

COPS AT BAY DEPT.

For a while back there, whenever someone mentioned San Francisco, you thought of the Haight-Ashbury District, and the wild, far-out Hippies and Yippies and Hop-Heads and Speed-Freaks and all the other Third World Cats that lived there. But now, thanks to the movies and television, San Francisco's image is rapidly changing. Because we're being bombarded with propaganda... like f'rinstance this weekly TV series about two detectives... that effectively publicizes...

THE "STRAIGHTS" OF SAN FRANCISCO



Torres



PROLOGUE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

The chocolate cake we just had in that fancy restaurant was so bad, I went back into the kitchen and made the Chef eat it himself! He—heh-heh—threw up!

I only took one bite, and already I'm broken out in a terrible chocolate rash!

Chocolate cake was one of my all-time very favorite things when I was a kid growing up!

I'll never forget the first chocolate cake my darling Mother made for me! It was so rich... so creamy... so—

Ahh, you young guys don't know what REAL crime is! I remember back in the old days, kids used to steal the tires off Police cars!

Gee, Myke, you're tough!

Gee, Myke... you're sensitive!

Gee, Myke... you're sentimental!

Gee, Myke... you're boring!!

They STILL do that!

Yeah?! During an 80-mile-an-hour CHASE??



MEANWHILE

I'll tell you something that's worse than it used to be! Traffic!! You can hardly move around the streets of San Francisco these days! All the TV shows they're making in this town are snarling things up! Look at those lighting trucks, camera vans, audio trailers and mobile dressing rooms! They ought to outlaw 'em!

What's the matter? You tired of working steady?!? Those are from OUR show!!

What are you doing here?!?

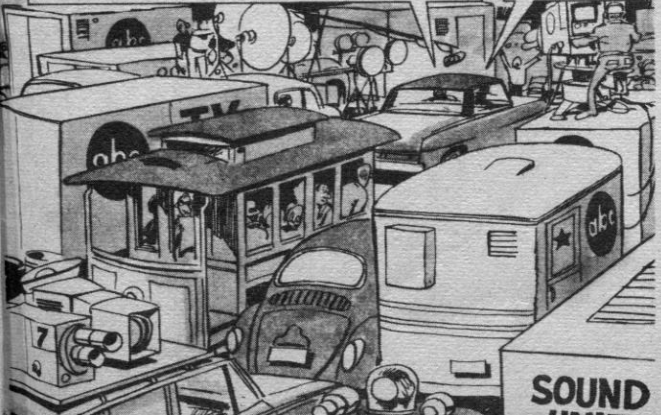
I'm from the company that installed your safe! I'm checking it out to see if it's burglar-proof! You know what! It's NOT!

I appreciate the company's concern, but I think I'll call the Police...

Don't bother! I AM the Police!

YOU'RE the Police?

Well, I figured if you'd believe I was from the company that installed your safe, you'd believe almost ANYTHING!!



That does it! I AM going to call the Police!

You take one step and I'll shoot!

You—you wouldn't kill an old man, would you?



A... a simple... yes or no... would have... choke... sufficed... gag-g-g-g-gh!



This coffee tastes like paint remover! Where did you get it?

At the Hardware Store! It IS paint remover! Your coffee is in the other bag!

Hold it!! Slow down! You notice anything unusual about Pop Casales's house?

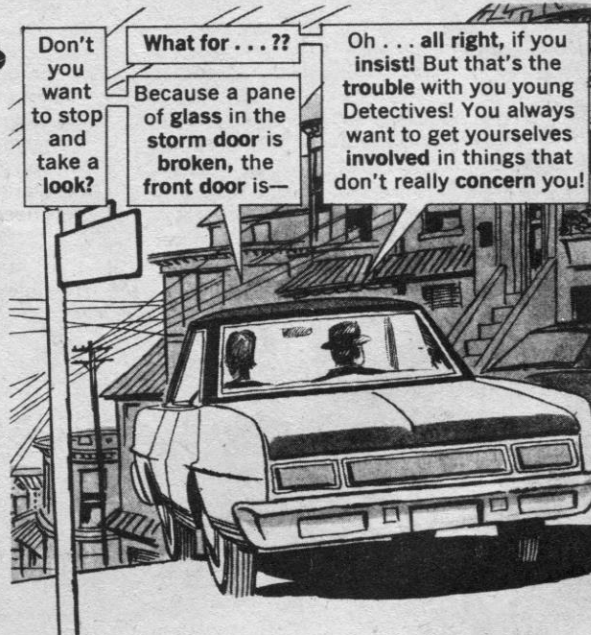
Yeah! A pane of glass in the storm door is broken, the front door is wide open, his car is in the driveway and there are no lights on even though it's only 8:00 in the evening!

