

*Cover by Frank Cozzarelli***CONTENTS****FULL-LENGTH NOVEL**FIRST MAN CAUGHT *by Lee E. Wells* 83**NOVELETTE**TO KILL A WIFE *by Lionel White* 53**SHORT STORIES**DEAD COPS ARE MURDER *by Jack Ritchie* 1NIGHT CHILL *by Carroll Mayers* 12ROUND-ROBIN WITH RIFLES *by Ralph Cherry* 18MONEY ON HER BODY *by Jack Q. Lynn* 21SWEET VENGEANCE *by Lee Harbaugh* 30MARKED MAN *by Dan Sontup* 34HONEY OF A COME-ON *by John R. Starr* 45TREAT ME RIGHT *by Roy Carroll* 71GETAWAY! *by Edward D. Hoch* 79

MICHAEL ST. JOHN, Publisher

R. E. DECKER, General Manager

WALTER R. SCHMIDT, Editorial Director WILLIAM MANNERS, Managing Ed.

CHARLES W. ADAMS, Art Director

N. F. KING, Associate Editor

GERALD ADAMS, Assistant Art Director

JOE SHORE, Advertising Rep.

MURDER Volume 1, Number 1, September 1956. Single copies 35 cents. Subscriptions, \$1.00 for twelve issues in the United States and Possessions; elsewhere \$5.00 (in U.S. funds) for twelve issues. Published quarterly by Flying Eagle Publications, Inc., 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Application for second class entry pending in New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Holyoke, Massachusetts. The entire contents of this issue are copyrighted 1956 by Flying Eagle Publications, Inc. under the International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Postage must accompany manuscripts if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. 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.

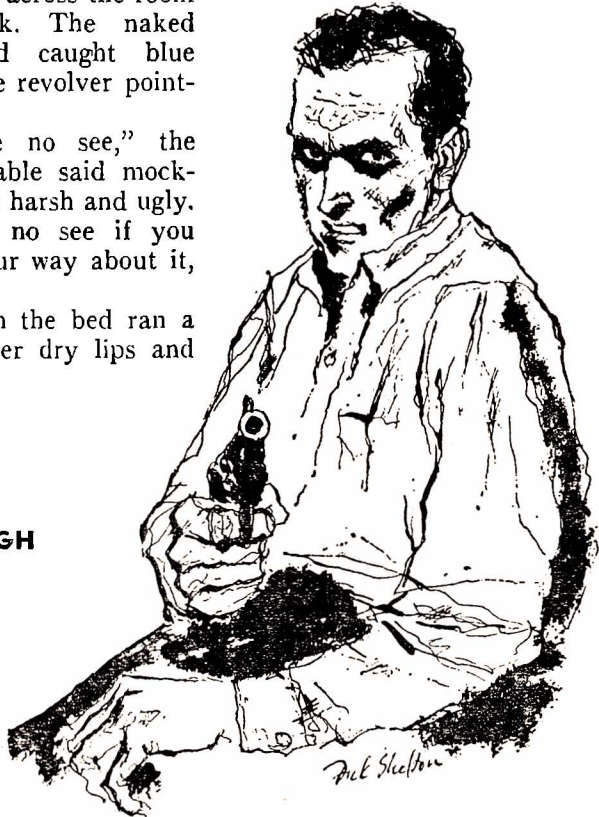
sweet vengeance

THE MAN seated at the table smiled. It was not a pleasant smile, for there was no humor or warmth in it. Seeing it, the man seated on the untidy bed across the room crouched back. The naked bulb overhead caught blue lights from the revolver pointed at him.

"Long time no see," the man at the table said mockingly, his voice harsh and ugly. "Longer time no see if you could have your way about it, eh, Ed?"

The man on the bed ran a dry tongue over dry lips and

Before the trigger was pulled, there had to be this little talk. No point being impolite.



BY
LEE HARBAUGH

tried to smile. "Now take it easy, Frank!"

"Oh, I *am* taking it easy, Ed," the other said softly. "I been taking it easy for fifteen years. Up' there in the Big House I've had a real good rest. And plenty of time to think. And to plan." He struck a match with his left hand and lighted a cigarette while the right hand held the gun steady. "You never been in stir, have you, Ed? Nice long nights to think things out. One night I'd figure that I'd choke you to death, nice and slow, then the next night I'd decide to use a knife. It's surprising how many ways you can figure out to kill a guy once you put your mind to it."

The other gripped the dirty bedclothes until his knuckles were white against them. "Look, Frank, I can explain everything if you'll just listen!"

