

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, 1963

### CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



ROOKIES!

BY NOTING THE POSITION OF THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR ON A RECOVERED STOLEN CAR, THE POLICE CAN GET AN IDEA OF THE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF THE THIEF.

Dick Tracy

AS FALL BROKEN BY A WILLOW TREE, LI'L DROPOUT IS DISCOVERED TO HAVE SUFFERED A BROKEN ARM.



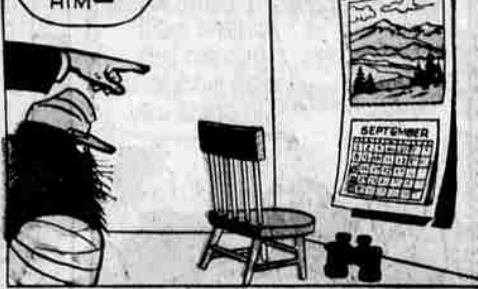
RETURNED TO THE CITY AND GIVEN MEDICAL TREATMENT, HE FACES A NEW LIFE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



HE CAN BE OUR MASCOT. HE ALWAYS LIKED A LOOKOUT POST, SO—



I FIXED ONE UP FOR HIM— SEE, DROPPY? YOUR LOOKOUT.



I KNEW THAT CALENDAR WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY.



INCIDENTALLY, ANY FURTHER DOPE ON THAT BOMB SCARE AT THE BUS DEPOT, CHIEF?



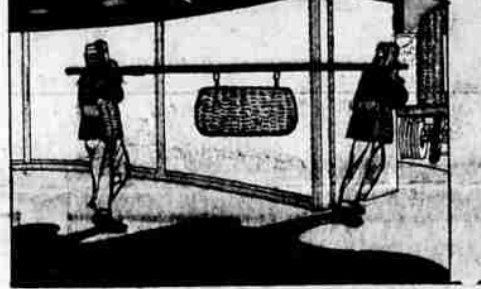
WOMAN PHONED IN THAT SHE COULD HEAR A BOMB TICKING IN THE BAGGAGE LOCKER NEXT TO THE ONE SHE HAD CHECKED A GRIP IN," SAYS THE CHIEF.



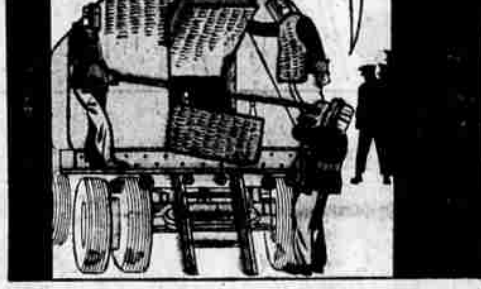
IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A TICK. IT'S MORE LIKE A POUNDING.



LET'S GO.



THAT'S A FUNNY SOUNDING "BOMB," IF YOU ASK ME.



TRACY TO THE BOMB SQUAD—WHAT'S YOUR 10-20?



WE'LL BE AT THE EXAMINING AREA IN 10 MINUTES.

SO, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? WE'VE GOT A BOMB THAT SOUNDS LIKE A CAN OF MILK. IS THAT BAD?



THE GIFTS OF AN ENEMY SEEMED TO THEM MUCH TO BE FEARED. VOLTAIRE - "RETURN TO SENDER" - POST OFFICE -

I SAY THAT FURRINER RUN OUT ON US, WITH OUR FIFTY GRAND! ELSE WHY AIN'T WE HEARD NOTHIN'? HE'S A PRO, SEE? I BET THAT INJUN AIN'T EVER EVEN FOUND!

BREAK UP TH' CHATTER AN' LET'S SEE WHAT WE GOT HERE! WHERE DIDJA PICK IT UP, BOYS? DOWN ON TH' PIER! AN' DIEG IT WEIGH A TON!

WHO DO WE KNOW IN HONG KONG? STICKER ON HERE HONG KONG! AR-R...LET'S OPEN IT UP AND SEE WHAT IT IS!

BIG BASKET INSIDE THIS CRATE; REAL ORIENTAL, ALL RIGHT! HOW Y'GET TH' LID OFF'N THIS BASKET? AH! I GOT IT!

OH, NO! NO... NO! TH' "PROFESSIONAL"!

TALK ABOUT BRINGIN' HIS REPORT IN PERSON! WHAT'S IT SAY ON THAT BIG CARD? "IT HAD TO BE YOU, YOU, YOU!" OH, BRU-T-T-THER!

HEY! OUR FIFTY GRAND WAS IN THAT ENVELOPE! I DONT FEEL SO GOOD! EMPTY! WE DON'T EVEN GET NO REBATE!

LOOK! PLANE TICKET FOR BRAZIL! THIS I CAN USE! WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM? WHO CARES? BY MORNING I'LL BE HALF WAY TO AFRICA!

WHILE BACK AT THE SHACK BY THE RAILROAD TRACK... HEY! HAIRY WOLF'S BACK! OH! WAS YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE COLONEL, PLEASED WITH THE WAY THE MINE IS COMING ALONG?

OH, THE COLONEL DIDN'T COME OUT AFTER ALL, BUT MY TRIP WAGN'T WASTED! TURNED OUT FINE, IN FACT! BUT ON THE PHONE HIS SECRETARY SAID YOU SHOULD MEET THE COLONEL AT THAT HOTEL!

WELL, THE "SECRETARY" MADE A LITTLE MISTAKE; I'M SURE HE'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN: EH, MARSHAL? NOPE...! AH! I SHORE ADMIRE YOUR COOKIES, MRS. KATE! THANKF ANNIE!

HAROLD GRAY