

SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1963 KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

DICK TRACY

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



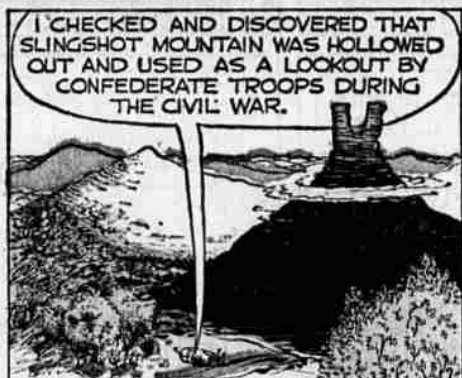
LEARN TO SWIM NOW!

YOUR LOVED ONES WILL HAVE LESS TO WORRY ABOUT WHILE YOU ARE AWAY ON A FISHING TRIP OR A CRUISE.

Dick Tracy



A PHONY TOMBSTONE, A PHONY GRAVE, AND BENEATH THE LID A PIT, WHERE SOMETHING'S BEEN HID.



I CHECKED AND DISCOVERED THAT SLINGSHOT MOUNTAIN WAS HOLLOWED OUT AND USED AS A LOOKOUT BY CONFEDERATE TROOPS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.



WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET SPARKLE GO BACK FOR HER PURSE.



YOU THINK SPARKLE WAS SEIZED?

WE DON'T KNOW! SHE JUST DISAPPEARED!



WE'RE IN GREAT TROUBLE, TRACY. SUPPOSE I HAVE MY ENGINEER FLY B.O. AND GERTIE BACK HOME AND PICK YOU UP IN THE SPACE COUPE?



I'M NOT LEAVING HERE WHILST SPARKLE'S MISSING!

NEITHER AM I.

NOR I.



YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE PRIED THAT GRAVE OPEN. I KNEW IT'D BE BAD LUCK.



I WOULD HAVE GIVEN MY OWN LIFE BEFORE I'D HAVE LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO SPARKLE.

SHE RAN BACK FROM THE SPACE COUPE SO QUICK, I DIDN'T KNOW SHE'D LOST HER PURSE.



LOOK! ISN'T THAT THE LEETLE TYKES HAT -OR PART OF IT?



AND NOT FAR AWAY--



HELP-HELP!



WHO WAS THAT?

I TOLD YOU NOT TO LET DROPPY LEAVE THE ROOM!



Little Orphan Annie

BE HOME AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT. HOW DID YOU LIKE OUR CAMPING TRIP INTO THE MOUNTAINS?

IT WAS SWELL, BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGGER ONE THING!

WILD ANIMALS NEVER KILL FOR SPORT. MAN IS THE ONLY ONE TO WHOM THE TORTURE AND DEATH OF HIS FELLOW CREATURES IS AMUSING IN ITSELF. - J. A. FROUDE -



I ALWAYS THOUGHT ALL Y'HAD T'DO WAS FIND A GOLD MINE AND IT'D MAKE YUH A MILLIONAIRE!

UH-HUH!



BUT YOU KNOW WHERE TH' 'LOST DUTCHMAN MINE' IS! WHY DON'TCHA EVEN SEEM 'TO CARE 'BOUT IT?

GOVERNMENT GETS THE PRICE FOR GOLD; MEN SET THE PRICE FOR DIGGING IT!



TODAY IT'D COST FAR MORE TO DIG IT THAN IT WOULD BE WORTH! THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

GUESS SO, BUT WITH FOLKS HOLLERIN' 'BOUT OUR 'DWINDLIN' GOLD RESERVE'...



YOU READ TOO MUCH! TAKE MY PEOPLE, UP ON THEIR BARREN MESA! CAN'T READ, LOT LESS TO WORRY ABOUT. GOT A POINT, MAYBE!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT. HEY! A BOBCAT!



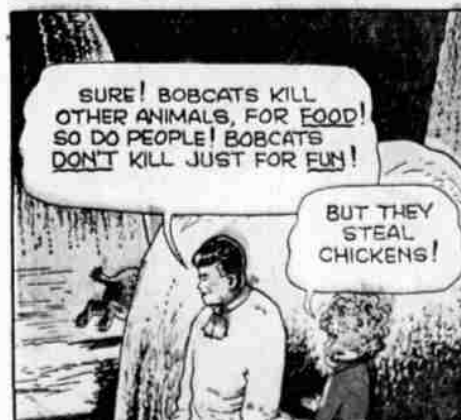
SURE ENOUGH, A MAMA BOBCAT OUT SHOPPING FOR DINNER FOR HER KITTENS!

AREN'T Y' GOIN' TO SHOOT IT?



WHY SHOOT IT? HERE, BABE! HAVE SOME MEAT ON THE TABLE AT YOUR PLACE TONIGHT!

B-B-BUT I THOUGHT A BOBCAT--!



SURE! BOBCATS KILL OTHER ANIMALS, FOR FOOD! SO DO PEOPLE! BOBCATS DON'T KILL JUST FOR FUN!

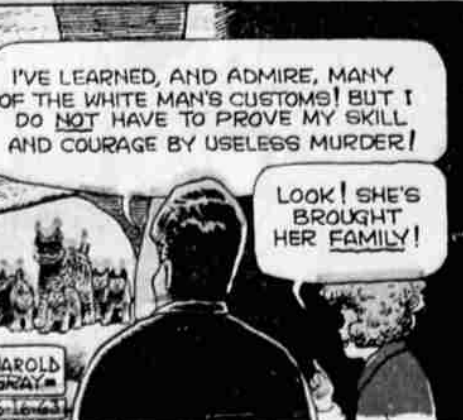
BUT THEY STEAL CHICKENS!



HA-HA! SOME PEOPLE DO, TOO, I'VE HEARD! MAYBE I'LL NEVER REALLY GET OVER BEING A RED 'SAVAGE'!



YOU SEE, ANNIE, MY PEOPLE DON'T KILL DEER OR MOUNTAIN SHEEP JUST TO HANG THE HORNS ON A WALL! WE HUNT ONLY FOR FOOD, AS NEARLY ALL 'UNCIVILIZED' CREATURES DO!



I'VE LEARNED, AND ADMIRE, MANY OF THE WHITE MAN'S CUSTOMS! BUT I DO NOT HAVE TO PROVE MY SKILL AND COURAGE BY USELESS MURDER!

LOOK! SHE'S BROUGHT HER FAMILY!

HAROLD GRAY