

Tourist Scamps

“Dizzy Duo” Yarn



By Joe Archibald

Snooty Piper and Scoop Binney, those two nitwit newshawks, come to New York for a vacation—and to do some research in rigor mortis.

EVEN me and Snooty Piper have to take a vacation. We ride down to New York on a Gray-whippet bus as we have not saved as much scratch as we had hoped for the junket to the big town. We get out of the cross-country jalopy on Forty-third Street and we are creaking all over like two haunted houses in a very high wind.

“Let’s look for a hotel,” I says.

“Let’s find an osteopath,” Snooty says. “My spine is now shaped like the handle of an auto jack.”

We pick out a very modest lodging house on West Forty-fourth and check in.

“With so many citizens here,” Snooty says as we take a gander out of our window, “there must be at least two good murders each day. I wonder if the managing editors down here have heard all about me.”

“When do we go over to see Slatz Riley on the *Blade*?” I ask.

“As soon as we tidy up,” Snooty replies. “Everything is done quick here, Scoop.”

We walk over to the East Side and enter a very tall building made in the shape of a tank trap. We take a lift to the seventh floor and enter the reception room. There is a swell trick sitting at a desk and Snooty tells her who we are. He flashes his fire badge and police card.

“Mr. Piper and Mr. Binney of the *Boston Evening Star*.”

“Where’s that?” the doll tosses at us in quite a tired voice.

“Boston. It is the capitol of Massachusetts,” Snooty huffs. “Or don’t they teach history here in your schools? I wish to see Mr. Riley who works here even if I have to call the managing editor.”

"Try it," the dame says. "He's in Chicago. Slats Riley? Wait, I'll see if I can find out which gin mill he's in."

"That is Slats all right," Snooty says.

SLATS comes out in about ten minutes and he looks like a fresh goon. He says as he lives and breathes, if it ain't good old Snooty. "How's the hay crop up your way, Cy?" he asks Snooty.

"Don't act like you was big town," Snooty sniffs. "Take us in and show us around the dump as there is scads of things me and Scoop want to do while in New York. Meet Slats, Scoop."

"There are things we cannot help doing at times," I says. We follow Slats into the city room of the *Blade* and Slats says we are from Boston and don't laugh.

"Piper, huh?" a guy says, pushing back an eyeshade. "The reporter who thinks he is Philo Chan? Have you told Dewey he is in town? There is a couple of old murders nobody has been able to do a thing with."

Everybody laughs.

"We ride almost three hundred miles to get insulted," I says. "Have you got more pals in this burg?" I ask nastily.

"That's a lousy makeup, that front page," Snooty says, picking up a copy of the *Blade*. "Where did you get most of your staff, huh? Look, Scoop. 'Man's Body Found in Bronx with Both Gas Jets Open.' Is that a head? Where is the boss? I will ask for nothing less than the city editor's job here, Scoop."

"Get those two hayshakers out of here!" a rough-looking person barks and we look around and see the character bearing down on us. He is built twice as heavy as Dogface Woolsey, our own boss and his pan is three times as forbidding as Dogface's. Slats says to meet the city editor.

"Riley!" the city ed says. "Is this a newspaper office or a Cook's Tour

Agency? Keep your dizzy lookin' friends out of here and finish that follow-up on the Tuggzi rubout. Beat it, you two!"

"Why er," Snooty says, "I wish you would let us stay here for a while as Mr. Guppy of the *Evening Star* in Boston said for us to try and study modern methods while we were in New York. Mr. Guppy says the *Blade* is the paper he admires most and that the citizens who get it ready for bed must be tops. We could just sit and watch, couldn't we, Scoop?"

"Why, make yourself right to home, boys," the city editor says. "Why didn't you tell me who these guys were, Riley? Look, after you look around a while, come into my office, boys."

Snooty picks up a copy of the *Blade* and peruses it for a time. Then he says for us to go in to see the city editor and not to accept less than fifty per to start.

"I like it in Boston," I sniff.

"You are not progressive, Scoop," Snooty says.

We go in to see the city editor. Snooty says the Tuggzi bump-off makes quite interesting reading and that the New York gendarmes did not waste much time in apprehending the guilty citizen.

