

## 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*

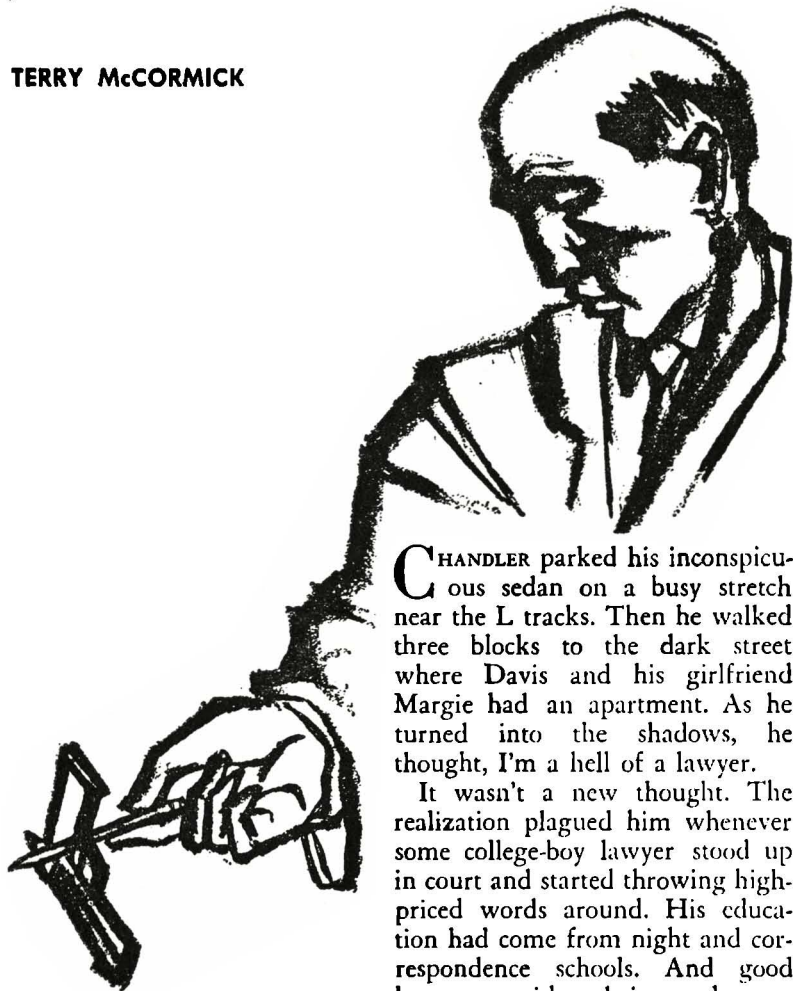
J. PROSKE, *Associate Editor*

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.

# FOR THE DEFENSE

*Chandler's client was guilty. Chandler knew it and so did everyone else. But Chandler knew he would win this one.*

BY TERRY McCORMICK



CHANDLER parked his inconspicuous sedan on a busy stretch near the L tracks. Then he walked three blocks to the dark street where Davis and his girlfriend Margie had an apartment. As he turned into the shadows, he thought, I'm a hell of a lawyer.

It wasn't a new thought. The realization plagued him whenever some college-boy lawyer stood up in court and started throwing high-priced words around. His education had come from night and correspondence schools. And good lawyers, with their mahogany desks and big soundproof offices,

weren't forever being appointed to defend some guilty bastard. They got paid for it.

Joey Davis, was guilty all right. One night two months ago he'd gotten fed up wrestling warehouse freight, had himself half a dozen beers and a couple of shots, and plugged old man Filcher while trying to rob the cash drawer in his grocery.

"The gun went off in my hand," Davis had pleaded during their first meeting at the jail. "Honest, I didn't think it was loa—"

"Save it for the barber who shaves your head!" Chandler growled and saw the watery blue eyes opposite him close sickishly for an instant. "Where'd you get the gun in the first place and where is it now?"

"Look, Mr. Chandler—"

"No, you look!" Chandler growled again. "I'm *your* lawyer, appointed by the court, but never theless. . . . I don't owe the D. A.'s office a damn thing, 'cept maybe a kick in the collective ass. They've beat me three times running, but this case I'm gonna win."

