

Public Enemy
Hud Hudson

By

Gary M. Whitmore

Hud Hudson (Public Enemy) Story

This story is a work of fiction from two fiction stories (Hud Hudson (Public Enemy) and My Public Enemy Neighbor. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to events or places or cities or public enemies, gangsters, or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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Chapter 1

Like with all criminals, it always started off with the birth of an innocent sweet baby.

This time it happened during a cool night on March 20th 1909 in Booneville, Missouri. This small town was located in the lower southeastern part of the state.

Out on the outskirts of Booneville lived twenty-year-old Calvin Hudson and nineteen-year-old Martha Hudson. Calvin had the standard Hudson large nose, as did his father and his grandfather and great grandfather and so on.

The Calvin's lived in a small two bedroom wooden house with a wooden outhouse in the backyard. Kerosene lanterns provided adequate light for the inside their home during the night. Plus the bathroom was a wooden outhouse in the back of their small back yard.

But tonight would be a very special night, as was heard from Martha screams from her bed.

Martha lay in her bed in pain. Her forehead was sweaty as was her clothes. She had her knees up and legs spread apart.

Between her legs was their neighbor fifty-year-old Anna Wilston. Anna was the woman

who helped the mothers give birth. She knew was she was doing since she gave birth to seven babies herself.

“Ahhhhh!” Martha screamed out while the baby started its move down the birth canal.

In the small living room, Calvin nervously paced back and forth while he smoked on his pipe.

“Ahhhhh!” Martha screamed out from their bedroom and that caused Calvin to cringe in sympathy pain for his wife.

Back in the bedroom, Anna could see the head of the baby start to protrude from Martha’s vagina. “Push Martha, it’s coming out. Push,” she said.

Martha cringed and she pushed with all her might.

Anna could now see more of the baby’s head. “Push Martha,” she said.

Martha cringed and she pushed again with all her strength.

Anna was now able to grab a hold of the baby’s body and assisted it out of Martha’s vagina.

She saw the tiny penis. “It’s a boy, Martha,” Anna said.

Martha smiled and relaxed a little.

Calvin stopped pacing in the living room when he heard the screaming stop. He knew he was now a papa.

“It’s a boy, Calvin,” Anna called out from the bedroom.

Calvin rushed over and placed his pipe on the mantel of the fireplace. He rushed out of the living room and headed to his bedroom.

Calvin’s eyes widened in joy the second he saw his son in a blanket in Anna’s arms.

Anna walked over to Calvin and handed him the baby.

Calvin looked down at the baby. “I’ll name him Henry. After Henry Ford who makes those fancy Model T cars. Because I know my Henry will grow up and be famous and make the world a better place,” Calvin said while he held baby Henry Hudson in his arms. He was a proud papa.

“I’ll stay here for a few days until Martha gets her strength back,” Anna told Calvin.

Calvin nodded while he could not take his eyes off his beautiful son. “Henry, you’re going to grow up and do wonders in this world,” he said.

Anna walked over. “I’ll take Henry. You better get some sleep for work tomorrow,” she said then took Henry out of Calvin’s arms.

Calvin walked over and gave Martha a kiss on her lips. “Good night momma,” he said to her.

Martha smiled and looked so exhausted.

Calvin walked out of the bedroom.

Anna walked Henry over and placed him in a wooden crib next to the bed by Martha’s side.

The next morning, Anna got up after sharing the bed with Martha. She went into the kitchen and made Calvin some scrambled eggs and a cup of coffee. She also made him two ham sandwiches for lunch.

After he ate his breakfast, Calvin went into his bedroom. He gave Martha a kiss then gave Henry a kiss on his tiny forehead.

He left his house then strutted off to work down the dirt road in his shirt and work coveralls. He had a huge proud smile while all he could think about was his new son.

A little while later, Calvin walked into the entrance of the Booneville Sawmill.

He walked over to a pile of lumber where six other coworkers lounged around before the start of work.

Calvin walked over to his coworkers with a huge proud smile.

“What are you so fucking happy about?”
Johnnie asked.

“Yeah, working ten hours in saw dust is nothing to smile about,” Ernie added.

“I’m a dad! Martha gave birth last night!” he said and flashed another proud smile.

Johnnie, Ernie and the other four guys jumped up and rushed over to Calvin.

“Congratulations daddy,” Johnnie told Calvin while he shook his hand.

Ernie and the other guys took turns giving Calvin congratulatory hand shakes.

“Let’s get to work before I dock your pay,” fifty-five-year-old Harry the foreman said while he walked over to the guys.

Calvin strutted off with his coworkers into the sawmill to start their work day.

After work was over Calvin practically ran home to spend time with little Henry.

But this first birth for Calvin and Martha would be their last. Martha encountered some problems after giving birth to Henry and was not able to have any more children.

Three years had passed and Calvin and Martha provided Henry with a loving home.

When Henry was four years old, Calvin would take him out to Leers Lake and started to teach him how to fish. Henry loved those quiet moments along the shore of the small lake with

their fishing lines in the water. And every once in a while, they even caught a trout or two. But it was these moments of father and son bonding that Henry loved.

Then Henry turned six and Calvin started taking him camping out in the woods. Henry loved the warm summer nights sleeping in a tent under the twinkling stars.

Two more years passed and Henry and Calvin spent countless times fishing at Leers Lake and camping out in the woods.

“One day Henry, we’re going to go fishing down in Florida. I want to take you to Sarasota, Florida for fishing and swimming at the sandy beach. I’ve never seen the beach and want to. We’ll have so much fun,” Calvin told Henry one Sunday while they fished at Leers Lake.

Then Sunday afternoon, Calvin and Henry walked home from fishing at Leers Lake.

While the headed home, Calvin and Henry walked near Rodney’s house.

Rodney was a forty-five-year-old fat drunkard who was currently unemployed. His wife Wilma supported him by working long hours as a waitress at the local diner.

When Calvin and Henry walked up to Rodney's house, they heard him yelling out in anger. "You stupid bitch," he yelled at Wilma.

Calvin and Henry glanced at the house and from the living room window they saw Rodney punch Wilma in her face. She dropped to the floor sobbing.

Calvin was pissed with that sight so he dropped his fishing pole to the dirt street.

Henry watched while Calvin ran to Rodney's front porch.

The second Calvin got to the Rodney's front porch he started pounding on the front door.

The front door opened and Rodney appeared looking pissed. "What the fuck do you want?" he yelled at Calvin.

Calvin peeked around Rodney and saw Wilma on the floor sobbing in her hands. He did not say a word but threw a punch and hit Rodney hard in his left eye.

Rodney flew back and landed on his ass. He got pissed and jumped up and came after Calvin.

Calvin was ready and threw two more rapid punches at Rodney's face.

Rodney flew back again and landed on his ass.

Calvin entered the house with fists ready while he walked up to Rodney.

Rodney slowly stood up and staggered a bit. Calvin threw another punch breaking Rodney's nose.

Rodney flew back and landed on his ass. He tried to get up but did not have the strength.

"If you ever hit your wife again, I'll be back for some more. Do you understand Rodney?" Calvin said in a threatening tone.

"Yeah, I understand," Rodney said while he wiped the blood away from his nose.

Calvin left their house closing the door behind him.

Once he got outside, he walked back over to Henry and picked up his fishing pole off the street.

"Never hit a woman, Henry. A man should never hit a woman. Understand?" Calvin said.

Henry nodded that he understood. Then Henry looked back at Rodney's house that was quiet. "Will you teach me how to fight?"

Calvin looked at Henry. "Sure son. It's time you learn how to defend yourself," he said then they walked off down the street and headed home.

Calvin kept his word and started to instruct young Henry how to box to defend himself from bullies. Calvin was surprised how Henry was a natural at boxing.

“Only use what I thought you to defend yourself,” Calvin would instill in Henry young mind.

Henry was a happy young boy with a happy family life. Life was great.

Then September 1917 rolled around and conscription nabbed Calvin for the US Army.

It was a sad morning when Calvin went to the train station in Booneville with Martha and Henry.

“Henry, you’re the man of the house while I’m gone. Take care and protect your mother,” Calvin told Henry.

“Yes sir,” Henry replied and fought back his tears so his dad wouldn’t think he was a sissy.

Martha’s eyes welled up when Calvin gave her a kiss.

Calvin extended out his hand at Henry who shook it. “I’ll be back soon and we’ll go fishing and camping again. Maybe Florida,” he told Henry then winked.

Martha and Henry watched while Calvin boarded the train with his small suitcase.

The train started to move down the track.

They stayed at the station until the train was out of site.

It was a lonely walk back home.

Calvin eventually made it to Camp Dodge in Johnston, Iowa. He was assigned to the 88th Division for his basic training.

After he received basic training, he was shipped off to France to fight the Germans.

Then on March 5th, 1918, Martha got a Western Union telegram delivered to the house.

While by the living room front door, she opened it hoping it was news that Calvin was on his way home. She dropped to her knees and started sobbing when she read that Calvin was killed in action on February 12th, 1918.

Henry entered the house with his school books in hand.

He saw Martha on the floor crying.

He saw the telegram on the floor and picked it up. He read it and learned his father that he loved so dearly was dead because of the Germans. Henry dropped the telegram and it floated down to the floor.

He walked away and headed off to his bedroom.

He walked over dropped his school books to the floor. He got on his bed. His eyes welled up the second his head hit his pillow. This would be the last time Henry would ever cry, for now.

That night was like many other nights to follow, Martha would sit alone on the front

porch of her home. She rocked in her rocking chair while he smoked cigarettes. Her eyes would well up while she recalled all those special moments of her life with Calvin.

Chapter 2

After Calvin's death, Henry was a changed boy. He moped around the house for weeks and Martha's attempts for him to go outside and play fell upon death ears. He rarely smiled.

In addition, Martha had to deal with Henry's occasional temper that would flare up when he got frustrated or things would not go his way. He also got mad during those times when he fished in Leers Lake and did not catch any fish.

Henry would not hang around with the local kids and became a loner. This worried Martha and she prayed that he would eventually grow out of this behavior.

Then in July 1918, in order to support young Henry, Martha started working as a waitress at Wilbur's Diner in Booneville. The pay was not great, but it at least placed food on the table. The worst part was that she had to work ten hour days from Monday through Saturday.

Henry found himself alone many Saturdays while she worked. So he would go fishing down at Leers Lake. That brought back many fond memories of those days with Calvin. But he still got mad when the fish were not biting.

Then on May 8th, 1919, ten-year-old Henry was on recess outside the wooden one room school house with the rest of the kids.

The kids ran around playing tag and other harmless games.

Henry stayed by himself as he did during all the recesses.

“Hey Henry,” called out a smart-ass kid named Ronnie Pettine during recess.

“What Ronnie?” Henry replied.

Ronnie looked around and got a smirk when he had some of the other kids near him. He looked back at Henry. “You have a huge nose Mister Hudson Huge Nose,” Ronnie called out in his usual smart-ass tone.

The kids around Ronnie laughed at his comment while they looked at Henry.

Henry’s blood boiled being the object of Ronnie’s laughter again and this was the last straw. He clinched his fists and stormed over to Ronnie who laughed out loud. He immediately punched Ronnie hard on his nose.

Ronnie dropped to his knees in the dirt stunned that Henry hit him. Then he realized his nose was bleeding. He started balling like a baby.

The other kids were stunned, as this was the first time they seen a fellow classmate get punched.

The teacher, Miss Lynnette, middle aged with salt and pepper hair always in a bun, rushed out of the one room school house when she heard Ronnie's cries.

"What is going on here?" she asked while she rushed over to the kids.

"Henry punched Ronnie in his nose," a girl named Nancy said and pointed at Henry.

Miss Lynnette was pissed and grabbed Henry by his right arm. She rushed him off to the school house.

All the kids rushed after their teacher knowing Henry was going to be punished. They had to witness this act.

Ronnie stayed behind in the dirt crying and wiped his bleeding nose on his shirt sleeve.

Miss Lynette rushed Henry back inside the school house.

She rushed Henry over to her desk at the front of the room. She bent Henry over the left side of her desk. She rushed over and removed a wooden paddle that hung on the back wall. She rushed over to Henry and gave him four good whacks on his backside with the paddle.

Henry did not cry and took his punishment like a man.

For the remaining months of this school year, all of the kids were afraid of Henry. After

all, he did not cry when paddled by Miss Lynette. The kids respected Henry out of fear of being punched. Henry could sense this and started to love this respect he suddenly earned.

But from that day forward, there was always tension between Ronnie and Henry. But Ronnie was too chicken to fight Henry again.

The months flew by and it was now 1920.

Henry got into more scraps with some of the older kids. But Henry's natural boxing skills made him the winner almost every time. But during those times he lose, he never cried. He took his punches like a man.

In April 1920, Henry also started hanging around with another tough kid from the other side of town. His name was Frank Peabody and his father had a gun collection.

So Frank and Henry would sneak out into the woods with some pistols belonging to Frank's father. They would shoot at anything that moved. It also never bothered Henry to shoot an innocent rabbit that happened to be in the vicinity.

During those nights when Martha had to work an extra shift, Henry would still pal around with Frank and they would hang out in the seedy side of Booneville.

It was during the summer of 1920 when Henry had his first opportunity to observe live sex.

“Want to watch people fuck?” Frank asked Henry while they walked down one of the seedy streets.

“How can we do that?”

“There’s a whorehouse down off Fay Street,” Frank replied.

“What’s a whorehouse?”

“It’s a place where men fuck women,” Frank replied. “Let’s go.”

Frank took off running down the street.

Henry got extremely curious and he ran off down the street after Frank.

A little while later, Frank and Henry snuck through a dark alley.

They came to a window where the light was inside the room.

Frank moved two wooden crates under the window. He motioned for Henry to climb up on one of the crates. Henry did and they peeked in the window.

Henry’s eyes widened in joy when he saw a naked skinny middle aged bald man on top of a skinny woman in her forties. He watched while the man fucked the woman who raised her legs in the air. “That’s fucking?”

“Yes, that’s fucking,” Frank replied.

Henry got an erection watching the man fuck that skinny whore. He was fascinated with sex. "I want to try fucking," he told Frank.

Frank looked at Henry and smiled. "I know this girl that might if we can get four bucks," he said.

"Four bucks? I don't have any money," Henry replied.

"Then we'll just have to find some."

"Find some? What do you mean by find some?" Henry asked a little unsure.

"Steal it," Frank replied with a smirk.

Henry looked back at the window and watched while the man had his orgasm in the whore. "I do want to try fucking," Henry said with a smile.

Henry and Frank got down off the wooden crates and ran off down the alley.

Twenty minutes passed and Frank and Henry continued to peek in the front window of a local seedy bar.

They saw an older man shove some dollar bills into his left suit coat pocket. The old man got up from his table and staggered over to the front door.

Frank and Henry rushed away from the window and headed to the alley to the right of the building.

They peeked around the corner and watched while the old man staggered down the sidewalk and headed toward the alley.

The second the old man got close to them, Frank and Henry grabbed him and yanked him into the alley.

They knocked the old man to the ground.

Frank punched him in the face a few times while Henry reached in the left suit pocket of the man's suit coat. He pulled out some dollar bills and showed them to Frank then shoved them in his left pants pocket.

"Let's go fucking," Frank called out while he and Henry ran away down the street leaving the old man in pain on the ground.

While they ran down the street, Henry reached in his pants pocket and removed the cash they stole. It was six bucks. He gave Frank three bucks.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Henry and Frank rushed up to a small wooden house in dire need of painting on the outskirts of town.

Henry looked nervous while Frank knocked on the front door.

The door opened and a black haired twenty-one-year-old woman named Millie appeared in a worn out almost see through nightgown. She was cute with soft brown eyes and a shapely figure.

“What do you boys want?” Millie asked.

Frank looked around and the coast was clear. “I heard that you will fuck for two dollars,” he said.

Millie looked at Frank and Henry for a few seconds and that made the boys feel she might get pissed.

“Have you boys ever fucked a woman before?”

Frank and Henry nodded that they did not.

“I guess you need to learn sooner or later. Plus I need the money and this shouldn’t last long,” she said then opened the door all the way as the invitation to come inside.

Once Henry and Frank got inside her house, Millie closed the door.

“Let’s see the dough,” she said and held out her hand.

Henry and Frank each handed her two bucks.

“You can go first,” Millie said then she grabbed Frank by his right hand.

She walked Frank down the hallway and into her bedroom.

Henry looked around the poorly furnished living room and realized that he lived in a fancier home. He walked over and sat down on the couch and waited.

Three minutes passed and Frank walked into the living room with Millie who had her worn out nightgown back on. Frank grinned ear to ear.

“You’re next sugar,” Millie said while she looked at Henry.

Henry was nervous while he stood up from the couch.

Frank still grinned ear to ear while Henry walked down the hallway with Millie.

Just before he got to her bedroom, he noticed the door to another bedroom was cracked open. Inside was a young girl around three years old that slept alone in a bed.

“That’s my daughter. My asshole husband left me last year,” Millie told Henry then entered in her bedroom.

Once Millie got Henry in her bedroom, she closed her door.

She removed her nightgown and let it drop to the wooden floor.

Henry stared in awe at the sight of her B-cup tits and her black hairy crotch.

“Take off your clothes, darling,” she said while she got on her bed that had a worn and dirty looking bed cover.

Millie got on her back and waited.

Henry removed all his clothes and could not believe that he was naked in front of a woman. He had an erection in seconds.

She smiled while he looked at Henry. "You're a lot bigger than your friend and most boys your age. Bigger," she said and was actually looking forward for Henry to climbing on top of her

He walked over and got on the bed.

"Lay on top of me, baby," Millie instructed in a sexy tone while she patted her tummy.

Henry got on top of her and she spread opened her legs. She reached down and guided Henry's good size cock inside her.

"Now move your hips back and forth. That's how you fuck a woman," she instructed.

Henry followed her instructions and loved the feeling of being inside of her. Then he had his first orgasm. He pulled out not sure what to do next while he got off her.

"You did good for your first time, baby," Millie said while she got off her bed.

Henry watched while she slipped her night gown back on her body.

Millie saw Henry still naked on her bed. "Get dressed. Your fucking lesson is over," Millie said.

Henry got off the bed and got dressed.

A little while later, Henry and Frank ran off down the street with huge smiles.

“I love fucking,” Henry called out to Frank while they ran down a street.

“Me too,” Frank replied while he still grinned ear to ear.

Two hours later, Martha returned home from a grueling day at the diner. She was exhausted.

Then while she was in the bathroom, she noticed a lump under her right arm pit. She did not think anything of it and went straight to bed.

For the next two years, Henry and Frank palled around and started to get involved committing petty crimes. They would often steal money from cash registers when the store owners went off into the back rooms.

They would then use that loot for more sexual encounters with Millie.

Then when Henry was fourteen years old during the summer of 1923, he decided he wanted to be called “Hud.” He felt it sounded tougher than Henry. So from now on, all his friends like Frank called him Hud. It was also during the summer of 1923 when Martha noticed a large lump on her breast. Since money was tight she could not afford a doctor’s visit so she ignored the lump.

During the next year, Frank and Hud continued their petty crimes and moved up to that whorehouse they saw their first sex act.

Martha still worked at the diner and the lump in her armpit and breast never went away. They in fact were a little larger in size. She ignored the lumps.

Then in February 1925, Martha finally went to the doctor when her breast became too painful to ignore. She was diagnosed with breast cancer. She still continued to work to put food on the table and a roof over Hud's head despite her deteriorating health.

Also during that year, Hud and Frank were getting good with their petty crimes and never got caught. Henry also loved the occasional visits to the whorehouse and became a good lover.

Hud also became fascinated reading newspaper stories about the Chicago gangster Al Capone. He realized that if you wanted to become rich and famous, being a feared gangster was the way to go.

Martha started to become worried about Hud's behavior. But she was too weak from her cancer to confront him about it, so she ignored it.

Then during the summer of 1926, Frank and Hud learned how to drive using Frank father's Model T. After a few close calls with smacking into trees and almost flipping the car over, the boys soon mastered the automobile.

Chapter 3

A couple of years passed and it was now 1929.

Hud had grown into a handsome man despite his large nose. He kept his black hair styled and slicked back. Plus his dark brown eyes that sometimes looked black added to his mystic.

During March 1929, Hud was now out of school and worked at the Booneville Sawmill like his father. Harry the foreman gave Hud a job, as he remembered and always liked Calvin. Plus the Germans also killed Harry's son in WWI.

He loathed the manual labor and started to yearn for an easier way of life. Frank also worked at the sawmill and like Henry he also loathed manual labor.

On Saturday nights, Hud and Frank would frequent the seedy bars of Booneville.

Then one Saturday night after getting drunk, Hus and Frank visited the local tattoo parlor.

Frank got a tattoo of a naked woman on the shin of his right leg. Hud got a "Hud" tattoo on his right bicep. It was about inch high and three inches long.

Then on Saturday June 8th, 1929, Hud got off a grueling day at the sawmill.

He walked down the dirt road toward his house.

“Hud,” Frank’s voice called out from behind him.

Hud turned around and saw Frank running up to him. “Yeah.”

“Listen, I talked with this farmer over in Kingsville. And he wants to buy a Model T for one hundred dollars,” Frank said when he stopped running and walked alongside with Hud.

“So,” Hud replied and looked disinterested, as he was exhausted.

“So, we go over to old man Moore’s farm and steal his pickup. I heard he typically passes out drunk every Saturday night. Then we drive the pickup over to Kingsville and sell it to that farmer. Fifty smackers each,” Frank replied and looked dead serious.

Hud thought about his offer for a few seconds while they walked down the road. Then he thought about his recent days of dirty work at the sawmill. “Sure. Why not,” he replied.

“Great, we’ll head out around one in the morning.”

“Okay. That sounds great,” Hud replied.

Frank turned around and ran off down the road.

Hud continued on his trek down the dirt road toward his house.

At 1:00 a.m., Hud and Frank snuck through the darkness and headed over to old Elmer Moore's farm.

They snuck through the side door of Moore's barn.

They did not notice Elmer while he sat on the front porch smoking his pipe and drinking some moonshine.

Once they got inside the barn, they saw Moore's 1924 Model T parked in the barn.

Hud rushed over and got behind the wheel.

Frank rushed over and slid the right main door of the barn open.

He rushed over to the Model T and got in the passenger seat.

Hud tried to start the car. It would not start. He kept on trying.

Then all of a sudden, Hud was staring at a double barrel shotgun stuck through the driver's door opened window. Hud froze when he saw Elmer with the shotgun ready to blow his head off. "You just stay right there, boy," Elmer said with anger in his voice.

Frank panicked and opened up the passenger door then he bolted to the side door of the barn.

Farmer Moore saw Frank but did not want to take his gun out of Hud's face.

"Did you catch them, Elmer?" his wife Irene called out from the barn door.

"Yeah Irene, call the police," he replied.

Irene ran away from the door and headed to the house.

"Get out of my car, boy," Elmer said with anger still in his voice.

Hud opened the door and cautiously got out of the car.

"Move it," Elmer motioned with his shotgun for Hud to leave the barn.

Elmer walked Hud out of the barn with his shotgun aimed at the middle of Hud's back.

"Get on the ground with your face in the dirt," Elmer said the second they walked out of the barn.

Hud got on his stomach and put his face in the dirt.

"There's coming," Irene called out from the front porch.

Frank had managed to slip away out the side door of the barn. He ran away into the woods.

For the next ten minutes, Elmer still held Hud in the dirt with his shotgun aimed at his back.

A Booneville cop car with two cops inside drove down the driveway and drove over to the barn.

One of the cops that got out behind the wheel of the car was Ronnie Pettine. He was the kid that Hud punched in the nose years ago in the school yard.

Ronnie had a big smirk on his face the second he saw Hud in the dirt. "Well, well, if it ain't Henry Hudson. I just knew it would be a matter of time before we meet again. But this time, I have the upper hand," he said while he strutted over to Hud.

"So, he tried to steal your pickup?" Ronnie asked Elmer.

"Yep, caught the hooligan red handed. His buddy got away," the Elmer said and removed his shotgun away from Hud's back.

Ronnie and the other police officer reached down and pulled Hud up to his feet.

"Who was that buddy?" Ronnie asked Hud.

"No buddy. Just me," Hud replied and was not about to rat on Frank.

Ronnie sucker punched Hud in his stomach.

Hud bucked over in pain.

Ronnie pulled Hud up straight by grabbing his hair. "And this is for that day at school," he said then punched Hud in his face.

Hud fell back to the dirt.

The other police officer reached down and picked Hud up by the collar of his shirt.

“You’re under arrest Henry Hudson,” Ronnie said with a smirk loving this payback moment.

“My name is Hud Hudson,” Hud replied.

“Okay, Henry Hudson,” Ronnie said with a smirk while he handcuffed Hud’s arms behind his back.

They escorted Hud over to their cop car.

“Please try to escape Henry. I would love to put a bullet in the middle of your back,” Ronnie said while the other officer placed Hud in the back seat.

The other officer sat in the back seat with Hud while Ronnie got behind the wheel of the car.

Ronnie drove the cop car off to the station where Hud’s first and only mug shot was taken.

Hud was true to his friend and continued to remain tight-lipped about Frank’s involvement.

Then on July 18th, 1929, twenty-year-old Hud Hudson was sentenced to five years in an eastern correctional facility in eastern Missouri. This prison was located about twenty miles south of St. Louis.

Hud’s rap sheet documented two trademarks; his large nose and his “Hud” tattoo on his right bicep.

His prison sentence devastated Martha and she got weaker due to her cancer. Anna who delivered took Martha into her home to watch over her while Hud sat in prison. Martha did not have any family since she and Calvin were only children and their parents both died years ago.

On night of August 7th, 1929, Hud Hudson and five other convicts were driven in the back of a police truck to the eastern correctional facility in eastern Missouri.

Hud and the other convicts were processed into the facility, sprayed with delousing powder to kill any lice on their naked bodies.

The were then provided with the standard black stripped prison outfits and sent off to a barracks type of jail cell.

The door opened to Barracks #4.

Inside that barracks, most of the prisoners relaxed in their bunks while some chatted and some played cards.

The prisoners all glanced over at the door. They saw Russ Brantley, a forty-four-year-old prison guard with a fat belly, thinning greasy black hair. He was a pervert and a smart-ass. Russ always carried a rifle and had a revolver in a holster around his waist.

Russ escorted Hud into the barracks.
“Prisoners, we have a new piece of shit to live in

your humble abode,” Russ called out while he glanced at his right at Hud. He leaned over to Hud’s left ear. “I’ll be back for you later. We’re going to become really good friends,” he said in a friendly tone.

Hud could smell the whiskey from Russ’ stale breath.

“You can bunk over there,” Russ pointed out to an empty bunk half-way down the barracks.

Hud walked to the empty bunk with Russ’ eyes zeroed in on his backside.

Russ turned around with a smirk and headed back to the door.

Hud sat down on the empty bunk.

Harold Pyle, twenty years old relaxed on the bunk to Hud’s left. “I’m Harold Pyle,” he said while he sat up and extended his hand over to Hud.

“Hud Hudson,” he replied while he shook Harold’s hand.

“Where you from?”

“Booneville. And you?”

“Bellwood,” Harold replied then leaned in closer to Hud. “Watch your back with that Russ Brantley guard. He takes a weird liking to the younger prisoners,” he said in a warning tone.

“Thanks. So, what are you in her for?” Hud curiously asked.

“Robbed a grocery store. And you?”

“Robbery. I got caught trying to steal a farmer’s Ford Model T.”

“How long you in here for?”

“Five years. How about you?”

“Also five years. I arrived last month,”

Harold replied then looked concerned. “I hope I can last that long.”

Hud looked at Harold. “We will,” he said and looked sincere.

Harold smiled, as Hud was the only prisoner that would talk to him at first. He felt like he found a new friend.

Hud relaxed on his bunk and had a good feeling about Harold. He felt that this guy could be trusted.

Morning started at 6:00 a.m., for all the prisoners.

Russ stormed inside the barracks. “Get your fucking worthless ass cheeks out of my beds!” he screamed.

Hud jumped up out of bed startled over his screaming voice. All of the other prisoners were used to it, so they slowly got out of their bunks.

After they got dressed into their prison outfits, Russ and four other guards marched them off to the dining hall where they ate some crappy scrambled eggs breakfast with a piece of cold toast and one cup of luke warm weak coffee. Some prisoners noticed cockroaches in their eggs

and tossed them on the floor. Some of the older prisoners could care less and ate the cockroaches along with their eggs.

Hud tossed his cockroach out of his eggs to the floor.

After breakfast, the prisoners were marched out of the dining hall and outside in the main yard. There they were placed in groups of four and other guards installed chains around their ankles. The four would be chained together for their work detail. Hud was chained along with Harold.

The prisoners were then loaded onto trucks and driven out of the prison facility.

A little while later, the prisoners worked in field and were in a straight line. They had shovels and picks and were digging up the grass. They were actually being used to dig out a new road for the State of Missouri.

While the prisoners dug, numerous guards kept a watchful eye on them with rifles in hand. Some of those guards were itching for some of the prisoners to escape. They really wanted to kill a few.

While on this work detail, Russ would always strut by and kept an eye on Hud then give him a smile. Hud avoided eye contact with Russ not trusting his intentions.

Then Hud glanced over to his right and saw one of the guards throw a couple of punches at another prisoner. The prisoner stopped digging for a few minutes and that was against the rules.

The long day finally came to an end and the prisoners were all sound asleep in Barracks #4.

It was 3:00 a.m., and Russ entered the barracks drunk with his rifle in hand. He worked during the day, but would come back at night when he was drunk.

He walked over to Hud's bunk, poked Hud in the middle of his back with the barrel of his rifle.

Hud stirred a little in bed.

Russ poked Hud harder in the middle of his back with the barrel of his rifle.

Hud, wearing an athletic tee shirt and boxers, woke up and saw Russ towering over his bunk.

Russ motioned for Hud to get out of his bunk.

Hud obeyed and got out of his bunk leery of what Russ had on his mind.

Russ escorted Hud down the aisle and into the bathroom.

Harold woke up and saw Russ escorting Hud down the aisle towards the bathroom. He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep.

Once they got inside the area the prisoners took a shower, Russ handcuffed Hud to a vertical pipe on the wall.

Since Hud's hands were not a threat so Russ immediately he pulled down Hud's boxers.

Russ placed his rifle on the floor. He pulled down his pants and boxers. "I'm going to love this," he said with a perverted chuckle while he moved over to Hud's butt cheeks.

Hud cringed the second Russ raped him. But he knew not to cry out, as that might cause Russ to shoot him.

After Russ had his way with Hud, he pulled up his boxers then his pants. "You're mine for the next five years," Russ whispered in Hud's right ear. Hud could smell the whiskey on Russ' breath.

He removed the handcuffs from Hud's arms, grabbed his rifle and walked away.

Hud pulled up his boxers and headed out of the bathroom.

Hud walked back to his bunk in a little pain and was furious.

"I know what you're going through," Harold whispered when Hud got back in his bunk.

Hud lay awake that night furious and did not sleep a wink.

Three years had passed and Hud endured the occasional raping and beating by Russ and the

occasional beatings by some of the other crooked guards. Hud took beating and occasional raping knowing he would be out in a couple of years. But this also created extreme hatred for any law official by Hud. He could not understand why he was in prison for violating the law when the law officials were allowed to violate the laws.

Hud often chatted with an older prisoners.

One he spent time with was named Pete Huddleston from Pine Hills, Missouri. Thirty-year-old Pete would tell Hud countless stories of his criminal adventures and how never got caught. Then Pete told Hud how it was that hardware store robbery in Pine Hills that got him sent to prison.

Another inmate that took a liking to Hud was Bruno Lorenzo, a thirty-four chunky Italian man with thick black hair from St. Louis. Bruno was in for fraud and due to get out in a few years.

Bruno would spend time with Hud discussing his life of crime and where he thought he went wrong to land in prison.

In February 1932, Pete was finally released from prison. He said his good-bye to Hud while he relaxed on his bunk.

“When you get out, come on over to Pine Hills. My brother owns the Pines Motor Court

and he's going to give me a job I'll make sure you get a good rate on a room," Pete told Hud just before he was escorted out of the prison and set free.

Two weeks later, Bruno was released. He said his good-bye to Hud while he sat on his bunk.

"What's your plans?"

Bruno looked to make sure no guard was within hearing range. "Heading over to Cincinnati. I have an uncle that wants to teach me his craft so he can retire," Bruno replied and looked excited.

"What's that?"

"Forgery. So if you're ever in need of something forged, like identifications, and what not, come see me in Cincinnati. Uncle Louie is the best," Bruno said then he winked at Hud.

Hud watched while Bruno walked away and headed to the guard that waited at the barracks door.

Hud wondered if he would ever see Bruno again. He lay on his bunk and closed his eyes.

March 1932 rolled around and Harold got released early from prison since he was not a problem inmate.

Hud stayed behind bars and prayed he would soon get released.

Then in May 1932, Russ strolled over to Hud's bunk while he relaxed after a grueling day of digging out that new road.

"Hey Hud. There's something I forgot to tell you," Russ said and waited.

"What's that?" Hud asked.

Russ chuckled. "I forgot to tell you that your momma died back in February," he said then laughed.

Hud clinched his fists and had a strong urge to lunge at Russ and beat the crap out of him. Hud refrained knowing he would lose in the end. So he just looked away and discreetly wiped away his tears.

Russ walked away down the aisle laughing.

Chapter 4

July 14th 1932 rolled around and Hud was released early since he also behaved in prison.

Hud took the train back to Booneville.

He figured he would get his old job back at the sawmill and live in his parent's home. It would not be much of a life, but at least he would not be raped and beaten by crooked guards.

It was in the early evening when the train stopped at the station in Booneville.

Hud stepped off the train and looked around the station. He remembered this as the same spot from 1917 where he last saw his father when he left for the Army.

Hud walked out of the station.

He headed off through Booneville.

While he walked through the streets of the town, he noticed that the town had not changed a bit during the past five years. He sort of missed the place while he was in prison.

A little while later, Hud walked off down the dirt road toward his old home.

He walked past the sawmill and noticed that it was not as busy as he remembered. He did not

think anything of it and continued walking down the street.

Hud walked up to his old home.

He walked onto the front porch and found the front door was locked.

He went around the back of the house and over to a window. He remembered that that window was broken and could not be locked. He opened the window, climbed through it and went inside his home. He closed the window.

Hud stood in his parent's old bedroom. He stared at his parent's old bed and got a little sad.

He walked out of the bedroom and down the small hallway.

He immediately went inside his old bedroom and headed over to his bed.

He lay on his bed and was fast asleep in minutes, as the trip on the train was exhausting.

Hud slept through the night and woke up when the sun started peaking through his bedroom window. Plus the faint sound of a rooster ringing in the morning was heard from a nearby farm.

He got out of bed and headed off to the bathroom. After he washed his face, and brushed his teeth with water and his finger, he headed off to the kitchen.

From the kitchen, Hud went down the stairs and entered the cellar.

He looked around the cellar and it brought back some old memories.

He saw the area where coal was stored for the furnace for heating the house during the winter. A few pieces of coal remained on the floor.

On the opposite wall were some wooden shelves. On those shelves were a few old dusty Mason jars with strawberry jam Martha made years ago. Below the shelves was an old wooden chest.

He rushed over to the chest and opened it up.

Inside the chest was junk that Martha saved for some unknown reason. Hud rummaged through the junk and removed a small tin box. He removed the lid of the tin box and inside was some cash. Sixty dollars to be exact and this was the payoff from some of his early petty crimes days with Frank Peabody.

Hud headed back up the stairs and went back into the kitchen.

A little while later, Hud walked out of his house from the back door at the kitchen. He left the door unlocked and headed off to the street.

Hud eventually walked into the diner where Martha once worked. Nobody in the place recognized Hud while he sat down at a table.

“Coffee and two eggs, toast and bacon,” Hud told Betsy the waitress the second she walked over to his table.

After breakfast, Hud walked away from the diner.

He eventually walked back to the sawmill and headed into the office.

Harry the foreman sat behind his desk drinking a cup of coffee and working on some paperwork.

“Hi Harry,” Hud said while he walked up to the desk.

Harry looked up from his paperwork. It took a few seconds for him to recognize Hud. “Henry Hudson?”

“Yep,” Hud replied.

“I thought you were in prison?”

“I was. I got released the other day. I’m looking for work,” Hud said.

Harry took a drink from his coffee cup. “I don’t know Henry,” he said while he placed his cup back on his desk. “You’re a convict now. And I should give any jobs that come up to the honest people of Booneville,” he said.

“But my dad was a good worker for you years ago. And so was I,” Hud replied.

Harry looked at Hud. "I'm sorry. We can't hire convicts. Please leave the property," Harry said and returned to his paperwork.

Hud remained there for a few seconds. When he realized that it was pointless he turned around and headed off to the door.

Hud was pissed when he walked through the sawmill and headed to the street.

Hud walked around Booneville and tried to get a job at Murdock's Groceries. Mister Murdock would not hire a convict.

Then Hud tried to get a job at Bernie's Hardware. Bernie would not hire a convict.

An hour later, Hud walked across town and went over to Frank Peabody's home.

He knocked on the front door.

A few seconds later and the door opened and Doris Peabody appeared in the doorway.

"Can I help you?" she asked Hud who stood on her porch.

"Hud Hudson. I'm an old friend of Frank's. Is he home?"

Doris' eyes welled up while she stared at Hud. "He was killed two years ago."

"Killed? How?" Hud asked and looked upset.

Doris hesitated for a few seconds. “He tried to rob the bank over in Marshallton and was shot after he shot at one of the cops,” she said then closed her front door.

Hud stood there for a few seconds still a little upset.

He walked away from Frank’s old house and headed off down the street.

Thirty minutes later Hud walked down Main Street.

From inside the Booneville Police Station, Ronnie was now the Chief of Police. He sat behind his desk and worked on some paperwork. He glanced up from his work to rest his eyes. Then his eyes widened the second he saw a familiar face walking on the sidewalk across the street.

“Henry Hudson. What the fuck is he doing back in town?” he said.

Ronnie got up from his desk and walked to the door of the station.

Ronnie opened the door and stepped outside.

While Ronnie was outside the station on the sidewalk, he kept a watchful eye on Hud while he walked away down the street.

“I don’t like him in my town,” Ronnie said while he went back inside.

An hour later, Ronnie sat in his 1930 Ford cop car down the dirt road from Hud's home. He kept a watchful eye on the place.

Then he saw Hud while he came outside and sat on the front porch. "Figures he would go there," Ronnie said. He started up his car, made a U-turn in the street and headed back into town.

Once Ronnie drove his cop car back into town, he stopped off at the Booneville First National Bank to see the bank manager.

The night rolled on and the sun started to peak above the horizon.

Ronnie was already dressed for work and drove in his Booneville cop cars with another officer in the passenger seat.

Ronnie parked his car out in the street in front of Hud's house. He turned off the car.

Ronnie and the other officer got out of the car and strutted to Hud's front door.

Ronnie had a smirk on his face while he banged on the front door with his fist.

After a few seconds of pounding, the front door slammed opened. Hud appeared in his boxers and athletic tee shirt. "What the fuck do you want?" he yelled then realized Ronnie stood outside.

"Good morning Mister Hudson," Ronnie said then a smirk grew on his face.

“What do you want Ronnie?”

“Well, it appears that you’re trespassing,” said Ronnie.

“Trespassing? How the fuck can I be trespassing when this is my parents homes?”

“It appears that this house does not belong to your parents. The banks owns it since your momma quit making payments a while back,” Ronnie said then paused for a few seconds.

“And I need you to vacate the premise immediately, or I’ll arrest you for trespassing,” he added and another smirk grew on his face loving this moment.

Hud turned around and walked away.

Ronnie opened the door and stepped inside the house. The other officer waited outside.

Ronnie followed Hud into his bedroom. He watched while Hud packed some of his old clothes into a small suitcase.

Ten minutes had passed and Hud sat in the rear seat of Ronnie’s cop car outside his old home. He was pissed while he stared at the back of Ronnie’s head. But the other officer sat next to him to prevent any problems with Hud.

Ronnie turned around and looked back at Hud. “Since you’re not employed and don’t have a place to live, I’m considering you a vagrant. And we don’t like vagrants with criminal records living in our peaceful town. Therefore, I’m

going to be generous and give you a ride to the outskirts of town. And if I ever see you in Booneville again, I'm going to arrest you. Because I know you're up to your old criminal ways," he said then turned back around and started up his car.

Twenty minutes later, Hud walked down a two-lane country road three miles outside Booneville.

A 1926 Ford Model TT 1 Ton truck drove down the road. On the back of the truck were crates stacked upon crates filled with chickens.

Hud saw the truck and stuck out his thumb for a ride.

The truck slowed down to a stop by Hud.

"Where ya heading?" Matt the old farmer behind the wheel called out.

"Bellwood," Hud replied.

"I'm going to the town before Bellwood," said Matt.

"That's closer."

"Hop inside. I could use the company," said Matt.

Hud got in the passenger seat of the truck then Matt drove away.

While Matt drove his truck down the roads, Hud pondered his future in this life.

It was early evening and Hud finally arrived in Bellwood that was located about in the middle of the state. After talking to a few of its residents, he learned the location of Harold Pyle's home.

Hud walked up to Harold's home where he sat in a rocking chair on the front porch.

Harold's eyes widened with joy the second he saw Hud. "Well, I don't believe my eyes. It's Hud Hudson," he said and got out of the rocking chair and rushed over to Hud.

They shook hands.

"What brings you to Bellwood?"

"Mom is dead and I got kicked out of her house. I didn't know where to go, so I figured I would come here," Hud replied.

"Well, I'm glad to see you."

"I was hoping to find work here."

"You can forget that. They won't hire ex-cons."

"Fuck. What can we do?" Hud said.

"I don't know. But maybe we can figure something out. But until then, some inside, I'll introduce you to mom and pop. I know they won't mind you staying for a little while. That's if you don't mind sleeping on the floor of my bedroom," Harold offered.

“That beats sleeping on the street or in the woods. And besides, you’re floor is probably more comfortable than those bunks in prison.”

Harold chuckled. “Probably right. Let’s go meet my mom. Pop will be home later.”

Harold and Hud went inside his house.

After a great home cooked meal by Harold’s mom, Hud and Harold took a stroll around town to talk in private. They chatted about what happened since they last saw each other in prison.

“I guess the only way we can make a living is to do what we did before,” Hud said.

Harold thought about his comment for a few seconds. “You mean, go back to crime?”

Hud nodded in agreement. “It’s our only option. But I don’t want to get caught this time.”

“I think you’re right. I really don’t want to meet the fucking asshole Russ Brantley again.”

Hud thought about his comment for a few seconds. “We need to go back and give him some real payback.”

It did not take Harold long to smile at Hud’s suggestion. “Yeah. We do. And leave tomorrow.”

“How? I don’t have a car.”

“Pop will let me use his. I’ll tell him we’re off to find jobs in that neck of the woods.”

Hud thought for a few seconds and then he smiled. “Let’s do it.”

They turned around and headed back to Harold’s house.

Hud and Harold left Bellwood at 10:00 in the morning in Harold father’s 1925 Model T.

During the entire drive, they talked about getting a gang together and robbing banks. They figured that would provide them with money to live the high life.

Hours had passed and they drove over to their old place of temporary residence – the eastern correctional facility in eastern Missouri. They parked the car at the far end of the parking lot. They waited and kept a watchful eye on the correctional facility.

“I sure hated that fucking place,” Harold said with gritted teeth.

“I tell you what, I’m never going back there. Never!” Hud replied.

Harold nodded in agreement.

Hours had passed and Hud and Harold saw the prison guards from the day shift leaving the entrance of the facility.

“There he is,” Hud said with a little anger in his voice the second he spotted Russ Brantley walked over to a 1924 Model T.

Harold started up the car and they watched while Russ while he got inside his Model T.

When Russ' Model T drove off, Harold followed his car.

Harold and Hud followed Russ' Model T while it drove into the small town of Beatrice.

They followed Russ' Model T and kept a safe distance behind it.

Then Russ' Model T drove down Stonewall Street, pulled over and stopped in front of a poorly maintained small white house. Russ got out of the car and walked to his house.

Harold and Hud sat in their car and watched Russ' house for a few minutes.

"What you plan on doing?" Harold asked Hud.

Hud thought for a few seconds. "I don't know yet, but let's keep a low profile," he replied while he pondered his retaliation for Russ' behavior while they was in prison.

"Let's come back later tonight," said Hud.

Harold started up the car and drove off down the street.

Harold drove out of Beatrice and parked his car in the woods off the road.

Hud and Harold then relaxed in the car and smoked some cigarettes and ate some sandwiches Harold made by raiding his mom's icebox.

It was now 9:00 p.m., and it was pitch black outside.

Harold drove his car back Beatrice.

Harold parked his car on Bright Street.

Hud and Harold got out and walked down the street.

They turned right on Stonewall Street and walked down that street.

The second they got to Russ' house, they snuck around to the rear of the home and headed over to the kitchen window.

They peeked into the kitchen window and saw Russ in the kitchen in his work pants and athletic tee shirt. He still had his revolver in his holster around his waist to intimidate his wife Diana that stood by their kitchen table.

Russ grabbed a bottle of opened whiskey. He took a swig. "Dinner tasted like shit tonight," Russ yelled at Diana while he stormed over to her. He backhanded her across her face.

Diana dropped to her knees and sobbed on the floor.

"Shut the fuck up!" Russ yelled then he picked her up by her hair and punched her in her left eye.

Diana flew back, smacked hard into their icebox. She sobbed louder.

Russ took a swig of whiskey from his bottle and stormed off into the living room.

Hud looked furious.

“What you gonna do?” Harold asked.

Hud thought for a few seconds. “I have something in mind. Let’s wait until she goes to bed,” he said.

They continued to peek through the kitchen window and saw Diana get up off the floor and left the kitchen crying.

Hud and Harold moved away from the kitchen window. They sat down in the grass by the back of the house. Hud started to reveal his plan to Harold while they sat in the dark.

An hour had passed and Hud and Harold peeked in another window. They saw Diana sound asleep in her bed.

They moved over and peeked in the kitchen window where the only light on in the house was in the kitchen.

They could see through the kitchen and saw Russ asleep in his chair in the living room. The whiskey bottle was resting on his fat belly.

“It’s time. But don’t take anything in the house. We can’t make it look like a robbery,” Hud quietly told Harold.

Hud headed off to the kitchen door with Harold behind him.

Hud slowly turned the doorknob and slowly opened the kitchen door. It was quiet inside the house.

Hud switched off the light to the kitchen the second he stepped inside Russ' home.

Harold closed the door.

Hud and Harold tiptoed through the kitchen and entered the living room.

The sound of Russ snoring filled the air of the house.

Hud motioned for Harold to go head over to the front door.

Harold tiptoed over to the front door and slowly turned the doorknob. He cracked the door opened.

Hud tiptoed over to Russ's chair. He ever so carefully removed Russ' revolver out of his holster.

Russ just snored a little while he slept.

Hud carefully placed Russ' revolver in Russ' right hand.

Russ stayed asleep.

Hud carefully moved the revolver in Russ' hand and placed the barrel against the right side of Russ' head three inches above his ear.

Hud motioned for Harold to get ready.

Harold motioned that he was ready and cracked the front door opened a little.

Hud carefully placed Russ' index finger in the trigger of the revolver then pressed the trigger.

The revolver went off and splattered blood and pieces of Russ' brain all over Diana's curtains.

Hud let go of Russ' right hand and rushed over to the front door.

He and Harold slipped outside and Harold slowly closed the front door.

They ran off toward the Stonewall Street.

There were about one hundred feet from Russ' home when they heard Diana scream from the living room.

Hud and Harold continued to run and turned left down Bright Street.

They ran down the street and over to Harold's car.

They got in the car; Harold started it up, then made a U-turn and drove away with the head lights turned off.

They got away with murder but to them it was justified payback murder for Russ raping and beating them in prison.

A little while later, Harold drove his Model T out of Beatrice and headed off into the countryside with the lights on his car.

"So, who can we get that we can trust?" Hud curiously asked.

Harold thought about his questions for a few seconds. "Well, there's Willie Gates, and Jack Jenner. I've known them since school. We've

done some petty stuff and never got caught. But they got trying to steal a car. So they also did a little time behind bars,” he replied.

Hud thought about his response for a few seconds. “Get a hold of your buddies and let’s start planning on getting rich.”

“I’ll work on that tomorrow.”

Hud smiled and actually looked forward for a life of crime to where he would get rich.

Chapter 5

It was now July 19th, 1932, and Hud and Harold met the other members of their new gang.

Willie Gates was twenty-two years old and spoke with a southern accent. He was originally from Mississippi, but his daddy moved to Missouri when Willie was ten. Willie learned the trade of safe cracking from an older neighbor man, who took Willie under his wing after his daddy died from a heart attack.

Then there was Jack Jenner, twenty-three years old and both had experience with burglaries and loved stealing cars.

Harold told Willie and Jack to meet them just outside of the eastern side of Bellwood on the main road called Route 18.

After the short introductions, Hud and Harold drove off in Harold's car.

Jack and Willie followed in Willie's car that belonged to his neighbor.

They drove two miles then Harold pulled off the road and down a dirt path.

He stopped in the woods where he knew nobody would bother them.

Hud worked on building a campfire for ambiance. After the fire got started, they sat around the warmth.

Hud opened up a bottle of whiskey. “Okay, I want us to hit banks all around Missouri. I hope everybody agrees,” Hud asked.

Harold and Willie nodded in agreement.

“I would love to hit banks. The bank took daddy’s farm away six months ago. We’re now living with his sister,” said Jack.

“Good. I’m also thinking that before the jobs, we stake out the area for any abandoned farm houses to hide out. If there ain’t any, then we’ll camp out in the woods,” he told the four guys then he took a drink of whiskey from a bottle he passed it to Harold to his right.

“Divide up the loot four ways?” Willie asked while Harold took a drink of whiskey.

“Of course. Nobody gets cheated. We’ll all be fair and square with each other. That means we don’t fight amongst ourselves,” Hud replied while Harold passed the whiskey bottle to Jack to his right. “Now another thing, if the cops become a threat, I hope you are willing to shoot them,” Hud said then looked at Jack and Willie to see if they had an issue with that.

“No problem here,” Jack said and looked sincere.

“Me neither. All the cops I know are crooked anyway,” replied Willie and he looked sincere.

Hud never bothered to look at Harold, as he knew his feelings about the cops.

“We’ll never shoot bank customers,” Hud added.

“What about the crooked bank managers?” Jack asked, as he knew of a bank manager he felt needed some lead in his body.

“Only if the manager becomes a threat,” Hud replied.

Harold, Jack and Willie nodded in agreement.

“We need a leader,” said Jack then took a drink of whiskey.

Jack, Harold, Willie, and Hud looked at each other.

“I know Hud finished his schooling and I like the way he plans and thinks things through. So I say Hud should be the leader,” Harold told the other two guys.

Jack and Willie thought about Harold’s proposal for a few seconds.

“I’m good with that,” Jack said then passed the whiskey bottle to Willie to his right.

“Me too, as I don’t want the worries and headaches,” Willie added then he took drink of whiskey.

Jack and Harold nodded in agreement while Willie passed the whiskey bottle back to Hud by his right.

“First we need some guns,” Hud said then he took another drink of whiskey.

Harold, Jack and Willie thought that for a few seconds.

Willie's eyes widened. "I know this rich dude over in Fairmont, about five miles away. He's the mayor of that town and a little strange. Name is Kent Henderson. I broke into his safe a few months back, and I know he has a nice gun collection. Even two Thompson machine guns," he said while Hud passed the bottle back over to Harold.

Jack's eyes widened with joy. "I've always wanted a Thompson," he said then made the impression with sound that he fired a Thompson machine gun while Harold took another drink of whiskey.

"Okay. We'll stock up with Willie's suggestion over at Fairmont," Hud said then he thought for a few more seconds. "We'll need a car," he added while Harold passed the whiskey bottle back to Jack.

"I can take care of that," Jack said then he took another drink of whiskey.

"Get a Ford. That's common and easier to blend in. And don't steal it from Bellwood," Hud said while Jack passed the whiskey back to Willie.

Jack nodded that he understood.

"We need to dress like gangsters. That means nice suits. We can't go in there looking like a bunch of dirt poor farmers. They might

laugh at us,” Hud said while Willie took another drink of whiskey.

Willie smiled while he remembered some of his crime sprees in Fairmont. “Fairmont has a nice clothing store with fancy suits,” he said then passed the bottle back over to Hud.

“I like the way things are shaping up. So, let’s get the car first, then Willie will take us to this rich guy’s house and we’ll get the other stuff we need,” Hud said then looked over at Jack. “Work on getting a car tomorrow,” he said then looked at everybody else. “The last thing we’ll need is a place to hide out for a few days.”

The guys thought about a possible solution.

“I know of a farm about three miles out of town. Old man Wilbur died three weeks ago. He lived alone as his wife apparently died a year ago. We can use that place for a spell,” said Harold.

Hud thought about his proposal for a few seconds. “That’ll work. Round up some camping gear,” Hud said.

“I can also take of that,” said Harold.

Hud looked at the bottle of whiskey. “I hope this rich guy has some good whiskey,” he said while he looked at Willie.

“He does,” Willie replied.

“Good, because I’m of tired of drinking this cheap shit,” Hud replied then threw the bottle and it smashed against the trunk of a tree.

“Good,” Hud said then paused for a few seconds. “Let’s meet tomorrow at the same time and location. And hopefully Jack will have a car. Then we’ll head out to that farmer’s house and go from there,” Hud told everybody.

Harold, Jack, and Willie nodded in agreement.

Hud immediately started kicking dirt onto their campfire.

Jack, Harold, and Willie joined in kicking dirt at the fire. It was out in a matter of seconds.

They all headed off to the two cars parked twenty feet away.

Hud and Harold walked over to Harold’s car.

Jack and Willie walked over to Willie’s car.

Hud’s eyes widened when he remembered something. “Jack,” he called out.

“Yeah.”

Hud walked over to Jack. He reached inside his pants pocket and removed a ten dollar bill. “Get us some groceries,” he said when he handed Jack the money.

“Will do boss,” Jack replied then sat in the passenger seat of the car.

Hud smiled, as he loved being called a boss while he walked over to Harold’s car.

After they all got in their cars, and started up their engines, they drove off through the woods and headed off to the road.

“What do you think about the guys?” Harold asked while he drove back down the road towards Bellwood.

“I have this good feeling about them. I think this will work,” Hud replied.

“So, after we get rich, what are you going to spend your money on?” Harold curiously asked.

Hud thought for a few seconds. “I want one of those Hudson’s. You know, the Hudson Greater Eight,” he said with a smile thinking life would be grand if he owned one of those cars.

Harold thought about his answer for a few seconds. “I get it. Hud Hudson owns a Hudson. Catchy. That could be your trademark,” he said.

“Yep.”

“I’m going to some of my money on the finest whores money can buy,” Harold said and started to get an erection thinking about that.

Hud smiled when he thought about those younger days with Millie. “Me too.”

Later that night, Harold lay on his back in his bed and stared at the ceiling of his bedroom. He wondered if this was a mistake. But he knew that he did not have any other way to make a living. Nobody wanted to hire an ex-con. And he really did not want to live a boring life at his parent’s house.

Hud lay on the floor with a blanket and pillow. He also stared at the ceiling and

wondered if he was making a mistake. But he also knew that he did not have any other way to make a living. And he really wanted to purchase a Hudson and fuck more whores. These bank robberies would allow him to frequent some of the best whores around the state.

They were both fast asleep in minutes.

The sun rose and Harold's mother, Cindy around fifty-five years old, entered his bedroom.

"Breakfast will be ready in twenty minutes," she called out from the doorway.

Harold and Hud woke up.

"Thanks mom," Harold said while he got out of bed.

After Harold and Hud took turns shaving and washing their faces, they headed off to the dining room table.

Already eating his egg and toast breakfast was Harold's fifty-five-year-old father Carl who wore his work coveralls.

"Hey boys," Carl said the second Harold and Hud walked into the dining room.

"Hey pop," Harold said when he and Hud sat down at the table.

Cindy immediately entered with two plates of eggs and toast. She placed one down in front of Hud and Harold.

She went back into the kitchen and soon returned with two cups of coffee.

She sat down at the table by her plates of eggs, toast and cup of coffee.

“So, you boys going to go out and try to find a job today?” Carl asked then took a drink of coffee.

“Yeah, can we use the car?”

“Drop me off at work. I can get a ride from Elmer,” Carl replied.

“Thanks pop,” Harold said then he glanced over at Hud and gave him a little wink.

“I’ll pray you’ll find a job,” Cindy said then she took a bite of her toast.

“I wish I could get you a job down at the plant, but things are really slow right now,” Carl said then he took a bite of his eggs.

“Pop works down at the glass factory,” Harold told Hud.

“I see,” Hud replied but could care less.

They had idle chat during the rest of breakfast.

After Harold and Hud dropped Carl off at the Bellwood Glass Works on the other side of town, Harold drove off into the countryside.

A little while later, Harold drove Hud to old man Wilbur’s farm he mentioned last night.

Harold parked the car in front of the house.

He and Hud got out and walked to the front porch.

“How long do you think we have to stay here?” Hud asked while he looked around the area and saw that the house was visible from the road.

“I figure two days max,” Harold replied.

Hud thought about his answer for a few seconds. “That should be enough time.”

Harold opened the front door of the house.

He and Hud went inside the home.

Hud and Harold spent fifteen minutes going all through the house. Hud loved the fact that that place was still furnished.

“This is perfect,” he told Harold and patted him on his shoulder.

They left the house, got back inside the car and drove off back to town.

Later that night, Harold and Hud drove out to their campsite from last night.

The second they got out of the car, Willie drove up behind them in his car. He turned off the engine and got out.

“Where’s Jack?” asked Hud.

“He’s coming behind with a surprise,” Willie replied while he walked over to Hud and Harold with a smile.

The sound of another car driving down the dirt trail was heard.

Hud, Harold, and Willie looked and saw a 1930 Ford Tudor Sedan pull up and park behind Willie's car. The engine turned off and Jack got out from behind the wheel.

"What do you think?" he asked while he walked over to the front of the car.

Hud and Harold walked over and walked around the car checking it out.

"This will do. Good job Jack," Hud said while he peeked inside the car. "From now on, your job will be driver during the bank jobs and responsible for getting us some fresh wheels," he added.

Jack flashed a proud smile, as he loved stealing and driving cars.

"Okay, lets start planning," Hud said while he walked over to the area where they had last night's campfire. "But first, we need a little warmth," he said while he looked down at the ashes from last nights fire.

The guys started rounding up small tree branches and some kindling.

Ten minutes had passed and they had another nice little campfire going. They all sat around it in the dirt.

"Okay, I'm thinking we should do our first job over at the First National Bank in Polk City.

I recall an old timer in prison that stated the cops in that town were not very bright. So this should be an easy,” Hud told everybody.

“Polk City sounds good,” said Willie.

Jack and Harold nodded in agreement.

“Okay, since Jack got us a car, we’ll head over to that rich guy’s house over in Fairmont Willie told us about so we can get some supplies,” said Hud.

“When are we going to do the job in Polk City?” asked Jack.

“A couple of days from now,” replied Hud then he paused for a few seconds. “Here’s your jobs from now on. Like I said earlier, Jack will drive and get us some fresh wheels. He’ll also watch out for any threats from the cops. Willie, Harold and I will go inside the bank and get our well deserved money. Then we’ll race off to that farm house Harold showed me earlier,” he added.

Harold, Jack and Willie spent a few seconds digesting Hud’s plan. They all nodded in agreement.

Hud knew they were all on board. “Okay, we’ll meet tomorrow night at ten at that spot on route eighteen. Walk there because I want Jack to pick us up in our new car. Bring some change in clothes and tell your family that you’re heading out to Chicago for a job. Everybody understand?”

Jack, Harold, and Willie all nodded in agreement with Hud's instructions.

"Good. Let's get out of here," Hud said then he stood up and started kicking dirt on the campfire.

Jack, Harold, and Willie stood up and started kicking dirt on the campfire.

In a matter of seconds, the fire was extinguished and a few burning coals existed.

They got in their cars and drove off to the road.

It was a quiet ride back to Harold's house.

Chapter 6

The next morning arrived and it was July 21st, 1932.

Hud and Harold had another egg and toast breakfast with Carl and Cindy.

“Oh, mom and pop, Hud and I will be leaving for Chicago tonight,” said Harold then he took a drink of coffee.

“Chicago? Why are you going to Chicago?” Cindy asked and was not happy with the thought of her baby leaving home.

Harold hesitated for a few seconds, as he got a little nervous with Cindy’s eyes on him.

“We found a job in Chicago,” Hud replied.

“A job? Doing what?” Carl curiously asked.

Hud and Harold looked at each other.

“A sawmill that’s about fifteen miles outside Chicago,” said Hud.

Carl thought about Hud’s response for a few seconds. “Well, I guess you better take what you can get since the both of you boys have a criminal record,” he said then took a bite of his eggs.

“Yes sir. This might be our only chance,” Hud replied.

Harold nodded in agreement.

Cindy turned her head while her eyes welled up. She hated for Harold to leave, but knew this was his only chance for honest work.

It was quiet during the rest of their breakfast.

After Carl drove off to the glass factory and Cindy cleaned the breakfast dishes, Hud and Harold walked around Bellwood.

After a relaxing day hanging around Bellwood, Hud and Harold had dinner with Carl and Cindy.

While they ate their fried chicken dinner, Harold knew this would be his last dinner at home for a long time. And the conversations during this meal were light since Carl and Cindy knew Harold would be leaving in a few hours.

Nine o'clock arrived in Bellwood and the sky was almost dark.

Hud and Harold with their small suitcases stood on the front porch of the house.

Carl and Cindy stood on the porch.

Cindy had a tissue in hand and occasionally wiped away a tear while they ran down her cheek.

"Well boys, I guess this is it," Carl said and then paused. "Are you sure I can't give you a ride?" he added.

"No pop we have some friends that are going to pick us up. They also got jobs at the sawmill," said Harold.

“Friends? Do I know them?” Carl asked.

“No, they’re from Fairmont. We knew them in prison. They also had hard times finding work,” Harold replied not wanting his parents to know that he was hooked up with known Bellwood hooligans Jack and Willie.

“Their names are Ervin and Sammy,” Hud added.

“I see,” Carl replied and started to believe Harold might be up to his old ways. But he decided that Harold was a grown man and had to live his own life. But he was not going to mention to Cindy of his strong suspicion.

“We better get going,” Hud told Harold.

“Yeah, we better get going,” Harold told his parents.

Carl extended out his hand.

Harold shook it.

“Take care of yourself. And don’t let those saw blades end your life,” Carl said while he shook Harold’s hand and silently prayed that some cop would not kill him.

“I will.”

Cindy immediately hugged Harold the second Carl and Harold’s hands separated. Tears filled up her eyes.

Carl shook Hud’s hand. “Watch over my boy and keep him safe,” he said.

“I will.”

Hud and Harold picked up their suit cases and walked off the porch.

Cindy's eyes continued to fill with tears while she and Carl watched Harold and Hud walk away down the street.

They stayed on the front porch until Harold and Hud were no longer in sight.

Then Cindy looked at Carl with tears running down her cheek. "He's going back into a life of crime. Isn't he?" she asked while she also had the same strong suspicion.

"I believe so. We'll just have to pray he stays out of prison and an early grave," he told Cindy while he placed an arm around her shoulder.

They went back inside their home.

While they walked down Main Street of Bellwood, Harold took one last glance AT his home town. "I guess this will be the last time I see this place."

"Yeah, probably for the best. I know I'll never see Booneville again," Hud replied.

"This place has nothing to offer. So it's really time to leave," Harold said while he glanced at the Bellwood Police Station across the street. That was the place he first started his brief life behind bars years ago.

The guys stayed quiet while they continued their walk down Main Street and headed out of town.

A little while later, Hud and Harold were in that spot on Route 18 outside of Bellwood.

A pair of head lights came down the road from the direction of Bellwood's Main Street.

The car slowed down and Hud and Harold saw it was Jack in that Ford Tudor Sedan.

Hud and Harold got in the back of the sedan with their suitcases.

Jack drove off down the road and headed east.

"Okay guys, last chance to change our minds. As there's no way you can live your old lives after tonight. Is everybody up for this new and exciting opportunity in life?" asked Hud.

"I'm game," Jack replied.

"I'm going all the way," Willie added.

"You know me Hud, I don't have much of an exciting life back home," Harold said.

"Okay, let's go get rich," said Hud and he was glad nobody changed their minds.

A little while later, Jack drove into the town of Fairmont.

He drove around the streets following Willie's directions.

He eventually parked the Ford down Hillside Avenue that was close to Kent Henderson's house.

They got out of the car.

Hud scanned the houses up and down the street and they appeared quiet with very few lights on. "Lead the way Willie."

Willie walked off down the street. Hud and the rest followed.

Willie then turned right down West Avenue and they headed down that street.

Then Willie stopped at a large two story home where the house was dark inside. It also had a black 1931 Cadillac parked in the driveway.

"Right here," Willie told everybody then he looked at the house. "We can get in from the rear, enter the cellar then head upstairs. He keeps his guns in his den," he quietly told everybody

Hud looked at all the nearby houses and could not see where anybody spied on them. He motioned for everybody to head to the rear of Kent's home.

They all snuck down the driveway and headed off to the rear of the house.

They followed Willie to the angled wooden doors.

Willie opened the wooden doors and they saw some wooden steps that led down to the cellar door.

Willie walked down the stairs and stopped halfway. He then kicked out one of the small panes of glass from the cellar door.

Willie then went down the rest of the stairs, carefully reached inside the missing pane of glass and unlocked the door.

He motioned for the guys to follow him.

Willie then opened the cellar door and stepped inside. The other guys followed.

The cellar was dark but Willie knew the way to the stairs.

So they carefully walked through the dark cellar and got to the stairs.

The stairs creaked a little while they slowly made their way to the door at the top of the stairs.

When Willie got to the top of the stairs, he slowly turned the door knob of the door. He cracked the door opened and peaked inside the kitchen. It was nice and quiet and not a soul was there. He opened the door all the way.

Willie and everybody entered the kitchen.

Willie then motioned for them to follow him.

He walked through the kitchen and headed to the doorway that led to the hallway.

Hud and the others followed Willie while he crept down the hallway.

Willie then turned into Kent's den. He flicked on the light and the guys saw it was furnished in mahogany paneling with a fancy mahogany desk.

Hud saw the large gun cabinet that contained a large collection of guns. He motioned for the guys to head over to the cabinet. They did.

Hud opened the gun cabinet doors and his eyes immediately lit up the second he saw a Colt 45 in a shoulder holster. He quickly snatched that out of the cabinet.

