

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1963

## DICK TRACY



**CRIMESTOPPERS TEXTBOOK**

**TERRIFYING STATISTICS!**

YOU A TARGET?

1962 U.S.A. TRAFFIC DEATHS—A NEW RECORD—40,900 KILLED! 1.5 MILLION INJURED, OF WHOM 120,000 ARE PERMANENTLY DISABLED. (NAT. SAFETY COUN.)

CHECKING THE PHONE NUMBER PROVIDED BY THE RENTAL CAR PEOPLE, TRACY AND SAM DRAW NEARER THEIR GOAL—AND THEN—A STONE WALL.

NO DOCTOR, NO WORD, NO NOTHING.

HIS LAST CALENDAR SHEET WAS TORN OFF THE 27TH OF OCTOBER. I WONDER—

THE BLOOD VESSELS

DESK CLEANED OUT, OPERATING ROOM AND LAB BARE OF ANY CLUES AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS.

H'MM?

TYPEWRITER?

YES, TAKE A LOOK AT THE TYPEWRITER, SAM. SOMETIMES, IT—

NO LABELS.

HUH— THERE'S NO TYPEWRITER—BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CHAUFFEUR'S COAT—

—AND CAP.

HEY! THE CAR THAT PICKED UP "PIGSKIN" PARSON THAT DAY WAS CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN, ACCORDING TO HIS MOTHER.

NO LABELS.

WOULD DOC ORTA HAVE BEEN THE CHAUFFEUR, TOO?

AND WHERE IS DOC ORTA NOW?

THE BLOOD VESSELS

**MEANWHILE**

YES, OLGA, YOU'VE GOT QUITE A BANK STARTED.

THEN FROM NOW ON, SMALLMOUTH BASS, YOU'RE FOR ME AND I'M FOR YOU, EH?

TO THE END.

### Little Orphan Annie

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM. PHAEDRUS. NEITHER ARE PEOPLE. JUDGE NOT ACCORDING TO THE APPEARANCE." NEW TESTAMENT.

SOMETIMES MAX READS ALL NIGHT LONG AND MAKES NOTES, AND COVERS DOZENS OF SHEETS OF PAPER WITH FIGURES, AND STRANGE LETTERING! LIKE WORKING OUT SOME WAY-OUT PROBLEM!

NEVER SEE ANYBODY GO UP TO VISIT HIM! HE MUST GET LONESOME!

HE'S A VERY QUIET ONE, SO GENTLE AND DEDICATED TO HIS STUDIES! NEVER TALKS ABOUT HIS WORK; I DO HOPE HE TAKES TIME TO EAT PROPERLY!

'FORE I TURN IN HOW 'BOUT TAKIN' HIM A CHUNK O' CAKE AND A POT O' COFFEE?

WHILE QUIET, GENTLE MAX, THE SCHOLAR, IS NOT EXACTLY ALONE!

GUESS Y'FIGGERED WE'D BE COMIN' AROUND FOR A LITTLE TALK, EH?

NATURALLY!

GUESS Y'HEARD ON TH' RADIO! CAR AN' FOUR O' OUR BOYS BLOWED INTO FOUR MILLION PIECES! THE COPS SAY IT WAS THEM SLOBOS FROM TH' WEST SIDE HIT 'EM. TH' F. B. I. GENIUSES SAY I SET 'EM UP!

SO?

"SO"! THAT ALL Y'GOT T'SAY? YOU MADE THAT BOMB FOR US! NOW YOU TALK, AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!

JUST CLUMSY CURIOSITY!

WE BOMBERS ARE LIKE A GUILD: WE KEEP OUR SECRETS. YOUR BOYS WERE TOLD WHERE TO PLACE THE BOMB; THE LITTLE SWITCH TO TURN! THEY WERE TOLD NOT TO FOOL WITH IT!

BUT THEY HAD TO SEE HOW I MADE THE THING. SO-O, ONE OF THEM TAMPERED WITH IT! NOBODY TAMPERS WITH ONE OF MY BOMBS AND LIVES!

YEAH! THAT FIGGERS! Y'KNOW WE HAD AN AWFUL GOOD REPORT ON YOU, MAX, FROM OUR BOYS, FROM WHEN YOU WAS WORKIN' IN SERBIA! AS FOR THEM FOUR MUSCLE-HEADS, THEY CAN BE REPLACED!

THEY WAS GETTIN' TOO BIGMOUTH, ANYWAY! HA! ALWAYS A BRIGHT SIDE, EH? GOTTA MEET TH' TOAD NOW! DON'T WORRY, MAX! I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD REPORT ON YOU! C'MON, BOYS!

SO, THEY GO AS THEY CAME, SILENTLY, ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS INTO THE NIGHT!

HELLO, HONEY! WELL, I'M SURE READY FOR SOME CAKE AND COFFEE! COME IN!

HAROLD GRAY

11-10-63