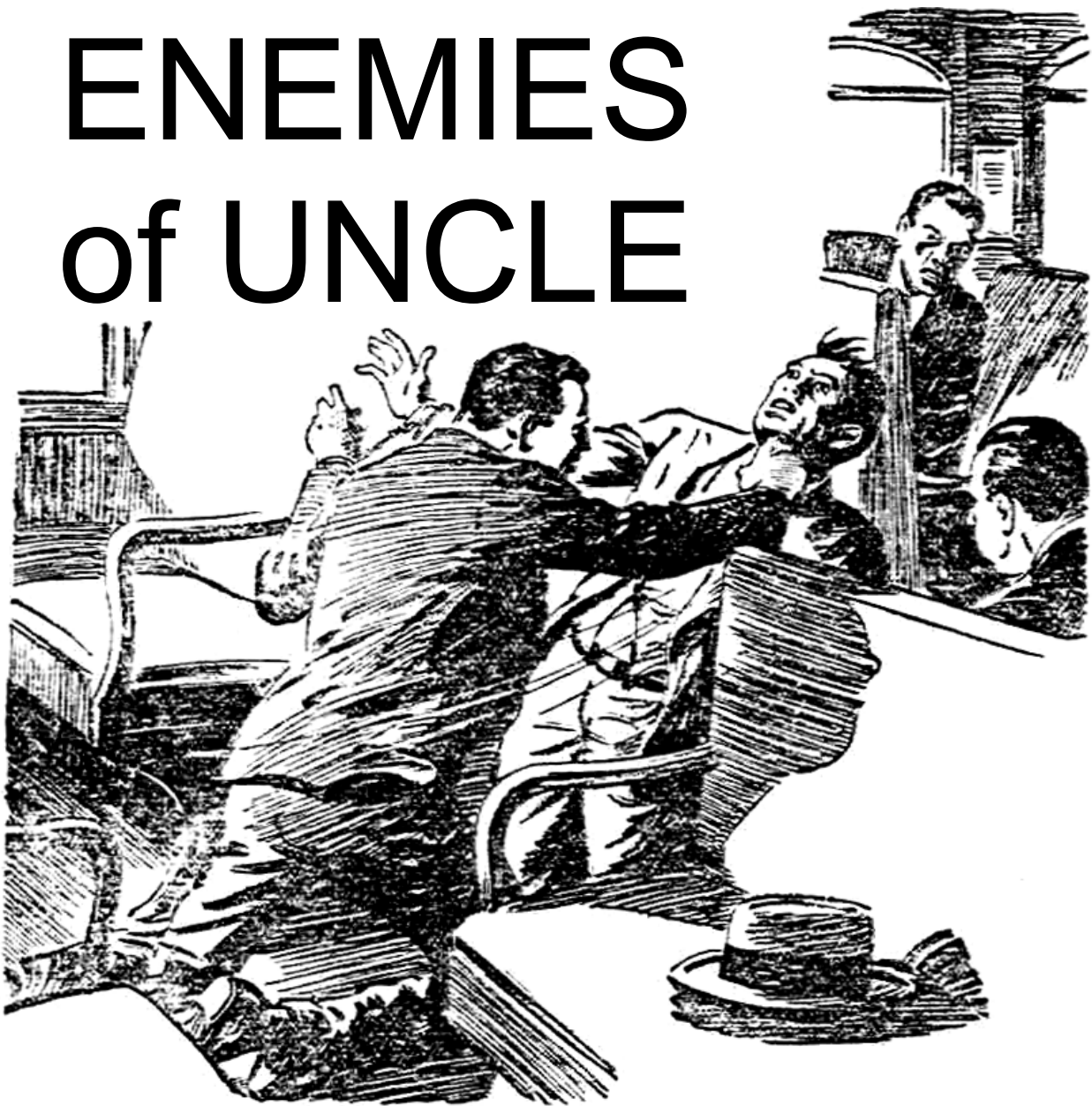


ENEMIES of UNCLE



Banta's fingers were deep in Lockhart's throat

G-Man Tony Banta Stalks Crime with a Vacuum Cleaner
That Turns Out to Be an Instrument of Law!

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The woman in the doorway sold blood. She was large and rawboned. Her hair was dyed to match jet eyes. She looked like she drove hard bargains. She looked like blood-selling was her business.