"No time at all," the C.E. says. "That gorilla from Boston should of stayed up there where he could murder citizens in safety. They think they are big time like the New York mugs, but find out different when they try their skulls against our homicide squad. Like you two guys, thinkin' you could improve on the *Blade*. No hicks can come down from the sticks and compete in this league."

"A character gets killed just as dead up there as down here," Snooty says testily. "They are just as elusive, murderers, one place as another. So you are sure it was a Boston trigger man, huh?"

"Of course. We have a big Boston detective down here studying New York

methods of criminology,” the Blade editor says, lifting his nose. “He identified Kidney-Face Funzo the killer from Boston. Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy, the detective’s name is.”

SNOOTY wilts a trifle. “Would you mind opening a window?” he says. “I feel faint. So you fell for that big porpoise. Sendin’ him down here is like pushin’ a fat mongoose into a jungle to study tigers’ habits. Did he work any on the Tuggzi rubout?”

“He did. Practically solved it himself,” the city editor says.

“Tell us more,” I urge.

“Well, this Tuggzi here in New York has quite a policy slip business, not that we are not trying to bust it up,” the city editor says. “There is another character in Yorkville who also deals in the slips and it seems he figured Tuggzi was gettin’ too big as he wanted to be the only big shot in the business. This guy is also arrested but is gettin’ bail. His name is Manny Mace. Manny claims he didn’t send for Funzo even if Funzo had a crumpled Eastern Union S.O.S. from him on his person when he was nabbed.”

“They are quite sure the killer was Kidney-Face,” Snooty says. “He must have left plenty of clues. Iron Jaw needs at least eight.”

“Looks like Manny was tryin’ to kid somebody, sendin’ for an out-of-town torpedo,” the editor says. “They do that sometimes, the big shots. Import a good man with a Betsy an’—”

“Why, I never heard of such a practice, did you, Scoop?” Snooty says. “The things New York crooks will do is a caution. We *are* learnin’ things, ain’t we, Scoop?”

“You kiddin’ me, Piper?”

“Why, no,” Snooty says. “How could you think that? Just tell us more as we can’t wait.”

“Funzo says he wasn’t near Tuggzi’s flat,” the guy goes on, after lighting up another stogie. “But he leaves an old theatre ticket stub right on the floor near Tuggzi’s remains. Come from the Gayety in Boston. A burlesque house.”

“We wouldn’t know,” I says. “We don’t go to such places up there. We only attend symphonies.”

“Not only that. The guy at the switchboard where Tuggzi lived says Funzo called Tuggzi up sometime before the murder. He identified Funzo’s voice at headquarters and told just what he said. More than that, they found the gat that knocked off Tuggzi in Funzo’s room at a cheap hotel on Eighth Avenue.”

“I don’t see how your New York cops ever figured it out,” Snooty says. “With no more than that to go on. Aren’t they marvelous, Scoop?”

“They do the impossible,” I says. “When will they fry Funzo?”

“Kidney-Face will go right after the trial,” comes the reply. “Like I said, small-town guys shouldn’t think they can come here an’—”

“We heard you say that already,” Snooty says in a mean voice. “They was printin’ newspapers in Massachusetts Bay Colony before you citizens down here give a quart of schnapps for Manhattan. I bet you couldn’t give it back to the dopiest Indian. Come on, Scoop.”

“Smart crackers, hah?” the city editor says. “Well, don’t you dare show your faces in here again. Git out!”

We do. Snooty passes the info desk to leave a message for Slats and to ogle the carrot-topped gal there.

“It is lonesome here in New York,” Snooty tells the squab. “How about showin’ me the town, startin’ at the aquarium?”

“They are tearin’ that fishbowl down,” the doll snaps. “So where will you live? In

that green wrap you look like a head of Romaine lettuce goin' on a hunt for an avocado. Ugh!"

"On second thought, you look like the grandma of the first Floradora sextette girl. I can do better in Childers' restaurants, Scoop," Snooty says.

"Beat it," the doll says irritably. "Before I pull your fresh tongue out so far you can use it for a shoe cloth. I'll also call the elevator starter, who is no Tom Thumb."

