# Death by Design

## A Case for New York Noir

**by LuxSum**

**v2.3 - 10/05/26**

**SUMMARY**

When a fifteen-year employee who's never missed a day of work goes missing in Yorkville, Detective Jack Deverell expects a simple case. November has other plans.

- **Author**: LuxSum
- **Status**: Playable
- **Additional credits**: Editing by the eagle-eyed Debbie Levy; original playtesting by the ever-patient Alex, Ben, Marianne, and Northfrith.
- **Copyright**: 'Marlowe's Theme' (David Shire), from Farewell, My Lovely (1975). J. S. Bach, Aria from the Goldberg Variations, BWV 988. Kimiko Ishizaka, Open Goldberg Variations. Public domain (CC0). F. Chopin, Prelude in E minor, Op. 28 No. 4. Ivan Moravec. Recordings belong to their respective owners.
- **Game system**: nyNoir
- **Campaign**: High & Low - Nov. 1932
- **Case date**: 11/02/1932
- **Difficulty**: 4 out of 5
- **Playtime**: 6 hours
- **Cautions**: Parental guidance suggested. Death by Design is a work of fiction. It is set in New York in November 1932, and real places, businesses and public figures of the time appear as part of that setting. The crimes, cover-ups, characters and events are invented. Nothing in this case describes the actual conduct of any real company, its employees or its successors.
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# Instructions

To play this case you will need the latest full directory set for New York Noir (https://nynoir.org/downloads), including:

- White, Yellow, and Reverse Directories
- Map Atlas w/ interleaved Neighborhood Guide
- Quick Start Guide, Rulebook, Research Guide, and Navigation Guide

### Printouts

Additionally, you should print out the following sheets to write on (copies are inlcuded in this case book on subsequent pages):

- A Case Tracking sheet
- One Daily Log sheet for each day of the case (3)
- A Campaign Log sheet

### Looking up Leads

- Use the table of contents at the start of this casebook to look up leads.
- Looking up a lead that has no entry does not cause time to pass, neither does re-reading a previously visited lead.

### Tracking Time

This case unfolds over a maxiumum of 3 days:

- At the start of each day use a new Daily Log sheet and record the day #, date, and day of week.
- On the top row record the starting time for the day.
- Keep track of every lead you visit and the time of each visit.

### Events

At the start of each day you will schedule an **evening event** that triggers at a specific time:

- Record this in the **Scheduled Events** section at the bottom of the current day's Daily Log sheet.
- When you reach or pass this time, finish any in-progress action and then go to the event lead.
- Typically, this evening event will let you know whether to end your current day immediately, or whether you must enter **overtime** in order to find certain markers first.
- Whatever the case, you will find instructions on what to do in the evening event.

**Contacts**

A contact list of known friends and allies is provided, whom you may visit when you don't have a better place to go (you may want to visit them all before you finish the case).

**Detective's Research Guide**

You will need the double-sided Detective Research Guide sheet which lists several dozen common places you might go to look up various information.

**Hints**

There is a hint section at the back of this casebook:

- Consult a hint if you are having trouble finding a required marker that must be found before the end of the day; the first hint will usually give you some idea of what you are looking for.

**Wrapping-up**

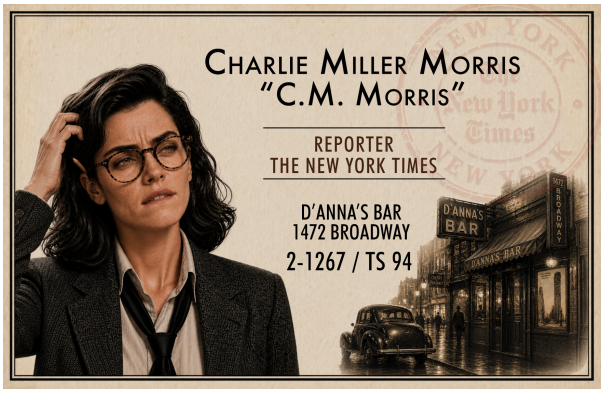
After the last day of your case ends, you will proceed to a conclusion section, but you will have a final opportunity to resume searching for leads without any time limit.

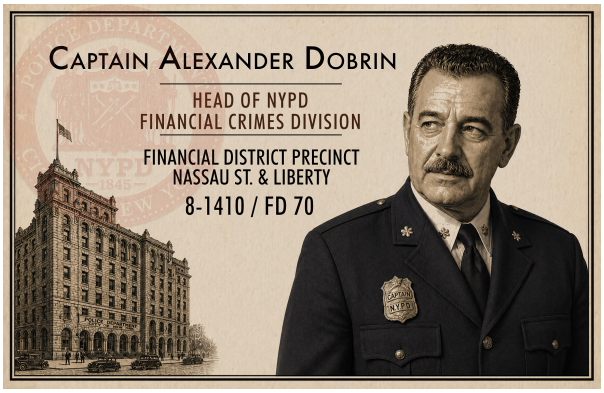
**General Tips**

- Unless otherwise specified, if you visit a lead that requires a marker that you don't currently have, you can come back when you do.
- Most people tend to work in the same neighborhood where they live.
- Most people stick to the neighborhood where they live or work.

# Case Contacts



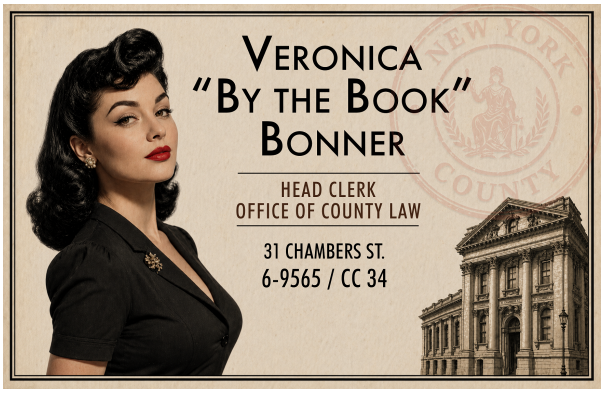



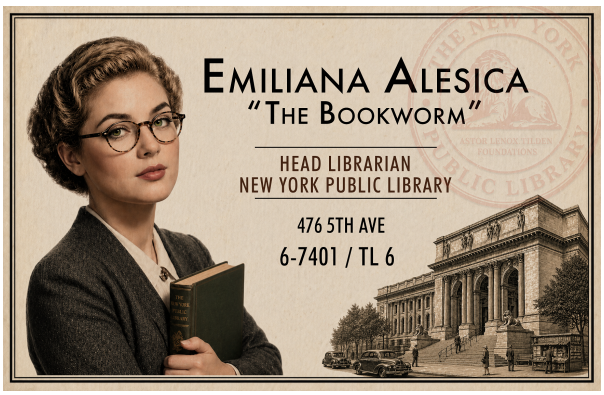












# DETECTIVE'S RESEARCH GUIDE

Below is a (non-exhaustive) list of the most common resources for doing research on a variety of topics. Even if they don't have exactly what you need, they may be able to point you to somewhere that will.

## Police (NYPD)

- Central police records: **NYPD - Police Headquarters [ 7-8245 ]**
- Coroner & chief medical examiner: **NYPD - Chief Medical Examiner [ 4-7384 ]**
- Other police records & departments: See Yellow Pages for Police (NYPD) - Special Units & Offices
- Labs and evidence analysis: See Yellow Pages for Police (NYPD) - Labs
- Local police: See local neighborhood NYPD Precincts

## Other Investigatory Agencies

- Military Intelligence: **U.S. Army Building [ 8-0608 ]**
- International Affairs: **State Department [ 5-1254 ]**
- Central postal investigations & records: **U.S. Central Post Office [ 1-0188 ]**
- Organized counterfeiting investigations & records: **U.S. Treasury [ 7-3449 ]**
- Smuggling investigations & records: **U.S. Customs House [ 7-5838 ]**
- Federal crime investigations: **FBI Field Office [ 6-6675 ]**
- Arson: **FDNY Borough Command [ 6-4587 ]** & **NYPD - Arson Investigation Lab [ 7-9687 ]**
- Local FDNY arson investigations: See local neighborhood FDNY Stations

## Courts and Criminal Justice Records

- Criminal and civil court records: **County Law Clerk (Hall of Legal Records) [ 6-9565 ]**
- Ongoing & open criminal cases: **Manhattan District Attorney / Prosecutor's Office [ 6-3675 ]**
- Information, records, gossip regarding Lawyers: **Association of the Bar [ 4-3094 ]**
- Prison, Probation, Parole records: **NYC Department of Corrections & Probation [ 5-5770 ]**
- Courthouses: See Yellow Pages

