

MAN OF LAW
By
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CHAPTER 1

When Jim Barlow was three years old, his parents bought him a belt with two holsters and two toy guns in the holsters. They were not cap pistols so little Jim had to provide the “bangs” himself, a feat at which he was very good.

When he got a little older he played cowboys and Indians with the neighborhood children about his age. The rule was that if someone pointed a gun at you and hollered, “Bang,” you had to fall over and play dead.

By the time he was ten years old he played the role of a policeman. He was very fast on the draw, and most of the time he shot the outlaws with a cap pistol before they could even get their guns out of their holsters.

He also read every comic book he could get his hands on if they were about cowboys and Indians or something of that nature. And one of his favorite pastimes was reading true stories about policemen searching out a lawbreaker and arresting him. His parents were sure he was going to be a lawman when he finished high school.

They were right in their thinking Jim would be a lawman, because as soon as he graduated from high school he enrolled in the School for Lawmen. He was taught about seeking lawbreakers, arresting them, and getting them behind bars. He was also taught the laws pertaining to the expected behavior of a policeman.

One thing he was taught in his training was the first thing he should always do when making an arrest was to shout to the lawbreaker to surrender. He was also taught to never be the first one to fire a shot because that could make him a lawbreaker, and perhaps a killer.

However, there was an exception to the rule: you could legally fire a shot into the air to get the attention of a would-be escapee.

Early in his schooling Jim decided he wanted to be the fastest student when drawing the pistol, and the most accurate marksman with both the pistol and the rifle.

So in order to do this, he spent most of his out-of-class hours on the firing range. His hours of practice paid off and he was at the top of the class in all of the firearm usage activities. He was also the top student in his class work.

CHAPTER 2

His first day on the Police Force was spent patrolling the streets with Bob, his patrol partner. Their assigned area was mostly made up of poor people, and it had the most crime; the most frequent of which were burglarizing and fighting with knives and clubs.

On the very first night that Jim and Bob were on patrol, they had to break up a fight between two young boys, one had a knife, and the other one had a club. The boy with the club was winning the fight because he was keeping the knife-holder at bay by continually swinging his club at him.

When the patrol car pulled up to where the fight was going on, the boys immediately quit fighting and started running down the sidewalk. Jim told Bob "Stay in the patrol car and radio for help if I need it."

Then he jumped out of the patrol car and started in pursuit of the boys. He hollered loudly, "Halt or I'll shoot." The boys ceased running and held their hands in the air.

Jim immediately pulled their hands behind their backs and put handcuffs on them. He then loaded them into the back seat of the patrol car. The back seat had no door handles, only a strong wire screen dividing the front seat from the back seat. Jim had taken their weapons from them so there could be no more fighting.

Then Jim asked them why they were fighting. The one that had had the knife said, "That bum owed me twenty five dollars and he has refused to pay me back."

In defense the other boy said, "Well, I have promised to pay him back, but he just ain't given me enough time to get the money together."

Jim said, "Okay boys, you will have plenty of time to settle your differences while you are in adjoining cells in the jail house. And tomorrow morning you will be allowed to call your parents to come and pay your fine and take you home."

The younger boy asked, "How much will the fine be? My dad is dead and my mother works at the laundry every day to get enough money to pay the rent and buy food. So she may not have enough money to pay my fine."

Jim said, "If she can't pay the fine, I suspect you will have to spend five days in jail. It won't be that bad because you will have room and board free while you are there. The worst thing in having to spend time in the jail is that the offence and the time in jail will both go into a record. And if you get in trouble again, they will use your police record against you. So boys, I warn you: don't get into trouble again."

Then Jim tried to phone the knife-bearer's mother, Mrs. Hahn, but found that she had no phone. So he got the address where she worked, and went there to explain her son's situation.

When Jim approached her, she stop sewing; she turned her head, looked at Jim with a frown on her face, and then turned back to her job.

