

GUILTY

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE

Vol. 6 — No. 1

September, 1961

CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

- THE NUDE IN THE DEEP FREEZE *by James Rosenquest* 2
Rigor mortis hadn't set in, the body was on ice
- BEATNIK WIFE *by Dan Malcolm* 14
When a wife turns beatnik it's bad, man, bad!
- SIDE JOB *by Carroll Mayers* 23
The killing had to be smooth and slick
- MAD DOG KILLER *by Neal Neitzel* 29
A human beast, he wasn't fit to live
- I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE *by Ed Chase* 39
I had my mitts on some really big money
- ON WITH THE KILLING *by Dan Brennan* 48
I was a racket man, couldn't wince at murder
- DEATH CAN BE BEAUTIFUL *by Russell Thompson* 61
Mark had a neat racket. It concerned death
- THE UGLY WOMAN *by Michael Zurroy* 72
She wanted only one thing -- but bad!
- STEPPING UP IN CLASS *by Henry H. Guild* 84
I wanted to get ahead fast, fast, fast!
- WALK AWAY FROM DEATH *by Harrison Smith* 97
I was scared but capable of violent action

NOVELETTE

- DEADLY CALL GIRL *by Ray McKensie* 104
Expensive, she could cost a man his life

W. W. Scott — Editor

GUILTY DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE is published quarterly by Feature Publications Inc., at 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial office at 32 West 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y. Second class postage paid at the post office at Holyoke, Mass., August 20, 1956, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 35c. Subscription rates, \$4.00 for 12 issues. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts; and all such material must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes. All stories printed in the magazine are fiction, and any similarity between the characters and actual persons is coincidental. Copyright 1961 by Feature Publications, Inc. All rights, including translation, reserved under International Copyright Convention and Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U. S. A.

SIDE JOB

The hit just had to go slick
and smooth for a good reason

by CARROLL MAYERS

THE dame was a redhead, wearing a tight black dress with a revealing bodice. She was probably on the wrong side of thirty-five, but her skin was flawless, her thrusting figure vibrant. As she eased onto a bar stool with a flash of sleek nylon, there wasn't a male eye in the place cocked anywhere else.

"I'm looking for an Edward Lasco," she told me quietly.

It was only a little after nine on a slow, rainy night. The bar wasn't crowded and I could have given an immediate answer. But I stalled, rinsing out a shot glass, while I covertly studied her. If she meant a potential job for Eddie, he might want my opinion.

"I beg your pardon?"

Her hazel eyes sought, held mine. "Edward Lasco," she said. "I understand I can contact him here." The "here"



conveyed just a hint of distaste as her gaze flicked about briefly.

I gave the bar a hard swipe. My spot wasn't the Ritz, but it was neat and clean and had a nice take, which the Syndicate let me keep. Plenty of wise-aces will tell you the Syndicate has no heart, that nobody ever pulls out. All I know is, after only twelve years service—when my heart began acting up—the Syndicate let me quit, financed the bar one hundred percent. Sure, once in awhile they'd use my place for a numbers drop for a month or two, or maybe a small book, but mostly it was all mine, with no strings.

The dame completed her survey, brought her gaze back to me, waited. Irritated, I said shortly: "I don't place the name."

A grinning Marine sergeant took the stool next to her, sharp eyes expectant. She glanced at him coolly, then told me: "A daiquiri. Please bring it over." Leaving the bar, she crossed to one of the booths.

The sergeant shrugged off the snub, watching the smooth undulation of svelte hips. I

served him a rye highball, fiddled with the TV, still stalling the dame. Finally, I built her drink, took it across. Regardless of my irritation, I knew I had no call to obstruct Eddie from picking up some extra dough, if that was what the red-head represented.

And there was another point for the Syndicate; they liked Eddie, were well satisfied with his work. So long as he took care of the big jobs that came up periodically, they had no objection to his turning a G or so for himself if the occasion presented. Don't ever run down the Syndicate to me.

The dame smiled faintly as I served her. "You're positive you don't place Mr. Lasco?"

"Who's asking about him?"

She sipped the daiquiri. "I am."

"I should've known."

My sarcasm at her name skirting was wasted; she relaxed in the booth, eyeing me calmly. "I've made certain inquiries. Discretely. As I said, I understand Mr. Lasco may be contacted here."

I glanced back; the bar was filling up. I said shortly: "He's not here. You want to wait.

I'll tell him if he shows."

Those hazel eyes were steady over the glass. "Thank you."

For the next hour, aside from ordering another drink, the dame ignored me. She lounged back, discouraged a couple of pickups, watched the TV.

Eddie came in around thirty. He was a good-looking kid, with lean features, sombre black eyes. Only twenty-three, he'd achieved his special niche in the Syndicate in just four years.

That was what I admired about Eddie. When you're fifty and going nowhere special, you've got to hand it to the young bloods who are. Sure, I'd had to drop out after only twelve years, but even before quitting I'd been just an average muscle; I'd never had Eddie's ambition and drive.

When the Syndicate set up my bar, Eddie'd been one of the neighborhood gang, but he'd done more than hang around. Before long he was running some numbers, shoving a little H. At nineteen, the Syndicate took him on in earnest. He'd risen fast, become real slick at his job. And he'd climb higher.

"Don't look around," I told

Eddie as I drew him a beer, "but the redheaded dame in the booth's been asking for you."

He took a swallow. "She say who she is?"

"No."

Eddie grunted. "Job?"