## Other Government Offices & Records

- General city records archive: **Office of City Clerk [ 3-6861 ]**
- Birth certificates & death records: **Registrar of Births & Deaths [ 8-9869 ]**
- Marriage & divorce records: **Registrar of Marriage & Divorce [ 7-1950 ]**
- Welfare records: **NYC Department of Social Services [ 2-8395 ]**
- Building permits & construction records: **NYC Department of City Planning [ 8-5257 ]**
- Property & tax records: **NYC Department of Finance [ 6-5810 ]**
- Education records: **NYC Department of Education [ 6-4231 ]**
- Political office records: **NYC Board of Elections [ 3-8302 ]**
- High-level city management: **City Hall (Mayor's Office) [ 8-4648 ]**
- Bankruptcy filings & records: **U.S. Bankruptcy Court [ 6-6093 ]**
- Restaurant Inspections & Health records: **NYC Department of Health [ 8-8325 ]**
- Sport licensing, gambling: **NYC Commission on Athletics [ 6-8189 ]**
- Trash Collections: See local neighborhood Garbage Removal companies
- For more government offices: See Government Offices in Yellow Pages

*continued on next page...*

## Transportation, Travel, Communications

- Interstate travel: **NYC Department of Transportation [ 8-2357 ]**
- Drivers license & vehicle registration: **NYC Department of Motor Vehicles (DMV) [ 1-8786 ]**
- Parking ticket records: **NYC Department of Parking Enforcement [ 7-2889 ]**
- International travel records: **Passport Bureau at Treasury Building [ 8-5191 ]**
- Centralized taxi info: **Central Cab Coordinator [ 4-2821 ]**
- Telephone records: **New York Bell Telephone [ 4-3721 ]**
- Centralized telegram/telegraph records: **Western Union Telegraph Headquarters [ 8-4019 ]**
- Local telegram/telegraph records: See local neighborhood Telegraph Stations
- Foreign Countries (travel, criminal histories, etc.): See Embassies & Consulates

## General Information

- New York Public Library:
    - **Information Desk [ 6-7401 ]**
    - **Architecture & Design [ 7-7045 ]**
    - **Arts & Entertainment [ 8-8723 ]**
    - **Business & Finance [ 2-4500 ]**
    - **Circulation Desk (checkout records) [ 4-2384 ]**
    - **Culture & Sociology [ 2-6099 ]**
    - **Fiction & Literature [ 1-6610 ]**
    - **Genealogy & Ancestry Records [ 5-1517 ]**
    - **General Reference [ 5-7011 ]**
    - **History & Biography [ 1-8347 ]**
    - **Maps & Geography [ 8-5503 ]**
    - **Mathematics & Academics [ 4-4423 ]**
    - **Periodicals & Newspapers [ 6-4164 ]**
    - **Psychology & Self Help [ 7-6987 ]**
    - **Religion & Philosophy [ 4-3737 ]**
    - **Science & Technology [ 4-7981 ]**
    - **Special Collections & Rare Books [ 3-7042 ]**
    - **Supernatural & Occult [ 4-7978 ]**

## Newspaper Contacts

- **The New York Times [ 6-8666 ]** (paper of record)
- **The Daily News [ 7-0584 ]** (local news)
- **The New York Post [ 8-5064 ]** (local news)
- **The Daily Mirror [ 2-9326 ]** (gossip/sensational rag)
- **The Evening Graphic [ 6-0755 ]** (scandalous trash rag)
- **The Wall Street Journal [ 6-2538 ]** (financial news)
- **Spring 3100 NYPD Magazine [ 2-4913 ]** (police & crime news)
- **Vanity Fair Magazine [ 4-1647 ]** (high society)
- **Harpers Bazaar Magazine [ 5-3101 ]** (fashion / family)
- **The New Yorker [ 1-1004 ]** (high-brow essays/fiction, etc.)
- **Art News [ 6-8647 ]** (art world news)
- **Variety Magazine [ 1-8685 ]** (film and theater news)
- **Billboard Magazine [ 3-6699 ]** (local music scene)

# NEW YORK NOIR - CASE TRACKING SHEET

Case Name

## MARKERS

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| A1 | A2 |
| B1 | B2 |
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| H1 | H2 |
| I1 | I2 |
| J1 | J2 |
| K1 | K2 |
| L1 | L2 |
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| P1 | P2 |
| Q1 | Q2 |
| R1 | R2 |
| S1 | S2 |
| T1 | T2 |
| U1 | U2 |
| V1 | V2 |
| W1 | W2 |
| X1 | X2 |
| Y1 | Y2 |
| Z1 | Z2 |

Date(s) Played, Duration, Final Score, etc.:

## DEMERITS

## REPUTATION

## CULTURE

## OTHER

## OTHER TAGS

## TRACKS

IRP

## DOCUMENTS

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# NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

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# NEW YORK NOIR – CAMPAIGN LOG SHEET

Campaign Name

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# Prelude

## Dearly Departed

**8 AM - Wednesday, November 2nd, 1932**

 Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The subway car rocks beneath me like a coffin on wheels, carrying the living back from the dead. I did my duty to the departed as I stood in the gray dawn at Woodlawn Cemetery with yesterday's rain still dripping from the headstones. My old man's grave looked smaller than I remembered, just another headstone in the endless rows of forgotten promises.

"Trust what you can see and prove, son," he'd tell me after another sixteen-hour shift. "Everything else is just wishful thinking." Thirty years he gave that department. Gave them more than he ever gave us. And when they were done with him, they pushed him out. Without the job, he didn't know who he was. Four years later, the bottle and his heart finished what they started.

The train lurches, and I catch my reflection in the glass... Hollow-eyed, stubble-shadowed, looking every bit the cynic I've become. I turn the briar pipe over in my fingers, unlit. Can't smoke on the subway, but the weight of it settles something. Through the grimy window, the Bronx slides past in shades of gray. Tenements stacked like dominoes, smokestacks breathing their last gasps into the November sky. A breadline snakes around the corner of 149th Street, men in threadbare overcoats clutching coffee cups like lifelines.

Manhattan rises up ahead like a promise the city can't keep. Electric lights burning against the gray morning, trolley bells clanging their metallic prayers, the great machine of commerce grinding back to life after another restless night.

I check my pocket watch. 8:15. Enough time to grab breakfast before heading to the second floor of Manhattan Police Headquarters. Homicide. Almost the same desk he worked for thirty years before they decided his services were no longer required. He never forgave me for joining the force, thought I'd chosen them over him. Maybe I did. Doesn't matter now. I'm the one sitting at the desk, and he's the one in the ground.

All Souls' Day. The church wants us to pray for the dead. I'd rather work for them.

***[Continue to next entry...]***

# Day One

## Proper Passing

**9 AM - Wednesday, November 2nd, 1932**

I climb the stairs to the second floor of 240 Centre Street, past the usual morning chaos of uniformed cops hauling in last night's collection of drunks and pickpockets, most of them still damp from yesterday's downpour.

Jewel's already at her desk in the outer office, laying into the typewriter like she has a personal grievance against it.

"Morning, Detective Deverell," she says without looking up from her typing. "Chief wants to see you as soon as you get settled." She finally looks up at me. "Sleep in your chair again?"

"The bed's overrated." I hang my coat on the hook and reach for the coffee she's prepared, black as sin, just how I like it.

"What's got the Chief's attention this morning?"

"Some lady from Electrical Testing Laboratories called about a missing employee. Sir Teddy Armitage. No-show, no-call this morning. A man who prided himself on punctuality and proper procedure. It's as out of character as showing up to work in his pajamas, at least according to the secretary." She slides a message slip across the desk. "Her uncle's Judge Brennan, Chief wants you on the case right away."

 Circle **Document 1** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 1** (ETL Message Slip), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 408.

I study the slip. ETL... That's Edison's old outfit, respectable enough.

I knock on the Chief's door and stick my head in. "You wanted to see me?"

"Armitage case. The secretary at ETL is Brennan's niece. Judge called over personally — wants someone on it before lunch. Take a look, see what you find. Could be nothing, could be something."

"On it, Chief."

"And Jack? Keep it simple. The judge wants results, not a circus."

The November wind cuts through my coat as I head back down to the street, the drizzle picking up where last night's rain left off. Working the detective bureau gives me more latitude than the beat cops, but the Chief still expects results. In this city, people disappear every day... some by choice, some not. But a fifteen-year man going missing without a word? I've got a case.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**1** (Wednesday, November 2nd, 1932).
- **Time**: 7 pm
- **Where to go**: 5-4725 (p.266)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **1** (**Wed, Nov 2nd**) and that the current time is **9 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **7 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

# STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 1**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

## Evening of Day 1

The detective bureau feels different at night, with most of the day shift gone home to their families. I sit at my desk under the green banker's lamp, the Armitage file spread before me like pieces of a puzzle that don't quite fit. Jewel's long gone, but she left a fresh pot of coffee and a note about messages.

