

CONTENTS

COMPLETE NOVEL

- PRECISE MOMENT, A Peter Chambers Novel by *Henry Kane* 108

NOVELETTES

- FLOWERS TO THE FAIR, A John J. Malone Novelette by *Craig Rice* 29
- BIG STEAL, A Johnny Liddell Novelette by *Frank Kane* 61
- THE PURPLE COLLAR by *Jonathan Craig* 11

SHORT STORIES

- THE PICKPOCKET by *Mickey Spillane* 57
- THE SCARLET KING by *Evan Hunter* 45
- CRIME OF PASSION, A Shell Scott Story by *Richard S. Prather* 1
- SIX FINGERS by *Hal Ellson* 138
- DEATH SENTENCE, A Manville Moon Story by *Richard Deming* 93
- DEAD ISSUE, A Scott Jordan Story by *Harold Q. Masur* 82

FEATURES

- YOU, DETECTIVE by *Wilson Harman* 136
- CRIME CAVALCADE by *Vincent H. Gaddis* 55
- WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT? by *Sam Ross* 27
- PORTRAIT OF A KILLER by *Dan Sontup* 105
- MUGGED AND PRINTED 144

JOHN McCLOUD, Editor
CHAS. W. ADAMS, Art Director

HAL WALKER, Managing Editor
R. E. DECKER, Business Manager

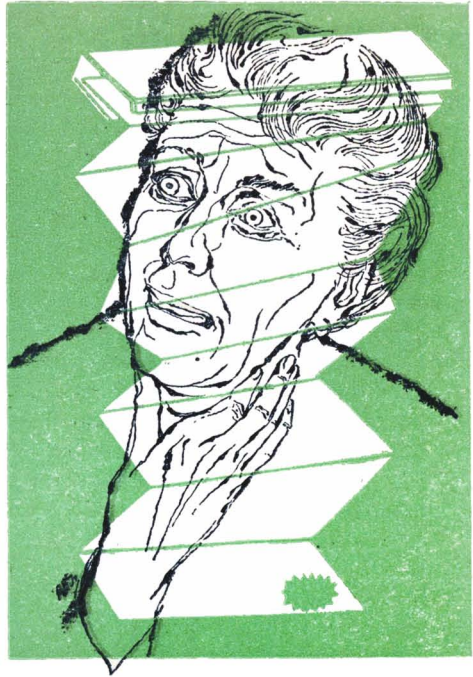
MANHUNT VOLUME 2, NUMBER 11, ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, DECEMBER 25, 1954. Single copies 35 cents. Subscriptions, \$4.00 for one year in the United States and Possessions; elsewhere \$5.00 (in U. S. funds) for one year. Published monthly by Flying Eagle Publications, Inc., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Application for second class entry is pending at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. The entire contents of this issue are copyrighted 1954 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 the U. S. A.

It just wasn't Scott Jordan's day. First he got slapped with a five thousand dollar bail. Then he met up with a corpse.

Dead Issue

A Scott Jordan Story

BY HAROLD Q. MASUR



THE judge looked down at me and banged his gavel. I heard him set bail and my eyes widened. Assignment to night court had not improved his dyspeptic temperament.

"Why, you simple-headed, sanctimonious old —"

"Next case," he rumbled.

"One moment, your honor," I said, out loud this time and not under my breath, "five thousand dollars seems rather excessive under the circumstances. I think five hundred would be more —"

He interrupted with a stony glare.

"Are you instructing the bench how to run this court, counselor?"

"No, your honor, but we have a simple charge here —"

"Ha! Assault in the second degree, wilfully inflicting serious bodily injury upon this man, Tom Clinton, knocking out one front incisor and fracturing his left forearm. There was no earthly reason for exercising such a degree of force. You are a lawyer, Mr. Jordan, not a hoodlum."

"But he was prowling around my office, Your Honor. I caught him emerging from the file room and when I tried to detain him, he swung

at me. He refused to explain what he was doing there and —”

“He did not refuse, and he had a right to be there. A law office is open to the public. The door is an invitation to enter. He said he came to see you about drawing his will, and found the place deserted. He was looking for someone when you attacked him.”

