIRE. THEN THAT SHOT TORE OFF YOUR HEAD! I SAW IT!

TCH-TCH! HOW UNTIDY!

THEN, I SAW IT WAS A STRAW-STUFFED DUMMY! AM' YOU SHOWED UP ASKIN', "IS BREAKFAST READY."

AND IT WASN'T READY!

DON'T FUN ME! DIDJA GET A LOOK AT WHOEVER IT WAS?

HIM? SURE! MY-MY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, EH?

O.K.! SO WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR THAT "LOST DUTCHMAN" MINE, SAME AS 60 MANY OTHERS HAVE WHO GOT KILLED. IS THAT IT?

THE OLD APACHE MINE THAT MIGUEL PERALTA FOUND IN 1845, YOU MEAN?

PERALTA? THEN WHY DO THEY CALL IT THE "LOST DUTCHMAN"?

THE APACHES WIPED OUT THE PERALTA MINERS IN 1848!

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THEN JACOB WALZ REDISCOVERED THE MINE ABOUT 1870; HE DIED IN 1891. EVEN TODAY IT IS DEATH TO GET TOO CLOSE TO "WEAVER'S NEEDLE," AND THE "LOST DUTCHMAN"!

GEE! BUT ARE WE GOIN' TO TRY T' FIND THAT MINE?

NO, ANNIE! I KNOW WHERE IT IS; MY WIFE SHOWED IT TO ME!

Y-Y-YOUR WIFE?

Y-Y-YOU... THAT IS—???

SHE WAS AN APACHE! THE SWEETEST, MOST WONDERFUL GIRL I'LL EVER KNOW!

OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, HAIRY WOLF!

GRIEF IS A PART OF LIFE, ANNIE! ARE WE PACKED, TOM TOM?

HO-KAY, UNCLE!

GEE! WHAT'S TH' WHOLE STORY, TOM TOM?

HE TOLD YOU MORE THAN HE HAS EVER TOLD ANYONE BEFORE!

HAROLD GRAY