I dial the medical examiner's office, the rotary phone clicking its mechanical rhythm in the quiet building.

"Michels here." Doc Michels' voice carries that familiar German accent, slightly weary but always precise.

"It's Deverell, about the Armitage case. What did you find?"

"Poisoning. No question." Papers rustle on his end. "The symptoms are consistent. But I need more time to identify the substance."

"Accidental?"

"Not likely. The onset was delayed: thirty minutes, maybe more. Long enough for a man to leave wherever he was poisoned and get himself home before it took hold." A pause. "Whoever did this understood dosage. Timing. They ran the math first."

"Any idea what he consumed?"

"Residue in the stomach suggests coffee. Recently ingested, within an hour of death."

Coffee. I think about the Bromo-Seltzer bottle. Poor bastard thought he had indigestion.

"I'll know more tomorrow," Michels says. "But Jack? This wasn't a crime of passion. This was execution."

The line goes dead.

Thirty minutes. Just enough time for a man to think he'd escaped whatever danger was stalking him.

> **The night is young...**
>
> You are alone, it's late, the case is fresh. What do you do with the quiet hours? **Choose ONE** of the following, then return here to finish your evening. If you went in **OVERTIME** today, you must choose c).
>
> a) Spread the file across the desk and work it piece by piece until the coffee's cold. Cross-reference every name, every address, every timeline. Go to 2-1293 (p.93), then return here.
>
> b) Grab your coat and head back to Yorkville. A detective who knows his streets knows his people. Go to 4-5859 (p.219), then return here.
>
> c) Go home. Take a nap. The old man always said a tired detective makes the case harder, not easier. Tomorrow's going to be a long day. Go to 3-1251 (p.140), then return here.

If you have **not** circled **Marker E1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-4982 (p.214).



# STOP!

 Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 2**.

*NOTE: If you've been playing for a couple of hours, now might be a good time to take a break before continuing...*

# Day Two

## Plans within Plans

**9 AM - Thursday, November 3rd, 1932**

The temperature dropped overnight. I can see my breath as I climb the stairs to the second floor, and the radiators are working overtime, clanking their complaints throughout the old building.

Jewel's got her cardigan buttoned to the throat. She looks up from her typewriter. "Chief's been asking for you since eight. Doc Michels called twice."

"And?"

"Wouldn't say. Just that it was urgent." She slides a coffee across her desk. The cup steams in the chill air.

I knock on the Chief's door.

He's at his desk, a file open in front of him. Doesn't look up when I enter.

"Michels hit a wall," he says. "And Michels doesn't hit walls."

"What happened?"

"Cyanide poisoning. No question: the symptoms are textbook. Discoloration in the fingernails and lips. But here's the problem." The Chief finally looks at me. "He can't find any cyanide in the body."

"How is that possible?"

"That's what I asked." He slides Michels' preliminary report across the desk. "Apparently there's more than one kind. The common stuff, that's a salt... Like potassium cyanide. Stays in the stomach. Easy to detect." He taps the report. "But this form was volatile. By the time the body's on the table, it's gone. Nothing left but the symptoms. We know it was in the coffee, but that's about all we know... This wasn't a jealous wife with rat poison, Jack. Whoever did this knew exactly what they were doing. Knew the poison would disappear before we could prove it existed. Find out who. Find out why."

He slides a folded paper across the desk. "Judge Brennan signed this an hour ago. Search authority on Armitage, his office at ETL, and any premises connected to the poisoning. He owes me a favor, so don't waste it."

I take the warrant. Fold it into my coat pocket. Pull the briar pipe out, hold it unlit, turn the bowl in my palm. Volatile cyanide. A poison that erases itself. Someone out there is smarter than the evidence.



Circle **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet.

"And Jack? Watch yourself."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Back at my desk, Jewel's coffee sits steaming where I left it. Her coffee's kept me alive for three weeks now. But somewhere in this city, someone figured out how to turn a cup of joe into a murder weapon that leaves no trace.

I take a long sip before I head out. I'm halfway down the front steps when I feel it. That prickle at the back of the neck the old man used to call "someone walking on your grave."

Black Alfa Romeo across the street. Engine idling, exhaust curling in the cold air. Driver's just a shape behind the windshield, but he's not reading a paper, not waiting for a fare. Just sitting. Watching.

I keep walking like I haven't noticed. Turn left on Centre Street, stop at a newsstand, buy a paper I don't need. Use the motion to check the reflection in the vendor's glass case.

The car pulls out. Slow. Keeping distance.

Circle **Marker G1** on your case tracking sheet.

**You are now being tailed**

Someone's watching. You can lose them before visiting a lead by canvassing the block first. Takes time, but keeps things quiet.

**Example**: Before **Financial District Precinct** (**8-1410**), canvas **Block FD-70** (**6-0838**) to shake your tail for that visit.

Canvassing takes 30 minutes per location. If no **Canvas** lead exists, time **DOES NOT** advance.

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**2** (Thursday, November 3rd, 1932).
- **Time**: 7 pm
- **Where to go**: 6-5562 (p.319)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **2** (**Thu, Nov 3rd**) and that the current time is **9 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **7 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

# STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 2**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

## Evening of Day 2

The box of nickels sits on my desk like an accusation. Four hundred coins, give or take, each one a potential murder weapon. Somewhere in this pile is the one that killed Sir Teddy Armitage.

I clench the briar pipe between my teeth, unlit, and pour them out in batches. Running each coin between my fingers. Weight. Texture. The way they catch the light. After the first hundred, they all start to feel the same. After two hundred, I'm not sure I'd recognize my own mother's face on a nickel.

But the old man taught me patience. "Evidence doesn't care if you're tired, Jack. It just sits there waiting for someone smart enough to see it."

I pick up another handful of nickels. Roll them across my palm. One by one by one.

Somewhere around coin three hundred and twelve, something feels different. Heavier. I hold it up to the lamp. Looks like every other buffalo nickel in the pile. But when I set it on the desk and flick it with my fingernail, the sound is wrong. Dull instead of bright. Dead instead of ringing.

Circle **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet.

I pocket the coin and reach for my hat. The radiator clanks its evening complaint. Outside, the city's settling into its cold November rhythms.

If your **OTHER** track has any ticks and if you have **not** circled **Marker R2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-8021 (p.327)

# STOP!

 Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 3**.

*NOTE: If you've been playing for a couple of hours, now might be a good time to take a break before continuing...*

# Day Three

## Pressure Points

**9 AM - Friday, November 4th, 1932**

The Chief's door is closed when I arrive. Through the frosted glass are shapes moving... more than one person in there with him.

Jewel catches my eye from her desk. "Commissioner's office called twice already. And there's a lawyer from ETL waiting downstairs." She lowers her voice. "You've been rattling expensive cages, Jack."

The Chief's door opens. A man in a three-piece suit walks out, doesn't look at me, heads straight for the stairs. The Chief stands in the doorway.

"Inside. Now."

His desk is covered with telephone message slips.

"ETL called first thing this morning. Saunders." The Chief picks up a message slip. "Very concerned about a detective implying improprieties at their company."

He picks up the other slips. "Then others started calling... Jack, what the fuck have you been doing?"

"I'm investigating a murder, Chief." I fumble the briar pipe in my pocket. The Chief doesn't notice, or doesn't care.

"Word travels fast when money's nervous." He drops the slips on his desk. "Saunders has been on the telephone all morning, warning his clients that a detective is sniffing around their business relationships. Half of Manhattan's industrial sector thinks you're about to accuse them of fraud." He sits heavily. "The Commissioner wants answers. I need something solid by the end of the day. A suspect. Evidence. Something I can take upstairs that isn't just a dead Englishman and a lot of angry lawyers."

I close the door behind me. On the street, the November wind has teeth.

If you have **not** circled **Marker R2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 8-1951 (p.382).

If you have circled **Marker R2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-0022 (p.243).

# STOP!

 Stop reading this case book now, and begin searching for leads in the directories.

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 3**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

# Evening of Day 3

If your **OTHER** track has any ticks and if you have **not** circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker R2** and **Marker V2**), go to 1-3201 (p.47)

It's ***5* pm** on **Friday, November 4th, 1932** (day #**3**), and your case is coming to an end.

If there are still leads you wish to visit before ending the case, you may visit those leads now.

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet if you choose to do so. Consider yourself in overtime. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, and time does not advance past ***5* pm** (ignore any instructions to do so).

Additionally, while in overtime you must mark **1 demerit** on your case tracking sheet for each (time advancing) lead visited.

When you are ready to conclude the case and answer questions, proceed to Conclusion (p.428).