The unwelcome young man on the threshold sold vacuum cleaners, apparently. He had a new cleaner in his hand and also a suitcase filled with gadgets. He had satiny, brown skin and expressive warm dark eyes. He looked like the sort who

could inveigle a housewife into signing on the dotted line. He looked a good bit like a vacuum cleaner salesman. But he wasn't.

Somewhere in Tony Banta's wallet was a little gold badge. He had recently come from the fifth floor of the Fletcher Trust Building where he had been talking to Arthur Garret, special agent in charge of the Indiana Division of the F.B.I. Garret had showed Tony Banta the half-molten badge that G-man George McDill had so worthily worn.

Garret's eyes had been grave because only a short while before, he had seen McDill's coffin to the railroad station. It was a coffin that would never be opened. Only the half-molten badge found in the ashes of clothing about the body had saved George McDill's body from the potter's field.

There had been a dust explosion in a grain elevator, apparently one of those things that just happen, until George McDill's body had marked it as the largest and blackest footprint in a trail of crime that was blazed across the central states. There had been a veritable epidemic of bank holdups throughout Indiana, Illinois and Ohio.

If one gang was back of it all, the net amount of money to the criminals' discredit amounted to about three hundred thousand dollars. Looting National Banks had made those gunmen enemies of Uncle Sam. Killing George McDill hadn't made any special bid for Uncle's benevolence, either.

It was a hunch that Tony Banta was playing. He had known George McDill better than any man in the service. He knew, for instance, that George McDill went man-hunting with a gun in his shoulder holster and another in the crown of his hat.

McDill had often said: "Tony, no hood ever takes me for a one-way ride without sampling some of my slugs." That was why McDill had carried a gun in his hat. He would have gone down fighting, and when big, square-jawed McDill fought, somebody got hurt.

"Watch the medical offices," Tony Banta told his chief. "When they got McDill, someone else got hurt."

Early that morning, a frightened doctor had communicated with the local office of the Feds. A couple of tough-looking men had tried to persuade that doctor to perform a blood transfusion on an unknown patient. It had all looked a bit scaly to the doctor, and he had refused. A second later,

when one of the toughs pulled a gun by way of persuasion, the doctor had rationally cleared out of his office and run to the shelter of the law.

So Banta's hunch was right. Someone who had no love for publicity, needed a blood transfusion badly. That was why Banta's vacuum cleaner campaign had carried him to the door of Mrs. Carrie Boyde, the woman who sold blood.

It wasn't her own blood that Mrs. Boyde marketed. One look at her steel-trap mouth told you she had tasted little of the milk of human kindness. She simply maintained an agency for those donors who had blood to sell for transfusions. Hers was the only such agency in Indianapolis. Hospitals applied directly to her whenever blood was needed. On her lists were many robust donors, so that blood of the various basic types could always be obtained.

Mrs. Boyde definitely did not want a vacuum cleaner. She did not even want to be shown a vacuum cleaner by as personable a young man as Tony Banta. Yes, she admitted, with a glance at her hall rug, she did need a vacuum cleaner. But she would a lot rather just send her rugs to the cleaners when they needed cleaning.

"That runs into quite a bit of money, ma'am," Banta told her.

"Quite a bit," Mrs. Boyde admitted. "It seems prices on everything are awful high now. All a widow can do to provide a decent meal for herself, let alone buy vacuum cleaners."

And there the interview might have ended had not Tony Banta worked his way through law school selling vacuum cleaners, which only went to show the advantages of a college education.

"I'll clean that nine-by-twelve for you free of charge, madam," he assured her. "No obligation. I won't even ask you to buy. It's just to advertise our product."

He had to look down at the cleaner to discover just what product he was peddling. He was pretty sure the free-of-charge would act as an open sesame. He had learned a good bit about Mrs. Boyde from her neighbors. She would do almost anything for money.

Banta's only object was to get Mrs. Boyde to loosen her lips a bit. He wanted to find out, without seeming to, if there had been any calls for blood transfusions that day. As he worked on the rug, tapping the accumulated dust from the cleaner onto a newspaper to show Mrs. Boyde just how filthy her rugs were, Banta discovered that

Mrs. Boyde "kept roomers." She really had to have some excuse for all that dirt Banta so smilingly removed.