Willie and Jack's eyes lit up when they saw two Model 1921 Thompson machine guns with Type C magazine drums. They snatched them out of the cabinet.

Harold saw another Colt 45 in a shoulder holster. He snatched that out of the cabinet.

Hud saw two drawers at the bottom of the cabinet. He knelt down and opened up one on the left. He saw eight boxes of .45 ACP bullets for the Colt 45 and the Thompson machine guns. He removed all those boxes.

Hud closed the gun cabinet doors.

Willie leaned in close to Hud. "He also keeps a good amount of cash in his bedroom. I'm talking maybe a hundred dollars," he whispered to Hud.

Hud thought about Willie's statement for a few seconds while he placed the shoulder holster of the Colt 45 around his shoulder. "We could use some start up money. For gas and food," Hud said then paused for a second while he glanced at the ceiling for and sounds of life. "You and I will go upstairs," he said then motioned for Jack and Harold to come over.

They walked over to Hud.

"Willie and I are going up stairs to get some cash. You guys take the bullets and guns and go out the rear kitchen door. Wait for us at the car," he told Jack and Harold.

They both nodded in agreement.

Willie handed Jack his Thompson machine gun.

Harold gathered up all the boxes of bullets.

They all headed out of the den and went down the hallway.

While Jack and Harold headed to the rear kitchen door, Hud and Willie headed to the stairs that led to the second floor.

Hud and Willie slowly crept up the stairs that creaked a little.

Jack and Harold entered the kitchen and slipped out the rear kitchen door.

Hud followed Willie while he carefully walked down the upstairs hallway.

Willie then turned into the master bedroom with Hud right behind him.

They both stopped in shock the second they arrived in Kent' bedroom.

They stared in disgust when they saw Kent cuddled in bed with a teenage boy. The kid appeared to be around fifteen years old.

Kent was a sixty-year-old bald fat slob. And he appeared to be naked in bed since Hud and Willie could see part of his huge butt crack.

Hud shook his head in disgust thinking this guy must be related to Russ Brantley.

Willie motioned for Hud to head over to the dresser at the other side of the room.

They both crept across the room. The floor creaked a little while they walked. They stopped and looked at Kent's bed. He stirred a little but did not wake up. Neither did that teenage boy.

Hud and Willie crept over to the dresser where a framed picture of a beautiful lake in the moonlight scene hung on the wall.

Willie opened up a small jewelry box on top of the dresser. Inside the box was a wad of cash. Willie snatched them out of the box. Then he snatched up a diamond necklace and a man's diamond ring. He shoved them in his pants pocket then closed the top to the jewelry box.

Hud and Willie turned around and crept back towards the bedroom door.

The floor creaked when they got by the bed.

Kent's eyes opened over that creaking sound. His eyes widened the second he saw Hud

and Willie by the foot of her bed. “What are you doing in my bedroom?” he asked and looked a little fearful.

The teenage boy woke up. His eyes widened in shock the second he saw Hud and Willie by the foot of the bed.

Hud pondered for a few seconds. “I’m with the Saint Louis Post-Dispatch. We’re doing an undercover story on immortality with local government officials,” he replied and sounded sincere.

Willie looked proud of Hud for being that quick on his feet. “Yeah, we’re with the Saint Louis Post-Dispatch. I’m Mickey Murdock and this is fellow reporter Paul Paulson. Our cameraman Hank Cornsby is out in the hallway. He’s ready to take a picture for our front page,” he added.

Hud looked at Willie and winked to show he was proud of his addition.

“Ah, listen, maybe we can, you know, kinda let this go away. I mean, don’t you have other stories you can print. I mean for a small fee?” Kent said while beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

Hud acted like he was thinking about Kent’s offer. “How much of a fee are you talking?”

Kent flung the covers off his body and got out of bed.

Hud and Willie cringed at the sight of the naked fat body of Kent's while he walked across the bedroom.

Kent walked over to that framed picture above the dresser. He grabbed the right side of the picture frame and it swung opened to the left. Behind that frame was a small safe built inside the wall.

"Damn. I never thought to look there," Willie muttered to himself while Kent turned the combination lock on the safe.

The safe opened and Kent reached inside. He grabbed two bundles of cash. He closed the safe and spun the combination lock. He swung the framed picture closed.

Hud and Willie kept their eyes off Kent's disgusted naked body while he walked over to them.

"I hope this is a satisfactorily fee," Kent said while he handed the two bundles of cash to Hud.

Hud looked and saw they were bundles of twenty dollar bills. "This will kill that story. And we were never here. Good day Mayor Henderson," Hud said then he motioned for Willie that they should leave while he shoved the two bundles into his right pants pocket.

Hud and Willie rushed out of the bedroom.

Kent looked relieved while he climbed into bed.

Hud and Willie rushed down the stairs.

They rushed through the living room and headed to the front door.

They left the house through the front door.

Once they got outside, Hud and Willie ran through the front yard and ran down West Avenue.

“That was so fucking easy,” Hud said while they ran down the street.

“And he’ll never call in the cops when he notices his guns are missing,” Willie added.

“Yep, the pervert will never breath a word to a soul!” Hud replied and was happy.

Hud and Willie turned left and headed back down Hillside Avenue.

They ran to the Ford where Jack sat behind the wheel with Harold in the passenger seat.

Hud and Willie got in the rear seat with huge smiles on their faces.

“What are you smiling about?” Harold asked while Jack started up the car.

Hud reached inside his pants pocket and removed the two bundles of twenties.

Willie reached in his pocket and removed the wad of cash he took from the jewelry box.

“We’re off to a good start boys,” Hud said while he held up the bundles of twenties.

“Whoa! Where did you find that?” Harold asked while Jack drove the car down the street.

“Well, we caught the mayor in bed with a teenage boy. Appears he a fucking pervert and we told him we were reporters from the Saint Louis Post-Dispatch,” said Hud.

“The fucker paid us off not to print the story,” Willie added and then chuckled.

“Yeah!” Jack cried out in joy. “We’re going to be fucking rich!”

Then Hud realized something. “Shit, we forgot to get some good whiskey.”

“No we didn’t. I found two bottles in the kitchen when we left,” Harold said then he reached down on his floorboard and held up two bottles of Macallan Single Malt Whiskey.

Hud grabbed one of the bottles out of Jack’s right hand. He checked it out. “This is fucking great,” he said then handed it back to Harold. “We’re going to make a good team and make it filthy rich,” Hud said while he relaxed in his seat.

Ten minutes later, they guys broke into Wendell’s Men’s Clothes Store off of Peabody Street.

After spending twenty minutes shopping around the store, the guys all walked out with a nice black three-piece suit each and a black Fedora hat. They would be their standard wear when robbing a bank.

It was a quiet ride back to the Wilbur's farm located outside Bellwood.

Once they got inside the house Hud and Harold lit two kerosene lanterns while in the kitchen. He placed one on the counter and the other in the middle of the kitchen table.

"Don't use these in the living room. Someone from the road might see the light and get concerned," Hud told the guys.

They all nodded in agreement.

Hud then broke opened one of the bottles of whiskey in the kitchen. The guns they stole from Kent's house were stashed up on the counter by the sink.

Hud took a drink of whiskey then passed the bottle around and they each took a congratulatory drink of whiskey.

Then Hud took the bundles of twenties and the cash Willie took from the jewelry box. He divided the cash up into four equal amounts on the kitchen table.

"Okay, everybody's take comes out to one thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars. Not bad for a couple of hours worth of work," Hud told everybody.

Jack, Harold and Willie each grabbed their bundles of cash. They stared at it in awe.

"Pop barely made that sweating at that glass factory for ten hours a day, six days a week,"

Harold said then he kissed his bundle of easy cash.

“Yep, we’re going to be,” Jack hesitated for a few seconds. “Fucking rich!” he yelled out and it echoed in the kitchen.

There were smiles on all of their faces while they shoved their loot in their pants pockets.

“Okay, let’s plan our job in Polk City,” Hud instructed the guys.

They all sat around the kitchen table.

“Okay, like I said before, Jack will be the driver and remain outside with a Thompson. Fire at any cops that becomes a threat to our job,” he said.

Jack nodded in agreement.

“Willie will have the other Thompson. Don’t fire it unless we’re facing numerous cops,” he said.

Willie nodded in agreement.

“Harold and I will fire our Colt’s into the ceiling to get their attention and let them know we mean business. Willie will guard us while Jack and I get the cash. I’ll be the one to request it in a sack,” Hud said then looked at everybody to see if they were in agreement.

Harold, Jack and Willie all nodded in agreement.

“Then we’ll head back here and divide up the loot. Any questions?”

“How long do you think we can hide out here?” Jack asked.

“I’m thinking two days. Then we’ll head down south and plan our next job,” Hud replied.

Harold, Jack and Willie nodded in agreement.

“Good, now, get some rest. We’ll head out to Polk City early in the morning,” Hud said then put the cap back on the whiskey bottle.

Jack, Harold and Willie got up from the table with Hud.

They all headed out of the kitchen and went down the dark hallway.

An hour later, Jack and Willie were sound asleep in the bedrooms.

Hud and Harold sat on the dark porch in rocking chairs. They drank more whiskey to celebrate tonight’s surprised take.

“Do you know what I need real soon?” Harold said then he took a drink of whiskey.

“What’s that?” Hud replied while Harold passed him the bottle.

“Pussy. I need some pussy,” Harold replied.

“That would be nice.”

“I know this girl in town, named Katie. She’s a good whore. Maybe we should pay her a visit,” Harold offered.

Hud thought about his proposal for a few seconds. “That sounds mighty tempting, but I’m

thinking it would be best if we don't show our faces back in Bellwood," he said then took a drink.

Harold thought about his response for a few seconds. "Yeah, you're right," he said then took the bottle from Hud.

"Don't worry, we'll visit a good whorehouse after we hit a few banks," Hud replied while Harold took another drink of whiskey.

"Good. I sure need some pussy," Harold replied then passed the bottle back to Hud.

Hud took a drink then placed the cap back on the bottle. "We better get some sleep," he said while he stood up.

Harold nodded that he agreed while he stood up.

They both went inside the house and found a place to sleep.

Chapter 7

The sun rose for the start of another day in Missouri.

Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie woke up.

Jack and Willie had kitchen duty and they made some eggs and toast with coffee breakfast.

After breakfast, Hud and his gang got dressed in their stolen suits and met in the living room.

Hud also had a potato sack he found in the kitchen. He tucked that under his suit coat.

“Man, I’ve never looked this fancy,” Jack said as he loved the feeling of wearing a nice suit.

“I know. I also love the feeling of being in a good suit,” Harold added.

“If we do it right, we’ll be able to wear even better suit soon,” said Hud.

“I like the sound of that. I’m tired of wearing my brother’s hand me downs,” said Willie while he put on his Fedora hat.

Hud, Jack and Harold put on their Fedora hats and they all looked like gangsters.

Jack and Willie walked over to the couch where their Thompson machine guns were placed. They grabbed them.

“Let’s go,” Hud said then he headed off to the door.

Jack, Harold and Willie headed off to the front door.

A few minutes later, Jack drove the Ford Tudor Sedan. Willie was in the passenger seat with Hud and Harold in the back.

They headed off down Route 18.

They remained quiet during the ride while each one of them pondered how their first bank job would go down.

Then after a few miles down the road, Jack turned right on Route 21 and they headed north.

After they drove ten miles down Route 21, they stopped off in the tiny town of Thorndale.

Jack pulled the car into a gas station.

While Jack filled up the gas tank, Willie went inside and bought a road map of Missouri.

After the tank was filled with fuel, the gang drove off down the road and headed to Polk City.

Fifteen minutes later the gang drove into Polk City.

Jack drove around town and they eventually found their destination.

He parked the Ford across the street from the First National Bank of Polk City. They sat in the car and eyed the bank and watched while customers went inside and left.

“I think it’s time,” Hud said when he noticed not a cop was in sight up or down the street.

Jack drove away and then made a U-turn in the street. He drove the car a little past the bank then stopped.

Hud, Harold, and Willie rushed out of the car then rushed into the bank.

Jack stayed in the car with the engine running. He had his Thompson in his lap while he eyed up and down the street for any signs of cops.

Hud, Harold, and Willie rushed into the bank with their weapons ready.

Hud and Harold immediately fired into the ceiling.

The five customers jumped a mile with two ladies screaming.

Hud and Harold rushed up to the two teller windows while Willie stayed by the door with his Thompson machine ready for business.

Hud shoved the barrel of his Colt 45 into the face of the young teller.

“This is a hold up. We want all your cash,” Hud said with a threatening tone.

The young teller shook in his shoes and fought from peeing his pants.

The other older teller was also scared to death, as this was the banks first hold-up.

Hud whipped out that potato sack from his suit coat. He slid it through the teller's window.

Harold aimed his Colt 45 at the customers nearby. "Everybody remain calm and nobody gets hurt."

The customers all huddled together scared to death.

The two tellers opened up their cash drawers. They started grabbing bills and shoved them into the sack.

The young teller's hands trembled while he handed Hud the cloth bag through his window.

Hud snatched that bag out of the teller's hand. "Thank you for doing business with us," he said in a smart-ass tone.

Willie kept his Thompson machine gun over to him.

Hud and Harold ran out the door of the bank.

Willie smiled at everybody in the bank then he ran out the door.

The street was quiet while Hud, Harold and then Willie ran to the Ford sedan.

The second they got inside the car, Jack floored it and raced off down the street.

Hud and Harold looked out the rear window and did not see a cop in sight.

“This was so fucking easy,” Hud said while he continued to look at the rear window for any signs of cops.

Jack raced the Ford out of Polk City.

Hud and Harold still looked out their rear window.

“Does that town have any cops?” Harold asked since they none were spotted.

“I guess not,” Hud said then he turned back around. “We’re in the clear guys.”

Jack, Harold and Willie all cheered while Jack continued to race his car down the road.

Thirty minutes later, Jack pulled the Ford into Wilbur’s farm.

Jack parked the car inside the barn.

They got out and closed the barn doors.

They rushed off to the house with their weapons while Hud had the sack in hand.

Once they got inside the kitchen, Hud dumped the cash from the potato sack. He immediately counted and divided up the cash into four equal piles.

“That’s eight hundred and twenty dollars each,” Hud told the guys.

“Eight hundred smackers for about five minutes worth of work. I love it,” said Jack

while he grabbed his pile of money and shoved it in his pants pocket.

Willie grabbed his pile of cash, kissed it then shoved it in his pants pocket.

Harold grabbed his pile looked at it. “You know something, maybe we should put our money in the bank. You know, for safe keeping,” he jokingly said.

Jack and Willie chuckled over Harold’s comment.

Hud shoved his pile of cash in his pants pocket. He then walked over to the counter where the two bottle of whiskey were placed near the Missouri road map. He grabbed the one bottle, opened it then took a big drink. He was happy.

Then Hud looked like he forgot something. “Fuck! I forgot about the bank having a vault,” he said and felt stupid.

“We’ll get it the next time,” Harold replied.

“Yeah, next time. Go relax and stay off the front porch so nobody from the road sees you,” Hud said.

The guys all walked out of the kitchen with a spring in their steps.

Hud walked over to the counter and grabbed the map. He opened it up and looked it over. He found Bellwood then he found Pine Hills that was located northwest of St. Louis. “Jack,” Hud called out.

A few seconds passed and Jack entered the kitchen. "Yeah."

Hud motioned for him to come over to the table.

Jack walked over to the table and saw the road map.

"We're going to Pine Hills to hang for a while. Study the map. We're leaving in the morning," Hud said then got up from the table.

Jack studied the map and had a route figured out.

Hud and Harold made a bunch of ham sandwiches for dinner and they ate at the kitchen table.

"Listen guys, I think we should move out tomorrow morning," said Hud.

"Where are we going?" Willie asked.

"Pine Hills to hide for a while," Hud replied then looked at Harold. "Remember old Pete Huddleston?"

Harold thought for a few seconds. "Yeah. He got out a month before I did."

"When he left, he told me to come to Pine Hills. He was going to work at the Pines Motor Court. His brother owns it. I figured we could stay there for a while before our next job. Saint Louie is not too far away and we could have a bit of fun," Hud told everybody.

"Pussy!" Harold said with a horny grin.

“Yes, pussy,” Hud replied.

Jack and Willie looked forward for some fun since they now had plenty of cash.

Hud thought for a few seconds. “I’m thinking that if we’re successful, we could use Pine Hills as a good place to lay low after our jobs.”

Jack, Harold and Willie all nodded in agreement with smiles.

Morning arrived and after a quick breakfast, Hud and the gang got dressed in casual clothes.

After they loaded the car with their suitcases and weapons, they left Wilbur’s farm and headed northeast.

“Jack, make sure you take it nice and easy. We don’t want the cops to stop us for speeding. Make it look like we’re law abiding citizens,” Hud told him from the back seat.

“Got it,” Jack replied and drove nice and easy down the road.

Around noon, the gang arrived at the town of Dothan they stopped at a gas station and filled the tank of the Ford.

Then they went into town and ate a quick lunch at a diner.

After lunch Hud bought a newspaper at a newsstand near the diner.

While Jack continued his trek down the country roads heading northeast, Hud read the newspaper. He found a small article about their robbery in Polk City.

“Listen up guys. Here’s an article about the robbery in Polk City,” he said then looked the article over. “The police of Polk City do not know the identities of the four robbers,” he read out loud.

Jack, Harold and Willie were all smiles knowing they got away scot-free.

Hud tossed the newspaper out his door window.

“Jack, after we get settled in Pine Hills, we’ll head off to Saint Louie one night. While we’re there, I want you to you get us a fresh car. Then we can ditch this one somewhere,” Hud said.

“You got it Hud,” Jack replied.

It was a quiet during the rest of the drive to Pine Hills.

After a drive through the streets of Pine Hills, Jack finally found the Pines Motor Court. It was a small motel with ten small cottages they rented out. Each cottage slept two and it had a small kitchenette.

Jack pulled his car by the office.

Hud got out of the back of the car and walked into the office.

When Hud entered the office, he saw Pete Huddleston reading a True Detectives magazine behind the front desk.

Hud slowly up to the desk and rang the bell.

Pete jumped up a little pissed over that ringing sound in his left ear. His eyes widened with joy the second he saw Hud on the other side of the counter. "Well I'll be. It's Hud Hudson," Pete said then he rushed out from behind the counter.

They shook hands and smiled at each other.

"I'm glad to see you're finally out of that hell hole," Pete said.

"Me too my friend," Hud replied.

"So, do you need a cottage?"

"Actually I need two and we'll pay a good price if we can use false names," Hud replied with a smirk.

Pete looked at the windows of the office and saw the Ford parked outside with Jack, Wilbur and Harold inside. His gut told him these guys were up to something. "Okay, but the minute the heat starts heading in our direction, you're out of here. I'm retired from that type of life and want to live my golden years in peace."

"That's fair. How about we pay triple the rate to turn a blind eye," asked Hud.

“You must have had a successful job,” Pete replied knowing their money came from some type of robbery. But he did not want to pry for any more information.

“You can say that,” Hud replied then glanced around the office. “Will your brother be a problem?”

“Naw. Remember when I told you that I got arrested for robbing a hardware store over in Pine Hills?”

“Yeah.”

“My brother Wally was with me. We robbed it for supplies to work on this motel. He slipped away when the cops arrived. I never told them he was involved. He had a family. I didn’t. So, he still owes me.”

“That sounds good,” Hud said then reached in his pocket and removed two twenty-dollar bills. “This should be good for a week. I’ll give you forty each week,” he said while he handed Pete the bills.

“I know Wally will be okay with this extra cash,” Peter said. Then he went back around the counter and two cottage keys for Cottage 9 and 10. He placed them on the counter. “I’ll put you guys at the end of the cottages away from everybody. Don’t party to draw attention,” he told Hud

“Sounds great. Thanks,” Hud said.

Pete grabbed a registration form and passed it across the counter with a pen at Hud. "Fill it out and use some fake names."

Hud stared at the form for a few seconds. Then he filled it out and used the names of Elmer, Robert, Clark, and Homer Whitestone from Chicago. He passed the form back to Peter.

Peter looked at the form. "Looks good," he said then shoved the form under the counter in a cardboard box.

Hud grabbed the two keys and headed to the door.

Hud went back out to the car and got in the rear seat.

"That's ten each week for the cottages," Hud told everybody while Jack started up the car.

Jack, Harold and Willie each reached in their pockets and handed him a ten dollar bill.

"Okay, here's our cover. I'm Robert Whitestone, Harold is Clark Whitestone, Jack is Homer Whitestone and Willie is Elmer Whitestone. We're brothers from Chicago looking to move to New York eventually. Remember those names while at this place," Hud told everybody.

His gang members nodded in agreement that they understood their cover story.

After Hud and Harold settle in Cottage 9 and Jack and Willie settled in Cottage 10, they walked off to Pappa's Diner down the street.

After they ate dinner, Hud and Pete gave him some good fun locations they headed off to St. Louis to celebrate their two successes was in order.

So after he got some advice from Pete on where to party, they drove off to the big city.

But when they first arrived in St. Louis, Jack drove around and was on the look out for a fresh car.

Then he spotted another Ford Tudor Sedan that looked exactly like the one they drove.

Hud's eyes widened with an idea. "I have a better idea than stealing it. Pull over next to it and swap license plates," he told Jack.

Jack smiled liking that idea.

He pulled the Ford over to that other identical Ford Tudor Sedan. Jack and Willie got out of the car and went to the trunk. They opened it and removed a screwdriver. They rushed over to that other Ford sedan.

A little while later, Jack had swapped license plates with that other Ford sedan.

Jack drove in their new Ford sedan and eventually found the Jazzy Tones Club.

Hud and the gang inside the club and drank some liquor and listened to some good jazz music.

After they were all liquored up, Hud and the gang headed off to another location to satisfy another urge that had been building up.

They walked up the stairs from an outside door of a building.

Hud knocked on the door at the top of the stairs.

A few seconds passed and a small speakeasy door opened. A pair of female eyes peered out. "Can I help you?" the female asked in a throaty voice.

"Pete Huddleston of Pine Hills stated that we could come here for some fun," Hud told the pair of female eyes behind that opened door.

The speakeasy door closed, then the sound of locks being unlocked was heard inside. Then the door opened.

"Welcome to Madam Harriett's House of Pleasure, gentlemen. I'm Harriett," Harriett Barnes, an overweight lady around fifty years old said while she stepped aside.

The inside of this whorehouse was up scale and plush. It was big league compared to the whorehouse in Booneville and Millie's home.

Hud and the gang entered the greeting room and immediately saw six young sexy women in skimpy outfits sitting on two plush couches.

Harriett closed and locked the door.

Hud then saw a small bar where behind it worked Butch Collins, a thirty-five-year-old thick necked thug with greasy slicked back black hair.

“Okay gentlemen, that will be fifteen for thirty minutes with a lady of your choosing,” Harriett said while she walked up to them.

“Fifteen for thirty minutes? I spent three back home,” Willie called out in a raised tone of voice.

Butch reached under the bar and plopped a double shotgun on top of it. He patted the shotgun with his right hand to let the potential customers know that they did not take kindly to any trouble.

“We know you can’t last longer than thirty minutes,” Harriett said with a smirk.

Hud glanced at the shotgun under Butch’s hand. “Fifteen is fair for these high quality ladies of pleasure,” he told his buddies while he kept an eye on this one particular blonde.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Willie replied while he glanced at Butch’s shotgun.

“Okay, payment up front,” Harriett said while she held out her right hand.

Hud, Jack, Willie, and Harold each handed Harriett the payment.

“Choose your lady. And if you so desire, you can tip the lady if she provides an excellent service,” she told the guys.

Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie looked at the available ladies.

Hud looked back at the blonde. She was a sexy twenty-year-old natural blonde with a double chin that added to her sex appeal. For some reason, there was some spark between while they made eye contact.

“That’s Ester,” Harriett told Hud while he walked over to her.

“Come Ester my darling,” Hud said and offered her his hand.

Ester smiled she accepted his hand.

She walked Hud out of the room and over to a doorway where there were three small bedrooms on each of that hallway.

Ester led Hud into the first empty room to the right. While they went inside that room, the rest of the gang members picked out their whores and were on they way to the other rooms.

Ester closed the door to the room.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Hud,” he replied then walked up to her.

Hud started to slow dance with her. Then he moved his lips close to her lips.

She moved away from his lips. “Kissing is not allowed,” she said.

“I understand,” he replied then he rested his head on her shoulder. Having her in his arms was a wonderful feeling for Hud.

“I hope you fucked a woman before,” Ester replied.

“Of course, but not as pretty as you.”

After a few minutes of slow dancing to no music in the room, Ester stepped away from Hud. She started to removed her sexy outfit and let it drop to the floor.

Hud looked at her naked body and loved her perky A-cup tits and her firm round butt cheeks.

Hud immediately removed all of his clothes and was naked in front of her in seconds.

Ester checked out Hud’s body and her eyes widen in a little joy when she saw that he was well hung. “You’re big. I like that,” she said with a smile and walked over and grabbed his dick. It felt to be about nine inches to her estimate once it hardened in her hand.

“Let’s fuck,” she said while she playfully pulled Hud over to the bed by his penis.

She immediately got on her back and spread her legs opened. Hud climbed on top of her. Ester moaned a satisfying moan when Hud entered inside of her.

After ten minutes of Hud on top of Ester and then Ester on top of Hud, he finally had his orgasm inside her while he was back on top.

He got off her and they cuddled in the bed while she rested her head on his left chest.

“So Mister Hud, what do you do for a living? If you don’t mind me asking,” Ester curiously asked.

“Oh no, I don’t mind,” he replied then paused for a few seconds to come up with a viable response. “I’m in the money acquisition business.”

“Money acquisition business? What’s that?” she replied but had a hunch.

“It’s sorta complicated to explain but I’m working in the banking industry,” he replied.

“Just long as you’re not foreclosing on people’s homes. My pappa lost his farm last year. It had been in the family for eighty years. He was so devastated that he put a shotgun to his head. I was then homeless and that’s why I’m here. Momma died when I was ten,” she told Hud.

Hud actually felt sorry for Ester.

“How much of that fifteen do they give you?” he curiously asked.

Ester hesitated for a few seconds. “I’m not allow to tell you that,” she replied.

Hud had a gut feeling that it was not much. “Understand.”

After twenty minutes of cuddling and chatting, there was a knock on the door. "Time's up," Butch called out from the hallway.

Ester and Hud got up out of bed.

While they got dressed, Butch could be heard going down to the other rooms telling them that their times was also up.

"I hope to see you again," Ester said and looked hopeful.

"You will," Hud replied and looked sincere. Then he reached in his pants pocket and removed a five dollar bill. He handed it to Ester.

She looked happy. "Thanks, I don't get much in tips," she said.

"You should," Hud replied.

Ester gave Hud a little kiss on the lips to thank him.

Ester walked Hud out of the room.

A little while later, Jack drove the gang down the street away from the whorehouse.

Everybody in the car looked satisfied but yet a little disappointed.

"That was great, but I really didn't like having to use a rubber," Jack said while he turned left down another street.

"Me too. Never used one on a whore and it felt strange," said Willie.

“My whore told me that it was required so that they wouldn’t get or spread a disease,” Harold added.

“Mine didn’t make me use a rubber,” Hud added with a bit of a smile.

Jack, Harold and Willie all glanced back at Hud.

“You didn’t have to wear a rubber?” Jack asked while he glanced back at the rear seat.

“Nope,” said Hud.

Jack did not notice that the car started to veer over into the other lane and headed toward an oncoming car. That car blew its horn.

“Watch what you’re doing!” Hud yelled out while he lightly smacked Jack on the back of his head.

Jack saw the oncoming headlights then turned back into this lane.

“Man, she must have really liked you,” Harold added.

Hud did not respond. He just stared out his window and watched the buildings of St. Louis go by. A hint of a smile grew on his face while he thought about Ester.

The gang drove back to their cottages at the Pines Motor Court in Pine Hills.

They immediately went to sleep with smiles on their faces from a fun filled evening in the big city.

Chapter 8

After a week of relaxing around Pine Hills and keeping a low profile, it was now August 1st, 1932 and Hud started planning their next bank job.

Pete's brother, Wally was okay with Hud and the gang staying once he learned that he was getting \$20 per cottage per week.

It was 10:00 that morning of August 1st, and after the gang ate breakfast at Pappa's Diner, they met in Hud's cottage.

Hud had the Missouri road map spread out on his small kitchen table. He studied the various cities on the map. He grabbed a pencil and placed an "X" through where Polk City was located on the map.

Hud looked in the northeastern part of the state. He smiled when he saw the town of Old Haven. "We'll hit this place next," he said while he placed his right index finger by the town on the map.

Jack, Willie, and Harold looked and saw the town of Old Haven on the map. They all nodded in agreement with Hud's proposal.

"Good. We'll shoot for Friday," Hud said then he looked serious. "Now, continue to

maintain a low profile around Pine Hills until then. You've been doing a great job of that during the past week," he said and looked proud of the guys. "After that job, we'll head back to St. Louis for a little fun," Hud added.

"Some more pussy!" Harold called out.

Jack and Willie were all smiles while they thought about visiting Madam Harriett's again even if they had to wear rubbers.

After a week of maintaining a low profile in Pine Hills, the morning of August 5th, 1932 rolled around.

Hud and the gang got up early this morning.

After a quick breakfast with coffee at Pappa's Diner Jack filled up the car at the nearby gas station.

The gang went back to their cottages and got dressed in their suits and Fedora hats.

They discreetly walked out of the cottages with their weapons and got in the Ford.

Jack drove away and soon they headed north to Old Haven located thirty miles north of St. Louis.

It was a quiet ride while Jack drove.

Once they arrived in town and scoped the place out, they found the Farmers Saving Bank.

Jack parked the Ford down the street a bit so they could check out the bank.

No cops were in sight along the street.

“It’s time,” Hud said.

Jack started up the car and slowly drove down the street. All eyes in the car were on the bank while Jack drove past it.

Then Jack made a sudden U-turn in the street and headed back to the bank.

He stopped the car just past the entrance of the bank.

Hud, Willie and Harold all rushed out of the car and ran to the doors of the bank.

Once Hud, Willie and Harold entered the bank, Hud and Harold fired their Colt 45s into the ceiling.

Plaster rained on the customers causing them to duck to the floor for safety.

“This is a hold up,” Hud yelled out while he rushed over to a scared to death male teller who had his arms in the air.

Willie stood by the door with his Thompson machine gun aimed at everybody. “No sudden moves and nobody gets hurt,” Willie instructed everybody.

The customers stayed crouched down on the floor.

“Take us to your vault,” Hud instructed the teller while he rushed back behind the teller’s counter.

The one teller peed his pants the second Hud walked over with his Colt 45 aimed at his head.

The bank manager got up from a desk and rushed over to Hud behind the counter.

“It’s over here,” the manager said.

Hud and Harold walked with the manager to the vault that was opened.

The second they got in the vault, Hud removed the potato sack from under his suit. “Cash in here,” he said then handed the manager the sack.

Harold stayed outside by the vault door with his Colt 45 aimed at the teller who was still scared to death by his window.

The manager’s hands trembled while he started shoving bundles of twenty dollar bills into the sack.

“That’s enough,” Hud said not wanting to spend too much time in the bank.

“Let’s go,” Hud told the manager.

Hud rushed the manager out of the vault.

“Down on the floor,” Hud instructed the teller and the manager.

They dropped to the floor and got on their stomachs.

Hud and Harold ran out from behind the counter and over to Willie.

Willie had a smirk on his face when Hud and Harold ran out the door. “Don’t move for

ten minutes,” he said then he sprayed the ceiling of the bank with his Thompson machine gun.

The customers hugged the floor in fear while plaster rained on their bodies.

Willie ran out the door.

Willie ran to the Ford where Hud and Harold were already inside in the rear seat.

Then Willie heard a police siren and saw an Old Haven cop car racing down the street toward the bank.

He ran out and stood out in the street.

From inside the car, Jack, Hud and Harold watched while Willie fired his Thompson machine gun at the oncoming cop car.

Steam poured out of the radiator of the cop car. The two front tires blew and the car swerved to the left and flipped over.

Willie laughed while he ran back to the idling Ford.

He jumped on the passenger running board and fired his Thompson machine gun at the cops while they crawled out of the cop car. Jack raced the Ford down the street with Willie spraying the cops while they ducked behind their vehicle.

Jack made a left turn down another street.

Willie climbed back into the Ford when he felt the threat from the cops was over.

A little while later, Jack raced the Ford out of Old Haven. He soon slowed down so that they would not attract other cops.

The second they got back to Hud's cottage in Pine Hills, he dumped the cash out from the sack onto the kitchen table.

Hud divided up the money into four piles of \$6,000. "That's six thousand each," he told his buddies.

Jack, Harold and Willie stared at the four piles in awe. They truly loved their new careers and knew that they would be rich in no time.

The guys each snatched up their piles of cash and shoved them into their pants pockets.

"We'll head out to Saint Louie tomorrow for some partying," Hud told the guys.

Jack and Harold did a little victory dance around the cottage.

"I'm going to get some pussy. I'm going to get some pussy," Harold sang out.

"I'm going to get some pussy. I'm going to get some pussy," Jack sang out along with Harold.

Hud cracked a smile while he watched the two dancing around the room.

That night after the gang ate some dinner at Pappa's diner, Hud paid Peter for another week's stay at the motor court. This time, he

gave him \$80, which made Peter and Wally extremely happy. And of course the two brothers did not ask any questions.

Hud and the gang relaxed that Friday night and got a good nights sleep.

The morning arrived and after some breakfast and lunch at Pappa's diner, Hud and the gang drove off to St. Louis.

When they arrived in St. Louis, Jack drove around until he found another Ford Tudor Sedan.

Once he found one, he made another switch with the license plates.

Then they drove around until they found a gun shop that Peter recommended.

He recommended that place knowing that the owner would not ask any questions for bullets. But you did pay a premium price for this discretion.

After dinner at a nice restaurant, the gang headed back to the Jazzy Tones Club.

After an hour of drinking and listening to some smooth jazz they headed over to Madam Harriett's House of Pleasure.

Hud visited Ester again and they had a great time fucking and talking in her room.

Jack, Harold and Willie each tried a different whore this month.

After they satisfied their urges at Harriett's, Hud and the gang headed back to Pine Hills.

During the rest of the month of August, Hud and the gang maintained their low profile in Pine Hills. They were in fact becoming a familiar friendly sight amongst the residents of the town. Hud loved this as it helped them to hide after a bank job.

Also during that month, all the members of Hud's gang bought small black lock boxes from the Pine Hills Hardware store. They all wanted a safe place to store their earnings from their money acquisition career.

In addition, Hud monitored the newspapers and discovered that the police still did not have a clue on the identities of Hud and his gang. He liked the way things were going.

The next month arrived and Hud planned another job on September 9th, 1932 in Winston. During this bank job, Willie and Jack had to use their Thompson machine guns at the threatening cops. Nobody was injured or killed except for two Winston cop cars.

When they got back to Pine Hill, Hud equally divided up the \$21,800 loot.

And to keep up with their tradition, Hud and the gang went to St. Louis for a night at the Jazzy Tones Club and some sex at Madam Harriett's House of Pleasure.

Hud of course had to visit with Ester while Jack, Harold and Willie again tried a different whores.

The next month arrived.

It was October 3rd, 1932 and Hud studied his road map of Missouri for their next job. Then his eyes widened when he picked the next location.

Harold took a nap on his bed.

Hud gathered up his map and headed out of his cottage.

Hud knocked on the door for Willie and Jack's cottage.

Jack opened up the door. "Hey Hud."

"I have our next location," Hud said.

Jack moved aside and Hud went in the cottage.

Hud and Jack walked over to the kitchen table.

Hud spread opened the road map. He looked again and found the spot. "There," he said while he placed his right index finger by the city.

“Gallatin,” Jack said when he looked at the map.

“Yeah, Gallatin. That’s the same city where Jesse James and his gang robbed a bank in eighteen sixty-nine,” he said and smiled while he thought of his hero robbing banks.

“Jesse James. I like that,” Jack said with a smile, as he was also a fan of that famous outlaw.

“We’ll do it again on Friday,” Hud said then he paused and thought about that for a few seconds. “No, we’re starting to show a pattern. “We’ll do it on Thursday,” he said and the more he thought about it the more he liked the change.

“Sounds great, Hud,” Jack replied and was really looking forward for another job since he was getting bored.

The morning of October 6th, 1932 arrived and it was raining.

Hud and the gang rode off to Gallatin and arrived in the afternoon.

The job inside the bank went off good inside and Willie had a blast spraying the ceiling with his Thompson machine gun.

But once they got outside, Willie and Harold fired their Thompson machine guns at the two cop cars that gave chase.

But this time, one of the cops driving the lead car was wounded in his shoulder. That

caused his car to skid around on the rain slicked road then it flipped over. The other cop car smashed into the flipped over car.

Hud and his gang escaped without injury again.

Once the gang got back to their cottage in Pine Hills, Hud immediately divided up the loot. They each got \$8,000 and were ecstatic.

Then that Friday night, Hud and the gang returned to St. Louis.

When they first arrived, they again switched their license plates o the Ford with another Ford.

Then they headed off for fun at the Jazzy Tones Club and sex at Harriett's House of Pleasure.

During this visit, Hud could sense something bothered Ester. He tried to get her to talk but she remained tight lipped. So they fucked instead then cuddled and chatted.

The rest of October flew by and Hud and his buddies still remained a low profile in Pine Hills.

When the first part of November rolled around, Hud decided to change things up a bit and decided to do their next job at the end of the month. He decided to go just before Thanksgiving.

So in the wee hours of the morning of November 21st, 1932 Hud and the gang headed off to the northwestern area of Missouri.

Then a little around 2:15 p.m., Hud and the gang arrived in the town of Malvern.

After driving around town to get a feel for escape routes, Jack finally drove the Ford to the First National Bank of Malvern.

Like an old habit, Jack parked across the street. Hud and the gang scanned up and down the street for any signs of cops. The coast was clear so Jack drove off, made his usual U-turn in the street and headed back to the bank.

He stopped a little past the bank entrance.

Hud, Harold and Willie rushed out of the car and headed to the doors of the bank.

The second they arrived inside the bank, Willie sprayed the ceiling with his Thompson machine gun.

Plaster rained on the customers and the two male tellers. They were all scared stiff while they dropped to the floor.

“Good afternoon, this is a hold up. So if everybody remains calm and don’t try to interfere, you’ll make it out alive,” Hud yelled out with his Colt 45 aimed at the two tellers.

Hud walked over to the one teller. He removed that potato sack out from under his suit coat and handed it to the teller. "Please put all the money in this sack, please," he said in a kind and courteous voice for once.

The teller's hands trembled while he grabbed the sack, opened his cash drawer and shoved all the bills inside.

"Give it to the other teller," Hud instructed.

That teller gave the sack to his coworker.

The other teller started emptying his cash drawer and into the sack.

"Now the vault," Hud ordered while he walked around to behind the counter.

Hud followed that teller into the vault while Harold and Willie kept a watchful eye on the remaining teller and the customers.

Hud kept a watchful eye on the teller in the vault and saw that it was low on money.

After the teller placed eight bundles of twenties into the sack, he motioned for them to leave.

Hud then snatched the sack out of that teller's hand and ran to the door.

Harold ran to the door while Willie provided cover.

After Hud and Harold ran out the door, Willie ended the job with his usual spraying the ceiling with his Thompson machine gun.

He left while two women sobbed on the floor.

Once Willie got outside, there was a gunfight in progress with Jack, Hud, and Harold with four Malvern cops.

The officers only had 38 Specials and were no match for the machine guns.

Willie joined in the gun fight with his Thompson machine gun.

One of the Malvern officers named Bob McCauley stood up in a stupid brave move. He suddenly dropped to the dirt street when Willie's Thompson pelted his body with bullets.

Hud rushed behind the wheel of the Ford.

Harold rushed over and sat in the passenger seat up front.

"Hop on," Hud called out to Willie and Jack.

Willie jumped on the rear part of the running board on the left side of the Ford.

Jack got in the rear seat the started shooting his Thompson machine gun from the rear right window.

Hud floored the Ford and it took off down the street with Willie and Jack firing their Thompson machine guns at the cops that covered behind their cop car.

Hud made a left turn down another street almost flipping the Ford over.

A little while later, Hud raced the Ford out of Malvern and slowed down when they felt they made a safe getaway.

Later that night, Hud pulled into their cottage at the Pines Motor Court.

They got out of the car and rushed over to Hud's cottage.

Once they got inside his cottage, Hud dumped the sack onto his kitchen table.

He divided up the money into two equal piles. "That's four thousand each," Hud told the guys.

They each snatched up their share of the loot and shoved them in their pockets.

"Booze and pussy tomorrow night?" Harold asked Hud.

"Of course. We have to keep up with tradition," Hud replied.

The guys all looked excited.

"Let's get some sleep. I'm exhausted. We'll head off to Saint Louie tomorrow afternoon. We need some more bullets before we have some fun," Hud told the guys and then yawned.

Willie and Jack left Hud's cottage.

Hud and Harold started to get ready to sleep.

Chapter 9

The sun rose above the horizon for the start of another cool November day in Missouri.

Hud and Harold were sound asleep in their cottage.

Then someone pounded on the door at 9:00 a.m.

Hud woke up, got out of bed and headed over to the door.

He peeked out the living room curtains to make sure it was not the cops. It was only Peter.

Hud opened the door. "What do you want? It's still fucking early," he said and looked a little bothered.

"You and your gang have to vacate your cottages immediately," Peter said and looked concerned.

"What's wrong, Pete? We've been perfect guests. Haven't caused any trouble around Pine Hills."

Pete hated to be the bearer of bad news. "I know. Your guys have been perfect gentlemen. But Wally spotted your Ford with bullet holes in the rear. He's worried someone might call the cops," Peter replied then glanced back at the car.

Hud rushed out of the cottage in his boxers and tee shirt.

He rushed over to the rear of the Ford and saw it had eight bullet holes from yesterday's holdup in Malvern. "Okay," he said then rushed back to his cottage.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Hud and the gang loaded their stuff into the Ford.

Jack drove away down the street. "Where should we go?" he asked while he made left turn down another street.

Hud thought about his question for a few seconds. "We were planning on some fun in Saint Louie, so let's head there. I'll think of something later," he replied.

Jack, Harold and Willie were all smiles as they loved having fun in that city.

It was mid-morning when Hud and the gang arrived in St. Louis.

The second they arrived in town they stocked up on bullets from their trusted gun shop.

They then filled up the gas tank afterwards and drove off.

Hud wanted to change things up a bit so they decided to head off to Madam Harriett's House of Pleasure.

Hud and the guys knocked on the door to Madam Harriett's.

A few seconds passed and the speakeasy door opened. Harriett's eyes appeared. "You're a little too early," she said then closed the speakeasy door.

Hud was pissed as he really wanted to fuck Ester. So he pounded on the door.

The speakeasy door opened again and Harriett's eyes reappeared. "I said you're too early."

Hud was not going to hear of this so he whipped out his Colt 45 and shoved it in the speakeasy door. "You're now opened for business," he said and looked furious.

She opened the door and allowed Hud and the gang to step inside.

Once Hud and the gang stepped inside, he heard a female scream from one of the rooms down the hall. He looked at the five whores on the couch and saw Ester was missing. He did not like what his gut told him.

"No!" Ester screamed from that room.

"You can't go back there," Harriett said the second she saw Hud head off to the hallway.

Hud turned around and punched Harriett in her face. She fell back and landed on her fat ass.

Hud turned back around and rushed down the hallway.

“No!” Ester screamed out again and Hud heard some slaps inside the room. He kicked in the door and rushed inside.

Once he got inside that room, he saw Butch with his pants around his ankles forcing himself on Ester on top of the bed.

Hud ran over and whacked Butch on the back of his head with the handle of his Colt 45.

Butch fell off Ester and dropped to the floor stunned.

Hud then gave Butch a good swift kick in his crotch when he tried to get up. Butch buckled over in pain and dropped back to the floor.

Ester jumped off the bed.

Hud then gave Butch a kick in his mouth knocking out his two front teeth.

Butch flew back hitting the bedside table knocking over the lamp that crashed on top of his head. He was out cold.

“Get dressed, you’re getting out of here,” he told Ester.

She ran over to her closet and opened it. She got out a plain blue dress and slipped it on. Then she grabbed some shoes and slipped them on her feet.

Hud grabbed her by the hand and rushed her out of the room.

Hud rushed her down the hallway and into the greeting area.

“We’re going,” he told his buddies.

They looked disappointed but knew something must be wrong, as they heard Hud beating the crap out of someone in Ester’s room.

Hud and the gang rushed out of the whorehouse.

Once they got outside they rushed over to the Ford and got inside.

Ester sat in the backseat between Hud and Harold.

Jack started up the car. “Where should we go?”

Hud thought for a few seconds. “Find a motel,” he said.

Jack started up the car and drove off down the street.

“Thank you. That creep always thinks he can have a free turn with us girls,” Ester said.

“No girl should be treated like that. I don’t care if she is a whore,” said Hud and he was still pumped up from beating Butch.

“He would also beat us if we refused to give him our tip money.”

“I should have shot the asshole.”

“Where can we drop you off?” Jack asked.

Ester looked worried. “I don’t have a place to live. And I don’t have any money since what I did have is back there,” she replied.

“We’ll have to drop her off somewhere Hud,” said Willie.

Hud thought about things for a few seconds.

“Can I tag along with you?” she asked.

“I don’t know about that,” said Harold.

Hud continued to think about things for a few seconds.

“I know that you guys are robbing banks. I mean, money acquisition. It took a few days, but I put two and two together,” she said.

Harold, Willie and Jack looked concerned.

“Don’t worry. I’m good with that. Besides, I want a little adventure in my life.”

“I don’t know if that’s such a good idea,” said Harold.

Jack and Willie nodded in agreement.

“Listen. Let me tag along. I can cook and go get groceries so you won’t have to risk being seen. And if you want, I could earn a little extra money by satisfying all of your urges,” Ester offered and looked sincere.

Hud, Jack, Willie and Harold all thought about her proposal for a few seconds.

“She stays with us. And I want you guys to wear rubbers when fucking Ester,” said Hud.

Jack, Harold and Willie nodded in agreement.

“By the way, I’m Ester Walker,” she said.

“Jack Jenner.”

Harold Pyle.”

“Willie Gates.”

“And I’m Hud Hudson.”

“Glad to meet you and you won’t be disappointed,” she said with a smile.

“But Hud, where should we go?”

Ester thought for few seconds. “I know of a hotel on the west side of town. I’ve fucked that manager a few times. I know we can trust him for a room,” she said then paused. “If I get on my knees for a few seconds,” she said with a smirk.

Hud thought about her comment for a few seconds. “We’ll go there,” he said.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Jack drove the car down another city street.

Hud’s eyes lit up the second they passed by Wooten’s Hudson dealership on the left side of the road.

“The place is just down the street,” Ester told Jack.

Jack drove another quarter of a mile then saw the St. Louis Motor Court on the left side of the road.

He pulled the car into the motor court and parked in front of the office.

“I’ll be back with some room keys,” Ester said then motioned for Hud to let her out.

Hud reached in his pants pocket and removed a ten dollar bill. “Here’s for the rooms,” he said while he handed her the bill.

Hud opened his door got out of the car. He stood by the car while Ester got out then he got back inside.

Hud, Jack, Willie and Harold waited in the car while Ester went inside the office.

Five minutes had passed and Ester gave the manager a free blow job for two rooms for one night without any registration being completed.

She rushed back to the car and over to Hud’s window. “Rooms ten and eleven down at the end,” she said then handed Hud back his ten dollar bill.

Hud looked surprised.

“What can I say. I give really good blow jobs,” Ester replied and gave the guys a wink.

Jack, Harold and Willie like what they heard.

“I’ll meet you down at the rooms,” she told Hud and handed him the two keys.

She walked off and headed down toward the rooms.

Jack drove the car and followed Ester while she walked down to their rooms.

A little while later, Ester and Hud were in Room 10 while Harold, Jack, and Willie were in Room 11.

After they got situated in their rooms, Hud could not get something out of his mind.

“We could use a new car,” he told Ester.

“I was going to say something about that when I saw the bullet holes after you rescued me,” she replied.

“Let’s take a walk down the street,” he offered.

“Okay.”

After Hud told the other guys he was out to buy a new car, he and Ester walked down to Wooten’s Hudson dealership.

Then an hour later, Hud and Ester drove out of that Hudson dealership with new 1932 Hudson. It was a Brougham burgundy Major 8 four door sedan with wire rim wheels. Hud loved the idea of driving a car with his last name on the grill. And the triangular headlights were something different from the standard round headlights.

Hud gave Ester \$2,800 in cash to buy the car in her name with her keeping the change. They

pretended to be husband and wife and the salesman bought their story.

He drove the Hudson back to the motel and showed it off to the guys at the motor court.

They loved it and could not wait to ride in a little style for once.

“Ditch that Ford away from this place,” he instructed Jack after Jack got out from behind the wheel of the Hudson.

Jack obeyed and rushed over to the Ford.

He got inside, started it up and drove the Ford out of the motor court.

A little while later, Jack found a parking lot of a hardware store and parked the Ford.

He left the key inside hoping someone would steal it then walked back to the motor court.

While Jack ditched the car, Ester and Hud drove off in the Hudson to a nearby grocery store for tonight’s dinner.

Since these rooms also had a small kitchenette, Ester kept true to her words and cooks the guys up some fried chicken, mashed potatoes and green bean dinners.

After dinner, Hud, Ester, Jack, Willie and Harold sat around the kitchen table to discuss their plans.

“Well, first of all, we can never come back to Saint Louie,” said Hud.

“I never want to come back here,” said Ester.

“Where should we go?” asked Harold.

Hud thought for a few seconds. Then his eyes lit up with a grand idea. “Since it’s starting to get cold up here, let’s head down to Florida for the next two or three months. We can soak up the warm sun and relax. We earned it,” he said.

Jack, Harold and Willie’s eyes lit up and they absolutely loved that plan.

Ester smiled. “I’ll need a bathing suit.”

“No problem. We can swim late at night,” Hud replied.

It took a few seconds, but Ester knew what he hinted at and liked the idea.

“Let’s leave in the morning before the sun comes up,” offered Harold.

“Let’s wait a little later. I want Ester to get us some grub and other supplies for the trip down south. We’ll also take turns driving through the night,” Hud replied.

Nighttime arrived and the gang went to bed to get rest for the long trip down to Florida.

Hud and Ester lay in their bed under the covers in their room. He was in his tee shirt and boxers while she was in a nightgown she bought earlier.

Hud started to look very curious. "So, when you got us these rooms, you stated that you give great blow jobs," he said hinting that he wanted to verify her claim.

"I did," she replied with a little smile.

"Well."

Ester pulled the covers away, pulled Hud's boxers off, then started to fondle his crotch.

It did not take long before Hud was erect and Ester started using her mouth to prove her earlier claim.

Hud closed his eyes and loved the feeling of her warm mouth.

Over in Cottage 11, Jack and Harold shared the large bed. Willie lay on the floor.

They were in deep thought about the past months.

"How much longer are you guys going to do this?" asked Willie.

"Oh, maybe another year. That could give me enough money to live on for the rest of my life," Jack replied.

"About the same for me," Harold added.

"Me too," said Willie.

“Do you think Ester can be trusted?” asked Jack.

“I do. I mean, most whore can be,” said Harold.

“Would be nice for someone to cook and run errands so we can stay hid,” said Willie.

“Yeah, that part is nice,” said Jack.

“Plus, I can’t wait to fuck her,” Harold said and refrained from getting an erection since he was in bed with Jack.

“Me too. Even with a rubber,” said Willie.

The guys closed their eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Back in Hud’s room, he had his orgasm in Ester’s mouth.

“You’re right. That was great,” he said while she pulled his boxers back up.

Ester put the covers back on their bodies then cuddled on his chest.

They both drifted off to sleep.

Morning arrived and Ester cooked the guys some eggs and toast breakfast.

After they ate, Hud gave Ester cash for supplies.

While she drove off in the Hudson, Hud and the guys started packing up their stuff.

Harold came over to Hud’s room for a minute after Ester drove out of the motor court.

“Do you think she’ll come back?” he asked Hud.

“Well, this would be her test of trust. If she doesn’t, I’ll just have to walk back down to the Hudson dealer and buy another car,” he replied but his gut instinct told him Ester would return.

“Is he your girl? I mean, you said we could fuck her. I didn’t know if you were planning on getting hitched with her,” Harold curiously asked.

“Me get hitched? No fucking way. I like Ester, but never to be my girl. She’s just a whore and will always be a whore to me,” Hud replied and sounded serious.

The sound of tires stopping on the gravel parking lot was heard outside the room.

“I guess she passed the test,” Hud told Harold.

They both went outside the room.

Hud and Harold went over to the Hudson.

Ester showed Hud the groceries she bought for the trip, a rubber hose for mid-night gas acquisitions and some packets of rubbers for the guys. Plus she bought two dresses, pair of shoes and a bottle of whiskey.

“Keep the change,” he told her.

“Thanks,” she replied and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

Twenty minutes had passed and Hud and the gang were on the road in his new Hudson.

Jack drove with Willie in the passenger seat.

Hud and Harold sat in the back with Ester in the middle.

“She drives like a dream, Hud,” Jack said.

“We have little over a thousand miles to Sarasota. So it will probably take us over twenty hours of driving. So I figure we’ll each take five hour shifts driving. Willie is next, then Harold, then Ester and then me,” Hud told everybody.

Everybody nodded in agreement with his plan.

Hours later, Jack drove the Hudson south on Route 61 in the southeastern part of Missouri.

Everybody napped while Jack drove.

Evening started to arrive and Hud and the gang pulled over and decided to eat at nice steak dinner and Roscoe’s Diner just off Route 61 in Arkansas. They also filled up the tank with gas.

After they ate, Harold drove for the next five hour shift.

After it was dark while Harold drove down Route 61 in Arkansas.

“We probably could use some gas,” Hud said.

“Haven’t seen a gas station in miles,” Harold replied.

“Look for a farm. They must have gas for a truck or tractor,” Hud replied.

Ten minutes later, Harold pulled the Hudson off to the side of the road.

Hud and Ester waited inside while Jack, Harold and Willie snuck on into the darkness to the farmer’s barn.

Then Hud heard the sound of a shotgun coming from the farm house.

Hud and Ester looked out the car for any signs of trouble. None were visible.

Silence for a few seconds then the sound of another shotgun was heard.

Silence for a few seconds.

Then Hud and Ester heard the sound of footsteps and heavy breathing running to the car.

Jack, Harold and Willie who had a five gallon gas can in hand ran up to the Hudson.

Willie rushed into the passenger seat with the gas can while Harold got behind the wheel.

Jack got in the backseat.

“We better git! That farmer is pissed,” Harold while he started up the Hudson.

“Did you get some gas?” asked Hud.

“Oh yeah and almost an ass full of buckshot,” Willie said then Harold drove the car off down the road.

After they got a mile down the road, Harold pulled over and Willie emptied the five gallon gas can into the fuel tank of the Hudson.

The weather started to warm up while Hud and the gang drove his Hudson down east on US 90 through Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida.

After they got to Florida they drove south down US 27 and eventually headed south down US 301.

They finally arrived in Sarasota, Florida in the late afternoon.

Hud found a nice place to stay in Sarasota. It was the Oakwood Motor Court off Route 41 and not far from the Gulf of Mexico.

After they settled in their individual cottages, Hud, Ester and the gang went into town to do some shopping.

They found a Woolworth store in Sarasota where they ate an early dinner at the counter of the store.

After they ate, Hud and the gang shopped in Woolworth where they bought some beach towels, sun glasses, bathing suits, a No. 1A Pocket Kodak camera for Ester, some 116 film for the camera, cigars, cigarettes, and other odds and ends.

After they went to Woolworths, Hud and the gang headed off to the local grocery store and liquor store. Hud let Ester pick out the food since she was the chief but he had to pick out the booze

After they got back to the cottage, Hud and the gang went to bed early, as the drive down to Florida was exhausting.

Chapter 10

Morning arrived in Florida for the start of the gang's vacation.

After Ester cooked the gang a nice egg and toast breakfast with coffee, they relaxed for little while out on the grounds of the Oakwood Motor Court.

Hud and the gang relaxed in the Adirondack chairs on the grounds of the motor court. They were all was dressed in casual pants and shirt while he puffed on a cigar. Ester wore trousers and a blouse.

Ester sat in another Adirondack chair next to Hud. She read the instructions to the Kodak camera they bought yesterday.

She got up with the camera and aimed it at Hud. "Smile," she said.

Hud gave her a fake smile.

She snapped the picture of Hud in his Adirondack chair with the cigar in his mouth, palm trees and the Oakwood Motor Court sign in the background.

She walked back over and sat down in the chair next to him. She sniffed the air. "Let's drive to the beach," she said with a smile.

"Okay," Hud replied and got up.

Jack, Harold, and Willie all got up and looked excited, as they all never been to a beach before.

After they all got dressed in their one piece bathing suits under their clothes, Hud drove everybody down Indian Beach drive and headed towards the water.

Hud found a place to park his Hudson near the sandy beach.

They all got out and stared in awe of that humongous body of water.

“Look at all that water,” said Jack.

“I never been to the ocean before,” said Willie.

“Actually, this is the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic Ocean is on the other side of the state,” Hud said and wondered if he ever attended school.

“Maybe we can see an ocean before we go up north?” asked Harold.

“Sure. Why not,” Hud replied.

Jack, Harold and Willie all took off running through the sand and headed to the water.

Ester took off running through the sand and after the guys.

Hud stayed by the car and lit up another cigar. He puffed on it while he watched Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie play in the water like little kids.

Thirty minutes had passed and Hud and the gang headed back to the motor court. They were actually exhausted from playing in the water.

That night, Ester treated Jack to a romp in his bed.

Then the next night, Ester treated Harold to a romp in his bed.

Then the following night, Ester treated Willie to a romp in his bed.

She decided to fuck them for free those nights, as she was feeling generous.

A few more nights passed.

It was in the middle of one Moonlight night and Hud and Ester drove the Hudson back to the beach dressed in casual clothes.

They took a blanket with them and set it out in the sand. It was so peaceful as the only sound heard were the waves of the Gulf of Mexico hitting the beach.

Then Ester stood up. She started undressing.

“What are you doing?” Hud asked while she slipped of her trousers.

“Something new. Going naked in the water,” she replied while she removed her blouse.

Then after she removed her bra and panties, she stood in the Moonlight bare ass naked.

“What the hell,” Hud said while he stood up. He started to get undressed.

A few seconds later, Hud and Ester ran naked to the water.

What they did not realize was that behind the sand dunes were two twelve-year-old boys. They were Kenny and Mike and their young eyes peeked above the dunes. The boys were in awe at the sight to two naked people on the beach. This was actually the first time they saw a naked woman and they were hooked.

After a few minutes of Hud and Ester playing around naked in the water, they headed back to their towel.

It did not take long for Hud to get on top of Ester and start fucking her.

Back at the sand dunes, Kenny and Mike mouths were wide opened in shock. This was the first time they saw people having sex. They heard about, but never witnessed it live. They would tell this story for years to come.

December rolled around.

Back at the Bureau of Investigation office in St. Louis, Agent Wendell Wallace read a report at his desk. He was not happy with the details of this report.

He got up from his desk and left his office.

He walked through an area where numerous Agents worked. He walked up to Agent Roger Jordan.

“Jordan. This report concerns me. There’s been five bank robberies across the state from July through November, and we do not have a clue on the identities of these four guys?”

“That’s correct sir,” Jordan replied.

“Well, get cracking. I don’t want to have to explain to Hoover why we don’t have a clue who these thieves are,” Wallace said then tossed the report back on Jordan’s desk.

Wallace walked back to his office.

Jordan looked frustrated while he glanced down at the report on his desk.

The rest of December passed and Hud and the gang loved spending time on the beach.

Then it was time for another Christmas.

Hud bought presents for everybody to thank them for a good start with their money

acquisition business. This was his end of the year bonus plan.

Ester gave the guys a special treat in bed without rubbers. She then made the rule that any treats in bed next year would cost ten dollars. She had to make a living some how.

Besides having the guys pay for sex with Ester, Hud talked with the guys proposing that they should give Ester five percent of the loot. After all, she will earn it by cooking, cleaning, taking care of the laundry and running errands. Jack, Harold and Willie all agreed, as they started to like Ester and felt she was part of the gang.

For New Years Eve, Hud and the gang went to party in Tampa.

On the evening of January 2nd, 1933, the guys met in Hud and Ester's room for a meeting.

"Okay, it's now time to think about what do this year," Hud said to get the meeting started.

"Rob banks," Willie replied.

"Yeah, but I'm thinking we should not set foot back in Missouri. I'm thinking we should hit Indiana," said Hud.

"When do we start?" asked Harold.

"End of February," Hud replied.

Jack, Harold and Willie all nodded in agreement with his proposal.

“So, until then, let’s enjoy this Florida sun,” said Hud.

“Can we to see the Atlantic Ocean?” asked Harold.

“Sure. “We’ll go in a couple of days,” replied Hud.

During the next day, there was something Hud had to do before he left Sarasota.

He and Harold went out on a fishing boat in the Gulf of Mexico.

“This is for you dad,” he said the second he casted his fishing line into the water.

Even though he did not catch a fish, Hud still loved the feeling with fishing in the open waters.

Two more days had passed and like Hud promised, he drove his Hudson across Florida and headed east.

He drove over to Cocoa Beach, as they had a casino on the beach with a pier.

Hud was able to get four rooms at the Cocoa Beach Casino. The casino only had twelve rooms but Hud’s greasing of the desk clerk’s palm, and Ester’s performance on her knees, suddenly made four other reservations disappear.

The next day Jack, Harold and Willie played in the Atlantic Ocean.

Then later that day they played poker at the casino.

Hud parked his Hudson on the beach and he and Ester lay on a towel by it. They both wore casual clothes, as they did not want to get in the water.

Ester had the Kodak camera in hand and snapped a picture of the sandy beach and the Atlantic Ocean. "Where's your Colt?" she asked him.

"Under the drivers seat," he replied.

Ester looked and nobody was in sight. "I want to take a picture of you," she said while she aimed the camera at him.

"What kind of picture?"

"I'm thinking you can look like a bank robber."

"You're just saying that because it's true," he playfully replied then got up.

Hud walked over and opened the driver's door.

He reached under the seat and removed his shoulder holster that had his Colt 45 inside. He placed the holster around his shoulder. He then sat in the driver's seat and looked at Ester. He gave her a mean gangster's glare.

Ester snapped a picture with the camera.

Later that night, Hud, Ester and the guys ate a nice dinner over in Cocoa. Jack, Harold and

Willie all bragged about their small winnings at the poker table at the casino.

Another week had passed and Hud drove the Hudson south down Route 1 and headed to Miami.

During the drive, they were in awe over all the orange groves. They all commented that they've never seen so many oranges in their life.

After they found rooms in the Tropical Motor Court in Miami, they again headed to the beach.

Then one day, Hud, Ester and the guys went out on a fishing boat.

Ester snapped a picture of Hud with Jack, Harold and Willie on the boat with fishing poles in hand. Just like his fishing trip in Sarasota, nobody caught any fish on this trip. But they still had a grand time drinking beer and soaking up the sun.

Then the next three weeks were spent hitting the dog track, eating at nice restaurants and lounging in the warm sun.

By now, Hud and everybody all sported nice tans.

Hud and the gang loved life and were glad they started robbing banks for a living.

February was coming to an end so they knew it was time to get back to work.

So Hud drove his Hudson north on US 1.

During the drive north on US 1, Hud stopped off at Harvey's Grove just south of Cocoa. He bought a bag of oranges to snack on during the trip back up north.

So they took turns driving back up north and headed up US 301 then up US 27. All along that route up through Georgia and Tennessee, the gang left a trail of orange peels on the road while they snacked during the drive.

Jack drove the Hudson on Route 27 through Kentucky.

They were ten miles south of Lexington when Hud's eyes lit up with an idea.

"Willie, I've been neglecting your skills," Hud said.

"Neglecting my skills? I don't understand," Willie replied.

"I believe you're a safe cracker?"

"Yeah."

"I'm thinking that we could rob a bank one month. Then during the next month, we can rob a jewelry store. Hence the safe cracking for some of their expensive jewelry," said Hud and he smiled thinking he had a grand idea.

“I do miss breaking into a safe,” Willie replied.

Then Hud looked a little concerned. “But we will need a fence we can trust. Does anybody know of one?” he asked.

“I do,” Jack replied.

“Are you sure we can trust him?”

“He’s my cousin. Ernie Jenner. He lives in Springfield, Illinois and has been doing that for ten years. He’s really good,” Jack replied.

“Good. And Jack, I’m thinking we should steal Chevy’s this year,” Hud said.

Jack thought about his suggestion. “I like that. It’ll confuse the hell out of the cops.”

“Exactly since most of them have rocks for brains,” Hud said.

“Got it,” Jack replied and always wanted to drive a Chevy.

It was quiet during the rest of the drive for that day.

Hud and the gang finally arrived in southern Indiana from Route 27 on February 16th, 1933.

The second they arrived in the town of Ackerman, Hud pulled his Hudson into a gas station. He filled up the gas tank and bought a road map for Indiana.

After they left the gas station, they found the Comfort Motor Court down the road. They liked that motor court because Alfred’s Diner was

located across the street and the rooms also had a small kitchenette. Hud got four rooms and paid for them himself. He told the guys that after this, they paid for their room during the rest of the year.

They agreed then they all went across the street for a meal.

After Hud and the gang ate dinner at Alfred's Diner, they met in Hud and Ester's room.

Hud had the Indiana road map spread out on the floor. He studied the cities located in the southern part of the state. "There, we'll hit Lansing," he said while he pointed at that town on the map," he said then he paused while he studied the map again. "Jack, since we're so close to Ohio, slip over there and steal a Chevy. We'll do the job with Ohio plates then switch them with another Chevy here Indiana."

He rolled up the map. "Okay, we'll do the job as soon as Jack gets a car."

Everybody nodded in agreement.

"Go get some rest," Hud said while he walked over and opened his room door, as the sign he wanted them to leave.

The three guys left Hud and Ester's room.

Later that night, Hud gave Ester a really good fucking and her screams during her

orgasms were heard in Jack's room next door.
He could not wait to spend a night with her.

Chapter 11

Four days arrived and it was now Sunday February 19th, 1933.

Jack had managed to steal a 1930 Chevrolet four door sedan from a town in Ohio. He also switched license plates with another Chevy in Ackerman late last night. Hud was ready to resume their crime spree so he held another meeting Sunday evening after Ester's meat loaf and mashed potatoes dinner.