Right! You got real good eyesight, Buggie-Boy! Okay... let's be on our way...

Don't you want to stop and take a look?

What for...?? Because a pane of glass in the storm door is broken, the front door is—

Oh... all right, if you insist! But that's the trouble with you young Detectives! You always want to get yourselves involved in things that don't really concern you!



How do you like that? We just had two blowouts! It's a lucky thing we weren't moving!

Show you how much you college types know! Those blowouts were GUNSHOTS! There's a subtle difference between the sound of a gun, and the sound of a tire blowing out!

Like what...?

Like a tire blowing out is not usually followed by a scream and the sound of a body falling!

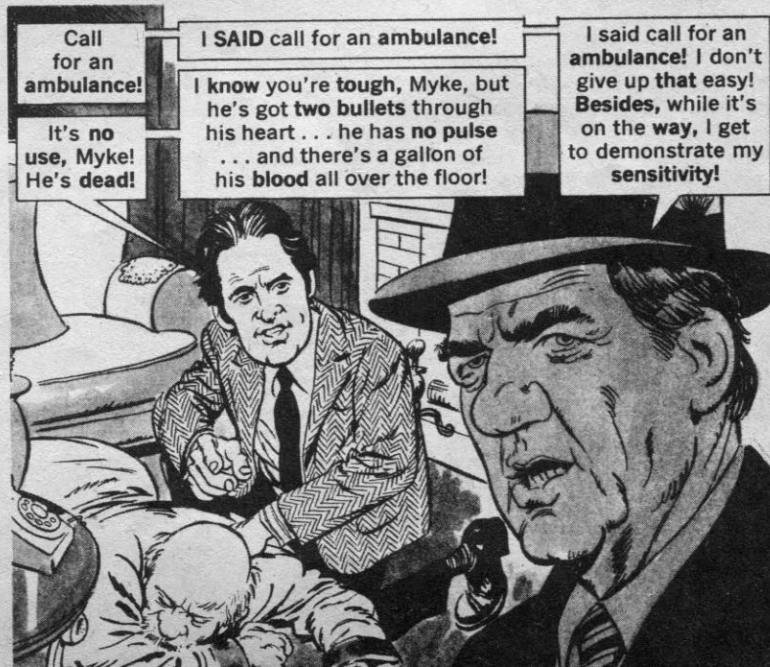
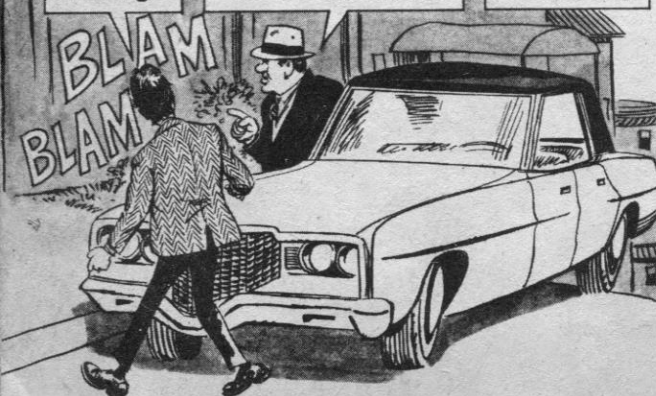
Call for an ambulance!

It's no use, Myke! He's dead!

I SAID call for an ambulance!

I know you're tough, Myke, but he's got two bullets through his heart... he has no pulse... and there's a gallon of his blood all over the floor!

I said call for an ambulance! I don't give up that easy! Besides, while it's on the way, I get to demonstrate my sensitivity!





Operator, send an ambulance to 2849 Avalon!
And make it as fast as possible! It's an emergency! It's a matter of life and death!

Because the longer the ambulance takes, the longer I'll have to listen to my partner's boring reminiscences . . . and I may kill myself!

Ah, yes . . . did I know him well, you're asking me?

How close were we as friends, you want to know?

Well . . . I hate it when you pry into my innermost feelings, but—

He was my High School English Teacher! "Old Pop!" we used to call him! I loved him like a Father!

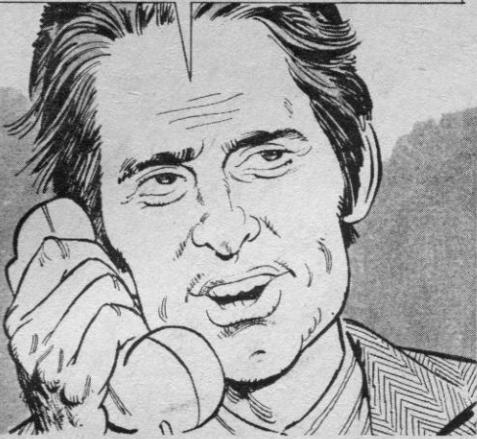
Why are you sorry?? If I hadn't had him, I would have had Mrs. Casper . . . and she was TERRIBLE!

