

CONTENTS

NOVELETTES

COOL CAT <i>by Hal Ellson</i>	63
SAUCE FOR THE GANDER, A Clancy Ross Novelette <i>by Richard Deming</i>	13
BLOCK PARTY <i>by Sam Merwin, Jr.</i>	1

SHORT STORIES

SLEEP WITHOUT DREAMS, A Johnny Liddell Story <i>by Frank Kane</i>	127
TERROR IN THE NIGHT <i>by Robert Bloch</i>	85
FOG <i>by Gil Brewer</i>	50
HANDY MAN <i>by Fletcher Flora</i>	90
THEY'RE CHASING US <i>by Herbert D. Kastle</i>	98
KILLER <i>by William Logan</i>	115
SHOT <i>by Roy Carroll</i>	140
DEAD SOLDIER <i>by Jack Sword</i>	40
JOB WITH A FUTURE <i>by Richard Welles</i>	122
THE WATCHERS <i>by Wally Hunter</i>	110
MARTY <i>by Robert S. Swensen</i>	58

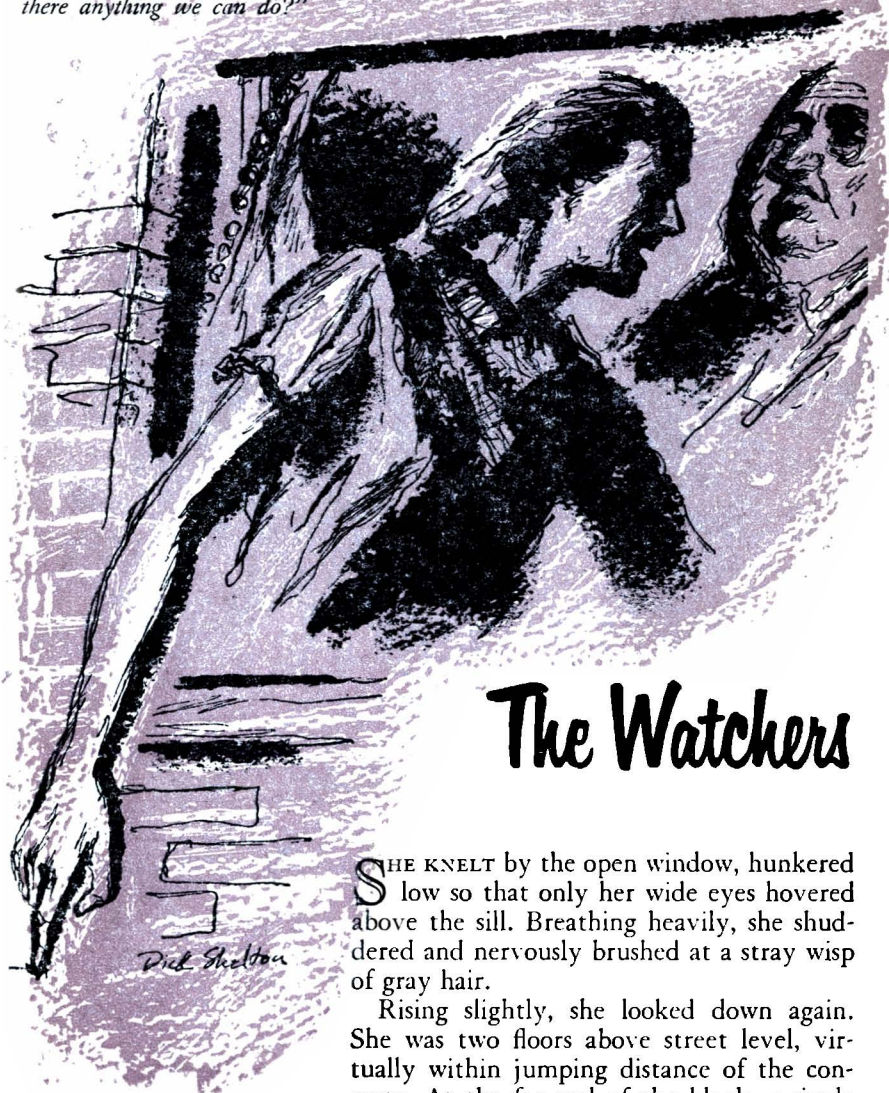
FEATURE

CONTEST WINNER: YOU, DETECTIVE No. 6	97
--	----

MICHAEL ST. JOHN, *Publisher*R. E. DECKER, *General Manager*WALTER SHMIDT, *Editorial Director*N. F. KING, *Managing Editor*CHARLES W. ADAMS, *Art Director*G. F. ST. JOHN, *Associate Editor*GERALD ADAMS, *Art Assistant*JOE SHORE, *Advertising Rep.*

MANHUNT VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2, February, 1956. 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. (an affiliate of the St. John Publishing Co.), 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Telephone MU 7-6623. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Concord, N. H. The entire contents of this issue are copyrighted 1955 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.