Jim stopped her sewing, and explained her son's misdemeanor and its penalty. She looked up at Jim and said, "Mr. Policeman, I'm sorry that my son got in trouble, but I don't have any extra money to pay his fine. But I'm not to sorry he is going to have to stay in jail for five days; maybe it will teach the ornery little bastard to stay out of trouble. Good day, sir;" and she resumed her sowing

Jim took the hint, went back to his patrol car, and drove back to the police station. He reported to the Chief of Police what the youth had done, and what his mother had said about their poor financial situation.

Then the Chief said to his secretary, "Put what I'm going to say in a file. 'The penalty for fighting with a knife is one hundred dollars or five days in jail. In this case the lawbreaker has no money so he must spend the five days in jail.'"

The older boy's dad was notified about his son's situation. He was very wealthy, and immediately drove to the jail and paid his son's Fine.

Then the boy was warned by the Chief about the penalties for violating the law, hoping that he would not break the law again—and he never did.

CHAPTER 3

Jim had never been much of a girl chaser, but lately he has developed a strong desire for the company of a lady. The lady with whom he was most acquainted was Sherry, one of the secretaries in police headquarters. So he finally worked up the nerve to ask her if he could take her to the Happy Days café that evening, and she said “Yes”; he was very thrilled that he would soon be on his first date!

That evening at six o’clock Jim picked Sherry up and took her to the Happy Days café. Sherry was not the least bit shy, so she started a conversation just as soon as they got seated and had their orders turned in.

“Jim,” she said, “Tell me about yourself and tell me what prompted you to become a police officer?”

“Well, Sherry, I was born here in New York on August 5, 1990, and went through high school here. As soon as I graduated from high school, I entered the Police Academy, and then last year I graduated from it.

“As for my desire to be a policeman, I got that when I was only four years old. For my fourth birthday my parents bought me two cap pistols, two holsters, a cartridge belt, and four rolls of caps. So I went around snapping the cap pistols and hollering “Bang, bang, you’re dead!

“I guess my folks nearly went crazy, and I’m sure there were times they wished they had never bought me those cap pistols. But bless their hearts, they never said a word to discourage me or stop me; and I guess it was from then on that I wanted to be a policeman.

“And just as soon as I finished high school, I enrolled in the Police Academy. After four years of schooling there, I graduated with the highest overall grades; and I presume that is the reason that I was immediately hired by the local Law Enforcement Agency. And Sherry, I guess you could say that you know ‘the rest of the story.’”

Sherry laughed a bit and said, “Thank you, Jim, for all that information about yourself, but what about your folks?”

“All right, here is a summary about my folks. Dad is a lawyer and Mom is his secretary, and according to Dad, she is a good one; Mom is also a great cook.

“My parents are good Christians, and they brought me up in a Christian home; and we are all members of a Christian Church here in New York.

“Now Sherry, it’s your turn. Tell me all about yourself and about your folks.”

“Okay Jim, I also was born in 1990, and reared in a Christian home. We also go to a Christian church here in the city.

“My dad is manager of one of the Marian Brothers hardware stores, and my mother is the bookkeeper there.

“I went through twelve years of public school here, and four years of college at New York University; I majored in Business Management and Stenography. And like you, I went to work for the Law Enforcement Agency as soon as I got my degree. So you see, Jim, we have some things in common, and I hope we will get to know each other better.”

Jim responded quickly, “Sherry, you can rest assured that I will be asking you for a date quite often because I certainly want to get to know you better. And by the way, can I pick you up tomorrow evening at six o’clock for another evening meal at Happy Days?”

“Yes, you surely may; and I will certainly be looking forward to another very pleasant evening with you.”

Jim then asked her if she was ready to leave the café and go for a little ride. She said she was, so Jim paid the bill and escorted her to the car.

Jim drove to one of the public parks, and parked where it was cool and quiet. They discussed various things for about two hours. Then Sherry said it was time for her to go to bed, so Jim started the car and drove her to her home.

He was very anxious to kiss her when he walked her to the front-door porch, but he decided that that was not the proper thing to do on a first date. So he just shook her hand, and said “Sherry, this has been one of the most interesting and pleasant dates I have ever had. I’ll certainly be looking forward to seeing you at work tomorrow morning, and then picking you up for our date tomorrow evening.”