"Like I mentioned before. We'll start by hitting a jewelry store in Lansing. Then we'll do a bank next month. I'm thinking that would change things up a bit since we hadn't hit a bank for a couple of months," Hud told the guys.

Willie smiled and cracked his knuckles on both hands. "I'm looking really forward to that. I miss those jobs," he said with a smile.

"Good, we'll hit a store in Lansing on Saturday night," said Hud then he paused. "And Jack, that way I can try out your cousin," he added.

"Got it," Jack replied.

"Then Ester, Jack and I will drive to Springfield to fence the jewelry. We'll go in my car," Hud told everybody.

They all nodded that they understood Hud's plan.

Hud and the gang relaxed around the motor court for the next five days.

Saturday night rolled around and Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie took off in the Chevy. Jack drove off to Lansing, Ohio.

The town of Lansing was nice and quiet while Jack drove the Chevy down the main street. It was around 2:00 a.m.

Jack drove around and eventually found Sidney's Jewelry Store off a side street. He drove and parked the Chevy down a little ways from the store.

Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie got out of the Chevy. They immediately scanned up and down the street for any signs of the Lansing cops. The street was quiet so Hud motioned for the guys to head off to the jewelry store.

Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie snuck around in the darkness to the rear of Sidney's Jewelry Store.

Willie used his tools and was able to pick the lock of the rear door. He slowly opened it. Everybody was relieved that an alarm did not blare so they stepped inside the store.

Hud closed the door behind him.

The gang snuck through the dark back office of the store.

Willie saw the safe on the opposite Sidney's wooden desk. "This one is really easy. I got trained on this old style of safe," Willie said while he got down on his knees in front of the safe.

Jack and Harold headed off into the sales area to watch for any cops. There they saw four glass cases that were emptied since the store owner placed all the jewelry in the safe when he closed hours ago.

Willie pressed his ear to the safe while he slowly turned the combination lock. He found the first number of the combination.

Hud sat down at Sidney's desk. He opened up the side drawer and rummaged through the items. There was nothing of value so he closed the drawer.

He opened the second drawer and found a bottle of scotch. He removed the bottle, opened it and took a good swig of scotch. He preferred whiskey so he put the cap back on then placed it back in that drawer.

Willie still had his ear pressed to the safe while he slowly turned the combination lock. He found the second number of the combination.

Hud opened up the large middle desk drawer. He started rummaging through the items. He found a loaded 38 Special. He left it alone. Then he found a small piece of paper with "10 - 18 - 7 - 25" jotted down on it in pencil.

Willie still had his ear pressed to the safe while he slowly turned the combination lock. He found the third number of the combination.

Hud got up with that piece of paper in hand. He walked around from the desk and headed over to Willie. "I found this," he said and handed Willie the paper.

Willie looked at the paper. "I wished I had this sooner," he said then turned the combination to the number 25. He turned the handle and the safe opened.

Willie gave Hud the paper back. Hud then removed that potato sack that was tucked in his suit coat. He handed it to Willie.

Willie started shoving diamond rings, diamond necklaces, and small felt boxes that contained diamonds into the sack.

Hud walked around and placed that paper with the combination back in the middle drawer of the desk. He closed the drawer.

After Willie emptied the safe into the sack, he closed the safe and gave the combination lock a twirl.

Willie got up off his knees while Hud went into the sales area. He motioned for Jack and Harold they can now leave the store.

A little while later, Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie walked out of the rear door. Willie made sure it was locked when they left.

Hud and the gang snuck back to the car thinking they were in the clear.

But while they all got inside the Chevy, they did not notice a Lansing Police Officer, Samuel Hasting, a thirty-year-old hot shot of a cop that sat in his 1930 Ford Model A cop car down the street.

Jack started up the Chevy with Willie in the passenger seat and Hud and Harold in the back.

Jack drove away and the second he headed off down the street, the red light from the Samuel's cop car door turned on to indicate those guys were in trouble.

"Cops!" Jack called out the second he saw the cop car come after him.

Then they heard the siren from the cop car while it raced at them.

Willie got his Thompson machine gun ready.

Harold and Hud had their Colt 45 out and ready.

Jack made a sudden U-turn in the street and while he did that, Willie fired his Thompson at the oncoming cop car.

Jack raced his car down the street then made a screeching right turn down the main street.

The cop car raced after the Chevy and it made a screeching right turn down the main street.

While Jack raced the car down the main street, he handed Hud his Thompson machine gun.

Willie, and Hud both hung out their door windows and fired their Thompson machine guns at the cop car.

Samuel fired at the Chevy from his door window with his 38 Special. He never came close to hitting the Chevy.

While Jack made a screeching left turn down another street, Hud continued to fire his Thomson machine gun at the cop car.

Jack raced the Chevy down that street.

Hud and Willie waited and then the second they saw that cop car make its screeching left turn, they fired their Thompson machine guns at it.

Bullets from their Thompson machine guns blew out the front right tire and sprayed the driver and passenger doors. Three of the bullets hit Samuel in his left thigh. This caused him to swerve the car during the turn.

The cop car flipped over.

Jack, Hud, Harold and Willie all yelled out cheers of joy when they realized that cop car was not longer a threat.

Jack raced the Chevy out of Lansing and when the coast was clear, he slowed down and obeyed all the traffic rules of the road.

While Jack drove his Chevy back to Ackerman, Ester was in her motor court room and started making a pot of coffee for the boys. She also baked some chocolate chip cookies thinking they would need a treat. This was the recipe her grandmother taught her when she was a little girl.

An hour later, Hud and the gang arrived with smiles on their faces.

But their smiles grew larger when they smelled the wonderful smell of Ester's twelve chocolate chip cookies that were already on a plate in the center of the table.

Ester stood by the sink and wore an apron. She looked like your typical homemaker.

"You made us cookies?" Jack asked and looked like a little kid again while he salivated at the thought of eating come.

"Of course for my hard working boys," she replied with a smile.

"Let's eat then divide up the take," Hud told the guys.

Jack, Harold and Willie all rushed over to the table and started eating a cookie.

Hud sat down and started eating a cookie.

Ester poured coffee into four cups and brought them over to the guys.

After they were done eating cookies and drinking coffee, Hud dumped the contents of the sack onto the table. The guys were in awe with their take of diamond rings, necklaces, bracelets and the small felt boxes diamonds inside.

“We’re going to be rich in no time,” Harold said with a sparkle in hi eyes.

Hud picked out a small bracelet. He handed it to Ester “Here’s your pay,” he said.

Ester took the bracelet, placed it around her left wrist and admired its beauty.

“We’ll head up to Springfield on Tuesday,” Hud told Jack and Ester.

They both nodded in agreement.

Ester’s eyes widened with an idea. She went over to the counter and grabbed the Kodak camera. “Smile guys,” she said while she looked in the camera.

She snapped a picture of Hud and the guys with diamond necklaces, diamond rings, and diamond bracelets on a kitchen table along with a plate that had one chocolate chip cookie on it.

“Does anybody know someone that can develop these without calling the cops?” Hud asked.

“I know someone. My uncle down in Mississippi works at newspaper office. He’ll do it for a few extra bucks,” Willie replied.

“We’ll use him later when we head back down to Florida later this year,” said Hud.

The guys eyes lit up a little and loved the fact they can party back down in Florida.

Tuesday morning arrived and after Ester made the guys some pancakes for breakfast, Hud Ester and Jack got in the Hudson.

Hud drove off and they headed northwest out of Lansing for Springfield, Illinois.

Hud, Jack and Ester took turns driving and they arrived in Springfield that night.

They got a room with two beds in a small hotel.

Hud, Ester and Jack spent the night drinking some really good whiskey Hud bought at a nearby liquor store.

Since they were drunk, things got a little freaky.

Ester stood up and stripped naked. "Come fuck me guys," she said in her best sexy tone while she strutted over to the bed. She got on her back. "I'm waiting," she said while she opened up her legs.

Hud and Jack were too drunk to be shy and modest so they immediately stripped off their clothes.

They rushed over and joined Ester in bed.

It was twenty minutes of Hud fucking Ester missionary style then Jack fucking Hester

doggiestyle. Then Hud fucked her missionary style then Jack fucked her missionary style.

After they were done and all sweaty, Ester grabbed her Kodak camera. "Take a picture of me and Hud," she told Jack while she handed him the camera.

"Why not," Jack replied while he got the camera ready.

Ester walked back to the bed and cuddled with Hud.

Jack snapped the picture.

"Willie's uncle will love that when he develops them," said Hud.

"Enough of that, let's get some sleep," Ester said.

Jack placed the camera back on the counter.

He walked over to his pile of clothes on the floor.

"We're sleeping naked," Ester told Jack.

Since he was still drunk, he did not care and hopped into bed.

So Hud and Jack slept naked with Ester's naked body between them.

Morning arrived and Jack and Hud were still okay with sleeping naked together with Ester.

After Hud, Ester and Jack ate some breakfast at a nearby diner they headed off into town with Jack driving.

Jack pulled the Hudson outside Jenner's Pawn Shop and parked along the street.

Hud, with that sack in hand, Ester and Jack got out and went inside the shop. The bell above the door rang out indicating a customer entered.

"Hey Cuz!" Ernie Jenner called out from behind a caged counter.

Hud and Ester saw lanky Ernie with greasy slicked back hair and pencil moustache from behind the counter. They both thought he looked like a slimy sleaze ball.

Ernie walked out from behind the caged counter and headed over to Jack. They shook hands.

"What brings you to Springfield?" asked Ernie.

Jack looked around the store and the coast was clear since no customers were inside at the moment. "We need to fence some stuff."

"What stuff?" Ernie's ears perked up knowing this mean profit for him.

"Diamonds type of stuff," Jack replied.

"Let's go back to my office and take a look see," said Ernie and he looked interested.

After some short introductions, Hud, Ester and Jack followed Ernie into his back office.

Ernie's office was a pig-sty with all kinds of junk all around the room.

After all the jewelry was dumped out of the sack onto Ernie's desk. He started checking them out.

"You got some nice stuff here. "I'll tell you want. Normally I get sixty-percent, but since you're my Cuz, I'll give you fifty-percent. Now, I estimate the stuff to be worth sixty grand, so I'll give you thirty-thousand," Ernie offered.

Jack looked at Hud and Ester.

Ester looked at Hud.

"I hope you're on the level, because if you're not," Hud said then opened up his suit coat to show his shouldered Colt 45.

"I'm on the level Hud. I'd never do you wrong," Ernie said and looked a little intimidated.

"You can trust him," Jack added and looked serious.

"Okay," Hud said knowing he did not want to try someone else.

"Come back tomorrow and I'll have the cash," Ernie said.

Hud nodded in agreement then he scooped up all the jewelry and dropped them back in the sack.

Hud, Ester and Jack left the pawn shop and they went back to the hotel and relaxed for the evening.

The next day arrived and Hud, Ester and Jack returned to the pawn shop. They picked up \$30,000 cash from Ernie. This would be the start of many future business deals between Hud and Ernie.

They took some of that money and Hud and Jack bought new suits and Ester bought a new dress.

They also went to the gun shop Ernie recommended and bought some more bullets. Then Hud had an idea. He bought Ester a 38 Police Special with bullets.

“Here, keep this in your purse to protect yourself,” Hud told her.

Ester placed the loaded 38 Special into her purse and smiled.

They left the gun shop then headed back to their hotel room.

They relaxed for the evening and planned on leaving first thing in the morning.

After Hud, Ester and Jack returned back to the motor court in Ackerman from St. Louis, Hud divided up the money from the sale of the jewelry. The guys were thrilled.

Then that night, Hud started planning for their bank job next month.

After Hud, Ester and the guy relaxed in Ackerman for the next three weeks they were ready for another bank job.

The morning of March 22nd, 1933 arrived and Hud and the gang drove out with that Chevy and headed west into Indiana. They were headed to the town of Old Castle.

When they arrived in Old Castle Jack parked the car across the street of the First National Bank of Old Castle. After feeling confident that no cops were in the vicinity, Hud motioned for them to proceed.

While Jack pulled the Chevy back into the street, they did not notice Oscar Smith who was a photographer of the Old Castle Times. Oscar had his Kodak camera in hand while he stepped out of the newspaper office just down the street.

When Oscar saw the Chevy make a U-turn just down from the bank, he had a gut feeling about this sudden change in direction. He recalled reading about bank robberies in Missouri where the get-a-way car did that same type of U-turn that Chevy just performed.

While Jack stopped the Chevy just past the bank, Oscar watched and saw Hud, Harold and Willie rush out of the Chevy. He caught a

glimpse of Willie's Thompson machine gun under his opened suit coat.

Oscar ran across the street when Hud, Harold and Willie went inside the bank.

He ran down the street a little ways to get in a good position for a picture. He found one and hid behind a Ford sedan. He waited. Then he heard the sound of Willie's Thompson machine gun inside the bank.

He peeked around the sedan and got his camera ready.

After five minutes, the door of the bank slammed opened. Oscar was ready and snapped a picture the second he saw Hud, with the potato sack in hand, and Harold run out.

Oscar heard a police siren from down the street while he watched while Hud and Harold ran to the Chevy.

He watched while Willie ran out of the bank with his Thompson machine gun and snapped a picture.

The police siren got louder.

Then Oscar heard Thompson machine gun fire coming from the Chevy.

Then he heard gun fire from the direction of the cop car sirens.

Oscar hit the street a little scared while he heard bullets hitting the car he hid behind.

Jack was able to get away from the cop car, as Willie was able to shoot out its front tires. That cop car swerved over and flipped over a few times.

Jack raced the car out of town.

Jack drove the Chevy back to the motor court in Ackerman.

When they got out of the Chevy, Hud noticed bullet holes in the rear of the car. "Ditch this and get a new one," he told Jack.

"I'm glad that cop car crashed," Willie added.

"Yeah. Looks like we got away again and they still don't have a clue who we are," Hud said with a smirk on his face.

They all went in Hud's room to divide up the loot.

Three days had passed and the pictures Oscar took stared showing up in newspapers across the state of Missouri and Indiana.

Back at the Bellwood Police Station, Chief Ronnie Pettine sat at his desk. He drank his second cup of coffee while he read the morning paper.

Then he turned to page and his eyes widened the second he saw the pictures of Hud, Harold and Willie taken by Oscar of Old Castle. One

picture was of Hud and Harold when they ran out of the bank, then the other one was when Willie ran out of the bank with the Thompson in hand. He then saw the "Bureau of Investigation Looking For Identity of Old Castle Bank Robbers" caption under the photo.

"Figures," Ronnie said then he immediately picked up the phone. "Mildred, I need the Bureau of Investigation office in Saint Louis," he said into the phone.

"Did you see Henry Hudson's picture in the paper? He's a bank robber?" Mildred quickly replied from the phone.

"Yes Mildred, he's a bank robber. Now please get me the Bureau of Investigation office in Saint Louis. It's important police business," he replied and sounded a little irritated.

"Yes Chief Pettine," Mildred replied.

A few seconds passed.

"Bureau of Investigation, Saint Louis. Special Agent Jordan," Roger Jordan said from the phone.

"Yeah, Police Chief Ronnie Pettine from Bellwood. I saw that the Bureau was looking for the identification of a bank robber. He had a large nose," he said into the phone.

"Yes Chief. Do you have any information?" Jordon replied from the phone.

"I sure do. I know the big nose guy. His name is Henry Hudson and I believe he goes by

the nickname Hud. He spent time at the correctional facility in the eastern part of the state for trying to steal a pickup truck,” Ronnie replied into the phone.

“Henry Hud Hudson. We’ll check that out. Thank you Chief Pettine,” Jordon replied then disconnected his end of the call.

Ronnie hung up his phone and had satisfied smile on his face knowing that he once again will find Hud in prison.

Meanwhile, over Madam Harriett’s whorehouse in St. Louis, Butch sat on the couch with three of the whores with his two front teeth missing. Moans of sex could be heard from the hallway while the other whores were working.

Butch read the St. Louis Post-Dispatch paper while he took drinks from his cheap whiskey bottle. He turned a page. His eyes widened the second he saw that same photo of Hud during that bank robbery. He glanced at the “Bureau of Investigation Seeking the Identity of Leader of Bank Robber Gang” caption below the photo.

“Well, I’ll be,” Butch said then he jumped up from the couch.

He ran down the hallway and headed to the second room on the left.

He opened the door and stepped inside that room.

In that room was Mickey Kelly, a fat fifty-year-old married man.

Mickey was moaning while he was on top and humped a black haired whore in the bed.

On the floor by the foot of the bed was Mickey's St. Louis police uniform. Madam Harriett would let some of the cops fuck her whores for free as payment for not busting her operation.

"Mickey," Butch called out when he closed the door.

Mickey stopped humping and quickly got off the whore. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" he yelled out while he rolled off her and covered his crotch with his hands.

Butch rushed over and flashed the newspaper of Hud in Mickey's face. "That guy was here last year. His name is," he said then paused for a few seconds for his memory to kick in. "Oh yeah, his name is Hud Hudson," he said.

Mickey looked at the photos and a smile grew on his face. He knew he could use that in his favor with his chief. "Thanks Butch, now leave the paper here and please let me finish my business," he said.

"Oh, yeah," Butch replied then quickly left the room.

The whore glanced at the photos. "That guy with the machine gun is Willie Gates. He visited

me numerous times last year,” the whore told Mickey.

Mickey smiled.

Butch strutted back to the waiting area with a smirk on his face. He was happy that he could pay back Hud for the beating he gave him last month. He sat back down on the couch and took a healthy drink of whiskey. Then he wondered if Ester was with Hud, but shrugged that thought off believing she’s a whore at another whorehouse across town.

At the end of his shift, Mickey went into Chief Winston’s office and reported that an informant on the street provided him with Hud Hudson and Willie Gate’s name as two of the bank robbers. Chief Winston was happy with Mickey’s police work.

Back in Bellwood, Carl and Cindy relaxed in their living room after a nice meat loaf dinner.

Carl read the newspaper from his chair while Cindy knitted a blanket from the couch.

Carl’s eyes widened the second he turned the page and saw a photo in the middle of the fifth page. It was the photo of Hud and Harold coming out of that bank they robbed a few weeks ago. The caption under the photo read “Bureau

of Investigation Seeking Identity of Bank Robbers.”

Carl wondered if he should show Cindy since she looked so content knitting that blanket. He chose not to show her and got up from his chair.

Carl walked into the kitchen and tossed the newspaper into the trash can under the sink. He looked worried while he thought about Harold getting back into a life of crime. But he figured Harold was a grown man and would have to suffer the consequences if and when he is caught.

He headed out of the kitchen.

“I’m taking a little stroll,” Carl told Cindy the second he walked into the living room.

“Okay dear,” Cindy said and continued to knit while Carl headed to the front door and went outside.

Two days had passed and back in Bellwood, Cindy was in the kitchen and removed the trash can under the sink.

She took the trash can and went out the back door where there was a larger trash can.

She emptied the kitchen can into the bigger trash can. But some of the trash missed the can and fell to the ground. Some of this trash included that newspaper.

She picked up the newspaper and then her eyes widened when she saw the picture of Hud

and Harold. Her eyes welled up the second she saw the “Bureau of Investigation Seeking Identity of Bank Robbers” caption of the photo. Her eyes welled up, as she knew this day would come again.

She placed the paper in the bigger trash can and went inside where she cried on her bed. She now realized why Carl was upset about something last night and would not talk about it. She figured he was now trying to shield her from this bit of bad news.

A neighbor who never liked Harold called the Bellwood police department the second he saw Harold’s picture in the paper.

Back at the motor court in Ackerman, Hud relaxed in his room chair.

The door opened and Ester rushed in looking concerned.

“There’s a problem,” she said while she rushed over to the kitchenette counter with a grocery bag. She reached in the bag and removed a newspaper.

She rushed over, opened the paper and showed Hud an article.

Hud saw the pictures of him Harold, and Willie from the bank job in Old Castle with the “Bureau of Investigation Seeking Names of Old Castle Bank Robbers” caption.

“Call the guys over,” he told Ester while he stared at the photo.

Ester rushed over to the door and left the room.

After their meeting, Hud and the gang snuck out of the motor court in the middle of the night.

Ester and Hud drove off in the Hudson while Jack, Harold and Willie drove off in a 1932 Chevy sedan that Jack stole.

They found some secluded woods and camped out. But Willie was not able to scrounge up two tents but did find blankets.

Chapter 12

Three days had passed.

Hud, Ester and the gang still camped out in the woods sleeping under the stars with blankets.

Ester drove off in the Hudson to get some supplies an hour ago.

Hud and the guys sat around a campfire while they waited for her.

Ester finally drove up in the Hudson.

She got out with two grocery bags in hand and one of them had a newspaper sticking out.

Hud got up and walked over to Ester. He grabbed the newspaper out of the bag.

While she placed the bags in one of the tents, Hud opened up the newspaper. He saw nothing of interest on the front page. He turned to the second page and he looked pissed. “Fuck!”

Jack, Harold and Willie rushed over to Hud and looked at the paper.

Ester walked over from the tent. “What’s wrong?”

“They now have all of our names. We’re no longer unknown bank robbers,” said Hud.

“What do we do?” asked Jack.

“Do we quit and high tail it hide across the country? Maybe in Montana? Become mountain men?” Jack asked, as he always wanted to live in the mountains.

“And mountain women,” Ester added while she glanced over Hud’s shoulder and looked at the article.

Hud thought about the article for a few seconds. “Let’s continue. We’ll just have to make sure we don’t get caught. So any cop that gets to close will have an early grave. I’m not ready to quit. We need some more jobs to make sure we’re set for life. It’s up to you if you guys to split and hide,” Hud told everybody.

Jack, Harold and Willie thought about Hud’s response for a few seconds.

“I’m with you Hud. The last few months have been an adventure. What will I do from now on? Nothing?” said Jack.

“Me too. I’ve never had this much fun. And besides, this is the only job I can get. You remember how it was when we got out. Don’t you Hud?” Harold replied.

Willie looked at the other guys. “Aw hell, why not. I love shooting my Thompson,” he said.

“How about you Ester? You want to run or tag along?”

“I’m not going back to another whorehouse. I’m staying,” she replied.

“Good. We’ll continue. Now, let’s plan our next jewelry job. They’re looking for bank robber not diamond thieves,” Hud said.

Jack, Harold and Willie nodded in agreement.

After a week in the woods, Hud decided they needed some good lodgings.

It was April 6th, 1933, and to help prevent the cops picking them up, Ester would get a room from the Peabody Motel in a town called Union Park.

The guys would sneak in her room when it got dark and park their Chevy in a business lot nearby. It was crowded in the room but Hud decided they can tolerate it until a more suitable and safe haven was found.

The weeks rolled on and it was now April 18th, 1933.

Hud had picked the next jewelry heist to be in the town of Conway located north of where they were camped. The guys were itching to get out since they only stepped out of the motel room late at night to avoid being seen.

After leaving in the early morning before the sun rose, Hud and the gang headed to Conway.

They arrived there in the late afternoon and camped out in the woods until it got dark.

Then darkness fell and Hud and Jack drove the gang drove into the town of Conway.

Jack finally parked the Chevy down the street from Jackson's Jewelry Store that was in the bottom of a two story brick building.

They got out of the car and rushed around to the back of the store.

Willie successfully unlocked the rear door to the store with out a problem.

Hud, Harold and Willie snuck into the back office of the store.

Willie found the safe located in the back room. He immediately placed his ear on the safe and started turning the combination lock. Hud tossed the potato sack on the floor by Willie

Hud and Harold walked to the door leading into the store area. They watched the windows of the area for any signs of cops from the street with their Colt 45s in hand.

Things were going really quiet.

Willie had success with the combination lock and had three numbers so far.

He got the fourth number and opened the safe. An alarm started blaring.

"Shit!" Willie called out then he started shoving diamond rings, necklaces and bracelets into the sack.

Hud and Harold got antsy while they watched the street for any signs of cops.

They did not hear footsteps coming down the stairs on the other side of the room.

“Put your hands up!” Jason Jackson, the fifty-year-old owner of the store who lived up stairs yelled.

Hud and Harold turned around and saw Jason in his pajamas at the bottom of the stairs with a 38 Special aimed in their direction.

Harold immediately fired his Colt 45 at Jason out of instinct.

Jason looked stunned when he realized he was shot. He dropped to the floor and gasped for air.

Hud rushed over to Jason and saw a bloody hole in Jason’s chest.

Jason just stared up while he gasped for air.

“Let’s go,” Willie called out from the back office.

Hud and Harold ran into the back office and out the rear door. They left it opened.

Once they got outside, Hud, Willie with the sack in hand, and Harold ran to the Chevy.

No cops were coming yet.

They got inside the car and Jack immediately floored it and raced off down the street.

Jack made a screeching left turn with the Chevy down another street.

It was quiet inside the car while Jack raced it down that street.

As soon as they got out of Conway and the cops were not on their tail, Jack slowed the car down and went the speed limit.

“How did it go?” Jack asked.

“We got more jewelry,” Willis replied.

Harold looked a little stunned.

“Harold shot the owner of the store,” Hud added.

Harold still looked stunned.

Hud looked at Harold. “He was ready to shoot you or me. So think of it as self defense or you saved my life,” he said.

Harold felt a little better.

While Jack drove the Chevy farther away from Conway, its Police Chief Jimmy Brown cautiously entered through the rear door of Jackson’ Jewelry Store with his 38 Special ready to shoot.

He was the opened safe door and knew there had been a robbery. “Jason?” he called knowing he lived upstairs.

He heard a gurgling sound coming from the store area. He knew something was wrong.

He saw Jason on his back with a bloody chest wound.

“Jason!” he called out fearful for his life.

Chief Brown knelt down by Jason’s left side.

Jason glanced up at Chief Brown. “Big nose,” he strained out.

“Big nose? I don’t understand.”

“Robber. Big nose,” Jason strained out again then he had this blank stare.

Chief Brown felt Jason’s neck for a pulse and knew he died. He was pissed.

Hours had passed and Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie arrived back at the motel room.

Two days had passed and Hud and the gang read in a newspaper that that jewelry store owner had died during the robbery. The article did not identify the robbers but stated that one of them had a big nose. Hud knew it would eventually be traced back to them. But he did not care.

A few more days passed and Ester went into the town to buy some groceries and other items from the drug store.

It was an overcast day with a hint of rain in the air.

Ester was in the Tony’s Grocery Store with a few items for the guys. She stood behind a sixty-five-year-old man named Jesse Newman. He was a tall and lanky farmer that wore worn coveralls with a worn shirt. Jesse was buying a loaf of bread, milk and eggs.

Tony Tompkins was the fifty-year-old owner of the store. He looked down at Tony's items on the counter. "Do you have money Jesse?"

"Can't I put it on my tab?" Jesse asked.

"Jesse, you already owe me twenty dollars. When are you going to pay that?" Tony replied and sounded irritated.

"Please Tony. The bank is about to take away my farm. I just want one last meal before I'm kicked out of my home," Jesse pleaded.

Tony looked at Jesse and did not show any signs of sympathy.

"I'll pay for it and I'll pay his tab," Ester offered.

Tony looked at Ester not sure he understood her. "You'll pay his tab and for this food?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"My mom and pop lost their farm. So I know what he's going through," Ester replied and sounded sincere.

"I guess this is your lucky day, Jesse," Tony replied then after Ester placed her eggs, bread, coffee on the counter, he rang up the bill.

After Tony bagged their groceries, Ester walked out of the store with Jesse.

"Thank you so much for this food young lady," Jesse told Ester.

“My name is Ester Walker.”

“I’m Jesse Newman.”

There was few seconds of silence between them.

“Well, I better get walking back to the farm before it rains,” Jesse told Ester then he walked away.

Ester watched him and all of a sudden she had an idea. “Jesse, I can give you a ride.”

Jesse turned around and looked back at Ester. “I don’t want to be a burden. After all, you bought me some food,” he said.

“Oh no, it won’t be a bother. I don’t want you catching a death of a cold if it rains,” she replied with a warm smile.

“I am tired from the walk down here,” he said.

“Then let me drive you.”

Jesse nodded in agreement then walked back to Ester.

Ester drove Jesse in the Hudson through the streets of the town.

“This is one mighty fancy car you have. I had a twenty three Ford pickup, but lost it when I missed two payments,” said Jesse then he coughed.

“Sorry to hear that.”

“Now that bank manager might take my farm away if I skip another payment. Bastard!”

Ester felt sorry for Jesse and pondered if she should make a win-win proposal. She waited.

A little while later, Ester drove Jesse to his farm located two miles outside of Union Park. Ester loved the fact that his farm was secluded.

She drove down his long dirt driveway and headed to the house.

“Thank you for the ride kind lady,” Jesse said when Ester stopped the Hudson near his front porch.

“Ah, Jesse. Where are you going to go if the bank throws you out of your house?” she asked when she looked at the house and saw his barn in the back.

“Oh, I guess I can live in the woods,” Jesse replied and did not look happy with that thought.

“I have a proposal that will let you keep your house for a while longer.”

Jesse looked curious. “What kind of proposal? Kill the bank manager? Because that wouldn’t bother me,” Jesse replied.

“No,” Ester replied with a chuckle. “I have four friends that desperately need a place to stay. And your farm is perfect. We can pay you good money to live here with you. We’ll even buy all the groceries and I’ll do all the cooking,” she said and looked sincere.

Jesse thought about her proposal for a few seconds. “My wife died four years ago. She was

a great cook. I'm a terrible cook," he said while his eyes welled up thinking about his deceased wife. "I don't know what I would eat if I lived in the woods," he added then paused for a few seconds. "Okay. You and your friends can move in anytime you want."

"We'll be here tonight."

"I'll be waiting," Jesse said then opened up the passenger door. He stepped out with his grocery bag then looked back at Ester. "Thank you pretty lady. You saved my life," Jesse said then closed the door.

Ester turned the Hudson around and drove back down the dirt driveway.

Jesse stood on the front porch and looked back at the Hudson while it drove down his driveway. "They must be bank robbers or something," he said to himself and could care less. He coughed then went inside his house with the grocery bag in hand.

A little while later, Ester drove back to the motel room.

She entered Hud's room with the grocery bag in hand.

"What the hell took you so long?" he asked from the chair.

She walked over to the counter with a smile. "I have some good news on our living situation," she said while she placed the bag on the counter.

“What’s that?”

“I met this farmer that has a nice secluded farm outside town. He’s about to get kicked out by the bank and will probably live in the woods. So I offered that we pay him to live there,” she told him.

“Can this guy be trusted?”

“I believe so. He hates the bank manager. His wife is dead. He’s just a lonely old man,” she replied then started taking out the groceries from the bag. “And he has a barn to hide the cars,” she added.

Hud thought about her proposal for a few seconds. Knowing that they’ll soon pin the shooting of that jewelry store owner on them, he knew this was their best option. “Go round up the guys.”

Ester looked happy while she rushed out of the room.

Later that night, Hud, Ester and the gang drove over to Jesse’s farm outside of town.

After they parked their cars in the barn, they went inside Jesse’s farm house.

Jesse welcomed Hud and the gang with opened arms. He knew these guys were gangsters of some sort but he did not care. He was lonely and was looking forward to having someone to talk with during the day. Plus the

money Hud paid him would pay his mortgage and give him some savings for once in his life.

Three weeks passed and Jesse really liked his guests and started to consider them family. He never asked about their profession and Hud appreciated that and caused him to trust Jesse.

During this three-week time, Hud, Ester and Jack drove back to back Springfield to sell the jewelry from the last heist. This take was estimated to be worth \$30,000 and they got \$15,000. Not much but still a lot of money for the little time it took to steal it.

But this time, Hud kept his share of the jewelry loot for himself in his lock box.

Then one day, Hud slipped out in the middle of the night and went to the cemetery located in Union Park.

He walked around the gravesites with a small shovel in right hand and a small leather satchel in his left hand. He walked around until he found a headstone that felt good. He found one.

Hud then carefully removed the top soil from the middle of the grave for a Bernard Sanders. He placed the chunk of grass to the side. Then he dug a small hole about a foot into the ground and dropped the satchel into it. He

covered up the hole and placed the grass back in place. It looked good.

He removed a piece of paper and pencil from his shirt pocket. He then jotted down "Bernard Sanders, Union Park, Indiana on a piece of paper. He tucked the paper and pencil back his trousers pocket. He picked up his shovel.

Hud walked away through the cemetery. He thought this would be the perfect place to hide his jewelry stash for later use when needed in the future. He figured that nobody would ever consider looking at a gravesite for buried loot.

During the next day, Hud and the gang went out to the barn to plan their next bank job. This time it would be in the town of Abberton located in the southern part of Indiana.

"I knew you guys were bank robbers," Jesse said while he walked out of a dark area of the barn.

Hud whipped out his Colt 45 ready to kill Jesse because he figured them out.

Jesse saw Hud's Colt. "Don't worry. I figured this out from the start. I'm okay with it. I mean you're paying me good money to stay here. You saved me. Plus most of the cops I know are crooked sons of bitches. So go about your business," Jesse said the walked over to one of the barn's side doors.

He coughed while he exited the barn.

Hud put away his Colt 45 and had this gut feeling that Jesse was being honest. "Okay, lets go over the plan again," he told the guys.

Two days passed and the sun rose above the horizon. It was May 24th, 1933.

Jesse got up early and made a pot of coffee.

When the coffee was done, he did his usual routine of sitting in his rocking chair on the front porch drank his coffee and looked at the countryside.

A little while later, Ester got out of bed and made breakfast for the guys.

After breakfast, Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie drove off to Abberton.

They arrived at the bank an hour later and it started off without a hitch.

Then when they ran out of the bank, four Abberton cops confronted Hud, Harold and Willie cops outside in the street. And these cops looked determined not to let these bank robbers get away.

A gun fight started outside the bank and the residents of the town hid behind cars and what ever they could find for cover.

The four cops fired their 38 Specials at Hud, Harold and Willie.

Jack fired his Thompson machine gun from the Chevy at the cops.

The four cops ran and hid behind their cop car.

Willie sprayed their cop car with bullets from his Thompson.

The radiator of the cop car hissed out steam.

The four cops returned fire.

Harold and Hud fired back with their Colt 45s.

One of the cops got a little too brave and stepped out from behind the cop car.

Hud immediately fired his Colt 45 at the cop hitting him in the chest.

The cop dropped to the street dead.

This caused the other cops to stop firing and check out their fallen buddy.

Hud, Harold and Willie used this opportunity to run to the Chevy.

Jack slowly drove the Chevy down the street firing his Thompson to give the other guys some cover.

It worked, as Hud and Harold were able to get back in the rear seat of the car.

Willie jumped on the running board and held on.

Jack floored the Chevy while Willie fired his Thompson at the remaining three cops.

One of the other cops was pissed his buddy was dead and jumped out from behind their cop car. He fired his 38 Special at the Chevy while it raced down the street.

Willie's Thompson ended that cop's life in a matter of seconds.

They gang got away again.

When they got back to Jesse's farm house, Hud divided up the money. This time he also gave Jesse five percent of their \$42,000 loot.

Jesse was so happy to see this much money. "You guys can stay here as long as you like," he said then kissed his small portion of the loot.

Chapter 13

Two days had passed from the Abberton robbery and shoot out.

Back at Jesse's farm, Hud, Jack, Willie, and Harold cleaned their sub-machine guns and Colt 45s on the kitchen table. Ester stood by the sink with an apron around her waist while she peeled some potatoes.

In the doorway of the kitchen, Jesse had the Kodak camera in hand and he snapped another picture of everybody.

Over at the Bureau of Investigation offices in St. Louis and Indianapolis had finally revealed the names of Hud and his gang. Wanted posters were now posted in post offices in Missouri and Indiana.

Then over at the Indianapolis Star newspaper office in Indianapolis, a reporter named Danny Kirkpatrick glanced at an article he was in the process of writing about the gang. He had obtained copies of Hud and Harold's rap sheets. Danny read a witness statement of a robbery in Indiana where the witness described Henry as the leader. He looked at Henry's rap

sheet. His eyes lit up with an idea when he saw that Henry had a “Hud” tattoo.

He typed “The Hudsters Gang Killed Two Police Officers in Abberton” headlines.

From that day forward, Hud and his gang were know at The “Hudsters.”

Three days had passed and Hud and Jesse sat on his front porch smoking cigars and drinking whiskey.

Hud read a newspaper. His eyes widened the second he saw an article about their recent bank job.

“Ester, round up the guys,” he called out.

A few seconds had passed and Ester, Harold, Jack and Willie walked out of the house and to the front porch.

“What?” asked Ester.

“We’re still making the newspapers. But they’re calling us The Hudsters,” Hud told everybody then showed them the article.

Ester, Jack, Harold, Willie and Jesse all glanced at the article.

“The Hudsters. I like the sound of that,” said Jack.

“We’re going to be as famous as Al Capone,” Harold added and loved the thought of that.

Everybody nodded in agreement along with Hud, as he loved being the center of the attention.

He glanced back at the article with a smile.

Everybody else read the article over Hud's shoulder.

June 22nd, 1933 rolled around and The Hudsters headed off to Piedmont for their next jewelry store heist in the middle of the night.

They broke inside Sampson's Jewelry Store.

While Willie was in the process of figuring out the combination of the safe, the owner of the store Wally Sampson entered through the back office. He was drunk and had a young drunken floozy named Dorothy with him. Since Wally was married, he wanted to use his back office for sex with Dorothy.

But The Hudsters surprised Wally while they were emptying his safe.

"What are you doing?" Wally asked while he stood there with Dorothy by his side.

"What the fuck does it look like?" Hud asked and reached under his suit coat and placed his right hand on his Colt 45.

"Robbing me," Wally replied then saw Harold with his Colt 45 aimed at him.

Hud looked at Dorothy and realized what Wally was doing here when he saw Wally's wedding ring.

“You’re married and bringing this whore here to fuck?” Hud questioned with a smirk.

“Dorothy’s not a whore,” Wally replied.

Dorothy shook her head that she was not a whore.

Hud had a great idea while he looked at Wally and Dorothy.

Five minutes had passed and The Hudsters made it out of Sampson’s Jewelry Store without anybody getting killed.

But they did leave Wally and Dorothy tied up back to back and bare ass naked on the floor of his store area. Hud figured the people of the town should spot them first thing in the morning.

Two days later, Hud, Ester and Jack went back to Springfield and fenced the jewelry to Ernie. They made \$25,000 profit. While they visited Ernie, they stocked up on some bullets.

A day after they got back from Springfield, Hud drove his Hudson down to Titus, Kentucky in the middle of the night. He found the gravesite for an Elmer Brown and buried his portion of the jewelry loot in another small leather satchel for safe keeping for the future cash needs.

He jotted down “Elmer Brown, Titus, Kentucky down on that piece of paper with the burial site of his first hidden stash.

Hud walked away through the cemetery with his small shovel in hand satisfied his stash would be safe

Three more weeks passed and The Hudsters still had a safe haven at Jesse’s farm.

In Union Park, the people knew Ester to be Candace Lane. To keep up with their ruse, Ester still paid for the motel room and would in occasion spend a few days and nights there. Her story of why she was not there on some days was that her husband was a traveling Fuller Brush salesman. They planned on buying a house in Union Park next year to settle down, so she told everybody. The people of Union Park were so gullible.

Then July came around and Hud planned out their next bank job. He picked the town of Daleville.

So during the morning of July 17th, 1933, The Hudsters drove off in their Chevy to Daleville.

Jesse and Ester sat in rocking chairs on the front porch. They drank coffee and watched

while Jack drove the Chevy down the dirt driveway and headed to the road.

Jack drove the Chevy into Daleville and they found The Commerce Bank and parked across the street around 12:45 that afternoon.

But something felt odd for Hud when he saw another car with a guy waiting behind the wheel outside the door of the bank. He saw the passenger of that car get out with a gun in hand.

He then saw a young boy sitting on the curb across the street of the bank.

“Someone beat us to robbing this bank,” Hud told the others while they watched the bank.

They saw some customers enter the bank.

They saw the driver of that car get out with a gun in his hand and rushed into the bank.

Then Hud and the guys saw the two men run out of the bank and get into the car.

Those bank robbers raced off and what Hud did not realize at that time, was that one of those robbers was John Dillinger.

“Fuck! We now need something else to rob,” said Hud and looked pissed that he lost this opportunity.

“This town must have a jewelry store,” said Harold.

Hud looked up and down the street and a cop was not in sight. “I doubt this town has any

cops either,” he said then thought for a few seconds. “Okay, find one,” he said.

Jack drove off down the street.

A little while later, Jack found the Daleville Jewelry Store.

They got out of the car and found the owner of the store, Russell Story standing outside.

“I heard the bank got robbed,” he told Hud, Harold and Willie while they walked up to him.

“And also the jewelry store,” Willie said and showed Russell his Thompson tucked behind his suit coat.

Russell’s legs started to tremble when he realized he was being held up at gun point.

“Let’s go nice and easy inside,” Hud told Russell while he flashed his Colt 45 in his shoulder holster under his suit coat.

Russell nervously went back into his store with Hud, Harold and Willie behind him.

Jack waited in the Chevy for any signs of cops. None were in sight.

A little while later, The Hudsters drove out of Daleville with some jewelry. It was not much but Hud did not want this to be a wasted journey.

Two weeks had passed and the jewelry from Daleville was fenced in Springfield for \$12,000.

Hud buried his share in the gravesite. He buried in the gravesite for Abner Murray.

Hud jotted down that name on his piece of paper then headed out of the cemetery with his shovel in hand.

August rolled around and Hud had the itch for another big score with a bank job.

So in the early morning of August 17th, 1933, The Hudsters drove to the northwestern part of the state.

During this drive, Ester gave Jesse a bonus for their stay. She let him fuck her in his bed since he was able to get an erection.

Jack pulled into the town of Douglas in the late afternoon.

After their usual process of checking things out, Hud, Harold and Willie rushed into the bank and collected the money.

But while Jack waited outside, two Douglas cop cars raced down the street. It appears one the pedestrians on the street felt the bank was being robbed and previously ran down the police station.

Jack jumped out of the Chevy and started firing his Thompson machine gun at the oncoming cop cars.

The two cop cars screeched to a stop.

Two cops jumped out of each cop car and started firing at Jack.

Jack returned fire and one of the radiators of the cop car hissed out steam.

Hud, Harold and Willie ran out of the bank and they started firing their guns at the four cops.

One of the cops fell to the dirt dead.

While Hud, Harold and Willie ran to the Chevy, Harold got shot in the side of his left leg.

“Fuck!” Harold called out in pain while he tried to run as fast as he could to the Chevy.

Willie jumped on the passenger running and provided cover with his Thompson machine gun while Hud, Jack and Harold got in the Chevy.

Jack floored the car and raced off down the street with bullets from the cops hitting the back of the Chevy.

While Jack raced out of town, Harold was in the passenger seat in pain from his leg wound. “I got shot! I got fucking shot! Fucking cops!” he yelled out in anger.

Jack raced the Chevy out of the town of Douglas.

Later that evening, Jack pulled the Chevy into Jesse’s barn.

Hud and Jack assisted Harold into the farm house.

Once they got in the house, they placed Harold on the kitchen floor still in pain.

“Ester!” Hud called out.

Ester and Jesse walked into the kitchen and saw Harold on the floor with a bloody hole in the side of his left thigh just above the knee cap.

“Harold got shot,” Hud told Ester.

“I don’t know anything about getting out a bullet,” Jesse said while he looked at Harold’s leg.

Ester thought for a few seconds. “I know a doctor in Pikesville we can trust. He works out of his house,” she said.

“Are you sure?” asked Hud.

“He would visit me numerous times back in Saint Louis. So I don’t think his wife wants to know about those so called business trips,” she replied with a smirk.

“Get him up,” he told Jack and Willie then looked at Ester. “Get some blankets.”

Ester ran out of the room while Jack and Willie got Harold to his feet.

Five minutes later, Hud drove his Hudson down the dirt driveway of Jesse’s farm.

Harold sat on a blanket in the backseat so that blood would not ruin the seat. Ester sat by his side.

An hour later, Hud drove his Hudson into the town of Pikesville.

Harold was getting weak.

He drove around the town and they eventually found Dr. Albert Harvey's two story house and office.

Hud parked out in front of the house.

Ester and Hud got Harold out of the car and assisted him to the front porch of Dr. Harvey's house.

The house was dark and quiet while Ester pounded on the front door.

After a few seconds, the front door opened and fifty-five-year-old Dr. Albert Harvey appeared in his pajamas and looked groggy. "What do you want this early in the morning?" he asked and did not recognize Ester.

"Albie, it's me Ester from Saint Louie," she said.

Dr. Harvey looked at Ester and it took a few seconds for him to remember her. Then he looked worried. "What are you doing here? My wife is home," he whispered.

"My friend here got shot in the leg. We need you to take out the bullet," she said.

Dr. Harvey stepped out in the front porch and saw Harold and then saw Hud. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him that these guys were the bank robbers from the paper. "It will cost you," he said.

"Is five hundred okay" Hud asked.

"Bring him inside," Dr. Harvey said.

The second Hud and Ester walked Harold inside the house, Dr. Harvey's wife, Beth walked down the stairs.

"What's going on down here?" she asked and looked sleepy.

Dr. Harvey looked at Beth then he looked at Harold. "Oh, this young man accidentally shot himself in the leg while hunting," he told his wife.

"At night?" Beth curiously asked.

"I never said my friend was bright," said Hud.

"Go on back to bed dear. Let me do my doctoring," Dr. Harvey told his wife.

Beth yawned and headed back up the stairs.

"Let's go into my office," Dr. Harvey told Hud and Ester and pointed to a closed door to his right.

An hour had passed and the bullet was removed from Harold's leg.

Hud paid him \$500 in cash and Ester gave Dr. Harvey a blow job to insure he kept his mouth shut.

Harold limped with Hud and Ester back to the Hudson. In fact, Harold would walk with a slight limp.

They got inside the car and headed back to Union Park.

Three weeks had passed and Harold's leg healed. But his still had that limp with his left leg when he walked, as this would be that way for the rest of his life. Harold thought that was cool and gave him a little character.

Hud now planned for their next jewelry heist and this time it would be in the town of Hickory, Ohio to change things up a bit.

Also to change things up a bit, Jack and Willie took a mid-night drive down to Tennessee and they stole a replacement Chevy. They left the old one in the woods and set it on fire.

So on September 6th, 1933, The Hudsters headed east to Hickory, Ohio.

It was in the middle of the night then Jack pulled the Chevy down the street from Burns Jewelry Store.

They snuck around to the rear of the store and Willie successfully unlocked the rear door.

Twenty minutes had passed and The Hudsters drove out of Hickory with another successful jewelry heist and no guns were fired or tied up. They felt that maybe their bad luck was behind them.

Two days later and Hud, Ester and Jack made another trip to Springfield to visit Ernie.

They left with \$18,000 profit for selling the jewelry they stole in Hickory.

Hud refrained from burying his share this time as he wanted to wait a few months.

A week of relaxation had passed from the Hickory heist. Hud, Jack, Willie and Harold relaxed on the front porch of Jesse's house and passed around a bottle of whiskey.

Jesse walked out of the house with the Kodak camera in hand.

Jesse walked off the porch and stood in the grass.

Ester appeared in the front doorway in her panties and bra. "Jesse's going to take another photo, so look mean," Ester told the guys.

Jesse snapped a picture with the Kodak of Hud, Jack, Harold, Willie looking mean on the porch with Ester in the doorway in her panties and bra.

Three more weeks had passed and The Hudsters still had a safe haven back at Jesse's farm in Union Park. So Hud planned their next job and picked Ohio again thinking Indiana was getting too warm.

Way over in Washington, DC, J Edgar Hoover got pissed that The Hudsters were still on the loose killing and robbing banks and jewelry stores in Indiana. So he assigned Bureau of Investigation Agent Ricky Kelly a thirty-eight-year-old veteran agent with the bureau, in charge of a task force. Ricky vowed to J Edgar Hoover that he would bring The Hudsters to justice or to an early grave. They did not connect the Ohio jewelry heist with The Hudsters at this time.

The next day, Agent Kelly headed off to Indianapolis to set up his headquarters for his task force.

With him he brought experienced thirty-year-old Agent Bobby Handson, thirty-year-old Agent John Austin, and twenty-eight-year-old Agent Bill Henderson with him to Indianapolis.

During the morning of October 3rd, 1933, The Hudsters drove out of Jesse's farm in the early morning and headed east to Ohio.

Meanwhile, Agents Kelly, Williams, Austin and Henderson arrived in the Bureau of Investigation office in Indianapolis.

After some short introductions with the other Bureau of Investigation Agents of that

office, Agent Kelly's task force started setting up shop in a large room.

Later that afternoon Jack drove his Chevy into the quiet town of Eatonville, Ohio.

They found the State Bank of Eatonville and after their usual routine, Hud, Harold and Willie ran into the bank.

"This is a stickup," Hud yelled out then Willie fired his Thompson machine gun into the ceiling spraying the customers with plaster.

A lady screamed while she and the other customers dropped to the floor for protection.

When everybody froze in fear, Hud removed his potato sack that was tucked under his suit coat.

He strutted over to the first bank teller with his Colt 45 aimed.

"All the money," he instructed the teller and handed him the sack.

It did not take the teller long to empty his cash drawer and Hud noticed.

"Take me to the vault," Hud ordered.

"Yes sir," the teller said while his legs trembled.

Harold and Willie watched the customers while the teller walked Hud back to the vault.

While inside the vault Hud watched while the teller dumped fifteen bundles of twenties into the sack, Hud escorted him out of the vault.

What Hud, Harold and Willie did not realize as that the Eatonville Chief of Police Jerry Oswald would always enter the bank by using the rear door.

Jerry saw Hud escort the teller out of the vault so he removed his 38 Special from his holster. "Halt!" he yelled out at Hud.

Hud turned around a little surprised to hear a voice behind him so he turned around.

Jerry saw Hud's Colt 45 in his hand and took this as a potential threat. So he fired off a shot and hit Hud in his upper right chest muscle.

That caused Hud to fall back on his ass.

Jerry inched toward Hud but then his eyes widened the second he saw Willie rush over with his Thompson machine gun in hand. It was too late, as Willie fired his machine gun at Jerry sending him flying backwards.

Jerry was dead the second his body slammed onto the floor.

Willie kept his Thompson aimed at the customers while he helped Hud get back to his feet with the sack still in his hand.

"Thanks Willie," Hud said while they rushed to the door.

Hud and Willie ran out of the bank with Harold on their tail.

It was quiet out on the street while Willie assisted Hud back to the car.

Harold provided cover for any signs of cops. For some reason the street was void of any threats.

They got back into the Chevy and Jack raced the car away.

Back in the Bureau of Investigation office in Indianapolis, Agent Kelly and his task force had their office set up. They just finished placing marks on state maps of Missouri and Indiana where The Hudsters were reported to have committed robberies. Agent Kelly looked determined to bring the gang to justice.

An hour later, Jack pulled the Chevy into Jesse's barn and turned off the car.

He and Willie helped Hud walk to the house.

"Ester," Hud called out the second they walked into the kitchen.

Ester soon entered from the living room. She saw the bloody hole in Hud's suit coat. "I know, Doctor Harvey," she said.

Hud nodded in pain.

An hour later, Jack drove Hud's Hudson into the town of Pikesville in the early evening.

Ester sat with Hud in the backseat.

Jack followed Ester's directions and found Dr. Harvey's home.

Jack and Ester assisted Hud to the front porch.

Ester pounded on the front door.

The front door opened and Dr. Harvey appeared in his white doctor's outfit. His eyes widened when he saw Ester and then he turned his eyes on Hud. He saw the bloody hole in Hud's suit coat.

"Again?" Dr. Harvey asked Ester.

"Yeah," she replied.

"Come inside," Dr. Harvey told them.

An hour later, Dr. Harvey removed the bullet from Hud's chest for \$500. And like she promised the last time, she gave him a blow job.

Jack drove the Hudson back to Jesse's farm in Union Park.

A month passed and November rolled around.

Hud recuperated from his bullet wound and it left a nice round scar.

But now it was time to get back to work.

So on November 15th, The Hudsters were back on the road and headed back to Ohio. This time they went to Harristown, Kentucky and successfully pulled off another jewelry store heist.

They raced back to Jesse's farm in Union Park.

Two days later, Agent Kelly's agents received numerous phone calls and they now learned that The Hudsters pulled recent jobs in Ohio and now Kentucky. Plus they learned Harold Pyle was shot in the leg and Hud Hudson was shot in the chest.

Agent Kelly still felt they were hiding somewhere in Indiana.

So Agent Kelly put the word out for that a \$10,000 Reward was being offered for information leading to the capture of The Hudsters.

Then the next day, traveling salesman Burt Gregory stopped off at a post office in Kennesaw Indiana. He had to mail his orders back to his office in Chicago.

He noticed the Wanted Poster for Public Enemies The Hudsters with the most up to date information and mug shots with the \$10,000 reward amount. He also saw the phone number for Agent Kelly at the Indianapolis Field Office.

The end of November rolled around and it was time for Thanksgiving.

Ester and Jesse went into town and bought a turkey and other items for their Thanksgiving feast.

But while they were in Tony's Grocery Store, Ester did not notice Burt Gregory buying some groceries for the rest of his trip down to Atlanta.

Burt saw Ester with Jesse and did not recognize her at first.

Then when he paid for his groceries, he saw Ester get into the Hudson outside the store. He suddenly remembered her from Madam Harriett's House of Pleasure in St. Louis. Burt was a frequent customer of Ester when he traveled through St. Louis on his sales trip.

Burt rushed out of the store and got inside his Buick.

He got in his car and followed the Hudson hoping to find out where she might be working again.

Ester was clueless she was being followed by Burt while she drove back to the farm.

But a little while later, Burt got a little confused when he saw Ester pull the Hudson into the dirt driveway of Jesse's farm. He thought

that might be her father's farm and she worked as a whore somewhere else in town.

Burt had to leave because he had to see an important client in Atlanta. But he planned on coming back, as he always thought Ester was a great fuck and worth the money.

Two days later and Ester cooked a nice turkey dinner for Hud, Jesse and the guys.

Jesse took a picture of Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie with the Kodak camera while they sat around the dining room table with the turkey dinner.

Chapter 14

The next month rolled around.

It was now December 3rd 1933 and it started to get cold outside. Because of that, the guys recommended to Hud that they should head back down to Florida and soak up some warm sunshine. Hud agreed after they pulled off a job next week in Kentucky.

Back at the Bureau of Investigation in Indianapolis, the calls with leads for sightings of The Hudsters started to dwindle. So far all the leads of potential sightings recently proved to be false and Agent Kelly started to get frustrated. But he instructed his agents that all leads will be checked out not matter what.

A day had passed and Burt Gregory drove back to Union Park, Indiana. He was horny so he planned on staying around for a few days and wanted to see Ester again. So he got a room at the Peabody Motel.

Back at Jesse's farm, Hud, Jesse, Harold, Jack, Willie and Ester relaxed on the porch while they drank whiskey and smoked cigars.

They did not notice Burt's Buick parked down a bit along the road.

Burt peeked around a tree and saw everybody relaxing on the farm house.

“Who is she with?” Burt curiously talked to himself.

He got really curious so he ran back to his Buick. He quickly removed a pair of binoculars from the trunk. He would often use these to spy on farm houses when women would take a bath with their windows opened.

Burt rushed back to that tree. He used his binoculars and spied on the front porch.

He got a closer view of the people on the porch hanging out with Ester. “Is that?” he asked while he zeroed in on Hud’s face. “It is. That’s that public enemy Hud Hudson,” he said when he saw Hud’s large nose.

He put his binoculars down. “So that whore was telling me the truth. Ester did leave with Hud Hudson last year,” he quietly talked to himself.

But put down his binoculars and wondered what he should do. Then he remembered something and rushed back to his Buick.

He went back into the trunk and removed a Kodak camera. He used this to take pictures of neat sightings on his sales trip to show his two young kids.

Burt ran back to that tree. He peeked around the trunk of the tree and snapped a picture of

Jesse's farm house with everybody still on the front porch.

Burt ran back to his Buick, closed the trunk then got behind the wheel.

He slowly drove backed up his so that he would not attract any attention to the farm house.

He made a U-turn and raced his car back into Union Park.

Back on the front porch, the whiskey bottle was still being passed around and they did not have a clue that Burt spied on them.

Later that night, Jesse went into the bathroom while he had coughing fit. This time he coughed up blood and he knew this was not good. But he hated doctors and decided to tough it out with what ever he had.

During the next morning, Burt arrived at the Bureau of Investigation office in Indianapolis. He drove all night.

He parked his car then rushed into the front doors of the office with his camera in hand. He just knew he would get that \$10,000 reward and could quit his traveling salesman's job.

That night, Hud had a meeting with the guys and Ester in the living room.

“Well hit a bank in Heidt, Indiana tomorrow,” Hud told the gang.

They all nodded in agreement.

“We’ll come back here then we’ll head down to Florida the following morning,” he said then he looked at Jesse. “Ever been to Florida?”

“Nope. Always wanted to see an ocean,” he said.

“We’ll take Jesse with us and travel in two cars. We’ll leave as soon as we get back from Heidt.”

Jesse looked excited about going to Florida and finally seeing an ocean.

“Let’s get the Hudson and Chevy packed tonight to save time tomorrow,” Hud told everybody.

The all nodded in agreement and headed out of the living room.

Back in Indianapolis, Burt relaxed in a hotel room bed and thought about getting that \$10,000 reward money in a few days.

After Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie had the Hudson and Chevy packed for their Florida trip, they went to sleep.

The sun rose for the start of another cold morning across Indiana. It was December 7th, 1933.

Jesse was an early riser and he got up and headed off to the kitchen. He wanted to make a pot of coffee for everybody.

After the coffee was ready, Jesse headed out to his front porch for his usual routine of drinking his coffee while he rocked in his rocking chair. He drank some coffee then coughed. He coughed up more blood than what he coughed up last night. It dripped down his chin.

Then something caught his eye down along the road in a hole between some trees. He saw two cars pull over to the side of the road down a bit.

He then saw three men in suits and five Union Park cops get out of the cars. Four of the men in suits had Thompson machine guns in hand.

“Shit!” he quietly said to himself then got out of his rocking chair.

He rushed inside his house spilling coffee on the porch.

Once he got inside his house, Jesse ran up the stairs.

Once he got to the hallway, he ran in to the first bedroom to the right.

Hud and Ester slept in the bed.

“The cops are coming!” he called out in a panic.

Hud and Ester jumped up out of bed startled. They looked a little confused at Jesse.

“The cops are coming to the house,” Jesse called out again.

Hud and Ester jumped out of bed.

Back by the police cars, Agent Kelly looked at Jesse’s farm house and it looked quiet with no signs of movement.

“Let’s move out,” he told his fellow agents and the five cops.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson got their Thompson machine guns ready to fire

The five Union Park cops looked a little nervous.

A few minutes later and Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie were down stairs in the kitchen in their underwear and bare feet with their clothes, weapons and shoes in hand.

“Is there a back way out of here?” Hud asked Jesse.

“A dirt trail behind the barn leads to a road in about one mile. Turn right on that road and you’ll head south,” Jesse replied.

Jesse looked at the Thompson machine guns and he coughed a little.

Everybody saw more blood run out of Jesse’s mouth and down his chin.

“Give me one of your Thompson’s. I’ll provide cover so you can escape out the barn. It also has a back door that your cars will fit through,” Jesse offered.

“Are you sure?” asked Hud.

“I think I’m dying of something. So this would be a great way to go,” Jesse said and looked serious.

Hud looked at Jack.

Jack then handed Jesse his Thompson machine gun.

“Get the fuck off my property,” Jesse playfully said.

Hud, Ester, Harold, Jack and Willie all rushed out the rear door of the kitchen.

Jesse rushed into the living room ready for some action.

Out in the front yard, Agents Kelly, Handson, Austin, and Henderson slowly snuck through the grass with the five cops.

Jesse rushed out of the house and onto the front porch with his hands behind his back.

“Bureau of Investigation!” Special Agent Kelly called out the second he saw Jesse.

“You’re not going to take my house! No fucking way!” Jesse yelled out then whipped the Thompson machine gun out from behind his back. Jesse fired the Thompson at the oncoming Bureau of Investigation Agents and cops.

Agent Austin dropped dead to the grass when bullets riddled across his chest penetrating his heart.

The remaining Bureau of Investigation Agents and cops dropped to the grass and started firing their revolvers and Thompson machine guns back at Jesse.

While this gun fight was going on, Hud drove his Hudson out the back door of the barn and was followed by Jack in the Chevy.

Jesse continued to fire the Thompson machine gun at the Bureau of Investigation Agents and cops from the front porch. Then he got a coughing fit and he fired his Thompson all over deck of his porch.

The Agents and cops took advantage of this opportunity and they fired at Jesse with their revolvers and Thompson machine guns.

Jesse's eyes were wide when he realized he was shot numerous times. He dropped to the porch still firing his Thompson all over the ceiling of his porch even though he had numerous bullet holes in his chest.

Jesse stopped firing his Thompson while he lay on his back on the porch in pain.

Agent Kelly motioned for everybody to remain in place, as he expected more gunfire from the farm house.

After waiting five minutes in the grass and no gun fired came from the farm house, Agent Kelley motioned for everybody to head to the farm house.

They all cautiously got up and carefully walked to the front porch

Agent Kelly was the first one on the porch and he walked up to Jesse who lay on his back.

“Is Hud Hudson and his gang here with you?”

Jesse gurgled some blood out of his mouth then looked at Agent Kelly. “Fuck you,” he said then he sighed his last breath of air and had a blank stare.

Agent Kelly stared at Jesse’s blank stare for a few seconds then looked up at everybody. “Carefully check out the house,” he said.

The remaining two Agents and the five cops carefully went inside Jesse’s home.

Meanwhile, Hud pulled his Hudson out of that small dirt road and turned left onto a small country road.

He drove away with him and Ester still in their underwear with their clothes in their laps.

Jack then pulled his car out of that small dirt road and turned left onto that small country road. Jack, Harold and Willie were still in their underwear.

Jack drove away and followed Hud's Hudson.

Five minutes later, the Hudson and Chevy were pulled off to the side of the road. Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie were outside the cars getting dressed.

An hour later, the Agents Handson and Henderson and the five Union Park cops searched Jesse's farm house. They did not find a trace of The Hudsters. Agent Kelly was furious and put his shoe through a wall in Jesse's living room.

But Agent Henderson did find a receipt for the Peabody Motel made out to Candace Lane.

"I found this up stairs in a dresser drawer," Agent Henderson told Agent Kelly after Agent Kelly removed his shoe out of the wall.

Agent Kelly looked at the receipt and saw it was dated April 6, 1933 and made out to a Candace Lane. "Must be an alias," he told his fellow agent.

"I'm thinking that if they were here, they're long gone by now," Agent Henderson said.

Agent Kelly nodded in agreement. "That farmer must have helped them escape. I mean, how many farmers do you know own a Thompson sub-machine gun? I don't," Agent Kelly said.

Agent Henderson nodded in agreement.

Agent Kelly looked at the motel receipt in his hand.

After the agent's dead body was removed from the property and sent to the hospital for proper disposition, Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson headed off to the Peabody Motel.

Back at the manager's office of the Peabody Motel, Chris Maynard was a fifty-eight old lanky man. He sat relaxed in his chair behind his desk. He read a Life magazine with his shoes propped up on his desk.

The door opened and Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson entered inside and looked serious.

"Rooms are two bucks a night," Chris told the guys.

Agent Kelly flashed his identification. "Special Agent Kelly with the Bureau of Investigation," he told Chris.

Chris took his shoes off his desk and sat up. "Yes sir," he said and looked concerned that the Feds suddenly showed up at his establishment.

"Did you have a lady rent a room named Candace Lane?" Agent Kelly asked while he removed the receipt out of his suit pocket then set it on the desk.

“Yes we did. She got the room, oh, back in April like the receipt states. Paid every week and on time,” Chris said.

Agent Kelly picked up the receipt and shoved it back in his suit pocket. He then reached inside his suit coat and removed something from his inside pocket.

Agent Kelly showed Chris a mug shot of Ester Walker. “Was this Candace Lane?” he asked Chris.

“Yeah, that’s her,” Chris replied and looked a little surprised. “What was she arrested for?” he curiously asked.

“Prostitution in Saint Louis,” Agent Kelly replied.

“Prostitution?” Chris said then he recalled those earlier days when she first got the room. And he wished he knew of her profession then. “That might explain why I saw men going in and out of her room in the middle of the night. Four at a time. She must be doing them all at once,” he said then thought about those moments he saw them.

“Did one of them have a large nose?” Agent Kelly asked.

Chris thought for a few seconds to recall those times he saw them. “Yeah, one of them had a large nose.”

Agent Henderson reached inside his suit coat and removed a photo from his inside pocket.

“Was this the man with the large nose?” he asked Chris while he flashed him the photo.

Chris looked at the mug shot of Henry Hudson. “Yeah, that looks like him,” he said.

Then Agent Handson reached inside his suit coat and removed three more mug shots. “How about these guys?” he asked Chris when he showed them the photos.

Chris glanced at the mug shots of Harold, Jack and Willie for a few seconds. “Yeah, those look like the other three,” he said and was sure of himself.

“When was the last time you saw any of them?” Agent Kelly asked.

“Haven’t seen those guys in months. But that lady’s been in and out. She drove a four-door Hudson. Claimed her husband is a traveling Fuller Brush salesman,” Chris said.

“Thanks and if they by happen to come back here. Please call me at our Indianapolis office, ” Agent Kelly said and motioned to his fellow agents that it’s time to leave.

While Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson walked to the door, it dawned on Chris. “Were those The Hudsters?” he asked.

“Yep, we believe so,” Agent Kelly said then he left the office with his fellow agents.

Chris sat there surprised that The Hudsters were once in his motel.

Agent Kelly got back in his car and drove back to Indianapolis with the two other agents. He was not looking forward to telling Washington that The Hudsters are still on the run. And he especially was not looking forward to telling them that an Bureau of Investigation Agent was killed during the raid.

Meanwhile, in some woods in Kentucky, The Hudsters parked that Chevy between in a dirt clearing.

After they got dressed, they transferred their belongings into Hud's Hudson.

After that was done, Willie fired his Thompson machine gun and sprayed the Chevy with bullets. The fuel tank exploded.

The Hudsters and Ester rushed back into Hud's Hudson and back to the road with Jack behind the wheel.

"Where should we go? Back to Florida?" asked Jack while he pulled the car out of the woods onto the country road.

Hud thought about his question, as the raid on Jesse's farm screwed things up a bit.

"My Uncle Melvin will take us in down in Meridian, Mississippi. We can trust him," Willie offered.