# LEADS

## STOP!

 WARNING! Do **not** read through the rest of this document like a book from beginning to end. Lead entries are meant to be read individually only when you look up a lead by its number.

Close this book now and follow rulebook instructions for looking up leads.

# 1

# 1-0089

*Central Elevator Company*
*755 Washington St, HY-25*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 4 pm, go to 6-1710 (p.300).

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 7-0115 (p.340).

# 1-0538

*Condemned Building*
*110 E. 87th St, CM-39*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I ditch the badge back at the office and pocket what cash I've got. The building at 110 East 87th looks abandoned from the street. Boarded windows, peeling paint, a faded "CONDEMNED" notice from the city. The block's the usual assortment of delivery trucks and mud-spattered Fords. And one black Alfa Romeo parked at the curb that probably cost more than every other vehicle on the street combined. There's a man in an expensive suit smoking on the stoop. When I approach he doesn't move, just watches me with eyes that catalog faces for a living.

"Lost?" His voice could strip paint.

"Looking for a game. Friend of mine plays here Tuesdays."

He studies me. "What friend?"

"Armitage."

He reads me, cop or player, then jerks his head toward the door. "Twenty-dollar buy-in. Through the basement. Keep your voice down and pay your debts."

I slide him a five and head inside.

The stairs lead down into what used to be the building's cellar. Someone's put money into it — the walls are paneled, there's decent lighting, and the air smells of whiskey and tobacco instead of mold. Three card tables, a makeshift bar with bottles on mismatched shelves, and about a dozen men in various states of financial desperation.

Circle **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet.

I buy chips at the bar and take a seat at a poker table. The dealer's an older man with a practiced neutral expression. No nameplate down here. No names at all if you're smart.

My fellow players include a nervous type in a rumpled suit, a British fellow with an expensive overcoat and tired eyes, and an older man who might be a lawyer or might be a loan shark.

"New blood," the dealer says, not unfriendly.

"Heard this was the place." I push chips forward. "Friend of mine plays Tuesdays. Armitage."

"Ah yes, Sir Teddy." The British fellow perks up. "Had a remarkable run this week. Walked in with $500, left with $1500. Extraordinary luck — and about time, if you ask me. Poor chap's been bleeding chips here for months."

The dealer nods. "Manuel was dealing that night. You know how Teddy gets around ten — eyes going, head drooping. Manuel told him to splash some water on his face and get a coffee into him. Same prescription as always."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

The Brit chuckles. “Said Manuel had become his lucky charm these past weeks. Wouldn’t sit down unless Manuel was dealing.”

“Probably went home to count his winnings,” the lawyer-or-loan-shark mutters. “Never came back that evening.”

I keep my face neutral. “Manuel deals here often?”

“Weekends, Mondays and Tuesdays usually.” The dealer’s tone makes it clear the questions are wearing thin. “You planning to play or just chat?”

Point taken. I play the next few hands in silence.

If you want to stay a couple **hours** longer, go to 5-4643 (p.264)



# 1-1729

*Home of Manuel van Dyk (6-7249 on p.321) contd.*

I gesture to the younger man in a wheelchair. “Your brother?”

“Willem. He lives here.” Manuel’s voice is clipped. “Anything else, Detective?”

“Your brother Willem. The crane accident at the Rockefeller Center construction site.”

He doesn’t answer right away. “What about it?”

“I read the article. *Daily Worker*, September. Electromagnetic brake failure paralyzed him. You take care of him here?”

“Someone has to.” He looks at his brother. “The company that crippled him certainly doesn’t.”

Return to 6-7249 (p.321).



# 1-1822

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company*
*35 E. 65th St, UE-54*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 4 pm, go to 1-6161 (p.64).

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 1-2274 (p.39).

# 1-2274

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company (1-1822 on p.38) contd.*

A night watchman sits behind the reception desk reading a newspaper. He looks up when I knock, shakes his head without getting up, and taps his watch. Then he goes back to his paper.



# 1-2448

*Home of Otis Ernst (2-0987 on p.89) contd.*

I knock. No answer. Through a small window: bookshelves, a desk buried in papers, a chalkboard covered in equations. The super from the main building eyes me from across the alley.

“Mr. Ernst? Insurance company downtown. Home by four thirty, regular as clockwork.”

I leave my card in the doorframe.



# 1-2496

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Mr. Saunders' office (6-1877 on p.301) contd.*

He's right and he knows it. I don't have enough for a warrant yet… just an empty envelope and a hunch. Even if I did, I'd need to convince a judge there's probable cause, and Saunders strikes me as the type who knows exactly how much he can get away with.

Return to 4-4829 (p.211)



# 1-2506

*RCA Building construction site*
*30 Rockefeller Plaza, TS-58*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I'm halfway to the site office when a commotion stops me. Two workers are carrying a third between them, his arm at the wrong angle, a foreman waving them toward a canvas tent marked with a red cross. Behind me, the RCA Building is already sixty-six stories, cranes swinging against the November sky, five thousand men on the scaffolding setting stone against the wind.

"Happens twice a day," says a voice behind me. An older worker, lunch pail in hand, watching the procession. "Fingers, arms, ribs. Couple fellows went off the scaffolding last month... right after that picture was taken." He shrugs. "They're building a city up there." He squints at my badge. "You here about something specific?"

"Crane accident. Few months back. Worker was paralyzed."

He shakes his head. "Mister, we got five thousand men on this site. I couldn't tell you what happened last week." He gestures toward the medical tent. "Ask the nurse, she might remember..."

Inside the tent, a harried nurse is already splinting the new arrival's arm. She barely looks up. "Crane accidents? We've had six this year. I just patch them up and send them out to the nearest hospital."

# 1-2514

*STEAM*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 1-2665

*Hint for Document 7 (p.452) contd.*

Hint: The ledger shows K. White was paid on Friday March 11th. Articles arrive on Monday and run on Tuesday. I did find a calendar, didn't I?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 1-2866

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company*
*50 Church St, CC-67 (2nd floor)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 4 pm, go to 2-4359 (p.109).

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 8-3037 (p.387).

# 1-2897

*American Telephone and Telegraph*
*26-28 Lispenard St, LW-69*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 4 pm, go to 3-7551 (p.170).

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 2-3692 (p.108).

# 1-3201

*Something on my mind (contd. from Evening of Day 3 on p.31)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The telephone rings as I'm reaching for my coat. Three rings. Four. I pick up.

"Deverell."

Dead air. Then a click.

I hang up the receiver and stare at it like it owes me money. Wrong number? Or someone checking if I'm still at my desk?

Through the window, the city's gone dark except for the streetlights making yellow pools on the wet pavement. Somewhere out there, a black Alfa Romeo is circling. Waiting. And whoever's in it knows exactly which threads I've been pulling.

The woman. They know about her now. They've been tracking my movements, connecting the same dots I am. If they find her before I do...

If you have circled **Marker Y2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-4855 (p.213).

If you have **not** circled **Marker Y2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-4375 (p.263).

# 1-3300

*Rockefeller Center*
*45 Rockefeller Plaza, TS-52*

Rockefeller Center isn't one site, it's a dozen. Scaffolding in every direction, each building with its own foreman, its own gate. I'm looking for the RCA Building construction site.



# 1-3390

*American Telephone and Telegraph (3-7551 on p.170) contd.*

The reception desk at AT&T's massive headquarters is polished marble and cold efficiency. When I mention ETL certifications, the receptionist's smile freezes. "All inquiries regarding our suppliers require written requests through our legal department. We don't discuss vendor relationships without proper authorization." She hands me a form that looks like it would take three weeks to process.



# 1-3410

*Hint for Marker X1 (p.471) contd.*

Hint: The Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage Company dispatcher remembers an unusual fare who changed his destination after spotting someone outside his building.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 1-3621

*SLOTS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 1-3622

*Hint for Marker K1 (p.461) contd.*

Hint: Go to certification record 9-2866 (p.404)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 1-3646

*Home of Martin Schmidt (7-2050 on p.347) contd.*

I knock. No answer. A neighbor in the hall, cigarette in hand, jerks his thumb toward the stairs. "Marty's still at the Carlyle. Man works six days a week." He takes a drag. "Has for thirty years." I'll catch him later.



# 1-4063

*Canvas area around block HY-50*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 1-4143

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Reception (4-4829 on p.211) contd.*

I pull out the brown envelope. "Found this in Armitage's waste bin. Mean anything to you?"

Margaret Nowak doesn't reach for it. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know anything about Sir Teddy's personal correspondence."

"Personal correspondence usually has names on it."

Her fingers pause on the typewriter keys. "Mr. Deverell, I handle incoming mail and telephone calls. What the engineers do with their mail after that..." She glances toward the stairs, voice dropping. "I really can't discuss this here. Not at work."