CHAPTER 4

Jim had the privilege of dating Sherry several times during the month, and by the end of the month he was falling in love with her; and it was quite obvious that she was getting very fond of him.

But the police schedule was on twelve hour shifts that were switched at the end of the month. The twelve hour shifts were the daylight shift, from six a.m. to six p.m.; and the night shift, six p.m. to six a.m.; and the day and night shifts were reversed at the end of the month.

Jim did not particularly care for this sort of schedule, but he had to honor it in order to keep his job as a policeman. But worse than the schedule was the fact that Sherry didn't like for Jim to be a policeman; and she talked to him about it during their lunch hour.

She said, "Jim we have talked about getting married, and I am all for it, except for one thing. I don't want you to be a policeman because I'm afraid you will get killed by a criminal you are trying to arrest; and that would leave me as a heartbroken widow."

Jim replied, "Darling, my job as a policeman is not any more dangerous than driving a delivery truck into the slums to deliver a package. So please don't worry about it. Just concentrate on all the wonderful things we will do after we get married, beginning with our honeymoon.

"I have three weeks of leave time coming, and we can do a lot in three weeks. And I am getting awful anxious to get married to my sweetheart, and to go on that honeymoon!"

Sherry replied, "All right, my optimistic lover, I'll concentrate on marriage instead of accidents. Now you go on back to work, and I will be anxiously looking forward to seeing you this evening at six o'clock when you get off work. And since you go on the night shift tomorrow evening, I'll have lunch with you again tomorrow at noon."

CHAPTER 5

Everything went well for Jim and Bob several nights, and then they had a dastardly break. They were slowly patrolling a poorly lighted street, and came across two young lads breaking into a jewelry store.

Jim stopped the police car, jumped out and started running after one of the boys. Bob jumped out and started running after the second boy who was racing in the opposite direction.

Both of the policemen were in good physical shape and they each caught their quarry within a block. Jim backed his boy up against the wall of a store, and held his gun on him while he pulled out his handcuffs.

He told the boy to hold out his hands so he could cuff him. Unfortunately, the boy had his pocket knife concealed with the blade opened. So he reached out toward Jim and stabbed him in the chest so hard that it knocked him down. But as Jim was falling, he shot the boy in the shoulder, and he fell against the store wall and slid down it; he was unconscious, and blood was running down his arm.

Bob came running up as he had already cuffed his youth and locked him in the police car.

“Jim, what happened?” Jim was almost unconscious, but it didn’t really matter; Bob had already discerned the extent of the wounds of Jim and the youth.

Immediately, he pulled out his phone and called the police station and requested a doctor and an ambulance as quickly as possible. Within five minutes the doctor and ambulance were there, followed by a police car with two policemen in it.

The two policemen quickly loaded Jim and the youth into the ambulance with the doctor. Then the driver headed for the hospital with the siren wailing.

The two policemen then went with Bob back to his patrol car. The youth was crouched down in the back seat, scared half to death. He had tried unsuccessfully to get through the steel-wire barrier between the front and back seats, but all he had to show for his efforts were two bloody hands.

Then Bob took the youth to the police station, washed his bloody hands, and applied some disinfectant to them.

After he got the boy’s hands bandaged, he booked him for robbery and property destruction, and put him in a cell. Then he went to the hospital to check on the injuries of Jim and the other youth.

Jim was still in the emergency room where the doctors were cleaning out his wound that was three-inches long and one inch deep; then they sterilized the wound and stitched it closed.

The boy that Jim had shot was in another emergency room where they were working to get out the bullet so they could stop the bleeding and stitch up the injury.

Sherry made it a point to visit Jim at the hospital that evening after she got off work. She never once said, "I told you so." But Jim knew she must be thinking about such a statement, so he said to her, "You told me so," and then he laughed.

About that time the Chief came into the room, and said, "Good evening Sherry and Jim. I have some good news for both of you: Jim will no longer be a patrol policeman.

