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THE END

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TOUGH GUY

The careening black sedan broke through the police black on the river road headed north. As the skidding car went past, the state troopers got a fleeting glimpse of the face of Gyppo Malone.

The bullet that ricocheted off the roof of their car was more of a gesture of hale than an actual attempt to hurt Troopers Coyne and DeMarco. Coyne wrenched at the door of the police car and DeMarco barely dove into the front seat beside him as Coyne pushed the gas pedal to the floorboard and clashed through the gears picking, up speed.

"Hit the siren, Sal," Dan Coyne yelled over; the whine of the racing motor, "I'll get that guy if I have to drive the wheels off this thing!"

DeMarco held on to the door as they shrieked around a turn. The road lay ahead for a mile and a half and Malone's car was nowhere in sight. Sal grabbed the two way radio microphone.

"That alarm on Malone. He got through us and he's headed northwest on the river road. Suggest a block be set up at Mountaindale Junction."

The police announcer acknowledged, then the metallic voice of the announcer came in. "Car thirty six will block at the junction. Car twenty four try to regain contact."

Sal rogered for their car, twenty four, and shouted at Coyne. "Every police force and trooper in the state is aching for a crack at that punk and we get the chance. And let him go throught"

Coyne took his eyes off the road long enough to grin at Sal DeMarco.

"Malone's too shrewd to keep running. He's got a hole around here somewhere he's aiming for! Maybe you and I can find it."

The road they followed toward Mountaindale Junction ran through heavy brush and swamp. Dan eased off on the gas as they approached the Junction.

"We missed our boy, Sal," he said in a quieter voice. "With the lead he had, the auxs

at the junction would have seen him by now. He probably turned off on a side road into the swamp. I wish I brought my boots with me!"

They pulled up at the Junction. Delaney and Brazier waited with drawn guns as they rounded the last turn and didn't lower them till they recognized the gray car and the troopers in it.

Brazier was curious as to how Malone had gotten by. "That big load they had must've been doing ninety when he came up on us. He hit the ditch, slewed all over the place, then he straightened it out and went past. Man, he's desperate," Dan Coyne warned.

Sal laughed shortly. "You'd be desperate too if you had the chair waiting for you when you got collared. What do we do now?"

Coyne looked down at his spotless uniform and sighed. "We start combing the back roads through the swamp I guess. Tell the desk man. Sal."

Sal reported in and then the two cars headed down the highway to the swamp. Coyne, in car twenty four, turned off first and car thirty six went on to take the next dirt road. Once they were off the highway, they stopped the car and got out.

Dan found what they were looking for. "A big car traveling fast went by here not long ago. He hit this mudhole and skidded." De-Marco agreed after examining the skid marks. They went further into the swamp, Sol scanning every opening that a big car might use. Suddenly he grabbed at Dan.

"Whoa, boyl Here's where we get out and walk. See the bushes there? They're all bent where the car went through."

Coyne got out and pulled his gun, coming around the car. He and DeMarco cautiously pushed through the brush, making as little noise as possible. Off the road the ground was spongily wet and thick black pools teemed with insects and snakes.

Dan suddely held his hand up for silence. Through the thick growth he spatted the gleam of black metal. Another few steps and they saw the big sedan wheels deep in black mire. Both troopers were on edge, guns ready as they searched the surrounding woods.

They waited, quietly alert. Dan shuddered as a copperhead as thick as his farearm moved near Sal DeMarco. "Step in my direction, Sal. There's a copperhead to your left and he looks a little annoyed."

Sal looked and stepped back quickly. "Boy, this place gives me the creeps. I spent most of my life in or around the woods and I don't like this swamp."

"Same here. Say, Sal, wasn't there a hunter's cabin in here somewhere? I seem to remember seeing one when we were looking for the two lost boys a year ago."

Sal nodded. "I know the place you mean, wonder if Gyppo knew about it too! It's about a half a mile south of us I think."

"Let's head that way. This wet moss won't show Malone's tracks thirty seconds after he steps on it." They proceeded cautiously. Several times they paused to let the numerous copperheads glide unhurriedly out of their path. The mosquitos seemed as large as B-17's and the deerfly bites stung like fire.

"If we pass it in this brush, we might wind up wandering around all night, Dan," Sal said after ten more minutes of walking. Both of them were bleeding from scratches and bites.

"Yeah, but that works both ways, Sal,"
Dan growled. "Malone's feeling pretty uncomfortable about now, too!"

Then Sal grabbed Dan's arm. Through the woods they glimpsed the bleached wood of the shack they were searching for. They crept up on it and crouched behind two bushes while they searched the clearing.

"No one in there," Dan whispered. Sal searched around until he found a small stone.

"This might help us make sure," he said and lobbed the stone onto the weathered front steps. They waited but nothing moved in the clearing around the house or in the house diself.

The troopers let another five minutes go by, enduring the swarms of gnats and other insects. Then Sat motioned to Dan and ran in a crouch across the clearing, Dan ready to open fire if the crozed killer shot at his partner. Sat waited as Dan sprinted across and

joined him at the door. They kicked in the ramshackle door and waited on each side but Gyppo Malone was nowhere inside.

. The from was bare. Sal went out the back door and called in to Dan.

"There's a well back here, Dan. If you're as thirsty as I am, I'll buy you a drink... of cool, cool water!" The two troopers raised the bucket still surprisingly intact. They both got the idea at the same time.

"Malone can't drink that filthy stuff in the swamp, Sal," Dan said. "All we got to do is wait and let him come to us. Let's get inside."

They settled down at opposite ands of the shack, guns at their sides, waiting for the big city gunman. Sal heard him first crashing through the brush. He heard another sound then and it puzzled him. Dan heard it too and knelt at the same window with Sal.

"Here he comes. When he sees us, he'll probably blaze away. If we have to use our guns, try to wing him in the shoulder." Then they heard the weird moaning sound again. "Sal, he's crying! Tough guy Gyppo Malone is crying like a baby!"

He staggered into the clearing and instantly two Police .38's were aimed at him but the troopers knew they wouldn't have to use them. He was wet and bleeding from a dozen deep scratches. His eyes were slits between the insect bites that covered his exposed flesh. And he had no gun, His right arm hung dangling at his side.

"You cover me, Dan," Sal whispered. "YII jump him when he passes the door." Sal waited inside, then, as Malone went blindly by, leaped out and grabbed him. Malone whirled, but didn't try to get away from Sal's clutches.

"State troopers! Am 1 glad to see you!" Sal frisked him, then took him back to the car. They gave him first aid and tied up his right arm, Later at the hospital they learned his shoulder was sprained.

At the trooper barracks that night, Sal and Dan modestly refused credit for the capture.

"That swamp beat him. Crazed with fear of us as he was, he almost saved the state the price of electrocuting him. I don't blame him. Between the bugs and the snakes, I was glad to get out of there myself!"

SHERLOCK HOLMES

STAR OF THE



































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HOLMES!





















The End









HAPPENED IN THE EERIE GLOW OF RED BULBS IN FRONT OF LORENZO'S CABINET!













































I NOTICED THE WIRE AND AVOIDED IT COMING IN, BUT LORENZO FORGOT IT GOING OUT!

COME ON, PROFESSOR, YOUR SPOOKS WILL BE WAITING AT HEADQUARTERS.



THAT WAS THE FINISH OF PROFESSOR LORENZO'S SEOOK RACKET, THANKS, I GHOST BREAKER T WHEN WEEF AND HIS SHOW COME YOUR WAY, WATCH FOR THEMSSIA WAY, WATCH FOR THEMSSIA



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