

CONTENTS

NOVELETTES

- THE PRICE OF LUST *by Joe Gores*..... 10
- THE OUTFIT *by Richard Stark*..... 82

SPECIAL FEATURE

- MANHUNT'S GUN RACK..... 60

SHORT STORIES

- PRECIOUS PIGEON *by Talmadge Powell*..... 1
- DEAR EDIE *by Pat Macmillan*..... 6
- CONNED *by Bernard Epps*..... 40
- KILOMAN *by Don Lowry*..... 43
- A PATIENT MAN *by Dave Hill*..... 61
- GAMBLER'S CROSS *by Robert McKay*..... 65
- FOR THE DEFENSE *by Terry McCormick*..... 78

MICHAEL ST. JOHN, *Publisher*

GERALD ADAMS, *Art Director*

JOE SHORE, *Advertising Rep.*

JOHN UNDERWOOD, *Editor*

J. PROSKE, *Associate Editor*

MANHUNT VOLUME 11, NUMBER 2, April 1963. Single copies 35 cents. Subscriptions, \$4.00 or 12 issues in the United States and Possessions; elsewhere \$5.00 (in U.S. Funds) for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly by Flying Eagle Publications, Inc., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. The entire contents of this issue are copyright 1963 by Flying Eagle Publications, Inc., under the International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U.S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use without express permission of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and art work should be sent to Manhunt, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.

HE WAS waiting when Marty Valentine hit the bricks, sitting in a government car across the street from the Ad building, smiling and waiting. Marty looked over at him, grinning leanly. Eleven years and it was still Stevens. And the Mounties liked to brag.

Stevens waved out the window of the car at him. "Ride?"

Stevens started the Chevy, easing out into the traffic. "Any place special?"

"Downtown," Marty said. "I've got to find a room—a cheap one."

"Twenty-five dollars and a cardboard suit, hmm?"

Marty nodded. "And I'll have to find a job. Know anyone who wants a good ex-accountant? I was

A Patient Man

It was Stevens who'd sent him up. And it was still Stevens who met him when he got out . . . eleven years later.

BY DAVE HILL

Marty shrugged, "Taxpayers money." He walked over to the opened door and eased into the car.

"You're looking good," Stevens said dryly. "Cigarette?"

"Must be the quiet life." Stevens was still Stevens. Dry, tenacious, unswerving. "Sticky" they called him. Marty grinned a little at that—it fit. Eleven years and Stevens was still on the job, grayer, heavier, but still patient, waiting.

good you know."

"Why work? You've got a lot of money."

"Have I?"

"One million dollars, according to the books." He whistled. "That's what the record says—exactly one million and fifty-one dollars. Too bad you got caught—that was a sweet job of embezzling."

"Eleven years worth."

Stevens turned professional in a minute. "Look, Valentine," he said,

"You're forty-two, you've done eleven years in the joint. You can't make over eighty bucks a week again. Why don't you use your head?"

"Such as?"

"Such as getting off that money. We know you've got it stashed someplace. In a hole, or a bank, or buried, or something. You can't spend it—you know that as well as I do. We've got every number on the bills. The first one you break, you'll be nailed. And that'll be the end of your parole."

"Meaning back to the joint, hmm?"

"You did eleven on a thirty," Stevens said. "You hardnose us and we could see you did the other nineteen." He shrugged. "On the other hand, our department could be helpful—if you want to be helpful. We could make a . . . well, a . . ."

"A fair exchange?"

Stevens nodded. "We could set you up in a good job, get you off paper. Maybe even kick in with a little reward."

Marty threw his cigarette out the window. "What's a fair exchange for eleven years?" He grinned. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Stevens."

Stevens drove on in tight silence until they came to town. "Front Street good enough?"

Marty nodded. "Just right. I always liked the hotels here you know—so economical."

"It doesn't have to be that way."

Stevens pulled up to the curb by a park full of old men with dirty beards and foul smells to them. He reached in his pocket, pulled out some bills, and slipped them to Marty.