"Let's hurry out of here," I tell Snooty.

"Why? Is she scarin' you?"

"No, but *he* is," I says, pointing.

Snooty gets a look at the character in the gray monkey suit with brass buttons. The starter is so mean-looking he could make an army tank crumble with his stare.

"What's the trouble here?" he growls.

"The trouble is," I says quickly, "that I forgot to stay out of here. Which is an express going down?" We leave the building and find a tavern and order some beer.

"I miss the Greek's," I says.

"Let's leave in the A. M. and go up to the Catskills or somewhere," Snooty says. "Maybe there are characters there who do not think Boston is a backward town. I am quite sick of being patronized and ridiculed, being a citizen from the seat of culture itself, Scoop."

"I have seen better testimonials," I says blandly.

SNOOTY picks up a newspaper somebody has left on the table. He reads more about the policy slip liquidation and when he is finished, he reads it again. Pretty soon in comes Slats Riley and Slats asks how would we like to go downtown and places with him to see what makes criminals so jittery in New York.

"That is what I want. An inside on New York police headquarters, Slats," Snooty says. "Let's go right away. Maybe we can even get a look at Kidney-Face Funzo."

"I can git anywheres," Slats brags.

We go downtown. Just as we get out of the subway, a very familiar voice rings in our ears.

"Orson Welles wasn't kiddin'," Snooty says. "A man from Mars is down here and has just come down off the Pulaski Highway. Don't look now, Scoop, but it is Iron Jaw behind us."

We turn around. Iron Jaw sticks out a hand as big as a clown's foot. "Well, well, I heard you was comin', you two squirts, and I told Mr. Dewey and Dewey says that is fine as now I can take a vacation. Ha-a-ah!"

"You couldn't make me laugh if you took off my shoe and wiggled feathers against my bare feet, Iron Jaw," Snooty yelps. "Why are you wilting so much? Is there another murderer loose with his pockets filled with his fingerprints, his family photo album and the size of his shoes? Something is screwy, Iron Jaw. You couldn't ever find Braves Field when you was in Boston."

"Oh, yeah? I been out to the World's Fair," Iron Jaw says. "They must of told me wrong how to git there as I got off too soon. I walked an' walked an' finally found myself inside a big cemetery an'—"

We sit down on the subway steps and shake our noggins. "Iron Jaw," Snooty says. "They closed up the fair a year or more ago. I know where you can see Henry Hudson launch a new night boat to Albany. Have you gone up to Riverside Drive to talk to General Grant? And he apprehended Kidney-Face Funzo, Scoop!"

"I ain't kiddin'," Slats said. "He did a swell job on that."

“You’re a New Yorker, huh?” Snooty sniffs. “Well, if you are sold on Iron Jaw, please come up to Boston soon, Slats. I will let you have the Charles River for a thousand down and a nine grand mortgage. Let’s go downtown.”

We are down in Center Street when Manny Mace gets bailed out and we have never seen a more indignant character. Manny is a very large citizen with a face that would scare an armored division. Manny says somebody will sweat for picking him up and accusing him of hiring Funzo to rub out Tuggzi.

“I never sent no telegram to Funzo,” Manny yips. “Somebody forged my name an’ that is not honest. I never even heard of Funzo until I was nabbed. When I rub ‘em out, I do it meself anyway. Oh, I’ll make somebody sweat.”

We are shown exhibits “A”, “B” and “C”, as Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy has come in by this time and he wants to put on a show and rub it in. “A” is the crumpled telegram that they found in Kidney-Face’s pocket. “B” is the Gayety theatre ticket stub, and “C” is the roscoe that has one bullet fired out of it.

“Got him cooked, hah?” Iron Jaw says. “A good thing a Boston detective was here to get the goods on a Boston crook, wa’n’t it?”

“What was his name?” Snooty asks.

Iron Jaw gets very piqued. “Awright, I was tryin’ to be decent. Now I won’t have nothin’ more to do with you two. I won’t git you in no more places. I should have knowed this would be all the gratitude I would git. Go away from me.”

