

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1963

CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK



ON THE PLUS SIDE

TEACH YOUR YOUNG ONES TO HELP KEEP AMERICA CLEAN!

Dick Tracy

BUT OLGA WANTS HER MONEY. SHE SAID SHE DID HER PART.

PHAW?

OLGA CAN BE VERY NASTY, DOCTOR! SHE WANTS HER PAY—AND SHE SAID YOU'RE A CROOK?

I'M A CROOK?

LOOK, SMALLMOUTH BASS, OLGA PROMISED TO DELIVER A HUMAN HEART TO ME, BUT I NEVER RECEIVED IT! SO I'M A CROOK?

"HEART TRANSPLANT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN DONE," MOANS THE DOC.

I WAS GOING TO GIVE TO THE WORLD NEW HOPE FOR LONGER LIFE—AND YOU, SMALLMOUTH BASS, WERE GOING TO SHARE IN IT?

THE BLOOD VESSELS

HOW, DOCTOR? HOW WAS I GOING TO SHARE IN IT? GEE! HOW, DOC?

THE BLOOD

MEANWHILE, A POLICE PATROL BOAT HASTENS TO ANSWER AN EMERGENCY CALL.

THEY SAID IT WAS HALF A MILE OFF CONCORDIA AVENUE BEACH.

WHO REPORTED IT?

A SAILBOATER.

HE SAID IT WAS A MAN. BLOND HAIR, FULLY CLOTHED.

LOOK—TO STARBOARD.

YES—I SEE IT.

YES, WE'VE FOUND IT.

EASY.

WE HAVEN'T FOUND ONE OF THESE IN OVER SIX WEEKS.

STEADY, WHILE I EASE IT UP ON THE PLATFORM.

WESTER GOLD 10-6-63

"HE'S THAT'S MERCIFUL UNTO THE BAD, IS CRUEL TO THE GOOD." THOMAS BARNOLPH. "MERCY BUT MURDERS, PARDONING THOSE THAT KILL."—SHAKESPEARE—

AT THE GREAT ANCESTRAL MANSION IT IS LATE EVENING, AND IN THE QUIET SECURITY OF HIS LIBRARY THE MASTER LOLLS AND GLOATS A BIT AND DREAMS AND PLANS.....

BILLIONS! WITH THAT COLLEGE INDIAN WIPED OUT I CAN MOVE IN, ANY TIME, AND TAKE OVER!

EH? WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU AND HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? WHY... Y.Y. YOU... YOU'RE HAIRY WOLF!

IN PERSON AND NOT A GHOST!

I... I THOUGHT... HA-HA! IN THE PAPERS... I READ YOUR OBITUARY!

SO DID I! RINGING FOR SERVANTS? LOOK THERE, FELLA!

AH-WAH! WHERE ARE MY SERVANTS?

"BY NOW? "ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA," LITERALLY!"

YOU SEE, YOUR BOY, Y.Y., WAS REAL CHATTY, AFTER A SHORT "CONFERENCE"!

EH? Y.Y.? O.K.! SO I MADE A MISTAKE! BUT WE'RE BOTH BUSINESSMEN!

I... I'LL PAY FOR MY MISTAKE. PAY ANYTHING! BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE LIKE A SAVAGE... I'LL PAY!

YOU SENT 109 INNOCENT PEOPLE TO FLAMING DEATH. PAY? HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! YOU'LL PAY, IN FULL!

I BELIEVE THE ANCIENT MANDARINS HAD A TREATMENT SUITABLE FOR SUCH EVIL MEN! TAKE HIM FROM MY SIGHT!

AND SO, THE HALF-OPEN FRONT DOOR CREAKS GENTLY IN THE BREEZE AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE LONELY, SILENT, DESERTED MANSION ON THE HILL!

WHILE FAR ACROSS THE CONTINENT THE SEARCH GOES ON FOR SOME TRACE OF THE SHATTERED PLANE, WASHED A WEEK AGO IN THE MARCH.....

HERE A TINY BIT OF METAL! THERE A BLOB OF SOMETHING, CAUGHT IN A BUSH!

BUT HEY! WHAT IS THIS? A DOLL? NO! IT... IT'S A CHILD! BUT SO WHITE AND STILL... SO VERY STILL!

HAROLD GRAY