"There's just one thing I want to know." Frank said, leaning forward. "Where is she? Where is Ione? Ione, the beautiful loving wife who helped you hang a murder rap around my neck. Where is she, Ed?"

"I don't know, Frank. Honest to God. I don't know. Why should I? I don't know where

she went after she left Chicago."

"That's a lie," Frank said. "It took me a long time to tumble to the fact that I had been framed. but once I did, it wasn't too hard to figure out what had happened. There's lots of ways of getting information in stir. maybe more ways than there are on the outside. You see, we're just one big, unhappy family in stir, but we stick together." He laughed mirthlessly.

"You've got the whole thing wrong, Frank," the man on the bed said desperately. "Somebody's been lying to you. Here's what happened. The truth was that I was headed back to the hotel with the money to split with you and Ione and I got slugged and robbed. I've always thought it was one of Lefty Taylor's boys because they'd been sniffing around, but I couldn't prove a thing."

"So you sat back when they identified a body as yours and let me sit in the chair for it! That's real artistic, Ed. You must have shed a lot of tears, you and Ione, when you heard that I'd got a commutation. You must have felt real bad about it!" His eyes blazed. "There's been lots of times

when I've been sorry myself that I didn't burn. I'd rather take that than fifteen years of hell!"

"I didn't know anything about it, Frank. You've got to believe me! You've always had a hot temper and I didn't know what you'd do when you found the money gone, so I just blew. I didn't know a thing about what happened later."

Frank laughed contemptuously. "Fifteen years ago I might possibly have bought that, Ed, but not now. It stinks!"

ED LEANED forward eagerly. "Look, Frank, this is what I figured happened. When I was rolled, the guy took all of my stuff, too, and later on when somebody bumped him, he still had my stuff in his pockets. You see how it could happen that way, don't you?"

"And when you heard about it you rushed right out to tell the nearest cop that it wasn't you that was planted six feet underground so as to take the heat off of me. Sure you did. Save your breath, Ed. You're going to need it. Let me tell you what happened. You and

Ione had been cooking this thing up for a long time, I can see that now. I shouldn't have been fooled by all that wifely devotion because I knew Ione like a book. Ione is going to look out for Ione and to hell with the rest." At something in the other's face, he chuckled. "You found that out later, didn't you? I'll bet Ione cleaned you out of every cent. Right?"

The other didn't answer, but Frank nodded. "Yeah, I thought so. Well, I'm glad she got it. I'd rather she had it than a snivelling little sneak like you. You know your big mistake, Ed?" His voice was almost kind. "Your big mistake was in thinking you could disappear and yet take a beautiful woman with you—and Ione was a beauty. A man can slip around and keep in the background and not be noticed, but not a woman. At least, not a woman like Ione. The only thing she lives for is attention. And once she got her hands on all that money and started loading up with furs and diamond rings, the two of you left a trail so big that a blind man with paralysis could have followed it. I wonder what Ione is like now. How long has it been since

you've seen her?" His voice was almost pleading.

When Ed didn't answer, he sighed. "It's funny how you go on loving a woman, even when you know she's a bitch. After I finish with you, I'm going to hunt until I find Ione. When I find her, I'm going to beat hell out of her and then she's going to be my wife again, whether she likes it or not. After fifteen years, I can be as hard as she is because I don't mind slapping a woman around when she needs it. That's the only kind of love Ione understands."

"I saw Marty Logan awhile back and he said he saw Ione in Palm Beach," Ed said eagerly. "Maybe if you were to go right down there, you'd find her right off."

"Now, don't you worry about my finding Ione," Frank said softly. "I'm pretty good at finding people. I followed you over hundreds of miles and through a dozen different names but I found you. Here!" He looked with contempt at the shabby hotel room. "This is where you belong and it's a good place for

you to die. In a rat hole!"

The sweat stood out greasily on Ed's face. "Don't!" he cried. "You said that fifteen years in prison was hell. You don't want to go back for fifteen more, do you? Think what it would be like, going in for another stretch! You can't want revenge that bad!"

The gun in Frank's hand lifted until it pointed at Ed's head. "Remember I told you that I had had plenty of time to think?" Frank said. "There was enough time to read, too, any old thing that would pass the time, even old law books. You know, I found something in them that interested me a great deal. You know what it was? I learned that you can't place a person on trial for his life for the same crime twice. Double jeopardy, it's called. I served fifteen years for killing Ed Morris, and no court in this country can try me a second time. It's all marked paid-in-advance! Any comments, Ed?"

Frank's finger tightened on the trigger...

