

CONTENTS

COMPLETE NOVEL

- NUDISTS DIE NAKED, A Shell Scott Novel *by Richard S. Prather* 82

NOVELETTES

- SHOT IN THE DARK, A John J. Malone Novelette *by Craig Rice* . . . 57
 THE HAPPY MARRIAGE *by Richard Deming* 12

SHORT STORIES

- MAKE IT NEAT, A Johnny Liddell Story *by Frank Kane* 32
 RED HANDS *by Bryce Walton* 1
 TRY IT MY WAY *by Jack Ritchie* 138
 PASS THE WORD, A Casebook Story *by Jack Sword* 46

FEATURES

- BUG DOCTOR *by Edward D. Radin* 26
 YOU, DETECTIVE *by Wilson Harman* 136
 CONTEST WINNER: YOU, DETECTIVE #3 137
 CRIME CAVALCADE *by Vincent H. Gaddis* 55
 WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT? *by Sam Ross* 80
 MUGGED AND PRINTED 144

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Here's your chance to be a detective! All the clues you need to follow Lieutenant Leeds' reasoning and come up with a killer are in the story. In 200 words or less, finish the story. Find the killer and the clues which point to him in the story. The best ending to this story, in the opinion of the editors of Manhunt, which reaches us before September 1, 1955, will win for its author a \$50 prize. The name of the winner and his entry will be published in our February 1956 issue. Duplicate awards will be made in case of ties. It is not necessary to purchase this magazine in order to enter the contest. Please address all entries to Contest Editor, Manhunt, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Because of the volume of submissions, it is impossible to enter into personal correspondence regarding any entry.

YOU, detective

6.—The Burgled Apartment

BY WILSON HARMAN

LIEUTENANT LEEDS looked at the men in front of him. "And you both say you were out when the murder occurred?" he asked.

"That's right, Lieutenant," the elder man said slowly. His deep voice matched the quiet gentility of his pale face. "I came home at three o'clock, and my wife was — already dead. Lying there on the bed; she must have been killed in her sleep."

"How about you, Mr. Grimm?" the lieutenant asked. The younger man, a short, dark person, swung round suddenly.

"I was waiting downstairs," he said. "I had an appointment with

Charlie Rogers here. He told me to meet him at two-thirty, but nobody answered the bell. I guess Mrs. Rogers was sleeping. Charlie didn't get here until three."

"What was the appointment about, Mr. Grimm?" Leeds went on.

Grimm licked his lips nervously. "Nothing important," he said. "Just a family matter — the fact is, Lieutenant, we wanted to talk some things over with Mrs. Rogers. You see, her will provided that Charlie and I — I'm Charlie's cousin, you know — inherit her fortune equally. There were a few technicalities I wanted to get straight. Inheritance tax, income, things like that."

Rogers smiled silently. "Silly, isn't it, Lieutenant?" he asked. "We went in the front door, up the stairs and through the upstairs door of my apartment, talking about my wife's money. Then we — saw her."

"Didn't you notice anything strange?" Leeds asked the elder

man in his quiet voice.

"Strange?" Rogers repeated, "No, I — unless you mean the broken glass. Yes, we noticed that, just before we went inside. Whoever broke in must have broken the glass of the upstairs door near the handle."

"No one could have used a key on the door?" Leeds asked.

Rogers shook his head. "No. The downstairs door is usually left open, but the upstairs one is locked. My wife and I have the only keys. Her set is probably still in her handbag."

Leeds turned to one of his men. "Check that, will you?" Then he went on: "But Mr. Grimm, here, was standing in front of the downstairs door."

"I went down to the corner a couple of times," Grimm said quickly. "Just walking back and forth. You know. Somebody could have come

in and gone out while I was at the corner."

"Both of you could have used the money Mrs. Rogers' will provides," Leeds said flatly. Rogers was the first to recover.

"Yes," he said. "I could — can use the money. I'm in rather a tight spot just now." He smiled again. "But I didn't kill her, you understand."

"Neither did I," Grimm cut in.

The man Leeds had sent off interrupted them. "There's a set of keys in the lady's handbag, Lieutenant," he said. "One of the keys fits the upstairs door."

"You see?" Rogers asked. "No one could have used a key. Someone broke in — there's all that broken glass just outside the door — and killed her in her sleep."

"Someone killed her, all right," Leeds said. "And now, I know who."

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>	I

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
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Contest Winner: YOU, detective

No. 6—THE BURGLED APARTMENT

*Mr. Edward D. Hoch
1401 Lake Avenue
Rochester, New York*

“But how —” Rogers began.

“You killed your wife, Mr. Rogers,” Leeds said. “You must have, because this broken glass is *outside* the door, showing that the window was broken from the inside, after the killer had entered the apart-

ment. And you, Mr. Rogers, had the only other key.”

“That’s fantastic,” Rogers said flatly. “Grimm, here, could have entered the apartment just by ringing the bell and waiting for my wife to open the door. He could have killed her and then broken the glass from inside the apartment —”

“That’s right,” Leeds said. “Except for one fact: your wife was sleeping when she was killed. She couldn’t have opened the door for any one. And you’ve got the only key.”