“He’s lying.”

“Perhaps. On the other hand, if you didn’t like the man’s explanation, you should have summoned a policeman. Instead you elected to decide the issues and inflict punishment yourself. The Assistant District Attorney tells me you have a tendency to take the law into your own hands.” He pitched his head sideways, sounding irascible. “Now, that will be all, counselor. I have no intention of turning this court into a forum for public debate. Next case.”

I held my tongue, but my internal temperature was up about ten degrees. Usually a judge will release a lawyer on his own recognizance, but this bird was suffering from bad digestion or a henpecking wife.

I turned and saw Louis Homer in the back of the room, grinning at me. I beckoned and he came. Louis was a bail bondsman.

I said, “Will you post a bond for me, Louis?”

“Sure. You got security?”

“Please,” I said, looking pained. “No humor. I’m not in the mood. Just send the bill to my office.” I

started searching for the complainant, caught a glimpse of him disappearing through the door, and headed after him. I didn’t get far. A set of fingers lassoed my arm and swung me around.

“Just a minute, counselor.” It was a city detective named Wienick.

“Not now,” I said. “I’m on a job.”

“Me too.”

“I’m in a hurry.”

“Forget it. You’re wanted up on 20th Street.”

“Lieutenant Nola?”

“The same.”

“Can’t it wait?”

He shook his head. “Let’s go.”

“But I’m trying to catch someone.”

“So are we.”

“Who?”

“A murderer.”

I stopped struggling and blinked at his impassive face. He was dead serious and his iron grip on my arm brooked no argument. He had a squad car waiting under the street lamp and he conveyed me to the back seat. A uniformed cop straightened behind the wheel. The engine coughed and thundered and the siren keened and the tires started rolling.

“Who got shelved?” I inquired.

“A woman.”

“Where do I fit?”

“Ask the lieutenant.”

“Taciturn this evening,” I said. “All right. You’re following instructions. The lieutenant wants to play it cagey. But you can at least explain

ow you knew where to find me.”

“Easy.” He almost smiled. It was an effort but he tried. “Went to our apartment and found nobody home. Took a crack at your usual hangouts. No luck. Tried your office – bull’s-eye. Couldn’t shut the right man up. He told me about the fight in your office and how he talked the cops. Phoned the precinct sergeant and learned you were in night court. What gives, Jordan?”

I shrugged. “Search me. I had a late appointment with a client and went down for a cup of coffee. The punk must have been lurking out in the hall. When he saw me I guess he probably thought I had one for the day and walked in.”

“What was he after?”

“How do I know? Petty cash, maybe. He lied to the Judge. Said he changed his mind about drawing will after he sized me up.”

“Did you have to break his arm?”

“That was an accident,” I said resentfully. “He swung and missed and I swung and connected and he slipped and fell and cracked it on the desk.”

The car pulled up at 230 West 10th Street, which is headquarters for the Homicide Squad handling murders committed on this side of Manhattan. We went up to Nola’s office and he took his chin out of a sleeve, staring at me, unsmiling.

John Nola, Detective-lieutenant, Homicide, a neat slender sober man with a dark intelligent face, alert as a squirrel and tougher than

yesterday’s eggstains, inflexible and incorruptible, a career cop who’d pulled himself up from the ranks and danced at the end of nobody’s string. I liked, respected, and had worked in harmony with him on several cases.

He turned balefully to Wienick. “What took you so long?”

The detective explained about night court.

Nola dismissed it with a wave of his hand and switched back to me. “Unimportant. The name Millicent Mack mean anything to you?”

My mouth was suddenly dry. “Yes.”

“She’s dead.”

I stared at him. Bitter saliva threaded its way down my throat. “How?”

“Shot leaving her apartment.”

“When?”

“Early this evening, about six o’clock.”

My knees were weak and I sat down. I made a fist and almost broke it on his desk. “God damn it!” I said. “I spoke to her on the phone only this afternoon. She wanted to see me and made an appointment for 6:30. I was waiting for her when that other thing happened.”

“What did she want to see you about?”

“She didn’t say. She sounded upset and hinted that it was important.” I frowned at him. “What led you to me?”