"There's a girl getting killed out there," she said. "Isn't there anything we can do?"



The Watchers

SHE KNELT by the open window, hunkered low so that only her wide eyes hovered above the sill. Breathing heavily, she shuddered and nervously brushed at a stray wisp of gray hair.

Rising slightly, she looked down again. She was two floors above street level, virtually within jumping distance of the concrete. At the far end of the block, a single street lamp glowed.

BY WALLY HUNTER

The car was still there. A long, new, two-toned job, all chrome and glitter, hood cavity packed with power. The kind whose windows purr up or down at the touch of a button. On the curb side, the window was down. She could hear them talking, hear every word.

He must have forgotten, or he'd never have left it down, she whispered to herself. She can scream. Any time she wants, she can scream. Then somebody will come. Somebody will have to come!

The woman wrung her hands. Behind her sounded the rhythmic grating of a snore. Sliding away from the window, she arose and went hesitantly to the rumpled bed. I should tell him, she thought. Even if he's angry. It's my duty. What if that were my daughter?

"Hugh," she said quietly. The mound was unmoved.

"Hugh," she persisted.

He rolled suddenly, his movement swaying the sagging bed.

Drawing a deep breath, the woman said, "Hugh, I didn't want to wake you, but I had to. Really, Hugh, I had to."

Sitting upright in one great heaving movement, he shook his head, glaring like an angry walrus. His gray hair was matted with perspiration. Automatically, he swiped one big hand across his damp brow.

"Em," he said dryly, "one of these times I'll slam you right between the eyes. You won't see for a week!"

"Now, Hugh, don't be angry. Please don't be angry."

"Damn you, Em," he said loudly, "it ain't bad enough getting to sleep, you got to wake me up."

Fearfully, the woman glanced over her shoulder. "Please, Hugh, not so loud. Our window's open too. He'll hear you."

"Who'll hear me?" he barked, ignoring her entreaty.

"That car outside the window," she said quietly, hurriedly. "They woke me up talking."

He pulled at his damp undershirt. "So there's a car. So they woke you up. So *you* wake *me* up! Does that make sense?" He slapped his forehead.

"Hugh," she pleaded, "there's a man and girl in that car. He's going to kill her. I heard him. He says he'll kill her. I saw the knife. It's right at her throat, Hugh. Don't you understand? That girl is in trouble. We've got to help."

Hugh was silent. "You going to play cop?" he asked finally. "You going to save the world?" He sat in bed, large and forbidding in the dark, staring at the woman's white face.

"Don't you understand?" she asked. "Don't you see? He'll kill her. I know he'll kill her. I saw the knife."

"I saw the knife, I saw the knife," he parroted. "How in hell did you see the knife? It ain't daylight out there!" He swung an arm wildly in the direction of the window.

"She tried to get away, got part-way out the door once. I saw the knife when the light went on."

Silently, he arose and padded to the window, his bare feet damply slapping the linoleum. He leaned on the sill and peered down. Even at the window there was no breeze, no relief from the cotton-batting air in the room. The woman drifted to his side.

"See," she whispered. "You can see them."

"Who is it?" he asked finally.

"I don't know," she said, encouraged.

"How long they been there?"

She calculated swiftly. "About fifteen minutes. It was terrible. He said it. Real loud and angry. He's going to kill her."

"Well," he asked defensively, "what you want me to do?"

Her words rushed out. "You go right down and get her. You get her out of there. Send him right on his way."

"Now, Em," he said, turning. "I can't do that. I ain't going to mess in that deal. That's *asking* for trouble. How do I know what's going on?"

He paused. "It's probably just a husband and wife deal . . . lot of big talk. You don't catch me sticking my neck out. Me, I'd end up getting it."

"But, Hugh."

"Now dammit, Em," he answered. "I know what I'm talking about. You got to stay out of that stuff. I go down there, they'd both be on me.

You know how that goes. It's always the innocent bystander . . ."

"Hugh, she's in trouble."

"Yeah. Okay. You want me in trouble too? I'd get no thanks, just trouble. You know that."

He wiped his brow. "Look Em, he won't kill anybody. It's just a little private scrap. Nothing serious."

"Hugh! He's got a knife."

"Damn it!" he barked. "You said that. I ain't deaf. But it ain't our business. We got enough troubles without mixing in that." He pointed.

"I'll go call then," she said defiantly.

"And just where'll you call?"

"I'll go down to the McGarrity's."

"Oh, no, you won't," he said. "Not after that last deal. You ain't ever using that phone again. She can get nasty with somebody else for using her phone. I ain't using it, and you won't use it."