"Jim, I'm going to put you in charge of training the new recruits about the laws a policeman needs to know. Then I want you to teach them all about pistols and rifles, and how to shoot them accurately.

"And incidentally, I will put my new assistant, Henry Murray, with you so he can learn like the rest of the students. Then when he gets qualified, he can fill in for you in case you have to temporarily leave the teaching job.

"And Jim, your training may very well save many lives of both patrolmen and lawbreakers. And you will have the satisfaction of doing what you like best, firing guns at targets instead of firing them at human beings."

Jim was pleased with what the Chief had said, and he replied, "Thank you Chief, for giving me such a much safer job. Now Sherry can quit worrying about me getting shot. In fact, now I may be able to talk her into marrying me!"

Sherry, who had heard all the conversation, spoke up and said, "Mr. Barlow, just set the date, and I will buy the wedding dress." Then they all laughed.

Jim said, "Sherry, they have told me that I would be able to leave this hospital by tomorrow evening; so why don't you start looking for that wedding dress now?"

So Sherry went shopping and bought a very lovely wedding dress; and then she arranged for the preacher to marry them in the church the following Saturday.

The wedding was attended by the parents, friends, and policemen; and the bride and groom were very pleased.

The preacher had a short and very appropriate sermon about how sincere love could overcome any problems that might arise. Jim was confident that he and Sherry would remain married as long as they lived.

CHAPTER 6

After the ceremony was completed, Jim and Sherry left to go to a Happiness Resort in the Appalachians for their honeymoon.

Every day the Resort had special afternoon programs for the newly married husbands and wives. They were taught rules for husbands to follow, and rules for wives to follow. The rules, if followed, would very likely guarantee the marriage would not only be a lasting marriage, but would be a happy marriage.

For a nominal fee Jim purchased a small book which had in it all the information that had been presented orally in the Resort's daily messages. He had bought one because he knew they could not remember all the information that had been taught; and they certainly wanted their marriage to be happy and everlasting.

When they were not in a class, Jim and Sherry travelled into the forest areas, taking pictures of the magnificent surroundings and of each other. And since their camera had a timer, they could take pictures with both of them in them.

After two weeks the lessons were over, and they decided to go back to New York because they needed to move Sherry's belongings into what was now Jim and Sherry's home.

So when they got back to New York they rented a small moving-trailer, and loaded all of Sherry's belongings in it; then they drove to the new home of Sherry and Jim.

Once there, they unloaded the trailer and carried all the items inside. Sherry hung her clothing in a closet while Jim placed her furniture in appropriate places.

When they finished, both of them were tired, but very happy. Jim suggested they rest for a while, and then go out for the evening meal; Sherry agreed with that proposal. So they went into their bedroom, undressed and crawled into bed to "rest."

CHAPTER 7

When Monday morning came, they both climbed into Jim's car and drove to work. They were met by the Chief and a group of employees that gave them hugs and greetings of "best wishes." Then the Chief said, "Back to work everybody."

For four years everything went well with Jim and his classes. He was turning out graduates that were excellent marksmen and excellent policemen. They also knew the laws about shooting a gun, arresting a suspect, getting him to the jail, and making a report.

The Chief was very pleased with Jim's work. In fact, he was so proud of him that he would loan him to other law enforcement groups just to show him off.

The first lawman he loaned Jim to was the sheriff, Ben Johnson. He was a long-time friend of Jim and knew how brilliant he was when it came to finding items that pertained to a crime.

Ben asked Jim to help him on a bootlegging problem. The problem was that Ben knew this particular fellow, Billy, was selling whisky out of his house, but he couldn't find where he was storing it.

So he took Jim to Billy's house and knocked on the door with a Permit to Search in his hand. Billy opened the door and said, "Come on in Ben, I haven't seen you for a while and I thought you had given up searching my house; and is this new man on your staff?"

Ben handed him the Permit to Search, laughed and said, "No, Billy, I just borrowed him from the Police Department for a little while, and his name is Jim."

Billy extended his hand to Jim and said, "Pleased to meet you Jim; now you go right ahead and search to your heart's content."