"I thought you were a professional woman," Banta said, as he hooked on the attachment hose. "I thought you were a nurse or something like that."

Mrs. Boyde's lips snapped together. Her fingers fluttered over her hair. She glanced backwards toward the staircase.

"N-no. Nothing like that," she finally admitted. "I'm not a nurse. I simply can't bear to see suffering. You probably got the idea from my connection with the hospitals in blood transfusion cases. I simply keep a list of the blood donors in the city and 'round about. By putting them in touch with the hospitals, when a pint or so of blood is needed, I get a little commission."

Tony Banta sat on the floor, Turk-fashion, and rested his chin on a cleaner attachment.

"That's darned interesting, Mrs. Boyde," he said admiringly.

What was much more interesting than Mrs. Boyde's ill-at-ease action was the hesitancy of someone on the stairs, reflected in the die-cast aluminum nozzle of the vacuum cleaner. Banta saw only a pair of long trouser legs and a pair of polished shoes. One of the shoes was tapping impatiently. It would go up a step and then down a step, only to return beside its mate and remain perfectly quiet as though the owner of the shoes was listening intently.

"Yessir, that's mighty interesting, Mrs. Boyde. I never even knew that such a profession existed. But I always say, we live and learn. Now this machine that I am about to demonstrate is ideal for over-stuffed furniture. I want you to notice how easily the brush runs in and out between the tufts."

All that reassured the man on the stairs. He came down, not without a quick suspicious glance at Banta. He wore a hat that was pulled well down over his eyes. He crossed the hall and opened the front door. He didn't go out, Banta noticed, as he started the cleaner and attacked a chair. The man in the hat simply put out his hand and groped in the mail box. He cursed softly and came back in.

Banta got a glimpse of the man's face in the reflecting surface of the cleaner attachment. He saw blue jowls and a voluptuous mouth.

It was just as the man stepped over the cleaner hose that Banta decided to start on another

chair. Consequently, the man in the hat was tripped by the hose that rose unexpectedly as a snake under an explorer's boot. Banta was lavish with apologies as he helped the man to his feet and dusted him off with the brush of the cleaner.

The man didn't want to be vacuumed. He cursed Tony Banta for a clumsy fool, but the cleaner was making such a roar as it winnowed the man's pants that Banta couldn't hear. Finally, the man in the hat hurdled cleaner and accessories, pushed Banta in the chest with the flat of his hand, and gained the stairway.

HE turned around, halfway up, and yelled at Mrs. Boyde: "I want to see you a minute."

Mrs. Boyde went to the steps and there were whisperings which Banta couldn't catch as he attached the de-mothing accessory to the cleaner.

Mrs. Boyde was back a moment later. Her eyes were jettier because her face was whiter.

"I haven't any more time to give you today," she announced firmly.

Banta couldn't hear that either. When he couldn't hear anything, he just smiled and went right on with what he was doing. Right now, he was tapping out more dust from the cleaner onto the newspaper.

"That gentleman one of your roomers, Mrs. Boyde?" he asked.

She nodded. "A Mr. Lockhart. Please get your stuff put away, young man. I have no more time. The cleaner is very nice. I am sorry I cannot afford—"

"He's a bit afraid of draughts, that Mr. Lockhart, isn't he? I can't imagine anyone having to put on a hat just to go to the door to see if there is any mail. Now, this is the finest attachment in the lot. I sold one of these cleaners yesterday simply because of this patented de-mothing device."

"I have no moths," said Mrs. Boyde severely.

Banta shook the attachment at Mrs. Boyde. "That, my dear lady, is something we can never quite be sure of. Especially, in a house where there are roomers going and coming. Surely you have a closet upstairs where there are a few moths lurking. One moth, my dear Mrs. Boyde, can cost you a startling sum in a year's time."

Banta started for the stairs armed with the de-mothing device. He was not at all sure of what was going on in this house. Lockhart wore a hat for the obvious reason that when its broad brim

was pulled down he would have been a little harder to recognize. That, coupled with Mrs. Boyde's uneasiness, was enough to warrant Tony Banta's snooping about a little more.

Mrs. Boyde was right behind him. "No," she said, trying to make the negative definite without sounding as though she were panicky. "I cannot permit you to go up there. Those rooms belong to my tenants."

