NO HIDING PLACE

THE CASE OF THE TEA-TIME GUNMAN



Detective Chief Superintendent Lockhart, star of the TV series NO HIDING PLACE

SO FAR: Enquiries into the shooting of a man named Hynes lead Lockhart and Baxter to the Apex School of Dancing. While searching its cellars they are locked in by Jenkins, the school commissionaire. But the detectives find a pickaxe . . .

NEARLY DONE, SIR

GOOD WORK, HARRY. I'LL WAGER JENKINS NEVER GUESSED WE'D FIND HIS TUNNELLING TOOLS IN THE DARKNESS

Meanwhile, Jenkins climbs into the police car he intends to use for his getaway . . .

I'LL BE MILES FROM HERE IN THIS SQUAD CAR BEFORE... THE IGNITION KEYS! WHERE ARE THEY? HUH! TRUST A COPPER NOT TO LEAVE THEM IN THE CAR

JENKINS? HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN JENKINS?

YES, SIR, HE'S OUTSIDE IN YOUR POLICE CAR

BASEMENT

BE CAREFUL, HE HAS A GUN

HE'S STILL OUT COLD... WON'T TAKE A SECOND TO GET THEM FROM HIS POCKET...

OOOH! MY HEAD! LOOK OUT... HE'S COMING BACK!

OOOF!

GET HIM, HARRY

SMART WORK, CONSTABLE. I'LL DRIVE THE CAR BACK TO THE YARD... YOU'VE HAD A NASTY CRACK ON YOUR HEAD

COME ON, YOU, INTO THE CAR

THANK YOU, SIR... I DO FEEL A BIT GROGGY. OH, HERE YOU ARE—THE IGNITION KEYS

Back at the yard, Lockhart takes Jenkins' gun to the ballistics laboratory...

ON THE RIGHT IS THE BULLET THAT KILLED HYNES, SIR. ON THE LEFT IS THE BULLET I FIRED FROM JENKINS' GUN

There it is fired into a sand-pit, then the spent bullet is recovered and checked with the one that killed Hynes...

THE RIFLING MARKS ARE IDENTICAL. THEY WERE FIRED BY THE SAME GUN!

And so...

ALL RIGHT, COPPER. I SHOT HYNES. BUT IT WAS NO MORE THAN HE DESERVED. HE WAS BLACKMAILING EX-CONVICTS TO WORK FOR HIM

YOU DIDN'T SHOOT HIM BECAUSE OF THAT, JENKINS. YOU PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SHARE THE SPOILS OF THE BANK RAID HE HAD PLANNED FOR YOU

MY GUESS IS THAT YOU WIPED ALL THE FINGERPRINTS OFF HYNES' DOOR HANDLE - THEN SHOT HIM, KNOWING THAT AN EX-CONVICT NAMED KING WOULD SHORTLY BE COMING TO HIS OFFICE. YOU KNEW KING WOULD LEAVE HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE HANDLE - AND BE BLAMED FOR THE SHOOTING...

TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE WE WERE ON TO KING, YOU MADE A VERY SILLY MISTAKE BY PHONING SCOTLAND YARD, TRYING TO DISGUISE YOUR VOICE AS A WOMAN'S DIDN'T MATTER - IT LED US TO THE DANCING SCHOOL...

YOU'RE TOO SMART TO LIVE, COPPER

PERHAPS THE JURY WILL THINK THE SAME ABOUT YOU. TAKE HIM AWAY, CONSTABLE

CAN WE MAKE THE CHARGES STICK IN COURT, SIR?

LIKE A LIMPET, HARRY. NOW I'M OFF TO THE HOSPITAL TO LET YOUNG KING OFF THE HOOK

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU ENOUGH, SUPERINTENDENT

YOU'LL THANK ME BY PUTTING A LITTLE MORE TRUST IN THE POLICE IN FUTURE. WHEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE, SINK YOUR PRIDE AND GO TO THE PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY. THEY'LL FIND YOU A *PROPER* JOB

HOW DID IT GO, SIR?

FINE, HARRY - KING WILL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT THAT STORY'S OVER NOW - SO IT'S BACK TO THE YARD, AND WHATEVER NEXT AWAITS US

HOSP

QUIE

PLEA

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