Actually, I didn't ask you a thing!

No, I don't want to know any of that!

I'm NOT prying! I couldn't care LESS!!

I'm sorry . . .



I'm sorry he's DEAD . . . NOT that he was your English Teacher!

Oh! Well . . . I'm sorry that Pop Casales is—uh—er—a little under the weather!

I don't know! But why is it that you can never get an ambulance when you need one!

Tell me, Buggie-Boy, why is it that the good get it bad . . . and the bad get it good . . . and the fair get it kind of so-so?!?

I am in PAIN! Terrible PAIN!

Don't use the word "DEAD"! There's nothing OFFICIAL yet!

You guys call for an ambulance?

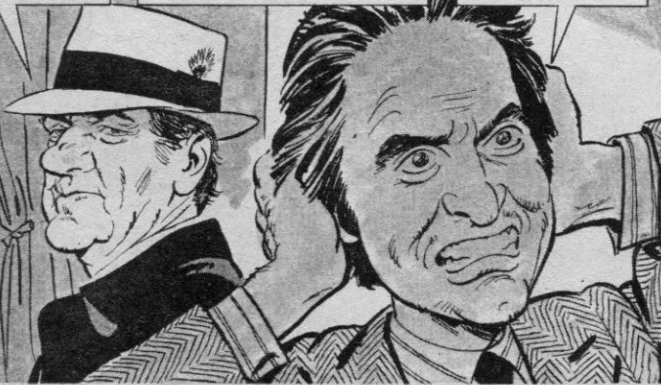
The only thing we can do is BURY him! He's DEAD!

So you did! But now I have the word of a Professional, —and I'll be able to sleep soundly tonight!

Well, don't sleep TOO soundly, Lieutenant! I ran over ten people trying to get here in record time!

Yes! I want you to do everything you can for this man!

There! See? I TOLD you!



Let's question the neighbors and see if they saw something!

If they've been watching THIS, they haven't seen ANYTHING!

Did you see anything unusual around Pop Casales's house tonight?

Yes, I did! I saw an ambulance driving like crazy? Must've run down, maybe, ten or eleven innocent people! It was awful . . .

No . . . I mean BEFORE that! Did you see anything ELSE unusual!

No, I'm afraid not!

Are you absolutely positive? There was nothing unusual . . . ? No person . . . no car . . . no small, minor incident you thought was strange or odd?

No, I'm afraid not!

You can tell me anything . . . any tiny detail . . . even if you think it's not really very important!

Well, I did see—

Yes, yes!



Well, I do remember something! About 7:45, a 1963 light blue Ford pulled up in front of Pop's house! A man about 5' 7" got out! He was 43 years old! He was wearing green pants, brown sneakers, white socks, and a red jacket, and carried a black gun! It struck me as odd because **NOTHING MATCHED!** Does that help?

What? No license plate or Social Security number? No home address? What kind of a witness ARE you?



Easy, Buggie-Boy! We can at least get started with these few meager clues! You take Mrs. Rouse here down to the Mug Shot Files and see if she can pick out the guy's picture!

Don't YOU want to do that, so you can give us the boring details of how you were personally involved with every one of the 230,000 people we have on file?

No, I've got to go see Ma Casales! She doesn't know about her Husband yet, so in my own sentimental and sensitive fashion, I will tell her that Pop was shot down in cold blood, that all of their money was stolen, and that Pop never believed in Life Insurance ... so there isn't any!



Why, Myke Stoned ... my favorite smart aleck Detective!

Oh, Myke ... I'm always insured of a laugh when you show up!

You KILL Pop and me with your jokes!

You're joking, Myke, aren't you? Tell me you're joking, Myke!

Ma Casales! my favorite penniless WIDOW!

And that's the ONLY insurance you've got!

From now on, I can only kill YOU with my jokes! Somebody already killed Pop with a gun!

No, Ma, I'm afraid this ludicrous dialogue is on the level! But believe me, I'll GET the rat that did this!

Because you're too fragile a woman to have to suffer!

Y'know ... I had some of the best times of my life with you and Pop!