“A piece of paper we found in her purse. It had your name and

address on it. She involved in one of your cases?"

"No."

"How come she selected you?"

"Because we used to work together in the same office. She was legal secretary to my first boss, Malcom Warner. He's dead now and I took over what was left of his practise." I shook my head violently. "Millicent Mack. She was sixty-five if she was a day. A sweet old lady, a spinster, without relatives. Who the hell would knock her off?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"Robbery?"

"I doubt it. Apparently nothing in her apartment was touched."

"Clues?"

"Not even a smell. Somebody rang her bell and when she opened the door, bang!"

"How about the neighbors?"

"They heard nothing. He must have used a silencer."

"The elevator boy?"

"It's a walkup."

We batted it around for a while, inspecting various angles. After a moment, Nola rubbed the back of his neck and his cheek bulged thoughtfully behind his tongue.

"How about this Tom Clinton? You think he might be connected with the murder?"

"Beats me."

"Suppose we talk to him."

"I'd like that. Call the precinct and get his address."

Nola used the phone. He spoke

briefly, listened, scratched with his pencil, broke the connection, and was starting to push upright when the door opened. A city employee poked his head through and met the lieutenant's inquiring eye.

"We found Miss Mack's maid. She's here now."

"Send her in," Nola said, settling back in his chair.

A short round cinnamon-tinted female entered, looking nervous and unhappy. Nola spent a couple of minutes putting her at ease. He learned that she had been working for Millicent Mack three hours a day, four afternoons a week, for over a year.

"You understand that Miss Mack is dead."

She nodded and dabbed a handkerchief at the corners of her eyes, swallowing hugely.

"Did she have many visitors?" Nola asked.

"Never. 'Cepting the last two days. A lady came to visit each afternoon."

"The same lady?"

"Different ones. I announced them."

"Do you remember their names?"

"Only the second one. A Mrs. Lovett. I remember because Miss Mack told me her husband owned that big department store — Lovett's."

It rang a bell. Old Oscar Lovett had been a client of Malcom Warner's. His first store, a sprawling dingy cavern on 14th Street, had

spilled over into adjoining buildings. Then it had moved up to the Fifties and began catering class merchandise to the carriage trade. When Malcom Warner passed on, Oscar Lovett had found himself new lawyers. I didn't blame him. His interests were vast and I was still unseasoned.

Now Oscar Lovett was gone too. Old age and general deterioration. I had read his obituary in the Times last week, and it had stuck in my memory. Surviving him were Grace Lovett, the widow, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Charles Gair, souvenir of an earlier marriage.

I said to the maid, "Let me refresh your recollection. Miss Mack's first visitor — was the name Mrs. Charles Gair?"

She pounced on it. "Yessir, that's it, Gair. I remember now."

"How long did they stay?" asked Nola.

"'Bout half an hour apiece."

"That will be all, thank you."

He buzzed for the city employee and got her a lift in an official vehicle back to Harlem. His eyes came back to me. "Well?"

"The background is sketchy," I said. "I don't have much but I'll fill you in. Oscar Lovett died last week. His widow had only five years on the course. She used to be a buyer in the lingerie department of the store, and is reputed to be young and beautiful. I have never seen her."

"Who is Mrs. Gair?"

I told him and added, "From an

occasional gossip column or two, I gathered there was considerable friction between the two ladies. Mrs. Gair resented the marriage."

"Why?"

"Well, now, she was a legally adopted daughter. There was a sizeable inheritance involved."

"How much?"

"A million, perhaps more."

"Quite a slice of motive."

I gave him a nod and a lopsided smile. "How about this Tom Clinton we were going to visit?"

"Okay. It's only a few blocks away. I'll catch the widow next."

The old Chelsea district is only a stone's throw from Homicide West, providing Willie Mays rifles it over the buildings. But we made the trip for nothing; he wasn't home. His landlady had a loose tongue, however, and enjoyed exercising it.

"I saw Tom half an hour ago. He was in a terrible accident. Knocked out a tooth and broke his arm." The victim had been someone else and she was relishing the details. "Tom said a truck hit him. That beautiful blue Cadillac, my goodness, it must be all smashed in. I hope the Lovetts don't fire him."