He takes us to the hotel on the West Side where Tuggzi was turned into a cadaver. He introduces us to the character who identified Kidney-Face Funzo’s voice. He is a witness for the D.A. and says his name is Ronald Reek.

“Yeah, I remembered his voice,” Reek

says. “He calls up Tuggzi and he says to the big shot, ‘I’ll be over as soon as I tuck a steak under my belt. A guy in Boston told me maybe you could use me.’ Then I git a glimpse of his pan when he goes out after air-conditionin’ Tuggzi. No wonder they call him what they do. Looks like somebody grabbed him by the chin and gave a quick jerk an’ then forgot to straighten his face out ag’in.”

Snooty looks pale and quite worn out. “What does Kidney-Face say about all this, huh?”

“The old stuff,” Slats says. “He says he did git a wire from Manny Mace and thought he was comin’ down here to git himself a job that was not havin’ to do with fillin’ graves. A guy meets him in Grand Central Station and says he is Mace’s right-hand man and will take him in charge until Manny is not so busy with his enterprises. He admits calling on Tuggzi and having quite a chat with him.

“Two hours after he leaves Tuggzi’s he is picked up for murder and taken back to look at a corpse. They find the gat in his room. Funzo told the cops what Manny Mace’s right-hand man looks like but they laugh at him. He admits he was at the Gayety in Boston a few days before he came to the big town as he liked to see a gam show with the next citizen. He keeps sayin’ he never knocked off Tuggzi. Everybody knows he did.”

“Funzo went to Tuggzi’s alone?” Snooty says.

“Yeah. He said the guy steered him to the hotel an’ then said he’d see him in a certain place later. Funzo never saw this ginzo he talks about again. He said his name was Joe Smith.”

“Oh my,” Snooty says, “Poor Funzo. I guess we are hicks in Boston.”

“What have you got that funny look on your pan for?” I ask Snooty. “Every time you git that look, you—”

"I wish the Greek's was here," Snooty iterates. "I could think better. Funzo shouldn't have been the kind of guy who keeps pawn tickets, burlesque stubs and things. Maybe when he knocked off Tuggzi, he took a hanky out of his pocket to mop his brow and the stub flew out. Aisle G, seat 5. I copied it down as you never know—"

A citizen comes out of the self-service lift and Slats Riley says, "How y' Al? Too bad about Tuggzi. Meet two newspaper guys from Boston. That's up North some place, ha."

THE spiffy character is Al Colima, Tuggzi's partner. Al looks like the front man for a bucket shop and right now he seems quite touchy and perturbed over everything.

"Been lookin' over Tuggzi's things," Al Colima says. "The rats. Sendin' out of town for a gorilla to knock him off. He'd know all the local torpedoes when he spotted 'em. I'll even things up. I find out Manny Mace is guilty an' they don't fry him, I'll fix him so he'll be ripe."

"Would you dare?" Snooty says.

"Shut up," I cut in. "Don't go inciting citizens to murder. Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Colima."

"Ha, I get it," Al says. "Newspaper guys git their buns and java out of good murders. If I decide to puncture Mace, I'll call you guys first. See you later." He crams three sticks of gum into his mouth and saunters out.

"Let's go to our hotel, Scoop."

"I still don't like the look on your map," I says to Snooty. "Well, we'll be seein' you, Slats."

In the privacy of our room, Snooty says he wished he was at the Greek's in Boston.

"I could think this over much better there, Scoop," the crackpot says. Then he

asks how much hay we have left and I make a rough estimate.

"Don't forget we pooled our assets," Snooty says and takes a slip of paper out of his pocket. He takes a close gander at it, then whisks it out of sight. I ask if it is the telephone number of a blonde in Childers.

"Could be," Snooty says and yawns. "I am hitting the hay early, Scoop."

"Huh? Nobody goes to bed in New York," I tells him. "I'm goin' out and look them over. You are slippin', Snooty Piper."

"I am just not flighty any more, is all," he says. "I can see neon signs and swell gams in Boston any night I wish. You go your way and I'll go mine. But you take no more than ten bucks out of the kitty with you, see!"