Jim shook his hand and then began his search. It did not take him very long to look in all the probable hiding places, and he didn't find a single bottle of whisky. Then he noticed the large dinning room table had a line-crack down its center. So he went over to it, turned to the Sheriff, and said, "Ben, take the other side of this table, and help me pull it apart."

Immediately Billy loudly said, "Dammit, Ben, keep your dirty hands off my table; it's a family treasure passed on to me by my great grandma!"

That outburst was a dead give away; Ben and Jim both knew immediately that the table was a storage place for the whisky. So they each pulled on it and the top slid apart, revealing a large, hollow opening in the table leg and it was full of bottles of whisky.

Then they turned and looked at Billy. He was standing there with a red face and his eyes and mouth wide open; he was too shocked to say anything.

Ben unhooked a set of handcuffs from his belt, and said, “Billy, hold out your hands, you are under arrest for selling alcohol illegally.”

Still speechless, Billy held out his hands and Ben put the handcuffs on him. Then he ushered him out to the squad car, and put him in the back seat. Ben and Jim got into the front seat and drove back to the jail house—and Billy never said a word.

Once there, Ben thanked Jim for his help, shook his hand, and then sent him back to his job.

Jim enjoyed his job, but once in a while he would get a desire to be part of a situation that called for wisdom and action; and one day he got an opportunity to do just that.

CHAPTER 8

A patient managed to escape from the security mental hospital the day after he was hospitalized. He had knocked out the man delivering food items for the kitchen and dragged him into a storage closet. He quickly removed the delivery man's uniform, and put it on over his clothes. Then he removed the delivery man's cap and put it on his head.

He exited the storage closet and walked past the security guard with his cap pulled down. The security guard was reading the newspaper, and only glanced at the patient as he walked by him and out the door.

The patient climbed into the delivery van and quickly drove away; he headed for the skyscraper where he worked before he was sent to the hospital.

He parked the van two blocks from the four-story building where his office was. Then he got out of the van and walked to the office building.

To avoid being recognized, he had kept the delivery man's clothing on and his cap pulled down; he also walked at a normal pace to his office.

Because of his emotional peculiarities, he had been assigned to an isolated office in the southwest corner of the fourth floor.

The patient remained in his office until all the workers had gone home. Then he typed a message and put it on the outside door of the elevator. He reasoned that the first person to walk up to the elevator the next morning would read the message, and immediately take it to the security guard. The message read:

“WARNING! The door on office number 401 has nitroglycerine hanging on it. Any attempt to remove it will cause an explosion that will wipe out a large portion of the fourth floor.

I am still in my office and will remain here until one hundred thousand dollars of unmarked, randomly numbered bills, ranging from five dollars to one hundred dollars, are put into a suitcase and set in the middle of the aisle ten feet from my door. The suitcase must be in the aisle by noon today.

I will alternate looking out into the aisle through the little peek hole in my door, and the windows on the southwest corner of my office. Thus I will be able to see when the money is put in the aisle; and also I will be able to see if there are any police cars in the street. And if there are, they must be removed immediately, or else!

And by the time the suitcase is delivered, I want a new unmarked car, full of gas and with the key in it, parked just outside of the front entry door to this building.

Then I will come out of my room with a bottle of nitroglycerine in my left hand; so if I am shot, I will drop the nitroglycerine and blow the fourth floor all to hell.

If I am not shot, I will open the suitcase in the aisle to be sure the money is in it. If it is, I will close the suitcase, pick it up, go down in the elevator, then outside, and get into the car.

If any effort is made to stop me, I will drop the bottle of nitroglycerine and there will be a big blasting boom that will make kindling out of the fourth floor.

Of course, if for any reason the bottle is dropped, the money and I will be blown to bits—but I don't give a damn. I would rather be dead than in some stinking hospital.”

At seven o'clock the next morning, Mrs. Greer stepped up to the elevator and immediately saw the white page with the typewritten message on it. She quickly read it, gasped, pulled the paper from the door, and ran with it to the security officer.