"Who?" Nola was restraining himself.

"The Lovetts . . . those department store people. Tom's their chauffeur."

He thanked her quickly and hopped down the steps to the squad car. He was inside, with the door

closed, looking out at me through the window and unsmiling. "Police business, Scott. I'll take it alone. Sorry."

Exhaust fumes fanned into my face as the car leaped away, careening around the corner on two wheels and burning an inch of rubber off the tires. I stood there for a moment, alone, feeling like an orphan. Then I shrugged. While he was tackling Mrs. Lovett, at least I could see Mrs. Charles Gair.

A telephone directory gave me the address.

They lived in style, in a tall building on East End Avenue, with an acre of casement windows blinking out over the river, with a fine view of barges and ferries and Welfare Island, with a liveried doorman and polite elevator operators. One of them took me up to the tenth floor.

A slender gent with a Coleman mustache opened the door. He was wearing Bermuda shorts of Irish linen, a slate-gray polo shirt, and white yachting shoes. One eyebrow moved up slightly.

"Something I can do for you, sir?" He had polished manners and first class diction.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Gair."

"She's on the terrace. Who shall I say is calling?"

"Scott Jordan."

If he recognized the name, he gave no sign of it. "Come in. This way, please."

I followed him across the living

room and through a pair of French doors. It was a warm night, with barely a breeze fluttering the drapes. A man and a woman were comfortable in deck chairs, holding long highballs in perspiring glasses. Introductions straightened out everybody's identity.

The woman, a tall severe item, not yet past the deadline, was Anita Gair. The smooth article in Bermuda shorts turned out to be her husband, Charles. And I recognized the name of their visitor, Ray Burroughs, a small precise gent with thinning hair and pince-nez glasses. He was general manager of Lovett's, Incorporated.

I looked pointedly at Anita Gair. "May I speak to you alone?"

She exchanged glances with her husband. "I hardly think that's necessary. I have no secrets from Charles."

"Quite," he said. "Speak up, old boy. What's on your mind?"

I said, "A couple of days ago, your wife visited a woman named Millicent Mack."

"Did you, darling?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jordan, what about it?"

"I'd like to know why."

A meager smile brushed his lips. "I can't see that it's any of your business, to put it bluntly."

"She'll have to tell someone," I said.

"Have to?" His eyebrow was up again.

"Absolutely."

"Who?"

"The police. Millicent Mack is dead."

Anita Gair and Ray Burroughs spilled some of their drink. The chair tipped over behind Burroughs as he bounced to his feet, jaw working spasmodically. Charles reached for his glass and siphoned it off.

Burroughs opened his mouth, managed to emit a little static, and finally got wired for sound. "Dead? . . . How? . . . Old age, accident?"

"Murder," I said.

Charles put his glass down and took a slow breath. "And just what is your position in this thing?"

"I was Millicent Mack's lawyer."

"Why do you come to us?"

"That's obvious, isn't it? Miss Mack was sixty-five years old. In all that time your wife never went to see her. Then she did. Two days later, Miss Mack was dead."

"Does that mean there's any connection between the two incidents?"

"How can I tell without questioning your wife?"

"But you're not a policeman."

"True. And you can toss me out on my ear, if you like."

He showed me his teeth. "I rather think I will."

"Just a moment." Anita Gair held up her hand. "What is it you want to know, Mr. Jordan?"

"The reason for your visit."

"It's quite simple. My step-father, Oscar Lovett, died last week. No will was found, neither in his safe deposit box, nor in his apartment.

I believe Grace — that's his second wife — destroyed it."

"That still doesn't explain why you went to see Miss Mack."

"I wanted to know what was in Dad's will. I called his attorneys, but they hadn't drawn any will for him. Then I thought of his old lawyer, Malcom Warner, and I wondered if Mr. Warner's secretary, who probably did the typing on it, might remember. So I went to see her."

"Did she remember?"

"No."

"That's quite a story," I said.

"Don't you believe me?"

"About this much," I said, holding my thumb and forefinger about a millimeter apart."