"Oh," Banta said brightly, "then there is a chance of selling not one vacuum cleaner, but several. Do your tenants take care of their own rooms?" He was halfway up the steps and Mrs. Boyde was hurrying up behind him. He turned suddenly and waited for Mrs. Boyde. His dark eyes were grave and there was not so much as a ghost of a smile on his lips. "Don't you think you'd better wait below, Mrs. Boyde? This is a matter that concerns me and your Mr. Lockhart alone."

The woman started to scream. Banta's hand came up quickly and flattened over her open mouth. With his right hand, he snatched his gun from its shoulder holster.

"Not a word," he whispered. "Go up the steps, ahead of me. Remember, I warned you to keep out of this."

The die was cast now. Tony Banta didn't know what he was getting into. Perhaps here was something that was no business of the F. B. I. But he'd never know for sure unless he pushed his nose a little farther into the business of Mrs. Boyde and Mr. Lockhart.

ON the end of the gun, he forced the woman up the steps and into a hall that was dark because every door was closed. He nodded toward the nearest door.

"Open it!" His lips formed the silent command, re-enforced by a jab with the gun.

Mrs. Boyde hesitated, but a second gun jab convinced her. She opened the door.

"This may cost a man his life!" she said shrilly. "There's a very sick man in here."

"Two sick men, as a matter of fact," said Banta softly as he entered the room.

Twin beds were arranged side by side. One husky-looking man occupied one bed. He was reading a book. A fresh-looking bandage was on one arm. A second fresh-looking bandage was on the arm of the man in the bed next to him. But there were other bandages, not so fresh-looking,

around this second man's chest. The second man was asleep. He looked like he had been through a hell of suffering.

Banta nodded. A blood transfusion had been secretly performed that very morning. Blood transfusions were performed secretly and without benefit of hospital care for only one reason—the sleeping man had met with bullet wounds in some nefarious business. He looked the type who would require such secret treatment. He looked a whole lot, as a matter of fact, like Lockhart, but thinner and less dangerous.

The man in the other bed was the blood donor. Probably, he wouldn't know what this was all about, but he would be able to describe the doctor who had performed the operation. Banta started toward the bed, only to stop as something, unmistakably the muzzle of a gun, jabbed him in the back.

"Vacuum cleaner salesman, huh?" somebody jeered. "What's that in your hand? A de-mothing business, I suppose?"

"My gun?" asked Banta. "That's a rat eliminator."

"Well, drop it!"

Banta dropped his gun. Then he was allowed to turn around. He saw the man Lockhart, without his hat. His head was blue, like his jowls, his dark hair was that closely clipped. There were a couple of younger men behind him. One of these Banta recognized at once as a hophead, Clyde Beckman, known as "Squirrel" because of his teeth. Mrs. Boyde was back against the wall. Under the dye, maybe her hair was going white. She was frightened enough.

"Stick up your hands!" Lockhart directed. "I'm going to give you the once over."

"What for?" Banta raised his hands. "My gun's on the floor."

"Which gun?" Lockhart grinned.

"And my hat's downstairs," Banta said.

Lockhart squinted queerly and went on with the search. Banta immediately felt pretty certain that Lockhart understood the remark about the hat. The crook must have been around when George McDill produced his second gun from the crown of his hat, so that he could die fighting in that grain elevator. The man in the bed, the one who looked enough like Lockhart to be his brother, bore testimony to McDill's marksmanship.

Lockhart found Banta's wallet and the gold badge inside it.

"You'd better pitch that out of the window," Banta said. "McDill's badge sort of let you in for trouble."

LOCKHART put the badge in his own pocket. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about, but I got a better idea."

"The guy you killed in the grain elevator, don't you remember?" Banta said softly. "Then you fired the building, thinking we couldn't identify the body. You forgot about that badge of McDill's. We haven't, as you're going to find out shortly."

Lockhart laughed. "I still don't know what you're talking about. And besides, I got an alibi for the night that grain elevator blew up. If you G-boys have got us slated for that killing, you're crazy. We're not saps enough to kill a G-man unless he makes trouble."

Banta nodded. "And George McDill never went anywhere that he didn't make trouble. Why this sudden interest in me if you didn't have anything to do with McDill's death?"

"You're too damned nosey," said Lockhart. "And besides, we can use you."