Hud thought about Willie's offer for a few seconds. "Well, I've never been to Mississippi

before. It's not the beach, but I don't think we have a choice."

"Besides, Tupelo is over a hundred miles north of Meridian. That's where Machine Gun Kelly robbed his last bank in thirty-two," added Willie.

"It would be nice to rob the same bank Machine Gun Kelly robbed," said Jack with a gleam in his eyes.

"No! We maintain a low profile," Hud suddenly snapped out as that raid started to bother him.

"Maybe we can just see it? You know, sight seeing," asked Jack.

"We'll see," Hud replied.

It was a quiet drive through Kentucky while everybody wondered if Jesse survived. But they figured he was probably dead and dead men do not tell.

They took turns driving and often stole gas out of cars they could see in the middle of the night.

It was Saturday evening when Hud drove the Hudson into the countryside north of Meridian.

Willie gave Jack directions to his Uncle Melvin's secluded small farm located five miles north of Meridian.

Hud drove his Hudson down the dirt drive that lead to Uncle Melvin's house.

They saw 1925 Ford Model T parked by the right side of the house and someone sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch.

On the front porch in that rocking chair was Melvin Kerr was a fifty-three-year-old lanky man in coveralls. He smoked a cigarette while he saw the fancy Hudson drive up his driveway. "Who the hell are they?" he said then jumped out of his chair and ran to the screened door to his house. He opened it and rushed inside. He quickly reappeared outside on the porch with a Winchester shotgun in hand. He did not trust strangers at all.

He aimed his shotgun at the Hudson when it stopped close to his front porch. "What do you want?" he asked in a serious tone while he had his shotgun aimed at the car.

"Uncle Melvin, it's me. Your nephew Willie," Willie said while he carefully got out from the front passenger seat.

Uncle Melvin looked at Willie and it took a few seconds for him to recognize him. "Willie, look at you all growed up," he said then lowered his shotgun pointing the barrels down at the deck

of the porch. "What brings you to Mississippi?" he asked.

"Well, me and my friends need a place to stay for a few months," Willie said.

Hud, Ester, Jack and Harold all got out of the Hudson.

"Hello Mister Melvin," Hud said while he stood by the car.

Uncle Melvin looked at Willie and his friends. "You're on the run from the law? Ain't you?"

"Yes Uncle Melvin," Willie replied.

"Yep, I printed an article about The Hudsters. You them, ain't you?" Uncle Melvin said.

"Yes Uncle Melvin," said Willie.

Hud, Jack, Harold and Ester wondered if they would suddenly be in a gun fight any second.

"Well, come on inside before someone spots you," Uncle Melvin said then walked over and opened up the screen door to his house.

Willie, Hud, Ester, Harold, and Jack all went inside Uncle Melvin's house.

They watched while Uncle Melvin hung his shotgun on a rack on the wall above the couch. He placed it on the lower part of the rack, as the upper part had another Winchester shotgun.

“Make yourself at home,” Uncle Melvin said while he walked over and sat down in a wooden rocking chair across the couch and near the living room window.

Hud, Ester and Willie sat down on the couch while Jack and Harold sat down in chairs.

“So, this is that Hudsters gang,” Uncle Melvin said while he looked at everybody. “But the cops don’t say anything about a broad being with you,” he added.

“No sir,” Hud replied then he reached in his suit coat pocket and that made Uncle Melvin a little nervous since his shotgun hung over Hud’s head.

“We printed an article where the Bureau of Investigations has Special Agent Rick Kelly to lead the hunt to catch you guys,” said Uncle Melvin.

“He’ll ever catch me,” Hud said then he removed out some cash from his suit pocket. “We would pay you for staying here of course,” he said got up and walked over to Uncle Melvin and handed him \$1,000 in twenties.

Uncle Melvin grinned ear to ear with the feeling of all that cash in his hand. “I can buy me a radio and then get electricity. There’s a station in Meridian. I would love to hear Jimmie Rodgers on the radio. Poor guy died back this May,” he said with a little sadness in his eyes.

“Plus Mister Melvin, we’ll buy all your food and Ester here is a great cook,” said Hud.

“She makes yummy chocolate chip cookies,” Willie added.

Uncle Melvin smiled as he longed for some good meals. “I haven’t had good meals since Myrtle died last year.”

Willie looked saddened. “I didn’t know Aunt Myrtle died,” he said.

“Her heart gave out,” Uncle Melvin replied and also looked saddened.

“Listen, why don’t we all drive over to Meridian first thing Monday morning and get Uncle Melvin here a radio?” Hud said to hopefully brighten up the somber mood in the room.

Uncle Melvin’s eyes lit up and loved that idea. “Let me show you to your rooms,” he said then stood up.

After they got settled in the other two bedrooms, Uncle Melvin gave them a brief tour. And since he did not have indoor plumbing, the gang had to get use to using the smelly outhouse out in the back of the property. And water was obtained by a well in the backyard that had a hand cranked pump.

A little while later, Ester drove Uncle Melvin into Portsville to stock up on some groceries.

Ester cooked a nice fried chicken dinner with mashed potatoes and green beans on the propane stove.

After they finished dinner they all retired for the evening.

Sunday was spent relaxing around Uncle Melvin's farm that was once produced cotton years ago. The farm was built by Uncle Melvin's daddy back in 1875 and was the birth place of Willie's father Edgar.

Uncle Melvin worked at the Meridian Star newspaper as a typesetter. An old childhood friend was the manager of the office and gave Melvin a job fifteen years ago. Melvin was also learning how to develop film for pictures in the newspaper.

Monday morning arrived and after Hud, Ester and Willie followed into Meridian while they followed Uncle Melvin in his Ford.

After Uncle Melvin drove to the Meridian Star to go to work, Hud, Ester, and Willie drove to a General Store in town.

Hud found an RCA radio for \$60 and bought it for Uncle Melvin.

They headed back to the farm.

Uncle Melvin loved his new radio and could not wait to get electricity installed at his farm. He hoped that would get installed next year.

Two weeks had passed and Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold, Willie and Uncle Melvin crowded inside the Hudson.

Hud drove the gang north to Tupelo, Mississippi for some sight seeing.

Once they got into Tupelo, they headed off to the Citizen's State Bank. After Ester gave a black teenage girl instructions on using the Kodak camera the girl took a photo of Hud, Harold, Jack, Willie, Uncle Melvin and Ester standing in front of the bank with smiles on their faces.

The teenage girl handed the camera back to Ester who gave her a dollar bill. The girl was so thrilled and felt rich while she ran off down the street. She did not know that she was with The Hudsters.

The Hudsters and Uncle Melvin left Tupelo and headed back south to Uncle Melvin's farm.

During the next day, Hud took off and headed over to Alabama.

He stopped off in the town of Vicksburg and found their cemetery. He soon found the

gravesite of Kent Osborne and buried another leather satchel.

He wrote this information down on his piece of paper.

Christmas rolled around and Ester made sure there was a decorated tree in the farm house. She also made sure everybody had a wrapped Christmas present. And she also cooked a nice turkey dinner.

On News Years eve they got drunk off whiskey to celebrate the start of 1934.

Then after they relaxed around Uncle Melvin's farm, January was over. Hud then started planning the gang's next job for February.

Meanwhile, back up in Indianapolis, Indiana, Bureau of Investigation Agent Kelly was stumped why all of the leads of possible sightings of The Hudsters dried up. He wondered if the gang stopped their criminal ways and went into hiding.

But the newspapers also started reporting that Ester Walker was considered a member of The Hudsters. Some papers also included her mug shot from when she was arrested for prostitution in 1931 in St. Louis.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson sat around a table.

“We know that Hud Hudson’s parents are both dead and not know relatives,” Agent Handson told Agent Kelly.

“Harold Pyle has a father and mother living in Bellwood, Missouri. The police down there have been staking out their home. No sightings of them there,” Agent Henderson said.

“Willie Gates’ parents are dead. Haven’t found any relatives at the moment,” Agent Handson said.

“Jack Jenner’s parents are also dead and other relatives claim they haven’t seen Jack in years,” Agent Henderson said.

“What about Ester Walker?” Agent Kelly asked.

“Parents are dead and no known relatives,” Agent Handson said.

Agent Kelly thought about this information for a few seconds. “Hud’s probably too smart to hide out with any relatives,” he said then got up frustrated and headed back to his desk.

“Plus we know they switch the types of cars they use during their jobs. First Fords, then Chevys, I bet they use something different this year,” Agent Kelly called out while sat down behind his desk.

Then February 13th, 1934 rolled around.

It was nighttime across Mississippi.

At Uncle Melvin's farm, Willie walked over to his uncle while he smoked his pipe on the front porch in his rocking chair. He had Ester's Kodak camera in hand.

"Uncle, can you do Ester a huge favor?"

"What's that?"

"Develop what's on the camera. And keep it a secret," Willie asked.

"I can do that," Uncle Melvin replied while he took the camera from Willie.

"Hud will pay you forty bucks," said Willie.

Uncle Melvin smiled when Willie gave him two twenty dollar bills.

The next day arrived and Uncle Melvin came home from work.

He walked over to Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie while they relaxed on the front porch.

He handed Hud a white envelope with the pre-printed address for the Meridian Star.

"Here's those photos you wanted developed," he said then got a smirk. "Are you part horse?" he jokingly asked.

Jack and Ester chuckled knowing Melvin saw the nude photo. Hud looked proud over that comment while he glanced at the photos.

Chapter 15

It was February 15th, 1934, and Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie said their good-byes to Uncle Melvin and they headed up north.

As a going away present, Uncle Melvin gave Willie one of his Winchester shotguns and ten shells. But Uncle Melvin also kept it a secret that he made a copy of one of those negatives from that Kodak camera.

This time Hud decided that the gang should hit Illinois.

During the drive back up north, they stopped off in Tennessee and Jack stole a 1930 four-door Buick sedan. Hud wanted to change their pattern by using a different type of car.

A day later, the Hudsters arrived in Oates, Illinois located in the southern part of the state.

Ester got them a room at the Paradise Motor Court near the outskirts of Oates. This place was more of a dump and the room only had one king size bed and bathroom. It also had a gravel parking lot.

The gang hid out in the motor court room for a few days and planned their next job.

Then Hud, Harold, Jack and Willie headed out in the afternoon of February 18th, 1934 and drove out of Oates and headed north.

They were headed for the town of Downing.

While The Hudsters drove off to the next job, Ester took Hud's Hudson and went into Oates for a little grocery shopping.

After Jack drove the Buick into Downing and found the bank, they parked across the street. After their usual routine, Hud, Harold and Willie entered the bank while Jack waited in the Buick.

Willie immediately fired his Thompson machine gun into the ceiling. Plaster rained on the customers scaring them to death. They all dropped to the floor for protection.

"This is a stickup!" Hud yelled out while he aimed his Colt 45 at the bank teller.

One of the customers was an old man around seventy-eight years old named Wilbur. He cringed in pain and clutched his chest.

Hud whipped out the potato sack tucked under his suit coat. "Fill it up please," he said while he handed the sack to the scared teller.

"Wilbur!" seventy-five-year-old Alice yelled at her husband while she saw him clutching his chest in pain.

Harold looked at Wilbur who lay on the floor on his back five feet away.

"Someone help Wilbur!" Alice cried out.

The customers on the floor looked at Wilbur then they looked at Harold.

“Hurry up!” Hud yelled at the teller not liking the fact that a customer was having health issues during their bank job.

The teller worked as fast as his trembling hands could scoop up the cash from his cash drawer.

“To the vault,” Hud told the teller while he ran behind the counter.

Hud escorted the teller to the vault.

“He’s dying! Help him!” Alice cried out in a panic.

The second they got in the vault, Hud helped the teller shove bundles of twenty dollar bills into the sack.

“Help him!” Alice could be heard yelling out in a panic.

Alice’s yelling made Hud nervous. So he snatched the sack out of the teller’s hand and ran out of the vault. He left a lot of bundles of twenties back in the vault.

Hud ran out of from behind the counter and headed to the door.

Harold ran over to the door.

Hud, Willie and Harold ran out the door while Alice sobbed over Wilbur that still clutched his chest in pain.

Once they got outside the bank, Hud, Harold and Willie ran to the waiting Buick.

The second they got inside the car, Jack floored it and the Buick raced off down the street.

“What the hell was wrong with that old man?” Hud said and he looked pissed. “Shit!” he yelled and punched the headliner of the car.

It was quiet inside the Buick while Jack raced it out of the town.

Some hours later, Jack drove the Buick back to the motor court in Oates.

They got out of the car and rushed inside their room.

Hud immediately dumped the sack onto the bed. This time the look looked smaller than in the past.

“Fucking old man,” Hud said while he looked at the loot.

“What old man?” Ester asked.

“Some old geezer had chest pains during the job. His hag of a wife started yelling out for someone to help him,” Willie replied.

“Well, he was old and due to die soon anyway,” Ester said and could care less.

Hud divided up the money into four piles. This time their shares were only \$2,000 each.

Hud was pissed and stormed off.

After the guys gave Ester her five percent, she started to make them some sandwiches.

Two days had passed.

Back at the Bureau of Investigation office in Indianapolis, Agent Kelly sat behind his desk in deep thought. He was pondering if he should contact Washington and request that they disband their task force. He really started to believe that The Hudsters might have disbanded since there been any activity for three months.

Then Agent Henderson walked up to Agent's Kelly's desk.

"We got a call from the Springfield office. The Hudsters were reported to have robbed a bank in Downing, Illinois two days ago. They used a Buick. Sad part is that some old man died from a heart attack during the robbery," said Agent Henderson said.

"They're back in action in a new state," said Agent Kelly then he paused for a few seconds. "You and Hanson head on down to Downing and see what you can dig up. They must be hiding somewhere in Illinois," he added.

Agent Henderson nodded that he understood his orders and rushed away.

During the next day while The Hudsters relaxed in their room at the Paradise Motor Court

in Oates, Bureau of Investigation Agents Henderson and Hanson were over in Downing.

Agents Handson and Henderson immediately went to the Downing Police Department and gathered information from the Chief of Police.

They then interviewed all the customers that were in the bank at the time of the robbery.

They headed back to their office in Indianapolis.

Once Agents Henderson and Hanson got back to Indianapolis, they meet with Agent Kelly.

“The only good piece of information we dug up was that a witness saw four guys in a Buick sedan racing out of Downing in a southerly direction,” Agent Henderson said.

Agent Kelly thought about their information for a few seconds. “Start packing, we’re moving to the Springfield office. And I want all the police departments in Illinois to be alerted that The Hudsters could be planning some bank jobs in their state and are using a Buick,” he said.

Agents Henderson and Hanson nodded that they understood their orders. They walked away.

A day later, a new Wanted Poster for Public Enemies The Hudsters was released and this time

it had Ester Walker's mug shot. She was wanted for aiding and abetting four fugitives. Her reward was set at \$2,000.

Two days had passed.

At the Springfield Bureau of Investigation office, Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson started to set up shop.

Back in Oates, Ester was back in town buying groceries and a newspaper from the grocery store on afternoon.

While she drove down the street, she saw the Oates Post Office. She got curious and parked over by it. She got out of the Hudson and walked inside the post office.

Postal worker Mickey Hirsh worked behind the counter. Things were slow when he saw Ester walk into the lobby. He thought she was very sexy and took a shine to her.

Ester walked over to the Wanted Posters that hung on a small bulletin board.

She started flipping through at all the Wanted Posters while Mickey walked out from behind the counter.

Ester looked through the Wanted Posters and found the one for The Hudsters. But now there was a picture of Ester.

“Shit!” she said when she saw her old mug shot from when she was arrested for prostitution.

“Hello ma-am, may I be of assistance?” Mickey said in a flirty tone while he walked up behind Ester.

The sound of Mickey’s voice behind her startled Ester. She turned around.

“May I,” he said then stopped when he saw her mug shot on the Wanted Poster. His eyes widened up when he realized she was Ester Walker. Then Mickey saw the \$10,000 reward for The Hudsters. “You’re Ester Walker,” he said then immediately grabbed her left wrist to detain her.

Ester panicked. She reached in her purse and removed her 38 Special. She fired it into Mickey’s chest.

Mickey’s eyes widened in shock when he realized a woman shot him. He dropped to the floor in pain.

Ester ran to the door and cannot believe she shot someone.

Across the street, Andy and his wife Bessie walked toward the post office to mail a parcel. They saw Ester walk in a rush out of the post office and head over to the Hudson.

They saw her get in the car, start it up then drive away. At the time, they did not think anything was wrong.

While Ester drove the Hudson down the street, Andy and Bessie entered the lobby of the post office.

“Oh my,” Bessie said the second she saw Mickey on the floor with a bloody hole in his chest.

She and Andy rushed over him.

“Ester Walker shot me,” Mickey moaned out while he pointed up at the Wanted Posters on the bulletin board.

Andy and Bessie glanced up at the Wanted Posters and saw Ester’s mug shot.

“That’s the lady we saw outside,” Andy told Bessie.

She nodded in agreement.

Call Chief Ackerman,” Mickey moaned out.

Andy ran over and when behind the counter. He ran over to the telephone on the wall.

Back at the motor court, Ester parked the Hudson by their room. After she turned off the car, she grabbed her grocery bag and rushed into the room.

“I think I’ve been spotted,” Ester told Hud the second she ran rushed through the room door.

“What?” Hud asked.

“I stopped off at the post office to check out the Wanted Posters. They now have me on there for aiding and abetting four fugitives,” she said.

“Fuck!” Hud yelled out and got pissed.

“We better git back on the road,” Willie said and looked concerned.

“Yeah. Let’s gather up our stuff,” Hud replied and hated to be on the run again.

While they started gathering up their stuff, an Oates cop car with forty-four-year-old Chief Ackerman behind the wheel. In the passenger seat was twenty-year-old Kevin Kurt while twenty-five-year-old cop Joey Matthews sat in the rear seat. They all looked adventurous with capturing some wanted criminals. And Chief Ackerman thought he could use the reward money for some modern equipment for his police station.

Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold, and Willie rushed out of their motor court room with all their belongings.

After they got them in the Hudson and the Buick.

Out by the street, the Oates cop car drove near the motor court.

From inside the car, Chief Ackerman and hit two young officers spotted The Hudsters.

“There they are. I figured they were staying here,” Chief Ackerman told his officers and looked proud.

Joey suddenly got a little nervous, as he never had been in a gun fight before.

From the Hudson, Hud saw the Oates cop car with the two cops inside pull into the gravel lot of the motor court. “Cops!” he called out and whipped out his Colt 45 from underneath his suit coat.

Jack reached inside the Buick and grabbed his Thompson machine gun.

Willie had his Winchester shotgun ready.

Harold had his Colt 45 ready.

Ester had her 38 Special ready.

Hud, Jack, Harold, Willie and Ester started firing at the approaching cop car from behind the right side of the Buick.

Chief Ackerman, Kevin and Joey jumped out of the car after the bullets and shotgun disabled the engine and the car coasted to a stop. They hid behind their opened doors.

The three cops started firing their 38 Specials at The Hudsters and Ester while they ran inside the motor court room.

Joey closed his eyes when he fired his revolver. He put two bullet holes in the left rear passenger door of the Buick.

Hud's Hudson was parked on the other side of the Buick so it was shielded from potential bullet holes.

All the other residents in other rooms heard the gunfire and peeked out their windows. The second they saw the gun fight starting outside the motor court they hugged the floor for cover.

From behind the Buick, Hud, Harold, Willie, Ester and Jack continued firing at the cop car.

Then Jack's Thompson machine shot bullets through the driver's door where Chief Ackerman hid behind. Some of the bullets penetrated the door and hit Chief Ackerman in his heart. He dropped to the dirt dead.

Kevin saw this and he got scared. "Chief?" he said when he saw part of his body on the ground. Without thinking, he stood up ready to give The Hudsters all he had. But then a bullet went through the opened window of the passenger door and hit him in his neck. He dropped to the ground bleeding profusely.

Joey got scared and he and jumped up and ran away toward the road.

From behind the Buick, Hud, Harold, Jack, Willie and Ester stopped firing their weapons the second when they saw Joey run away.

"I think it's safe to leave now," Hud said the he fired some shots over the top of Joey's

running head. "That should make his shit his britches," Hud said.

Everybody else chuckled.

"Let's git," said Hud.

Hud and Ester got inside the Hudson while Jack, Harold and Willie got inside the Buick.

Back at the cop car, Kevin lay in the gravel bleeding all over the gravel from his neck. He stared getting weak and blood gurgled out of his mouth. He died with a blank stare.

Joey did not look back while he down the road heading back into town.

The Buick and Hudson raced off through the lot throwing gravel at the other rooms. Some of that gravel cracked a few motel room windows.

Hud's Hudson and the Buick made screeching turns onto the street and drove away.

The cop Joey ran down the street in the opposite direction.

Hud's Hudson and the Buick drove away and headed eventually headed north.

Later that evening, The Hudsters found a secluded place in the night to camp out. Hud picked this place out because they saw some farm houses a mile down the road.

Up at the Bureau of Investigation office in Springfield, Agent Kelly sat behind his desk was ready to leave for the day and head back to his hotel room. But then his desk phone rang. He pondered for a few seconds if he should answer it. He picked up the phone.

“Special Agent Kelly, Bureau of Investigation,” he answered the call.

“Agent Kelly, this is Kenneth Parker, I’m a police officer down in Oates. We had a bad situation earlier today,” he said from the phone.

“What happened?” Agent Kelly asked and looked a little bothered thinking this was another false call.

“My chief of police and fellow officer were shot and killed during a shoot out with The Hudsters,” Kenneth said from the phone and it sounded like he tried to hold back his tears.

“Also our clerk at the post office was earlier shot and killed by Ester Walker,” he added.

Agent Kelly stood up. “I’ll be down there in a few hours,” he said then hung up the phone.

Agent Kelly ran out of his office.

A little while later, Agent Handson drove the Bureau of Investigations Ford sedan with Agent Kelly in the passenger seat and Agent

Henderson in the rear seat. It was a quiet drive while they headed south.

Two hours had passed.

Agent Handson parked the Ford sedan out front of the Oates Police Station.

They got out of the car and walked into the station.

Officer Kenneth Parker sat behind a desk with Joey Matthews. They both looked saddened over the lost of their fellow officers.

“Special Agent Kelly with the Bureau of Investigation. With me are Special Agents Handson and Henderson,” Agent Kelly said while he flashed they all flashed their identifications at the two officers.

“Well, from what I can gather, Andy and Cindy were headed to the post office to mail a parcel. When they got inside it, they found poor Mickey on the floor with a bullet hole in his chest. He told them that Ester Walker shot him and pointed to the Wanted Poster on the wall. Andy and Bessie looked and recognized Walker’s mug shot as the girl that got into a Hudson outside the post office,” Kenneth told them.

“Then Chief Ackerman drove me and officer Kevin Kurt down to the Paradise Motor Court. Chief figured that that’s where they’re probably

hiding. That's the only motel we have in town. So we saw them by their cars outside the motor court. Chief pulled into the gravel lot and then The Hudsters started firing at us. The Chief and Kevin were shot," Joey told the Bureau of Investigation Agents.

"But you remained without a scratch," Agent Kelly said.

Joey hesitated and looked a little ashamed. "Yeah, The Hudsters got in their cars. I shot at them while they got away. Then I got up and ran back to the station," he said and avoided eye contact with the Bureau of Investigation Agents.

"You're fellow officers were shot and you ran away for help?" Agent Kelly asked and was not buying that part of the story.

Joey hesitated while he still avoided eye contact. "Yes sir."

"What kind of cars did they drive away in?" asked Agent Kelly.

Joey hesitated a few seconds feeling caught. "A Buick and I don't recall the other car," he said and looked away from Agent Kelly.

"Which way did they leave?" Agent Kelly asked.

"North," Joey replied while he looked back at Agent Kelly.

"I would like to talk with this Andy and Bessie couple," Agent Kelly told Kenneth.

Kenneth sat up from behind his desk. "I can take you over to their house," he said then walked around from behind his desk.

Joey felt ashamed while he watched Kenneth take the three Bureau of Investigation Agents out of the station. His eyes welled up while he thought about his young wife who was expected to give him his first child any minute. He vowed to quit police work and find a safer job.

After Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson interviewed Andy and Bessie they drove out of Oates and headed back up north to Springfield.

Meanwhile, off in the woods about a quarter mile to the west of Route 4, The Hudsters camped out for their hideaway.

Hud just finished getting a small campfire going.

They sat around the campfire and pondered what had just happened earlier at the motor court.

Over on Route 4, Agent Handson drove the Ford heading north on the road. They interviewed Andy and Bessie and learned Ester drove away in a Hudson.

Agent Kelly sat in the passenger seat and stared out his passenger door while he thought

about the next possible job The Hudsters would perform.

While they drove down Route 4, they drove past the area where The Hudsters camped a quarter of a mile off their left. They could not see the campfire.

Back at their camping hideout, The Hudsters still sat around the campfire. They passed around a bottle of whiskey to relax from their shootout.

“Here’s what we should do,” Hud said then took a drink of whiskey from the bottle and passed to Ester on his right. “Since we’re close, lets go back into Missouri for our next bank job,” he said.

“Sounds good to me” Harold said then took the whiskey bottle from Ester.

Jack and Willie nodded in agreement.

“How’s our food situation?” Hud asked Ester.

“Low.”

Hud thought for a few seconds. “I recall a farm house about a mile south of here.” Let’s get out later and round up some food. Then we’ll head out to Missouri as soon as the sun rises in the morning,” he told everybody.

Jack, Harold and Willie nodded in agreement.

Three hours had passed and Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson were back in their hotel rooms getting ready for bed.

Back in the woods, Harold, Jack and Willie make their mile trek to that farm house.

They snuck past the chicken coup in the backyard and headed to the farm house.

Jack headed off to the farmers barn while Harold and Willie headed off to the house. Willie had the potato sack in hand.

The inside of the house was quiet while Harold and Willie snuck through the kitchen rear door. The farmer never locked the doors of his house since they never had a problem with burglars.

Once they got inside, Harold and Willie quietly raided the refrigerator and cabinets stealing food like eggs, cooked fried chicken, and apple pie.

They snuck out the rear kitchen door and ran off into the darkness.

They ran past the chicken coups.

Jack ran out of the barn with a gas can in hand.

The three thieves ran off into the woods.

Thirty minutes had passed at that farmer woke up hungry.

He decided to go down to the kitchen for another slice of his wife's delicious apple pie.

He went into the kitchen with his stomach growling with hunger. He opened the refrigerator to find that half of its contents were gone. So was his wife's apple pie. But he noticed three \$20 bills inside on one of the refrigerator shelves.

"What the hell?" he talked to himself while he picked up the cold cash.

Then he glanced back at the rear kitchen door and saw it was left cracked open.

"Burglars that pay you for stealing your food?" he asked himself. "Well, that beats all," he said and could not care less about missing out on his wife's apple pie. This cold cash was almost more than what makes in one month farming.

He rushed out of the kitchen to show his wife.

A little while later back at the campsite, The Hudsters enjoyed the farmer's apple pie and pieces of fried chicken.

Chapter 16

The sun started to peek above the horizon in Illinois.

Back at the campsite, The Hudsters cleaned up their campsite to ensure tracks or evidence was not left behind.

Hud and Ester got in his Hudson while Jack, Harold and Willie got into the Buick.

They drove off down Route 4 and headed down south a ways.

They soon headed south down Route 150 toward the town of Chester.

They drove through Chester and crossed the Mississippi River into Missouri.

After crossing into Missouri, they headed south down Route 51 and headed to Advance.

Once they passed through the town of Advance, they navigated through numerous roads and headed south of the town of Kenneth.

They continued their drive south and stopped off in some woods just south of Route 709.

They found a secluded place to camp for a week in the woods and raiding farm houses in the vicinity for food.

Hud started planning their next job.

Over at the Bureau of Investigation office in Springfield, Agent Kelly again got frustrated when leads of sightings for The Hudsters were going nowhere. It appeared that people were desperate for that \$10,000 reward so they were turning in any man with a large nose claiming him to be Hud Hudson. Agent Kelly knew the gang was hiding out somewhere in Illinois planning their next bank job. But he also did not rule out Indiana or Missouri to throw the Bureau of Investigation off their trail.

Then after toughing out for a week in the woods, The Hudsters were ready for their next job. This time it would be in the town of Parker City located fifteen miles east of their campsite along the Mississippi River on the Missouri side.

So the morning of March 1st, 1934 rolled around and The Hudsters headed east to Parker City in their Buick.

The town of Parker City was quiet when The Hudsters pulled into town in the Buick.

They found the First State Bank and Trust Company not far from the Mississippi River.

After their usual routine of scoping out the situation from across the street, Jack made a U-

turn and stopped the Buick just outside the front doors of the bank.

Hud, Harold and Willie ran into the bank with their weapons ready.

Then Jack's eyes widened when he saw a Park City cop car slowly drive down the street heading at him in the other lane.

Jack looked away when the cop car got close to his Buick.

The cop behind the wheel was Rusty Jenkins, a thirty-two-year old cop. He eyed Jack while he drove past the Buick. He spotted two bullet holes in the left rear passenger door.

Rusty drove past the bank and had a gut feeling something was wrong about those bullet holes. His gut told him that a bank robbery might be going down at this moment.

He made a U-turn in the street and headed back to the Buick with the car's red light on the front bumper flashing. But when he got close to the bank, his cop car was suddenly pelted with bullets from Jack's Thompson machine gun.

The radiator hissed out steam and the front tires blew. His car rolled to a stop.

People along the other side of the street ducked and ran for cover.

One gentleman ran down the street heading to the Park City Police Station.

Rusty got out of his car and hid behind his driver's door. He started firing his 38 Special at the Buick.

Jack returned fired from his Thompson machine gun shooting out the windshield of the cop car.

Rusty ducked down while glass rained on him.

Then the bank doors slammed opened and Hud, Harold and Willie ran out firing their weapons at the cop car.

Rusty crouched down behind his driver's door and realized he was no match for these guys. So he opted to stop firing and maybe reinforcements would arrive soon. Then he saw four bullet holes that penetrated his driver's door. Then he felt a little pain in his left shoulder. He felt that area of pain and some blood appeared on his fingertips. He realized he had been shot and got a little weak in the knees. He sat down in the street.

Back at the Buick, Hud, Harold and Willie hoped inside and Jack stomped on the gas pedal.

The Buick raced off down the street.

Then another Park City cop car siren was heard while it raced down the street after the Buick.

Rusty watched while the other cop car with four of his fellow officers inside raced after the Buick. Then he passed out.

Jack raced the Buick down the street with the cop car hot on their trail.

He made a screeching left turn down another street and headed toward the western part of town.

Willie grabbed Jack's Thompson and stuck half of his body out his door window. He fired at the cop car.

Two of the cops fired back with their 38 Special revolvers.

The rear window of the Buick shattered hitting Hud and Harold with glass. They were not injured.

Hud and Harold pointed their Colt 45s out the rear window and fired off a few rounds at the cop car.

Jack made a screeching right turn down another street but made it a little too fast. The Buick skidded over and crashed into a parked car. The engine died.

The cop car screeched to a stop. All the doors flew opened and the four cop cars got out and hide behind their opened doors. They fired at the crashed Buick.

Willie fired the Thompson machine gun for cover at the cops while the rest of the guys got

out of the left side of the car. Hud had that potato sack in hand.

Then Willie got out of the car still firing at the cop's car.

The Hudsters ran down the street.

The cops cautiously got out from behind the car doors.

They cautiously walked toward the Buick.

The Hudsters ran down the street and saw a man get into his Ford Model A sedan. They ran up to the Ford.

Hud grabbed the guy's left arm and yanked him out onto the street onto his back.

The man did not know what the hell happened. But was suddenly scared stiff when he saw Hud towering over him with his Colt 45 aimed down at him.

Harold and Willie fired at the four cops the second they reached the crashed Buick down the street.

The four cops did not return fire when they saw that innocent man in the street on his back.

They watched while The Hudsters hopped into that man's Ford Model A and race off down the street.

"Who the fuck were they?" one of the cops asked.

“I believe that was The Hudsters based on that one guy with the big nose,” one of the other cops replied.

Two of the cops ran down to see if that man in the street was hurt. He only peed his pants.

Jack raced that stolen Model A out of Parker City with Hud in the passenger seat and Harold and Willie in the rear seat.

It was a quiet ride out of town.

Later on, Jack drove the Ford Model A back to their campsite.

Ester saw the Model A and initially thought they might be strangers. So she got her 38 Special ready for protection. But she put it away the second she realized that the guys in the Ford were Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie.

Jack stopped the car and turned off the engine.

“What happened?” she asked when Hud got out of the car with the sack in hand.

“Little accident with the Buick thanks to the fucking Parker City cops,” he said while he walked over to Ester.

“I’m glad nobody was hurt,” she told the guys when she saw they walked fine and no obvious bloody bullet holes were also visible.

“We’re okay, but I think this take is a bit smaller than the other ones,” he said while he sat down in the dirt by the campfire.

He immediately dumped the cash from the sack to the dirt. He started dividing it up into five piles. The take was \$2,000 each for the guys and \$600 for Ester.

“Still better than a days work fucking sweaty slobs up in Saint Louie,” Ester said while she kissed her share of the loot.

Hud looked around the woods. “We need some better accommodations,” he told everybody.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

Later that night, Hud was horny and grabbed Ester by her hand. He walked her off into the woods.

They walked about thirty feet away in the woods. Then Hud reached under Ester’s dress and pulled down her panties. He got her in the dirt on her hands and knees. He then got behind her and pulled down his trousers and boxers. He lifted up her dress and glanced down at her nice shapely butt cheeks. He got down on his knees and penetrated her from behind.

The sound of him smacking against her butt cheeks and her moaning of being fucked started to echo in the woods.

Meanwhile up in Springfield, Agent Kelly got a phone call from Police Chief Abner Harrison that The Hudsters pulled off another bank job down in Parker City, Missouri with a cop wounded in his shoulder. He also mentioned they also stole a Ford.

So Agent Kelly stayed late at the office and looked at all the maps that showed the location of the bank jobs. He tried to second guess the general area for their next job. He figured they might hit somewhere in the western area of Illinois next.

The next morning arrived and The Hudsters cleaned up their campsite and drove off.

Hud decided to pay one of those farm houses they raided in the middle of the night a little surprise visit.

So about a mile from where they camped, Hud pulled his Hudson into the dirt driveway of a farm.

Jack, Harold and Willie followed in the Ford sedan.

They parked their cars to the side of the farm house out of view of the road.

Hud and Ester got out of the Hudson and motioned for Jack and the other guys to remain in the Ford.

Hud and Ester took a step toward the front porch of the farm house.

“Can I help you?” asked seventy-four-year-old Hank Knotts while he stepped out on his front porch from the living room screened door.

“Ah, yes sir, we’re having a bit of car trouble. Do you have a phone we can use?” asked Hud in the best polite voice he could muster up.

“Nope. Don’t own a phone. Maybe I can take a look at your car?” offered Hank while he walked off the porch and headed over to Hud and Ester.

Then Hank’s eyes widened in shock when he remembered Hud and Ester’s faces from an article in this month’s issue of True Crime Detective magazine.

Hud knew from the look on Hank’s face that he recognized him and Ester. So he whipped out his Colt 45. “Listen, we do not want to harm you. We need a safe place to stay. So we’re going to stay here for a little while. Now, I’ll make it worth it by paying you five hundred dollars and pay for food. Ester here can help the wife with the cooking,” he said in a serious tone that he meant business.

Hank scratched the back of his balding head. “Well, since you put it that way. We could use a little company,” he said then looked back at the house. “Ethel, we have company,” he called out.

A few seconds passed and Ethel appeared at the front screened door and wore an apron. She saw Hud with the Colt 45 in his hand and Ester. She got a little scared.

Hud motioned for Jack, Harold and Willie to get out of the Ford. They did and headed over to the front porch.

“Hide the cars in the barn,” Hud told Jack and Harold.

Hud, Ester and Willie went into the house with Hank while Jack and Harold drove the Hudson and Ford towards the barn in the back of the farm house.

Later that night, Hud, Harold, Jack, Willie and Hank sat on the front porch relaxing while Ethel and Ester washed the dinner dishes.

When it was time for bed, Harold and Jack took four hour shifts standing guard outside for the signs of any cops or if Hank and Ethel tried to escape. It was quiet at the farm house.

Hank and Ethel lay in their bed.

“Are they going to kill us?” she quietly asked Hank.

He thought for a few seconds recalling the articles he read in his True Crimes Detective magazines. “Don’t think so. They only kill cops,” he said then smiled. “I do like the money.

Five hundred dollars will really help keep the farm a little while longer,” he added.

Ethel nodded in agreement with her husband. They slowly drifted off to sleep.

But then the sound of the bed in the room next store banging against the wall was heard and woke them up. They heard Ester moan while Harold fucked her.

Both Ethel and Hank missed those days and she wished her husband could still perform. But he could not. So they just listened and recalled their memories of being young.

The next morning arrived and Ester made Ethel drive their 1929 Ford pickup into Parker City to buy some groceries.

Ester also made it known to Ethel that she had a 38 Special in her purse to make sure we did not try to alert anybody.

Ester parked outside Callis’ Grocery Store, got out of the pickup truck and went inside the store.

After Ester and Ethel shopped for groceries, they went to the counter where Chuck Callis the owner worked.

“Good to see you again Ethel. How’s Hank?” he asked then gave her a warm smile.

“Fine.”

Chuck looked at Ester. "Who is this young lady?"

Ethel paused for a few seconds. "Oh, she's my niece Debbie from Chicago. She's staying with me and Hank for a spell," she lied.

"Glad to meet you Debbie," Chuck said then started ringing up the bill on the cash register and placing the groceries in a bag.

"That will be twelve dollars and thirteen cents, Ethel," said Chuck.

"Please let me pay for this Aunt Ethel," Ester said then opened up her purse, removed a twenty dollar bill and handed it to Chuck.

Chuck gave Ester back the change. "Did you hear that Rusty's doing fine after getting shot in his shoulder?" he said to Ethel.

"I didn't know. I'm glad," Ethel replied.

"Shot? Who was shot?" Ester asked pretending to be concerned.

"Oh, we had a bank robbery here in town the other day. That famous gang The Hudsters came into town. Robbed the bank and had a shootout with our police. They shot Rusty in the shoulder, crashed their car, stole another car from poor Gus, then drove out of town," said Chuck to Ester.

"Oh my, you have bank robberies here?" Ester replied and played the innocent girl.

Ethel looked a little nervous will all this talk about The Hudsters. "Well Debbie, we better git

going. You're Uncle Hank is probably mighty hungry by now," he said.

"Yeah, we better get home and feed Uncle Hank," Ester replied and grabbed the bag of groceries.

"Good day Ethel and Debbie," Chuck said and watched while the two ladies headed off to the door with Ester carrying the grocery bag. "What a nice young lady," he said while Ester and Ethel exited the store.

Ethel drove Ester back to the farm in the pickup truck.

The Hudsters maintained a low profile while they stayed at Hank and Ethel's farm for another four weeks. Since they were such good hosts and did not try to contact the cops, Hud had the other guys cough up an extra hundred dollars. Hank's eyes almost welled up with that extra cash.

Nobody in Parker City figured that Ethel's niece was really Ester Walker. They figured that since The Hudsters robbed the bank earlier in the month, they were long gone by now.

So now that April rolled around, Hud started planning his next job.

Hud, Ester Jack, Harold and Willie leaned against the Hudson inside the barn.

“Well hit Gibsland, Illinois in two days. We’ll leave first thing in the morning, camp outside Gibsland then head out to the bank the following day. We’ll hit the bank around eleven that morning,” Hud told everybody.

“Then where?” Harold curiously asked.

“I’ll figure that out after we leave Gibsland,” Hud replied.

Outside the rear barn was Hank with a basket in hand. He eavesdropped on their conversation and heard their entire plan.

He rushed off and headed over to his chicken coup thirty feet away.

Hud, Ester, Harold, Jack and Willie walked out of the barn.

Hud saw Hank inside the chicken coup gathering up eggs. He was not concerned at all while they headed off to the farm house.

The next morning arrived and after Ethel and Ester cooked the boys a good egg and toast breakfast, The Hudsters took off and headed to Illinois.

For the rest of the morning, Hank and Ethel remained in their farm house not sure The Hudsters would return.

Then later that afternoon, Hank and Ethel decided to head into town in their pickup truck. He wanted to stock up on a few things he could not afford from the hardware store. Plus Ethel wanted to send off a letter to her sister in Aberdeen, Missouri located up state.

Hank and Ethel went inside the post office in Parker City. While she went to the counter to buy a stamp, Hank checked out the Wanted Posters. He wanted to see if his past guests were there. He flipped through the Wanted Posters and found the one for The Hudsters. Then his eyes lit up when he saw \$12,000 reward for Ester and the guys.

“What you looking at?” Ethel asked Hank when she walked up to him.

He pointed at the reward amount for the gang on the poster. “We’ll be set for life,” he said with a greedy grin.

Ethel looked at Hank then back at the Wanted Poster. She motioned that they should leave.

A little while later, Hank and Ethel walked into the Parker City Police Station.

“Chief Harrison, we need to speak to you about some important stuff,” Hank said the second he and Ethel walked up to the doorway of his office.

Chief Abner Harrison, a fifty-year-old chubby man looked up from his paperwork. "Come inside Hank and Ethel."

Hank and Ethel walked into his office and sat down in the chairs in front of his desk.

"So, are the kids back to stealing your eggs again?" Chief Harrison asked, as this has been the discussion of past visits.

"Oh no, it's much worst than that," Ethel replied.

"Must worst. We were forced at gun point the have those famous outlaws The Hudsters live in our house for the past month," Hank added and looked dead serious.

Chief Harrison was not sure he heard him correctly. "Did you saw The Hudsters? The gang that robbed our bank last month?"

"Yes Chief," said Hank.

Ethel nodded in agreement.

"They left this morning and I overheard them yesterday out in the barn planning on robbing a bank in Gibsland, Illinois tomorrow morning at eleven," said Hank and he still looked dead serious.

"If you have the girl's mug shot, show it to Chuck down at the store. That Ester Walker claimed to be my niece. I don't have a niece. Chuck might remember her when we bought groceries," Ethel said and she looked dead serious.

Chief Harrison looked at his Wanted Posters that hung on the wall. He got up and rushed over to them.

Back at the Springfield Bureau of Investigation, Agent Kelly had Agents Handson and Henderson at his desk. They looked at a map of Missouri and Illinois while they tried to second guess where The Hudsters would hit next.

His desk phone rang. "Bureau of Investigations, Special Agent Kelly," he answered the call.

"Yes Agent Kelly, Parker City Police Chief Abner Harrison again, listen, I had two of residents, Hank and Ethel Knotts just informed me that they were held captive at their farm, for the past month, by Ester Walker and The Hudsters. The owner of our grocery store verified that he saw Ester Walker in his store with Ethel. Ester claimed to be Ethel's niece."

Agent Kelly's eyes widened and he motioned to his fellow agents that he had a good lead. "Are they still down there?"

"No sir, the Knotts claim that they're heading to Gibsland, Illinois. Hank overheard The Hudsters planning to rob that bank there tomorrow morning at eleven," Chief Harrison replied from the phone.

“Thank you Chief Harrison, I’ll be in touch,” Agent Kelly said then hung up the phone with a huge grin. “Looks like The Hudsters are planning on robbing the bank in Gibsland, Illinois tomorrow morning at eleven,” he told his agents.

Agent Kelly picked up the phone and called the Gibsland Police Department to give them a warning.

Night fell upon the Illinois countryside.

In the woods to the west of Gibsland, Illinois, Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie made a camp for the night.

Then just after midnight, Hud drove off in his Hudson and headed into Gibsland.

After he drove around town for a while, he found the Gibsland Cemetery.

He walked through the cemetery with a leather satchel in his left hand and a small shovel in his right hand.

He walked around the cemetery looking at all the gravesites.

He stopped at site that his gut felt was good. He started digging at the gravesite for a Jimmy Peabody.

A little while later, Hud jotted down the dead man's name and location on that piece of paper with a pencil. He shoved the paper and pencil in his trousers pocket.

He walked away from the gravesite with his shovel in his right hand and headed back to his car.

Chapter 17

The sun rose in Illinois but he would rise behind an overcast sky of gray clouds.

It was now April 17th, 1934.

Hud and the others woke up early.

After a weak breakfast of bread and jelly they took from Hank's kitchen they went over their plan.

"I changed my mind, we'll hit the bank at nine-thirty. For some reason, I think that would be a safer time," he told everybody.

Jack, Harold, Jack and Willie nodded in agreement.

Hud looked at Ester. "We'll head straight here after the job and head south to Arkansas," he told her.

"I'll be waiting in the car," she told him.

Meanwhile, Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson started their drive over to Gibsland, Illinois.

It was time to go so Hud, Harold, Jack and Willie got in the Ford and drove off out of the woods.

Ester started cleaning up their campsite.

Over in Gibsland, Chief of Police Steven Compton held a meeting with all of his police officers.

“Okay, it’s believed that The Hudsters will hit the bank at eleven this morning. And they’re now driving Buicks or Fords. So if you see a Buick or Ford outside the bank you don’t recognize, it’s probably their get-away-car.” Chief Compton told his officers that nodded that they understood.

“I want two officers on the roof of the store across from the street from the bank with rifles. Then I want two officers each at both ends of the streets with rifles,” Chief Compton said and his officers nodded that they understood.

“And I want someone in civilian clothes to be inside the bank watching things. Any volunteers?” Chief Compton said.

All the officers looked at each other to see who would volunteer.

“I’ll volunteer for inside the bank,” forty-year-old Homer Randall called out and he looked determined to catch some gangsters.

“Okay, Homer.” Chief Compton replied.

“We’ll get staged, as soon as the three Bureau of Investigation Agents come into town,” he said.

“I’m going home to change,” said Homer.

Chief Compton nodded that that was okay.

While Homer left the police station, the rest of them stayed behind and chatted about this exciting event that would soon come down.

A little while later, Homer walked down the street to the First National Bank dressed in his Sunday going to church suit. He had his 38 Special tucked into his trousers behind his belt under his suit coat.

He entered the bank looking cool.

Homer walked past the customers that waited in line for the teller.

He went behind the tellers counter and went into the office of Joe Hamlin the bank manager's office. His office was to the right of the bank vault.

"Hey Joe," Homer said to Joe who sat behind his desk. Joe looked a little nervous. "We've never had a robbery before," he said and trembled a little bit.

Homer noticed that Joe was nervous. "Don't worry. We'll have the place covered and the Bureau of Investigation will be here. We'll catch them in the act this time," he said.

"I hope so," Joe replied and was still nervous.

The all of a sudden, they heard the front door of the bank slam opened, then machine gun fire was heard.

“This is a stickup!” the voice of Hud was heard in the customer area.

Homer motioned for Joe to stay put while he removed his 38 Special out from behind his suit coat.

Homer cautiously walked to the doorway of Joe’s office. He listened to the robbery going down by the teller.

Homer suddenly got brave and knew he had to act since the others were not in position at the moment.

He quietly stepped out of Joe’s office then his eyes widened the second he saw Hud Hudson six feet away from him with a potato sack in hand. Homer went to fire his 38 Special figuring he would be deemed a hero for shooting Hud Hudson.

Gun fire was heard and Homer suddenly felt a bullet hit him in his chest. He fired his 38 Special.

The bullet zinged over Hud’s head.

Hud reacted quickly and fired off another shot at Homer. The bullet went straight through Homer’s heart. He dropped dead to the floor leaving a wife and young boy behind.

Hud ran and stepped over Homer’s dead body. He ran inside the manager’s office and saw Joe behind his desk scared to death.

“To the vault,” he yelled at Joe.

Joe stood up and Hud saw the large wet spot in the crotch of the bank manager’s pants.

Joe and Hud stepped over Homer's dead body while they went into the vault.

Back at the Gibsland Police Station, Chief Compton had all of his officers check their weapons.

"Again, we'll get in position as soon as the Bureau of Investigation Special Agents arrive," Chief Compton told his officers.

Meanwhile, Bureau of Investigation Agent Hampton drove the Ford sedan with Agent Kelly in the passenger seat and Agent Henderson in the rear seat.

Agent Hampton drove their car into Gibsland from the northern side. Agent Kelly wanted to get there early so that they could be in position in plenty of time.

But unknown to Agent Kelly, The Hudsters raced out of Gibsland from the southern side of town.

Back at the police station, Chief Compton and his officers waited.

Then the front doors to the station slammed opened. Helen a long time resident of Gibsland ran into the station in a panic.

"The bank was robbed and Homer's dead!" she cried out.

Chief Compton and his officers looked at Helen in disbelief with that she said.

“What?” Chief Compton asked Helen.

“The bank was robbed by that Hud Hudson and this thugs. Hud Hudson shot and killed Homer,” she cried out and started to sob.

Chief Compton and his officers just stared in disbelief.

Then the doors of the station opened again and the Bureau of Investigation Agents Kelly, Hampton and Henderson entered ready to fight with The Hudsters.

“What’s wrong?” Agent Kelly asked when he saw the stunned faces of all the officers.

“The Hudsters already hit the bank a little while ago. They killed one of my officers,” Chief Compton replied.

“Fuck!” Agent Kelly yelled out.

His curse word surprised Helen and the other officers. But they all felt the same way.

An hour had passed.

While Bureau of Investigation Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson drove back over to Springfield, Hud drove his Hudson south on Route 51 and was in Kentucky.

They stopped outside the small town of Westfield.

Hud, Harold, Jack and Willie hid in the woods while Ester drove into Westfield.

She pulled into a gas station and filled up the Hudson. The young attendant did not have a clue who Ester was as he was too busy checking out her sexy legs.

Ester drove off and headed back to pick up Hud and the guys.

After they got back in the car, they continued their southerly drive down Route 51.

A couple hours of navigating through numerous country roads, Ester drove the Hudson toward the town of Woodland, Arkansas.

They drove south on Route 14.

Ester drove past a nice farm house off to the left.

She drove down about a quarter of a mile farther and drove past a clump of trees to the right. Then Hud caught a glimpse of a two-story abandoned farm house while Ester drove past a dirt driveway to the left of the clump of trees.

“Stop,” he told Ester.

She stopped the Hudson. “What’s wrong?”

“Back up to the dirt driveway,” he told her.

Ester backed up the car to that dirt driveway.

They all saw the dirt driveway and saw that abandoned farm house.

“This is perfect,” said Hud while he stared at the farm with that clump of trees in the front that helped shield the house from the street.

Ester drove the Hudson down the dirt driveway and parked the car in the rear of the deserted farm house.

Fifteen minutes later, Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie set up house in that abandoned farm house.

In the middle of the night, Harold, Jack and Willie snuck over to that other farm house a quarter a mile down the road. The guys stole gasoline and food from that farmer while he slept.

Back at that abandoned Hud fucked Ester in one of the upstairs bedrooms that still had a bed.

The sun rose the next morning and it looked to be a beautiful and sunny day in Arkansas.

After The Hudsters woke up at the farm house, Ester made some plain bread and jelly sandwiches for breakfast. While they ate, Hud got an idea.

“Listen, I’ve been thinking, I think it might help if we all grow a moustache,” he said then took a bite of his sandwich.

“But, I can’t grow one,” Ester jokingly replied.

“I know. But if you could, I would still fuck you,” Hud answered with a hint of a smile.

“That might help,” Jack replied while he rubbed the morning stubble on his upper lip.

Harold and Willie nodded in agreement.

So after the guys shaved leaving their moustaches untouched, The Hudsters got in the Hudson with Jack behind the wheel.

They drove out of the farm house driveway and headed south into the town of Woodson.

After they drove through Woodson without an issue, Jack drove south to Mississippi.

The evening rolled around.

Up in Bellwood, Missouri, Carl Pyle sat on the front porch of his house in his rocking chair reading the newspaper. Cindy was in the kitchen making a meat loaf dinner.

Carl turned the page and read another news article about The Hudsters.

Then he cringed in a little pain while he read the article. He clutched his chest then slumped in the rocking chair. He had a massive heart attack and died.

“Dinner is ready,” Cindy said while she opened up the screen front door. She saw Carl slumped in his rocking chair. She figured he fell asleep so she went outside to the porch to wake him up.

She walked up to him and saw his eyes were closed. “Dinner,” she said when she shook him to wake him up. Carl’s eyes remained closed

and he slid out of the rocking chair and onto the porch.

Cindy looked at his motionless body and started sobbing. She knew he was dead.

Meanwhile, Hud drove his Hudson down a road in northern Mississippi. Harold was asleep in the rear seat.

Then in the middle of the night down in Mississippi, Hud drove his Hudson down Uncle Melvin's driveway.

Hud parked his car next to Melvin's Model T. They all got out of the Hudson and walked to the front porch.

"One more move and I'll fill you up with led," threatened Uncle Melvin from the dark porch.

"Uncle Melvin. It's me, Willie, Hud, Ester, Harold and Jack," he said.

"Willie?" Uncle Melvin said.

"Yes Uncle Melvin," Willie replied.

"I reckon it got too warm up in the north?" Uncle Melvin asked.

"Yeah. Can we stay with you for a while?" asked Willie.

"For that standard rate," Uncle Melvin replied and looked forward for some more of that easy money.

“Standard rate,” Hud replied and started to get tired of paying people all this money to hide. But he knew this was the business he chose.

“You guys growing moustaches?” Uncle Melvin asked when he got a closer look of their faces.

“Yep,” Willie replied then touched the stubble on his upper lip.

“I reckon that might help,” Uncle Melvin added then held open his screen door.

Everybody went inside the house.

So during the rest of April, Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie hid at Uncle Melvin’s farm. It was back to that smelly outhouse again and pumping water out of the well.

The month of May rolled around.

On May 18th, 1934, Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson headed over to Bellwood, Missouri.

They parked in a Ford a few houses from Harold’s parents house. They staked out the house for any signs of Harold or The Hudsters.

The Pyle house was quiet but they saw movement in the living room.

“Let’s check it out anyway,” Agent Kelly told his partners.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson got out of the Ford and walked across the street to the Pyle house.

They walked on the front porch and knocked on the screen door.

Cindy appeared at the screen door and looked like she had been crying. "Yes?"

Agent Kelly flashed his identification. "Bureau of Investigation Special Agent Kelly and Special Agents Hanson and Henderson. We want to talk to you about your son, Harold," he told Cindy.

Cindy opened up the screen door.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson stepped inside the house.

Once Agent Kelly got inside the house, he looked around the living room. "Search the place," he told Agents Hanson and Henderson.

"If your looking for my son Harold, I haven't seen him since he took off with that Hud Hudson hooligan back in thirty-two," Cindy replied and her eyes welled up.

"Why are you crying?" Agent Kelly asked.

"My husband Carl died from a heart attack a little while back," she told Agent Kelly.

"I'm sorry to hear about that," Agent Kelly replied.

Agents Handson and Henderson returned into the living room.

“No sign of them” said Agent Henderson.

“Misses Pyle. If your son contacts you or tries to hide out here. Call me. Because if I find out that you’ve been hiding him here, I’ll arrest your for aiding and abetting a fugitive. Do you understand me?” Agent Kelly said and looked dead serious.

Cindy nodded that she understood. “I don’t why he chose this path in life. He was such a good kid. But I guess he started hanging around with the wrong crowd. Kids like that Jack Jenner and Willie Gates. Carl and I told him to quit hanging out with those two guys,” she said while her eyes filled with tears.

Agent Kelly reached inside his right suit coat pocket. He removed a business card. “Call me if you hear from Harold,” Agent Kelly said while he handed her his business card.

“I will,” she said while she took his card.

After Cindy let the agents out of her front door, she sat down on the couch and started sobbing again.

While Agent Kelly walked back to their Ford with his partners, he could hear Cindy sobbing from her living room. He actually felt sorry for her.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson got back in their Ford with Hanson behind the wheel.

“Well, the living parents of The Hudsters have been a dead end,” Agent Handson said while he started up the Ford.

“They were smart for not visiting relatives as a hangout,” Agent Kelly replied.

Agent Hanson drove the Ford off down the street.

It was now Thursday May 24th, 1934 and The Hudsters were getting restless down in Meridian, Mississippi. The guys all now sported nice moustaches.

It was now Thursday evening and Uncle Melvin returned back to the farm house from working at the newspaper office.

Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie hung around the kitchen and ate some of Ester’s chocolate chip cookies.

Uncle Melvin entered the kitchen from the living room.

“Uncle Melvin, Ester made us some cookies,” Willie said.

Uncle Melvin looked at three cookies left on a plate for him on the kitchen table. He walked over to the table and grabbed a cookie. “We heard today that Bonnie and Clyde were killed in an ambush by the cops in Louisiana yesterday. Filled them with bullet holes. Heard it was a bloody mess too,” Uncle Melvin told them then took a bite of the cookie.

“Bonnie and Clyde dead?” said Ester in a little disbelief.

Hud looked worried for the first time since he started this crime spree.

Meanwhile, back at the Springfield Bureau of Investigation office, Agent Kelly sat at his desk.

He and his Agents had checked out eight more false leads on sightings of The Hudsters.

Then Agent Henderson walked up to Agent Kelly.

“Can’t believe we missed this, but Willie Kerr has an uncle that lives outside Meridian, Mississippi,” Agent Hanson said.

“He’s the brother to Willie’s mother,” Agent Henderson added.

Agent Kelly thought about this information for a few seconds. He looked confident. “Call the Chief of Police down in Meridian. I have this gut feeling that’s they’re hiding. We’ll fly down there tomorrow,” he told his partners.

Agent Henderson walked to his desk. He sat down and called the Chief of Police of the Meridian Police Department.

The next day arrived and Uncle Melvin went off to work in his Model T.

Hud and the gang started to clean their weapons in the kitchen.

“It’s getting fucking hot down here. I don’t think I’ll be able to last the whole summer,” Harold said while he wiped sweat away from his forehead.

“I know what you mean,” Ester said while she fanned her face with her right hand.

“Maybe we’ll head up to the mountains in North Carolina. Should be cooler up there,” said Hud.

Everybody looked relieved they would be leaving Mississippi soon.

Down at the Meridian Star office, Melvin walked through the reporter’s area to head to the restroom.

“Are you for real? The Bureau of Investigation from Springfield, Illinois is coming down here to Meridian today?” Jason a reporter said his phone while he spoke to one of the Meridian police officers that had a big mouth.

Uncle Melvin stopped and eavesdropped on the reporter’s conversation.

“You’re kidding me? The Bureau believes that The Hudsters are hiding out here in Meridian?” Jason said into his phone.

Uncle Melvin rushed away and looked concerned.

A little while later, Uncle Melvin raced his Model T out of Meridian and headed back to the farm.

While he drove down the country road to his farm house, he did not see the Ford Tri-Motor airplane that descended to the Meridian airport. It was located in the southeastern part of Meridian.

A little while later, Uncle Melvin raced his car down his dirt driveway.

He screeched his car to a stop and his front bumper missed his front porch by an inch.

Uncle Melvin got out of this car and left the engine running.

He ran up the porch and ran inside his house.

“The Bureau of Investigation from Springfield, Illinois are on their way to Meridian today,” Uncle Melvin cried out the second he stepped into his living room.

Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie rushed out of the kitchen.

“What?” Hud asked not sure he heard correctly.

“I overheard a reporter on the phone. The Bureau of Investigation believes you are here in Meridian. They’re on their way right now,” Uncle Melvin said and he looked serious.

“We’re out of here now!” Hud called out.

Hud, Ester, Jack, and Harold ran out of the kitchen and down the hallway to the bedrooms.

“Thanks Uncle Melvin,” Harold said then he rushed out of the kitchen and headed down the hallway.

“Good luck,” Uncle Melvin quietly said then he walked over and sat down at his kitchen table. He figured he would wait until the Bureau of Investigation showed up.

Over at the Meridian Airport, that Ford Tri-Motor airplane landed and taxied to the terminal.

The engines of the plane turned off.

A Meridian Ford cop car drove up and parked near the Tri-Motor with a cop as the driver.

The passenger door opened and Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson step off the airplane with suitcases in hand.

The cop got out of the Ford and rushed over to Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson.

“Chief Hutton sent me to give you a ride to his office,” the officer told them.

“Let’s don’t waste time,” Agent Kelly told the officer.

They rushed over to the cop car.

After they got inside, the officer started up the car and drove off down the flight line.

Meanwhile, Hud drove his Hudson north on Route 45. The Hudsters were ten miles away from Uncle Melvin's farm and getting close to the Alabama border.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Chief Hutton sat in the rear of one of his cop cars with Agent Kelly. Agent Henderson sat in the passenger seat.

Two other Meridian cop cars followed.

Inside those cars were Agent Handson and seven other Meridian police officers.

"I sent some officers to talk to some of the farmers near Melvin Kerr. They recall seeing about five people staying at his farm. One of them is a woman," Chief Kerr told Agent Kelly.

"Tell your men to be very cautious. Hud Hudson won't think twice about ending their life with a bullet.

Meanwhile, Hud drove his Hudson north on Route 11 and crossed into Alabama the second the three cop cars parked at the end of Uncle Melvin's driveway.

Agent Kelly got out of the car with a Thompson machine gun in hand. "Hud Hudson. This is Special Agent Kelly with the Bureau of Investigation. I want you to come out peacefully," he yelled at Uncle Melvin's house.

There was a few seconds of silence from Uncle Melvin's house.

"Get ready to fire and shoot to kill," Agent Kelly told everybody while they got out of their cop cars and got ready for a gun fight.

Then the screen door of Uncle Melvin's home slowly opened.

Uncle Melvin stepped out onto the porch with his hands in the air. "Don't shoot! I'm all alone," he yelled out at the Agents and cops hiding behind the three cop cars.

Uncle Melvin walked off his front porch with his hands in the air.

"Cautiously move out," Agent Kelly told everybody.

They all cautiously moved away from their cars and headed to Uncle Melvin's house.

"Put him in one of the cars," Agent Kelly told one of the officers the second they arrived at Uncle Melvin.

One of the officers grabbed Uncle Melvin by his left arm and escorted him to one of the cop cars.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson cautiously walked to Uncle Melvin's house with the other cops. They had their weapons ready to fire if required.

They cautiously walked to the front porch and the house was still quiet.

Agent Kelly looked disappointed. “They’re probably gone,” he said.

“How do you know that?” Chief Hutton said.

“Hud Hudson would never let us get this close to him without trying to kill us,” Agent Kelly said then looked at his other agents. “Search the house and see what you can dig up,” he told them.

Agents Handson and Henderson took the remaining cops and went inside Uncle Melvin’s house.

Agent Kelly sat down in the rocking chair on the porch. “If he was here, they must have been tipped off,” he said then looked at Chief Hutton.

“If I find out one of my officers talked, he’ll be fired that second,” Chief Hutton said.

Agent Kelly just looked at the three cop cars at the end of the driveway and could see Uncle Melvin sitting in the passenger seat of one of them.

“We found this in the farmer’s dresser,” Agent Henderson said the second he stepped out to the front porch from the living room.

Agent Henderson walked over and handed Agent a photo.

Agent Kelly looked at the photo and saw Hud, Harold, Jack, Willie, Uncle Melvin and Ester standing in front of the Citizen’s State

Bank in Tupelo, Mississippi with smiles on their faces. “Where is this?” said Agent Kelly while he stared at the photo.

Chief Hutton glanced down at the photo. “Oh, that’s the bank in Tupelo. You know, the bank that Machine Gun Kelly robbed. I believe it was his last robbery,” he said.

Agent Kelly looked at the photo then back at the car where Uncle Melvin sat inside. “Arrest him for aiding and abetting wanted fugitives,” Agent Kelly instructed Agent Henderson.

Agent Henderson walked off the porch and headed to the cop cars.

Agent Kelly rocked in the rocking chair. “Where the fuck is he going?” he said and was pissed he missed Hud Hudson again.

Meanwhile, Hud drove his Hudson deeper into Alabama while he drove north on Route 11.

Chapter 18

Another day had passed and it was the early afternoon of Saturday May 26th, 1934.

Harold drove the Hudson up the winding mountain road in the mountains of western North Carolina. He drove slowly since a few turns did not have any protection for driving off a long drop-off.

Ester sat in the passenger seat while Hud, Jack and Willie sat in the rear seat.

“Are you sure that place is up here?” asked Hud while the road turned left with a fifty-foot drop off.

“That’s what the kid back at that gas station told me,” Ester replied.

Willie, Hud, Jack and Ester were getting a little nervous with this windy road.

Harold finally drove to the top of the mountain and it leveled off.

Everybody in the Hudson sighed a sigh of relief and felt safer.

Harold drove the Hudson down the road a little farther. Then they saw the sign for Mountain Top Cottages down the road about five hundred feet.

Harold stopped the Hudson in the road.

Hud, Jack and Willie got out.

They immediately got out and rushed into some nearby woods.

Harold drove the Hudson off down the road.

Harold then turned left into the gravel entrance of the Mountain Top Cottages.

He drove the car over and parked by the office.

Harold got out of the car and rushed over to the passenger door. He played the act of being a gentleman and opened up the door for Ester.

They walked arm in arm into the office.

Once they entered the office, they saw forty-year-old George Lawrence sitting behind a small counter reading an issue of Life magazine.

Harold and Ester walked up to the counter.

“We would like a cottage for,” Harold said then paused while he looked at Ester. “What do you think baby, should we honeymoon up here for a month?” he asked her in the sweetest voice he could muster up.

Ester pretended to think about his question for a few seconds. “A month sounds good, darling.”

Harold and Ester looked at George.

“Ah, honeymooners. Welcome. And we can accommodate you for a month. Where you from?”

“Georgia,” Harold replied, as this was the plan and even then The Hudsters drove through

Georgia, they stole some Georgia plates and placed them on the Hudson.

“Okay, that would be sixty dollars for the month,” George replied then slid a Guest Registration form over to Harold.

Harold filled out the registration form and put them down as Elmer and Gertrude Brown of Atlanta, Georgia. He slid the form back to George then reached in his right suit coat pocket. He removed four twenty dollar bills. “Here’s sixty dollars and an extra twenty to insure we won’t be disturbed,” he said to George and winked.

George knew honeymooners like to fuck like rabbits so he accepted the extra cash. “Will do,” he said then placed three twenties in the cash box and shoved the extra twenty into his right pants pocket.

George turned around and looked at the cottage keys that hung on a board behind him.

“We really would like a cottage at the far end. Hopefully one that’s not near anybody,” Harold asked.

George turned around and looked at Harold and Ester.

“You know, I don’t want anybody to hear us during the morning, afternoon or evening,” Ester replied with smile.

George smiled and knew that this couple was planning some serious sex.

He handed them the key for Cottage 12 that was away from the office and secluded.

“This one has a great view of the mountains,” said George while he handed Harold the key.