"But, Hugh," she said, "if I'm going to call that's the only phone. . . ."

"Dammit, Em. No! You won't use that phone. Now. I'm going to bed. You wake me up again and we'll have trouble. That'll all work out. You'll see." He padded away, crawled in, and pulled up the sheet.

The woman knelt again at the window. The girl in the car was smoking now, drawing hard and deep. Nervously, the cigarette's glowing end flitted in the darkened car, returning again and again to the girl's mouth.

In those glowing moments, the watching woman saw the girl's face, pretty, but wide-eyed with terror. Those same brief flashes gave faint illumination to the knife, long-bladed, slim as a letter opener.

A movement directly opposite the window caught the woman's eye. Instinctively, she drew back, staring into the dark. At the open window in the flat across the trash-littered court was another watcher.

She shifted full attention to the adjoining cluster of apartments. Others were witness to events on the street. At least three other windows were occupied, maybe more.

She wondered if the others could hear. The answer came swiftly. From the parked car, the man's voice rose, heavy and threatening. Her hopes rose.

That would do it. They could hear. Their windows were open. All the windows were open on nights like this. Somebody would help. She looked at the windows, identifying the others.

There was young Evans. He was young and strong. Below him was Marchetti. He wasn't strong, but he could run for help. He could do that.

Looking up, she saw the vague bulk of another man in a second floor window. Bombarger! He was big. He could handle the man in the car. He could do it. There were others. Surely, now, someone would help.

She waited impatiently, growing cramped. Why didn't they do some-

thing? Surely they would help. A half hour passed. They were still talking in the car, but none of the watchers had moved.

Cowards, she thought bitterly. You're cowards. If I were a man, I'd go down. I'd fix him. I wouldn't be afraid.

Finally, she realized it was up to her. She made her decision. I don't care what he says, I'm going down to McGarrity's and phone, she whispered to herself.

Rising, she went to the door, bumping a night table in her hurry, knocking the alarm clock to the floor. Quickly, she knelt, searching in the dark, hands fumbling.

"Em! Dammit, Em!" he roared. "I warned you. You get in this damned bed! Right now!"

"It's just the clock, Hugh, I dropped the clock," she said.

"Don't tell me! You just forget that car or you'll have nothing but trouble."

"Yes, Hugh," she said, slipping into bed.

"Now you stay here!" he ordered.

An hour later she was still awake, straining to hear, wondering if the car was there. But the open window was an idiot's mouth, gaping, revealing nothing.

She lay stiffly, tense with dread at visions of what might even now be happening. At long last, however, she relaxed, giving in. But the girl! What about the girl, she thought.

Maybe it was all right. Maybe it was only a little quarrel. Maybe

that wasn't really a knife. Surely one of the men would help. They could see. They could help. It must be all right. Still . . . She slept.

Dawn eased in the window, lighting the room gradually. When the sun's first rays touched the ceiling, the woman stirred uneasily, then lurched upright.

For a moment she was frozen, looking at the window, remembering. Finally, she eased from the bed, careful not to wake the man. Tip-toeing to the window, she looked down. Only three cigarette butts, white and clean in the gutter, remained as evidence that the car had ever been there.

Then the woman's sharp eyes spotted them. Beads. Beads from a broken necklace. Probably pearls, the woman thought. Turning from the window, she hastily drew on a faded robe and slippers.

I'll just slip down the back way and see, she thought. A minute later she was crossing the court, headed for the bright pearls. She picked up one from the sidewalk.

She saw more further away. Bird-like, she moved, bending and picking, holding the collection tightly in her left hand. At the mouth of a narrow service alley between the buildings, they were scattered in profusion.

Squatting like a coolie, she picked up all within reach. Then she saw the body. The girl was dead. The

woman knew that instantly. Sprawled in the alley's filth, she lay in the universal, grotesque pose of violent death.

Slowly, the woman came erect, teeth chattering. She stared. The girl was on her back, a light blue linen coat flared wide. She lay on it unmoving, like a warrior on his shield.

Her blond, glossy, dishevelled hair framed a face of youth and fine-boned beauty gone gray with death. The contents of an overloaded garbage can hung precariously above the girl's face. The waste from one life threatening to topple on the waste of another.

Suddenly, the woman recoiled, spinning away from the body. Reeling, she bumped heavily against the alley wall. Like an imperilled human fly, she backed around the corner into the light.

Numbly, she staggered into the court beneath the apartments. Momentarily, she paused, sobbing, gulping, shaking. She looked up at the open apartment windows, clustered above her like empty sockets, her mouth working.

"Murderers!" she screamed. "Murderers! You did it . . . you *all* did it! Murderers! Murderers! Murderers! You did it . . . you killed her!"

She was still standing in the court, still screaming when the prowler arrived.