He quickly read it, and then said, “This is a job for the police department.” Then he grabbed the nearest phone, called the Chief, and read the paper to him

Immediately the Chief promised the security officer that Jim Barlow would be over in just a few minutes to help disarm the patient.

Then he ordered his assistant, Jerry, to run out the back door to the training grounds and get Jim.

When he got there, he grabbed Jim by the arm and started pulling him toward the Chief's office, telling him about the paper as they ran.

They rushed into the Chief's office, and immediately he said, “Jim, now that you know the problem, do you have any suggestions as to how we can handle this situation? This mentally-ill individual is on the fourth floor in the southwest corner of the building, and he is demanding one hundred thousand dollars by noon or else he will blow the fourth floor into kindling.”

He handed the message to Jim who hurriedly read it, and then he said, “Yes, sir, I believe with all the information we have, I might have a possible solution that will not require collecting the ransom money.

“The Washington Tower is just across the street from the Lincoln Tower; and if I can get the right room in the Washington Tower I can shoot the man from there. He said he will be looking out the windows to be sure there are no patrol cars on the street. And when he looks out this particular window to check for police cars, I will be able to shoot him.

“I am assuming he will not be carrying any nitroglycerine while he walks around because that would be very dangerous to him. He knows that if he

accidentally bumps his leg, or the wall, that he would immediately be blown to bits; and the Lord only knows what else would be destroyed.”

Then the Chief said, “Okay Jim, get your rifle and tripod and hurry over to Washington Tower. I’m sure they will be glad to show you to the room you will need.” Immediately Jim got his rifle and tripod from his office and was on his way to the Washington Tower; it was only one block from his office.

When he got there he gave the security officer a quick summary of why he needed the room on the southeast corner of the fourth floor. Being a security officer he understood why Jim needed that particular room, so he quickly escorted him to it.

Jim hurriedly set up the tripod and clamped the rifle to it; then he opened the window so he could put the nose of the rifle out.

Jim looked through the rifle scope and focused it on the position where the mentally-ill patient will be standing when he looks out the southwest window. Then Jim positioned a chair so he could sit in it, look through the scope, and put its cross-hairs accurately on the patient when he appeared; and then bring him down with a single shot.

As it was not yet eight thirty in the morning, the Washington Tower building was completely vacant of employees. But when the employees arrived, the security officer let them enter in the usual fashion as there would be no danger from the patient’s nitroglycerine. However, in the Lincoln Tower there would be a lot of danger. So the security officer told the employees to go back home because new carpets were being installed in their offices,

In the meantime Jim kept his eye on the critical window in the Lincoln Tower, ready to fire. About ten minutes later the patient showed himself at the window. Jim fired at the upper part of his right shoulder, and the patient fell, unconscious.

Immediately, two of the policemen in the Lincoln Tower very carefully removed the nitroglycerin bottle from the office door. Then they accidentally dropped it, but there was no explosion!

It took a moment for them get their breath and realize what had happened: the bottle was filled with plain water, and so was the bottle that Robert had planned to carry when he left his room.

The injured patient was taken to the hospital where the bullet was removed from his shoulder. He was kept in the hospital for two weeks and then returned to the hospital for the mentally ill.

CHAPTER 9

One evening Jim was working late at the office on a lesson for the next day, but at five o'clock he had not quite finished it. So Sherry decided to go outside and enjoy the fine weather while she waited for him to take her to a café for supper.

Suddenly she felt what she thought was a gun punching against her back. She started to turn around to see who it was because she figured it was just Jim playing a joke on her; but she was mistaken. In a rough voice she was told not to turn around, but to walk silently to the blue Ford car.

She was very frightened so she obeyed the command and walked quietly to the car, and the gunman had her get in on the passenger side; then he locked the door and quickly got into the driver's seat. The motor was already running, so he immediately drove off the parking lot and onto the main street.

Sherry knew the driver had to keep his eyes on the road, so she turned to see what he looked like. She was surprised to see the man had a silk stocking pulled down over his head, and a pistol in his left hand, pointed at her.