Squirrel Beckman and the other young hood took Banta by the arms. Lockhart followed along behind as the G-man was taken down the stairs and into the hall. "What steered you here, G-man?" Lockhart asked.

"I got a tip you were hiding here," Banta said off-handedly.

That was quite a way from the truth. No one in the F. B. I. had ever heard of Lockhart and his brother before. The Lockhart gang had been hiding its baleful light under the ash can, evidently. And the bank holdups had been so well carried out that no one had offered a satisfactory description of the robbers; they had always worn masks.

It was the frightened doctor who had dashed into the F. B. I. field office that morning to tell about the attempt that had been made to force him to perform a blood transfusion, who had given Banta the inspiration to look up Mrs. Boyde. He had never for a moment supposed that the woman would actually be hiding the criminals, though she was the sort who might commit an axe murder if the pay came high enough.

Banta was forced to stumble over his cleaner appliances and was pushed into a chair near a table. At his feet was the newspaper, heaped with

dust that had resulted from the cleaner demonstration.

"I can smell guys like you," Lockhart said. "This town is lousy with them. The minute I laid eyes on you, I thought G-man."

"I can imagine," Banta said, "that you haven't been thinking much else since you bumped McDill. Enemies of Uncle don't sleep so hot."

"Shut up about McDill," Squirrel Beckman snarled.

Lockhart said he would do the talking. He got a piece of paper and an envelope from the drawer of the table. He was clumsy about this, because he avoided leaving fingerprints on the table by covering his fingers with his handkerchief.

"You're going to call off the dogs, sweetheart," he said to Tony Banta. "I'm going out of this town on the train. Your friends are going to be looking elsewhere. When they get wise, I'll be in Canada, and the rest of the boys will be on their way."

BANTA grinned. "I get you. I hand out false information that sends my pals on a wild-geese chase while you sneak out the front door of this town. That's nice, only what do you think I'll be doing all that time?"

"You're going with me," Lockhart declared.

Banta scowled. "Aren't you balled up? You don't kidnap G-men. They don't pull down enough to be worth a heavy ransom. Besides, they're notoriously smart about catching kidnapers."

"Shut up." Lockhart took out an identification card from the G-man's wallet. "I'm going to check this against your handwriting," he said, "so don't try any funny tricks. I'd have you do this by phone, only I'd keep looking for you to pull a fast one. This way, I know what words your chief gets before he gets them."

Banta picked up the pen from the table and pulled the piece of paper around in front of him. He managed, at the same time, to push the envelope to the floor with his elbow. It fluttered onto the newspaper, in the dust that the cleaner had accumulated.

The G-man wrote at Lockhart's dictation:

Dear Garret:

Followed that tip. They have been here, but cleared out shortly before I arrived. I'll question the woman further. So far, have the following information. The chief of the gang drives a '33 Oldsmobile, light green. Think this color will be changed before they attempt escape. They are planning to take Road 52 to Chicago.

Banta.

While he wrote, Tony Banta pushed the envelope around on the newspaper spread out on the floor, thereby scooping a little dust into it. When he had signed the note, Lockhart carefully looked over what had been written while Banta addressed the envelope.

Lockhart smiled his satisfaction. "What do you think of that, G-man?"

"Well," Banta said, "it's just screwy enough that it might work."

It was just screwy enough to have no chance of working out as Lockhart thought it would, anyway. In the first place, there hadn't been any tip. Garret wouldn't know what Tony Banta was talking about.

And then, writing a letter in these days of telephones would practically tell Garret that something was wrong. Garret would hot-foot it over to Mrs. Boyde's—only, of course, he didn't know that Tony Banta was at Mrs. Boyde's. With that given a thought, Lockhart's plan had just a chance of going over. Garret might even follow the tip about Road 52.

Lockhart had Banta fold the paper and put it in the envelope.

"This," he confided, "will be delivered in thirty minutes by Western Union messenger. It won't be traced because Steve is going to take the message to the messenger, if you get what I mean."

Lockhart handed the note to one of the two younger toughs. Then he took out a pair of handcuffs.

"I got these from a hick town marshal," he remarked.

Tony Banta nodded. He remembered that the bank holdup mob had beaten up a marshal who had got in their way.