“Thank you my good man, and, I’ll be providing some extra tips if our privacy is maintained,” Harold said then winked at George.

“Yes sir,” George replied then watched while Harold and Ester turned around and headed to the door.

“Let’s go into town for a spell,” Harold told Ester while they walked out of the office.

George watched them get back into the Hudson. And when it drove off, he noticed the Georgia plates and did not suspect that they were part of The Hudsters.

He returned to his Life magazine.

Meanwhile, back at the Springfield Bureau of Investigation office, Agent Kelly sat behind his desk. He stared at the maps of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio that had marks of all the bank and jewelry jobs The Hudsters were known to have completed. He racked his brain on their next possible move.

Then that night, Harold fucked Ester in the bedroom of their cottage while Hud, Jack and

Willie cleaned their weapons in the small living room.

They did not realize that George crept outside their bedroom and he heard Ester cry out when she had an orgasm. George often did this perverted spying on the guests.

The month of June passed by and Harold and Ester able to keep the ruse that they were newlyweds. George often spied outside the bedroom window of the cottage thinking he heard Harold and Ester fucking. But in reality, Ester took turns with all The Hudsters.

Then June 29th, 1934 rolled around and Harold and Ester strutted into the cottage office.

“George, we must leave and want to see more of the beautiful mountains of North Carolina. Do you know of another place like your fine establishment a little more east of here?” asked Harold.

“Oh yeah, Elmer. My cousin Wilbur has a similar place. It’s about an hour drive east of here. The Pine View Lodgings,” George said then reached under the counter and produced a brochure then handed it to Harold.

“Thank you good man, and here’s your tip for making our stay here a grand time,” Harold said then handed George another twenty dollar bill.

“Thanks and please come back,” said George with dollar sign in his eyes.

“Oh we plan on it next summer, George,” Harold replied then he escorted Ester to the door.

Back at the Bureau of Investigation in Springfield, Agent Kelly was getting even more frustrated when all the leads for sightings of The Hudsters dwindled down to almost nothing. He again wondered if they went into hiding for good.

During that night, The Hudsters got settled into another cottage at the Pine View Lodgings that George recommended. This place was located near the town of Abnerville.

And to keep up with their ruse, Harold and Ester again registered as Elmer and Gertrude Brown of Atlanta, Georgia. George’s cousin Wilbur got a call from George that these newlyweds might be heading over to his place and stated they were heavy tippers.

The Hudsters loved this area since they were able to easily sneak out of their cottage and slip into the woods to stretch their legs and get some fresh air. They also loved the nearby stream located at the bottom of the mountain where they stayed. That stream went right through the center of the nearby town of Abnerville.

Two weeks had passed and it was now July 10th, 1934. It was hot that day so Hud and Ester decided to take a nice swim in the stream at the bottom of the mountain.

So they hiked down the small dirt trail and got to the part of the stream they always swam.

But this time, Ester felt a little crazy, so she stripped out of her clothes and bathing suit and got bare ass naked.

Hud decided to join her and stripped out of his clothes and bathing suit.

They jumped into the stream and played around in the water naked.

While they splashed around in the chest deep water, they did not notice that on the hill on the other side of the stream, two eleven-year-old boys named Ronald and Johnnie were hidden behind a large rock. Those two boys originally hiked down that hill to hide behind that rock to secretly read Ronald's True Crime Detective magazine. Even though Ronald's father was the Chief of Police in Abnerville, his father strongly disagreed with young Ronnie reading such trash.

But being a young and curious boy, Ronnie could not resist the temptation to read about real life criminals.

So while they looked at the pictures in the magazine behind the rock, they heard Hud and Ester splashing in the stream. They got curious and peaked around the sides of that rock.

Their eyes widened in shock at the sight of Hud and Ester naked in the stream. Then their eyes widened even bigger the second they saw Ester's bare breasts.

Then Ronnie suddenly got a feeling that these two people looked familiar. He looked at the cover of the True Crime Detective magazine.

The cover of the magazine showed the mug shots of Hud and Ester with the "Public Enemies Hud Hudson and Ester Walker" title.

He peeked back around the rock and took another glance of Hud and Ester naked in the stream.

His eyes widened in shock. "It's them," Ronald whispered to Johnnie.

"Who?" Johnnie replied while he peeked around the other side of the rock and had his eyes fixed on Ester's bare breasts bouncing a little while she played in the stream.

"Hud Hudson and Ester Walker," Ronald said.

"Are you sure?" Johnnie asked while he looked at Ronald.

Ronald pointed to the Hud and Ester's mug shots. "I'm sure," he said and looked serious.

Johnnie looked at the cover of the magazine then peeked back around the rock. "I believe they are," he whispered back.

"We better tell paw," said Ronald.

“Won’t he give you a whopping for reading that magazine?” asked Johnnie while continued to peek around the rock to see Ester’s breasts again.

“Not if I turn in two public enemies,” replied Ronald.

“Okay.”

Ronald and Johnnie ever so cautiously started their climb back up the hill.

Hud and Ester did not have a clue those two boys watched them in the stream.

Ronald and Johnnie ran through the woods the second they got to the top of the hill.

Then they ran down the mountain almost tripping over their feet a few times.

After they got down from the mountain, the two boys ran and eventually ran into Abnerville.

They made a beeline through town and went inside the police station.

Inside the police station, Chief of Police Allan White chatted with fellow officer Kurt when Ronald and Johnnie ran up.

Chief White saw Ronald and Johnnie all out of breath. “Did you boys run here?”

Ronald and Johnnie nodded that did while they tried to catch their breath.

“Is there a fire?”

Ronald was still out of breath and flashed up his True Crime Detective magazine at Chief White.

Chief White looked furious when he saw the magazine. "Didn't I tell you never to read that trash?" he yelled at Ronald.

"We saw them," Ronald blurt out when he started to catch his breath.

"Saw who?" Chief White asked not sure what Ronald meant.

"Them," Ronald replied and pointed to the magazine cover that showed Hud and Ester's mug shots.

Chief White and officer Kurt looked at where Ronald pointed.

"Hud Hudson and Ester Walker? You saw Hud Hudson and Ester Walker?" asked Kurt.

"Yeah" Johnnie replied with a bit of a smile remembering Ester being naked.

"Where?" Chief White asked and now he was not concerned that his boy had this magazine.

"Down by the stream near the bottom of the hill near the Pine View Lodgings," Ronald replied and he was no longer out of breath.

Chief White looked over at Kurt. "Let's check it out," he said then rushed over to his desk.

Kurt nodded in agreement while Chief White removed a pair of binoculars from his desk drawer.

"I don't want you near that lodging or near that stream, Ronald. Do you understand?" Chief White said in a serious tone while he walked away from his desk with his binoculars in hand.

"Yes sir."

"I'll tan your hide good if I hear you were there. Is that understood?" Chief White said and looked dead serious.

"Yes sir."

"Let's move out," Chief White told Kurt.

Ronald looked proud while he watched his daddy and Kurt rush over to the front door of the police station.

"Paw will get Hud Hudson," Ronald told Johnnie and looked so confident.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Chief White and Kurt hid behind some trees in the wood by the Pine View Lodgings.

Chief White peeked around the trunk of a tree with his binoculars. He saw Hud and Ester walk out of the woods back in their clothes. He kept his binoculars on them and watched while they walked to a nearby cottage. Then he saw Hud's Hudson parked by the right side of the cottage.

“Yep, it’s them alright,” Chief White told Kurt while he lowered his binoculars.

“What do we do?” asked Kurt.

“We call that Bureau of Investigation fellow. These gangsters are too dangerous for you and I to fight,” Chief White replied and looked concerned for his town.

Kurt nodded in agreement.

“Let’s head back to the station,” Chief White said then stepped away from the tree.

Chief White and Kurt rushed back through the woods and headed back to their Ford cop car.

Back at the Bureau of Investigation in Springfield, Agent Henderson just sat down with a cup of coffee. His desk phone rang.

“Springfield Bureau of Investigation office, Special Agent Henderson,” he answered the phone then took a sip of coffee.

“Chief of Police Alan White here in Abnerville, North Carolina. I just discovered that your public enemies The Hudsters are staying at a lodgings place outside of town. The Pine View Lodgings. I just saw Hud Hudson and Ester Walker fifteen minutes ago,” he said from the phone.

“Just a second Chief,” Agent Henderson replied then moved the phone away from his face. “Ricky! Have a sighting in North Carolina!” he called out.

Agent Kelly got up from behind his desk and walked over to Agent Henderson's desk.

"I'm Special Agent Kelly," he said into the phone the second he took it away from Agent Henderson.

Chief White repeated what he told Agent Henderson.

Later that night, Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson boarded that Ford Tri-Motor airplane at the Springfield airport. Agent Kelly wanted to take off sooner, but there was a mechanical issue with the airplane. So he had to wait a little while longer while the two mechanics fixed the issue.

The Tri-Motor was finally airborne.

While inside the Tri-Motor airplane while it ascended into the night sky, Agent Kelly looked out his window at the lit Springfield area one thousand feet below them. "I sure hope this isn't another false lead," he said.

Agents Handson and Henderson nodded in agreement from the other seats.

Back at the Pine View Lodgings, Hud, Jack and Willie relaxed in their cottage drinking whiskey. Ester just returned with Harold from a little food shopping in Abnerville.

"They have a gun store down in town," Harold told Hud while Ester placed the grocery

bag on the counter of the small kitchen. She removed a newspaper they also bought down in town. She handed it to Jack who walked it over to Hud.

“Good,” Hud replied then started reading the newspaper. Then his eyes widened when he read an article on the first page. “Fuck!” he said.

“What’s wrong?” asked Harold.

“The fucking Bureau of Investigation arrested Uncle Melvin for aiding and abetting wanted fugitives. Us,” Hud said while he continued to glance at the article.

Willie snatched the newspaper out of his hands and read the article. “Uncle Melvin!” he said and looked saddened. He handed the paper back to Hud then walked away so nobody could see his eyes tear up.

“I got bad feeling. So, we should head out in the morning. Let’s go to down to South Carolina,” Hud told everybody.

It was a somber mood in the cottage as everybody was truly fond of Uncle Melvin.

“Let’s get the car packed now so we can leave as soon as the sun rises,” Hud added.

Everybody headed off to the bedroom down the hallway.

Then in the middle of the night under a full Moon, that Ford Tri-Motor airplane landed at the McGhee Tyson airport at Knoxville, Tennessee.

That Ford Tri-Motor airplane soon taxied over to the terminal.

The engines of the plane turned off.

An Abnerville Ford cop car drove up and parked near the Tri-Motor with Kurt as the driver.

“I’m Kurt Stone from the Abnerville police department,” he said the second Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson walked over to his cop car.

“Glad to meet you. I’m Special Agent Kelly this is Special Agent Handson and Special Agent Henderson,” Agent Kelly introduced his partners.

They got inside the Abnerville cop car then Kurt drove off down the flight line.

It was a quiet drive through the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina to Abnerville.

Kurt pulled into the Abnerville police station around 3:00 a.m.

When Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson arrived inside the police station with Kurt, Chief White immediately greeted them.

“Let’s get some coffee in us before we head out,” Chief White said.

Agent Kelly nodded in agreement as he was a little sleepy from the trip.

While they drank coffee and discussed their plans, they did not notice a car that drove down the street past the station.

After they had enough caffeine in their systems, Agents Kelly, Handson, Henderson, Chief White and Kurt took off in two cars. One was the town cop car the other was Chief White's personal Ford Model T.

Chief White drove his car with Agent Kelly in the passenger seat.

Officer Kurt drove Agents Handson and Henderson in the trailing cop car. Kurt was actually nervous, as this might be his first gun fight.

"How many officers do you have?" Agent Kelly asked Chief White while he made the drive up the windy road to the mountain.

"Just me and Kurt. We're a quiet and peaceful town. Not much crime happens here except for the occasional fights when guys get drunk," Chief White replied.

A little while later, the two cars arrived near the Pine View Lodgings. They parked their cars along the road by the woods.

They all got out of the cars.

Agents Kelly, Handson, Henderson, Chief White and Kurt cautiously walked through the woods.

They hid behind some trees near the edge of the woods where the property of the grass Pines View Lodgings started.

They all looked at the cottage Chief White told him they were staying.

“I don’t see the Hudson they’re known to be driving,” Agent Kelly said to Chief White.

“Maybe he parked it around behind the cottage. It was parked to the right side yesterday.”

“Maybe,” Agent Kelly said and started to believe this was another wasted trip. “Well, let’s see what we can find,” he said.

Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson stepped out of the woods with their Thompson machine guns in hand. Chief White and Kurt tagged along behind nervous with their 38 Specials in hand.

They cautiously walked through the grass and headed to that cottage.

Inside the cottage, Willie was the only one there. He stayed up all night drinking whiskey because of the news of Uncle Melvin being arrested in Mississippi. Hud and everybody else drove off into town to break into that gun shop Harold found earlier. They needed to stock up on .45 ACP bullets.

Willie lay in bed thinking about Uncle Melvin. Jack's Thompson machine gun was propped up against the wall under the bedroom window.

Then Willie started feeling sick. He jumped up out of bed and ran over to the bedroom window. He opened the window and stuck his head outside. He barfed into the grass down below. Then something caught his eye when he was finished barfing. He saw the figures of five armed men in the grass in the Moonlight about thirty feet from that cottage.

He quickly reached down and grabbed his Thompson machine gun. He started firing at the figures. "You took my uncle, you fucking bastards!" Willie yelled while he fired his Thompson out the window.

Agent Kelly, Handson and Henderson immediately started firing their Thompson machine guns back at the cottage.

Kurt looked and saw Chief White face down in the grass. He knew he had been shot. Kurt froze then some of the bullets from Willie's machine gun hit him in his right thigh. He dropped to the grass in pain and never fired a shot.

While Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson ran off in different directions while they fired their machine guns at the cottage.

Kurt scooted over to Chief White.

He immediately rolled him over on his back and saw the Chief's blank stare. His eyes welled up knowing he was dead.

Then Willie's Thompson jammed. He tried to fix it.

Meanwhile, down in Abnerville, Hud, Ester, Jack and Harold were standing outside the gun shop after stealing six boxes of bullets.

They stood by the Hudson and could hear the faint sound of machine gun fire from the mountain. Then the sound of machine gun fire stopped.

Hud glanced down the street and saw that the cop car and the other car that was out in front of the police station were now gone. They were parked out front then they drove past the station to break into the gun shop. Hud knew Willie was in trouble.

They all hopped inside the Hudson with Hud behind the wheel, Ester in the passenger seat, and Harold and Jack in the rear seat.

Hud drove the Hudson off down the street.

A little while later, Hud drove out of Abnerville in the opposite direction for the way back to the cottage.

"Aren't we going back for Willie?" Jack asked and looked concerned.

“Could be dangerous. We’ll stop off at the nearby town and try to find out what happened,” Hud replied.

“We can’t leave him behind!” Jack yelled and was pissed.

“Listen! We can’t go up there and risk the rest of us getting shot or captured. I would expect you to do the same to me. Enough of this shit!” Hud yelled back and he was more pissed that Willie might have been arrested or killed.

Ester and Harold kept quiet while the air in the car was tense between Hud and Jack.

“Where we going?” Ester asked Hud as she sensed he was heading north.

“West Virginia,” Hud replied.

It was a quiet ride out of Abnerville.

A couple of hours passed and Agents Kelly, Handson and Henderson searched all the other cottages for signs of the rest of The Hudsters.

They came up empty handed.

“I guess they caught wind of the shooting and headed out of town,” Agent Handson said to Agent Kelly while the headed back to the cottage.

Back at that cottage, a photographer for the Abnerville News snapped a picture of Willie’s dead bullet riddled bloody body on the floor of the cottage bedroom floor.

Outside the cottage, Wilbur was almost in tears when he saw his bullet riddled cottage building. "I hope the Bureau of Investigation pays to repair my cottage?" he yelled the second he saw Agent Kelly walk out of the cottage with his two partners.

Agent Kelly ignored Wilbur while the three Bureau of Investigation Agents walked away to a waiting Ford Model A sedan. The driver was going to drive them back to the Knoxville airport so they can fly back to Springfield.

Two days had passed and Hud, Ester, Jack and Harold hid out in a small town in West Virginia called Fay.

They also finally saw the newspaper article where Willie Gates was shot and killed during that gun fight at the Pine View Lodgings with the Bureau of Investigation and Abnerville police department.

Then July 23rd, 1934 rolled around.

The Hudsters left West Virginia and stopped off for gas at a gas station in Burrows, Virginia.

"Did you hear the news?" the young teenage gas station attendant asked Ester while she sat behind the wheel of the Hudson.

"What news?"

“John Dillinger was shot and killed yesterday in Chicago by the Bureau of Investigation,” the kid said and looked like he enjoyed telling that piece of news.

“About time Melvin Purvis got Dillinger,” Ester replied to pretend she hated criminals.

After Ester gave the kid a buck for the gas, she drove away down the street.

When Ester got a quarter of a mile down the street, she stopped by a clump of trees.

Hud, Jack and Harold walked out from hiding behind the trees and got back inside the car.

“I heard John Dillinger was killed by the Bureau of Investigation in Chicago yesterday,” she told Hud the second he sat in the passenger seat and closed the door.

It was quiet in the Hudson while Ester drove off down the road.

Hud started to finally get nervous and tried to figure out a way to live the rest of his life above the green grass of this Earth in freedom.

Hud and the gang moved to northern Georgia and hid out in a cabin in September.

The rest of The Hudsters spent August and September criss-crossing the southeast. They camped out in the woods, stole food from farms or groceries and lived like gypsies. This life was

unbearable so Hud came up with a plan. He and Ester would find a separate hide out in a different state from Jack and Harold's hide out. They would meet in Cincinnati on October 13th, 1934. Hud stated he could get fake identifications so they could live in Canada.

So Hud and Ester headed off in a different direction than Jack and Harold.

Chapter 19

During the early morning of October 9th, 1934, a Ford Tri-Motor airplane landed at the Little Rock, Arkansas airport.

After the Tri-Motor parked on the flight line, two Little Rock cop cars drove over and parked near the plane.

The door to the Tri-Motor opened and Bureau of Investigations Agents Kelly, Handson, and Henderson got out of the plane with suitcases. With them was newbie Agent Kenny Williams who had just turned twenty-three two days ago.

Then four Bureau of Investigations Agents rushed over to the waiting two cop cars and got inside them.

The two cop cars drove off and headed to the Little Rock Police Station for a little meeting.

It was in the middle of the night. The night sky was clear and the full Moon was out across the Woodland, Arkansas countryside.

Bureau of Investigation Agents Kelly, Williams, Austin, and Henderson and a posse of eight Woodland cops raced in a convoy of three Fords headed south on Route 14. The Woodland police had a tip from an anonymous woman caller that Hud Hudson and Ester were hiding out in a farm house outside town.

The three cars slowed down then pulled over to the left side of the road.

Agents Kelly and Williams got out of their car with the three other Bureau of Investigation Agents.

Agent Kelly eyed a dirt driveway fifty feet up ahead.

The eight Woodland cops got out of the other cars. They walked over to Agent Kelly.

“We’ll head to the farm house through that clump of woods over there. Again, only Hud Hudson and Ester Walker are supposed to be in that house,” Agent Kelly told everybody.

They all looked and saw that clump of woods to the right of the dirt driveway.

“At the end of those woods is the front yard to the house. We have the element of surprise on our side. But if he fires, don’t hesitate to kill Hud or Ester,” Agent Kelly added and looked serious.

Everybody nodded that they understood.

Agent Williams looked scared and Agent Kelly noticed.

“Don’t worry. I was scared during my first one. You’ll be okay,” Agent Kelly said then patted Agent Williams on his shoulder.

“I’m okay,” Agent Williams said but he still trembled inside.

“Let’s move out,” Agent Kelly quietly told everybody.

Agent Kelly led the way and walked toward the dirt driveway.

After they rushed past the dirt driveway where the farm house was visible, they headed into the patch of woods.

They immediately hid behind some trees.

Agent Kelly motioned for everybody to stay put and quiet.

They all did.

Agent Kelly peeked around his tree and could see the farm house through the trees. He saw that the light was on in the living room and saw the shadow of someone inside. He motioned for everybody to move out to the farm house.

Everybody cautiously moved through the woods and headed to the front yard of the farm house.

An occasional sound of someone stepping on a small tree branch was heard. But it was not loud enough to worry about Hud or Ester detecting their movement.

Then the sound of a Thompson machine gun shot out from inside the farm house. The Bureau of Investigation Agents and cops froze in their steps. Then more machine gun fire and bullets pelted the trees causing the Agents and police officer to duck down and hid behind trees.

“You’ll never catch me alive Special Agent Kelly. Never!” Hud Hudson yelled out the

living room window then fired more from his Colt 45 and then fired the Thompson machine gun.

“How the fuck did they know we were coming?” Agent Kelly quietly said and looked pissed.

Bullets sprayed the trees and chips of wood flew everywhere.

One of the Woodland police officer dropped to the dirt dead.

Agent Kelly and the others crouched behind trees and fired bullets back at the farm house.

Agent Williams peed his pants and was embarrassed.

Then it was quiet for a few minutes.

The Agents and cops started their cautious slow trek through the front yard and headed to the farm house.

But tragedy struck and the house exploded due to a propane gas leak.

Agent Kelly and the others ducked down while flaming pieces of the house flew at them. They were lucky the pieces missed them but they could feel the intense heat.

It took hours of waiting, but the Bureau of Investigation and the police finally found the badly burnt bodies of Hud and Ester.

Even though the two bodies were burnt beyond recognition, they concluded they had

Hud when they found his beloved Colt 45 pistol near his body and noticed a large nose. Ester had her beloved Thompson machine gun near her body.

One of the Woodland cops searched the inside of Hud's Hudson that was parked around the back a good distance from the house. It survived the explosion.

During the search of the car, the cop found a black and white photo of Hud, Ester, Harold, Jack and Willie sitting around a table with a turkey dinner in the glove box. He also found the receipt for the Hudson made out to Ester Walker from the Wooten Hudson dealership in St. Louis.

And then that same officer found some other interesting items. He found road maps for Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois tucked under the front seat. On each of these maps was a penciled "X" that showed all the cities where they robbed banks or jewelry stores.

Then in the back seat, that officer found two glasses on the rear seat of the Hudson.

A photographer for the Arkansas Democrat newspaper snapped a picture of the burnt farm house for the newspaper.

Later the Bureau of Investigation lab later checked out those glasses and found fingerprints belonging to Hud and Ester. So the Bureau of Investigation used those fingerprints, the guns, the car registration in Ester's name, and the photo of The Hudsters with the turkey to confirm the pair of public enemies were finally dead.

So the vast majority of the newspaper headlines all across the nation had similar headlines that read something like "Hud Hudson and Ester Walker Burned to Death from Fiery House Explosion." The article also included that Arkansas Democrat picture of the burnt farm house where Hud and Ester reportedly were killed.

Back at the Bellwood Police Station, Chief Ronnie Pettine had his morning paper folded while he sat down at his desk with his first cup of coffee.

He took a sip of coffee while he opened up the paper. His eyes widened the second he saw the "Hud Hudson and Ester Walker Killed in House Explosion" headline above a black and white photo of the charred farm house in Woodland, Arkansas.

His desk phone rang. He continued to stare at the headlines and photo. His phone continued to ring. He picked up the receiver.

“Chief Pettine,” he answered into the phone.

“Chief. Did you see that Henry Hudson was killed?” Mildred replied from the phone.

“Yes Mildred. I did.”

“What a horrible way to go,” she replied.

“Yes Mildred. Now, I have to return to my police work,” Ronnie said then he hung up his phone.

Ronnie got a smile while he stared at the photo and headlines. “Well Henry, I hope you burned in excruciating pain for a while. You fucking bastard,” he said then took another drink of his coffee. He started to read the article about the incident over in Woodland.

Over in that abandoned farm house in Winston, Tennessee, Harold and Jack sat around the living room drinking whiskey.

They listened to a radio that they stole from a rich guy’s house in Winston last night.

The news came on the station.

“We have breaking news. It was just confirmed by the Bureau of Investigation that famed members of The Hudsters gang were killed,” the radio commentator said from the radio.

Jack and Harold looked at each other and looked worried.

“The Bureau of Investigation claim that Hudson and his partner Ester Walker were killed

when a farm house they were hiding out in Woodland, Arkansas exploded,” the radio commentator said from the radio.

“Fuck!” Jack said while stared in disbelief at the radio.

“Bureau of Investigation Special Agent Rick Kelly stated that the farm house suddenly exploded while he was about to raid the house to arrest Hud and Ester. The explosion was believed to come from a propane leak,” the radio commentator added.

Harold turned off the radio and looked worried at Jack.

Harold and Jack started pacing back and forth and looked scared for the first time they started their life of crimes.

“We need to get the hell away from this neck of the woods,” Jack told Harold.

Harold nodded in agreement.

Later that night, Jack stole another Buick for Harold.

Then before the sun rose that morning, Jack and Harold drove off in separate stolen Buick’s in different directions.

Harold headed off to Arizona while Jack headed off to the mountains of Montana.

March 1935 rolled around.

Over in Cincinnati, Ohio, Bruno Lorenzo sat behind a desk where there were two forged drivers' licenses for the State of Ohio in front of him.

His Uncle Alfonzo, seventy-five years old and bald, worked on some other forged documents at his desk across the room.

His desk phone rang. "Bruno," he answered the phone.

Bruno listened to the caller and his eyes lit up with a little joy.

"It's so good to hear from you," Bruno said into his phone then listened to the caller.

"Of course I can help you. Come on by the office at four four sixteen west Fifth Street," Bruno said into the phone then listened to the caller.

"That sounds reasonable. I'll see you in a few days," Bruno said then hung up the phone.

"Well I'll be," he said then picked up the two drivers' licenses and stood up.

"I'm done with these Uncle Alfonzo," Bruno said while he walked over to his uncle's desk.

"Who was on the phone?" Uncle Alfonzo asked while Bruno walked over to him.

"An old trusted friend that needs our work. In fact, he might be a regular customer," Bruno

said then handed his uncle the two drivers' licenses.

Uncle Alfonzo looked at the licenses. "You're doing great. I'll make a successful forger out of you in no time," he said.

Bruno strutted back to his desk looking proud.

Another year had passed and it was 1936.

Harold had managed to successfully stay in Arizona under the assumed name of Robert Moore. He found a job as a ranch hand and hated the manual labor but knew he did not have a choice.

Up in the mountains of northwestern Montana, Jack found a cabin to live and used the assumed name of Bucky Adams.

Then in July 1938, Harold got drunk one night at a bar in Phoenix after he got fired from his ranch hand job. While he was drunk, he bragged about his adventures with Hud Hudson. Some of the fellow drunks thought he was full of it, but an off duty police officer, named Bruce Noone at the other end of the bar thought this might be true.

He really thought it might be true when he noticed that Harold walked with a limp with his left leg.

So later that night, Bruce tailed Harold out of the bar and to the sleazy apartment building where Harold lived.

The following morning, Harold stepped out from his apartment and planned to find another job. He walked down the sidewalk with his left leg limp.

“Hello Harold Pyle of The Hudsters,” Bruce called out from behind Harold.

Harold turned around. “Hello there,” he said not thinking then his eyes widened the second he saw Bruce in his cop uniform. He whipped out his Colt 45 from under his suit coat.

But Bruce was faster and fired his 38 Special and put a bullet straight through Harold’s heart.

Harold hit the sidewalk dead.

The news of Harold Pyle’s death hit the newspapers all across the nation.

But since Jack was recluse up in the mountains of Montana, he did not hear the news.

But Cindy read the newspaper article about Harold in Bellwood, Missouri. She cried all night.

The years passed and it was now 1941.

Jack still managed to survive in his mountain cabin in Montana.

But now he was getting bored and restless and his money was almost gone.

So Jack headed out of the mountains and went into the nearby town of Stagecoach. His plans were to steal a car then head off to Denver to rob a bank. He was in desperate need to increase his savings.

Jack successfully managed to steal a 1935 Ford sedan.

He then drove out of the town of Stagecoach then headed off to Colorado.

He eventually arrived in Denver a few days later, and found the First National Bank of Denver.

After a day of staking it out, Jack rushed into the bank with his old Thompson machine gun.

“This is a hold up!” he yelled then fired his Thompson spraying the ceiling with bullets.

The tellers and customers froze in fear while Jack strutted up to one of the tellers.

Another teller discreetly pressed the alarm button on the floor with his shoe.

Jack handed one of the tellers a paper bag. “Give me all your money,” he said while he kept his Thompson aimed at everybody nearby him.

After the teller shoved in as much cash as he could, he handed Jack the bag.

Jack took the bag and ran to the front doors of the bank. He ran outside the bank.

Once Jack got outside, he saw eight Denver cops waiting for him with pistols and their own Thompson's ready.

Jack pressed the trigger of his Thompson machine gun. It jammed. Jack pressed the trigger numerous times. It was still jammed. He dropped the Thompson to the ground and held his arms with the bag of loot in the air.

"You finally got me," Jack told the two cops that cautiously walked over with their revolvers drawn and ready to fire.

"I'm the famous Jack Jenner from The Hudsters," said Jack while the one officer handcuffed his arms behind his back.

"Sure you are," the officer said not believing Jack.

But two days later, the Denver police confirmed that they arrested Jack Jenner of The Hudsters gang.

Jack was soon convicted of robbery and murder in the Federal Court in Denver. The judge sentenced Jack to die in the electric chair.

While Jack was in prison, he was a celebrity amongst the other inmates.

During one day in February 1942, while on death row, Jack stood at his cell bars to get a glimpse of the only world he could see – other jail cell bars.

Then an inmate next to Jack asked him a few questions from behind his cell bars.

“What was it like to be a member of The Hudsters,” the inmate asked Jack.

“Actually we had a blast. We robbed hard and then we partied hard,” Jack said then paused while he reflected for a moment. “I remember the first time we went to Springfield to fence our first jewelry heist, Hud, Ester and I got drunk. Hud and I took turns fucking her. Then Ester wanted me to take a picture of Hud and Ester naked in the bed,” he said.

“Did you?” the inmate asked.

“Of course I did. Don’t know what happened to that photo since Hud and Ester died back in thirty four. That Bureau of Investigations Agent Kelly must have it and had been beating off to it,” said Jack with a smirk.

“Some people believe they’re still alive,” the inmate said.

Jack thought about his comment for a few seconds. “Naw, they burned to death in that explosion. If they were alive, Hud would have

contacted me years ago,” he said and believed that to be true.

Jack went back to his bunk to take a nap.

During the next day, the story about that naked picture of Hud and Ester circulated throughout the prison. Some of the guards even asked Jack about what they heard. Jack confirmed that that story they heard was accurate.

Some of the tabloids picked up on this story in a few years. Many wondered who might be in possession of that photo.

Two months later on April 8th, 1942, Jack Jenner was strapped in the electric chair.

He showed no remorse or fear just before he was electrocuted.

That was the reported end of The Hudsters gang for the history books. And the Bureau of Investigation estimated that the total loot from all The Hudsters jobs was over \$200,000.

But then in November 10th, 1958 over in Pikeville, Illinois, retired eighty-one year-old physician Albert Harvey was in his bed in his bedroom.

Albert was frail and weak and dying of lung cancer and he knew it was a matter of time before his life on this Earth would be over.

His nurse Elizabeth Watson that he hired to care for him three months ago entered the room with a fresh glass of water and some pills for the pain.

“How you feeling today Doctor Harvey?” she asked while she placed the glass of water by his bedside table.

Albert looked up at Elizabeth. “I know I don’t have long, so there’s something I need to confess,” he told her in a low and weak voice and looked sincere.

“What’s that?” Elizabeth asked and pulled up a chair and sat by the side of his bed.

“There’s something I did back in January nineteen thirty-five that I need to confess. Something that I feel really guilty about,” Albert said in a low voice.

Elizabeth listened while Albert made his deathbed confession.

After he confessed, Dr. Harvey closed his eyes and took his last breath on this Earth.

Ten minutes later, the Pikeville police arrived in response to the call Elizabeth made about Albert dying.

Elizabeth told the two police officers what Dr. Harvey confessed before he died.

“Sounds like one of those conspiracy theories to me,” one of the officers told Elizabeth.

“Yeah, maybe he was delusional,” the other officer added.

The next day, Elizabeth was still bothered by what Dr. Harvey so she drove to Springfield.

Once she got into town, she went to the Illinois State Register newspaper office. She told reporter Kevin Lowe what Dr. Harvey confessed.

He printed an article about his confession but it was perceived as tabloid and did not raise any concerns. The majority of the people across the country still believed Hud Hudson and Ester Walked died in that farm house explosion in 1934.

Then in November 12th 1958 over in St. Louis, sixty-five-year-old Agnes Moore drank her morning coffee in her night gown.

She was doing her usual routine of reading the morning newspaper before heading off to the hospital to start her nursing shift. Then her eyes widened in a little shock when she read a small article buried in the middle of the newspaper. She looked worried to death.

“Oh dear. What am I going to do?” she asked herself while she stared at the article.

She got up and rushed out of the kitchen and got dressed in her nursing uniform.

On her way to the hospital, Agnes stopped off at a real estate office. She went inside to get an agent to sell her house.

After she left the real estate office, Agnes reported to work at the hospital. She immediately went into her supervisor's office to inform her boss that she's planning to quit and retire in two weeks.

Then on July 14th, 1958, Agnes Moore moved to a home another on Montvale Street in Gibsland, Illinois. For some unknown reason, she was paranoid and became a recluse in her retired life. She would spend her days spying on her neighbors every move from the windows of her house.

But after Dr. Harvey's deathbed confession, conspiracy theories started across the country. Many people believed that Hud and Ester framed their deaths, and they escaped capture and lived for years.

For over ten years, people would call their local police departments claiming that Hud Hudson was their neighbors. The police would check out these suspicions and could not find Hud Hudson in their towns.

So nobody could prove that the two public enemies were still alive after that farm house explosion. History remained as it was documented that Hud Hudson and Ester Walker died in that farm house explosion.

But that did not stop the conspiracy theorist that started to make a living stating otherwise.

On July 9th, 1969 Ronnie Pettine finally retired as Police Chief of the Bellwood Police Station. He was sixty years old and he wanted to enjoy life a little before his health deteriorated.

He saved his money and bought a brand new red Cadillac. He was proud of his car and washed it every week.

Then on the morning of August 9th, 1969, he walked out of his house in his suit ready for church.

He walked over to his Cadillac parked in the driveway. His eyes widened in shock when he saw that all the tires of his car were slashed on the passenger side of the car.

He walked around to the driver's side and saw those tires were also slashed. Then he wanted to scream the second he saw that the driver's side had numerous scratches from the front all the way to the rear of the car.

He recalled his dog barking late last night, but he thought nothing of it at that moment.

Ronnie was pissed and figured that some of the local thugs of Bellwood were paying him back for being such a hard-ass with them.

He went back into his house with clinched fists.

Meanwhile, a pristine 1953 green with green interior Hudson Hornet drove on the highway east of Bellwood.

My Public Enemy Neighbor (Hudson) Story

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to events or places or cities or public enemies or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

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Chapter 20

Forty-four years had passed since Hud Hudson and Ester Walker were reported to have died in that farm house explosion in Woodland, Arkansas.

After that explosion, people would come to the farm house and steal pieces of the burnt wood to keep as souvenirs. Because of that, the burnt farm house was bulldozed in the spring of 1935. Another house was constructed with “No Trespassing” signs all around the property’s fence.

That house was demolished in 1969 and a Sears store was constructed. But the town of Woodland did install a historical marker at the beginning of the Sears parking lot. This marker stated that this was the location of the fiery deaths of public enemies Hud Hudson and Ester Walker on October 9, 1934. This actually attracted many tourists to that Sears. Some tourists hoped to find Hud Hudson actually shopping in that store. Other tourists had hoped to see the ghosts of Hud or Ester in Sears. None of those hopes panned out over the years.

It was now 1978 in Gibsland, Illinois.

The town of Gibsland was situated a little north of Interstate 64 and about forty miles southeast of St. Louis.

It was now Saturday evening in Gibsland and most of the residents were on their way home from their hard day on the job.

Situated in Gibsland, was a quaint neighborhood called "Countryside Estates." In this neighborhood, all garages are situated on the right side of the homes. And all the homes were basically the same style with some variations. Since the neighborhood was only three years old, most of the trees that were planted were still short. But the Architects renderings had large shades trees for that countryside effect.

On his way home from his job was forty-year-old James Randall. He drove his maroon 1968 four-door Chevrolet Impala down Montvale Street of Countryside Estates.

James kept his black hair styled and parted down the middle. He had worked as a security guard at the Gibsland Mall for the past two years now. The Gibsland Mall was located off Harrison Avenue in the western section of town.

James retired from the Air Force two years ago at the rank of Master Sergeant. He spent his entire Air Force career in the administrative field working orderly rooms and post offices.

He met his wife Cindy when he went to technical school at Keesler AFB, Mississippi back in 1956 one night at a bar in Biloxi. It was love at first sight. They got permission from the base commander to be married two months later.

So since he was in the Air Force, he did not mind wearing the mall security guard uniform that consisted of blue pants, white shirt with his security companies patch on his right sleeve and a silver badge. This was not the second career choice James wanted, as he really wanted to pursue his dreams of becoming a famous author of crime novels.

While James drove down Montvale Street, the song *We Will Rock You* by Queen played on the radio.

“We will we will rock you,” James sang along with the song but was way off key.

He hummed along with the song while he turned his Impala right into his driveway and parked next to his wife’s red 1976 Chevrolet Monza.

James got out of this car and glanced the “Abby’s Real Estate Office For Rent” sign in the front yard to the house next store to his left.

He missed hanging out with his old neighbors Sally and William. But William got a sweet job with Rockwell International down at the Kennedy Space Center, Florida. He was going to work on the Space Shuttle program that was starting to kick into action. William wanted to keep his house in case the job down in Florida did not pan out, so he went through a local real estate office to rent out his home.

While he glanced over at Williams house, James noticed Agnes Moore, the eighty-four-year-old neighbor that lived across the street from Williams house.

Agnes was still paranoid and continued to spy on every movement outside her home. All the neighbors thought she was just a strange old woman with nothing to do but spy on them to fulfill her day. So they ignored her and she would often be the brunt of jokes.

James shrugged off Agnes's spying and headed off to his front door.

James entered through his front door into the living room.

"I'm home," he called out while he closed the door

"I'm in the kitchen," Cindy replied.

James walked through the living room and headed into the kitchen.

Cindy Randall was forty years old with short brown hair and petite in size. She worked as a Dental Assistant in at a local Dentists office.

Just like her husband, Cindy also retired from the Air Force with the rank of Master Sergeant. She spent her entire career in the Air Force as a dental assistant.

James and Cindy decided to forgo having children since their military careers had them traveling all around the world.

James was originally from Kansas while Cindy was from Gibsland. After they retired, they decided to settle here since James's parents passed away a couple of years ago. Cindy had a brother named Marvin that leaved in Gibsland, but her mother moved away to Evansville, Indiana to live near her sister.

In the kitchen, Cindy prepared a tossed salad in a bowl on the counter when James entered.

James walked up and gave Cindy a kiss on her cheek.

"Hey baby, did you catch any mall shoplifters today?" she asked.

"No. All the customers were well behaved. Did you pull any teeth today?"

"Four cavities and a root canal. Now don't get involved with your manuscript, dinner will be ready in a few minutes. So go wash up," she said then picked up the salad bowl and headed off into the dining room.

"Yes dear," James replied in his obedient tone while he headed out of the kitchen.

After a nice quiet dinner, James and Cindy did their usual routine and spent the rest of evening watching TV in the living room.

There was a museum located five miles south of Joliet, Illinois. It was called Golden

Age of Bank Robbers Museum. This museum had memorabilia from all the famous bank robbers of the 1930s like Bonnie and Clyde, John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd and The Hudsters.

In that museum, was seventy-year-old Bernard Sanders from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Bernard had short thinning white hair, dark brown eyes that almost looked black, an average size nose, and white goatee

Bernard walked around the museum looking at all the history from those famous bank robbers.

Then Bernard stopped at The Hudsters displays.

He saw a 1932 Hudson. It was a Brougham burgundy Major 8 four-door sedan with wire rim wheels roped off with red velvet rope and brass poles.

Bernard glanced at the "Hudson That Belonged to Henry "Hud" Hudson" title on a display board.

Then he glanced at the display board.

"This 1932 Brougham burgundy Major 8 Hudson belonged to Hud Hudson but was registered to Ester Walker. This Hudson was at that farm house in Woodland, Arkansas when it exploded killing Hud Hudson and Ester Walker.

The car remained damage free from the explosion,” read the display board.

Then Bernard saw a copy of the sales receipt from Wooten Hudson in St. Louis that showed that car being sold to Ester Walker on November 22nd, 1932. He stared at that sales receipt for a few seconds then walked away.

Bernard walked around the Hudson checking it out and showed no emotion. Just his typical stone cold expression.

A young couple was by the front of the Hudson checking it out.

“I read that Ester would have sex with all The Hudsters while they were on the run,” the man told the woman.

“I guess they did have sluts back in the thirties,” the woman replied.

Bernard heard the couple and walked away.

He walked over to a wall that had numerous The Hudsters displays.

He saw large copies of mug shots for Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie.

The board also included the dates and locations of the banks and jewelry stores The Hudsters robbed.

Bernard showed a hint of a smile when he saw that list. “They didn’t know about one,” he muttered to himself.

Then he saw a copy of the receipt for the Peabody Motel of Union Park, Indiana. It was

dated April 6, 1933 and signed by Candace Lane. The caption under it read "Alias Used By Ester Walker for The Hudsters Hideout."

Then he saw the newspaper pictures of Hud, Harold and Willie when they ran out of a bank from robbing it.

Then Bernard saw the picture of Hud, Ester, Harold, Jack and Willie sitting around the table with a turkey dinner.

Then he saw the picture of The Hudsters, Ester, and farmer Jesse on his front porch in Union Park, Indiana. The caption "Taken My Concerned Citizen on December 4th, 1933.

Bernard looked a little surprised by that photo. "What the fuck?" he quietly muttered to himself as this was the first time he saw that photo.

Then Bernard saw the photo of Hud, Ester, Harold, Jack, Willie and Uncle Melvin standing outside the bank in Tupelo. The caption read "The Hudsters Visit Bank Robbed By Machine Gun Kelly in Tupelo, Mississippi."

"That fucking figures," he said.

Then Bernard saw road maps of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio on the wall. On these maps was an "X" over various cities. Below was the "Maps Used By Hud Hudson to Mark His Heists" caption.

Bernard then saw a larger copy of the newspaper photo of the burnt farm house in

Woodland, Arkansas. Below it was the “The Final End for Hud Hudson and Ester Walker” caption.

Then Bernard took one quick glance at the car and display board then he walked away and headed out of the museum.

Outside the museum, Bernard walked over to a parked pristine 1953 green with green interior Hudson Hornet.

He got inside the Hornet, started it up and drove out of the museum parking lot.

Bernard drove his Hudson away and headed east.

Back in Gibsland, it was now 8:00 p.m., and James relaxed on one end of the couch with his feet propped up on the coffee table. His eyes were focused on the NOVA station that just started a documentary.

Cindy sat at the other end the couch and she was engrossed in her book, *Beauty* by Robin McKinley and could care less about the documentary.

The Nova Commentator Edward Fuller was visible on the TV screen.

“I’m Edward Fuller, and welcome to tonight’s NOVA’s “Is Hud Hudson, Dead or Alive?” Documentary,” Edward told the TV viewers.

James removed his feet off the coffee table and sat up with eyes glued to the TV.

Cindy had her eyes glued to her book.

“Public enemy Henry "Hud" Hudson was born on March twentieth in nineteen oh eight in Booneville Missouri to the parents of Calvin and Martha Hudson,” Edward said while a baby picture of Henry with Calvin and Martha appeared on the screen behind him.

“Did you know that Hud Hudson used a potato sack when he robbed banks?” James told Cindy.

Cindy looked more interested in her book than James comment. “That's nice dear,” she said then turned a page in her book.

“I believe I read where his old family house was burned down in fifty-one. Some people believe it was an arsonist,” he added with interest.

“That's nice dear,” Cindy replied while she read her book.

Some time passed and the documentary continued.

“After his father died in World War One young Henry started hanging out with another tough kid named Frank Peabody. Henry and Frank would go around Booneville committing petty crimes and never got caught. His mother Martha was too busy working at the local diner

to watch over Henry. But then Martha was diagnosed with cancer,” said Edward.

James still sat on the edge of his seat still engrossed into the show.

“But Hud’s luck finally changed when he got caught stealing a Ford pickup truck from a farmer. Hud was arrested by Booneville police officer Ronnie Pettine who was an old school mate that hated Henry. Hud was sentenced to five years in prison,” said Edward.

On the TV, James saw the mug shot of Hud that showed his trademark large nose.

A commercial for Dr. Pepper started on the TV.

James took this as an opportunity. He got up off the couch and rushed down the hallway to use the bathroom.

Cindy stayed behind and continued to read her book.

Some time had passed and the documentary continued.

James sat on the edge of his seat on the couch while he watched the show.

“It was now nineteen thirty-two and Hud’s gang consisted of Jack Jenner, Harold Pyle, his old prison buddy, and Willie Gates. They started robbing banks in Missouri netting over nine thousand dollars in loot that year,” said Edward.

Cindy was not in the living room and the sound of water running from the sink was heard from the kitchen.

“To celebrate, the gang decided to party in December in St. Louis. While there, Hud frequented sexy prostitute Ester Walker. They hit it off and she later decided to join Hud, Jack, Willie, and Harold for their crime spree for the next couple of years. The story goes that she joined Hud because she was tired of her pimp beating and raping her and the other prostitutes. The story was also told that Hud beat the crap out of the pimp once he learned about the beatings and rape,” said Edward.

An earlier mug shot of Ester Walker that showed her double chin appeared on the TV screen behind Edward.

A commercial for Mounds Almond Joy started and James rushed out of the living room and headed into the kitchen.

Some more time passed and the documentary continued.

James continued to watch the show while he ate chocolate ice cream straight from the carton.

Cindy sipped her hot tea while she continued to read her book.

“And Hud’s last murder occurred on April seventeenth, in Gibsland Illinois when Hud killed a policeman. That poor soul would be

forty-year-old Homer Randall during a bank robbery in Gibsland, Illinois,” Edward said.

“They mentioned grandpa being killed by Hud Hudson here in Gibsland. Bastard,” James told Cindy then he reflected on that for a second “Did you know that grandpa was my age when he was killed,” he added.

Cindy yawned as reading her book was starting to make her sleepy. “That’s nice dear,” she said and it started to sound like she was on autopilot with her responses. She placed her book on the coffee table and eyed the TV. She yawned and looked tired.

Some more time passed and the documentary was winding to a close.

Cindy fought to keep her eyes open while she watched the TV

James munched on some Lay’s potato chips while he sat on the edge of his seat with eyes fixed on the TV.

“Then seven years after that fatal explosion that claimed the lives of Hud and Ester, fellow gang member Jack Jenner sat in prison. He apparently told a fellow cellmate that Hud Hudson buried his shares from the jewelry heists for future cash. These exact locations are unknown to the authorities and Jack Jenner. So that information was buried along with Hud Hudson,” said Edward.

“Now that's a piece of information I did not know,” James told Cindy.

“That’s nice dear,” Cindy replied during a large yawn and could care less.

A commercial for Kenner Hardy Boys Action Figures started on the TV.

James took this opportunity, got up from the couch and rushed into the kitchen.

Cindy sat behind on the couch. She placed her feet up on the coffee table and her eyes started to droop.

Some more time passed and the documentary was on its final chapter.

James was still engrossed in the documentary while he sipped on a can of Budweiser beer.

Cindy was sound asleep on the couch with her feet still propped up on the coffee table.

“And then in nineteen fifty-eight, eighty-one year-old retired physician named Albert Harvey, made a death bed confession. He claimed that he gave Hud Hudson a nose reduction, and reworked Edith Walker's chin to get rid of her double chin in early January nineteen thirty-five. He stated that Hud paid him thirty thousand dollars in cash. The police did not believe Doctor Harvey and never pursued his claim. So for years, many people have wondered, Is Hud

Hudson and Ester Walker Dead or Alive?"
Edward said smiled.

"Wow. Maybe he really faked his death and went into hiding? Maybe he's still alive today. What do you think Cindy?" James said while he glanced over at Cindy. He saw she was sound asleep on the other end of the couch.

"And that concludes tonight's documentary, "Is Hud Hudson, Dead or Alive?" Thank you for watching," Edward said then gave the TV audience a warm smile while the ending credits started on the TV with old known photos of Hud and The Hudsters.

James got up off the couch, walked over and turned off the TV.

He walked back over to the couch, and tugged on Cindy's left big toe. "Let's go to bed, Cindy."

Cindy's eyes opened and she yawned.

James got up from the couch and assisted Cindy up to her feet.

He escorted her out of the living room and they headed down the hallway and went to bed.

Chapter 22

Sunday came and went and then it was another uneventful Monday morning in Gibsland.

Over at the Gibsland Mall, James was on the job monitoring the lower and upper concourse of the mall. He enjoyed this part of his job, as he felt that walking the concourses was his exercise routine.

James walked the upper concourse and saw the entrance to the Ton's of Books Store.

He walked around the store checking out all the books.

He found the Crime aisle and started checking out those books.

James walked up one aisle and checked out the books on crimes. Nothing was of interest.

He walked down the other side and started checking out the books.

He made it halfway down the aisle when a book on the upper shelf caught his eye. He reached up and removed the book. It was "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" By Peter Diesel that had a copy of Hud's old mug shot on the cover.

James eyes lit up when he saw the old mug shot of Henry "Hud" Hudson on the cover. "This is a new one," he said then walked off down the aisle.

James looked excited about reading this book while he waited in line behind four other customers for the next available cashier.

Lunchtime rolled around and James sat in the security office's break room eating MacDonald's hamburger while he started reading his new Hud Hudson book.

Way over in Cincinnati, Ohio, that green 1953 Hudson Hornet, pulled into the weed-infested parking lot of a deserted plastics factory.

The Hudson parked in the middle of the lot and with its engine idling.

Behind the wheel was Bernard Sanders. He wore 1950s styled horn rimmed glasses and had a Camel cigarette that dangled out of his mouth. Next to him on the seat was an old faded black lock box that kept memories of his past. The key was still in the lock.

Bernard rolled down his window and scanned the parking lot while he smoked his Camel. He coughed up some phlegm and blew it out his opened window.

Then his eyes widen a little with a smile when he saw a red 1977 Cadillac Eldorado pull into the parking.

The Eldorado drove through the lot and headed toward Bernard's Hudson.

The Eldorado stopped next to the Hudson's right side.

The driver's door of the Eldorado opened and eighty-year-old Bruno Lorenzo stepped out.

Bruno was now a fat Italian man with a horrible cheap black toupee on the top of his head. But the color of his toupee did not match the black dyed hair on the rest of his head. It was so obvious that Bruno wore a toupee, but he still thought he made him look like a swinging young man. He also wore thick flashy glasses to accent his swinging appearance and always had a Cuban cigar sticking out of his mouth.

Bruno opened the passenger door of the Hudson and sat inside with a vanilla envelope in hand. He closed the door.

Bernard and Bruno scanned the parking lot over and felt that the coast was clear.

"It's been a while," said Bruno in a thick raspy voice from years of inhaling cigar smoke.

"Yep. It has been."

"How ya been?" Bruno added.

"I've been better," Bernard replied and looked a little concerned.

Bernard glanced down at the envelope in Bruno's hand.

Bruno noticed Bernard eyeing the envelope. "This should meet your satisfaction. The accommodations aren't the greatest, but it's secluded. The keys and directions to the trailer

are also inside,” Bruno said while he handed Bernard the envelope.

“I’ve always been satisfied during the past forty-four years,” Bernard replied while he took the envelope.

“Good, as this is my last job. I’m now officially retired,” Bruno replied with a smile then puffed on his cigar.

Bernard opened the envelope and peeked inside. “So, what are your plans for a life of leisure?”

I’m moving to Miami. I got a place by the beach and plan to soak up the sun and really make my golden years golden.”

Bernard opened up his lock box, reached inside and removed a bundle of cash. He handed it over to Bruno.

Bruno looked at his cash in his hand with a grin and puffed on his cigar. He looked over at Bernard. “Aren’t you tired of running and hiding? It would get old for me.”

Bernard thought for a second then got a grin. “Not really. It’s been really nice seeing various parts of this world and America. But, this is my final one. I’m sorta retiring also,” Bernard said then coughed a little.

Bruno extended out his hand. “It was great doing business with you for the past forty-four years,” he said while he shook Bernard’s hand.

“Yep, enjoy the Florida sun.”

Bruno smiled then opened the passenger door and stepped outside. He glanced back inside the Hudson. "How's ole..." Bruno asked then paused for a second while his memory drew a blank. "Oh yeah, Wendy. How's Wendy doing?" he said when it dawned on him.

"She's doing great. She's living in Van Nuys, California at the moment."

"Give her my best the next time you see her."

"I will."

Bruno closed the passenger door and got back in his Eldorado leaving a trail of cigar smoke behind.

Bernard tossed the envelope into the lock box and closed it.

He watched while Bruno drove his Eldorado off through the parking lot.

Bernard made a U-turn with his Hudson and drove off in the opposite direction.

The sun dropped below the horizon and darkness fell upon Gibsland.

James and Cindy had a nice chicken dinner and chatted about their uneventful day at work.

But it was now time for their routine of watching TV for the evening.

Cindy watched "Welcome Back Kotter" on the TV while James was in the den.

The den was actually one of the three bedrooms of the house. This was James' playroom and Cindy had the other bedroom as her playroom.

Inside his den, James banged away on his crime story manuscript on an IBM electric typewriter at his desk. Near the typewriter were numerous index cards with notes on them about his story. The title for this novel was "The Gangster Killer" and James was halfway through his first draft.

Cindy walked into James' den with a cup of coffee in hand. She walked over and placed the cup on the desk by the typewriter. She glanced at the manuscript paper in the typewriter.

"Thanks baby," James said while he picked up the cup and took a sip of coffee.

"When are you going to start sending these manuscripts out to some publishers?" she asked while she continued to glance at the manuscript.

James placed his cup down on the desk. "I don't know. Maybe soon," he replied while he glanced at this completed words on the paper.

"You've completed two manuscripts so far. It's time to send them out to some publishers," she replied.

"But what if I get rejected?" he replied and looked a little concerned.

"Well, if you do, try another publisher."

“What if they reply that I suck at writing?” he replied while he still glanced at the stack of completed pages of this manuscript.

“They're not going to tell you that. A publisher would probably reply that they would pass on your work. But they would never tell you that you suck,” she said while she placed a hand on his shoulder to show her support.

“Yeah, well, I don't know. I might need to spend additional time editing what I've completed. I want to make them perfect,” James replied while he continued to glance at the stack of completed pages.

“Like they always say, no guts no glory,” she said then gave James a kiss on his cheek.

She walked off and headed to the door.

James returned to typing his manuscript. He stopped and thought for a second. He glanced back at the door. He looked at what he typed and frowned. He yanked that page out of typewriter. He crumpled it up then dropped it into the trash can where it landed on numerous other crumpled up pages.

Hours had passed and it was in the middle of the night.

About twenty miles west of Columbus, Indiana, Bernard drove his Hudson down a two-lane country road. He kept his car pegged at forty-five mph, which was the posted speed

limit. Bernard did not want to give his money to the state officials for speeding, so he was a law-abiding citizen when it came to driving.

Inside Bernard's Hudson, the old Glen Miller *Moonlight Serenade* song played on the AM radio.

While he drove down the street, Bernard hummed and tapped his fingers to the beat of the song with another Camel that dangled out of his mouth.

A couple of packing boxes filled the back seat of his car.

Bernard hummed then coughed a wet cough. He rolled down his window, removed his Camel out of his mouth and blew out phlegm into the wind. He rolled up his window and shoved his Camel back in his mouth and continued his drive down the road humming along with the song.

A few seconds later, Bernard cringed in a little pain and he rubbed the bottom of his right jaw.

Back in Gibsland, James and Cindy lay in bed for the night.

Cindy read her *Beauty* book while James read his new Hud Hudson book.

This was your typical evening in the Randall household. Cindy always read romance stories

while James always read either true or fiction crime stories.

Two hours had passed and Bernard still drove his Hudson down that two-lane country road.

The song *Moon Glow* by Benny Goodman started to play on the radio. Bernard whistled along with the song.

He yawned.

He drove down the road a little farther. He yawned again.

He drove down the road a little farther. His eyelids started to droop. They closed. The Hudson started to veer over into the left lane. Bernard opened his eyes and it took a few seconds for it to dawn on him that his car was heading off the road toward a tree. He swerved the Hudson back into his lane.

Bernard rolled down his window and let the cool night air wake him up.

A few minutes had passed and he headed into the city limit of the small town of Beatrice, Indiana. Beatrice was about ten miles from the Illinois state line.

He drove down the street a little farther and saw the Beatrice Motor Court on the left side of the road. Next to the motor court was an International House of Pancakes restaurant.

Bernard turned his Hudson to the left and pulled into the parking lot of the motor court.

He drove over and parked under large overhang of the office.

He turned of his car, got out and headed inside the office.

Ten minutes later, Bernard was in Room 32 of the motor court at the far end of the building. Like all of his stays in hotels, he requested to be at the far end of the building for privacy.

In his room were two suitcases, and his old lock box.

Bernard lay in bed in his clothes and shoes. He sipped from a half full Jack Daniels whiskey bottle. His stomach growled.

Bernard got out of bed and walked over the two suitcases on the floor up against the wall by the TV on the dresser.

The suitcase on the bottom was locked with a small pad lock. He removed the bottom suitcase and unlocked it.

He opened it up and inside was a smaller suitcase also pad locked and a Colt 45 in a brown leather shoulder holster. He removed the smaller suitcase.

He unlocked the smaller suitcase and opened it up. It was stuffed with cash mostly twenty-

dollar bills. He grabbed two twenty-dollar bills, closed and relocked the smaller suitcase.

He proceeded to replace the suitcases back to their original configuration.

He shoved the two twenties into his pants pocket, walked over to the bed and slipped his feet back into his shoes.

He grabbed his pack of Camel's from the dresser by the TV, removed a Camel, shoved it in his mouth and lit it.

He headed off to the room door leaving a trail of cigarette smoke in the air.

Once Bernard walked out of his hotel room, he headed across the parking lot.

He walked over to the International House of Pancakes that was opened all night.

Near the entrance of the restaurant was a pay phone that hung on the building wall. Bernard went over to the phone, deposited some coins.

After going through the operator, Bernard's connection went through. But all he heard was the phone ringing and ringing at the other end. The party he wanted was not at home.

So he hung up the phone and went inside the restaurant for a midnight meal.

Chapter 23

The sun rose above the horizon for the start of everybody's Tuesday.

After a breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon, James got inside his Impala, backed down his driveway, made a right turn and headed down Montvale Street.

Back in the house Cindy got ready for her job at the dentist office by putting on her uniform.

Way over in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, Bernard just finished his breakfast at Momma Anne's Country Diner.

He walked out of the diner smoking a Camel. He headed to his parked Hudson in the parking lot.

He got in his car, started it up and drove out of the lot.

Over in the Gibsland Mall, James walked around the lower concourse in his security guards uniform checking things out to make sure it was crime free – it was.

Cindy was busy at work at the dentist office of Doctor Ira Spangler. She had worked there as an assistant for two years now and loved her job.

Dr. Spangler was ready to fill a lower cavity in the mouth of middle-aged man named Billy.

Dr. Spangler nodded at Cindy that he was ready to precede with the filling.

“Open wide Billy,” Dr. Spangler said.

Billy looked a little nervous while he opened his mouth as wide as possible. Cindy discreetly handed Dr. Spangler the syringe of novocaine behind Billy’s head.

Dr. Spangler took the syringe and jabbed the inside of Billy’s mouth with the needle.

Billy’s shoes rose off the bottom of the reclined chair while the needle went into his lower gum.

Dr. Spangler continued to shoot novocaine into Billy’s mouth while Billy’s shoes was still in the air a little from the pain of the syringe.

Billy started to look a little pale from the shot.

Meanwhile over at the eastern area of Gibsland, Bernard drove his Hudson down Harrison Avenue.

He drove past an International House of Pancakes.

He drove past the Gibsland Mall.

Then he saw Abby's Real Estate office on the right hand side of the road. He turned his car into the parking lot of her office.

He parked his car and walked over to the entrance.

Abby Stanford was a sixty-two-year-old real estate agent that had opened her business thirty years ago. She worked behind her desk when Bernard entered her office.

She gave her potential client a warm smile while she stood up.

She walked out from behind her desk. "I'm Abby Stanford, how may I help you?" she said while she walked over to Bernard.

"Bernard Sanders. I'm looking for a house to rent," Bernard replied and walked over and met Abby in the middle of her office.

"A house to rent, okay," Abby replied while she thought about some possible listing in her mind. "I have three at the moment. Please have a seat," she added then motioned for Bernard to sit down at her desk.

Bernard sat down with Abby at her desk where she started to show him pictures of the three houses available to rent.

Thirty minutes had passed and Bernard viewed the house to the left of James and Cindy Randall's home. For some unexplained reason,

Bernard felt this house was perfect. Abby removed the For Rent sign and placed it in the trunk of her white 1978 Impala.

He then rode back with Abby to her office and signed the necessary rental agreement paperwork. He paid her the first month's rent and a small security deposit in cash then left her office.

Over at the Gibsland Mall, James sat on a bench in the upper concourse. He looked a little bored while he watched the shoppers walk up and down the concourse with shopping bags in hand. He yawned and fought from falling asleep on the bench.

He got up and decided to walk around so he would stay awake.

Over on Montvale Street, Bernard backed his Hudson into the garage of his new home.

He got out of his car.

While he closed his garage door, he did not notice Agnes while she spied on him from behind the curtains of her living room window.

Inside his garage, he walked over to the trunk and opened it. He reached inside and unloaded his two suitcases next to the two groceries bags. He walked over, with the two

suitcases in hand, to the door in the garage that led to the kitchen.

He went inside the house.

An hour later, Bernard drove his Hudson out of his garage and headed back down Montvale Street.

He turned down another street and into Gibsland for another important errand.

Fifteen minutes later, Bernard gassed up his Hudson at a Gulf gas station on Broadmoor Avenue.

He then drove over to the glass telephone booth near the entrance to the gas pumps and made another phone call. This time the caller was at home.

“Hello,” answered sixty-six-year-old Wendy Henderson from Van Nuys, California.

“Wendy, it’s me, Bernard. I called last night but you were not at home,” he replied glad she was at home.

“I went out to see that new Peter Falk movie, *The Cheap Detective*,” she replied from the phone.

“How was it?”

“Not bad. So, how are you feeling?”

“I’m having my good and bad moments,” Bernard replied then covered the end of the phone and coughed a little.

“What did the doctor say?” she asked while he coughed.

“One doc said maybe four to five months. While another doc said maybe six to nine months. Who fucking knows? I think they’re all a bunch of quacks.”

“Where are you? Still in Cincinnati?”

“No, I just arrived in Gibsland, Illinois today. I’m renting a house.”

“I remember that place. Why leave Cincinnati and move there?” she asked and sounded concerned.

“That town was getting a little too risky. Besides, I still have something to pickup here in Gibsland. Something that will help out us during the next year. Plus there's something else I wanted to do.”

“What’s that?” Wendy replied and sounded really curious.

“I figured we could take one last trip down memory lane. So, I hope you're up for it.”

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone while Wendy thought about his proposal. “Yeah, why not. Life has been so fucking boring for the past forty-four years. It might be a blast. And besides, I hate being a cleaning maid for these arrogant movie stars here in Hollywood. That actor Dan Dakota is always trying to feel my ass. Prick,” she said.

“I’ve always liked your ass.”

“I remember,” she replied with a light chuckle.

“When can you come to Gibsland?”

“I can’t head over that way in a few days. I’ll need some time to tie up a few loose ends,” she said.

“That sounds good. I’ll call later and we can talk about you heading east,” he replied with a little smile happy that Wendy would be joining him.

“I’ll be waiting. Take care,” Wendy replied then hung up her end of the call.

Bernard hung up the phone and walked over to his Hudson with a spring in his step.

He got in his car and drove off down Broadmoor with another mission to complete.

A little while later, Bernard pulled his Hudson into the parking lot of the Bell Telephone Company office located off Avondale Avenue.

He parked his car, got out and headed to the front entrance. He decided that having a phone would come in handy.

Over at the Gibsland Mall, James walked out of one of the many entrances.

He headed to his parked Impala and was glad his shift was finally over.

Back at the James home, Cindy got out of her dental assistant uniform and took a shower. This was her normal routine, as she wanted to make sure she was clean after dealing with people's blood and saliva all day.

A little time had passed and James drove his Impala down Montvale Street.

The song *Running With The Devil* by Van Halen played on the radio.

"Running with the devil," James sang out off key but thought he sounded like a rock star.

He pulled his Impala into his driveway and parked next to Cindy's while he hummed to the Van Halen song.

He turned off his car and got out.

James looked over at old Williams house to his left and noticed the "Albert's Furniture Rental" truck was parked along the street.

Backed in the driveway was Bernard's Hudson with the trunk opened.

He watched while two workers carried a sofa down the ramp of the truck then walked it to the opened front door.

While James walked to his front door, he noticed Agnes while she peeked out her living room window and spied on the activity going on across the street.

James shrugged off her spying again while he headed over to his front door.

In the kitchen, Cindy removed a tray of fish sticks dinner from the oven when James entered the room.

“Someone's renting William's house,” he said.

“I know,” she replied while she placed the fish sticks on top of the oven.

“Have you seen the family?”

“Not yet. I only saw the men moving a bed in from that truck when I came home.”

James looked a little curious. “I wonder why they would rent furniture and not have their own?”

“Leave them be, James,” she replied while she started placing fish sticks on two plates.

“Don't worry. Agnes across the street will take care of that.”

“He's got room to talk,” she replied under her breath so James would not hear.

Cindy continued to prepare dinner while James walked out of the kitchen.

After a nice quiet dinner, James and Cindy retired to the living room to watch TV.

The opening credits of the Laverne and Shirley sitcom started on the TV.

James was in deep thought while Cindy's eyes were on the TV.

"I'm thinking that we could be good neighbors and go next store and introduce ourselves," he said.

"Now?"

"Yeah. I want to see if our new neighbors need anything."

"Let's do it tomorrow night," she replied while she watched her show.

James stood up off the couch. "I'm thinking tonight would be best," he said then walked off to the front door.

Cindy rolled her eyes, got off the couch, and headed after James.