He glanced in her direction and said, "Young lady you have nothing to fear as long as you sit there and don't try any smart tricks. I'm taking you to my little hideout where we can have a little fun playing man and wife who have just gone to bed."

Sherry's heart skipped a beat as she realized the kidnapper was going to rape her. She quickly prayed under her breath, "Dear God, please don't let it happen."

Just then the kidnapper made a right turn onto a dirt road that looked as if it was rarely used. He drove a mile, and then pulled up to a little house beside the road and stopped in front of it.

He got out of the car and said, "Okay young lady, slide over to this open door and get out. And don't forget for one minute that I have a gun pointed toward your shapely little body, and I plan to make love to you." So trembling with fear, she slid across the seat and stepped out.

Then he handed her the key to the door of the house, and told her to unlock it. So she walked up to the door, unlocked it, and walked in.

The man followed her inside and turned on the lights. Shelly quickly looked around the room, and all she saw was a queen-size bed next to a wall.

The man, still masked with a nylon stocking, said in a voice of anticipation, "All right babe, off with the clothes."

Sherry said quietly and seductively, "Sir, you will have to unzip the back of my dress, just like my husband has to."

The rapist thought Sherry was looking forward to the love making, so he lowered his gun and reached around Sherry's side trying to find the zipper on the back of her dress. That was just what Sherry had hoped for.

She instantly gave his neck a karate blow with the edge of her right hand, and he fell to the floor, unconscious. She quickly picked up his pistol, and then got the keys to the car out of his pocket.

She started for the door, but she stopped, turned around, and walked over to the kidnapper; then she pulled the stocking mask off his head. She gasped with surprise, and said to herself, "My Lord, its Robert, one of the janitors."

Then she rushed out the door, closed and locked it, ran to the rapist's car and climbed in. In just a few seconds, she was on her way to the Police Headquarters where she hoped to find her husband.

CHAPTER 10

Jim was still at Police Headquarters, and after thirty minutes he began to really worry about her; then he saw her as she pulled up in front of the building in the rapist's car. He rushed out, jerked open the car door, and pulled her out. Then he hugged her tightly and said, "Sweetheart, I was beginning to really worry about you; where in the world have you been?"

"I'm sorry, darling; I just got kidnapped by one of our janitors, Robert. He was about to rape me, so I used my karate training and whacked him across the back of his neck; and it knocked him out cold."

Then she gave the house key to four of the policemen, and told them how to find the little house. They immediately rushed to their patrol car, and set out to arrest the rapist.

When they got to the little house they found him still inside, looking for a way to get out. They unlocked the door, grabbed him, and put the handcuffs on him. Then they put him in the rear seat of the patrol car and took him to the Chief's office.

The Chief took one look at him; then with an angry scowl, he said, "Robert, you son of a bitch, you are going to pay dearly for what you have just done."

After the policemen left to take Robert to the jail house, Jim turned to the Chief and said, "Chief, I would like for you to put Henry teaching in my place for a while, and I will concentrate on Robert. I'll start by searching our files to see if there are any clues to what he has done in the past.

"Since he almost raped my wife, I am determined to see him behind bars for a long time. And the penalty for attempted rape is probably not too many years—and I want to see him put away for life."

"Jim, I understand your intentions very well; and if it had been my wife, I would also have the determination to see him in prison for life. So you have my authority to do whatever is necessary to see that this bastard is a lifetime jail bird. Or if you find he has committed murder, we'll see that he goes on trial for that crime and he will probably get the hot seat."

So Jim spent hours looking through the files of the five-year work-attendance records of Robert, and for the five-year records of requests for the police to find missing wives; but Jim couldn't find any information that could tie Robert to a murder.

But he did find found that every time Robert was reported as absent on Friday, a wife was reported missing on the following Monday. Jim immediately asked himself the question: "If he killed the women, what did he do with the bodies."

CHAPTER 11

Then Jim went to the Chief and said, “Chief, I have just asked myself: What did he do with the bodies? We both know that we need some solid information, such as a body that can be unquestionably tied to Robert.”

