

## Chapter 3    *Help from friends*

When Logan got back to the London Road Police Station, Grant was waiting for her with some interesting news.

‘Donald Johnstone is a man with a lot of problems and not much money,’ Grant began.

‘Really?’ said Logan. ‘Tell me more.’

‘Well, four years ago he borrowed some money from the bank. He started a business buying and selling used cars.’

‘I thought used-car salesmen always made money,’ said Logan, smiling.

‘Not at the moment,’ said Grant. ‘The price of new cars has come down over the last two years. And because of that the price of used cars has come down too. So business has been difficult for Mr Johnstone. And . . . he keeps his cars at a place in the West End, not far from Princes Street.’

‘That’s an expensive place to have a business,’ Logan said.

‘Very expensive,’ agreed Grant.

Most garages and car salesmen are outside the city, not right in the centre.

‘So how bad is the problem?’ asked Logan.

‘Very bad,’ said Grant. ‘He’s borrowed £200,000 from the bank over the past four years and now they want the money back.’

‘Can he pay it back?’

‘No,’ answered Grant. ‘But he’s got a nice house quite

near his sister. If he can't find the money by the end of the year, the bank is going to take his house.'

'His wife won't be very happy,' said Logan.

'No,' Grant agreed.

'Is he hoping his sister will help him?'

'Well, she'll have a lot of money now, won't she?' said Grant.

'Yes,' said Logan. 'She will.'

Logan looked at Grant. He had thick black hair and a large black moustache. He was wearing an old blue jacket and old grey trousers. He did not really look like a policeman, but he was very good at getting information.

'Well done, Grant!' She smiled at him. 'And where did you find out all that?'

'Oh, you know, here and there,' said Grant. 'Of course it helps that my cousin and Johnstone's wife are good friends.'

Logan laughed.

At that moment the phone rang. Grant answered it. For most of the conversation he just listened. Then he thanked the person and put the phone down. He turned to Logan.

'That was Dr Forbes. The scientists have finished. MacLennan died some time between eleven thirty and twelve thirty of a broken neck – they can't say if it was murder.'

'We knew that,' said Logan. 'Anything else?'

'They found a very small piece of black material on the window lock, and another very small piece on the wall outside the bathroom. They think the material probably came from someone's clothes.'

They looked at each other.

'It is murder, isn't it?' said Grant.

‘Well, I don’t think someone climbed into the bathroom to have a shower, do you?’ said Logan.

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Logan sent Grant round to Polwarth Gardens. She wanted to be sure that the black material did not come from Alex or Alice MacLennan’s clothes. She told Grant to take any black or dark blue clothes and ask the scientists to have a look at them.

Soon after Grant left, Logan decided to find out if the MacLennans really were happily married. She could make a phone call but it was more interesting to talk to people face to face. She put on her coat and went out onto London Road. She walked up Leith Street and turned into Princes Street. Princes Street is unusual for the main street of a large city. There are shops on only one side of the street. The Princes Street Gardens are on the other side. In the summer the gardens are full of people sitting in the sun. Today there was snow on the ground and there were only a few people in the gardens. They were hurrying to get in from the cold.

Logan enjoyed her walk in the cold air. She walked up The Mound, looking at the beautiful tall buildings. This side of Princes Street was called the Old Town. The other side, already more than two hundred years old, was called the New Town. Logan soon turned left and walked into the offices of the *Scottish Daily News*. She went up to the newsroom on the first floor. It was full of journalists. A short man with red hair and glasses looked up from his work.

‘Well, Jenny Logan,’ said the man. ‘How nice to see you! You’re just in time to buy me a Christmas drink.’

‘OK, Tam,’ said Logan. ‘But you’ll have to work for it. I want some information from you.’