I go out, wondering what ails Snooty. It is like you dropped a cat into a mess of smelts and it laid right down and went to sleep in them. I finally ankle into Roseland and buy me a strip of gallop tickets and have quite a time with the dolls. It is two in the morning when I enter the hotel room. Snooty Piper is not there and I finally find a note he has left.

"Dear Scoop," the imbecile writes. "I will be back so do not worry. I am out of town on business and took all but three bucks. These N. Y. citizens do not know everything, do they? Forgetting what day it was Tuggzi was rubbed out. You know very well why they call Funzo what they do. Don't buy any lots in Central Park or get in no clip jernts. Snooty."

I sit up most of the night trying to dope out Snooty's letter but I get nowhere like a turtle walking through fresh tar. "The fathead!" I exclaim distractedly. "He thinks Funzo is innocent, I bet. He has not even laid his peepers on Funzo and was nowhere near the rubout when it occurred. I wonder if he is a gland case."

Snooty arrives in the big town twenty-

four hours or so later. He asks where do I think he has been.

“Bellevue,” I says. “That is New York’s Danvers. Why did they let you out again?”

“I was in Boston,” Snooty says. “Everybody at LaGrange Street is feeling fine, Scoop. I have been working on fingerprints up there. Of course the labs are not as spacious as down here and the experts there do not claim to be able to compete with experts here. I have pride in my fellow citizens, Scoop, and will not stand for wise N. Y. gorillas usin’ Boston crooks for fall guys. It is dishonest.”

“Who killed Tuggzi?” I ask quick.

“A person or persons unknown at the moment,” Snooty says. “It was not Funzo.”

I breathe deep. “Then Hess is still shootin’ wild pigs in the woods near Munich,” I toss out.

“Now you are bein’ silly,” Snooty sniffs at me.

“Look,” I says to Snooty, “If you don’t open up in just three seconds and talk sense I will—”

“In a few minutes, two citizens of Boston will arrive to pick me up,” Snooty says. “They attended the Gayety with me in Boston, Scoop.”

I PULL out three hanks of hair and toss them around the room. “The Gayety closed for a paint job just before we left,” I yelled at Snooty. “Don’t kid me any longer or—”

“Just the same, I went to the Gayety,” Snooty insists. “Wait, somebody is at the door now.”

“Come right in,” Snooty says.

Two familiar characters ankle in. They are two slew feet from Beantown and Iron Jaw trails them in and Snooty says for him to wait outside as he will not pay for an extra room.

“It’s nutty,” Iron Jaw howls. “Funzo was caught dead to rights. Every clue pointed to him like all magnet needles point north.”

“Are we ready to apprehend the guilty character?” Snooty asks. “Well, let’s go, then. I hope we won’t gum it up with Iron Jaw around, ha. That is another clue, Scoop.”

Two squad cars are outside when we hit the street. The New York gumshoers look quite subdued and I wonder at the way Snooty gloats over them. We hurry uptown to a very nifty-looking pueblo.

“You wait outside his door,” Snooty says. “Me and Scoop will go in and act quite innocent about everything. I wish to ask Al a question. Don’t forget to listen as well as you can.”

“And don’t leave your Betsys in your old suits neither,” I gulps. “I have invaded characters’ boudoirs with this silly before.”

We are admitted to Al Colima’s flat. The citizen is surprised to see us. Snooty tells him he called because he heard the nifty taxpayer could steer two lonely tourists to some swell numbers.

“Yeah? Oke, guys. There’s two who warble in a night spot uptown,” Al says. “I’ll try to fix it.”

“I hope they are as swell as the ones that we see in Boston,” Snooty says as I shake. “Ever been to the Gayety there, Al?”

“No. I—say, why did you ask me that?” Al Colima’s eyes get quite rusty and his fingers start moving and not toward his collar pin.

“To see if you would lie, you crook!” Snooty yelps. “You was in the Gayety up there two weeks ago and I can prove it. You planted that theatre stub near Tuggzi when you knocked him off, to hog all the policy slip racket, Al Colima alias Handsome Danny Deever. We are also

arresting Ronald Reek as an accessory as he lied, too, and I can prove that.”

“Oh, yeah? Smart guys, hah?” Al yelps. “How can you prove I went to that burlesque up in Boston?”