The Chief replied, “Jim I have just asked myself that question. Now, do you have any suggestions as to where he put the bodies?”

“Yes, Chief, I do have an idea. If I were the killer I would hide the bodies in a place where people would be least likely to look for them; and in this case that place would be around the little house where he took Shelly.”

“Jim, I have a gut feeling that you’re correct. So I’ll round up some men, get some shovels, and we’ll go do some digging around that little house of Robert’s.”

So he got ten shovels, picked eight additional policemen, and then he and Jim took them out to the little house in the Police Van.

When they got there, the Chief said, “Boys, we will be looking for bodies. And some of them may have been underground for five years and be somewhat decomposed; so here’s what we’ll do.”

Then he took a shovel and pushed it into the ground with his foot. The shovel didn’t go into the ground but a few inches because the ground was rather hard.

“Do you understand what I just did? In a manner of speaking, I have shown that there probably is not a body below where I pushed in the shovel. That place has never been disturbed; the grass is too well-rooted, and the soil is too hard.

“So I suggest we try digging just every three or four feet. Then when we hit a soft spot, we will dig around that spot until we can make an outline that is possibly a grave.

“And once we get the grave outlined, we will very carefully dig out the soil that we have outlined, and we’ll probably unearth a body.” Then, following the instructions given by the Chief, everyone began to dig.

About ten minutes later, one of the diggers hollered, “Chief, I believe I have just found a grave, and it is very close to the front of the house.”

The others quickly gathered around him and began to carefully dig out the softer soil until they had had a clear outline of the grave. Then they began to carefully remove the soil from the grave.

In just a few minutes one of the men said, “Chief, I believe I have just found a body.” All the other men ceased digging and waited to see what the Chief was going to do.

In an instant, the Chief was down on his knees, removing soil from around the body with his hands. He continued carefully removing the soil while the

others watched; and very soon he had the body completely uncovered as the grave was quite shallow. Then after he had studied the scene for a few moments, he said, "This must not be a recent burial because her clothes are almost completely decomposed."

After a moment, Jim spoke up. "One of the ladies whose name is on the missing persons' list was reported missing five years ago; and this is probably that lady.

"I'm sure the coroner will be able to identify her from an examination of her teeth and from her fingerprints, if she still has some. He should also be able to give us a fair estimate on how long she has been buried."

The body was taken to the coroner for an autopsy, and the policemen went back to the Police Station to rest up a little from their digging.

After an hour of examination the coroner identified the body as the wife of Mr. Houston; and Mrs. Houston was the first name on the list of missing wives.

On hearing the results of the autopsy, the Chief said, "Since Robert kept his cleaning rags and equipment in a neat pattern, I won't be surprised if he has put the graves in a neat pattern also.

"And I think we can assume that he dug all the graves in a pattern similar to the one where we discovered this one. Also, I'll bet he killed all five women whose names are on the missing list. If that is really the case, there should be four more bodies somewhere close to his house." So the Chief sent a crew of ten policemen back to dig up the remaining four bodies.

And based on the coroner's findings, Robert had killed and buried the women one year apart and in the same order that their names were on the "missing women" list.

The body of the lady they had found nearest the cabin was the body of Mrs. Houston and her name was first on the list of missing wives. And according to the dates the wives were reported missing, there was approximately one year between the dates.

The coroner identified all five ladies by their fingerprints and their dental conditions; and the husbands were told their wife's body had been found as soon as they were identified.

Naturally the husbands were grieved—and quite angry with the killer; but they got their revenge a few months later.

The killer was tried in court and found guilty of murdering the five wives. His sentence was death in the electric chair and it was carried out; then the body was buried in an unmarked grave in the city cemetery.

AFTER WORDS

Jim was rather frequently called to head up special cases because he was so talented in solving them .When he was not working on a special case, he devoted his time and talent to “creating” outstanding policemen. After he reached sixty five years of age he retired and enjoyed life with his wife; he passed way at age seventy four years. His wife, Sherry, preceded him in death by six months.