They went out the front door leaving the TV still on.

James and Cindy walked over to Bernard's front door with, of course, Agnes spying on them from her living room window.

James rang Bernard's doorbell.

A few seconds passed and the front door cracked open. Bernard appeared in slacks and his dress shirt tucked into his pants with a Camel dandling out of his mouth. He saw James and Cindy and showed no emotions - just his normal obstinate stare. "Yeah."

"Hi, we're your neighbors James and Cindy Randall."

“Hi,” Bernard replied and got a little suspicious of this friendly couple.

“We’re your neighbors and wanted to welcome you to our lovely neighborhood,” James said while he moved around a little to check out the inside of his house.

Bernard noticed and looked a little bothered so he closed the door a little to block James view. “Bernard Sanders,” he said then cringed in pain a little and rubbed the bottom of his right jaw.

Cindy noticed. “You okay, Mister Sanders?”

“I think I need a tooth pulled.”

“I work for a dentist over on Oakhill Avenue. He's Doctor Ira Spangler.”

James got a sudden déjà-vu feeling when he looked at Bernard's dark brown eyes. “Have we met before?”

Bernard looked at James. “I don't think so. I just moved into Gibsland this afternoon,” Bernard said while he cringed in pain again.

Cindy noticed. “You really need to see Doctor Spangler. Come by tomorrow.”

“Can he be trusted?”

“Of course,” Cindy replied a little unsure as to why he would ask that type of question.

“Okay. Nice meeting you,” Bernard said then closed the door.

James and Cindy stood and stared at the closed door.

“That’s a little rude,” James said.

“Maybe his tooth was killing him,” Cindy replied.

“Maybe,” James replied while he and Cindy walked away and headed back to their house.

Inside his house, Bernard headed to the living room window and had his Colt 45 pistol tucked into the back of his pants behind the belt.

Bernard peeked out the curtains. He coughed a little while he craned his neck to see James and Cindy.

While Cindy and James walked to their front door, James looked curious. “Why does that old man look so familiar?”

Cindy rolled her eyes. “Let's not start this again.”

They walked to their front door and went back inside.

Across the street, Agnes left her spot from her living room curtains and quit spying on her neighbors.

Later that night, Cindy was sound asleep under the covers in the bedroom.

James was in his den and typed on his manuscript on his typewriter.

It was now the middle of the night.
Bernard slept under the covers of his rented bed. He tossed and turned while he dreamt.

During Bernard's dream, a bank was crowded with patrons while he entered in a black suit and Fedora hat.

Bernard strutted up to an available female who smiled at him.

"How may I help you?"

Bernard whipped out his Colt 45 from under his holster tucked under his suit jacket. He shoved the barrel in the teller's face. She got scared to death and shook in fear.

"Give me all of your money!"

Bernard handed the teller a cloth bag.

Her hands shook while she dumped bundles of bills into the cloth bag. Her hands shook while she handed the bag back to him.

Bernard turned around and saw two security guards that inched at him with guns ready. He fired off some bullets. The security guards dropped to the floor dead.

Bernard laughed while he ran to the door firing his Colt 45 into the ceiling.

Patrons dropped to the floor scared to death while plaster dust rained on them.

Bernard ran out of the bank door. He stopped dead in his tracks the second he saw

thirty police officers ready with pistols and Thompson sub-machine guns ready to fire.

The police officers fired their pistols and machine guns.

Bernard's body twitched all over the place while the bullets penetrated him.

Back to reality, Bernard woke up in a panic and his body twitched. He calmed down and looked around the room a little dazed and confused. He quickly patted his body down for any bloody holes. Then it dawned on him. "Just a dream."

He lay back down in bed, closed his eyes and was fast asleep snoring.

Chapter 24

Wednesday morning arrived and so many people in Gibsland were on their way to their jobs.

Back at the Randall home, James was dressed in his mall security uniform and had his breakfast of French toast and coffee.

He walked out of this front door and headed to his Impala in the driveway.

While he walked over to his car, James eyed Bernard's home. He thought about his little meeting with Bernard last night and could not shake off that feeling the old man looked familiar.

He got behind the wheel of his car, started it up then backed down the driveway. He paused while he looked to his right, which was his normal drive to work. But not this morning, as he changed his mind and made a left turn and headed down Montvale in the opposite direction.

This path gave James the opportunity to glance at Bernard's home when he passed by it. He started up his new obsession – his new neighbor.

The morning continued and James and Cindy were at their jobs.

Back at Bernard's home, he opened his garage door.

He got inside and started up his Hudson, then drove it out to the driveway, got out and closed the garaged door.

He hopped back inside his car and drove down the driveway, then made a right turn and headed down Montvale Street.

Bernard spent the next hour driving around Gibsland to get a feel for its layout.

He eventually drove his car down Crestmont Avenue.

He pulled his car into the parking lot of the First National Bank. He parked, got out of his car and went to the entrance of the bank.

Bernard walked into the bank and stood by the doors while he looked around at the tellers and customers.

He looked around the walls and saw two surveillance security cameras tucked up in two corners.

Bernard's bad tooth acted up and shot some excruciating pain in his right jaw.

He turned around and went out the door.

None of the tellers or customers noticed Bernard while they went about with their banking business.

Bernard was still in pain while he headed back to his in the parking lot.

A little while later, Bernard finally found Dr. Spangler's Dentist Office off Oakhill Avenue. He pulled into the parking lot and parked his Hudson.

Bernard entered the dentist office and walked up to the front counter where Kathy the receptionist worked taking care of the customers and callers.

"May I help you?" Kathy asked in a pleasant tone and followed with her typical warm smile.

"Yeah, I'm not a customer, but I have a bad tooth that is killing me in my lower right jaw. I need it pulled and need it pulled now. My neighbor Cindy," he replied then forgot Cindy's last name. "Ah Cindy."

"You mean Cindy Randall."

"Yeah, that's her."

Kathy looked at the appointment book. "I could get you into see Dr. Spangler in an hour."

"Okay. Can I pay with cash? I don't have any medical insurance," he said and cringed in a little pain.

"Yes sir."

"I'll survive an hour of pain."

"What's your name?"

"Bernard Sanders."

Kathy wrote down his name in the appointment book. "Please have a seat over in the waiting area."

Bernard nodded that he understood and walked over to the seats.

Over in the Gibsland Mall, James walked around Steve's Science Shop in the upper concourse. He often walked around the stores to show any potential shoplifters his presence so they might think otherwise about stealing any merchandise.

He stopped mid way down an aisle.

He saw a Fingerprinting Kit located on the bottom of one of the shelves. He picked up the box and checked it out then placed it back on the shelf.

James continued to walk around the store and checked out the various neat items and customers.

An hour had passed and Cindy walked into one of the operatory rooms where Bernard relaxed in the chair.

"Hello Mister Sanders. I'm glad you took my advice and came to see Doctor Spangler," she said while she walked over to Bernard's left side.

Bernard gave her a forced smile to play it polite.

Doctor Spangler entered the room and walked over to Bernard's right side.

"Hello Mister Sanders. I'm Doctor Spangler. So, I hear you have a tooth giving your some pain?" he said while he sat down in his chair

Bernard nodded in agreement.

Cindy sat down in her chair.

"Open wide," Dr. Spangler said after Cindy handed him mouth mirror and probe.

Bernard opened his mouth and Dr. Spangler started checking out Bernard's mouth with the mouth mirror and probe.

After a few painful probes, Dr. Spangler removed the tools from Bernard's mouth. "Your tooth is abscessed and needs to be pulled. Let me get you numbed up with some novocaine."

"I don't want that stuff. Pull it with out it," Bernard said and looked serious.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure as it keeps me tough. Back in the day I would pull my own when I couldn't afford a dentist."

Dr. Spangler looked over at Cindy who rolled her eyes thinking that was stupid.

"If you insist," Dr. Spangler said.

"I insist."

Dr. Spangler nodded at Cindy. She grabbed the forceps off a tray behind Bernard's head and handed them to him.

Dr. Spangler placed the forceps inside Bernard's mouth and started pulling on the bad tooth.

Bernard cringed in pain but he looked like he started to enjoy it.

Cindy cringed in sympathy pain.

Bernard did not make a whimper while Dr. Spangler finished extracting the bad tooth out of its socket.

Cindy shoved cotton wads into Bernard's mouth to soak up the blood. While she performed that task, she noticed his teeth badly needed cleaning and saw two opened spots of missing teeth in the upper part of his mouth.

A little while later, Bernard was at the front desk and gave Kathy cash for the services rendered.

“Thank you Mister Sanders,” Kathy said while she handed him a receipt.

Bernard just stared at her with his obstinate look then walked off to the door.

Kathy shrugged off his rudeness then answered the phone when it started ringing.

James walked into the Ton's of Books store in the upper concourse.

He headed straight to the Crime section.

He scanned all the books on the right side of the aisle. Nothing interested him so he started

scanning all the books on the right side of the aisle.

Then one book caught his attention on the shelf where he picked out that book the other day. He reached out and grabbed it and checked out the cover. "How did I miss this one?"

This new book was titled "Life and Times of Henry "Hud" Hudson" by Frank Perron and it was a new release that was placed on the shelves that morning.

James flipped through the pages of the book and saw it contains numerous pictures of Hud Hudson's life. But he got a strange feeling the second he saw a picture that was colorized.

James just had to have this book, so he walked away with the book in hand and headed off to the cashier.

Bernard relaxed at home at the rented kitchen table smoking a Camel and drinking Jack Daniels whiskey.

His workday was over and James drove his Impala down Montvale. Since Bernard moved in next door, James changed his route coming home and now drove down the opposite end of Montvale. He did this change to provide the opportunity to do a little spying on Bernard's home.

He slowed down while he drove past Bernard's house. He glanced over his left shoulder for signs of activity in the old man's house. It was quiet.

James turned left into his driveway and parked next to Cindy's Monza.

James entered the kitchen where Cindy worked on a tossed salad on the counter.

“Hey honey,” James said while he walked over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“How was your day?” she asked with a smile.

“Extremely boring. All the shoppers were well behaved.”

Cindy saw the new book in James' right hand. “Buy another crime book?”

James glanced down at it. “I found a new one on Hud Hudson.”

Cindy rolled her eyes. “Why have you become so fixated on that dead criminal all of a sudden?”

“I can't explain it. Maybe because he killed grandpa?”

“What ever. Go wash up, dinner will be ready in a few minutes.”

James walked out of the kitchen while Cindy carried the salad bowl into the dining room.

After a nice quiet dinner, James and Cindy retired to the living room to watch TV.

The sitcom show *Eight Is Enough* was now on the TV.

Cindy watched the show while James' was engrossed on the first chapter in his new book.

He put the book down then glanced over at Cindy. "This book states that Hud was shot during a bank robbery in November thirty-three. That Doctor Albert Harvey was later determined to be the one that removed bullets from the gang members. He's the same doctor that confessed, back in fifty-eight, to give Hud a nose job after he was supposedly killed," he said then went back to reading the book.

"That's nice dear," Cindy replied but in reality, she did not hear his comment since she was too engrossed on the TV show.

Over at Bernard's home, he lay in bed smoking on a Camel in his white athletic tee shirt and white boxers. A round scar was visible on his upper right chest muscle and a burn mark was visible on his right bicep muscle.

He listened to a transistor radio where the song *Two Cigarettes In The Dark* song by Bing Crosby played.

He stared off at the opposite wall and pondered his plan with Gibsland while he smoked his Camel.

The night rolled on by and James' lay in bed under the covers reading his new book.

Cindy walked out of their bathroom in her conservative nightgown.

While she walked to the bed, her eyes widen when she remembered something.

"I forgot to tell you something that happened today. Our neighbor Bernard Sanders came to the office," she said while she got under the covers.

James set his book down on his lap and was all ears.

"Doctor Spangler pulled a bad tooth out from his lower right side. But the strange part was that Bernard refused novocaine. He made the Doctor Spangler pull the tooth out without anything for the pain. He claimed it made him tougher. Then I saw where he had two other empty spaces in his mouth from previous pulling. That man also needs to learn about dental hygiene or maybe a toothbrush," she said

James cringed in sympathy pain while he thought what it would be like to have a tooth pulled without anything for the pain. "Ouch!"

"That's not me. Fill me up with novocaine for any dental work that required drilling or pulling," Cindy said then she reached over and grabbed her *Beauty* book off the bedside table.

She opened the page with the bookmark. She read where she left off.

James returned to reading his new book.

Thirty minutes passed and James was on the last page of another chapter of his book.

His eyes widen when he read something of interest. "This book states that when fellow gang member, Jack Jenner was in the penitentiary, he told a fellow cellmate that Hud pulled out two bad teeth with a pair of pliers. Jack claimed that Hud felt it made him tougher but also they got infected," James told Cindy.

She did not reply so he looked over at her and noticed that she was sound asleep with her book resting on her bosom.

He yawned then placed his book on his bedside table. He reached over and turned off the lamp.

He closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

Hours had passed and James had a dream.

In James dream, he was dressed in a black suit and wore a black Fedora hat. He raced a black 1930s Ford sedan down a small country road.

Then all of a sudden, James, still in his suit and hat," now peeked out behind a large tree.

Behind him were four other police officers that hid behind other large trees.

They eyed a small white farm house across a grassy field.

“Okay Dan Dakota, it’s me, the FBI. Come out with your hands up in the air,” James yelled out from behind the tree.

“You’ll never take me alive, G-Man,” Dan Dakota yelled out from the farm house.

Then machine gun fire from the farm house sprayed bullets into the trees by James and the other police officers.

The four police officers all ducked down for cover behind their large trees.

But not James, he showed no fear while he jumped out from behind his large. He all of a sudden had a Thompson sub-machine gun in his right and left hand

James fired his machine guns at the farm house. He looked like a hero from an action movie while he marched through the grassy field. His Thompson machine guns sprayed the farm house with bullets from his two machine guns.

James got halfway through the grassy field still firing his machine guns. The sound of return machine gun fire came from the farm house. Then hundreds of bullets penetrated James body.

Back in reality, James jumped up in a panic and immediately patted down his chest area for any signs of bloody holes. He was uninjured and then he realized he had a dream. He glanced over at Cindy and she was sound asleep. He lay back down and closed his eyes.

Chapter 25

It was now Thursday morning and Cindy and James were off at their jobs.

Back at Bernard's home, he was in his dress pants and tee shirt when he walked over to his bed.

He got on his knees and reached under his bed pulled out one of his suitcases.

He opened the suitcase and removed a folded white shirt inside. He unfolded it then noticed a small cigarette burn through hole in the left chest area of the shirt. "Damn it," he said then dropped the shirt to the floor.

He thought for a second then he had another one of his mischievous cravings. A craving he decided to fulfill this morning. So he picked up the shirt and got dressed in it.

A little while later, Bernard dressed in one of his black suits, Fedora hat and sunglasses drove his Hudson down Harrison Avenue.

Bernard pulled his car into the parking lot of the Gibsland Mall and drove through the lot.

He parked his car in the lot close to JC Penny's.

He got out and walked to the glass doors of JC Penny's.

Inside the Gibsland Mall in the upper concourse across from Steve's Science Shop, James sat on a bench and read his book.

"Randall, where are you?" the voice of Larry his boss was heard from the Motorola two-way radio in a holster on James belt.

James removed the radio. "Here on the upper concourse by Steve's Science Shop," he answered the call into the radio.

"Head on down to the men's clothing section of Penny's and talk to Doris at the checkout counter there. She called about a possible shoplifter," Larry replied from the radio.

James looked disappointed while he really wanted to continue reading his book. "I'm on it," he replied back into the radio.

He stood up from the bench and placed his radio back in its holster.

He rushed off down the upper concourse with his book in hand.

James rushed down the escalator with his book in hand to the lower concourse.

James rushed down the lower concourse where JC Penny's was visible way down the other end.

James rushed through the entrance of JC Penny's.

He rushed through the aisles and eventually arrived at the men's clothing section.

James walked up to Doris who waited behind the checkout counter. "Did you call in about a possible shoplifter?" he asked.

Doris looked a little irritated. "It took you long enough to respond. He's long gone."

James removed a small pad and pen from his pocket. "Can you at least describe the perpetrator?" he asked and tried to sound like a police officer.

Doris rolled her eyes thinking James was a jerk. "Perpetrator? I believe you mean shoplifter?"

"Yeah, I mean shoplifter."

Doris thought about the shoplifter for a few seconds. "He was an old man that wore a black Fedora hat and a suit. He had on sunglasses and had a white goatee," she said.

"Black Fedora hat, glasses and white goatee," James said to himself while he jotted down the description.

"Oh, and he coughed occasionally," she added.

"Coughed occasionally," James said to himself while he jotted down that additional piece of information.

"He discreetly tucked a white dress shirt into his suit jacket while he walked off toward the exit. But I saw him from the corner of my eye

while I was busy ringing up a large sale to run after him,” said Doris.

James jotted that down that information on his pad. “Did he leave through that exit?” he asked and pointed to the exit off to the left.

“Yes,” she replied.

“Thanks,” James replied then rushed off to that exit.

James rushed out the glass doors and stood outside by the exit. He scanned the area and could not see an old man in a suit walking through the parking lot

Then he looked across the lot and saw an old green Hudson that looked just like Bernard's car. It pulled out of the lot and onto Harrison Avenue.

James looked suspicious while he watched the old green Hudson drive off down Harrison.

He turned around and walked back inside JC Penny's.

For the rest of James' work shift, all he could think about was Bernard and why he felt like he's seen that man before. He tried to remember, but could not place a finger on it.

It was evening and James drove his Impala down Montvale Street. He whistled to the song *Werewolves of London* song by Warren Zevon.

And James whistling was just as bad as his off key singing. But since he was alone in the car, he would entertain himself by singing and whistling. But when Cindy was in the car, he was as quiet as a mouse.

While he got near Bernard's house, he saw Bernard washing his green Hudson in the driveway. He wore an old ratty long sleeve shirt with old trousers. He was too busy washing the chrome grill of his Hudson to notice James' eyes on him when his Impala drove by.

Bernard also did not notice Agnes who also peeked out her curtains of her living room window across the street.

James made a left turn into his driveway and parked his car by Cindy's Monza.

He got out of his Impala and glanced at Bernard rinsing off the soapy water from his chrome grill.

"Hey there Bernard," James called out while he stood by his Impala.

Bernard looked at James by his Impala. "I hate people that are too friendly," he said to himself then gave James a little friendly wave.

James got curious and headed over to Bernard's house.

"That's great. Now the shit is coming over here to bug me," Bernard said under his breath. He removed his pack of Camel' from his pants

pocket then lit a cigarette. He rinsed off the front hood of his car while James walked over.

“Hello Bernard. How are you doing today?” James asked while he walked up to James.

Bernard blew out some cigarette smoke in James’ direction. “Fine.”

James walked around the Hudson checking it out. “She’s in beautiful shape. What type of car and year is she?”

“Fifty-three, Hudson Hornet,” Bernard replied while he suspiciously eyed James while he checked out the grill.

“Ah, yes, I see the Hudson emblem. I’m not familiar with these cars. I’m more of a Chevrolet man myself,” James replied while he walked over and peeked through the driver’s window and checked out the interior.

“A Chevrolet man you say?”

“Yep, I drive a sixty-eight Impala,” James said while pointed at his car with his thumb.

Bernard looked over at James’ Impala. “I never liked Chevys,” he said while he turned off his hose nozzle. He coughed a little. “I need to go inside and make something to eat. So if you excuse me,” he said then started to roll up his hose.

James took this as a sign that Bernard wanted him to leave. “Well, I’ll talk with you another day,” he said then walked off and headed to his house.

“I fucking hope not,” Bernard said under his breath while he watched James with suspicious eyes.

James went inside his home and walked through the living room.

“I’m home,” he called out while he made a left turn and headed down the hallway.

The walls of the hallway were filled with memories of James and Cindy’s career in the Air Force. There were pictures of their tours in French Morocco, Germany, Japan, England, and the United States.

James headed straight to the bathroom.

A little while later, Cindy placed hot dogs into some buns on a plate when James entered the kitchen.

Cindy looked up from the hot dogs and saw James. “You’re a little late,” she said.

“I know, I saw our new neighbor washing his antique car in his driveway. So I went over to check it out.”

“That’s nice, so how was your day?” she asked while she plopped some baked beans on the two plates.

“We had a shoplifter down at Penny’s this afternoon.”

“Did you catch him?” she asked while she picked up the two plates and headed into the dining room.

“No, but the description matched our new neighbor,” James replied while he picked up the two glasses of iced tea off the counter and followed her into the dining room “Did you know that Hud Hudson loved driving a Hudson car?” he added while he placed the glasses on the table by the plates.

Cindy rolled her eyes. “Let’s eat.”

James nodded that he understood his order and sat down at the table with Cindy.

While James and Cindy ate their dinner, Bernard next door finished eating a plain ham and cheese sandwich. Then he spent the next few minutes and wiped down the counter, sink, and faucet. He left the kitchen spotless.

The night rolled on.

James and Cindy sat on the couch.

The opening credits to *Barnaby Jones* that was one of his favorite TV shows just started.

Cindy got up off the couch. “I’m going to take my shower and soak in the tub for a few minutes,” she said then walked away and headed to the hallway.

James looked mischievous while he eyed Cindy leaving the living room.

A few minutes passed and James got up from the couch and headed to the hallway while *Barney Jones* started a new episode.

James gingerly walked down the hallway and headed to his bedroom door.

When he quietly entered his bedroom and walked to the bathroom door.

He peeked in the door and saw the shower was steamed and from the opaque glass shower doors. He saw the naked shape of Cindy taking her shower through the glass.

James gingerly rushed out of the bedroom.

A few minutes later, James snuck through his backyard in the dark.

James snuck over to the rear of Bernard's house.

He peeked into a bedroom window. It was dark inside that room.

He snuck over to another bedroom window where he noticed the light was just turn on inside that room.

James peeked in that bedroom window, and saw Bernard in his white athletic tee shirt and white boxers and black socks stand by the bed.

He watched while Bernard picked up a pair of black dress slacks off the bed. While Bernard slipped on his slacks, James saw a round scar on the upper right pecs muscle of Bernard. Then he

also saw a three-inch by three-inch burn mark across Bernard's right bicep muscle.

James was instantly suspicious.

Then James saw Bernard while he removed a brand new white dress shirt from its package. While Bernard put on the shirt, James also spotted the black Fedora hat on the bed.

James walked away from that bedroom window extremely suspicious.

James quietly entered his garage from the side door.

He quietly rushed through the garage and headed to the kitchen door and went inside the house.

James stepped foot into his kitchen. Then his eyes lit up. "Ah," he gave out a little scream, as he got startled. He saw Cindy standing the kitchen with a towel wrapped around her naked body and a towel wrapped around her hair.

She looked suspicious of him. "What are you doing?"

"I ah, I mean, I, well, I ah," he stuttered while he tried to come up with a viable excuse

"I ah, I mean, I, well, I ah," she replied mocking James. "What you mean to say, is that you were spying on our neighbor," she added while she crossed her arms to let him know that she was not happy with him at the moment.

“Ah, yes,” he caved.

“Are you related to Agnes across the street? Maybe you should go live over there so you two can spy on everybody.”

“Cindy, I'm starting to believe that our neighbor is the real Hud Hudson. The public enemy from the thirties that didn't get killed like the history books and the FBI state.”

Cindy looked at James like he was nuts. “I thought you told me that that guy was killed back in some type of explosion with a house?” she asked.

“I did, but there's now indications that he faked his death and lived on. And I'm thinking we have a public enemy as our neighbor,” James replied and looked convinced.

Cindy rolled her eyes. “Not again James. You know what happened last year when you thought that Penny's janitor was an escaped felon. You almost got fired from your security guard's job and punched in the face.”

James looked a little ashamed when she brought up that embarrassing memory. “I know, but this is different. I can feel it in my bones. There are signs that it might be him. A round scar on his chest that looks like a old bullet wound. A burn mark on his bicep that probably was once his “Hud” tattoo,” he said and still looked convinced.

“Keep this up and that old man might shoot you the next time thinking you're an intruder,” she added and looked concerned. “Have you ever given that much thought?” she added.

“Ah, not really.”

“Go in the living room, watch your TV show Barnaby Jones before it ends,” she replied then turned around and headed to the doorway a little upset with him. “And don't go seeing my brother about this,” she called out while she walked down the hallway and headed to the bedroom.

James walked out of the kitchen and headed into the living room in deep thought about what he saw over at Bernard's house.

He sat down on the couch and eyed the TV just in time to watch Barnaby Jones give the bad guy a Judo hold and subdued the criminal.

Back in Bernard's home, he was dressed in his black suit and headed into his garage and also wore his black Fedora hat.

Bernard walked over and opened the garage door. He walked back and got inside his Hudson. He started up his car and drove it out of his garage.

A little while later, Bernard pulled his Hudson into the parking lot of the International House of Pancakes (IHOP) off Harrison Avenue.

He went inside for a late night dinner.

After his late night steak dinner, Bernard drove his Hudson out of the IHOP and drove away down Harrison Avenue.

A little while later, he drove his car down Grant Avenue. He pulled his car off to the left and parked in the grass by the side of the road close to a small white picket fence.

From inside his car, he glanced at the entrance to the Gibsland Cemetery.

Way off in the darkness, Bernard saw the shadowy figure of the cemetery caretaker digging a new grave.

Bernard made a U-turn and headed back down Grant Avenue.

Chapter 26

Friday morning rolled around and James made a detour from his normal drive to the mall. He turned down Lumpkin Avenue and pulled into the parking lot of the Gibsland Police Department.

He parked his car and rushed to the entrance.

The Detectives Room was semi-busy with three detectives that worked at their desks. They were George, Peter, and Marvin Appleby.

Marvin was forty-two years old and was Cindy's older brother. He had worked for the department for twenty years now and hoped to work another ten years.

Marvin sat behind his desk and read a report behind his desk and sipped on his cup of coffee.

James walked through the Detectives Room like he was on a mission.

He walked up to Marvin's desk.

Marvin sensed someone was there and glanced up from his report. "Hey James. What brings you here so early in the morning?"

James glanced over his shoulder while he sat down in the chair by Marvin's desk. He felt the coast was clear. "There's something about my

neighbor that you should know about,” he said while he inched closer to Marvin.

Marvin looked a little disinterested, as he had a feeling where this was heading. “What’s that?”

James inched even closer to Marvin. “I believe that my neighbor is the real Hud Hudson,” he said in a whisper.

“What?” Marvin replied, as he did not hear a word.

“I believe that my neighbor is the real Hud Hudson,” he said a little louder.

“Who?”

“Henry "Hud" Hudson. The public enemy that was supposed to have been killed in a house explosion during a shoot out with the cops and FBI back in thirty-four.”

Marvin looked at James and thinking he was a little nuts. “Hud Hudson?”

“Yes, the famous public enemy that killed my grandfather back in thirty-four during a bank robbery here in Gibsland,” James replied and looked dead serious.

Marvin thought for a few seconds. “Oh yeah. Hud Hudson. I forgot about him.”

“Like I said, I really believe my neighbor is the real Hud Hudson.”

“Like the history books state, he died in thirty-four,” Marvin replied.

“I know, but there was a doctor that died in fifty-eight and on his death bed, he claimed he gave Hud Hudson a nose job in thirty-five.”

“So, what proof do you have?”

James looked over his shoulder. The coast was clear but he inched closer and got in Marvin’s face.

Marvin moved back a little as James getting too close was invading his private space.

“I peeked in his bedroom window last night. My neighbor has a similar bullet wound in his right upper chest muscle. And he had a burn mark on his right bicep. Hud Hudson had a "Hud" tattoo on in that same area.”

“You peeked in his bedroom window last night?”

James nodded in agreement.

“You could be arrested for being a peeping tom.”

“Please check him out. His name is Bernard Sanders and is around sixty-five or seventy something. He drives a nineteen fifty-three green Hudson Hornet.”

Marvin looked at James' determined eyes.

“I’ll see what comes up.”

“I’ll call later,” said James while he stood up and looked proud.

“Here we go again,” Marvin said while he watched James strut away toward the door.

From his desk, the other detective, George glanced over at Marvin.

“So now your brother in-law thinks his neighbor is a dead public enemy from the thirties?” George asked then chuckled.

“Yeah.”

“Maybe we could use him on the force,” Peter called out from his desk and chuckled.

“That’s all we need,” said Marvin then he chuckled along with his coworkers.

Over in Bernard’s kitchen, he walked over to his telephone that was now activated. He walked over to the wall, picked up the phone receiver and dialed in a phone number.

Bernard got a bit of a coughing fit and his face turned beet red while he waited for the other person to answer.

“Hello,” Wendy answered her end of the call.

“It’s me Bernard. I finally got my phone working at my house.”

“What’s your number?”

“Five, five, five, eighteen forty-two,” he replied.

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone.

“I’ll be on a Greyhound tomorrow. Should take me a few days to get there.”

“Call me when you arrive in town and I’ll pick you up at the bus station.”

“Okay. I’ll see you soon.”

Bernard hung up his phone. He looked a little ill so he walked out of the kitchen.

Later that afternoon, James walked over to a pay phone on the lower concourse of the mall.

He deposited a coin into the phone and punched in a number. He looked excited while he waited for the other end to answer.

“Detective Appleby. How may I help you?” came from the phone.

“It’s me, James. What did you find out?” knowing Marvin would locate something suspicious about Bernard.

“I checked our computer, and nothing comes up on this Bernard Sanders. He’s clean as a whistle,” Marvin replied from the phone.

James looked extremely disappointed. “But. There has to be something criminal with this guy. I mean; he had a scar that looked to be a bullet wound.”

“I’m sorry. We’ll need more concrete evidence than a scar and burn mark.”

“Thanks, Marvin.”

“Now James. Let me repeat myself. Leave that old man alone before he shoots you for being an intruder,” Marvin said in his best detective’s voice.

“I will,” James said then he hung up the phone.

He moped away down the concourse.

In the Detectives Room at the police station, Marvin hung up his phone.

George worked on some paperwork at his desk. He glanced over at Marvin. “Did you actually check up on his Bernard Sanders guy?”

Marvin glanced over at George with a smirk. “No way. I’m hoping this will stop James from being his normal snoop with this old man. I don’t want to fill out the report on James being shot for being a peeping tom or intruder.”

“I can understand that,” George replied then returned to his work.

Marvin returned back to his paperwork.

James moped around the upper concourse of the mall.

He walked near the entrance to "Steve's Science Shop."

James stared at the entrance for a few seconds. Then his eyes lit up when he remembered something he saw in there the other day.

He rushed into the store.

James headed down an aisle where he recalled seeing that item of interest.

He stopped mid-way down the aisle and his eyes lit up when that item was still at the bottom shelf.

He reached down to a bottom shelf and grabbed one of the three Fingerprinting Kit boxes. He gleamed while he looked the box over.

James looked determined while he rushed over to the cashier where six other customers waited in line to pay for their item.

A little while later, James paid for his item and rushed out of the store with a Steve's Shopping Store shopping bag in hand.

He headed over to the bench across from the store's entrance.

James sat down at the bench. He removed a small pocket pen knife from his pants pocket.

He removed the Fingerprinting Kit box from the bag.

He used his pen knife and opened the box. He reached inside and removed the instructions. He started reading them with keen interest.

Meanwhile, across the country, it was morning in the Los Angeles area.

Traffic was thick on Interstate 10 and in some areas; traffic was stalled due to the huge congestion of cars.

But traffic was moving at a good pace in the eastern bound lanes of Interstate 10.

In one of those eastbound lanes was a Greyhound Bus. It had “Albuquerque on the marquee at the front of the bus.

Inside that Greyhound Bus sat Wendy Henderson. She had dyed auburn hair and was of slender build and looked great for her age with her rounded chin. She wore a nice dress while she sat in deep thought on the bus by her window. She stared out at the Los Angeles area while the bus headed east on Interstate 10. She was not going to miss this smog filled city at all.

It was now evening and James’ shift of protecting the mall from criminals was over for the day. And he was excited about going home since he had a mission to complete later tonight.

James walked out of the mall entrances and headed through the lot with the Steve’s Science Shop shopping bag in hand.

He walked over to his Impala. He opened his driver's door then looked at his shopping bag in hand.

He walked over to the rear of his car and unlocked and opened the trunk. He placed the bag in the trunk then closed it.

He walked back over and got inside his Impala. He started it up, backed out of his parking spot then drove away through the lot.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, he sat at the kitchen table. He drank a cup of coffee while he set his lock box on top of the table.

He opened the lock box, reached inside and removed an old and faded white envelope with the pre-printed address for the Meridian Star.

He opened the envelope and dumped out ten old black and white photos.

Bernard grabbed one of the photos and looked at it.

The first picture showed Hud Hudson when he was twenty-four years old. He relaxed with a cigar in his mouth while he relaxed in an Adirondack chair with palm trees and Oakwood Motor Court sign in the background.

Bernard smiled at the photo and dropped it back inside the envelope.

He picked up the second photo and looked at it.

This was a picture of a sandy beach and ocean.

He smiled as that brought back fond memories. He dropped that photo back in the envelope.

He picked up third photo and looked at it.

This was a picture of Hud while he sat behind the wheel of a 1932 Hudson parked on a beach. It was a Brougham burgundy Major 8 four door sedan with wire rim wheels. He had

his Colt 45 in his shoulder holster and had a mean gangster's stare.

Bernard smiled at the photo, as it brought back fond memories. He dropped that photo back inside the envelope.

He picked up the fourth photo and looked at it.

This photo showed Hud, Jack, Harold and Willie with fishing poles in hand while on a fishing boat in the ocean.

Bernard smiled at the photo, as it brought back fond memories. He dropped that photo back inside the envelope.

He picked up the fifth photo and looked at it.

This photo showed Hud and the guys with diamond necklaces, diamond rings, and diamond bracelets on a kitchen table along with a plate that had one chocolate chip cookie on it.

Bernard dropped that photo back in the envelope.

He picks up the sixth photo and looked at it.

This one showed Hud, Jack, Willie, and Harold cleaning their sub-machine guns and pistols at a kitchen table. Ester was visible with an apron around her waist peeling a potato by the kitchen sink.

He dropped that photo back in the envelope.

He picked up the seventh photo and looked at it.

This photo was dirty. It showed Ester Walker and Hud Hudson while they cuddled naked in bed. His large penis was visible as well as her bare breasts and pubic hairs.

Bernard stared at the photo and glanced at her perky A-cup tits. This photo brought back some hot memories and he could still hear her moans from orgasms in his head. Twenty years ago, looking at this picture would have given a rise in Bernard's pants. But not now as some things were not in original working order.

Bernard kissed that photo and dropped it back in the envelope.

He picked up the eighth photo and looked at it.

This photo showed Hud, Jack, Willie and Harold while they looked mean on the front porch of a farm house. In the doorway of that house stood Ester in her panties and bra.

He dropped that photo back in the envelope.

He picked up the ninth photo and looked at it.

The photo showed Hud, Ester, Jack, Harold and Willie sitting around a dining room table with a turkey dinner.

He dropped the photo back in the envelope.

He picked up the tenth photo and looked at it.

This photo showed Hud, Harold, Jack, Willie, Uncle Melvin and Ester standing in front

of the Citizen's State Bank in Tupelo, Mississippi with smiles on their faces.

He dropped that photo back in the envelope.

He then dropped that envelope back inside the lock box.

He reached in the lock box and removed and looked at a piece of paper.

On the piece of paper were five names and locations.

The first name was "Bernard Sanders, of Union Park, Indiana" crossed out.

The second name was "Elmer Brown, of Titus, Kentucky" crossed out.

The third name was "Abner Murray, of Daleville, Indiana" crossed out.

The fourth name was "Kent Osborne, of Vicksburg, Arkansas" crossed out.

And the fifth name was "Jimmy Peabody, Gibsland, Illinois" not crossed out.

Bernard tossed that piece of paper into the lock box and closed it.

He got up from the table and walked over to the Jack Daniels whiskey bottle on the counter. He opened the bottle and took a healthy swig of whiskey. He coughed a little then took another swig of whiskey.

Meanwhile across the country, that Greyhound raced east on Interstate 40 in the left lane through the Arizona desert.

Inside the bus, Wendy rested her head against the window and eyed the passing Arizona desert.

Back at James' home, he had his Impala parked in his driveway.

He had the trunk opened and removed his Steve's Science Shop shopping bag from inside it.

He closed the trunk then rushed around to the side of the garage.

He entered the garage through the side door.

James rushed around the items stored inside their garage. Most of these items were items collected from their various Air Force assignments.

He rushed over to a work bench and tucked the Steve's Science Shop shopping bag under the bench out of sight.

He rushed back to the side door of the garage and went outside.

James entered the living room through the front door.

"I'm home," he called out while he closed the door.

"Go wash up. Dinner's ready," Cindy called out from the kitchen.

James walked off and headed down the hallway.

The night rolled on by and *The Donny and Marie Show* was on the TV.

Cindy sat on the couch and was engrossed in the show.

James sat at the other end of the couch and scanned through the pages of his "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" By Peter Diesel book.

Across the country in the Albuquerque bus station, Wendy ate alone in the restaurant that was packed with travelers. She looked so lonely.

Back in Gibsland, Bernard ate a ham and cheese sandwich while he drank a cup of coffee at his kitchen table. He was in deep thought.

Later that nigh back in James home, Cindy was fast asleep under the covers.

James continued to scan through his "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" By Peter Diesel book and looked to be in deep thought again.

He glanced over at Cindy.

He quietly got out of from under the covers. He got up and stood by the bed. He looked at Cindy. She did not move.

He gingerly walked to the door and headed out of the bedroom.

A few minutes later and James entered his garage from the kitchen door.

He rushed over to the work bench and removed the Steve's Science Shop shopping bag.

He removed the Fingerprinting Kit box and placed it up on the work bench.

He rushed over to the side garage door, opens it and stepped outside with the box in hand.

James rushed through his back yard and stopped when he got to Bernard's back yard. He looked at the rear Bernard's house where the one bedroom light was on.

"Now James. Leave that old man alone before he shoots you for being an intruder," Marvin's voice echoed inside James head as a reminder.

James looked nervous while the thought of being shot ran through his head.

He turned around and rushed back to his home.

After he secured his Fingerprinting Kit box back under the work bench in the garage, James went back to his bedroom.

He looked disappointed while he walked over to his bed and quietly slipped back under the covers.

Cindy rolled over the second James head touched his pillow. "Where did you go?" she asked then yawned.

James felt caught. "Ah, I was thirsty, so I went to get a drink of water."

"Oh," Cindy replied believing him. She rolled back over to her side and closed her eyes.

James stared at the ceiling and looked disappointed for chickening out.

It was night over in Albuquerque.

Inside the Albuquerque bus station, Wendy had some time to kill before her next bus left. So she looked around a store that sold books, snacks and other New Mexico souvenirs.

She had her small suitcase in hand while she walked around the store checking out some snacks.

She walked over to the magazine rack on the wall. She scanned through them and nothing peeked her interest.

She walked over to the paperback books on the wall next to the magazines. She looked at the books. Then one peeked her interest. She grabbed the and saw the "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" By Peter Diesel title that had a copy of Hud's old mug shot on the cover.

She rolled her eyes and placed the book back.

She walked away then stopped while she thought about that book.

She turned around and headed back to the books. She grabbed that book and headed over to the cashier's counter where a young cashier waited to serve the next customer.

Wendy placed the book on the counter.

The cashier took the book and rang it up on the cash register. "My boyfriend saw the documentary on this the other night. He actually believes this guy is still alive," the cashier said.

"How about that," Wendy replied and acted like that was fresh news.

"I personally think he's dead if you ask me," the cashier added while she looked at her register. "That will be three dollars and ten cents."

"How about that," Wendy said while she handed the cashier a five dollar bill.

The cashier gave Wendy her change then Wendy walked away.

"Bus to Oklahoma City is leaving in twenty minutes at gate thirteen," a male announcer's voice called out from the speakers in the ceiling.

Wendy walked off toward the gate area with her suitcase and new book in hand.

Chapter 27

It was now Saturday morning and James walked out of his front door in his security guard uniform.

He headed off to his Impala parked next to Cindy's Monza.

Cindy was inside sleeping late since she did not have to work on Saturday.

He got inside his Impala and started it up.

James backed his Impala down the driveway and into the street.

He turned left drove off down Montvale.

He eyed Bernard's house while he drove past it.

Later that morning, James moped around the lower concourse where few were visible shopping. He was still disappointed with himself for chickening out last night with trying to lift some of Bernard's prints.

Back at Bernard's home, he entered his garage from the kitchen door and wore that stolen white dress shirt, dress slacks and a black Fedora hat. His garage was bare except for a shovel that leaned against a corner on the back wall.

He walked over and opened up the garage door.

He went back to his Hudson and got behind the wheel. He started up his car and drove out of the garage.

Back at the upper concourse of the mall, James moped around the patrons that shopped.

Bernard looked like he was on a mission while he drove his Hudson down another Gibsland city street.

Back at the mall, James sat on a bench and drank some coffee. He was in deep thought about his neighbor.

Bernard drove his Hudson down Grant Avenue.

He pulled into the parking lot of the Gibsland Cemetery then parked in the first available parking spot.

He got out of his car and walked off to the entrance of the cemetery.

Back in the upper concourse of the mall, James sat alone in Dirk's Delightful Donut Shop. He munched on a white frosted donut while he drank another cup of coffee.

Back at the Gibsland Cemetery, Bernard walked through the grounds and checked out all the headstones.

He stopped and scanned the area over. He looked a little lost. "Where the hell was it?" he asked himself.

Bernard walked off and walked past a headstone for "Homer Randall." The name on that headstone did not have any meaning even though it should have.

He walked around some more then eventually stopped at a headstone that looked familiar. This headstone was for "Jimmy Peabody, Born August 4, 1883, and Died June 8, 1908."

Bernard smiled down at the cemetery. "It's good to see you again old friend. I hope you enjoyed your forty-five year rest," he said then scanned the cemetery over like he was casing the place.

He looked back down at the gravesite. "I'll be back, so don't you go anywhere," he said then he walked away with a hint of a smile on his face.

Way off in Oklahoma on Interstate 40 a Greyhound bus raced east down the hallway.

Inside the bus, Wendy sat by the window and read the "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" Book. She

turns to the next page and saw the mug shots of Hud, Ester, Jack, Willie, and Harold.

She rubbed her chin while she looked at those pictures. She also smiled, as those faces brought back some fond memories.

“Attention travelers, we'll be arriving in Oklahoma City in fifteen minutes. For those of you that will be continuing with us, we'll be departing for Cincinnati an hour after we arrive. That should be enough time to get some breakfast,” the bus driver said over the loud speakers of the bus.

Wendy turned the page and continued reading the book while the bus raced down the Interstate.

She then saw the photos that that reporter took during a bank job. It was in the newspapers and showed Hud, with the potato sack in hand, and Harold when they ran out of the bank. Then the other photo showed Willie when he ran out of the bank with his Thompson gun in hand.

Back inside the Security Office of the Gibsland Mall, James sat at a desk that had numerous monitors. He watched the monitors that showed the patrons of the mall in various locations on the lower and upper concourses.

Back at Bernard's home, he again washed his Hudson in his driveway.

He sensed something while he washed the trunk of his car. He looked across the street at Agnes' home.

He spotted her peeking out her living room window. He stopped washing his car and gave her his standard evil stare. "Who the fuck is that old hag?" he asked himself.

The curtains of Agnes living room window quickly closed.

Bernard returned to washing his car.

He did not notice Agnes' eyes that took another discreet peek out her living room curtains.

Back in Agnes' home, she looked a little worried while she discreetly eyed Bernard washing his car. "Could that be him?" she asked herself then walked away from the window and still looked worried.

The afternoon rolled around and another Greyhound bus was now heading north on Interstate 44 in Oklahoma. It was fifteen miles south of Joplin, Missouri.

Inside the bus, Wendy sat by the window and continued to read the "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" Book. She was three-quarters of the way through the book and really enjoyed it.

The bus headed north on the Interstate and entered the Joplin city limits.

Then the engine of the bus made a strange mechanical sound. It made a popping sound and the bus started slowing down. The bus driver slowed the bus down some more. Then he pulled the bus into the emergency shoulder with the engine making more strange popping sounds.

The bus stopped on the emergency shoulder.

“I’m sorry folks, but it appears that we have some mechanical issues with the bus. Please remain seated until another bus can take everybody into the station at Joplin,” the bus driver said from the loud speaker.

The door to the bus opened and the driver got out.

The sounds of the disappointed people were heard throughout the bus.

Wendy continued to read her book while the bus driver was visible while he walked to the rear of the bus.

The evening rolled around and James drove his Impala back down his new path home.

While he drove past Bernard’s home, he glanced and saw it looked quiet inside. He wondered what his neighbor was doing at this exact moment.

He looked determined while he pulled left into his driveway and parked next to Cindy’s Monza.

He got out of his car and discreetly eyed Bernard's home while he walked to his front door.

The night soon arrived and after dinner, James and Cindy sat in the living room and watch the *The Love Boat* TV show.

"Oh, by the way, since Doctor Spangler is closing his office down on Monday and Tuesday for a little vacation. I thought I would run up to see mom for a few days over in Evansville," Cindy told James.

"Okay," James replied but what he said went in one ear and out the other since he was in deep thought about Bernard.

Over in Bernard' home, he relaxed in his bed while a transistor radio played the Glenn Miller's *In The Mood* song. He moved his feet to the rhythm of the swing song.

The phone from the kitchen was heard ringing.

Bernard got up and walked out of the living. He walked down the hallway and into the kitchen where the phone still rang.

He walked over to the phone on the wall.

"Hello," he answered the call.

"It's me, Wendy," she said from the phone.

"Are you in town already?"

“No, our bus broke down outside Joplin, Missouri. I’m still here as I missed another bus to Saint Louis. The next one doesn’t leave until the morning. I should be there tomorrow night.”

Bernard looked disappointed. “Okay, call me when you arrive tomorrow night,” he said.

“I will,” she said then hung up her end of the call.

Bernard hung up his phone then walked to the table and grabbed the Jack Daniels whiskey bottle. He looked at the bottle and saw it only had about two ounces left. He opened it up and drank the rest of the booze.

He walked over to the door and opened it and stepped inside his garage.

Bernard walked through the garage and went out the side door.

Once he was outside, he walked down to the metal garbage can by the front corner of the garage.

He opened up the can and dropped the bottle on top of the garbage bags inside.

He walked back to the side door and went back inside his garage.

Hours had passed and it was in the middle of the night.

In James' bedroom, Cindy was sound asleep under the covers.

James lay awake and glanced over at her. She snored a little so he felt the coast was clear.

He carefully got out from under the covers then gingerly walked to the door of the bedroom.

James snuck out of his side door of his garage. He rushed down his garage and then to his backyard.

James rushed through his backyard then headed over to Bernard's house.

He then snuck through Bernard's backyard going past the first bedroom that was dark inside.

He snuck over to the bedroom with a light on. He peeked in the window and saw Bernard on his bed. He smoked a Camel while he cleaned his Colt 45 pistol while in deep thought.

James cautiously walked off and headed over to the side of Bernard's garage.

He saw the metal garbage can down by the front of the garage. He rushed down to it.

James lifted the lid of the garbage can and peeked inside at the trash.

He got a shiver at the sight of the trash. He got brave and started to rummage through the trash.

Inside Bernard's home, he walked down the hallway with a white towel in hand.

He headed into the kitchen.

Out by the side of the garage, James found that empty Jack Daniels bottle inside the garbage can. He removed it with a satisfying smile.

Inside the garage, Bernard entered with that white towel in hand. He walked over to his Hudson and started to wipe down the hood.

While he wiped down the hood, he heard the lid to his garbage can being dropped and hitting the can.

He got suspicious and rushed over to the side door of the garage.

Bernard went out the side door and cautiously stepped outside.

He looked the area over and did not see anybody. But it was dark.

Then he spotted the lid to the garbage can on the ground by the can.

He rushed to the rear of his house and scanned his backyard.

He spotted James while he disappeared around the side of his own garage.

Bernard looked pissed while he walked back down the side of his garage and to the garbage

can. He reinstalled the lid then picked up his garbage can.

He carried the can over to the side door.

He went back inside the garage with the garbage can.

James looked so proud of himself while he rushed into his garage.

He rushed over to the workbench with the Jack Daniels bottle in hand. He flicked on the light above the workbench.

He reached under the bench and removed the Steve's Science Shop shopping bag. He removed his Fingerprinting Kit box.

He opened up the box and removed the contents.

Bernard was pissed then he walked back into his bedroom and over to his bed.

He grabbed his Colt 45 pistol off the bed, shoved it in the back of his pants and walked out of the room.

Over in James' garage, he dusted the flat surfaces of the Jack Daniels bottle for prints.

Outside, Bernard snuck through his backyard and headed to James' garage.

Once he got to the side door of James' garage, he removed his Colt 45 from the back of

his pants. Bernard had the desire to kill in his eyes while he eyed James' side door. Then he thought some more about what he was doing. He shoved his Colt 45 back into the back of his pants.

He headed off back to his backyard.

Inside James' garage, he looked disappointed when he cannot find any good prints off the Jack Daniels bottle.

He walked away from the bench over and discarded the bottle into his metal trash can.

He moped over to the door, flicked off the light, and went inside the kitchen.

Over at the bus station in Joplin, Missouri, Wendy sat in a chair in the waiting area for the next bus to depart for Saint Louis at 6:00 a.m. She nodded off asleep and looked so uncomfortable.

Chapter 28

Normally James does not work on Sunday's, but one of the guys was on vacation so James welcomed the extra overtime pay.

Cindy would use this day to clean the house since James was not there to get in her way.

While James left for work, he did not notice Bernard's peering eyes out his kitchen window while his Impala backed down his driveway.

The second James' Impala was down the street Bernard's garage door opened and then his Hudson drove out to the driveway.

A little while later, James parked his Impala in his usual parking spot.

He got out of his car in his security guard's uniform and headed to an entrance.

He did not notice Bernard's Hudson that parked in a spot down the row from his Impala.

Bernard sat in his Hudson smoking another Camel while he eyed James going inside the mall entrance.

Bernard turned off his car and waited while he smoked on his Camel.

About twenty miles north of Joplin, Missouri, another Greyhound bus headed north

on Interstate 44 with “Saint Louis” on the front marquee.

Inside the bus, Wendy sat by a window near the rear of the bus. She continued to read her Hud Hudson book while the Missouri countryside passed by.

Then she turned the page and saw that photo of Willie Gates’ dead and bullet riddled body on the floor of the Pines View Lodgings outside Abnerville, North Carolina. She felt saddened about that picture.

The lower concourse of the mall was skimpy with patrons.

James sat on a bench and looked depressed while he drank a cup of coffee.

Footsteps were heard walking up to the bench from his right side. James did not hear them, as he was still depressed from last night’s failure.

Bernard sat down on the bench next to James’ right.

James glanced over to his right, his eyes widen and he got startled almost spilling his coffee in his lap at the sight of Bernard.

Bernard looked over at James. “So, I had someone rummaging around my trash last night,” he told James then paused while he gave him a serious stare. “Do you know who that could be?”

James looked caught, got a little nervous and fidgeted a little on the bench. "Ah, no. I don't," he replied then looked away from Bernard's serious stare.

"Well, I hope I don't catch this person the next time. I mean I have a right to protect my home. Don't I?"

James started to shake a little while Bernard's stare started to frighten him. "Ah, yeah. We all do."

Bernard just glared at James and it continued to make him a little frightened.

"Now, I want you to promise that if you notice anybody snooping around my house, that you'll be a good neighbor and tell me. Okay?"

"Ah, sure."

"Good, now let's do a gentleman's shake to seal the deal," Bernard said then extended out his hand to James.

James hesitated for a few seconds then he shook Bernard hand. Bernard then squeezed James hand really hard with his serious stone cold stare.

James cringed in pain and almost dropped his coffee cup from his other hand. He tried to free his hand, but Bernard was too strong and almost cracked the bones in James hand.

"Thank you friend. I hope you're my friend," Bernard said then released his grip from James hand.

“I am,” James replied.

“Good,” Bernard said while he stood up. “Have a good day chasing the criminals out of the mall,” he said and gave James a smirk.

Bernard walked off down the concourse.

James placed his coffee cup on the floor. He rubbed his painful hand while he eyed Bernard walking off down the concourse. James looked a little frightened.

A little while later, Bernard pulled his Hudson out of the mall parking lot and drove off down Harrison Avenue.

He drove off down Harrison and pulled into the parking lot of “Larry’s Liquor Lounge” and parked.

Bernard walked into the liquor store to purchase two more bottles of his beloved Jack Daniels whiskey.

About fifteen miles south of Saint Louis, the Greyhound bus headed north on Interstate 44.

Inside the bus, Wendy still sat by a window near the rear of the bus, and she still read her Hud Hudson book.

The afternoon rolled around and Bernard was back at his home.

His garage door was opened and he worked under the hood of his Hudson. His hands were greasy while he changed the spark plugs on the engine.

Back at the mall, James moped around the concourse while he pondered his situation with Bernard.

Back at Bernard's house, he was finished with changing the spark plugs of his Hudson and had the garage door closed.

Bernard coughed while he closed the hood of his Hudson and started to feel ill. He did not notice his greasy prints left behind on the hood.

He walked around to the left side of his car.

He opened up the passenger door then reached inside the car. He removed the lower half of the rear seat. Tucked under it was a violin case. He grabbed the case and removed it from under floorboard.

After reinstalling the lower half of the rear seat, he closed the passenger door. He did not notice his greasy prints left behind on the door and handle while he closed it.

He headed to the kitchen door with the violin case in hand and went inside his house coughing.

The bus station in St. Louis was packed with travelers.

In the restaurant at the station, Wendy sat alone at a small table for two. She read her Hudson Hudson book while she ate a roast beef sandwich and drank a cup of black coffee.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, he had the violin case on his table near some gun cleaning supplies.

He walked up to the table and opened the case.

Inside the case was a broken down Model 1921 Thompson sub-machine gun with Type C magazine drum.

Bernard sat down at the table and removed the gun from the case. He proceeded to clean it with the gun cleaning supplies.

He got a coughing fit that causes him to turn beet red. Some blood dripped out of his mouth to his chin. He felt it, got up and walked over to the sink.

He rinsed his chin off and noticed the bloody water in his hand. He rinsed off his hands then grabbed one of the two bottles of Jack Daniels on the counter. He opened it and took a big swig.

He took the bottle with him and headed back to the table and sat back down. He continued with cleaning the sub-machine.

It was now Sunday evening.

James walked out of the entrance and headed to the parking lot in deep thought.

He walked over to his Impala and got inside.

Over in the St. Louis bus station, Wendy stood in line with other travelers for the gate for the "Mt. Vernon, Illinois" bus that was ready to leave in twenty minutes.

James was in deep thought while he drove down another street in Gibsland on his way home.

The rock and roll song *What A Fool Believes* by the Doobie Brothers played on the radio.

"...But what a fool believes...he sees," the Doobie Brothers sand out from the speaker.

James glanced at the radio. "That song says it all. What a fool believes. Me."

Then James' eyes widened a little when he saw Grant Avenue up ahead.

He thought for a few seconds then he made a sudden right turn down Grant Avenue and deviated from his normal drive home.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, he sat at the table and that Thompson sub-machine gun in one piece and it looked spotless.

He stood up, held the machine gun in his hands. He then made gunfire sounds while he pretended to spray the kitchen area with bullets. He looked like he reminisced about some old days while he played gangster.

He smiled while he started to disassemble the machine gun. He placed the pieces back in their assigned slots in the violin case.

James parked his Impala in a parking spot in the parking lot of the Gibsland Cemetery.

He got out and walked off to the entrance of the cemetery.

James walked through the cemetery glancing at all the headstones.

He walked by a headstone for Jimmy Peabody and did not notice it.

He continued his walk through the cemetery.

He finally walked to a headstone for "Homer Randall, Born September 9, 1896, and Died April 17, 1934" on it.

James glanced down at the headstone. "Grandpa. It's me. Your grandson James that you never met."

James paced a little while he thought about the recent events. "We thought that your killer was killed after he killed you, but it turns out he

faked his death. Now he's back here in Gibsland. I was hoping to turn him into the police, but I'm failing. I mean, I don't want to end up next to you. Well, not now. Maybe fifty years from now," he said then stopped pacing and glanced down at the headstone. He suddenly started to feel a little brave. "Grandma told me you were a brave man. That you were not chicken to fight it out with the bad guys." James paused while he looked down at the headstone. "It's about time I act like you. I won't be afraid of that old man anymore. I'm going to make sure your killer gets what he deserves, the rest of his life behind bars."

James walked away from the headstone and looked brave and determined.

The cemetery caretaker stepped out from behind a large tree. He heard all of James' conversation to the headstone. He watched while James walked away through the cemetery. He made motions with his index finger near his right temple to indicate he thought James was loony.

Back in Bernard's bedroom, he entered with the violin case in hand.

He walked over to the bed, leaned down and slid the violin case under the bed between his suitcase and the lock box.

He stood up, walked back to the door and headed out of the room.

Up on Interstate 64, a Greyhound bus with "Mt. Vernon" was on the front marquee. The bus raced south on the Interstate in the left lane.

Inside the bus, Wendy sat by the window at the rear of the bus. Her eyes were buried in that book. She was near the end of the book and was on the story about The Hudsters vacationing down in the Florida Everglades in 1934. She took her eyes off the book and glazed out her window. She looked homesick while she watched the Illinois countryside race on by.

Back at James' home, he walked into the kitchen. He noticed that Cindy was not there preparing dinner. "Cindy?"

"I'm in here. You're late," she called out from the dining room and sounded a little upset.

James walked into the dining room and saw Cindy at the table with spaghetti and meatballs dinner ready to eat on two plates.

"I was about ready to start with out you," she said.

James saw that she was a little upset with him. "Sorry," he said while he sat down at the table next to her.

“A phone call that you would be late would be nice,” she said in her normal scolding tone of voice.

“I know.”

Cindy placed some spaghetti and meatballs on his plate. She placed some spaghetti and meatballs on her plate.

They started eating their dinner.

“You know, ever since that old man moved in next door, you've become obsessed with him. Why?”

James hesitated for a few seconds, as he knew he could never bull shit Cindy. “Honey, I really believe he's that famous public enemy Hud Hudson. I can feel it in my gut.”

Cindy rolled her eyes thinking that was the stupidest answer he ever gave.

“I also find it strange that our neighbor drives and old Hudson. You know, like in Henry Hudson.”

“Stop this stupid nonsense. That gangster died a long time ago. Go ask the FBI and the history books.”

James thought for a second then his eyes widened with an idea.

“Work on your manuscript tonight. You would spend every night working on it in the past, but stopped when he moved in next door. You'll never get a book published if you don't work on your manuscript.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

It was quiet at the table while they continued eating their spaghetti and meatball dinner.

Chapter 29

It was later that Sunday night and Cindy watched *All in the Family* on the TV in the living room.

Over inside his den, James looked like he was struggling with a bad case of writer's block while he stared at his typewriter.

Then his eyes lit up when he had an idea. He typed "Hudson Hornet! Fingerprints on Hud Hudson's Hornet!" at the top of his page. "That has to be my only hope," he said while he stared at his typed words. James looked determined while he stared at the paper. Then his eyes widened with an idea. He took that page out of the typewriter, crumpled it up and dropped it in the trash can.

He opened his desk drawer, removed a blank piece of paper and put it in the typewriter. He moved the paper down toward its center. He typed "I Found Hud Hudson and Ester Walker by James Randall" for the title.

He stared at that title for a few seconds. The more he stared at it, the more he loved his idea.

He yawned and stretched but was not ready to go to bed just yet. He still had an important task he had to complete.

He got up from his desk.

He headed to the door of his den and left the room.

James walked down the hallway and headed into the kitchen.

He proceeded to make a cup of Folgers Instant coffee to keep him up a little while longer.

Over in Bernard's kitchen, he also drank some coffee so he would also stay up later.

He glanced at his watch and looked a little concerned. "What's taking her so long? I could have walked to here from California by now."

He finished his cup of coffee then walked over to the counter.

He started to make himself another cup of Maxwell House Instant coffee.

Way off on Interstate 64 about one hundred miles from Mt. Vernon, the traffic was at a standstill in the eastbound lanes.

At the front of the standstill were three mangled cars and that accident looked to have some fatalities. The police had not arrived yet as it just occurred fifteen minutes ago.

Stuck in the left lane of the eastbound lanes was the Greyhound bus from St. Louis.

Inside the bus, Wendy and the other travelers looked around curious, as to why they were at a standstill.

"I'm sorry folks, but there appears to be a major accident up ahead. There must be tons of

cars ahead of us and nothing is moving. So relax and we'll get eventually get you to your destinations of Downing, Gibsland and finally Mount Vernon," the bus driver said from the loud speaker and he tried to sound calm, but he was frustrated.

Wendy looked antsy while she stared out her window into the darkness. Her butt was starting to get numb from the long miles of sitting across the country.

The rest of the travelers pissed and moaned because they were stuck in traffic and their arrival to their destinations were delayed.

A little time had passed and Cindy watched the *Dallas* TV show.

James entered the living room with his third cup of coffee in hand. He saw Cindy on the couch and really hoped that she was in bed.

He walked over to the couch.

"How many cups of coffee have you had tonight?" she asked when she spotted the cup in his hand.

"This makes my third cup," he replied while he sat down on the couch.

"You'll be up all night, then I'll need a stick of dynamite to wake you up for work in the morning," she said in her normal motherly tone of voice.

“I’ll be fine,” he replied then sipped some of his coffee.

“I heard you banging away on your typewriter. Sounds like you’re making some progress on your manuscript.”

“Yeah, I started getting some new ideas for it.”

James sipped his coffee while Cindy watched the rest of the *Dallas* TV show.

The *Dallas* TV show was over and the ending credits were running.

Cindy yawned, got up off the couch and walked over and turned off the TV.

“I’m going to bed,” she said when yawned while she walked toward the doorway.

“I’m going to stay up just a tad longer and work on my manuscript. A new idea popped in my head, and I better write it down before I forget it,” James said while he stood up from the couch.

“Don’t stay up too long,” she replied.

“I won’t,” he said while he walked toward the doorway.

James and Cindy walked down the hallway.

He turned and went inside his den while she headed straight to their bedroom.

Cindy went in their bedroom and got undressed and redressed in her nightgown. She

crawled under the covers and grabbed her *Beauty* novel from the bedside table.

She reached over, flicked on the lamp on the table and started reading her book.

Thirty minutes had passed and James was still in his den

He stared at the typed "Chapter 1" on the first page of his new manuscript. He had not typed another word in the past thirty minutes since he had another bad case of writer's block.

He got up from his desk and headed to the door.

He walked out of his den and headed down the hallway toward the bathroom.

While he went into the bathroom, he snuck a peek inside his bedroom. He looked disappointed when he saw Cindy still in bed reading her book under the light from her bedside table lamp. "Go to sleep," he muttered quietly to himself while he closed the bathroom door.

James came out of the bathroom and peeked in his bedroom. He saw that Cindy had her bedside table lamp off and was on her side.

"Yeah," he quietly said to himself while he did a little victory dance down the hallway and into his den.

James danced over to his desk and sat down. He started at the "Chapter 1" paper in his

typewriter. Then his eyes lit up when he thought of good start.

“It all started the day I drove home from work and saw him. His name was Bernard Sanders and he moved in next door. How was I to know that this old man would change my life forever?” James typed as the first paragraph on his new manuscript.

Then James could not resist the temptation. He got up from his desk and slowly walked out of the den.

He walked down the hallway and headed to his bedroom door. He peeked inside and saw Cindy was sound asleep and snored a little. He knew it was time.

He turned around and rushed down the hallway and headed into the kitchen.

James entered the garage through the kitchen door and flicked on the overhead light.

He rushed over to the workbench and removed the Fingerprinting Kit box from the Steve’s Science Shop shopping bag.

He grabbed the box and rushed over to the side door of the garage. He opened the door and stepped outside.

James rushed through his backyard and headed over to Bernard’s house.

He rushed past the garage and headed to the bedroom window where he knew Bernard slept.

He cautiously peeked in the window and saw Bernard sleeping on his bed in his clothes. He knew he had the opportunity so he rushed off to the garage.

He rushed down the side of the garage to the side door.

He removed a credit card from his pocket and shoved it into the door by the lock. He opened up the door and looked proud of himself.

He quietly stepped inside the garage quietly closing the door behind him.

James flicked on the light to the garage when he entered and saw he was by the front of the Hudson.

James rushed over to the front grille of the car and saw some greasy fingerprints on the hood. He smiled thinking he struck gold.

He placed the Fingerprinting Kit on the floor and opened it.

He removed the print power jar. He shook it then removed the lid. He placed the fingerprint brush inside the lid and collected some of the powder.

He gently spun the brush in his hand and applied light pressure over the greasy print on the hood. A print was visible.

He then applied the lifting tape smoothly and evenly on the print.

He gently pulled the tape off the hood and applied it to the glossy side of the fingerprint-backing card.

James looked at the backing card and dropped the card into the box.

James proceeded to lift three other prints off the hood of the car.

After he was done with the hood, James lifted two prints off the left side passenger door.

He then worked on lifting prints off the trunk of the car.

While James gently applied the lifting tape on a print on the trunk, he heard the phone ring from Bernard's kitchen.

"No!" James muttered to himself while the phone continued to ring.

He gently pulled the tape off the hood while the phone in Bernard's kitchen still rang.

He fumbled with the tape and it floated down to the concrete. While he looked for the tape he kicked over the box and knocked out all the contents onto the floor. "Shit!" he quietly said.

"Hello," Bernard said from the kitchen. Then was a pause. "What took you so long?" Bernard added then there was some more pause. "Okay. Hang tight."

James stepped on the tape on the floor while he scooped up all his items back into the box, he heard the kitchen door open up and close.

He froze by the rear of the Hudson.

He heard the garage door open.

He peeked under the Hudson and saw Bernard's dress shoes by the front of the car. He did not realize that Bernard was wiping down the hood to get rid of the greasy prints.

He looked for a place to hide but the garage was bare except for the shovel that still leaned in the corner on back wall.

He heard the footsteps coming toward the rear of the car. He panicked and opened up the trunk. He climbed inside with his Fingerprinting Kit box in hand and the lifting tape stuck to the bottom of his shoe. He slowly closed the trunk leaving a small opening for his escape.

Bernard was dressed in his suit and Fedora hat while he walked around to the rear of his car with a rag in hand. While he wiped down the trunk, it closed shut.

Bernard then wiped down the left passenger door and handle.

James started to panic while inside the trunk of the Hudson when he heard the driver's door open and close. Then the engine started and the tail lights came on and provided some light for James inside the trunk. He knew he was in huge

trouble when he sensed the Hudson drive out of the garage.