She turns back to her typing, conversation over.

Return to 4-4829 (p.211).

# 1-4230

*Hint for Document 17 (p.457) contd.*

Hint: The book's index lists topics alphabetically. Remember what Heinrich Michels said about the poison on the morning of Day 2?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 1-4302

*Rexall Drugs (Yorkville)*
*1491 3rd Ave, YV-39*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Rexall sits on Third Avenue, its green and white sign promising "Purity, Quality, Service." Through the plate glass window I can see the usual pharmacy setup: soda fountain on one side, prescription counter at the back, shelves of patent medicines in between. The place smells like every drugstore: carbolic soap, tobacco, and medicinal syrup.

Behind the prescription counter, a balding man in a white coat looks up. "Help you?"

I show my badge. "Question about a customer. Sir Teddy Armitage."

"Sir Teddy? Sure, regular customer. What about him?"

"He's dead. I'm trying to understand his habits. What did he buy?"

The pharmacist thinks for a moment. "Aspirin powder, Bromo-Seltzer... went through bottles of that. And sleeping powders, he bought them regularly the past few weeks. Bad insomnia. Always looked exhausted when he came in."

I thank him and head back out to Third Avenue.

# 1-4318

*M. W-C. (7-0368 on p.341) contd.*

"Someone came looking for you in September. At *The Daily Worker*."

"Looking for K. White, you mean."

"Asking about payment arrangements. When you'd pick up your money." I watch her. "The accounting clerk said Fridays. After publication."

"I see."

"You never collected that September payment."

"No." She moves to the window, looks down at the street. "I didn't."

"The clerk said the man didn't look like a researcher. Wrong kind of hands."

She keeps her eyes on the street. "My family left Germany because we learned to recognize certain kinds of men. The ones who ask polite questions while memorizing doors and faces."

She turns back to me.

"So when I see a man with the wrong hands loitering outside *The Daily Worker* on a Friday afternoon, I don't go inside. I go home. And I start being careful."

"You saw him."

"I saw someone." A beat. "I didn't know what he'd been asking until now." A bitter smile. "But I knew enough not to collect fifteen dollars that day."

"Smart."

"Alive." She meets my eyes. "Is that all, Detective? Or are you here to tell me I should have walked into that trap anyway. Made your job easier?"

Return to 7-0368 (p.341).

# 1-4520

*Canvas area around block CM-44*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 1-4648

*Hint for Document 11 (p.455) contd.*

Hint: Death records are kept at the Municipal Building's Registrar of Births and Deaths. Records are filed by borough and date.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 1-4765

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse*

The interior of the modest townhouse tells a different story than Armitage's carefully cultivated image. It's a bachelor's quarters through and through. No feminine touches, no family photographs, just functional furniture all arranged orthogonally.

The narrow hallway leads past a coat closet where expensive long coats hang in orderly rows alongside a few fine hats: all quality wool and silk, the kind that announces a man's station before he opens his mouth.

To survey the kitchen, go to 3-5391 (p.157), then return here

To survey the sitting room, go to 6-1311 (p.297), then return here

To survey the bathroom, go to 3-1199 (p.139), then return here

To survey the bedroom, go to 1-5482 (p.62), then return here



# 1-5482

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse – Bedroom (contd. from 1-4765 on p.61)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The bedroom is as orderly as the sitting room, bed made with hospital corners and a pillow centered to the inch. Clothes lie folded neatly on a chest, expensive fabric going threadbare at the cuffs. A man dressed for yesterday's successes.

On the nightstand, an ashtray with the single butt of an expensive Turkish cigarette. Carefully folded underneath that ashtray, a past due notice from a place called Loan Leaders.

Circle **Document 4** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Loan Leaders Collection Notice), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 411.

The drawer of the nightstand reveals a worn leather checkbook holder from Yorkville Bank & Trust. I flip it open. Checks 337 to 350 are printed for "Sir Teddy Armitage, 207 E. 84th Street". A legitimate bank account around the corner at Yorkville Bank & Trust and a past-due notice from Loan Leaders. A man who couldn't go to his own bank for money.

Return to 1-4765 (p.61)

# 1-6124

*Home of William Saunders (5-7776 on p.277) contd.*

The doorman gives me the once-over when I flash my badge. “Mr. Saunders? He’s at work, Detective. Usually doesn’t get home until after four.” He checks a logbook. “Want me to leave him a message?”

“I’ll come back.”

“Suit yourself.” He goes back to his newspaper, but I can feel his eyes on me all the way to the door.

# 1-6161

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company (1-1822 on p.38) contd.*

The Liberty Mutual building on East 65th is all marble and brass, the kind of place that makes money by calculating risk and paying out as little as possible.

The receptionist directs me to the third floor. “Claims Investigation. Ask for Mr. Ernst.”

I find Ernst in a cluttered office that smells like pipe tobacco and old paper. He’s younger than I expected, maybe forty, with wire-rimmed spectacles and actuarial exam textbooks stacked beside claim files. A chalkboard on the wall shows probability equations half-erased.

“Otis Ernst.” He offers a wry smile with the handshake. “Yes, like the elevator company. My parents were either cruel or prophetic.”

When I mention the Carlyle Hotel elevator accident specifically, the smile vanishes. He doesn’t look up from his files.

“February 29th, 1932, seven days after the incident. Yes, we handled that claim. Denied it, actually. Management classified it as operator error. Statistical outlier, they called it.” He finally looks at me. “But outliers follow patterns, Detective. Real accidents cluster around predictable failure modes.”

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-1367 (p.344), then return here.

If you have **not** circled on your case tracking sheet **either** of the following 2 items (**Marker A1** or **Marker Z1**), go to 5-0853 (p.249).

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker A1** and **Marker Z1**), go to 5-8779 (p.284).

# 1-6619

*Hotel Taft (5-4138 on p.261) contd.*

I show my badge and the calendar card. "Detective Deverell. I'm investigating the death of a man who had this Hotel Taft calendar card on him. Sir Teddy Armitage. Did he stay here recently?"

The clerk flips through the registration book. "Armitage... no, sir. No one by that name in our recent records. We give out those calendar cards at various business functions... Chamber of Commerce meetings, trade shows. Promotional material."

"He never had a room here?"

"Not according to our records." The clerk closes the book with finality.

Return to 5-4138 (p.261).

# 1-6954

*Dr. Heinrich Michels (4-7384 on p.224) contd.*

Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The basement of the Medical Examiner's office smells like it always does: cold air and chemicals that don't quite cover what's underneath. A phonograph in the corner plays something slow and precise. Bach, maybe.

I find Michels bent over a microscope, one hand adjusting the focus while the other holds a glass slide up to the light. He doesn't look up.

"H.M.?"

One finger raised. Wait.

I wait. The phonograph plays an aria, slow and unhurried, nothing forcing the resolution. The music is patient. So is Michels.

He straightens, pulls off his spectacles, polishes them on his coat. "Ah. Jack, my boy." He gestures vaguely toward the examination room. "Your Englishman. He is... puzzling."

"Puzzling how?"

"The body tells me one thing. The chemistry tells me something else." He holds the slide up again, squinting. "I do not yet understand what I am seeing. But I will." He sets the slide back exactly where he found it. "I will telephone when the dead man decides to explain himself."

I know better than to push.

# 1-7632

*SPOUT*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 1-7716

*Yorkville Bank & Trust (5-1822 on p.257) contd.*

The Yorkville Bank & Trust sits on the corner like a fortress of marble and disappointment. Inside, the air smells of ledger ink and broken dreams, appropriate when half the city's living hand to mouth and the other half's pretending they're not.

The bank manager's a thin man with wire spectacles, who keeps adjusting his sleeve garters like they're the only things holding his world together. When I show him my badge and explain about Armitage, his face goes through about three different expressions before settling on cautious cooperation.

"Terrible business," he says, though I can't tell if he means the death or just the general state of things. "Under the circumstances, I suppose you'll want to see his account history."

He disappears into the back room and returns with a carbon copy ledger. "January through today."

"Oh my," he says, flipping through the entries. "Mr. Armitage was what we might call **financially adventurous**."

Circle **Document 3** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Sir Armitage Bank Ledger), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 410.

# 1-7797

*Hint for Marker X1 (p.471) contd.*

Hint: The dispatcher mentions a “condemned building” on 87th Street.

☑ If this hadn’t already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 1-8162

*SHAFT*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 1-8257

*Canvas area around block LH-11*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.



# 1-8346

*Hint for Marker U1 (p.468) contd.*

Hint: When examining the machinery, you can investigate various components using a cipher system. Think about what makes each customer's transaction unique.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 1-8347

*New York Public Library – History & Biography*
*476 5th Ave, TL-6 (3rd fl. west)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The reading room is the kind of quiet that makes you whisper without knowing why. Marble columns, brass lamps, the scratch of pencils on paper.