"Look here, old boy," Charles demanded, "are you calling my wife a liar?"

"Just about."

He may have looked like a gentleman, but he swung like a longshoreman and he caught me off balance, completely unprepared, and the impact of his fist, flush on the jaw, snapped my head back and sat me down, hard. The cement floor caught me at the base of my spine with a resounding wallop and for a moment I was paralyzed. I collected myself and started to rise slowly, measuring him.

But his hand had reached through a window for the telephone and I heard him asking for a policeman.

One charge of assault and battery was enough. This time the judge

might not even release me on bail, and I had no stomach for spending a whole night in the tank. So I dusted myself off and said pleasantly, "Good evening, folks. Thanks for the hospitality."

I flushed a passing cab and went back to 23rd Street for another go at Tom Clinton. No luck. He was still out. I thought of trying Grace Lovett, but was afraid of barging in on Lieutenant Nola. He wanted the field for himself and he had the authority to back up his demands. So I decided to go home.

I was thinking of a shower and a pair of scrambled eggs when I opened the door. I was thinking of a bourbon and a pair of slippers. I was not thinking of a blonde . . . but that's what I got.

She was sitting in a club chair, smoking a king-size cigarette through a filter-type holder. She was dressed in a tailored suit that fought a losing battle with her figure. Her face was rather angular in structure, the lashes long and curled over a pair of disconcerting blue eyes. Her mouth was wistful, with a full and slightly puckered shining underlip. Whatever you might need, wherever you happened to be, she had it, in spades.

"Mr. Jordan?" she inquired, shaking an ash into the tray.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you don't mind my waiting here in your apartment. I told the superintendent that I was a client of yours and he let me in."

Either I kill that guy, I thought, or I promise him a bonus.

"My name is Grace Lovett," she said. "I wish you'd stop staring like that. Please relax."

I swallowed a bubble of air and walked to the bar. "Excuse me," I said. "I need a drink. Join me?"

"Please."

I poured two brandies and brought her one and sat down on the sofa. "Have you seen the lieutenant?"

"Who?"

"Detective-lieutenant John Nola, Homicide. He was heading for your apartment when I left him about an hour ago."

She shook her head. "No. I haven't been home. I've been waiting here for you."

I took a sip of brandy. "Where's your stooge?"

"Stooge?"

"Tom Clinton, your chauffeur."

She gave me a reproachful look.

"He swung first," I said defensively. "And besides, most of that damage came from a fall. He slipped."

"Yes, I know. He told me."

"I wish he had told the judge. I got nicked for the premium on a five thousand dollar bond. Why was he in my office?"

"I sent him."

"What for?"

"To find a copy of my husband's will. I learned that you had taken over Malcom Warner's practise and I thought you might have a duplicate of the will in your files."

"Who told you?"

"Miss Mack — Miss Millicent Mack."

"You know where she is now?"

"Home, I imagine."

"In the morgue. She was killed earlier this evening, murdered."

She digested it slowly, her lips apart and her face distressed. Suddenly she remembered the brandy in her hand and took a prodigious unladylike pull that put some of the bloom back into her cheeks.

"Why all the cloak-and-dagger stuff? Why didn't you come to me and ask instead of sending your chauffeur?"

"Because I didn't trust anyone."

She dropped her eyes. "I'm sorry. I thought they might have reached you first, perhaps bribed you."

"Who's they?"

"Anita Gair and her husband. They've been against me ever since Oscar and I got married. They said I married him for his money."

"Didn't you?"

"A little bit, maybe. But I was very fond of him, and I respected him. He was a brilliant man."

"Did Oscar ever tell you anything about his will?"

"Yes. He was leaving me the bulk of his estate. There were a few minor bequests to the servants and twenty-five thousand dollars to Anita Gair."

"That's all?"

"She was only his step-daughter."

"All right," I said. "Why did you come to see me?"

"They couldn't find Oscar's will in his safe-deposit box. I searched the apartment and couldn't find it there either. I thought he might have put it in the safe at the store and I asked Ray Burroughs, the general manager, who knows the combination. He looked and said he couldn't find it. If the original is missing, maybe we can prove the duplicate. Tom Clinton was searching your files for it, but you returned unexpectedly and stopped him. Now I have no choice. I'm coming to you directly. Besides, I asked some questions around town and everybody tells me you're tricky but honest."