A few seconds later, Bernard drove his car down Montvale Street with James as his unknown hostage.

“Cindy’s going to kill me once she finds out where I am,” James quietly muttered to himself while he pondered a way out of this sticky dilemma.

While Bernard drove the Hudson down the street, James felt a cloth bag was tucked at the end of the trunk. He did not realize at the moment that this was an old potato sack from the 1930s.

Ten minutes had passed and Bernard drove his car down Evergreen Avenue with James still in the trunk.

Bernard made a right turn and pulled his Hudson into the parking lot of the Gibsland Bus Station.

He parked in the first available parking spot.

Bernard got out of his car and walked to the entrance of the bus station with a hint of a smile.

James was still locked inside the trunk of the Hudson. Even though it was dark inside it, he removed his pen knife from his pocket. He opened it and started using the pen knife to

fiddle with the lock to get it opened. He knew it would be a long walk home but did not want to risk Bernard finding him.

Bernard walked inside the bus station and stood by the door. He glanced at all of the travelers walking or sitting around the station.

“Hey darling,” Wendy called out from Bernard’s right side.

Bernard smiled over hearing that familiar voice and looked to his right and saw Wendy. She stood four feet from his with her suitcase in hand and a loving smile.

Wendy set her suitcase on the floor and rushed over to Bernard. She gave him a hug and kiss on the lips.

“What’s it been? Seven to ten years?” Wendy asked him.

“About that,” Bernard replied and was happy to see his old friend again.

“It’s so good to see you. You’re looking great despite things,” Wendy added.

Bernard bend down and picked up her suitcase. “Let’s get home,” he said.

He walked arm in arm with her to the door.

Back inside the trunk of the Hudson, James still fiddled with the lock with his pen knife in hopes he could open it.

But then he heard footsteps outside the trunk and stopped.

“The Hudson looks great. Looks exactly like when you bought her back in fifty-three,” Wendy said from outside the trunk.

“The only type of car I would consider owning,” Bernard said from outside the trunk.

James cringed in fear believing that he would be caught inside the trunk and then Bernard would shoot him.

Then he got relieved when he heard Bernard and Wendy walk away from the rear of the car.

Outside the Hudson, Bernard opened up the left passenger door and placed Wendy’s suitcase on the back seat. He closed the door then opened up the driver’s door. Wendy got inside the car and Bernard was right behind her.

Inside the trunk, James was relieved when he heard them get inside and the car started up. The tail lights came back on and provided James some visibility in the trunk.

While Bernard backed his Hudson out of the parking spot, James returned with fiddling with the trunk lock with his pen knife.

Then while Bernard made a left turn out of the bus station parking lot, James could hear their entire conversation from inside the trunk.

“So Hud, what's your plans for Gibsland?” Wendy asked.

“Hud! I knew it,” James said in a whisper and did a little confined victory dance in the trunk that his theory was right on the money. “Who is that female?” he asked when it dawned on him that someone else was in the car.

“Well Ester, I was thinking of going out in a bit of glory and pulling off one last bank job. “

James' eyes lit up. “Ester Walker is here,” he whispered to himself.

“You know something, there are times when I really miss the excitement of the old days,” Wendy said.

“Tell me about it. For the past forty-four years, I've been working as a fucking dishwasher, fucking janitor, any fucking job that doesn't require a background check or fingerprints or a brain,” he said.

“I've been working for cash as a cleaning lady for arrogant Hollywood stars. You'll be surprised how many will pay you under the table and won't ask any personal questions,” said Wendy.

There was a few seconds of silence between Wendy and Bernard.

“I'm just glad my stashes weren't touched after all those years. They really helped me survive,” said Bernard.

James could sense the Hudson made a right turn down another street.

“Don't you have one here?”

“Yep, it's the last one.”

James continued to fiddle with the lock of the trunk with his pen knife. Then he heard the lock unlock and the trunk flew open. He panicked thinking Bernard would see it from his rear view mirror. James grabbed the trunk and brought it down. He held it in down to where it was just on the verge of locking again.

James could sense the Hudson made a left turn down another street while he held onto the trunk to prevent it from flying open or locking again.

“Oh, I almost forgot. I want you to autograph a book I bought during the trip.”

“Why the hell would I autograph a book?”

“Because it's called, "Is Hud Hudson Alive? And it's a really good read. Those pictures inside brought back some fond memories. Kinda made me homesick for the old days.”

“Remember that day in July of thirty-three, when you and the guys went to rob that bank in Daleville, Indiana?” Wendy asked Bernard.

There was a few seconds of silence in the car.

“Oh yeah, only to find out that John Dillinger and his boys beat us to the job,” Hud replied.

“That’s one for the history books,” said Wendy.

There was a few seconds of silence in the car.

“I blew a gasket when I heard what Doctor Harvey said on his death bed. I would have killed him but he beat me to it by dying,” Bernard said and sounded pissed.

“What about his female assistant? I forgot her name,” Wendy asked.

There was a few seconds of silence. “I don’t have a clue where she vanished. She’s probably dead by now,” Bernard replied.

“After that doctor died, out came all those conspiracies,” Wendy added.

“Yeah, those fucking conspiracy theories assholes. Just like the JFK assassination conspiracies,” Bernard replied and sounded a little irritated.

“I know what you mean. You should have seen them camped out by Daley Plaza in Dallas where he was shot. They’re selling books and what not. Anything for a buck, I guess,” Wendy replied.

“People always try to make a fast buck the easy way,” Bernard replied then he chuckled.

Wendy also chuckled along with him.

“Yep,” she said.

James could sense the car backed up. He ever so carefully lifted up the trunk and peeked

outside. He saw Bernard's garage door getting closer. He slowly closed the trunk but was careful not to lock it again.

Then the tail lights got brighter and the brakes squealed a little.

James heard the driver's door open.

He heard the garage door being opened.

He heard the driver's door being closed.

The Hudson backed up then the tail lights got brighter and the brakes squealed again. The engine turned off and the tail lights went off. It was pitch dark again inside the trunk.

Then James heard the driver's door open and then heard the garage door close.

The driver's door closed then the passenger door opened and closed.

"There are times when I really miss Jack, Harold and Willie," James heard Wendy from the garage.

"I recalled you had some good times with them in bed," James heard Bernard from the garage.

"Hey, a girl had to earn some extra cash back then. I believe you're good times in bed were free," James heard her reply followed by her chuckle.

Then James heard the door to the kitchen door being unlocked then open and close.

It was quiet inside the garage.

James slowly opened the trunk and noticed that the garage was dark. He opened the trunk all the way up and quickly got out with his Fingerprinting Kit in hand.

He quietly closed the trunk then rushed off to the side door with his kit in hand.

He quietly opened the side door and stepped outside and quietly closed the door.

James ran from Bernard's garage and headed to his back yard.

He ran to the side of his garage and headed to the side door. He opened the side door and rushed inside his garage.

Inside his garage, he rushed over to the work bench and stashed his Fingerprinting Kit box back in its shopping bag.

He rushed off to the kitchen door with a satisfying grin on his face and a little victory dance.

He went back inside his house.

James gingerly entered his bedroom and went over to his bed.

Cindy was still sound asleep while James quietly got undressed down to his tee shirt and boxers.

He quietly and carefully got under the covers. He had a satisfying grin on his face

while the back of his head touched the pillow. He closed his eyes and was sound asleep in minutes.

Back over at Bernard's home, he and Wendy walked into his bedroom.

"I have a surprise for you," he said while he walked over to his bed.

Wendy looked a little anxious, as she loved surprises.

Bernard dropped to his knees, reached under the bed and removed the violin case. He placed the case on the bed.

"Is it what I think it is?" Wendy asked while there were sparkles in her eyes.

Bernard nodded in agreement with a hint of a smile.

Like a kid at Christmas, Wendy opened up the violin case. Her eyes lit up at the sight of the Thompson sub-machine gun inside. "I fucking love it!"

She gave Bernard a kiss on his lips. "I'll have to thank you like I did in the old days."

Bernard looked a little concerned while Wendy reached around her back and unzipped her dress.

Back in James bedroom he and Cindy were sound asleep.

Back in Bernard's bedroom, he and Wendy lay naked under the covers. Bernard looked angry. Wendy fondled his crotch..

"Don't worry. It happens with men our age. We'll try again later," she said while she got out from under the covers.

Wendy stood naked by his bed and Bernard looked at the small breasts that were no longer perky and sagged. Then he looked down at her pitch black pubic hair. He had a quick flashback of those days when she would scream out in ecstasy from his performance. But not tonight as his old age worked against him for satisfying her sexually. He was mad with himself.

Wendy slipped into her nightgown, got back under the covers and snuggled next to Bernard. They both closed their eyes.

Chapter 30

It was Monday morning and the start of another week of work for the majority of the folks in Gibsland.

Cindy was still in her nightgown while she placed two plates of scrambled eggs, bacon and toast on the dining room table near two cups of coffee.

James entered the dining room in his security guards uniform. He had a spring in his step and Cindy noticed while she sat down in front of her plate of scrambled eggs.

“You sure look chipper for a Monday morning. Normally you hate Mondays,” she said then picked up her cup of coffee and took a drink.

“I know, but last night, I had a great nights sleep,” James replied while he sat down in front of his plate of scrambled eggs. He picked up his coffee cup with a smile then took a drink.

“I thought that maybe you decided to mail out one of your manuscripts to a publisher,” she replied with hopeful eyes, as she always thought James was an excellent writer.

“Oh no, not yet. But I had an exciting adventure type of dream,” he said then ate some scrambled eggs while he recalled last night.

“What was that?” she asked and looked curious then took another drink of her coffee while she waited for his story.

“Well, in my dream I was kidnapped by a gangster who forced me into his trunk while he and his partner planned to rob a bank,” he replied then took another drink of his coffee.

Cindy thought about his story so far. “You could use that for one of your future stories,” she said and looked serious.

James thought about her reply for a few seconds. Then he smiled at her idea. “That would work,” he said then ate some eggs.

“Oh, I’m going grocery shopping in the morning,” she said then took another drink of her coffee.

“How come you’re not going to work? Today is Monday,” James asked a little confused.

Cindy looked a little irritated with James. “Didn’t you listen to me on Saturday night?”

“Saturday night?” James replied and looked like that deer staring into headlights.

“Yes Saturday night. I told you that since Doctor Spangler was closing down the office for Monday and Tuesday, I was going to run over to mom’s house in Evansville. I thought it would be nice to spend some time with her.”

James thought about what she said then he vaguely remembered something to that effect

being said on Saturday. “That would be nice,” he replied.

“Anyway, do you need anything at the grocery store?”

James thought for a few seconds. “Nope. I’m fine.”

James continued to look happy while he munches down on some eggs. Then he got extra happy knowing Cindy would not be around while he continued to spy on Bernard.

After breakfast was over and James gave Cindy a good-bye kiss and hug for her short trip, he headed out the front door.

James walked over to his car with a spring in his step and whistled a happy tune.

His eyes widened when he remembered something important.

He rushed over to the side of the garage.

He opened up the side door and rushed into the garage.

Once he got inside the garage, he rushed over to his work bench. He reached under the bench and grabbed the Steve’s Science Shop shopping bag.

He rushed back to the side door of the garage and went outside.

James rushed over to the trunk of his Impala. He quietly unlocked the trunk and set the shopping bag inside. He quietly closed the trunk.

He rushed over and got behind the wheel of his Impala. He started up his car, backed down the driveway, then turned left and drove off down Montvale.

James discreetly gave Bernard's house The Finger while he drove past it. "You're days are numbered old man."

He turned on the radio and the song *I Fought The Law* by the Clash started playing.

"Bernard fought the law and the law won," he sang way off key.

He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel while he hummed to the song and made a left turn then drove down another street.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, he sat in a chair at the table in his white boxers and athletic tee shirt. He drank his third cup of coffee while he watched Wendy in her slinky red nightgown while she fried up four eggs at the stove. He was still angry with himself.

Wendy looked over at Bernard. "Your cupboard is bare. We need to shop for some grub today."

“Okay, I also want to show you around town to plan our little job,” he said then took another drink of coffee.

Wendy placed two fried eggs each on two plates.

She walked them over to the table and sat down next to Bernard.

“You know, after all these years, I regret never marrying you. You were the only man I could trust,” Wendy said while she cut up her fried eggs with her fork.

Bernard thought about her comment while he took a bit of his eggs. “I know, but I always felt it was safer for us if we went our separate ways,” he replied and looked sincere.

Wendy thought about his response for a few seconds. “Yeah, I guess you're right. Less risky,” she said then took a drink of her coffee.

A little while later that morning, James strutted around the lower concourse. He whistled a happy tune while all he could think about was his success from last night.

He saw a woman with a shopping bag in hand. “Good morning, ma-am,” he told her.

“Good morning,” the woman replied and thought that was strange as James was never this friendly before during his rounds.

James continued to strut off down the concourse still whistling his happy tune.

Back at Bernard's home, he was dressed in his suit with his Fedora hat while Wendy was dressed in a nice blue dress.

They got inside his Hudson and he drove it out of the garage.

After the garage door was closed, Bernard drove it down the driveway.

He made a right turned at the end of the driveway and drove off down Montvale Street.

Up on the upper concourse of the mall, James sat inside Dirk's Delightful Donut Shop.

James sat alone at a table with a cup of coffee and three vanilla frosted donuts to celebrate his victory from last night.

Way across town on Crestmont Avenue, Bernard and Wendy had his Hudson parked in a parking spot of a store that sold lamps.

He and Wendy eyed the First National Bank that was across the street.

"The place looks different from what I remembered," Wendy said.

"I believe they tore the old bank down and built this one back in fifty-five," he replied then lit up another Camel.

"So, what's the plan?" she asked.

"First I'll steal a car that you can use while you wait for me outside the bank along the street.

We'll hit it before it closes during the evening," he replied and looked so sure of himself.

Wendy nodded in agreement and never doubted any of Bernard's plans. Then her eyes lit up. "Steal me a nice one this time. Maybe something sporty like one of those Mustangs or Camaros," she added with a gleam in her eye.

"I can do that," he said then looked at her and gave her a wink that it would be a done deal.

Wendy looked forward to driving a cool car this time.

"Okay, then I'll use this to help hide my face since this bank is using those fancy new surveillance cameras," he said then reached under his front seat and removed a red checkered bandana. He placed it over his nose, mouth and chin.

Wendy glanced over at Bernard. She chuckled. "Looks just like Billy the Kid and the old western days."

Bernard thought about her comment. "I loved reading those stories about Billy the Kid when I was a youngster. He was my hero," he said with a sparkle in his eyes. "If I was born back then, I probably would have been a loyal member of his gang," he added.

"Pals is what Billy said," Wendy added.

"Pals," Bernard said then shoved the bandana back under his seat.

Wendy glanced around the area. “Bank jobs appear to be a little more difficult these days as compared to forty years ago.”

“I know, but this should be a bigger rush than the old days,” he said and the thought about robbing another bank started his heart to race with excitement.

Wendy nodded in agreement then she remembered something. “Didn’t you kill a police officer in this street during that bank robbery in thirty-four?”

Bernard thought about it for a few seconds. “I believe I did,” he said and showed no remorse while he started up his car “Let’s go check out our next sight of interest,” he said while he backed out of the parking spot then drove off through the parking lot.

He turned left onto Crestmont Avenue then drove off down the street.

Bernard turned on his car radio and the Duke Ellington song *Cocktails for Two* played on the radio.

Wendy started humming along with the song. “This is a nice station,” she said then went back to her humming.

“I believe it’s from Saint Louis,” Bernard replied then made a right turn down Grant Avenue.

It was lunch time at the Gibsland Mall.

James walked out of one of the entrances with a McDonald's bag in hand.

He walked through the lot with a spring in his step and headed to his parked Impala.

He walked over to his car door, opened it then tossed the bag inside.

He rushed around to his trunk, opened it, reached inside and grabbed the Steve's Science Shop shopping bag.

He left his trunk open while he rushed back and got inside his car.

While James sat behind the wheel, he looked so excited while he removed the Fingerprinting Kit box from the shopping bag. "I'll have to call Marvin immediately," he said while he opened up the box.

He reached inside and removed one of the cards with the print he lifted off the Hudson. It was smudged and no good. James dropped it back in the box and removed another one of the cards with a print he lifted. It was also smudged.

James quickly glanced at all of the cards from last night. They were all smudged and of no value.

James stared at the cards in disbelief. "I don't believe it. I don't fucking believe it!" he yelled out.

Then he got mad and started pounding his fists on the steering wheel.

A woman walked by his Impala and saw James pounding his fist on the steering wheel. She shook her head in displeasure and walked away and headed over to the mall entrance.

James sat behind his steering wheel and looked like he wanted to cry.

He grabbed the box and got out of his car closing the door.

He walked around to the trunk, opened it then tossed the Fingerprinting Kit back in his trunk.

He slammed the trunk shut then moped back to the entrance of the mall.

Over on Grant Avenue, Bernard had his Hudson parked in the grass by the street in front of the cemetery.

Inside his car, he and Wendy eyed the cemetery and saw some of the headstones.

“I figured that we would stage the Hudson here for our getaway after the heist. Then we’ll ditch the stolen car here and take off to Boone, North Carolina,” he told her.

Wendy thought about it for a few seconds. “Sounds like it should go smooth. The cops will think the owner of that car is in the cemetery looking at a departed loved one,” she said.

“My exact thoughts,” Bernard said then he lit up another Camel. He looked at the headstones while he pondered for a few seconds.

“Bruno came through and we have some new identifications.”

“How's Bruno doing these days? He must be getting way up there in age by now.”

“He's going good and he is getting up here in age. He's going retire and live down in Miami.”

“A life of soaking up the sun would be nice,” she replied with a smile of thinking about those days of sunning at Malibu Beach.

Bernard looked a tad worried. “There might be one small problem,” he said then took a drag on his Camel.

“What's that?” she asked and looked a little concerned, as she never liked problems during a job.

“My neighbor has been snooping around a little.”

“Is he a threat?”

“Not yet. I gave him a little friendly warning after I caught him rummaging through my trash the other night. I thought he was going to piss his pants when I talked to him about that,” he replied then chuckled a little when he remembered his meeting with James at the mall.

“We'll deal with him in the proper manner if the need arises,” Wendy replied and would not think twice about putting some lead into James.

Bernard nodded in agreement. “Yep, just like the old days.”

“Just like the old days,” Wendy added while she glanced back at the cemetery.

“Let's get home, I need a little nap,” Bernard said then started up his car and yawned.

Bernard made a U-turn with his Hudson and drove off down the street.

Back at the Gibsland Mall, James moped around the concourse looking down and out.

He walked by JC Penny's where Marvin walked out in casual clothes and had a shopping bag in hand.

Marvin spotted James. “Hey there.”

James looked over at Marvin and gave him a slight nod.

Marvin noticed that James looked so down and out. “What's wrong? Did you and Cindy have a fight?”

“No. Nothing like that,” James replied while Marvin walked over to him.

Marvin walked James over to a bench and they sat down.

“You're not working today?”

“I'm taking today and tomorrow off,” Marvin replied.

“Oh.”

“The last time I saw you this down was after that incident here at the mall where you thought that Penny's janitor was an escaped felon,” said

Marvin then thought about that incident. "Didn't he punch you in the face?"

"No, he swung at me but I ducked in time," James replied and was still embarrassed by thinking about that day.

"Then what's the problem?"

James hesitated while he wondered if he should say anything else about is theory. "I really believe that my neighbor is the real Hud Hudson. I can feel it in my bones," he said.

Marvin actually felt sorry for James. "I'll tell you what, if you find something, like fingerprints or something else that could be evidence, I'll run it up to the FBI. As a precaution," he said and looked sincere.

James looked at Marvin. "Thanks."

"Good, well I gotta go. I have a hot date tonight, hence the new outfit," Marvin said while he held up his Penny's shopping bag.

Marvin stood up then gave James a little pat on his back.

He walked off thinking nothing will come out of anything James found.

Over on Park Avenue was a Sullivan's Foods store.

Bernard and Wendy walked through the parking lot of Sullivan's Foods and each had a bag of groceries in hand.

They walked to the rear his parked Hudson.

Wendy noticed two small black smudges on his trunk.

“You have some black smudges there,” she told Bernard while she pointed at the smudges.

Bernard looked and it took a few seconds for to dawn on him.

“Grease from the other day when I changed my spark plugs. I thought I wiped them off last night, but must have missed a spot,” he replied then opened the trunk of his car.

He coughed a little so he did not notice the fingerprinting lifting tape on the trunk carpet. He placed his grocery bag on top of the tape. It was actually a really good print.

Wendy placed her grocery bag in the trunk next to the other bag.

Bernard closed the trunk.

They walked and got inside the car.

Bernard started up his Hudson, backed out of the parking spot and drove off through the parking lot heading to Park Avenue.

Way off on Interstate 64, Cindy drove her Monza off the exit.

She then drove south on Route 44 and headed toward Evansville.

While she drove, she hummed along and danced in her seat to the *Shake Your Groove Thing* by Peaches and Herb that played on the radio.

“Shake your groove thing, shake your grove thing,” she sang out in key with Peaches and Herb.

She was getting excited about spending some quality time with her mom. She asked Marvin to come with her, but Marvin really wanted to go on this hot date.

Back at Bernard’s home, he backed his Hudson back in his garage.

While he and Wendy got the groceries out of the trunk, neither of them noticed that fingerprint lifting tape that fell off the bottom of the grocery bags Bernard carried.

The tape floated back down the floor and almost landed in the same spot James’ shoe picked it up from.

They carried the bags of groceries into the house.

Chapter 31

A little while later that afternoon, Bernard had his Hudson parked in his driveway.

He had the hose out and he washed his car.

Wendy helped by soaping down the car while Hudson rinsed.

Agnes was busy doing her daily activity from across the street.

Today Agnes used a pair of binoculars while she peeked out her living room curtains to spy on Bernard and Wendy. With those binoculars, she was able to get a close up view of Bernard and Wendy while they washed the Hudson.

Back in his driveway, Bernard had a weird feeling. He glanced across the street and saw peeking out her living room window with binoculars.

“This town sure has a bunch of nosy people,” Bernard told Wendy while he turned the hose away from the car.

“What do you mean?” she said while she looked up from washing the trunk.

“Besides that pansy next door, there's this old lady across the street that always peeks out her living room window. Now she's using a pair of binoculars on us,” he said and motioned to look at Agnes house across the street.

Wendy looked at Agnes house across the street. She saw Agnes peeking in the window with those binoculars. Wendy waved at Agnes then motioned for her to come over and help wash the Hudson.

They both saw Agnes disappear from her living room curtains.

Bernard and Wendy chuckled then returned to washing the car.

Over in her house Agnes rushed away from her living room window. She looked scared while she headed off to her kitchen.

She got weak in the knees and almost fell to the floor. She grabbed the wall and carefully walked into her kitchen.

She looked white as a ghost while she carefully sat down at her kitchen table. Her hands trembled while she glanced over at her phone that hung on the opposite wall by the refrigerator.

The afternoon was actually slow at the Gibsland Police Station.

Desk Sergeant Wally Reynolds sat behind his desk drinking a cup of coffee and enjoying a chocolate donut. This was his fourth donut so far and would only eat them at work since his wife did not allow them at home.

His desk phone rang. He quickly swallowed his donut then picked up the phone.

“Gibbsland police department. How may I help you?” Sergeant Reynolds answered the call.

There was a few seconds of silence.

“Gibbsland police department. How may I help you?” Sergeant Reynolds repeated his response.

“Ah, I want to report two gangsters that are living across the street from me,” Agnes finally replied from the phone.

Wally paused for a second as this voice sounded very familiar. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him the identification of the caller.

“Hello Misses Moore. So, you believe you have two mobsters living across the street?”

There was a few seconds of silence when Agnes realized she could not disguise her voice. “Yes I do. Come and arrest them.”

“And who might these two gangsters be? Al Capone and Bugsy Moran?” Sergeant Reynolds said and did a little chuckle while he covered the phone with his hand.

“No. I know that those gangsters are dead. But I’m positive that my new neighbors across the street are Hud Hudson and Ester Walker,” Agnes replied and sounded serious.

“Okay Misses Moore, I’ll send in a report to the FBI. Have a nice day Misses Moore,”

Sergeant Reynolds said then hung up his phone. He started a little chuckle.

Police Officer Phil Peterson walked by his desk and heard his chuckle. "What's so funny Wally?" he asked and looked curious.

"Misses Moore called again."

"What now?" Officer Peterson curiously asked as he's been at her house for numerous calls in the past.

"She believes that her new neighbors across her street are the famous outlaws Hud Hudson and Ester Walker," Sergeant Reynolds said and chuckled again.

Officer Peterson chuckled while he thought about the call. "That's a good one. I'm ready for her to call that Elvis lives next door."

"That might be next month's call," Sergeant Reynolds replied then he returned to his half eaten chocolate donut.

Officer Peterson walked away to the front entrance to get to his police car and patrol the streets of Gibsland.

Back in Agnes' kitchen, she sat back down at her kitchen table. Her hands still trembled while she thought about Bernard and Wendy living across her house.

James house was quiet since Cindy was over in Evansville with her mom.

James entered the kitchen still looking down. He had a six-pack of Budweiser beer cans in hand.

He saw a note stuck to the refrigerator door.

He walked over and looked at the note.

"TV Dinner in the fridge for tonight's meal. Be home tomorrow afternoon. Love, Cindy" was written on the note.

He opened the refrigerator door and placed the beer inside.

He closed the door and walked out of the kitchen.

James headed down the hallway and went into his bedroom. He started undressing out of his security guard's uniform and changed into some blue jeans and a golf shirt.

A little while later in James' home, he ate his cooked TV dinner that consisted of fried chicken, corn, mashed potatoes and a brownie. He also drank one of his Budweiser beers.

The phone on the wall in the kitchen rang.

James got up from the table and headed into the kitchen.

He answered the phone. "Hello."

"It's me honey. Just calling to let you know I'm in Evansville and mom's doing great," Cindy replied from the phone.

"That's nice."

“Marvin said he saw you at the mall and you looked a little down. Now, if you just forget about our neighbor, you'll feel better. So, why don't you spend the entire night working on that new manuscript?” Cindy said in her motherly tone.

“Yeah, you're right I will,” James replied but knew he had other plans.

“Good, now I love you and I should be home in the early tomorrow. Have a great night.”

“I love you too,” James replied then hung up the phone.

He walked back into the dining room and sat down at the table.

He finished his dinner and drank his Budweiser.

Over at Bernard's home, he and Wendy sat at the kitchen table and ate a steak dinner, baked potato and corn. Their drink tonight was coffee.

His transistor radio was on the counter to add some ambiance with their dinner.

The song *The Very Thought of You* by Billie Holiday started playing on the radio.

Wendy's eyes lit up the second she heard Billie Holiday's voice. “I love that song,” she said.

“I remember it,” Bernard said.

“I’m livin’ in a kind of daydream,” Wendy sang out along with Billie. She stopped singing then looked at Bernard. “Remember when we first heard this song?”

Bernard had to think for a few seconds. “Yeah, it was when we were hiding out in Florida. Ray Noble and his orchestra played it on the radio when we were in Orlando.”

“That’s right,” she replied then hummed along with the song. “Oh, I thought I would bake you a batch of my chocolate chip cookies while I’m here,” she told him.

Bernard thought about what she said for a few seconds. “I remember those cookies. The guys sure loved them.”

They were quiet while they listened to the rest of that song.

Across the street over in Agnes’ kitchen, she had her phone book out on the counter.

She had the phone to her left ear while she looked at a number in the white pages of the book.

She dialed the number and anxiously waited for an answer.

A FBI field office was located in Springfield, Illinois.

FBI Agent Sam Summerfield sat behind his desk. He wanted to go home early, but he had

some paperwork that required his attention. His desk phone rang. He hesitated but realized it could be an important call. So he picked up the phone.

“FBI, Springfield office, Agent Summerfield. How may I help you?” he answered the call.

Back at Agnes’ kitchen, she looked a little paranoid after hearing Sam’s voice.

“Hello,” Agent Summerfield said from the phone.

Agnes looked over her shoulder to make sure Bernard or Wendy was in her kitchen. The coast was clear. “My name is Agnes Moore, and I live in Gibsland. I want to report that gangsters Hud Hudson and Ester Walker are living across the street from me,” she finally had the courage to blurt out.

A few seconds of silence from the phone.

“Ma-am, did you say that Hud Hudson and Ester Walker are living across the street from you in Gibsland?” Agent Summerfield said to make sure he heard Agnes correctly.

“Yes sir and I'm afraid they came into town to kill me,” Agnes replied and sounded serious and scared.

“Why would they want to kill you Misses Moore?” said Agent Summerfield.

A few seconds of silence while Agnes still looked scared. “Because I know something about them that could prove who they really are.”

“Okay, we’ll send some agents down there to investigate,” Agent Summerfield replied.

Agnes heard Agent Summerfield hang up his end of the call. So she hung up her phone and looked proud of herself. She actually believed that the FBI would be at Bernard’s house first thing in the morning and arrest the pair of criminals.

She walked out of her living room and headed down the hallway to her bedroom.

She returned into the kitchen and rushed over to her counter by the phone. She opened the phone book at the yellow pages. She dialed a phone number from the book.

“Abby’s Real Estate Office, how may I help you?” Abby answered the call.

“I’m Agnes Moore and I live off Montvale Street. I want to sell my house,” she said into the phone.

Back at the FBI field office in Springfield, Agent Summerfield chuckled while he looked at his phone.

FBI Agent Roger Nichols sat down at his nearby desk with a cup of coffee in hand. He

noticed Summerfield chuckling at his phone.
“What's so funny?”

“I had this Agnes Moore from Gibsland just called. She claimed that public enemies Hud Hudson and Ester Walker are living across the street from her. And they are there to kill her.”

Agent Nichols chuckled. “Some of the old timers would tell stories of people calling in years ago with the same claim back in the fifties.”

“Reminds me of a call I had last year when someone claimed that the CIA Director, George Bush was involved in the Kennedy Assassination,” said Agent Summerfield.

Agent Nichols got a strange gut feeling.
“Did you say this old lady was from Gibsland?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“I went grew up in Gibsland. I have an old high buddy that's a detective down there. I'll have to give him a call,” Agent Nichols replied.

“Maybe he can go arrest Hud Hudson and Ester Walker,” Agent Summerfield jokingly replied.

“Yeah. Maybe.”

Agent Summerfield and Nichols returned to their paperwork.

Back at James' home, he sat at his desk and stared at what he wrote for Chapter 1. He had three paragraphs drafted out so far.

He picked up his Budweiser can and took a drink while he stared at his page. He suddenly had another bad case of writer's block.

He placed his fingers on the typewriter keys and his mind was still blank. He pulled them back and took another drink of Budweiser while he tried to force his mind to think. It did not work.

A little while later that night, James sat on his couch and drank another Budweiser beer. He watched the *Lou Grant* show on the TV.

He half watched the show while his mind was really focused on how to prove Bernard was really Hud Hudson.

Over in Bernard's kitchen, he and Wendy Bernard and Wendy drank some whiskey and water in small clear glasses while they sat at the table.

A plate with four remaining chocolate chip cookies was in the center of the table. Bernard loved them and they brought back more fond memories.

"We'll head out here in a couple of hours. It should be quiet," he told Wendy.

"Do you have a trusted fence?"

"Oh yeah, he's in Springfield. He's actually Jack's cousin."

Wendy thought for a second. “Oh yeah, Ernie. I didn't know he was still around,” she said then her eyes lit up when she remembered something. “Remember that night before we first met Ernie? When you and Jack and me were in bed?”

“Yep. I still have that picture.”

“I'll have to see it.”

“Old Ernie's still slimy as a snake but he can be trusted for fencing stuff with me. He knows I won't think twice about putting a piece of lead in his head,” said Bernard.

Wendy looked at Bernard then raised her glass in the air. “Here's to some more good times.”

Bernard and Wendy clanked their glasses to toast some more adventures.

Thirty minutes later, Bernard showed Wendy that naked photo he had in his lock box.

She smiled as it brought back some hot memories from that night.

“So, do you want to try it again?” she asked him while she looked at the photo.

Bernard looked disappointed. “It's no use. It doesn't work anymore,” he said.

Wendy felt sorry for him.

Hours had passed and it was a clear night with twinkling stars and a full Moon.

James brought out one of the dining room chairs and sat in his back yard. He gazed at the full Moon while he drank another can of Budweiser.

His ears perked up when he heard Bernard's garage door open.

James could not resist the temptation.

He got up and snuck over to the side of his house. He peeked around the corner of his house and saw Bernard's Hudson drive out of the garage.

He watched while Bernard, dressed in casual old clothes, got out of his car, rushed over and closed the garage door. He saw Wendy in the passenger seat while Bernard rushed back over and got behind the wheel.

Bernard drove his car down the driveway then made a left turn and headed off down Montvale Street.

James snuck down the side of his house and then to his driveway.

He looked and saw Bernard's Hudson make a left turn way down the street.

He looked back at Bernard's house. The urge was strong and he could not resist.

He rushed around the corner of his house and headed to his driveway.

James rushed over to the trunk of his car. He opened it, reached inside and removed his Fingerprinting Kit box.

He closed his trunk then rushed over to Bernard's garage with his kit tucked under his right arm.

He stopped at the side door of Bernard's garage.

He used a credit card and unlocked the door. He went inside the garage.

James rushed through Bernard's garage and headed to the kitchen door.

He used his credit card and unlocked the door and stepped inside the kitchen.

James flicked on the light to the kitchen. He looked around then rushed over and placed his Fingerprinting Kit on the counter near him. He opened the kit and removed its contents and placed them on the counter.

He looked around the kitchen then rushed over to the refrigerator.

He removed the print power jar. He shook it then removed the lid. He placed the fingerprint brush inside the lid and collected some of the powder.

He gently spun the brush in his hand and applied light pressure on the area by the handle of the refrigerator. A print was visible.

He then applied the lifting tape smoothly and evenly on the print.

He gently pulled the tape off the refrigerator and applied it to the glossy side of the fingerprint-backing card.

James looked at the backing card and dropped the card into the box.

James repeated that same process and was able to pull off another print off the refrigerator.

James looked around the kitchen for some other possible areas to lift some print. His eyes widened the second he saw the glasses by the Jack Daniels bottle on the table.

He grabbed his kit and rushed over at the table.

He carefully grabbed one of the glasses and avoided getting his prints on the glass.

He removed the print power jar. He shook it then removed the lid. He placed the fingerprint brush inside the lid and collected some of the powder.

He gently spun the brush in his hand and applied light pressure over the greasy print on the glass. A print was visible.

He gently pulled the tape off the glass and applied it to the glossy side of the fingerprint-backing card.

James looked at the backing card and dropped the card into the box.

Over on Grant Avenue, Bernard's Hudson was parked in the grass by the white fence of the Gibsland Cemetery.

Inside the Hudson, Bernard and Wendy glanced at the cemetery where they saw the caretaker digging a grave.

"Maybe we can come back tomorrow night," said Wendy.

"Yeah. I think you're right."

Bernard started up his car, made a U-turn then drove off back down the street.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, James placed another backing card with another lifted print on it in the box. So far he had four backing cards with what appeared to be good prints. He closed the Fingerprinting Kit box then did a little victory dance around the kitchen floor.

He grabbed his box and did another victory dance over to the door. He set the box on the floor by the door.

He rushed over to the table. He grabbed the two glasses, and Jack Daniels bottle and rushed them over to the sink.

He turned on the water started to wash the two glasses and the whiskey bottle.

He walked them back to the table and placed them pretty close in the same spot they were before.

He rushed to the counter, took the towel by the sink and wiped down the refrigerator.

While he placed the towel back on the counter by the sink, his curiosity got to him again and he could not resist.

He walked out of the kitchen and headed down the hallway.

He peeked inside the bedroom he knew Bernard used.

He stepped inside the room and flicked on the light. He looked around the room and only saw a bed, dresser and bedside table with a transistor radio on it.

He had a hunch while he stared back at the bed.

He walked over to the bed, dropped to his knees and peeked under it. He saw two suitcases, the old black lock box with the key in the lock, and the violin case. He grabbed the lock box and violin case and slid them out from under the bed.

He placed both items on the bed.

Down on Broadmoor Avenue, Bernard's Hudson drove down the street then stopped at a red stop light.

Back in Bernard's bedroom, James had the violin case opened on the bed. He stared in shock at the Thompson sub-machine gun in pieces

inside the case. “Whoa, this is just like in the movies,” he said in awe of the machine gun. “Al Capone type of stuff.”

He closed the case and slid it back under the bed in the approximate position it was when he found it.

He opened up the lock box and saw the old faded white envelope with the pre-printed Meridian Star address inside. He got curious and took it out of the box.

He opened up the envelope and those ten black and white photos dropped to the floor.

He scanned through the photos then his eyes widened in shock and picked up the photo of Hud and Ester naked in the bed. He stared at it in a little disbelief. “Whoa! Ester was really hot back then,” he said while he could not keep his eyes off her perky breasts.

James could not resist and figured this would help. He shoved that photo in his shirt pocket. He then scooped up the rest of the photos and shoved them back in the envelope. He placed the envelope back in the lock box.

He closed the lock box and slid it back under the bed in the approximate place he found it.

He rushed to the door, and flicked off the light when he left.

Down at the other end of Montvale Street, Bernard's Hudson turned right onto the street.

Back in Bernard's garage, James stepped inside from the kitchen door. He had his Fingerprinting Kit box in hand.

He headed to the side door of the garage.

When he got half-way across the garage, he heard Bernard's Hudson pull into the driveway and stop.

He ran to the side door. He opened it the second Bernard opened the garage door.

James slipped outside and closed the door the second Bernard had the garage door fully opened.

Outside Bernard's house, James ran as fast as he could through the back yard and headed to his house.

He ran to his garage and headed down the side of it to the side door.

He went back inside the house.

Back in Bernard's kitchen, he and Wendy entered the kitchen from the garage.

"Drink?" he asked Wendy while he walked over to the table.

"I would love one," she replied while she walked over to the table.

Bernard opened up the Jack Daniels bottle and poured two stiff drinks into the clean glasses thanks to James.

He grabbed a glass and handed it to Wendy while she walked over to the table. He grabbed his glass.

“To us,” he said while he raised his glass in the air.

“To us,” Wendy replied while she raised her glass in the air.

They clanked glasses for a toast then sat down at the table.

Back in James’ den, he sat at his desk with another can of Budweiser beer in hand. His Fingerprinting Kit box was on the floor by the desk.

He read the first paragraph of his new manuscript in the typewriter.

His eyes lit up with an idea. He started typing on the new paragraph of the manuscript.

The "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" Book was on the desk by the typewriter. It had that naked photo of Hud and Ester in it as a bookmark.

Chapter 32

It was now Tuesday morning.

Over in Agnes house, she just got up out of bed.

She headed over to her closet and grabbed an old shoe box packed away on the top shelf.

She walked the box over to her bed and lifted up the lid.

Inside were a bunch of old black and white photos from a life long gone. She rummaged through the photos then found a small old faded white envelope. She opened the envelope and removed two black and one photos.

She looked at one of the photos and it showed Hud Hudson, passed out, on what looked like an operating table. His large nose was still on his face. She dropped that photo to the bed.

She looked at another photo and it showed Hud on that operating table with his nose smaller but all cut up. She dropped that photo to the bed.

She looked at the other photo and it showed Ester passed out on the operating table. Her double chin was still on her face. She dropped that photo to the bed.

She looked at another photo and it showed Ester on that operating table with her chin all cut up. She dropped that photo to the bed.

She gathered up all the other photos except the four of Hud and Ester.

She dropped the other photos in the shoe box. She tucked the ones of Hud and Ester under her pillow.

She walked the shoe box and tucked it away back on the shelf of the closet.

She walked out of her bedroom.

Over in James home, he entered his kitchen in his tee shirt and boxers. He loved those times when he was home alone, as he could run around in nothing but his tee shirt and boxers. Plus his boss Larry gave him the day off since James worked on Sunday.

He yawned while he walked over to the coffee pot on the counter.

He grabbed the pot and walked over to the sink. He filled it up with water then took it back to the counter. He opened up the cabinet and removed a can of Folgers coffee.

He proceeded to make his morning pot of wake up juice.

Over in Bernard's home, he and Wendy lay in his bed sound asleep on their sides with their backs facing each other.

A little while later, back in James home, he was still in his tee shirt and boxers. He sat at the

dining room table and ate a bowl of Cocoa Krispies and drank his coffee. He had a smirk on his face while he munched on his chocolate cereal delight.

Across the street in Agnes' living room, she was camped out by her living room window peeking out her curtains. She was ready to witness the FBI and local police take down Hud and Ester.

Then Agnes turned her eyes over at James house. She watched while James walked out of his front door with his Steve's Science Shop shopping bag in hand.

She kept her eyes on James while he walked over and got inside his Impala.

She continued to watch while he backed down his driveway then drove off down Montvale Street.

Agnes returned her eyes on Bernard's home.

"When are they coming?" she asked while she could not wait for the cops to raid Bernard's house and arrest him.

A little while later, James pulled his car into the driveway of Marvin's house located on Rancher Avenue.

James parked his Impala next to Marvin's 1977 unmarked Chevrolet Impala in the driveway.

James turned off his engine, grabbed his shopping bag then rushed out of his car.

He rushed over to Marvin's front door and started pounding on it.

After a few more seconds of pounding, the door opened and Marvin appeared in his tee shirt and boxers. "What do you want James?" he said and looked a little irritated to have a visitor this early on his day off.

James looked antsy so he barged inside Marvin's living room almost knocking him down.

Marvin looked like he wanted to punch James while he closed his living room door.

James looked excited. "I have proof that my neighbor is Hud Hudson and he now has Ester Walker staying with him."

Marvin looked a little bothered. "Please James. Let it go. The both of them are dead. Just ask the FBI."

James reached in his shopping bag and removed the black and white photo and flashed it up at Marvin's face.

Marvin did a double take then grabbed the photo out of James hand.

He glanced at the photo that showed Ester and Hud naked in bed.

Marvin was a little shocked for a few seconds. "How did you get this picture?"

“A little detective work,” James replied with a proud smile and puffed out his chest.

“A little detective work? What does that mean? And how did you get it? I mean, this is something someone would keep buried in a shoe box stuffed in a closet or in an attic,” Marvin asked and then it dawned on him the only possible answer. “Don’t tell me that you?” Marvin said then gave James his detective stare.

“Yep, I got it from my neighbor's bedroom,” James replied not thinking about the consequence.

“The official term is called breaking and entering,” Marvin replied with his detective glare.

“I know, but I also got some prints off some glasses, and the refrigerator door,” James said then held up his shopping bag.

Marvin looked curious but also a little upset with James. “What am I going to do with you?”

“You could send the prints off to the FBI to verify that they really are Hud Hudson and Ester Walker.”

Marvin looked back at the nude photo of Hud and Ester. “Wow. She was actually hot back then,” he replied then looked a little curious at James. “Is she still hot looking today?” he asked James but was not going to mention Hud’s huge penis.

“I don’t know. I only heard her voice,” James replied.

“What do you mean you only heard her voice?” Marvin asked then was concerned about the potential answer.

James hesitated to answer that question. “Well, I sorta got trapped inside the trunk of his Hudson,” he replied and cringed thinking Marvin would blow up.

“Shit James,” Marvin said while he thought about what James told him. “This could blow up in your face and then I’ll have to deal with Cindy crying because you’re behind bars for years,” he said then paced back and forth a little.

He stopped pacing then looked at the shopping bag in James hand. “Are the prints you lifted in there?”

James gave Marvin a proud nod while he dropped to the floor then removed the kit.

He opened up the box. He reached inside and handed Marvin the four backing cards with the prints.

“Okay, I have an old high school buddy up at the FBI office in Springfield. I’ll give him a call. Then we’ll go from there,” Marvin replied while he took possession of the backing cards.

“Let me know the second you verify them.”

“I will.”

“So, how long should it take to have them verified?” James asked and looked antsy.

“Maybe a few days if I call in a favor.”

“Okay. Thanks, Marvin”.

James turned and headed to the front door. Then his eyes widened when he remembered something. He turned around. “There's something else. When Hud picked up Ester Walker at the bus station the other night. They talked about doing one last bank job.”

Marvin looked a little curious yet leery.

“And how do you know this?”

“When I got trapped inside the trunk of his car. I heard them mention it. You know, one last trip down memory lane,” James replied.

Marvin pondered that piece of information. “I can't go to the captain with that information. Especially if your neighbor turns out not to be who you believe he is,” he said then started to pace back and forth a little. “We'll just have to wait until the prints come back then go from there,” he told James then paused. “Now, I don't want you coming within twenty feet of your neighbor. If he called in a report that his neighbor is trespassing on his property, you'll be screwed for a while. Do you understand?”

James looked like a schoolboy being scolded. “I understand.”

“Good, now I'll get these prints off and we'll react according to the results. And if they're not the prints of Hud Hudson or Ester Walker, you'll stop this nonsense for the rest of your life. Do

you also understand that?” Marvin said and looked dead serious.

“I do Marvin.”

“Good, now get back home before Cindy calls about your whereabouts,” Marvin added.

James nodded in agreement while he picked up his Fingerprinting Kit Box.

He turned around and went out the front door.

“What a screwball,” Marvin said while he looked at his closed front door.

Marvin walked away and headed into his kitchen with those fingerprint backing cards in one hand and the naked photo in his other hand.

Once Marvin walked into his kitchen, he headed over to his table.

While he set the cards and naked photo on the table, his phone on the nearby wall rang.

Marvin rolled his eyes. “And here’s Cindy,” he said while he walked over and picked up the phone.

“Hello Cindy. James just left,” he answered the call.

“Hey Marvin. It’s me Roger Nichols. Not Cindy,” FBI Nichols replied from the phone.

Marvin’s eyes widened with a little surprise to hear the voice of his old buddy. “Roger, what a surprise. Your ears must have been burning. I

was just mentioning you to my brother in-law. Why the call?"

"Well, we had a funny call from an Agnes Moore from Gibsland yesterday. She claims that her neighbors across her street are the real Hud Hudson and Ester Walker. And she claims that they moved into town to kill her," Agent Nichols said then chuckled.

Marvin started to get a strange feeling in his gut when he thought about Roger's response.

"This is really strange that you called, because my brother in-law was just here," Marvin said while he glanced over at the nude photo of Ester on his kitchen table. "He makes the same claim that Hud Hudson and Ester Walker are living next door to him. He actually found an old black and white photo that shows Hud and Ester in the nude."

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone.

"Did you say nude?" Agent Nichols replied from the phone.

"Yep, nude. Plus he was able to pull off four prints using one of those Fingerprinting Kits sold at stores."

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone. "I'm thinking such a photo would only come from Hud or Ester. Because someone would have sold that to Playboy or someone else

years ago for a huge profit,” Agent Nichols replied.

“Yep. That’s what I’m thinking,” Marvin replied.

“So, how did your brother in-law obtain these items?” Agent Nichols curiously asked.

Marvin hesitated for a few seconds. “You don’t want to know,” he said and hoped Roger would not pry too much.

“Okay, I won’t ask so you won’t have to tell,” Agent Nichols said.

“Thanks buddy,” Marvin said and looked a little relieved.

“This could be big if it turns out to be true. So, when can you send me those prints?”

“I can get them out to you within the hour.”

“That would be good. I can call in a few favors and get a rush job on these. Should have something by tomorrow night, I hope,” Agent Nichols replied from the phone.

“Thanks buddy,” Marvin replied.

“Hey, I’m a little curious about that photo. Ah, can I see it sometime soon?”

“Yeah, I can’t give it to my captain. He’ll start asking questions I don’t have the answers for at the moment.”

“Understand. I’ll be in touch the second I get a verification,” Agent Nichols said then hung up his end of the call.

Marvin hung up his phone then rushed out of the kitchen.

James drove his Impala down Montvale Street. While he drove past Bernard's house, he noticed the "Abby's Real Estate Office For Sale" sign in Agnes front yard close to the street.

"The old snoop is finally leaving," he said while he slowed down and pulled into his driveway.

He parked his car, got out and headed to the front door of his house.

The second James entered through his front door he did a little victory dance across his living room and danced down the hallway.

Over at the Gibsland Police Station, Sergeant Wally Reynolds sat behind the front desk drinking a cup of coffee.

Marvin entered through the front door with a plastic bag in hand that contained those four fingerprint backing cards inside.

Sergeant Reynolds saw Marvin. "Hey detective. Why are you in today? I thought it was your day off?"

"It is, but something important came up a little while ago that required immediate attention," Marvin replied while he walked past the front desk.

Sergeant's Reynolds eyes lit up when he remembered something. "Oh detective, I had a funny call yesterday from an Agnes Moore."

Marvin stopped, turned around and looked back at Sergeant Reynolds. "I know, she believes that her neighbors across the street are the famous Hud Hudson and Ester Walker."

Sergeant Reynolds looked surprised with Marvin knowing what he was going to tell him. "How did you know that?"

"I'm a detective. I know about stuff like that," Marvin replied then walked off and headed toward the Detectives Room.

Sergeant Reynolds looked impressed with Marvin's detective capabilities.

Back in James' home, he was in his den and sat at his desk typing on his typewriter.

He had a huge smile while his writer's block was now gone and he was almost finished with the first page of Chapter 1.

"I'm home honey," Cindy called out from the living room.

"I'm here in the den baby," James called out while he continued to bang away on the typewriter keys.

After a few seconds Cindy entered the den.

"I guess Agnes across the street is selling her home," she said while she walked over to James.

"I know," James replied.

"I wonder why?"

"Maybe she's moving into a nursing home?
So, How's your mom?"

"She's doing great and sends her love,"
Cindy replied while she walked over to James.

Cindy gave James a kiss on his cheek while she glanced at the manuscript he typed. "I'm glad you're working on your manuscript instead of harassing our neighbors."

"Yep," James replied while he continued to type.

Cindy gave him another kiss on his cheek.

"I'm going to take a little nap. I'm exhausted from the drive back from Evansville," she said while she walked away and headed to the door.

Back at the Gibsland Police Station, Marvin walked over and sat down at his desk with the four fingerprint backing cards in hand. He unlocked his desk drawer, dropped the cards in it then relocked the drawer. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

"Springfield FBI field office, Agent Nichols. How may I help you?" Agent Nichols answered the call.

"Roger, it's me Marvin. The prints are on their way."

“I’ll go look for them and get them in work,”
Agent Nichols replied.

“Call me as soon as you find out.”

“Will do.”

Marvin hung up his phone, got up then
walked away.

Detectives George and Peter entered the
room and saw Marvin.

“What you doing here?” asked George.

“Just can’t stay away, Marvin, can you?”
asked Peter.

“Oh, something urgent came up and took me
a few minutes,” Marvin said then headed to the
door.

George and Peter thought nothing of
Marvin’s appearance in the office during his day
off. Especially since it’s happened before in the
past.

It was a quiet evening and the night rolled
on.

In their living room, James and Cindy
watched the *Taxi* TV show.

The show was near the end and Cindy’s eyes
started droop a little.

While James watched the show, his earlier
conversation with Marvin started coming back to
him. “Is she still hot looking today?” James
recalled Marvin’s earlier question. Then James

started to get extremely curious and wondered if Wendy still looked sexy today.

James glanced over at Cindy and saw that her eyes were almost closed.

“Yes,” he quietly said to himself hoping she would go to bed.

He waited.

Then *Taxi* ended and the ending credits started playing.

Cindy’s eyes opened and she yawned and stretched while she glanced at the TV. “I’m going to bed,” she said then got up.

“I’m going to stay up and watch *Starsky and Hutch*,” he told her while she walked over to his side of the couch.

“Okay,” she replied then bent down and gave James a quick kiss on his lips.

James looked glad while Cindy walked out of the living room and headed down the hallway to their bedroom.

James sat on the couch and watched an Atari video game commercial that stared Pete Rose, Pele, and Don Knotts.

He got up and walked out of the living room,

James then headed down the hallway toward the bathroom.

While he went into the bathroom, he glanced in his bedroom and saw Cindy just getting under the covers in her nightgown.

Thirty minutes had passed, and James was still on the couch and watched *Starsky and Hutch* on the TV.

His curiosity about Wendy was eating away at James. He could not resist so he got up off the couch and headed out of the living room.

He gingerly walked down the hallway and peeked inside his room. He saw that Cindy was sound asleep and snored a little.

He turned around and gingerly walked down the hallway with a smile.

He turned and went into his den.

He came out of his den with a small pad and pen in hand in case he overheard some important information for his manuscript.

A few minutes later and James was outside in his backyard where there was a light rain.

James did not care, as he had to satisfy his curiosity.

He snuck through his backyard and headed over to the rear of Bernard's house.

James snuck over to the bedroom where the light was turned on.

He got the small pad of paper and pen ready when he got closer to the bedroom window.

He saw that the window was cracked opened to allow the night's cool air to enter the bedroom. He heard the transistor radio on the

bedside radio play the Glenn Miller *Moonlight Serenade* song.

He stood by the side of the window and looked a little nervous. He cautiously peeked through the cracked opening of the window and saw Wendy and Bernard under the covers of his bed. His eyes widened in shock when he noticed that Wendy was topless and he could see her breasts. They were still small but not as perky as from that picture. They sagged. He was disappointed while he moved away from the window.

James kept his ear close to the cracked window to hear their conversation from their bed.

“Let’s go over this again. We’ll head out of here around two tomorrow and first steal a car,” Bernard said.

“Where did Bruno get us a place to stay?” asked Wendy.

“It’s a trailer in the mountains outside Boone, North Carolina.”

“The mountains would be nice for once. Los Angeles had all that fucking smog. Hard to breath during some days.”

“After the bank job and our dig at the cemetery, we’ll get the fuck out of Gibsland and head off to Boone.”

“When are we going to hit the cemetery? We can’t do that in the daylight,” Wendy replied.

“We'll go out in a couple of hours. I need my beauty sleep first,” Bernard replied with a huge yawn.

“Do we really have that long?” Wendy jokingly said then followed with a chuckle.

“Bitch,” Bernard replied.

“That costs twenty dollars extra,” Wendy jokingly replied.

James glanced through the cracked opening of the window and saw Bernard and Wendy kissing.

James then glanced down at his small pad and started to jot down all he heard.

Then he looked concerned while he glanced back at the cracked window. He remembered that it would take a few days for the FBI to check out those fingerprints. James realized that Bernard and Wendy would be gone before the results were known. He pondered how he could stop them. Then his eyes lit up with an idea.

He rushed off to the garage while he shoved his small pad and pen in his rear pants pocket.

James rushed over to the side door of Bernard's garage. He used his credit car and unlocked the door.

James entered the garage through the side door. He stood there and looked at the Hudson parked in the garage.

He removed his small pen knife from his pants pocket while he rushed down the right side of the Hudson.

He got to the right front tire, and got down on his knees. He started to slice through the tire's air valve. Air started hissing out of the air valve.

He stood up then rushed over to the front grille. He fiddled around the grill then the hood popped open. He lifted up the hood then reached inside with his pen knife. He sliced through one of the spark plug wires. He sliced through another one of the spark plug wires. He sliced through another spark plug wire. He slowly and quietly closed the hood.

He rushed down the right side of the car to the right rear tire. He dropped to his knees and sliced the air valve. Air started hissing out of the air valve.

James rushed to the side door and quietly locked the door while he left the garage.

James ran through his back yard kicking up his heels for his successful mission. He wanted to give out a loud holler, but knew that would attract Bernard's attention. So he remained quiet while he ran back to his side door of his garage.

A few seconds later, James entered his bedroom with a satisfied smirk on his face.

He walked down his hallway and entered his bedroom.

Cindy was still sound asleep while James walked over to his bed and started undressing down to his underwear.

James slipped under the covers and lay on his back and smiled while he stared at the ceiling. He wished he could see the expression on Bernard's face tomorrow when he could not start up his car.

Cindy rolled over and rested her head on James shoulder. She gave him a little kiss on his cheek then she was soon fast asleep.

James lay awake with Bernard still on his mind.

Chapter 33

Wednesday arrived and everybody performed his or her normal morning routines.

Over in the James home, James was in his security uniform, while Cindy was in her dental assistant uniform.

She prepared some French toast for breakfast for breakfast this morning.

James looked excited while he munched down on some French toast. This was his favorite breakfast and was a little surprised she made it during a work week.

A little while later, James was backing his Impala down his driveway.

He turned his car to the left and slowly drove toward Bernard's house.

While he drove past Bernard's house, he glanced over at it with a smirk.

"You're going down," he said while he drove past his driveway.

He sped up his car and drove off down Montvale Street.

While James was on his way to the mall, back in Bernard's kitchen, he and Wendy ate some fried eggs and drink coffee at the table.

Bernard looked a little mad with himself. “I can't believe we fell asleep and forgot about the cemetery,” he said.

“We should have set an alarm clock.”

“I don't own one,” Bernard replied then took a drink of coffee.

Wendy thought about things for a second. “I guess we'll have to back track into town late tonight and get it.”

Bernard thought about her comment for a few seconds. “I didn't want to do that, but we don't have a choice. We need that stash. Jack's cousin is waiting.”

They continued eating their breakfast and remained quiet while they individually thought about today's plan.

Across from Bernard's home, Agnes was back at her normal position at her living room window peeking out her curtains.

“Where are the FBI and police?” she asked and looked concerned. “How come they haven't arrested Hud and Ester?” she talked to herself while still peeking out the curtains.

Agnes looked a little mad while she glanced at Bernard's house.

She got up from her chair and walked out of her living room still a little fearful that Hud might get her sooner or later.

Up in the FBI field office in Springfield, it was a beehive of activity with the agents and phone ringing off their hooks.

In a small office, FBI Kenny Williams, now sixty-six years old sat at his desk looking at some fingerprint cards.

Agent Nichols entered the office with the four prints that Marvin sent through the computer yesterday.

“Hey Kenny, I have something that might be of interest before you retire next week,” Agent Nichols said while he walked up to Kenny’s desk.

“What’s that?”

Agent Nichols handed him the prints. “I would have given these to you yesterday, but you took the day off.”

“I had some business to take care of for my retirement,” Agent Williams said while he took the prints from Agent Nichols.

“You might like these,” Agent Nichols said with a bit of a smile.

“Prints? I’ve been looking at prints for the past forty some years,” Agent Williams said and did not look impressed.

“These might be the prints from Hud Hudson and Ester Walker. A detective friend of mine down in Gibsland believe they might be alive and down there,” Agent Nichols said.

Agent Williams rolled his eyes. "I've been through this before so many times in the past. Another false theory," he replied then set the prints down on his desk.

"My buddy also said that a photo was found that showed Hud Hudson and Ester Walker naked," said Agent Nichols then he waited to see if that sparked any interest.

Agent Williams looked at Agent Nichols and looked a little curious. "Did you say a photo? One where Ester and Hud are cuddling naked in bed?"

"That's what my buddy down in Gibsland claims to have in his possession. He said it shows them cuddling naked in a bed," Agent Nichols replied.

"One of The Hudsters, Jack Jenner talked about such a photo while in prison before he got the chair. It was never found," Agent Williams said then he looked down at the prints Marvin sent. "Hud and Ester is believed to be in Gibsland?"

"What if those prints confirm it's really them," Agent Nichols replied.

"I'll get on this right away," Agent Williams said and looked extremely interested.

Agent Nichols walked away and headed to the door.

Agent Williams got up from his desk and he headed to an area where old fingerprints were

archived. He knew they had some on file from The Hudsters criminal ventures back in Illinois during the 1930s.

Back in Bernard's home, he was dressed in his black suit, with that stolen Penny's white shirt, black tie, and Fedora hat. He looked like a 1930s gangster.

Wendy was dressed in a black dress and had her violin case in hand.

Bernard looked at Wendy when he placed a hand on the kitchen door handle. "I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship," he said with his best Humphrey Bogart impression then winked at Wendy.

"You're my Bogart," she replied then gave him a kiss on the lips.

"Let's go get some easy cash," he said then opened the door for Wendy.

She smiled while she stepped into the garage.

Bernard stepped into the garage

Bernard closed the door then rushed over and opened the driver's door of the Hudson for Wendy.

She got inside the car and slid to the middle of the front seat.

Bernard got inside and closed the door.

Wendy looked at the other door as something felt strange with the car.

Bernard stuck his key in the ignition. Then his eyes lit up and looked over at Wendy. "I know the perfect car to steal."

"Mustang? Camaro? Corvette?"

"No, the neighbors sixty-eight Impala. It's probably parked at the mall. That way, the cops will think he robbed the bank," he said with a smirk.

Wendy thought about his suggestion for a few seconds. "That would work. We could leave some of the loot on the floorboard to help nail him," she said.

"Now your thinking sweetheart," Bernard replied with another attempt to imitate Bogart.

Wendy looked back at the passenger door. "The car seems to lean to the right a little."

Bernard saw the hood leaning to the right while he turned the ignition key. The car would not start. Bernard tried again. The car would not start. He looked mad while he tried again. It would not start.

He grabbed the door handle and slammed the door open.

He rushed out and rushed over to the hood.

Wendy got out of from the passenger door.

Bernard opened up the hood and looked into the engine compartment. He saw that three spark wires had been sliced. He was furious. "Damn

it!” he yelled out while he slammed the hood down.

“We have another problem. Both tires on this side of the car are flat,” Wendy said and hated to bring on more bad news.

Bernard rushed over and saw the flat tire on the right front.

He rushed back to the right rear of the car and saw the flat tire there.

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!” he cursed out while he kicked his rear tire.

Bernard stormed off. His Fedora flew off his head while he stormed off to the kitchen door.

Something caught Wendy’s attention on the floor by the rear of the car. She saw that fingerprint tape on the floor. Wendy walked over and picked it up. She looked it over and saw a fingerprint on it. “This ain’t good. Ain’t good at all,” she said then walked over and picked up Bernard’s hat.

She walked off and headed to the kitchen door.

Inside his kitchen, Bernard had his Jack Daniels bottle opened and took a large swig.

Wendy entered and did not look happy with presenting Bernard with some more bad news.

She walked over to Bernard. “Ah, I found this on the floor by the rear of the car,” she said while she held up the fingerprint tape.

Bernard grabbed the tape out of Wendy's fingers. He looked at it. "Damn it!"

Wendy could see his veins protruding from his neck and knew he was about to blow.

She remained quiet.

Over at the Gibsland Mall, James strutted around the upper concourse thinking he's the man and puffed out his chest.

Back at Bernard's home, he and Wendy sat at the table. He calmed down after gulping down some more Jack Daniels.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

Bernard thought for a few seconds. "First I'll have to get the car fixed. Then I'm thinking that we need to use my snoopy neighbor and his wife for the job."

"Hostages?" she asked.

"We need to make it look like they were part of our gang that robbed the bank. Then maybe frame him for killing his wife," he said then took another drink of whiskey.

Wendy smiled over his plan.

Bernard got up and headed to the phone.

Thirty minutes had passed and Bernard had his spare tire on the rear. The front tire was still flat but the front end was hooked up to a tow truck.

The tow truck driver walked over to Bernard and Wendy, in casual clothes, and stood in the garage.

“Mister Sanders, we'll give you a call as soon as the mechanic puts on some new tires and installs new spark plugs wires,” the tow truck driver said.

“Can they drive my car back here? That's my only transportation.”

“That won't be a problem,” the tow truck driver replied then headed to the cab of his truck and got inside.

Bernard and Wendy watched while his Hudson was towed out of his driveway.

Bernard glanced over at James' home with fire in his eyes while the tow truck drove off down Montvale Street. “It had to be that fucking neighbor next store. I wonder what else he has on me?”

Bernard and Wendy went inside the garage and did not notice Agnes who spied on them from her living room window.

Bernard closed his garage door and was so furious that it looked like steam could come out of his ears any second.

Chapter 34

Twenty minutes passed and Bernard was still in his casual clothes while he snuck through James backyard wearing leather gloves.

He snuck over to the side door to the garage.

He used a credit card, unlocked then opened the door. He stepped inside the garage.

Bernard stepped into James' kitchen from the garage.

He looked around the kitchen then walked off and headed down the hallway.

He stepped into the living room and scanned the area over. There was nothing of interest in this room, so he walked off and headed down the hallway.

He peeked inside the one room that was Cindy's room. There was nothing of interest since it was a sewing machine and a bookcase filled with dolls from around the world.

He headed down to the other bedroom.

He peeked inside that room and saw it was James' den. He got curious when he saw the typewriter and piles of papers on the desk.

He went inside James den and walked over to the desk. He looked at the three typed manuscripts with the "The Gangster Killer", "He Killed at Night", and "Confession" titles.

Then he saw the manuscript title page with "I Found Hud Hudson and Ester Walker by James Randall" typed on it.

"Little turd," he said while he picked up the title page. He crumpled up the page and dropped it into the trash can by the desk.

He picked up Chapter 1 and looked at the page.

"It all started the day I drove home from work and saw him. His name was Bernard Sanders and he moved in next door. How was I to know that this old man would change my life forever?" Bernard said out loud while he read that page.

He got pissed and crumpled up that page and dropped it into the trash can.

Bernard walked out of the den.

He rushed back into the den and over to the desk like he had a new mission.

He grabbed the "The Gangster Killer" manuscript.

He walked over to the closet and opened up the bi-fold doors. He started to rip up all of the pages of that manuscript and let the pieces rain to the closet floor.

He walked back to the desk and grabbed the "He Killed at Night" manuscript.

He walked over to the closet and tore up that manuscript let the pieces rain to the floor.

He then the same thing to the "Confession" manuscript and let those pieces rain to the closet floor. He closed the closet bi-fold doors.

He walked out of the den and headed back down the hallway.

He looked in the doorway of the master bedroom. He scanned the room over from the door.

He saw two books on the bedside table by James' side of the bed and got curious.

He walked over to the table and saw two books of interest. He saw the "Is Hud Hudson Alive?" By Peter Diesel book. Then he saw "Life and Times of Henry "Hud" Hudson" by Frank Perron.

"That fucker just won't let me be," he said while he picked up the "Life and Times of Henry "Hud" Hudson" book. He lay down on the bed and opened up the book.

He scanned through a few pages. "That's true" he said when he read the bit about his first arrest.

He flipped through some more pages and stopped at the page that showed the mug shots of Hud, Ester, Jack, Willie, and Harold. "I sure miss those guys."

Bernard got another wet cough. Then he blew out a large piece of phlegm. It landed on the edge of the bed over where Cindy normally placed her feet.

While Bernard flipped through some more pages, he yawned and his eyes started to droop.

Twenty minutes had passed and Bernard was sound asleep on James and Cindy's bed with that book resting on his chest.

The front door was heard opening and closing from the living room.