"THEY only lock on one side," Lockhart went on to explain. "I busted the lock on the other side. The locked side goes on your right hand, get it? I got my hand in the other bracelet, but so I can get

it out quick. And all the time we're traveling, I keep my right hand under my coat with my gun nosing your direction."

"You'll have a charley-horse by the time you get to Canada," Banta told him.

He was thinking over Lockhart's desperate scheme. It was about the last thing the law would suspect. Certainly, it would provide an uncomfortable spot for one Tony Banta.

"How's it going to feel to be arrested?"

Lockhart took out Banta's badge and stuck it on his own vest. He grinned. Banta wasn't grinning. There was a worried look in his dark eyes. A G-man got so little personal publicity that there was a pretty good chance that Lockhart could pass as a Fed by wearing that badge. After all, he wouldn't be called upon to fool anyone except the train conductor or at most a city policeman.

"That's a Federal offense," Banta told Lockhart, "impersonating a Federal officer."

Lockhart continued to grin. And he kept right on ginning for twenty minutes, while Tony Banta racked his brain for a plan that might work out the wrong way for Lockhart.

Lockhart looked to the loading of his gun and pulled his black hat over his head. Then he put Banta's hat on the G-man's head and Squirrel Beckman locked the handcuff on Banta's fight wrist. The other bracelet closed on Lockhart's left wrist and they were all ready.

Squirrel handed Lockhart a bulging satchel.

"Take care of that dough, Sam," Squirrel said. "And don't forget it ain't all yours." He went to the door and looked out. A taxi was just pulling up. "There's your cab," he said.

"Wait!" Banta bluffed. "You guys are crazy. You know who I am? You know I'm known to every cop in this town? Why, I was brought up in Indianapolis. You got about as much chance of passing me off as a pinched crook as I'd have of jumping your gun, Lockhart."

The grin left Lockhart's face. He looked at Squirrel.

"That's what I was thinking," Squirrel said. "You don't look a hell of a lot like a G-man, Sam. Why don't you stick the gold button on the G-man? What's the difference? You ain't really handcuffed and you're keeping a gun on him all the time, ain't you?"

"Damned right," said Lockhart. He took off the badge and stuck it on Banta. "Thanks for the

tip, G-man. You try a funny move and you get plugged.”

The badge was all Tony Banta wanted. He tried not to be too exultant as he flashed it at the taxi driver and later at the train conductor as they boarded the train for Detroit. As a matter of fact, he was particular about showing that badge every chance he got.

Lockhart nudged Banta into a seat in a crowded day coach, just as the train got under way. They were attracting plenty of attention. The icy nerves of Sam Lockhart were melting into sweat. Banta’s heart was throbbing like the engine up in front. He knew Lockhart’s finger wasn’t steady on the trigger.

THE man was losing his nerve simply because this was the first time he had faced the public as a criminal. He squirmed at every whisper. He cursed a paunchy man in the front of the coach because the man persisted in turning completely around to stare at the G-man and his apparent prisoner.

The affair had gone farther than Banta had thought it would. Had there been a single cop in sight when they had entered the station, it wouldn’t have come to this. Now, when the blow-up came and Lockhart got his gat to blazing, innocent people in the coach might get hurt unless Banta smothered the gun with his own body. And that would only delay the slaughter a little longer.

“Damn that fat-head!” Lockhart whispered, sliding a glance at the paunchy man. “We’ve gotta move, G-man. He’s gettin’ on my nerves. It isn’t healthy for you when my nerves are bad. We move.”

“Where to?” Banta asked. “You can’t jump off the train.”

“There’s a chair-car up front. We don’t need reservations with that badge of yours. Not such a crowd there.”

Banta and Lockhart stood up and sidled out of the seat. They started up the aisle toward the front of the car, Banta a little in advance of the criminal. The paunchy man glanced up from his paper, then ducked his head behind it. At almost the same time, he stuck a number twelve foot into the center of the aisle.

Sam Lockhart went down. He dragged Tony Banta with him until the Lockhart end of the handcuffs sprang open. Lockhart had trouble drawing his gun. Banta fell on him, grabbing

Lockhart’s wrist in both hands. Lockhart shot. The bullet slammed into the leg of a seat, miraculously missing all of the now screaming passengers.