"Thanks," I said wryly. "Are you retaining me?"

"Yes. I want Oscar's will admitted to probate."

I stood up. "Lady, you've got yourself a lawyer. Go home and wait for my call. One thing more, I want you to send Tom Clinton on a vacation. Tonight. If he doesn't appear as the complainant against me, those charges of assault and battery will be dropped."

"Agreed."

We went down and she took the first cab and I took the second. The night man in Rockefeller Center signed me in and gave me a pass and I took the elevator up to my office.

I sat down with a manual containing the Decedent Estate Law and studied for half an hour. At the end of that time, I checked

the telephone directory for the address of Ray Burroughs, committed it to memory, and quit the office.

The precise little man answered my ring. He opened his door, goggled at me, started to splutter, and tried to slam the door shut. But I put a hand on his chest and backed him into the room.

"What . . ." he said.

"Quiet," I told him, slipping out of my coat and rolling up my sleeves. "Where is it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know," I said. "You know and you're going to tell me. It may take the rest of the night, but I'm a determined man. What happened to Oscar Lovett's will?"

"Please, you're making a mistake."

"No mistake," I said, encompassing the room with a quick circular glance. "Where's your company?"

"What company?" he gulped audibly.

"Two highball glasses on the coffee table. You didn't mix both of them for yourself, did you?"

He shifted uneasily. "No, I—had company for a nightcap, but he's gone now."

"Okay. Let's get back to the will."

"I—I don't understand . . ."

"Not much," I said. "However, I'll spell it out. Sit down."

He sank weakly into a chair, watching me apprehensively, his Adam's Apple working overtime,

and not too much color in his puckered lips.

"Here it is," I said. "Listen. Oscar Lovett's widow asked you to search the store safe for her husband's will. You told her you couldn't find it. That was a lie. You found it and you read it."

He started to open his mouth.

"I'm not finished," I said. "Sit still. The bulk of old Oscar's estate went to Mrs. Lovett, with a paltry token bequest to Anita Gair. If the will was hidden, if it couldn't be found, if Oscar died intestate, his widow, under the law, would inherit only one-third, and the rest would go to Anita Gair as his legally adopted daughter.

"So you went to them with a proposition. For a substantial cut you would dispose of the will. And they agreed. But you had to be sure that no attempt would be made to probate the carbon copy, if one existed. Most probably Millicent Mack was one of the testamentary witnesses and that's how you got her name and address. So Mrs. Gair went to her and learned that a duplicate was probably in my office. Did you steal it?"

"I didn't." Pallor diluted the color in his face. "I swear I didn't."

"That much I'm inclined to believe," I said. "You haven't the guts. I imagine the job was performed by Charles Gair himself. And Charles assumed that Millicent Mack had probably typed out the will and might remember its con-

tents. He paid her a quiet visit and found the old lady greatly disturbed. She'd been told the will was missing and she suspected skulduggery. She told him she remembered the contents and was going to see me.

"That meant she had to die. So he stopped her heart with a bullet and now he felt secure. But not for long."

"Forever, Jordan," a voice said behind me. "Secure forever because you won't live to tell anyone."

He'd come in from the kitchen where he'd been hiding and he held a carving knife in his hand.

"A knife," I said. "What happened to the gun?"

"In the sewers," he whispered, "where it will never be found."

He took a single crablike step in my direction. "Tell me, Jordan, how did you know?"

"It figured," I said. "Somebody found the original of Lovett's will and kept it under his hat. Somebody rifled my files and stole the carbon copy. Somebody killed Millicent Mack who might have remembered its contents. And you were the only people who stood to gain if the old man died intestate."

He coiled his tongue over his parched lips and moved another step forward. "Keep talking."

"I suspected a conspiracy the minute I walked out on your terrace tonight, and your wife refused to see me alone. She wanted all three of you present and listening, in case she missed a cue. She said

Grace must have destroyed the will. That was the last thing Grace would ever do, deprive herself of a fortune. And she lied when she said Oscar Lovett told her he was going to change his will. The old man never believed a word she said about Grace."