Bernard stirred a little.

Then the TV was heard turning on from the living room.

Bernard's eyes open. Out of habit, he reached for his Colt 45 that would have been in his shoulder holster. It was not there. It took a few seconds, but he finally realized he was in James house and someone came home.

He heard footsteps in the kitchen, so he jumped off the bed.

He scanned the room over for a place to hide.

Back in the kitchen, Cindy was in her dental assistant's uniform. She opened up the refrigerator and removed a can of 7 UP.

She opened up the can and took a drink.

She set the can on the counter and headed off down the hallway.

She headed off into her bedroom.

She spotted the covers of the bed that were a little ruffled up with James book on it. “James can be such a slob,” she said while she smoothed out the covers. Her hand just missed the wet piece of Bernard’s phlegm that was on her side of the bed.

She picked up James’ book off the bed and placed it back on the bedside table.

While she walked over to the end of the bed, she did not notice the closet bi-fold door that was cracked open and Bernard’s eyes that peered out.

Cindy proceeded to undress out of her uniform then removed her bra and panties.

She turned around bare ass naked, picked up her clothes on the floor and gave Bernard a perfect view of the crack her ass and her birthmark on the lower part of her right butt cheek.

From inside the closet, Bernard breathed heavy over the sight of Cindy being naked. Bernard hated the fact that his pecker would not rise to these occasions. But it was his on fault for years of drinking, smoking and bad habit. He was lucky he did not die from a heart attack years ago.

So he kept an eye on her naked body while she walked her uniform over to the dirty clothes hamper. This gave Bernard a perfect view of her B-cup tits that were still perky and firm.

Then Bernard watched Cindy's ass while she walked naked into the bathroom.

A few seconds passed and Bernard heard the shower running from inside the bathroom.

The closet bi-fold doors opened and Bernard quietly stepped outside. He closed the bi-fold doors then he gingerly walked to the bathroom door.

He stood there and eyes Cindy's naked body through the opaque shower glass door.

He gingerly walked down the hallway.

Cindy walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her naked body.

The sound of wood creaking was heard from the kitchen.

She looked curious so she walked to the door of the bedroom.

"James, are you home?" she said while she walked down the hallway.

The house was quiet so she shrugged off that sound she heard.

She turned around and walked back down the hallway and went back inside her bedroom.

Bernard quietly entered James' garage and quietly closed the kitchen door behind him.

He headed off to the side door but something caught his attention at the bottom of

the workbench. He spotted the Fingerprinting Kit box that was half-way out of its shopping bag.

He rushed over to it, reached down and removed the Fingerprinting Kit box. He opened it and saw that some of the contents have been used. He placed the box back in the bag.

Bernard rushed to the garage side door furious.

Bernard stepped out of James garage.

He quietly closed the door from the garage and made sure it was locked. He rushed off through James' backyard and headed to the rear of his house still furious.

Over in Bernard's kitchen, Wendy drank a cup of coffee from the table while Bernard entered from the garage.

"What the hell took you so long? I started to get worried," she said.

"I fell asleep in their bed reading that book about me. Then the wife came home."

Bernard walked over and poured a cup of coffee. He took a drink while he walked over to the table.

"Did she see you?"

Bernard sat down at the table. "No, but I saw her undress then head into the shower. Nice

tits and ass,” he said and had a smile while he remembered the sight of her naked body.

Wendy recalled an old memory for a few seconds. “I was with a woman once, back in fifty-four,” Wendy said with a smile then took a drink of her coffee. Then her eyes widened when she remembered something “Oh, the mechanic brought your Hudson back fifteen minutes ago. I paid the bill. It’s on me.”

Bernard looked pissed. “Thanks, but it’s too late for the bank job. We’ll have to do it tomorrow evening.”

“Is your neighbor a huge threat?”

“I found one of those kits you can buy in his garage. So I know for sure he lifted that print you found in the garage,” he said then took another drink of his coffee.

“What should we do?”

Bernard thought for a few seconds. “A change in plans and we’ll for sure take Mister Pussy and Misses Sweet Ass with us. I want to make their lives are a living hell in Boone.”

Bernard set his coffee cup down on the table. “Let’s go and put the first part of this plan in work,” he said then stood up.

Wendy set her coffee cup on the table then stood up.

She followed Bernard out of the kitchen then down the hallway.

Agnes was still sitting in her chair and kept her surveillance on Bernard's home.

She saw Bernard's Hudson with Wendy in the passenger seat drive down his driveway. She was still disappointed that the FBI and police have not come to arrest her neighbors. She thought about calling them again, but refrained afraid they might come arrest her instead.

A little while later back at the Gibsland Mall, James walked out of his normal entrance.

He had a spring in his step and whistled a happy tune while he walked over to his Impala parked off in the middle of the lane.

While he whistled and walked over to his car, he did not hear the footsteps that came up behind him.

James walked over to his Impala.

He opened his driver's door when he heard someone behind him whistling that same happy tune he whistled. He thought that was odd. Then all of a sudden, he felt something poking him in the middle of his back.

"Just stay calm. Don't say a word or make any sudden moves or I'll put a bullet right into your spine," Bernard's threatening voice was heard inches from James' left ear. He froze with his right hand still on his car door handle.

"Quietly close your car door," Bernard said in James' left ear.

James looked scared when he recognized that threatening voice in his ear.

“Now, don't make a scene and come along with me,” Bernard said and pressed the barrel of his Colt 45 harder into the middle of James’ back.

James’ hand trembled while he closed his car door.

His legs shook while he walked away with Bernard with behind him.

Nobody was in the parking lot at the time to witness this kidnapping.

Bernard moved over to James left side and placed an arm around him to give the appearance they were buddies. But the relocation of Bernard’s Colt 45 now pressed into James’ left side was no indication they were best buds.

Bernard escorted James over to the next lane where Wendy waited behind the wheel of the Hudson.

“Please let me go. I promise I won’t talk to the police,” James pleaded while they walked to the rear of the Hudson.

“That's what some poor soul said to me back in thirty-four. He died a fiery death later. Plus, I found that fucking fingerprint tape on the floor of my garage. It was near the rear of my Hudson,” Bernard said while he pressed his Colt 45 harder into James’ side.

James cringed and looked white as a ghost with fear while they got to the right passenger door.

“Now be a gentleman and open the door for your elders,” he said with a smirk.

James opened the passenger door.

Bernard pushed him inside the Hudson.

Once he got inside the Hudson, James slid over and sat between Wendy and Bernard. He fought from peeing in his pants.

Wendy glanced at James. “Yummy, I have some fresh meat,” she said then reached down and started rubbing the inside of James left thigh. She slid her hand the inside of his thigh to his crotch.

James cringed with the feel of her touch.

Wendy sensed he cringed. “Now, now. Don't be afraid of me my darling. I know how to treat a man right,” she said she started to rub her hand all over his crotch.

Bernard Wendy's hand and chuckled. “Ester here was one of the best whores back in Saint Louie,” Bernard said.

“That’ right Hud. Maybe we could arrange it so that his wife can watch me perform my magic on her husband?” she said then winked at James then she ran her hand to James' crotch and squeezed it.

James cringed in pain.

Bernard and Ester chuckled.

“Let's get out of here,” Bernard said while looked around the area for any signs of the cops. The coast was clear.

Wendy started up the car, backed out of the slot then drove away through the lot.

Wendy turned the Hudson right onto Harrison Avenue then drove off down the street.

“You can let me go. I swear I won't tell anybody. I swear,” James pleaded for his life.

Bernard glanced over at James then smacked his face a couple of times. “Bullshit. You've been snooping around my house ever since I moved in next door,” he said then smacked James face again. “Since you've been so fucking interested in me, I'm making you an honorary member of our little gang's reunion. How about that?”

“Like I said, I love fresh meat!” Wendy said with a smile.

“Of course part of your share will go to Ester here for services rendered,” Bernard said and grabbed a hold of James right knee and squeezed it hard.

James cringed in pain. “Nobody will believe you.”

“Of course they will after they find your wife shot to death in North Carolina and your prints all over the gun. They'll think you snapped after becoming so obsessed with me. I

saw the books you're reading by your bedside table.”

It dawned on James what he meant and then his eyes welled up a bit. Bernard noticed. “Aw, come on now. Public enemies don't cry like sissies. Be a man James,” Bernard said then placed his arm around James’ shoulder.

Wendy chuckled while she made a left turn down another street.

A little while later, Wendy drove the Hudson down the Montvale Street.

She stopped the Hudson at Bernard's a little past the driveway.

Across the street, Agnes was back at her chair and peeking out her living room curtains.

She watched while Bernard's Hudson backed up the driveway then stopped by the garage door. Agnes saw Ester behind the wheel and James next to her while Bernard got out and opened up the garage door.

Agnes watched while Ester backed the Hudson into the garage. She watched while Bernard closed s the garage door from inside the garage.

Agnes continued to spy out her curtains and looked suspicious with what she just witnessed.

Chapter 35

Some time had passed and Cindy already had dinner waiting on the dining room table.

But James had not returned from work and she started to get concerned.

She walked out of the dining room. She walked into the kitchen for any signs of James. He was not there.

She walked out of the kitchen, down the hallway and then into the living room.

She walked to the windows and immediately peeked out the curtains.

She saw her Monza was the only car parked in the driveway and really started to get worried.

“He’s never late from work,” she said to herself.

Over in Bernard’s home, James sat in the kitchen table with Bernard who had his Colt 45 aimed at him. He was scared to death and almost peed his pants a couple of times.

Wendy entered the kitchen and walked over to the counter by the refrigerator. She grabbed the Jack Daniels whiskey bottle. She opened it up and took a swig. She handed the bottle to Bernard. He took a swig. Bernard handed the bottle to James who refused.

“It's bad manners not to drink with your friends,” Bernard said and motioned for James to take a swig.

“I don't drink,” James replied.

“Only pussies don't drink,” said Wendy.

Bernard tapped the barrel of his Colt 45 against the whiskey bottle as a little warning.

James reluctantly reached out and grabbed the bottle. He took a small swig.

“That's a pussy swig. Drink like a fucking man,” said Wendy.

Wendy walked over and forced the bottle into James' mouth. She tilted it and more whiskey poured into James mouth.

James choked a little and some whiskey dripped out from the corner of his mouth.

Bernard chuckled. “He's such a pussy.”

Wendy removed the bottle from James' mouth and took another swig then placed it back on the counter.

“We have a few hours before it gets dark, so make us some grub,” Bernard told Wendy.

Wendy nodded that she understood his order. Then while she walked over to the counter, her eyes lit up when she thought of something. “What about his wife? Won't she be missing him by now?” she asked Bernard.

Bernard looked at Wendy then he looked over at James and thought for a few seconds. “Get up,” he told James while he stood up.

James stood up.

Bernard walked over to him, grabbed him by his arm and walked him over to the phone.

“Now, you’re going to call you wife and tell her that you’re working some extra hours. Maybe a double shift. You got that?” Bernard said then he pressed the barrel of his Colt 45 into James forehead. “If you’re not convincing, your wife will hear your brains being splattered all over my kitchen wall. Understand?” he added and looked dead serious.

James nodded that he understood.

“Good,” Bernard said then removed his Colt 45 from James forehead where it left an impression in his skin.

James dialed his home phone number with Bernard pressing the barrel of his Colt 45 into the back of James’ head.

“I hope my gun doesn’t go off accidentally,” Bernard jokingly said.

James looked a little nervous and Wendy noticed. She chuckled.

Over at James kitchen, his phone rang.

Cindy rushed into the kitchen and over to the ringing phone on the wall.

“Hello,” she answered the call.

“Hey baby,” James replied from the phone and sounded normal.

“Where you? You’re late for dinner?”

There was a few seconds of silence. “Sorry, but Larry had me check out a shoplifter over at Steve’s Science Shop. Then he asked me to work some extra hours tonight. Apparently Ralph got sick. He vomited in the office a little while ago. I figured the extra cash would be great,” James lied through his teeth.

“Okay. I’ll put your dinner in the oven and save it for when you get home. Call me when you leave,” she replied.

Back in Bernard’s kitchen, he still pressed his Colt 45 into the back of James’ head.

“I will honey,” James replied.

Bernard snatched the phone out of James’ hand and hung up the phone. “Very good. You get to live for now,” he said then removed his Colt 45 from the back of James’ head.

Bernard gave Wendy a loving smack on her butt. “Dinner darling.”

She smiled then walked over and opened the refrigerator.

Bernard sat James back down at the table then he sat down.

Wendy removed some bread and lunch meat and walked them over to the counter.

Bernard kept a watchful eye on James while Wendy made some ham sandwiches.

Over at James home, Cindy ate her dinner alone in the dining room.

Some hours had passed and Cindy sat on the couch and watched the *Eight is Enough* show on the TV. She started to get worried since she had not heard from James.

Over at Bernard's home, he walked James out of the kitchen and into the garage with his Colt 45 ready.

"See that shovel over there?" Bernard told James.

James nodded when he spotted the shovel in the corner.

"Good, now go get it and put it in the trunk of my car. And don't think you can take a swing at me with it," Bernard replied and made sure James remembered that Bernard still had his pistol with him.

James nodded when walked over and grabbed the shovel.

While James walked it over to the rear of the Hudson, he wondered if he was going to be forced to dig his own grave. Just like in the movies.

He opened the trunk of the Hudson, and placed the shovel inside. He closed it.

Bernard reached inside his pants pocket and removed his car keys. He tossed them over to James who caught them.

“You’re driving and keep it at the speed limit. I don’t want to attract the attention of any police officer,” Bernard said.

James nodded that he understood.

The kitchen door opened and Wendy entered the garage.

“Take care of the garage door baby,” Bernard told Wendy.

“Sure,” she replied then walked over the garage door.

James got behind the wheel of the Hudson with Bernard in the passenger seat.

Wendy opened up the garage door while James started up the Hudson.

Across the street, Agnes was back at her perch spying on Bernard’s house from her living room window. She watched while James drove Bernard’s Hudson down the driveway. She looked a little stunned with this sight.

“What is James doing with Hud Hudson?” she asked herself then watched while James drove the Hudson down Montvale Street.

James looked scared while he drove the Hudson down the street.

Bernard sat in the passenger seat with his Colt 45 pointed at James' side. "No funny business and everything will be alright."

Bernard glanced over at James. "Of all the people, a fucking mall cop figures me out. But I have to admit, I'm impressed with your determination. Reminds me of that pussy Bureau of Investigations Special Agent Ricky Kelly who pursued me back in thirty-four. But he failed and I'm going to make sure you fail also," he said then looked at the street signs. "Head on down to the cemetery. I hope you know where that's located?"

James nodded that he did then made a left turn down another street.

While James drove down this street, he thought about flooring the Hudson and crashing into a parked car. But he figured that with his luck, he would be killed, Bernard would survive then kill Cindy. So he drove the speed limit.

Over in Marvin's house, he sat down on the couch in the living room where he placed a TV dinner and a bottle of Budweiser on a stand.

He smiled when he looked at the TV and the *Charley Angels* TV show started.

His phone rang from the kitchen. He ignored it, as the sight of Jaclyn Smith, Farrah

Fawcett, and Kate Jackson were far more important.

The phone rang and rang then stopped.

Marvin ate his fried chicken and sipped on his beer glad the phone stopped ringing.

His phone in the kitchen rang and rang again.

Marvin looked pissed while he got up off the couch. He knew that if he did not answer that call, it would be ringing all night.

He walked out of the living room and headed into the kitchen.

He walked over to his phone that hung on the wall and answered the call.

“Appleby,” he said into the phone.

“Marvin, James hasn't come home from work and I'm worried,” Cindy blurted out in a panic.

Marvin looked bothered by his sister.

“Don't worry. He probably had a flat tire or car trouble,” he replied while he craned his neck to see the TV from the doorway of the kitchen.

“He said he was working late and would call when he was done. Well, the mall is closed and he has not called.”

“Cindy, he can't call if you tie up the phone line.”

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone.

“You're right. Thanks,” Cindy replied.

Marvin hung up the phone and rushed out of the kitchen and headed into the living room.

It was quiet in the Hudson while James drove down the Grant Avenue.

“Park over there in the grass near the white fence,” Bernard ordered James.

James pulled the Hudson to the left and parked in the grass off the street by the small white picket fence of the cemetery. He turned off the engine.

“Now, if you run, I’ll put a bullet in your back. And then I’ll put a bullet in your wife’s forehead. Do you understand?” said Bernard while he pressed the barrel of his Colt 45 into James side.

“I won’t.”

“Good, now let’s go do some digging,” Bernard said.

He kept a watchful eye on James while they got out of the car.

Outside the Hudson, Bernard had his Colt 45 at James’ back they walked over to the trunk.

“Open it and get out the shovel.”

James opened the trunk and removed the shovel.

“Let’s go,” Bernard said.

James closed the trunk and they walked to the white picket fence of the cemetery.

Bernard and James climbed over the small white fence and headed into the cemetery that appeared to be deserted.

Bernard and James, with the shovel in his hand, walked through the cemetery.

Then James stopped at his grandfather's headstone.

"Why the fuck are you stopping? I didn't tell you to stop," Bernard said and sounded pissed.

James looked down at the headstone. "My grandfather is buried here."

Bernard looked down at the headstone for "Homer Randall, Born September 9, 1896, and Died April 17, 1934" on it. "Why should I fucking care?"

James looked at Bernard and wanted so bad to smack him with the shovel, but figured Bernard would shoot him. "Because my grandfather was a police officer in Gibsland. He tried to stop some criminals from robbing the First National Bank. But one of the criminals shot my grandfather," James replied while he looked Bernard square in his eyes.

Bernard had a hunch where this was leading so he kept his mouth shut.

"That criminal was you. Hud Hudson," James said and started to show some anger.

“Let’s go,” Bernard replied while he glanced away from the headstone, as this was the first time he saw the gravesite of someone he killed.

Bernard showed no signs of remorse while he and James walked away.

After a few minutes of walking through the gravesites, he stopped James.

“Start digging here,” he ordered James.

James glanced down at the headstone for "Jimmy Peabody, Born August 4, 1883, and Died June 8, 1908."

“Right here?” James asked to be sure since he figured he was digging his own grave.

“Yes, right in the middle of Jimmy Peabody’s grave,” Bernard replied.

James looked down at the headstone then back at Bernard. It took a few seconds but he remembered the TV show and books he read. “Is this where you buried some of the loot from the jewelry store heists?”

“Very good. I’m impressed with your knowledge of my history. This has worked since thirty-five as a safe haven for my stuff. This one was the last one I buried in thirty-four just before the bank job. Now, dig in the center of the grave and make damn sure you don't destroy the grass. I want it back so that it does not look disturbed.”

James felt creepy while he walked to the center of the grave. He carefully started digging.

Bernard removed a pack of Camels from his shirt pocket. He removed a cigarette, lit it with his lighter, and smoked while he watched James dig.

Chapter 36

Back at Marvin's home, he was still in his living room and was almost finished with his dinner and beer. He was also still engrossed in the *Charley Angels* TV show that was ready to reveal the climax of the episode.

The phone in his kitchen rang and rang.

Marvin looked irritated with its ringing and decided to ignore it. The phone continued to ring and ring.

"Shit," Marvin said while he got off his couch.

"Why can't you leave me alone, Cindy?" he said while he stormed out of his living room and headed to the hallway.

Marvin entered his kitchen where he headed over to the ringing phone.

He picked up the phone. "Okay Cindy. I'll look for my dumbass brother-in-law," he blurted out when he answered the call.

"This isn't Cindy. It's me Roger Nichols," he replied from the phone.

Marvin looked interested. "Hey Roger. Sorry about that. Cindy bugged me earlier about her husband not returning home from work."

"That's okay. So how's Cindy doing?"

"Great, why the call so early?"

"I got the results of those fingerprints you sent me," said Roger.

Marvin looked surprised. "Already? That was quick."

"You were lucky. One of our fingerprints experts up here is Kenny Williams. He was actually with Agent Ricky Kelly when they tried to take down Hud and Ester before that house exploded in thirty-four. That shook up Kenny so he moved into the fingerprinting area after that. Since he's going to retire next week, he wanted to check these out himself."

"What did you find out?"

"You're not going to believe this. I didn't at first. Well, our Agent Williams found a match and they belong to that famous public enemies Henry "Hud" Hudson and Ester Walker."

"Are you sure?"

"We had two other fingerprint experts verify them. But of course we would like to get a hold of these two to really make sure," said Roger.

"I can put that in work and send out some officers and detain the pair for questioning," Marvin replied.

"That would be great, as Agent Williams has a vested interest in this."

"Thanks Roger, I'll check this out and get back to you."

"Call me the second you detained the couple and we'll send some Agents down to Gibsland."

"I will," Marvin said then hung up his phone.

Marvin looked a little surprised while he stood in the kitchen. “James, you’re a genius,” he said then rushed out of the kitchen.

A little while later, Marvin rushed out of his front door.

He rushed over to his parked unmarked Chevrolet Impala in the driveway.

He got inside his car, started it up, and backed down his driveway.

He raced off down the street with his tires screeching a little.

Back at the cemetery at Jimmy Peabody’s grave, James removed a small leather satchel from the hole he dug above the rotten wooden casket.

Bernard smiled when he saw the satchel. “Come to papa,” he said then snatched the satchel out of James hand. He felt the satchel and looked satisfied.

James started filling the hole back up with the dirt.

Bernard opened up the satchel and saw it still contained his diamond necklaces and rings in perfect condition. He was extremely happy.

Off in the background, the cemetery peeked out of the window of his building and eyed James and Bernard by Jimmy Peabody’s

grave site. He looked suspicious especially when he saw the Colt 45 in Bernard's hand. He decided that it would be best if he stayed out of view.

Back at James' home, Cindy sat on the couch while the Wednesday Night Movie was on the TV. She did not pay attention to the movie because she was worried sick about James.

There was a knock on the door. Cindy jumped startled. The knock continued.

Cindy got up and rushed over to the door believing the police arrived with bad news that James was seriously injured in a car accident.

She quickly opened the door and saw Agnes standing outside looking concerned.

"Agnes, what are you doing here?" Cindy replied a little relieved it was not the police providing bad news.

Agnes looked over her shoulder and the coast was clear so she looked back at Cindy. "I saw James in that Hudson with Hud Hudson and Ester Walker earlier today. They parked inside his garage then closed the door earlier tonight. Then I saw James and Hud Hudson leave a little while ago with James driving. They haven't returned," Agnes said then looked over her shoulder again to make sure Hud and Ester were not sneaking up on her.

Cindy looked at Agnes not sure she heard correctly. "Did you say Hud Hudson and Ester Walker?"

Agnes nodded in agreement and looked serious.

"Thank you Agnes. I'll call my brother the detective. He can find James and this so called Hud Hudson," Cindy said then closed the door then opened it back up. "Why are you moving?" she asked while Agnes stepped away from the front door.

Agnes turned back and looked at Cindy and appeared a little scared. "I'm afraid Hud and Ester are in town to kill me."

"Why would they want to do that? They don't even know you," Cindy replied and thought that was a strange reason to sale your house.

"I know something about them. Something that happened a long time ago and could help identify them for who they really are," Agnes said and looked serious.

"Okay Agnes. I hope you sell it fast," Cindy replied then closed her door.

Cindy peeked out her living room window curtains and watched while Agnes rushed back across the street to her house. She did not know whether to believe Agnes was serious or delusional.

Cindy closed the curtains and stood there not knowing what to believe, but she knew there was something strange going on tonight. And James was probably in the thick of it.

She walked away and headed to the hallway.

Back at the Gibsland Cemetery, Bernard cautiously watched James while they got back inside his Hudson.

“You did good kid,” Bernard said then gave James a friendly pat on the back. “I might let you and your wife live.”

James started up the car.

“Home James,” Bernard said in a smart-ass tone.

James placed the car in gear, made a U-turn and headed back down Grant Avenue.

While James drove down the street, Bernard got another wet coughing fit. He rolled down his window and blew out a huge chunk of phlegm out into the wind.

It was a quiet and boring night back at the Gibsland Police Station.

Sergeant Vick Carter worked at the front desk. He sipped his coffee while he glanced at some reports. The phone on the desk rang. He picked it up.

“Gibsland police department. How may I help you?” Sergeant Carter answered the call.

“Yes, Ralph Burrows here. I’m the caretaker down at the cemetery. I want to report two guys digging at a grave here at the cemetery. One was wearing some type of police uniform. He was a young guy and the older man just watched with a pistol in hand,” he said from the phone.

Sergeant Carter rolled his eyes. “Did they steal a dead body?”

“No. Looks like they took a box or some kind of leather item out of the ground. They filled in the hole then left with that item in an old green car,” Ralph replied.

“Did you get a tag number of the old car?”

“No. Like I said, the old guy had a gun. I wasn’t about to get shot,” Ralph replied and sounded a little nervous.

“Okay, we’ll send an officer over to the cemetery to get a statement. Remain there,” Sergeant Carter replied.

“I’ll be waiting,” Ralph said then hung up his end of the call

Sergeant Carter hung up the phone and sipped his coffee. He yawned.

He picked up the microphone from the police dispatch radio and proceeded to make a call to send out a unit to the cemetery to investigate.

James drove the Hudson down Montvale with Bernard's Colt 45 pointed at his right side. He stopped by Bernard's driveway.

From James living room window, Cindy peeked out the curtains and saw Bernard's Hudson. She also saw James while he backed up the car up Bernard's driveway. "He just had to get involved," she said and got scared. She rushed away from the window.

Over at Bernard's house, Wendy opened the garage door. James backed the Hudson into the garage. Wendy closed the garage door.

Over in James' kitchen, Cindy could not take it any longer. She rushed over in a panic to the phone. She dialed a number and looked impatient while it rang and rang.

"Answer your phone, Marvin!" she called out and started to feel sick worrying about James.

His phone rang and rang and rang.

She hung up her phone and stood there know knowing what to do. Her phone rang and startled her. "James! Where are you?" she blurted out into the phone the second she picked up the receiver.

“Cindy, it’s me Marvin. I was calling for James. I have some interesting news for him,” Marvin replied.

“James’ not here. My neighbor told me she saw him riding in my neighbor’s car. They left a little while ago and just returned,” she told him.

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone. “Marvin, are you there?” Cindy asked thinking she lost him.

“Listen, I want you to calmly get out of your house,” Marvin said and sounded serious.

“Why?”

“I don't have time to explain. Just get in your car and come down to the station where it’s safe,” Marvin said then hung up his end of the call.

Cindy stood there and looked a little bewildered at the phone. She hung up the phone then rushed out of the kitchen.

She rushed down the hallway and rushed into her bedroom.

Over in Bernard’s bedroom, James sat on the bed and looked scared to death.

Wendy sat on the bed next to James with her Thompson sub-machine gun in hand while she eyed James.

Bernard entered the bedroom wearing leather gloves and had his Colt 45 in his right hand.

“Do we have time for me to give him his last meal?” she asked Bernard then blew James a kiss.

Bernard looked at Wendy's horny grin.

“Not now baby, your pussy can wait until we get to the hideout. Besides, I want his wife to watch you sit naked on his face.”

Wendy looked a little disappointed. “Baby, I'm going to be the best piece of pussy you'll ever remember,” Wendy said then she leaned over and forced a French kiss on James' lips.

Bernard chuckled at the sight.

“Watch him while I go get his wife,” Bernard said while he shoved his Colt 45 into his right pants pocket.

Wendy nods in agreement and ran a hand through James hair.

Bernard walked out of the bedroom.

Wendy forced another French kiss on James.

James fought from vomiting into Wendy's mouth knowing this would piss her off and he would be shot right there.

Cindy exited from the front door in a panic.

She rushed over to her Monza, got inside and immediately started it up.

Cindy backed her Monza down the driveway the second Bernard exited from the side door of his garage.

She raced her car off down Montvale in the other direction from Bernard's house.

Bernard walked to his driveway and watched while Cindy's Monza raced off down Montvale in the opposite. "Damn it!" she said then something caught his attention in the opposite direction of Montvale.

He looked and his eyes widened with concern the second he saw three Gibsland police cars race down the street and headed toward his home.

"This ain't fucking good," said Bernard then he rushed over to the side door of his garage.

He rushed back inside the garage.

In the Bernard's bedroom, Wendy straddled James' and grinded the crotch of her panties into his crotch. "This is how I'm going to fuck you later," she moaned out pretending to have an orgasm.

Bernard rushed inside the bedroom.

"A bunch of fucking cops are coming down the street and I have a bad feeling about this," he said then saw Wendy on James' lap.

"Ah man. Not now!" she said then got off James.

She picked up her Thompson sub-machine gun off the floor. "What should be do?"

Bernard paced for a seconds while he pondered their situation. “Hey darling, want to go out in a blaze of glory? Like the old days? I don’t want to spend the rest of what little days I have in prison,” he said and looked serious.

Wendy thought about his proposal for a few seconds. “Why not. Life has been boring for the past forty- four years,” she replied and looked serious.

“You read about these in your fucking books. Now you're going to experience it real time,” Bernard told James then he grabbed James’s shirt and yanked him up to his feet.

Bernard coughed while he rushed James out of the bedroom with Wendy behind him.

Outside Bernard’s house, the police cars were parked along the street in front of his house.

Six police officers got out of their cars and gathered by the lead one to briefly discuss their strategy for confronting the two in that house.

Marvin’s unmarked Impala pulled up and parked behind the last police car.

From across the street, Agnes sat in her chair and peeked out her living room window. Her eyes lit up with joy the second she saw the three police cars parked in front of Bernard’s house.

“It’s about time!” she said and watched while Marvin got out of his car and walked over to the six police officers.

“Watch who you shoot at, I received information that my brother in-law might be in there. And he’s probably being held hostage.” Marvin told the six police officers out by the lead car.

Then the sound of glass breaking was heard and by the time the officers knew what that meant, Thompson machine gun and Colt 45 pistol fire came out of Bernard’s broken living room window.

Bullets sprayed the other side of the police cars. One of the police officers dropped to the street dead.

Other bullets shattered Agnes’ living window. She was not injured but peed in her panties while she dropped to her living room floor.

Back on the street, Marvin and the five other police officers dove behind the police cars for protection. They whipped out their pistols and waited for a few seconds.

Marvin and four of the police officers cautiously peeked over the hoods and trunks of the cars.

More machine gun and pistol fire came from the living room window and sprayed the police cars and shattered most of the door windows.

Marvin and the five police officers opened fire with their pistols at the living room window from over the hoods and trunks of the cars.

It was quiet inside the house.

The police officers cautiously waited behind their cars for signs more firing from the living room window.

One of the officers slowly opened his car door and reached inside the car.

“This is the Gibsland police. Please put down weapons and step out of the house with your hands in the air,” he said from the speaker of the police car.

It was still quiet inside the house.

The five police officers looked at Marvin for some direction.

“Let’s wait a few seconds,” Marvin told everybody.

They all nodded in agreement.

Then the sound of a car gunning its engine was heard from inside the garage.

Bernard's Hornet smashed through the garage door sending pieces of broken wood everywhere.

Bernard drove with James between him and Wendy in the front seat.

While Bernard raced his Hornet down his driveway, Wendy fired her machine gun out the rolled down passenger window for their protection.

Bullets sprayed the front of the police cars.

Marvin and the five police officers crouched down and opened fire at the Hornet while it made a screeching left turn out of the driveway and onto Montvale Street.

Inside the Hudson, James was scared to death while he heard the police bullets hit the car.

Then some bullets shattered the rear window. Blood and pieces of Wendy's brain splattered on the front windshield. Wendy slammed her forehead up against the dashboard.

Bernard looked and saw the blood and pieces of brain on the windshield. Then he saw her blank stare and bloody hole in the back of her head. "Ester!" he screamed out knowing she was dead.

More bullets penetrated the rear of the Hudson while Bernard raced down the street.

"Shit!" Bernard cried out while he slumped forward against the steering wheel and stomped on the gas pedal at the same time.

James saw a bloody hole on the right rear shoulder of Bernard's shirt. He sensed the

moment was right. He swiftly took his left foot and smashed on the brakes.

The Hudson screeched and fishtailed all over the street.

The Hudson crashed into a parked 1975 Ford Galaxy along the street.

James slammed his head into the dashboard and passed out.

A few minutes passed and Marvin and the five police officers cautiously waited for any signs of threat from the Hudson.

It was quiet from the car so Marvin and the officers cautiously inched their way toward the Hudson with their pistols ready to fire if needed.

All up and down Montvale, the neighbors that were near by spied out their living room windows. This was the first time they witnessed a real life police shoot out.

The cautiously arrived at the Hudson with their pistols ready to fire back at any signs of a threat.

Marvin saw Wendy slumped dead up against the dashboard. James slumped against the dashboard moaning in pain and Bernard slumped up against the steering wheel moaning in pain.

One of the officers cautiously opened the driver's door, removed Hud's Colt 45 out of his

right hand then turned off the engine. He removed the car keys.

Marvin saw that old black lock box on the rear seat. He opened up the rear door, reached inside and removed the box.

Chapter 37

A little while later, other police officers arrived and had the scene secured with both ends of Montvale Street barricaded. They removed all the neighbors out of their homes and placed them on the other side of their nearest barricades.

Agnes rubbernecked with some of her neighbors by their nearest barricade.

They watched while two ambulances were allowed to pass through the barricade at the other end of the street.

They watched while the ambulances stopped and two paramedic's rushed out of each ambulance. They rushed over to the rear of their ambulances, opened the rear doors and removed a gurney.

Two paramedics rushed their gurney over to the driver's side of the Hornet where the door was opened.

They carefully removed Bernard or Hud Hudson from behind the wheel. They carefully placed him on the gurney.

Hud moaned in pain while the paramedics rolled the gurney over to their ambulance.

Marvin walked over to Hud's gurney and stopped the paramedics from putting him in the back of the ambulance.

Hud looked up at Marvin. He was in pain but still alert.

“I going to read you your rights,” Marvin told Hud.

Hud looked up at Marvin and did not utter a word.

After Marvin read Hud his Miranda rights, Hud just nodded that he understood them.

Marvin motioned for the paramedics to put Hud’s gurney into the ambulance.

The other two paramedics went to the passenger side where that door was also opened. They checked out Wendy and verified that she was dead.

They removed her out of the car and placed her on the street.

A police officer walked over and placed a blanket over Wendy’s dead body.

The paramedics then reached inside and carefully removed James.

James moaned in pain while the paramedics placed him on the gurney.

The two paramedics rolled James over to their ambulance.

A police officer walked over to Marvin with Hud’s two suitcases in hand. “Found these in the trunk of his car. One has clothes inside and the other has bundles of cash,” the officer told Marvin.

“Place them in my car.”

The officer nodded he understood and walked off to Marvin’ car.

Down at that one barricade, Agnes and the rubberneckers saw Wendy's covered body in the street. They immediately knew she was dead.

"I worked for the doctor that performed plastic surgeries on Hud and Ester back in thirty-five," Agnes told the neighbors standing by her.

Some of the neighbors rolled their eyes with her statement thinking Agnes was mistaken and a little delusional.

The news reporters from the nearby towns now arrived with their camera trucks. They started setting up their camera for live coverage of this historical moment.

The four paramedics closed their ambulance doors then rushed around to the cabs.

The paramedics drove the ambulances off toward one of the barricades.

The police opened up the barricade and let the two ambulances through for their journey to the hospital.

Over at the Hudson, Marvin had that old lock box on the trunk. He curiously opened it and peeked inside.

Another officer looked over Marvin's shoulder.

Marvin reached inside the box and removed the leather satchel.

He opened up the satchel and saw numerous diamond and rings inside.

“Probably too late to return those to their respectful owners,” the police officer that looked over Marvin’s shoulder said.

Marvin nodded in agreement while he reached inside the lock box and removed a large vanilla envelope.

He opened it up and emptied its contents. The remaining seven old black and white photos landed on the hood of the Hudson.

He scanned through the nine photos.

Marvin picked up a photo that showed Hud, Jack, Willie, and Harold cleaned their sub-machine guns and Colt 45s on the kitchen table. Ester stood by the sink with an apron around her waist while she peeled some potatoes.

Marvin set that photo down on the hood. He gathered up the remaining photos and shoved them into the envelope. He shoved the envelope and the leather satchel and shoved them into the lock box.

He removed the piece of paper and glanced at the fives names and locations that were all crossed out.

“That's a little strange,” Marvin said while he looked at the piece of paper with the names and locations.

Marvin then removed the thicker vanilla envelope from the box.

He opened the envelope and dumped its contents onto the hood of the Hudson.

Marvin and the police officer saw numerous identification cards for "Jimmy Peabody," "Elmer Brown," "Abner Murray," "Kent Osborne," "Mickey Clinton," and "Bernard Sanders."

Then he saw driver's licenses for a Jason Winston and a Betsy Lawrence, both from Woodland, Arkansas.

"What's with the drivers licenses? Old fake identities?" the police officer asked Marvin.

"That's what I'm thinking," Marvin replied then he gathered up the identification cards and dropped them in the lock box with the envelope. He closed the box.

Another officer walked up to Marvin. "Detective, Sergeant Carter called and stated he had a earlier call about two guys digging at the grave of a Jim Peabody earlier. One wore some type of police uniform, while the other man was older. They drove off in an old green car."

Marvin glanced back at the ambulance.

"Thanks," Marvin told that officer who then walked away.

Marvin walked off to his car with Hud's lock box in hand.

Another police officer walked up to Marvin. "Detective, we found this in the trunk of that old car," he said then held up an old potato sack. "I

don't know if this has any meaning," the officer added.

Marvin took the sack and looked at it. "You just never know," he told the officer then placed the lock box and potato sack in the trunk of his car.

Down at the barricaded end of Montvale where Agnes rubbernecked with her neighbors,

A reporter from Evansville stood in front of his cameraman.

"Just a little while ago, they took away old public enemy Hud Hudson away in an ambulance. Just like his criminal past in the thirties, Hud and his partner in crime Ester Walker had their last gun fight with police. Hud survived, Ester did not," he said into his microphone.

Another reporter from St. Louis stood in front of his cameraman.

"We just learned that police believe they shot famous public enemy Hud Hudson and killed his partner Ester Walker. Apparently these two criminals were not killed back in thirty-four in that house explosion, as what the history books make you believe," he said into his microphone.

Back at the Gibsland Police Station, Cindy waited in a chair near the front desk. She looked

worried to death about James and prayed that he was not dead.

Sergeant Vick Carter worked at the front desk and he also waited for word on the outcome with Montvale Street.

His desk phone rang.

Cindy jumped startled in her chair over that sound.

“Gibbsland police department. Sergeant Carter,” he answered the call then listened to the caller.

“Thanks for the update,” Sergeant Carter replied with a smile then hung up his phone.

He looked over at Cindy. “Your husband's okay. He's at the hospital for a check up to make sure,” he told Cindy.

Cindy looked relieved. Then her eyes well up and her hands shook.

She got up and rushed out to the door.

She rushed to her car so she could head to the hospital to checkup on James.

The next morning arrived and Agnes drove her 1962 Rambler to the Gibbsland Police Station.

After she checked in at the front desk, she walked in to the Detectives Room.

Marvin worked on his report from last night's incident when Agnes walked up to his desk.

He glanced up at her. "Yes ma-am."

"I'm Agnes Moore and live on Montvale Street," she said.

It took a few seconds for her name to register in his head. "Yes ma-am."

Agnes sat down in the chair by his desk. "I worked as a nurse for Doctor Albert Harvey many years ago. Back in January 1935, I assisted Doctor Harvey while he performed cosmetic surgery on Hud Hudson and Ester Walker," she said then opened up her purse and removed the four black and white photos.

She placed them on the desk and slid them over in front of Marvin. "Here's proof," she said.

Marvin grabbed the photos and saw the before and after shots of Hud and Ester.

"Thanks," he told her with a smile. "Can I get a statement from you?"

"Sure, I feel safe now," Agnes said and did not look scared anymore.

Marvin opened a desk drawer and removed a Witness Statement form and grabbed a pen.

He started jotting down the information Agnes provided.

Chapter 38

Two weeks had passed since Hud Hudson was finally caught.

James was released the next day from the hospital and he did not suffer a concussion when he slammed his head against the dashboard.

Way across Illinois, the parking lot of the Illinois State Penitentiary was packed with news vans from all around the country.

There were about twenty reporters that stood with microphones in hand while they provided live coverage in front of their cameras with the prison building in the background.

“We are here at the Illinois State Penitentiary where famed outlaw Hud Hudson is finally behind bars,” a reporter from Phoenix said into his microphone while his cameraman worked his camera.

“For forty-four years, Hud Hudson had the public believing that he and Ester Walker actually died in that farm house explosion back in thirty-four,” a reporter from Philadelphia said into his microphone while his cameraman worked his camera.

“So during the shoot out in Gibsland, Illinois, Ester Walker was fatally shot while attempting to escape in Hud Hudson’s Hudson Hornet,” a reporter from Chicago said into her

microphone while her cameraman worked his camera.

“As it turns out, a Gibsland Mall security guard was able to lift some prints to verify his hunch that his neighbor was the famous Hud Hudson,” a reporter from New York City said into her microphone while her cameraman worked his camera.

“Hud Hudson has refused all requests for interviews from the news media. He stated that only one individual would be allowed the privilege of interviewing him,” a reporter from Orlando said into his microphone while his cameraman worked his camera.

Inside one of the visiting rooms of the prison, Hud Hudson sat shackled in prison coveralls in a chair by a table.

Four prison guards kept a watchful eye on Hud for any possible escape attempts.

James sat at the table in a chair at the table across from Hud. He had a pad of paper and pen ready to jot down some important information.

“Why are you now willing to provide information about your past?” he asked.

Hud thought about his question for a few seconds. “Why not? I’m not going to be around forever, so this provides some more juicy information for more books. More TV shows and what not.”

“I can't believe you would only talk with me. I mean, there's hundreds of famous reporters outside dying to have this chance.”

Hud just stared at James for a few seconds. “Well, why not. I did shorten your grandfather's life. And besides, the FBI could never find me. It took a shopping mall security guard. So, like I said, why not.”

James felt proud of himself for being the one to bring such a famous outlaw to justice. “Yeah, well, let's get started,” he said while he jotted down “How He Did It” on his pad of paper. “Let's start off with the biggest and probably the most important question. How did you ever manage to fake the death of you and Ester's? And then elude the police for forty-four years,” he asked and had his pen ready.

Hud stared at the table and pondered while he recalls that memory from so long ago.

“It started right after I heard the news that Bonnie and Clyde and then John Dillinger were shot and killed. I figured that my days were numbered and I didn't want to have my life cut short or spend the rest of my life in prison. So Ester and I planned on how we could escape this little life we carved out for ourselves,” Hud told James then he paused. “So we kept our plan a secret from the other members of The Hudsters. While Jack and Harold were hiding out in an abandoned farm house in Winston, Tennessee

while Ester and I had a place in Woodland, Arkansas.”

Flashback to Friday September 8, 1934 in Pratt, Oklahoma, where twenty-five-year-old Hud, with his big nose, sat behind the wheel of his 1932 Brougham burgundy Hudson Major 8 four door sedan with wire rim wheels. In the passenger seat sat twenty-two-year-old Ester, with her double chin.

They both wore sunglasses and watched all people walked down the sidewalk of the town.

Then Hud spotted Jason Henson who was a little older than Hud but also had a big nose. Jason walked out of “Harry’s Hardware Store.”

“He’s perfect,” Hud said while they eyed Jason and followed him while he got inside his Ford Model T.

Hud and Ester followed Jason’s Model T through the streets of Pratt until they found out where he lived.

They drove off to headed back out the woods where they made camp on some blankets.

They sat around a small camp fire and waited until darkness fell upon the area.

Then in the middle of the night, Hud and Ester drove back into Pratt in his Hudson.

They drove over to the house here Betsy Lawrence lived.

Hud and Ester snuck into Betsy's bedroom and kidnapped her.

They had Betsy hog tied and gagged in the back seat of the Hudson.

Then they drove to Jason's home and kidnapped him.

Then a little while later, Hud and Ester raced the Hudson out of Pratt and headed toward Arkansas in the darkness of the night that helped them go undetected.

They had Jason and Betsy hog tied and gagged in the rear seat. Ester kept a watchful eye on them with her beloved Thompson sub-machine gun. Both Jason and Betsy were scared to death when they realized that Hud Hudson and Ester Walker kidnapped them.

While they drove down numerous country roads, Hud and Ester drank whisky out of two glasses.

The sun rose peeked over the horizon when Hud drove his Hudson down the dirt driveway of a secluded farm house outside Woodland, Arkansas.

He parked his Hudson in back of the farm house a good distance from it.

The farm house was six miles outside Woodland and located off the two-lane country

road called Route 14. A clump of woods by the road provided privacy for the farm house and that was why Hud picked it. And the fact that it was abandoned by the farmer who left for California was also a huge plus for Hud.

Hud motioned with his Colt 45 for Jason and Betsy to get out of the back of the Hudson. While the two got out, Ester placed those two glasses they drank whiskey out of in the rear seat of the car.

Hud and Ester escorted Jason and Betsy into the farm house and sat them down on the couch in the living room. This room only had a worn out couch and chair left behind by the farmers.

Hud went into the kitchen while Ester kept a watchful eye on scared to death Jason and Betsy.

Hud entered the living room with a bottle of whiskey in hand. He took a drink while he eyed Jason and Betsy. Then he looked over at Wendy. "Time for you to go do your part," he said then winked at her.

Wendy got up and handed Bernard the Thompson sub-machine gun then she headed to the front door of the farm house.

Ester got inside the Hudson, started it up then drove off through the yard and headed the dirt driveway.

She drove down the dirt driveway and to the road. She made a right turn and drove down Route 14 the road in the direction of Woodland.

Once Ester got into Woodland, she pulled the Ford into Barker's Gas Station.

She pulled up to the gas pump, turned off the car then got out.

A dorky young attendant named Bucky stepped out of the station office and was met by Ester.

"Three gallons please," she told Bucky whose eyes lit up at the sight of Ester. "Hey darling, can I use your phone inside?" she said in a sexy tone.

"Sure," Bucky said then walked over and started pumping gas into the Ford.

Ester went into the office and over to the phone on the wall by the desk. She contacted the operator. "Police please," she told the operator.

"Chief Burns," the Chief of Police Howie Burns answered the call.

Ester hesitated for a second. "I saw criminals Hud Hudson and Ester Walker in town outside the bank a little while ago. I heard they talking from their car. They said they were going to come into town in a couple of days. They plan on killing some cops and you. They're doing this because the Bureau of

Investigations Special Agents killed one of their gang members. They're at a farm house out on Route fourteen about six miles from town. It's an abandoned house behind a clump of woods. You better bring Special Agent Kelly from the Bureau of Investigation," Ester said into the phone disguising her voice and made it sound higher. She hung up the phone then rushed out of the office.

Ester met Bucky at the gas pump.

"Thirty cents, ma'am," he said.

Ester reached in her purse and handed him three dimes.

Bucky drooled at the sight of her shapely legs while she walked back and got inside the Ford.

He continued to watch while she started up the Ford and drove out of the gas station.

Ester drove her Ford back down Route 14 toward the direction of the farm house.

A little while later, Ester pulled the Hudson into the dirt driveway of the farm house.

She parked the Ford half way between the woods and the farm house.

She got out of the car and rushed to the front door.

In the living room of the farm house, Hud sat in the chair with the Thompson machine gun pointed at Jason and Betsy.

“Done baby,” Ester said the second she closed the front door behind her.

“Good. Let's get some rest. You can take first watch,” he told her.

Ester walked over and Bernard handed him the Thompson machine gun when he stood up.

She sat down in the chair and pointed the machine gun at Jason and Betsy while Bernard left the room.

Bernard walked into the bedroom where the farmers left behind an old bed.

He lay on the bed and closed his eyes.

Hours had passed and the sun settled below the horizon and darkness fell upon the area. It was the start of a clear night with a full Moon. And it was because of this that Hud picked tonight as the night for implementation of their plan.

Ester was in the kitchen making some sandwiches for everybody.

After everybody ate, Jason and Betsy sat on the couch with their mouths gagged. Their hands and ankles were free.

Hud was in the middle of the living room.

Ester was in the doorway of the living room.

Hud started undressing out of his suit and underwear. He stood naked before Jason and Betsy in the living room.

Jason and Betsy looked away at the sight of Hud's naked body.

"Get undressed," he ordered Jason.

Jason just sat on the couch.

"Get undressed!" Hud yelled out then fired off a shot from his Colt 45. The bullet hit the wall above Jason's head.

Betsy gave out a muffled scream behind her gagged mouth.

Jason stood up and started removing all of his clothes and underwear.

Betsy moved her eyes away from Jason's naked body.

"Put on my clothes," Hud ordered Jason.

Afraid of another bullet, Jason started dressing in Hud's clothes.

Hud grabbed Jason's clothes and started dressing up in them.

Ester walked into the room and over to Betsy. She stared at her for a few seconds.

Betsy knew what would happen next and her eyes welled up.

"Your turn," Ester said while she started removing her dress.

Betsy reluctantly stood up and started removing her dress.

Jason was a gentleman and looked away.

Hud watched Betsy get undressed with interest and loved the sight of her naked body.

A little while later, after everybody swapped clothes, Hud entered the living room with a new opened bottle of whiskey.

He walked over and removed the gag out of Jason's mouth.

"Please let us go. We won't tell the police where you are," Jason pleaded.

Hud laughed. "The police are probably on their way," he said then poured some whiskey down Jason's throat.

Jason gagged.

Then Hud removed the gag out of Betsy's mouth.

"No!" she pleaded while her eyes welled up.

Hud poured whiskey down her throat.

She gagged.

Hud spent the next few minutes pouring whiskey down the throats of Jason and Betsy.

Then he poured the rest of the whiskey all over the tops of their heads.

Ester finished emptying cans of kerosene all over the living room and kitchen floor.

Then Hud picked up the Thompson machine gun and fired at Jason and Betsy killing them instantly.

Ester then poured some kerosene all over the heads of Jason and Betsy and down their clothes.

She tossed the can over to the other side of the living room.

Hud rushed out the front door with his Colt 45 in hand.

Once Hud got outside the house, he ran towards the woods by Route 14.

He peeked around a tree and looked down the road in the direction of Woodland. The road was dark and quiet.

After twenty minutes had passed, Hud saw the headlights of three cars that raced in a convoy down the road.

Hud ran through the woods and through the yard.

He ran to the house.

The living room was quiet.

Jason and Betsy sat on the couch in a drunken stupor.

“They’re coming,” Hud called out the second he rushed through the front door.

Ester rushed in with two kerosene cans in hand.

She placed one can near the right side of living room window, opened it, and placed it on

its side. Kerosene slowly poured out of the can and onto the floor.

She set the other opened kerosene can by the front door on its side by the left side of the window. Kerosene slowly poured out of the can onto the floor.

Hud peeked out the living room window with the Thompson sub-machine gun in hand.

He turned around and headed over to the couch.

He pulled Jason's body off the couch and dragged him over to the window. He placed him on his back and made sure the palms of his hands were in the puddle of kerosene on the floor.

He rushed over to the couch and pulled Betsy's body off the couch. He placed her on her back and made sure the palms of her hands were in the puddle of kerosene on the floor.

He made sure it looked like Jason and Betsy fell backwards from living room window.

Hud then peeked out the window from the left side near the front door.

With the help of the full Moon, Hud saw the shadowy figures in the woods by the road.

"They're here, get the kitchen ready," Hud called out.

"Okay," Ester called out from the kitchen.

He smashed the window with the barrel of the machine gun. Hud turned around then fired

the Thompson machine gun around the living room.

Then Hud stuck the barrel of the Thompson machine gun out of the smashed window and fired at the woods.

“You’ll never catch me alive Special Agent Kelly. Never!” Hud yelled out the window then fired bullets from his Colt 45 and then fired the Thompson sub-machine gun again.

Hud tossed his Colt 45 and it landed in the puddle of kerosene by Jason’s right hand.

He then tossed the Thompson machine gun over and it landed near Betsy.

Hud ran off through the living room and headed to the kitchen.

Ester waited by the rear kitchen door.

Hud smiled when he saw six kerosene lamps in the kitchen without their glass chimney’s.

He saw the oven door opened and heard the hissing sound of propane.

Then they heard the gun fire from the Agent of the Bureau of Investigations and police penetrate the living room.

Ester and Hud dashed out the rear kitchen door.

Out back of the farm house, Hud and Ester ran through the small back yard and headed to the woods.

Hud and Ester ran through the Moonlit woods.

They soon heard the explosion of the house blowing up.

They stopped, turned around and saw the farm house engulfed in flames.

They turned around and ran through the woods.

A little while later, Hud and Ester ran to a stolen red 1932 Chevrolet Coupe they previously staged in the woods.

They got inside the car, Hud started it up.

Ester looked down on the floor board and saw the old potato sack used during all the robberies. "Why are you keeping this?" she asked while she held it up.

"Memories of an adventurous life," Hud replied then he drove off through the Moonlit woods and headed off to another road located a mile away.

The days had passed and January 5, 1935 rolled around.

In the middle of the night, a 1933 Buick Sedan pulled along the street of Doctor Albert Harvey's house in Pikeville, Indiana.

Hud and Ester got out of the Hudson and rushed to the front door of Dr. Harvey's house.

Hud lightly knocked on the front door.

The door opened and Dr. Harvey appeared in his white uniform. He motioned for Hud and Ester to enter. They did.

Thirty minutes had passed and Dr. Harvey fucked Ester for part of his payment and for keeping his mouth shut.

Then later that night, Hud was passed out on an operating table. Agnes Moore, now a thirty-seven-year-old nurse assisted Dr. Harvey while he started cutting on Hud's large nose.

In an adjoining room, Ester lay asleep in a bed with her chin all bandaged up.

Chapter 39

Back to reality in the Illinois State Penitentiary visiting room.

James jotted down all of Hud's story on his pad of paper.

“We left Doctor Harvey’s office after some healing. I used a forger named Bruno Lorenzo to give us some fake identifications. I first met him when I was in prison back in twenty-nine. The first fake identification I used was Jimmy Peabody. Remember that name?”

James thought for a few seconds. “The cemetery in Gibsland.”

“That’s correct. So Ester headed off to Seattle while I headed off to Mexico City for a few years. After I used Jimmy Peabody as a fake identification, I used Mickey Clinton, then Kent Osborne, then Abner Murray, then Elmer Brown and finally Bernard Sanders. All gravesites where I buried my stash from jewelry heists.”

“Do you have any remorse for those police officers you killed?” James asked

Hud thought long and hard about his question. “People would expect I should but I really don't. I was nineteen when I was sent to prison. This one guard named Russell Brantley would occasionally raped me. This was someone who was supposed to be on the right

side of the law. And he was allowed rape me. So no remorse from me. Only payback.”

“What a shame.”

“Oh, I forgot something,” Hud said with a smirk. “The cops never figured out that back in thirty-two after I got out of prison, I killed Russell Brantley. I made it look like a suicide,” he said.

James jotted down that information.

Hud got a smirk when he remembered something and wanted to fuck with James. “Oh yeah, but the way, you're wife Cindy has some nice perky tits and a great ass with that cute birth mark on her right butt cheek. I'd be fucking that every night if she was with me,” he said then chuckled.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on James. He clenched his fists and wanted to lunge after Hud, but the guards were watching. He refrained. “So when you go before the judge tomorrow, how are you going to plead? Guilty like a man, or innocent like a chicken?”

Hud looked at James while he pondered his answer. Hud started another coughing fit.

He motioned to the guards that he wanted to go back to his cell.

“This interview is over,” one of the guards said while he walked over to Hud.

James watched while a coughing Hud was escorted over to the door by three guards.

Then Hud suddenly stopped by the door, turned around and looked at James. "One last thing. Locate a Ronnie Pettine. He was once the police chief of Bellwood. Then that asshole that I'm the one that sliced the tires of his caddy and scratched the hell out of it back in sixty-nine. He would love to hear that," he said then motioned to the guards that he was ready to leave.

James jotted down that information on his paper.

He then got up and the forth guard escorted him to the other door.

Off in another area of the Penitentiary, those three prison guards escorted Hud down a hallway where jail cells were on both sides.

All of the prisoners in those cells eyed Hud with admiration.

"Hey Hud, you were my hero when I was a kid," one of those prisoners yelled out between the bars.

Hud ignored that prisoner while he was being escorted down the hallway.

The three guards escorted Hud down to an empty jail cell.

Hud stepped inside the cell then one of the guards slammed the door closed. It echoed down the hallway.

The three guards walked away back down the hallway.

Three weeks passed and Henry “Hud” Hudson was in a Federal Court House in Peoria, Illinois.

It was a media frenzy outside the court house where hundreds of news reporters from all around the country were camped out. They expected this trial to take a while, as they figured Hud would try his best to get acquitted on all accounts. After all, it’s been forty-four years.

Then all of a sudden, there was a flurry of activity amongst the reporters. They all scrambled to get live coverage out now.

One reporter from Seattle stood in front of his cameraman. “We just learned that Henry “Hud” Hudson pleaded guilty to the murders of numerous police officers over forty four years ago,” he said into his microphone.

Another reporter from Dallas stood in front of her cameraman with a microphone in her hand. “Henry “Hud” Hudson the leader of the infamous The Hudsters gang just pleaded guilty to murder. The Hudsters were as famous as Bonnie and Clyde and John Dillinger. Their crime spree ran from nineteen thirty two to nineteen thirty-four when it was believed Hud Hudson and Ester Walker died during a house explosion. That proved to be untrue,” the reporter said into her microphone.

Another reporter from Atlanta stood in front of his cameraman with a microphone in hand. “Officials are now planning on digging up the graves of Hud Hudson and Ester Walker in hopes of learning if they are in fact Jason Henson and Betsy Lawrence from Pratt, Oklahoma. Hud claimed he used their bodies to fake his and Ester's death.”

Similar reports were echoed across the sea of other reported camped out around the court house.

Six months had passed.

Over at the Illinois State Penitentiary, Hud sat alone on his bunk in his prison cell. He was in deep thought.

Ricky Kelly, now seventy-eight years old years old and FBI Agent Kenny Williams, now retired, walked down the aisle between the jail cells of death row. They had two other prison guards behind them.

Ricky and Kenny walked over to Hud's cell.

Ricky saw Hud on his bunk.

Hud looked at the bars and saw Ricky and Kenny. “Who the fuck are you?” he asked not recognizing these strangers.

“Nineteen thirty-four, Bureau of Investigations Special Agent Ricky Kelly and Special Agent Kenny Williams. Remember us at that farmhouse,” Ricky said.

Hud looked at Ricky and Kenny for a few seconds. Then he remembered. “Hey there Agent Kelly. It’s been a long time. I figured you would have died by now,” Hud said then he looked at Kenny. “I don’t remember you.”

“I’m alive and well and have many more years left on this earth. Unlike you who has about, oh, should be dead in an hour or less,” Ricky said then gave Hud a smile.

“Do you know what I find funny Agent Kelly? I find it funny that a stupid mall security guard took me down. Not the Bureau of Investigations. Not you. But a simple-minded mall security guard who took me down forty-four years later. Forty-four years of the Bureau of Investigations not having a fucking clue that I was still alive, ” he said then laughed.

Ricky kept his cool. He motioned for Kenny that they should go.

Ricky and Kenny walked away with the two prison guards.

While they walked down the aisle, they walked past a Preacher who headed to Hud’s cell with another prison guard.

Over in Chicago, James sat on stage for a talk show by Robert Cassidy. It was called “Cassidy’s Chat.”

Robert sat in his chair to James left.

Off to the left side of the out of view of the cameras stood Cindy. She looked so proud of James.

Robert was given the signal to start his show. He looked at the assigned camera.

“Welcome to Cassidy’s Chat and I’m Robert Cassidy. On today’s show we have as my special guest, the best seller author James Randall of the book "I Found Hud Hudson and Ester Walker."

The audience clapped for James per the lighted “Applause” sign.

Over at the Illinois State Penitentiary, Hud Hudson was now shaved bald. He was being escorted down a hallway by four prison guards.

They escorted him down numerous hallways where they eventually walked him into the execution room. The room had a glass wall that at this moment had a curtain that blocked the view of the witness area.

Hud paused for a second when he spotted the electric chair. The chair that took the lives of so many other criminals.

Back at the TV studio, the “Cassidy Chat” TV show continued.

“Mister Randall was the individual who discovered that his neighbor was the famous

public enemy Hud Hudson,” he said while he looked at his assigned camera.

“Now James. Isn't it true that your neighbor across the street from your house, claimed to have worked for the doctor that performed the plastic surgeries on Hud and Ester for their escape?” he asked when he looked at James.

“That’s true and she actually felt that Hud and Ester came to out town to silence her on what she knows. But truth be known, Hud or Ester never have a clue about Agnes. They just thought she was a snoop neighbor. But what they did not realize, was that Agnes had four photos taken by Doctor Harvey, just before he operated on them in thirty-five. They were before and after shots. He willed it to Agnes back in fifty-eight. That’s why she was paranoid they were in town to kill her,” he replied while he looked at the camera.

“But I guess you were also a bit of a snoop? I mean you would have to be in order to find fingerprints of Hud and Ester,” said Robert.

Cindy nodded in agreement from the side of the stage.

“Yes, I guess you can say that,” James replied and got a chuckle out of the audience.

“That's a strange coincidence that they moved in across the street from her,” Robert added.

James nodded in agreement.

Back over at the Illinois State Penitentiary, Hud was being strapped in and hooked up in the electric chair. He showed no fear from the outside. But on the inside, he started to tremble.

Back at the TV studio, the “Cassidy Chat” TV show continued.

Robert looked at his assigned camera.

“I also had a telephone interview with retired FBI Agent Ricky Kelly. He's the agent that had the assignment to capture the famous The Hudsters gang. Now, Mister Kelly stated that at the time, he always felt that the two bodies found in the exploded house might not be Hud Hudson or Ester Walker. But there was pressure from Washington to show the public that the pair was finally dead. So the FBI let circumstantial evidence prevail. Mister Kelly was unable to attend this show.” Robert said then turned to James.

“The police in Gibsland apparently found some old black and white photos that belonged to Hud.”

“Yes they did.”

“And we also learned that Hustler Magazine will publish a nude photo of Hud Hudson and Ester Walker. Apparently you sold it to them for a hefty amount of money? How much?” said Robert hoping to put James on the spot.

“That’s true. I got four hundred thousand dollars,” James replied.

The audience did not look impressed.

“A little financial gain from a famous outlaw?” Robert replied with a smirk.

The audience booed a little.

“Not really a financial gain. With the help of my brother in-law, the detective that arrested Hud Hudson, we located all the living sons and daughters of the slain police officers Hud killed. He divided up the money equally amongst them. I got a small portion since my grandfather was killed by Hud back in forty-four. My dad was his son and dad died a couple of years ago,” said James.

The audience clapped in support of James.

Back over at the Illinois State Penitentiary, fifteen witnesses sat on the other side of the glassed enclosure of the execution room to watch. Four of them were family members of police officers killed by Hud.

Ricky Kelly and Kenny Williams were amongst the witnesses and they sat up front.

Hud eyed Ricky and gave him a smile pretending to be tough.

Ricky just stared at Hud.

Then Hud’s eyes widened a little when he saw Ronnie Pettine, now sixty-nine years old in

the back row of the witnesses. Ronnie gave Hud a little wave and smile.

The one guard lowered the hood flap and it covered Hud's eyes so he no longer would see anybody from this world.

Behind that hood flap, Hud started to have a few flashbacks of his life.

He recalled that day when his and his mom saw his dad off on the train when he got drafted into the Army.

Then he recalled that day when the telegram arrived stating that his father died in France.

His eyes welled up and tears ran down his cheeks. The last time he cried was when his mom got that telegram.

Then he recalled that day when he first fucked Ester at that whore house in St. Louis.

Then he recalled when Ester was killed in Gibsland. His eyes continued to well up and tears ran down his cheek.

Back at the TV studio, the "Cassidy Chat" TV show continued.

Robert looked at his assigned camera.

"Since Hud Hudson was known to be a killer of numerous police officers back in the thirties, were you ever afraid the he might kill you?"

"After he found out that I lifted his prints, he had plans were to take me with him from Gibsland and go to their hideout in Boone, North

Carolina. He was going to kill my wife then frame me for her murder. But fortunately for the fast actions of the FBI and the Gibsland police, those plans were foiled,” said James.

“He sounds like a sweetheart of a man,” Robert said and created a little chuckle from the audience. “Did you ever thought about killing Hud after you learned of his true identity?” asked Robert.

James thought about his question for a few seconds. “That never crossed my mind. I wanted him rot in prison for the rest of his life.”

“Speaking of which, we heard Hud wanted to be executed since he was terminal with cancer. Do you believe he thought that would be an easier death than what his cancer would have brought?”

“I think that deep down inside, he was a chicken,” James replied and that created a little clap from the audience showing they felt the same.

Back over at the Illinois State Penitentiary, Hud sat in the electric chair with the hood over his head hooked up to a large wire. His bare legs were also hooked up to large wires.

The witnesses did not notice that Hud peed in his pants. He was finally scared the second before the electricity would start shooting through his entire body. For a split second, Hud

wished he never headed down the path of a life of crime.

One of the guards flipped the switch.

The witnesses watched while his body shook and twitched. Then his body went limp when the juice was turned off. He was officially dead.

From on the other side of the glassed enclosure, Ricky and Kenny got up from their seats.

Then and all the other witnesses looked satisfied while he left the room with the other witnesses.

Four weeks had passed and James got a contract to write three more crime novels. He proposed "The Gangster Killer", "He Killed at Night", and "Confession." Even though he eventually found the tore up copies of his manuscript thanks to Hud, he was still able to retype them.

Because his "I Found Hud Hudson and Ester Walker" book was a best seller, James and Cindy both quit their jobs.

Agnes stopped snooping out her living room window after she learned Hud Hudson died in the electric chair. The For Sale sign in her front yard was now gone and she was able to live in peace.

Two months had passed.

James took a little time of and headed off to south of Joliet, Illinois. He visited the Golden Age of Bank Robbers Museum.

James walked around the museum looking at all the history from those famous bank robbers.

Then James stopped at The Hudsters displays. He saw a 1932 Hudson. It was a Brougham burgundy Major 8 four-door sedan with wire rim wheels roped off with red velvet rope and brass poles.

He headed over to the wall of displays and saw everything. He even saw the potato sack that was in the trunk of that 1953 Hudson Hornet. It had the "Potato Sack That Was Used By Hud Hudson During His Robberies" caption under it.

James saw the other huge addition, it was Hud's 1953 Hudson Hornet still damaged from the shootout he was part of.

James walked around the velvet red rope that hopefully stopped people from trying to take pieces of the car.

James stared at the car while he recalled those memories of his adventure that helped him become an author.