The gun, a foreign-made .25, belonged to a friend, a friend who fortunately had his own troubles. He wasn't about to admit supplying an excon with the right time. Davis had tossed the gun into a lot on North Clark.

"A distinctive weapon," Chandler thought aloud, "a pinch to-identify. Let's hope the police don't get hold of it before I do."

"You'll get rid of it for me?" The words came wrapped in a tight, uncertain whisper.

Chandler rose to leave and smiled. "Anything for a client, Joey. That's my motto. Kid, chin up."

He found the tiny automatic—one cartridge left in its magazine—half hidden in a welter of weeds and blindly discarded beer cans. But things weren't meant to be that simple! The district attorney's office, with only a circumstantial case, had begun leaking publicity. A prospective juror couldn't read through his favorite paper without being reminded that Joey Davis was a two time loser. While in prison, for armed robbery, he had displayed vicious tendencies.

They can afford to be surreptitious as hell, but, the lawyer decided, I can't.

\* \* \*

Only a handful of reporters showed up for Chandler's hastily called news conference. Smelling of sweat and fresh gin, they crowded the loft office and stood around, talking impatiently among themselves. Chandler unwrapped, lit and inhaled a thin cigar. As he exhaled, he began:

"My client's a very unfortunate young man. The kind who makes enemies easily." He perched on the splintery edge of the old desk that had come with the office. "It's our

contention that one of these enemies is framing him, attempting legal murder.

One reporter coughed, but said nothing.

"Our killer overlooked something, though—one thing!" Chandler paused, let his words mix with the cloud of blue smoke trying to escape out the skylight. "Davis has an alibi. On the night in question, he was at home."

"With Margie what's-er-name?"

Chandler shot back, "That's right. And she'll swear to it in court."

"Sure, Counselor." It was the same reporter. "With her playmate on his way to the chair, what else could anybody expect?"

\* \* \*

What else? Chandler's mind repeated now as he knocked at the apartment door. The apartment was at the end of a narrow, green-lit hall like the halls in a hundred other furnished buildings. He had entered and would leave again by the fire stairs.

The girl who opened the door was like a hundred others, too. Not as young, not as pretty as she seemed at first glance.

"Can I come in, Margie?"

She nodded, puzzled. And when the door was closed again, she said, "I wasn't expecting anybody. You said—Mr. Chandler, you said you'd see me tomorrow in court."

"I know. But I can't have you coming down with witness stand jitters over night."

"I'll be okay." Her gaze refused to meet his. "There's some coffee on the stove."

"Sounds good," he admitted, his words persuading her into the kitchenette. "Remember Mr. Appleton?"

She considered. "He's bald, with a nice smile?"

"That's the bucko," Chandler said to the girl's back. "Tomorrow, Margie, after I finish, he'll have the right to question you."

There was no expression in the voice that asked, "Will he do it?"

"Yes—"

The coffee maker clattered metallicly against the stove top.

"—probably he will."

A wind-like rush of courage swept through her words. "Then I'll have to tell him! That Joey and me were right here together for that whole night."

Chandler didn't answer. He picked up the evening paper, already folded open to the story. Fact, claim, counter claim. It was all there. Complete down to a smeared photo of Margie and her home address. There for the eyes of the jurors and a million other people scattered across the city.

"They all know that you love Joey," he said at last. "They even know just about what you'd say on the stand. And everyone expects it to be a lie."

She tried to say something, but no words came.

"A jury would never believe you."

"But," she began, "That means —"

"No," he assured her, "I've found another way. Margie, don't you see? A way of convincing the law that someone *is* out to get Joey. Someone who wants to see him die."

And then the lawyer was sudden-

ly silent. Because he sensed that the girl was about to turn and face him, and because he'd already taken the foreign-made automatic from his pocket.

The distinctive little gun still loaded with a single tiny bullet. A bullet police experts would match to the ones Davis had actually fired.

Now Chandler picked up a sofa pillow, muffling the shot that would save his client's life.