"A hundred bucks," Marty said softly. "You don't want that money too bad, do you?"

"It's the top my expense sheet will take," Stevens said bluntly. "But we'll get that money back—I'm a patient man."

"Me too," Marty said. "I've had practice."

At least the money let him get a room that was clean. A nice room in a boarding house run by a sweet old lady type. And a job came easily too—at a magnificent sixty-five dollars a week. But, anyone could run a drill press.

The room lasted three days. When he got home from work the third day, the little old lady was on the stoop. "I'm sorry Mr. Valentine, but a Mister Stevens was here and . . ." She let her hands flutter. "I try to run . . ."

"I know. A respectable house." Marty went up to pack. So he wanted to play rough, did he?

And, when Marty walked into work the next morning, he could see it coming in the boss's cool eyes. "A mister Stevens called on me and . . ."

"Save it," Marty said. "There's more jobs."

When he walked out the door

with a three-day check a few minutes later, Marty wasn't even surprised to find Stevens waiting. He got in the car without even saying hello.

"How's tricks?" Stevens asked.

"You play dirty, don't you?"

"We're willing to deal," Stevens said.

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand."

Marty opened the car door. "See you around."

Stevens grinned. "You bet you will. I'm a—"

"I know, you're a patient man."

Seven rooms and nine jobs later, Marty realized just how patient Stevens was. Very patient—too patient for his own good. He called the regional office with change from the latest of his one-day checks. Five minutes later, Stevens met him in a quiet bar.

"Still want to deal?" Marty asked.

"Always."

"Fifty grand," Marty said. "Or I'll get it and burn every goddamn bill."

"You wouldn't do that," Stevens said.

"Wouldn't I?"

"You might."

"Deal?"

"I'll have to talk to the chief," Stevens said. "I can't guarantee anything but . . ."

"But you think so, is that it?"

"That's it."

"And my parole?"

Stevens backed away. "Wait a minute now. I don't—"

"Fifty grand for me, no parole, and a waiver against any further action."

"You drive a hard bargain," Stevens said.

"For a million that's cheap."

"All right," Stevens said. "When?"

"Your office—at two o'clock. I'll have it all but my fifty grand. You better have the release papers and the waiver ready."

"They will be."

Marty grinned, walking out of the bar. Fair exchange? It just might be at that. He ran over the next couple hours mentally. Cable to Switzerland, travel bureau, airport, all checked.

Stevens was waiting at two, papers on his desk. Marty sat down, laid the bank draft on the desk. "I couldn't get cash."

"I didn't think you could." Stevens slid a government check over to him. "We keep our word. Sit tight now while I have that check verified. I hope it's for real."

It was. "I figured you'd have it over there," Stevens said. "I didn't think you'd be fool enough to keep registered bills. But you still couldn't have spent it. We could have kept you on parole for nineteen years yet, you know. By then, you'd be too old to enjoy it."

Marty nodded. "Yeah, I guess

you're right. It'd be pretty hard to suddenly start dropping hundred dollar bills around on parole, wouldn't it?"

Stevens slid over the other papers on the desk. "Here's your discharge and the waiver—you earned it."

"I guess I did," Marty said. "Eleven years, huh?"

"You guys never learn," Stevens said, leaning back in his chair. "You think fifty grand is worth eleven years? I'm a patient man, but I couldn't—"

Marty stood up suddenly and looked at his watch. "Sorry—I've got to go." He turned for the door,

then stopped with a grin. "Did you say that fifty grand wasn't a fair exchange for eleven years?"

"Is it?"

"Hell no," Marty said.

"You guys never learn though," Stevens repeated.

"I guess you're right," Marty said. He started out the door, then turned again. "By the way, did you know that the interest on a million comes to over five-hundred and fifty bucks a *week*? You figure that out for eleven years of fifty-two weeks each, huh? You're a patient man." He winked. "I've got to catch a plane to Acapulco."