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-2856 (p.197), then return here.

# 1-8624

*Home of Margaret Nowak (8-3098 on p.388) contd.*

I press the buzzer. The speaker crackles. “Yes?”

“Margaret Nowak? Jack Deverell. We spoke at ETL.”

Nothing from the box. Then the door buzzes open.

Her apartment is small and tidy. She pours coffee without asking, hands not quite steady.

“So... the envelopes,” I say.

“Contractors. Construction companies. I bring them to Mr. Saunders. He takes his share and passes the rest to Sir Teddy. ” She stares into her cup. “There was one in February if I think... I didn’t keep track, I didn’t want to know.” She meets my eyes. “I have rent to pay, Detective. Jobs aren’t easy to find.”

I let that sit.

She sets down her cup. “There’s something else. About Sir Teddy... Back in September, he told me if anyone came asking about our work – reporters, inspectors, anyone — I should bring them straight to him. Said the public wouldn’t understand technical matters.” She almost smiles. “Said he didn’t care if they were from the *Times* or from some rag. He’d handle it.”

“Anyone come asking?”

“No. But he kept asking me if anyone had. Right up until...” She doesn’t finish.

Right up until someone handled him.

“Thank you, Miss Nowak.”

# 1-8761

*Canvas area around block LH-46*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.

# 1-8786

*Bureau of Motor Vehicles*
*366 W. 31st St, CS-12*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The bureau occupies the third floor of a converted warehouse, walls lined with filing cabinets, the smell of stale coffee and carbon paper. A clerk in a green visor studies my badge.

“I need every Alfa Romeo registered to a Manhattan address.”

He raises an eyebrow. Doesn’t argue. Twenty minutes later he comes back with a sheet of carbon.

“Nine Alfa Romeos in Manhattan. Two are black.”

I scan the list. One is registered to a Park Avenue address — an F. De Rose. The second belongs to a Salvatore Rocca. Care of a barbershop on Mulberry Street. A man who doesn’t put his home in writing.



# 1-9214

*Hint for Marker K1 (p.461) contd.*

Hint: The K. White article mentions the crane's brake was made by Allis-Chalmers. Look up their number in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 1-9269

*Offices of The Daily Worker*
*72 Orchard St, EV-87*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The newsroom thrums with deadlines. In the back, linotype machines clatter and hiss... Those magnificent beasts casting whole lines in molten lead. The sound is constant: keys striking, matrices dropping, compressed air whooshing, and beneath it all, the low rumble of melting pots. Hot metal and printer's ink hang thick in the air.

A sharp-eyed woman with graying hair pulled back in a practical bun is at a desk buried under galley proofs. She's got ink stains on her fingers that look permanent.

"You looking for someone?" The voice of someone who's kept journalists in line for decades.

"Detective Deverell, Manhattan Police. I'm trying to locate Charles Dunne, F. Adamov, and K. White."

"Both boys are out." She doesn't look up. "Charlie won't be back till five, if the longshoremen meeting doesn't turn into a brawl. And Felix is in the Garment District following up on those wage cuts. Probably will go straight home when his day's over."

"What about K. White?"

Her eyebrows arch. "K. White? That's not a staff writer, Detective. That's a freelance byline. We never see freelancers in person: they mail their work or drop it at the front desk like ghosts." She taps her pencil against the desk. "Submissions arrive Mondays like clockwork. Clean copy too. Barely needs a pencil."

I look around the newsroom — accounting would have payment records, the archives might have more articles, and the photo department works with everyone.

To visit accounting, go to 3-0317 (p.134), then return here

To visit the archives, go to 7-0076 (p.339), then return here

To visit the photo department, go to 6-1432 (p.298), then return here

# 1-9371

*Soda Emporium*
*1520 3rd Ave, CM-44*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Soda Emporium shutters at five. I can tell it used to be a proper saloon: the mahogany bar's still there, now dispensing malted milk instead of whiskey. The owner's apologetic about the early hours, but the Depression cut his evening trade to nothing.

# 1-9528

*Bitter Business (p.435) contd.*

"I'll write up everything I found while investigating that murder and get it to your desk by end of day. After that, it's the DA's problem."

"Fair enough." The Chief sounds almost relieved. "We've done enough damage already."

Circle **Marker S2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone. Outside, the city doesn't care. Go to Fading Footprints (p.439)

# 1-9695

*Hint for Marker S1 (p.466) contd.*

Hint: The *Daily Worker* staff might have information about their freelance writers. Visit the newsroom, accounting, photo department, or archives.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 2

# 2-0118

*The Silver Sunbeam – Fixing Solutions*
*452 W. 36th St, HK-91*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The section on Fixing Solutions lives up to its name. Turns out cyanide's essential for fixing photographs. Funny how the same chemical that captures memories can erase them permanently.

Circle **Document 17** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Pages 118-119 of The Silver Sunbeam, 1864 edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 427.

# 2-0119

*The Silver Sunbeam – Fixing Solutions*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The section on Fixing Solutions lives up to its name. Turns out cyanide's essential for fixing photographs. Funny how the same chemical that captures memories can erase them permanently.

Circle **Document 17** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Pages 118-119 of The Silver Sunbeam, 1864 edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 427.

# 2-0308

*Tuesday, March 8th Edition*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Daily Worker Archive (7-0076 on p.339)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I find a carefully preserved copy of *The Daily Worker* from March 8th, 1932. An article by K. White about the Carlyle Hotel elevator accident catches my eye.

Circle **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 7** (A K. White article from the March 8th Edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 414.

# 2-0517

*Tuesday, May 17th Edition*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Daily Worker Archive (7-0076 on p.339)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

This May 17th, 1932 *Daily Worker* features K. White's coverage of a deadly warehouse fire at Reitz and Brothers Boating Equipment.

Circle **Document 8** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 8** (A K. White article from the May 17th Edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 415.

# 2-0655

*Dunne, Charles, Apt 2b (4-9201 on p.237) contd.*

"K. White? Three, four pieces over the past year." He ashes his cigarette. "Writes like someone who's seen the bosses' machinery up close. Not the political machinery — the actual gears and pulleys that crush workers."

"What kind of stories?"

"Industrial and worker safety. But with real fire in the belly, you know? Understood both the technical specs and the human cost."

"Ever try to contact this writer?"

"Course I did. Worker solidarity and all that. But K. White kept to the shadows." He lights a fresh cigarette with theatrical disgust. "Professional revolutionary, maybe. The kind who knows the bosses have long memories."

Return to 4-9201 (p.237).



# 2-0913

*Tuesday, September 13th Edition*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Daily Worker Archive (7-0076 on p.339)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The September 13th, 1932 edition contains a K. White article documenting a crane accident at Rockefeller Center construction site.

Circle **Document 9** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 9** (A K. White article from the September 13th Edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 416.

# 2-0987

*Home of Otis Ernst*
*2 1/2 E. 73rd St, UE-25*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The address leads down a narrow alley off 73rd to a converted carriage house. The “2 1/2” makes sense — tucked behind the main brownstone, invisible from the street. The kind of place a man rents when he wants quiet.

If it is before 4:30 pm, go to 1-2448 (p.40).

If it is 4:30 pm or after, go to 3-8690 (p.179).

# 2-1087

*Adamov, Felix (3-9922 on p.184) contd.*

"Charles Dunne? Yes, we work together at *The Daily Worker*. Passionate writer, very committed to the cause." Adamov chooses his words carefully. "Sometimes his... enthusiasm gets ahead of his research. I often suggest he verify his sources more thoroughly before accusing specific businessmen of crimes. But his heart is in the right place. He truly cares about workers' suffering."

Return to 3-9922 (p.184).



# 2-1101

*Tuesday, November 1st Edition*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Daily Worker Archive (7-0076 on p.339)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I recognize this as the edition found at Armitage's residence.

Circle **Document 10** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 10** (A K. White article from the November 1st Edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 417.

# 2-1267

*Charlie Miller Morris*
*1472 Broadway, TS-94*

> Time advances 30 minutes.

At the bar, a short, stocky man with a broad face is holding court, gesturing emphatically at two men who look like they'd rather be anywhere else. His voice carries... something about Tammany rats and sunlight being the best disinfectant.

Charlie catches me looking. "LaGuardia. Congressman, East Harlem. Thinks he's going to clean up this city someday."

"He any good?"

"He's loud." She shrugs. "But he's honest, which is more than you can say for most of them. Seabury likes him." She takes a sip. "Ask me again in a year."

> ☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for a brush with Congressman Fiorello La-Guardia.