“You chew big cud’s of gum, Al. I had to scrape fourteen chews off the bottom of Aisle G, seat 5,” Snooty says. “Took ‘em down to Boston police head—look out, Scoop!”

Al Colima gets his roscoe out and starts blazing. Snooty yells for the cops outside and one yells back and asks why didn’t Snooty keep the door ajar as the lock is a Yale one.

“Well, what should I do?” Snooty says. “Wait until you send for the Harvards to break through it?”

“Oh, you do the darndest things,” I choke out and dive under a divan.

A slug from Al’s roscoe gives me a hotfoot and I can hear other things that are not bees making quite a mess out of the upholstery over my noggin. All the while, cops are banging at the door.

“Use your panzer,” I howl. “Use O’Shaughnessy. If he will only just lean against it—hurry, somebody. Snooty, are you—”

“I am in the bathroom, Scoop. He can’t touch me,” Snooty says. “I have counted his bullets and he can only have one left. Make him miss you with that one and then I will come out and help you climb him. I—”

THE door breaks down and the cops come in and spread out over Al like a blanket. He still puts up quite a fight. He blacks one of Iron Jaw’s eyes and bites half of the calf off the big lug’s left leg. After some time they put the State jewelry on Al and drag him out. We all go downtown.

Al Colima lets down his locks when he hears the evidence against him. Slats Riley

and a big D.A. look at Snooty and shake their heads.

“His print was on that gum, the cops in Boston wired me,” the D.A. mumbles. “It was him who went to the Gayety. He took the stub back here to New York with him and—”

“You tell us, Piper,” a very large New York detective sergeant says. “Don’t leave out nothin’ as I just can’t seem to believe it yet. How did you suspect Al?”

“I didn’t at first,” Snooty says. “It was the switchboard man at Tuggzi’s hotel I was suspicious of. Reek. When I heard what he claimed Funzo said over the phone to Tuggzi, I couldn’t believe it. That is, when I found out it was Saturday night the murder took place.”

“I don’t get it,” the D.A. said.

“It was because New Yorkers do not know everything,” Snooty sniffs. “They would not know that a citizen named Kidney-Face Funzo was not called that because his face was pulled out of shape. It was because Funzo liked his beans so well, especially on Saturday night when citizens in Boston eat most of their beans. Funzo like the red beans the best and we call them kidney beans in Boston.

“So when Funzo was supposed to have called up Tuggzi, he would never have said he would be over as soon as he tucked a steak away. Everybody in Boston knows Funzo would never eat a steak on Saturday night. He would eat beans even though your beans here are not fit to eat. Are they Scoop?”

“No,” I admit. “But go on, Snooty.”

“So I says to myself,” Snooty goes on, “that may mean nothin’ but it sounds screwy to me. Somebody was framing Kidney-Face Funzo. I got to thinking who would benefit by Tuggzi going across the Styx? Either Manny Mace or Al Colima, his partner. Al is very smart so he figures on removing Tuggzi, his pal, and to put

Manny Mace on quite a spot at the same time.

“He goes to Boston and finds out about Funzo and has word dropped to Funzo that a guy like him could do okay down in New York. All he had to do was contact Manny Mace who was always scouting for the right boys. To Funzo’s surprise—ask him—he gets a wire from Manny. It says he heard about Funzo and to come down and look him up.”

“Yeah,” Kidney-Face Funzo says as he comes out into the grill room. “That’s the dope. Only it was somebody kiddin’ me. A guy meets me, the one I told the cops about, and says Manny is all filled up but for me to go over and call to see Tuggzi. It was to put me on the murder spot. It was just my hard luck t’ have that stub on me when I called on Tuggzi.”

“You never did,” Snooty says. “You was a patsy, Funzo, and isn’t it a good thing some citizens from Boston were here to help you? These New York crooks should be ashamed framing a Boston crook, Funzo. Will you go straight now?”

“Yeah, Piper. I should not leave Boston and try to be big stuff, should I?”