And then I stood very still, holding his eyes with my own, not breathing, just watching, the scalp tingling under my hair. It was happening right in front of me, but I could hardly believe it. Ray Burroughs was on his feet, a heavy plaster bookend brandished like a hammer in his fist.

Gair sucked in a heaving breath, lunged, and made his thrust. But the blade never reached me. With a rasping sob, Ray Burroughs slammed the bookend against the taller man's skull. Gair stiffened, his back arched, his eyes glazed, and he fell like a statue.

Burroughs collapsed behind him. "I had to do it," he said in a shredded whisper. "One murder was enough. I didn't count on murder."

"All right," I said. "I'll see what I can do for you. Get some cord and tie him up. Where's the phone?"

He pointed.

I dialled and got through to Nola. "The Millicent Mack murder is all wrapped up. Motive, means, and opportunity. Your man is waiting for you at this address." I gave it to him. "Hurry it up, lieutenant."

Burroughs came back. I took the twine from him and did the job myself.

MUGGED AND PRINTED

MICKEY SPILLANE isn't satisfied with being the creator of Mike Hammer and the top-selling writer in the world today. He's been



branching out, as moviegoers throughout the world know. Not only have two pictures based on his famous novels *I, The Jury* and *The Long Wait* been released nationally, but he's also made his acting debut in the new *Ring Of Fear*. His

latest story for *Manhunt*, *The Pickpocket*, is something of a departure, too. Instead of featuring Mike Hammer, this story stars a new character Spillane has developed: Willie, the reformed pickpocket. We think you'll like him as much as any other Spillane character.

HENRY KANE, whose new complete novel, *Precise Moment*, is featured in this issue, is the famous creator of Peter Chambers. As an ex-



lawyer, Kane's had to do a lot of work with the police and with private eyes, and it's rumored that Chambers may be a composite portrait of several private detectives now operating. In addition to his many appearances in *Manhunt*, Chambers has been fea-

tured in the widely popular novels including *Armchair In Hell*, *Report For A Corpse*, *Halo For Nobody* and others.

HAL ELLSON, author of the best-selling *Duke*, returns this month with the tough and surprising *Six Fingers*. ♦ EVAN HUNTER's novel, *The Blackboard Jungle*, which is being made into an M-G-M movie, will soon be on sale in bookstores. While waiting for the book, take a look at Hunter's *The Scarlet King*. ♦ RICHARD S. PRATHER's newest Shell Scott novel is called *Always Leave 'Em Dying*. His newest Shell Scott short story is called *Crime Of Passion*, in this issue. ♦ RICHARD DEMING's Manville Moon appears in the new Rinehart book, *Whistle Past The Graveyard*. You can also meet Moon in *Death Sentence*, a startling new short story in this issue. ♦ JONATHAN CRAIG is back with another fine and authentic documentary this month. Craig's latest is called *The Purple Collar*. ♦ HAROLD Q. MASUR returns to *Manhunt* with a surprising new story, *Dead Issue*.

CRAIG RICE, the only woman to appear in this all-star issue of *Manhunt*, is also the only detective-story writer ever to appear on the cover of *Time Magazine*,



an honor usually reserved for Presidents, world-famous scientists, and the like. She's the creator of John J. Malone, the lawyer-detective who's appeared in *Having Wonderful Crime*, *Eight Faces At Three*, *The Wrong Murder* (followed, logically enough, by *The Right Murder*), *The Fourth Postman* and other books. Malone's also been featured on radio, TV and the movies and, of course, in many issues of *Manhunt* — though possibly never to such good effect as in the current *Flowers To The Fair*.

FRANK KANE, a familiar figure to *Manhunt* readers, is the author of many novels featuring his tough and knowledgeable private eye, Johnny Liddell. The books in which Liddell's appeared include *Green Light For Death*, *Slay Ride*, *Poisons Unknown* and his latest, *Grave Danger*. Kane's authentic local color, his grasp of police technique and all the important details of homicide investigation, have combined with his writing ability to make such stories as *Big Steal* favorites with readers and critics.