"Jack. Please tell me you've got something interesting. I'm dying over here."

"Election coverage that slow?"

"Election coverage is all we're doing. Hoover says this, Roosevelt says that." She takes a long sip. "Meanwhile the city's falling apart and nobody wants to read about it."

"What do you know about *The Daily Worker*?"

She raises an eyebrow. "Communist rag. Why, you going red on me?"

"Someone was writing for them..."

She thinks it over. "Different animal than writing for us. They don't pay much, but they don't tell you what to say, either. You want to write about a factory owner grinding his workers into paste, they'll print it. We won't."

"You sound almost jealous."

"Maybe I am." She shrugs. "They've got fire in their belly. We've got advertisers." She finishes her martini, signals for another. "What's your angle?"

"Can't say yet."

"Then you owe me one." She points her olive at me. "And Jack, be careful asking around down there. They don't much like cops, and they've got long memories for anyone who burns them."

# 2-1293

*Evening of Day 1 (p.21) contd.*

November presses against the office windows, cold and patient. I spread the file wide under the green banker's lamp. Names, dates, lies — they all start somewhere. By the time the coffee turns bitter, the paper's talking. I just have to listen.

**You gained the following bonus**: Tomorrow, upon acquiring a new marker, you can revisit **1** lead you visited today for free (time does not advance).

Circle **Marker B2** on your case tracking sheet.

Return to Evening of Day 1 (p.21).

# 2-1521

*TANKS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

"See anything suspicious, Detective?"

I don't. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

"Satisfied?" There's an edge in his voice now. "My machines don't kill people."

I step back. This isn't the answer.

# 2-1764

*Hint for Document 5 (p.450) contd.*

Hint: A man's home often contains clues about what was on his mind. Sir Teddy's townhouse address is listed in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 2-1779

*Central Elevator Company (6-1710 on p.300) contd.*

Central Elevator's office manager is a stocky man with no patience for questions. "We don't discuss our testing procedures with anyone who walks in off the street, detective or not. You want information about our certifications? Get a court order." He's already turning back to his paperwork. "We use reputable testing laboratories. That's all you need to know. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got work to do."



# 2-1940

*Home of Julius Lang (4-8347 on p.230) contd.*

I press the buzzer. Nothing. Try again. The tailor next door glances up from his pressing.

"The young man? He works late. Never home before five, sometimes later." He shrugs. "Quiet fellow. Pays his rent on time."

I tip my hat and make a note to come back.



# 2-2124

*Canvas area around block HY-25*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.



# 2-2428

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.*

Wrong building. I've walked into the Broadway branch — retail policies, salesmen with glad hands. Claims Investigation is uptown, 65th and Madison. Same company, different exchange: 1-1822.



# 2-2448

*The Silver Sip*
*151 E. 86th St, CM-40*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Silver Sip closed in 1920 when Prohibition hit. The windows are soaped over, the door chained shut, and a faded “For Lease” sign’s been gathering dust for twelve years. You can still see the ghost of the old gilt lettering on the glass: some optimist’s dream of running a respectable saloon.

# 2-2502

*Pressure Points (5-0022 on p.243) - Scheduled event for day 3*

It's ***5* pm** on **Friday, November 4th, 1932**, and day #**3**, the final day of your case, is ending.

The following ***5*** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker C1**
- **Marker R1**
- **Marker S1**
- **Marker W1**
- **Document 14**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all ***5*** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past ***5* pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all ***5*** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 3 (p.31).

# 2-2847

*Hint for Marker Z1 (p.472) contd.*

Hint: The archive files by manufacturer telephone number (first digit changed to 9), not by building name. You need to know who made the elevator motor.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-3251

*TUBES*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

"See anything suspicious, Detective?"

I don't. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

"Satisfied?" There's an edge in his voice now. "My machines don't kill people."

I step back. This isn't the answer.

# 2-3363

*Canvas area around block LH-3*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.



# 2-3438

*Hint for Marker Z1 (p.472) contd.*

Hint: The Carlyle Hotel used Central Elevator Company equipment as revealed by the photo in the K. White article. Look up their number in the telephone directory and convert it to the archive filing system.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-3609

*Frank Schuetz*
*203 E. 94th St, YV-3 (apt. 2a)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

203 East 94th is Yorkville through and through: six stories of brick, iron fire escapes stitched to the façade like scars. German names crowd the directory in the vestibule, umlauts hanging on like they never learned the language.

Apartment 2A. I knock twice.

The door opens on a man in his sixties, suspenders over a collarless shirt, spectacles riding high on his forehead. He looks at me the way men do when the knock comes too early in the day.

"Ja?"

"Mr. Schuetz? Detective Deverell. Police Department."

His eyes drop to the badge, then back to my face. His mouth tightens. "What is this about?"

"I'm asking questions about some articles in *The Daily Worker*. One of them mentions the Reitz and Brothers fire. You were quoted."

He knows the article. I can see him deciding how much to give me.

"Five of my men," he says. "Because management wouldn't listen." He says the next part like he's staking something on it. "That journalist was the only one who gave a damn."

"You met with the writer?"

"Twice. She stood right where you are now." He taps his temple. "Dark hair. Streak of gray, right here. Too young for it. Whatever she's carrying, it's been riding her hard."

"What did you tell her?"

"Everything. How I reported empty extinguishers—three times. How they told me to shut up and mind my station." He shakes his head. "She wrote it exactly as it happened."

"Her name?"

"Klara. That's what she said to call her." A thin smile. "German, like me… you can hear it if you listen. Asked questions like an engineer. The kind that make men in suits start lying… Why are the police looking for her?"

"I'm following up on some of the accidents she's written about."

He snorts. "Those weren't accidents, Detective. That's why she writes about them."

The door starts to close, slow and deliberate, cutting the room away an inch at a time.

"You want to find Klara," he says, just before the latch catches, "read her articles. She tells you everything she wants you to know."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Circle **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-3692

*American Telephone and Telegraph (1-2897 on p.46) contd.*

The massive lobby is dark and empty. No janitor, no guard visible. Just locked doors and my reflection in the polished marble. A sign by the entrance reads “Business Hours: 9:00 AM – 4:00 PM.”

# 2-4359

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company (1-2866 on p.45) contd.*

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-6793 (p.163).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-8633 (p.283).

# 2-4428

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Certification Archives*

The old man downstairs peers at me through his thick spectacles, a hint of amusement in those rheumy eyes. "You got authorization from Mr. Saunders?" He says it like he's asking if I brought a hall pass from the principal.

I hand him the note.

He takes his time reading it, holding it up to the dim light, turning it this way and that. "Mmm-hmm. That's Mr. Saunders's fancy hand alright."

The lock clicks and the door swings open on protesting hinges.

"Course, Mr. Saunders don't usually bother coming down here himself. Too much dust for his nice suits." He shuffles inside, jangling his keys. "But he sure does like deciding who gets in and who don't."

The archives are exactly what I expected and worse. A low-ceilinged cavern stretches into darkness, lit by a single bulb near the entrance. Floor-to-ceiling shelving units create narrow aisles that disappear into shadow. The smell hits me: dust, mildew, old paper slowly decomposing in the damp.

"How do I find anything here?"

"Everything's filed by manufacturer." He runs a gnarled finger along the shelf. "Originals go upstairs. Carbons come to me. Been doing this thirty-six years." There's pride in his voice. "My system."

"And the filing system?"

"Files are numbered by the supplier's telephone exchange." He pulls a worn directory from a shelf by the door. "You know the company that made the equipment, you look 'em up in here, find their telephone number, then change the first digit to a 9. That's your file number." He hands it to me with a crooked smile. "Clever system, if I do say so myself. Been doing it that way since 1910. Keeps things organized by manufacturer, case there's problems with their equipment."

He starts shuffling toward the stairs, then pauses. "I'll be mopping upstairs if you need anything. Take your time down here, Detective. These files, they got stories to tell. Just..." He glances back with that mischievous glint. "Just make sure you lock up when you're done. Wouldn't want Mr. Saunders thinking I was careless with his precious archives."

Determine the lead you wish to look up and visit it; if you do not see a confirmation puzzle symbol and text confirming that the lead is related to the **ETL Archive** puzzle, do not read it.

**If you consult a lead that does not exist, TIME ADVANCES 30 minutes.**

Once done, return to 4-4829 (p.211)

# 2-4817

*Canvas area around block YV-6*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 2-4833

*Something on my mind (6-8021 on p.327) contd.*

I know where she lives. 201 East 80th. A couple of uniforms on her block would keep her breathing through the night.

But patrol cars are conspicuous. If the Alfa's still circling, they'd spot the protection and know they've found the right address. I'd be confirming what they're only guessing at.