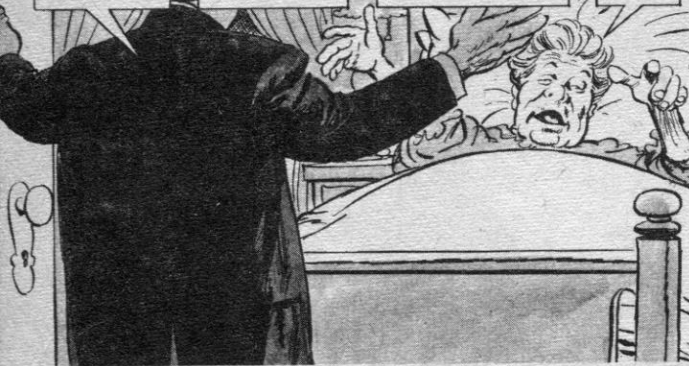
I remember what life was like before I met you two! Dark, bleak, unhappy, and—

Gee, you're so tough,

Gee, you're so sensitive!

Gee, you're so sentimental!

Gee, you're so BORING!!



Find anything, kid?

Nahhh! Mrs. Rouse continues to be no help at all! She picked out four people it could be! Not ONE, but FOUR!

That's okay, Buggie-Boy! Let's just start eliminating! Now, according to these cards, this guy's in jail, so that eliminates him! This guy died two years ago, so it can't be him! And of the two that are left, one guy's a SENATOR, and the other guy's been arrested 5 times for Armed Robbery!

Well, I guess that narrows the field down to one guy!

Right!! We arrest the Senator!!

Hey, haven't you young guys ever heard of respect for authority???

Hey, haven't you old guys ever heard of Watergate?



RRING RING





Hello! That's me! Yeah! Yeah! What's that? Okay, thanks!

That was the Department of Motor Vehicles! There's only one guy in this entire town who owns a light blue 1963 Ford! Senator Robert Benson! I—I can hardly believe it! Why, Senator Benson used to be my Football Coach! I can remember back in 1943 . . .

I've got an idea! Let's arrest someone else for this crime! Someone you DON'T KNOW! I realize we may have to go to a different city for that, but it'll be worth it! At least you won't have any painful memories!

No . . . if Senator Benson is guilty, there's nothing I can do about it! I'm from the old "honest" school, and I will not pervert the course of true Justice!

Suppose . . . ?
Yes—whatever it is, YES! I knew you'd come up with a way to hang this crime on someone else!

All I'm saying is, suppose we do one of our fantastic brain-storming sessions like we do every week . . . and pull together all the details in 30 seconds?



Good idea! Okay, start!

Someone who wants to frame the Senator!

Oh . . . just for kicks . . . let's say a jilted old girlfriend!

Why . . . yes! YES!! Twenty-two years ago, he jilted Rosemary Funkhauser!

Well . . . if the Senator isn't guilty, then who is?

Who could THAT be?

Did the Senator ever have one?



And do you know where Rosemary Funkhauser is today

Well, I DO! She's married, and her name is Rosemary Rouse!

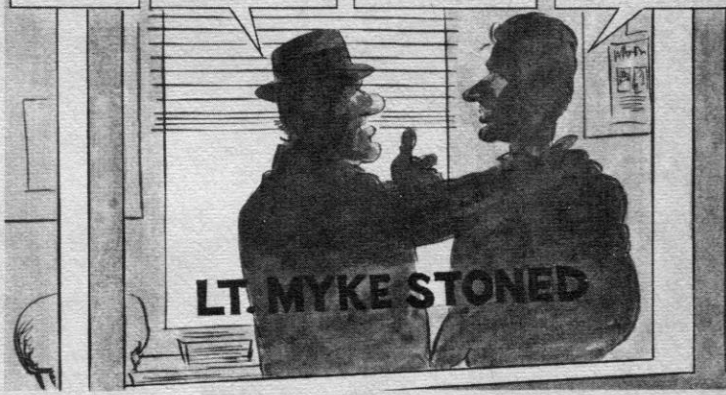
It's a case of revenge . . . 22 years later!

And we just set two new records! We solved the crime in UNDER 30 seconds . . . and we came up with the most preposterous explanation yet!

She's the one who gave us the description of the Senator!

Right! Rosemary committed the crime and tried to pin it on the Senator!

Nope!



Well, Mrs. Rouse is on her way to jail, and, thanks to your generosity, Buggie-Boy, we are on our way to a glorious vacation in Japan!

What do you mean, "thanks to MY generosity"?!? I didn't buy these tickets, Myke! I thought YOU did!

ME?!? I thought YOU did! Here . . . let me see that envelope!



ANS WORLD AIRLINES

THESE ONE-WAY TICKETS TO *Good Bye, Guys...*
JAPAN *and Good Riddance!!!*
 FOR DETECTIVES *Louse up the "Streets*
STEVE FELLER *of TOKYO" for a change!*
 AND
MYKE STONED

ARE COMPLIMENTS OF THE
 SAN FRANCISCO
 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE