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Sheriff's force was thrown into the case. In addition, police from Pascagoula, headed by Chief W. T. Blakely, and Moss Point, near the murder scene, concentrated on the shocking crime.

Even as they were searching through the dead man's clothing and discussing the killing, word was flashed that the robber of the Mobile bank might be heading their way in a taxicab.

The idea of a bandit-killer, if that were the case, retracing his steps through the area seemed illogical, but they did not dismiss it as impossible. Instead they arranged for road blocks in their area.

Tall, good-natured Carl T. Wilson, constable from Moss Point, heard the dispatcher that cracked over the radio. His assignment was to throw up a road block on U. S. Highway No. 90 near the big International Paper Company plant, at the outskirts of Moss Point.

Wilson drove to the entrance of the big plant. All he could do was wait. Several automobiles passed, but no taxicabs.

Wilson had not been there long when his pulse suddenly quickened. In the distance, a black and white vehicle similar to the cab described in the police radio broadcast grew in size.

Constable Wilson loosened his pistol in the holster. It was a taxi, all right. He sounded the siren as the vehicle came near.

The cab came to a halt. The Constable walked briskly to the rear door, where an outstretched hand held a small piece of paper toward him.

"I guess you want to see that," the passenger said.

Wilson yanked the pistol from his holster and thrust it into the face of the man.

"No, I just want to see you! Get out!" he ordered.

A surprised man came meekly from the back seat of the taxicab.

"Hey, what's the idea?" asked the cab driver, Bill Nall.

"Did you know you had a bank robber in the back seat—and maybe a kidnaper?" asked the Constable.

The heavily tattooed man who had been in the back seat laughed at him, but said nothing. Wilson pulled a 38-caliber pistol from one of the man's pockets and a large roll of money from another.

"I just withdrew that money from the bank," the man said.

"Yeah, and you brought the gun along for protection, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," the man said. He advanced toward Wilson. "Go ahead and kill me! I don't care! I'm going to die anyway."

His steps carried him closer toward the Constable, and closer toward the gun which the Constable held.

"Take one more move and you'll be just as dead as you want to get," Wilson said sternly.

The man hesitated. Then he seemed to wilt and stopped in his tracks.

Constable Wilson radioed for Pascagoula Police Chief Blakely and a short time later he saw the Chief's automobile approaching.

So did the prisoner. As Wilson turned briefly to watch the police car, he almost lost a prisoner. The docile man with the mustache bolted behind the police car and ran.

He darted around the nearest house, with the Constable only a short distance behind. By then Chief Blakely had jumped from his car and joined in the chase.

The perspiring Constable saw the passenger vault nimbly over a fence and disappear from sight. Wilson ran toward the fence, but an instinctive cunning that had kept him alive in previous tight spots warned him against leaping over behind the man. He circled slowly, found a gate and walked through cautiously. Crouched where he would have landed on the other side of the fence was the prisoner, arms poised to strike!

The man leaped to his feet and ran, but two bullets dug dirt around his feet and announced that the chase was over.

"Okay, you've got some tall explaining to do," Chief Blakely told the puff-

ing man as he slipped some handcuffs on his brawny wrists.

The two officers took the prisoner to Pascagoula and placed him behind bars. News that they had the man already had been flashed through the county and several officers were there to greet them. Others were on the way, for when Mobile officials were notified, they quickly dispatched city, county and Federal investigators.

"What's the name?" Sheriff Byrd asked the muscular prisoner.

"Wayde. Thomas Wayde," responded the man.

"Where you from, Wayde?"

"The West Coast."

"The West Coast? That's pretty big. Whereabouts on the West Coast?"

"Oh, different places."

"Where did you get those blue trousers?" queried Chief Broome.

"I've had them for a long time," the man said.

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"You didn't happen to get them off a dead policeman, did you, Gallego?"

The prisoner laughed nervously in reply but his face reddened noticeably at the use of the name Gallego.

Methodically the officers asked the prisoner where he had been the previous night and during the day. Where he got the gun, the money.

THE taxi driver, Nall, said he had picked up the passenger at the Greyhound Bus Station in Mobile, had taken him to the American National Bank and Trust Company, waited, and finally started the trip to New Orleans. He said his passenger had paid the \$60 deposit required for the trip to New Orleans and still seemed to have plenty of money to spare. They had stopped for beer at Theodore, Alabama, at the man's request, and the passenger had to change a \$20 bill.

Chief Broome pulled out a check stub from his pocket. "Recognize this?" he asked the prisoner.

The man who called himself Wayde reddened again.

"You know, we can find out through finger-prints about that name you're giving, Gallego," Sheriff Byrd said.

Faced with this prospect, the man admitted that his real name was Gerald Albert Gallego. California authorities already had wired that Gallego was a sentenced for burglary, assaulting the officer who arrested him and numerous other crimes.

Gradually, during the questioning, the officers drew a net of evidence around the prisoner. The gun was identified by Chief Broome as Beaugez'. The \$60 found on Gallego was close to the \$1,000 which bank officials in Mobile said was missing. Sixty had been spent on the

taxicab trip and the other—well, it just wasn't there.

Finally the pieces of the puzzle fitted together too well even for Gallego. "Yes, I killed that cop," he said had to. He was going to turn me. He also admitted driving Beaugez' car to Mobile, abandoning it and leaving the Mobile bank later that morning.

"Tell us all about it," urged District Attorney Boyce Holleman, who had joined the questioning throng of state, city and Federal officers from Mississippi and Alabama.

Gallego said he had been walking down the main street in Ocean Springs the previous morning when Beaugez had stopped him, asked for identification and arrested him when he could not provide the proper credentials or explain why he was in town at that hour. The time, he said, was about 3:30 in the morning.

At the jail, Beaugez turned his back to unlock the cell. When he did, Gallego hit him in the face with his fist. He said he had overpowered the patrolman and wrenched the pistol from him.

"I told him, 'Now it's my show,'" Gallego said.

THE wavy-haired prisoner said he then forced Beaugez to take him to the police car and drive toward Mobile. When they had passed Orange Grove, he ordered the patrolman to turn off on a dirt road.

"I told him to get out of the car and change clothes with me," Gallego said. "After that, I told him to walk over away from the car; that I was going to kill him."

"He said, 'Don't do that, Captain,' but I told him I had to because I knew he would turn me in," Gallego said. "And I knew that if they got me for parole violation I'd be in for plenty of trouble."

"This cop, Beaugez, kept telling me that if I would turn him loose he wouldn't say anything about the incident, but I told him that I knew what I would do if I was in his shoes," Gallego said.

"I shot at him twice," Gallego told the officers. "One shot missed. He was lying there groaning so I went over and shot him again in the head."

The prisoner said he took Beaugez' police trousers and left his own blue jeans on the dead policeman.

When the truth was revealed, Bill Nall, the cab driver, and Col. Wilson, realized that they had through a narrow brush with death. Only chance had kept them from the same treatment that Patrolman Beaugez had received.

Two blocks from the cab stand, after Gallego had paid his \$60 deposit, Captain Rollings said, Nall turned the cab radio off only a couple of minutes before the dispatcher broadcast an alarm about a holdup man who possibly might have hailed a cab.

Then the cab was stopped just after it crossed the Mississippi line for inspection of the trip permit.

"You can expect a lot of that," Nall had told his passenger. "They're pretty strict over here about trip permits, so we may be stopped several times."

That was probably why Gallego had been taken by a lone constable with out a gun fight. When the cab stopped Nall had handed the trip permit to Gallego and told him to show it to the officer. Thus Constable Wilson grabbed the unsuspecting bank robber-killer and disarmed him of the 38-caliber pistol he was carrying.

Beaugez' police car was found the afternoon, abandoned on a Mobil street.

A special session of the Jackson County grand jury met the day after Gallego's capture and indicted the wiry defendant on murder charges.

On June 9, 1954, trial opened for Gallego in Circuit Court at Pascagoula. Late the following day, the jury file out and solemnly announced its verdict—death in the electric chair.

As this issue of OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES Magazine goes to press Gallego is being held in prison pending execution.