His second shot nicked Banta’s ear. There wasn’t any third shot. Banta had Lockhart’s automatic twisted partially from the gunman’s fist. The G-man was having a tough time avoiding the paunchy man’s feet. The paunchy man was standing in the aisle, kicking at the squirming figures of G-man and criminal, and yelling for somebody to stop the train, stop the murder, stop the thief.

One of the kicks landed on the automatic just as Banta wrested it from Lockhart’s grasp. The gun slid fifteen feet down the aisle.

“Help the G-man!” shouted the paunchy man. And he set an example with a kick that was intended for Lockhart’s jaw but landed in Tony Banta’s side.

Lockhart was punching desperately. Not a few of his blows were landing in Banta’s face. Banta’s fingers were deep in Lockhart’s throat. He got the man’s head off the floor and beat it against the iron base of a seat. But at the same time, Lockhart reached up with a jab to the point of Banta’s chin. The G-man’s head whirled. He felt Lockhart slide from under him.

How Lockhart ever got to his feet in the middle of five male passengers who were trying to “help the G-man,” Tony Banta didn’t know. He saw Lockhart’s feet pointing toward the front of the car. And Lockhart was moving, his threats and flying fists clearing a passageway. Banta’s right arm shot between the paunchy man’s legs to hook onto Lockhart’s ankle. When Lockhart came down, the paunchy man came with him, landed on top of him. Lockhart didn’t get up.

SOME level-headed person had removed Lockhart’s gun and passed it to the G-man. Banta pulled the paunchy man off Lockhart and ordered the criminal to his feet. Lockhart snarled an oath at the paunchy man as Tony Banta forced him into a seat.

“Well, let me tell you something,” the paunchy man said. “I knew the minute you two came aboard this train that something was wrong. I just couldn’t quite find out at first. Then, when I saw which of you had the G-man badge on, I knew right off.”

“Yeah, Lockhart,” Banta said. “That’s why I

was so keen on getting my badge back. When any sort of a law man has a prisoner in tow, the prisoner's right hand is handcuffed to the officer's left hand. You had things fixed up just the other way around, so you could have your right hand to manipulate your gun. If you'd have had my badge on, no one would have been the wiser. I sort of figured some cop would see the way we were welded together and know something was wrong."

Banta turned to the paunchy man and shook his hand. "Thanks," he said. "You helped. You must be a pretty close observer."

The paunchy man beamed. "I guess I am. I'm inspector on this road. Been one for thirty years now. I've seen detectives with jail birds in tow dozens of times, so I knew you weren't hooked up right. I guess this guy's never been in tow before, but he'll get used to it, eh?"

At the next stop, Divisional Chief Garret came aboard with a couple of Tony Banta's pals. The traveling bag Lockhart had brought along held some of the money the gang had stolen. Garret took charge of the bag.

"You did a nice job, Tony," Garret said, when they got Lockhart off the train. "That note of yours made us wonder a bit, I thought if it was a genuine tip you'd have phoned it. Then, that dust in the envelope—Well, the microscopic examination of that took a little time. We knew what section of the city you had gone to, but didn't know exactly what house. However, there was a woman's dyed hair in that dust, so we

weren't long in spotting Mrs. Boyde, once we got into that neighborhood. It turned out that she'd concealed criminals before. Face to face with the law, she squealed. We nailed the rest of the gang and knew what Lockhart was trying to do."

Lockhart vowed profanely that he'd finish the Boyde woman.

"I don't think you will," Garret contradicted. "You can only pay for one murder in a lifetime, Lockhart. We've got the goods on you for the murder of George McDill."

"Don't know the guy," Lockhart insisted. "Anyway, I got a list of witnesses as long as your hand that I never been in a grain elevator in my life."

"Too bad you bought those witnesses," Garret went on. "A lot of cash wasted. You sent us all the evidence we needed—the sample of dust sent with Tony's note. That was smart thinking, Tony."

Tony Banta shuffled his feet. "Luck, mostly. I vacuumed Lockhart's clothes just because he looked a suspicious character. You can find out a lot about a guy from the dust on his clothes, and I figured that after I got out of Mrs. Boyde's I'd do a little research along that line. After all signs began to point to Lockhart as the murderer, though, I was determined to get that dust sample to you or bust. Even if something happened to me, I figured you could get something from that dust."

"We did, all right," Garret said. "Wheat chaff from that grain elevator Lockhart has never been in!"