“Al will tell us who the mug was that faked a connection with Manny Mace,” Snooty says. “Or Reek will. This Joe Smith was handed the artillery by Al after the one man blitz and he stashed it in poor Kidney-Face’s chamber at the scratch house while he was out. It was quite a plant and they sure wanted to make sure the citizen from Boston was hooked. Look at Funzo’s vest. You wring it out good and you will find nineteen parts of bean juice and one part steak gravy. Huh, Funzo eating steak on Saturday night! A citizen named Finnigan would eat roast lamb on Friday quicker.”

“You know I think I ain’t got no brains sometimes, like you say, Piper,” Iron Jaw groans. “I should of tumbled to that

myself. Aw, I’m goin’ back to Boston an’ try all over.”

“Yeah. I don’t think I would have ever got suspicious of things if Al had not cooked up that phone call to make his plot stronger,” Snooty says. “And you shouldn’t of ever chewed gum so, Al. Let’s go to our hotel, Scoop.”

Everybody calls at our hotel all the next day. Kidney-Face Funzo comes to thank Snooty again. Manny Mace comes and pumps our mitts and says for us to name anythin’ in the way of a favor. Anything.

“If they’d convicted Funzo, I’d had a tough time crawlin’ out,” Manny says. “Just tell me a guy any place you don’t like. Any place. I got ways of—”

Still another character calls and we let him in. It is no other than the city editor of the *Blade*.

“Why—er—say, Manny,” Snooty says. “Anybody? Look, there is a guy who I could never miss. But promise me you won’t mess him up too much and do it so he does not suffer.”

“OH, HIM!” Manny Mace says. “I never did like that goon myself. The dirty things he says about me. Hello, Mr. Burnish. I’ve been talking to my pal here. He reminded me of a job I will do on you sometime when you ain’t lookin’. Some day you will turn up missin’ and who would ever search for the body of a city editor?”

“Ha, ha,” the C.E. says, quite weak “They are kiddin’, Manny, as I come to offer them each sixty bucks a week. I am firin’ Slats Riley anyway an’—how about it, boys? Three weeks vacation every year and—”

“We will come in tomorrow and let you know,” Snooty says. “We are quite busy now, as you can see. I suppose you heard Mr. Dewey called us and said how

much he liked what we done, huh? Good day, Mr. Burnish. We should not try and compete with citizens of New York, should we? We will ask Manny to change his mind about massacring you. Who did you say was on the phone, Scoop? Not La Guardia? Tell him to wait.”

“I’ll make that pay sixty-five,” Burnish says as he ducks out.

“You do not intend to take that job, do you, Snooty Piper?” I snaps at him.

“Of course not,” Snooty grins.

We walk into the office of the *Blade* at ten A.M. The redhead gets up and almost hugs Snooty.

“Can you ever forgive me for the way I acted yesterday, Mr. Piper?” the cute trick says. “I hope you will be at leisure tonight. I have the nicest girl friend for your pal and—”

“Gnats,” Snooty says. “Tell Mr. Burnish we are waiting.”

“Awright, you fish face,” the doll says. “I still think you got out of the aquarium. Nerts, Mister.”

We enter the city room of the big town rag quite impressively. There is quite a silence in the place and Snooty breaks it when Mr. Burnish trots up to him.

“When will you start?” the C.E. says, rubbing his hands together like he is making bread crumbs.

“This noon,” Snooty says. “We leave by bus for Boston. Me and Scoop Binney do not believe we should try and compete with such big shot reporting citizens as our talents are quite limited. Anyways we would not work for a tabloid that makes so many typographical errors. It is our reputation we must think of. Why, look at that stagger head there on this A.M.’s paper. ‘Nazis Set Minsk Trap’. How do you spell ‘minks’ in New York? Come on, Scoop.”

We leave by bus an hour later. We wonder why it lists to starboard until we see a large citizen with a derby taking up two seats. The driver finally turns around and yells at him.

“Listen, Mister. I don’t care if you paid two fares. Sit in the aisle, will you, or git off the bus. Why didn’t you have yourself crated an’ sent by express anyways?”

Iron Jaw is very indignant. “Can’t I find nothin’ nowhere but insults? Can’t I never have no peace; hah?”

Me and Snooty agree that we do not think he ever will.