I nodded. "Could be."

He drank again. "I'll check her."

A bleached blonde along the bar called for service. I moved down, satisfied to see Eddie finish his beer, then leisurely strolled into the men's room. When he returned, I knew he'd carefully scrutinized the dame both going and coming.

"I've seen her," he told me. "Of her photo. But I can't tab her."

"She can be tailed."

He grinned at me. "Let's have another beer."

A few minutes later, Eddie left. Shortly afterward, the dame signalled me. I went over.

"Apparently Mr. L a s c o hasn't come in."

"I didn't say he would."

She drew two bills from her purse. "I can't wait any longer," she said, swinging stunning legs from the booth. "Perhaps tomorrow night?"

I picked up the bills. "Come in anytime," I said.

THE dame didn't come back the following night, but Eddie dropped by around eleven, quietly filled me in. "I knew I knew that redhead. I hung around, tailed her to the Beverly Arms on Seventy-ninth, checked her out afterward. She's Elaine Waldron. Mark Waldron's the diamond magnate."

I knew the old boy; he'd been in all the supplements, Upper brackets, socially and financially, with a swank salon on Madison. A hard-bitten character, pushing sixty, close with a buck and inordinately proud—probably damned jealous—of his recently-wed and considerably younger wife.

I said, "Go easy, kid."

He shrugged. "I'm not going anywhere until she spells it out." He finished his beer, tossed me a dollar. "Maybe tomorrow night."

Eddie called it. The following night Elaine Waldron came in just before nine, took the same booth. Eddie showed a quarter-hour later.

When Eddie braced the bar, caught my eye, I nodded slightly, went on with my work. At the first lull, I walked across to the dame. Eddie sauntered after me.

I said, "You were asking for Edward Lasco?"

If she recognized Eddie from the first night, she gave no sign. Crushing a cigarette, she smiled at him briefly. "Sit down, Mr. Lasco."

Twenty minutes later, Elaine Waldron left. Eddie hung around until closing, watching TV. As I swabbed down the bar he remarked casually: "It's a big one." He tapped his pocket. "Two G's now, two after. And one for a bonus."

"You want to tell me any more?"

He grinned. "I usually do. The dame was on the make when she married Waldron. Now she's heated up with some younger talent. Struggling artist type. They're already playing house. She wants Waldron's dough and the business. And she thinks the old boy's getting suspicious. That's why the bonus."

"For quick action?"

"Right. For that kind of

dough, it'll be damned quick."

I said, "Watch yourself, kid."

Eddie's grin spread. "Relax. It'll be clean." Then he tossed a bill on the bar for the beers he'd had. "See you," he said.

After that, I didn't expect Eddie to drop around for awhile. Usually, he kept out of circulation when he was setting up a job. Two nights later, though, he came in early, took a stool at the end of the bar.

I drew his Schlitz. "Everything okay?"

He nodded, smiling. "Perfect." He took a swallow, turned his attention to the TV.

I didn't press Eddie. Nobody did. As a matter of fact, trade picked up immediately afterward, and I practically forgot about Eddie—until Mark Waldron came in.

I recognized the old boy instantly from those newspaper articles. Thin lips set, sharp eyes probing, he didn't approach the bar but settled into the farthest booth.

I shot a quick glance at Eddie, caught his placid expression, knew the score. As the dame had intimated, Waldron had become suspicious.

He'd had his wife checked, learned of her visits to my place. Probably believing them assignments, he was now waiting to catch her with the young buck who was steaming Elaine.

And Eddie had done some checking himself; he'd known Waldron would show. This was the night.

I felt vaguely uneasy. Eddie was tops at his job, but he'd never before worked out a set-up certain to bring the law snooping around my spot. Because I suddenly knew the site just as though Eddie had tipped me: the narrow alley adjoining the bar. Convenient. Sparsely traveled. And dark—

Business grew still brisker; the bar was jammed. I had my hands full building drinks, including a gin and tonic for Waldron. I had no time to talk to Eddie, wouldn't have bothered if I had. Eddie was working on schedule; he relaxed on his stool, nursing beers and watching TV, waiting for Waldron to leave.

The old boy had only that one drink. He hunched tensely over the booth table, scanning everybody who entered. An

hour went by. An hour forty-five. Then, apparently giving up for the night, Waldron abruptly came to the bar, paid his tab, walked out.

I'd just brought Eddie another beer. He slipped casually off the stool. "Sit tight," he muttered. Then he followed Waldron. I wiped my palms on my apron...

Two teen-agers cutting through the alley discovered the body. The cops got around to my place twenty minutes later. Some of the customers still there remembered Waldron; some didn't. Those who did weren't certain just when he'd left. And nobody tied in those five minutes I'd ducked back to the stock room.

That's right. Like I said. I was uneasy; I wanted to check. The stock room had a door admitting to the alley. I slipped

back, glimpsed Waldron crawling on hands and knees toward the street. A weak bulb over the stock room door glinted off the half of the knife Eddie'd buried in the old bastard's back.

"H-help me!" Waldron wheezed.

In all my years with the Syndicate, I'd never given anybody the big shove, but this was different. This was one job Eddie'd slipped on. Eddie rated high in the Syndicate; I wanted to see him climb higher. But he wouldn't if he tripped up here, if Waldron had seen his face, lived long enough to blurt a description—

So I saved Eddie, finished off Waldron with two more stabs.

I figure any father would do as much for his own kid.

THE END