Sometimes the safest thing you can do for someone is stay the hell away from them.

**You may send patrol cars to Maria's address.**

If you choose to send patrols: Go to 6-9134 (p.332)

If you choose NOT to send patrols: Go to 3-2663 (p.143)

# 2-4834

*Canvas area around block YV-9*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 2-5621

*KNOBS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 2-5696

*Central Elevator Company (7-3637 on p.356) contd.*

When I mention the death, he pushes back from his files.

“That matter was fully investigated and resolved. The insurance carrier determined Central Elevator bore no responsibility for the accident.”

I ask about the elevator motor’s certification history, specifically whether ETL reported any deterioration during their inspection less than three months before the failure.

“We rely on our testing vendors to provide accurate certifications. ETL declared that motor safe for continuous operation. If there were issues with their inspection process, that’s between them and the hotel. Central Elevator fulfilled all contractual obligations. The case is closed, detective.”

# 2-5744

*Hint for Document 7 (p.452) contd.*

Hint: *The Daily Worker* keeps archives of past editions. Their offices are listed in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-5882

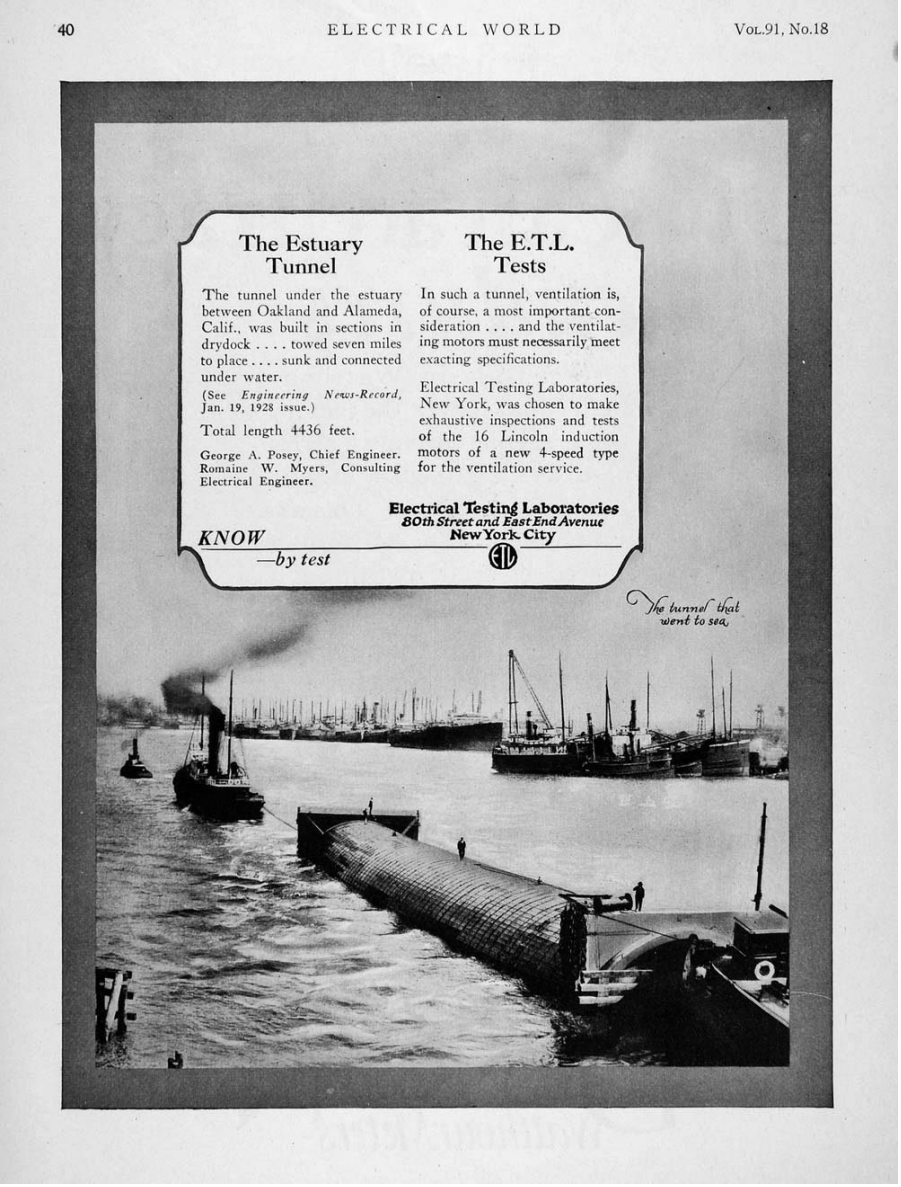
*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Sir Armitage's office (contd. from 4-4829 on p.211)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I find Sir Armitage's office at the end of the hall on the second floor. A small brass nameplate reads "Sir T. Armitage, Chief Engineer."

I try the handle. Unlocked.

The office reeks of expensive tobacco and self-importance. Dark wood paneling, a leather chair with the stuffing coming out, and everywhere, certificates, commendations, framed ETL advertisements covering every inch of wall space. A large one behind his desk dominates: it shows the Estuary Tunnel project with ventilation motors.




*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

On the desk, the Tuesday edition of the *New York Times* sitting folded beside his blotter, next to a half-empty coffee cup. The coffee's gone cold, a thin film on top. Pencils lined up by length. Stamps arranged by denomination. Even his personal writing paper is aligned flush with the desk edge, every sheet facing the same way.

One drawer holds a bottle of digestive tablets and a spare collar, perfectly starched. The man who worked here didn't tolerate disorder. Not in his office, not in his reports, not in the people around him.

His other desk drawers reveal the expected: files organized by date and project for the last six months, correspondence with contractors, equipment specifications.

The last folder in the series seems to contain whatever he was reviewing when he left Tuesday night.

I pull it out to examine it. The label reads "Hotel Taft – American Telephone and Telegraph – Automatic Telephone Switchboard System." There's a glossy brochure clipped inside showing a gleaming piece of equipment: the latest in hotel telephone technology. "Direct-dial capability for every guest room. The future of hotel communications."

Underneath the brochure, the original signed certificate: "Approved for installation."



Circle **Document 13** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 13** (ETL Certificate – Hotel Taft Project), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 420.

In the waste bin, I spot another *Times* from last Monday, crumpled but not torn. A man of habit, reads his paper every morning. Underneath it, a plain brown envelope, empty, no markings.



Circle **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet.

I close the door behind me and head back down the hall, but the image of those framed advertisements stays with me. "Know by test." Easy to say when you control what the tests reveal.

Return to 4-4829 (p.211)

# 2-6321

*BOLTS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

"See anything suspicious, Detective?"

I don't. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

"Satisfied?" There's an edge in his voice now. "My machines don't kill people."

I step back. This isn't the answer.

# 2-6332

*Carmine Maranzano (6-4645 on p.314) contd.*

He sets down his glass. “You notice the black Alfa Romeo yet?”

My hand stops halfway to my drink.

“Thought so.” He lights a cigarette, takes his time with it. “Someone wants to know where you go. Who you talk to.”

He takes another drag and waits.

“You and me, Jackie — we took different roads from the same corner.” His fingers brush the cheap black wooden frame, just for a second. “I’d hate to see yours end in a ditch.”

A long beat. He stubs out his cigarette.

“A car like that has to come from somewhere. Has to go somewhere when it needs work. Italian iron isn’t something every garage in this city knows what to do with.”

He stands, pulls on his coat.

“Find the wrench, Jackie. You find the wrench, you find the driver.”



# 2-6494

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Mr. Saunders' office (6-1877 on p.301) contd.*

Saunders's face goes carefully blank. "I see." He stands, smoothing his suit. "Detective, before we proceed, I should inform you that certain... irregularities in our certification process have recently come to my attention. Teddy operated with considerable autonomy, and I'm as eager as you are to understand the full scope of his activities in our archived files."

"How convenient."

"I'm simply being forthcoming, Detective. ETL's reputation is at stake. Whatever Teddy was involved in, I assure you, was not company policy." He pulls a slip of paper from his desk drawer and uncaps his fountain pen. "I'll write you an authorization for the basement."

He writes quickly, pen moving fast across the paper. A few lines, his signature. He slides it carelessly across the desk.

"Give this to the man downstairs. He'll let you into the archives."

Circle **Document 15** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 15** (Note from Saunders to access archives), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 422.

Either return to 4-4829 (p.211) or visit the certification archives, go to 2-4428 (p.110)

# 2-6906

*Canvas area around block CS-12*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 2-7044

*Canvas area around block MS-63*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Columbia campus means students, professors, foot traffic. Good cover. I get off the subway two stops early, walk up Broadway, let the college crowd swallow me. Stop at a newsstand, check reflections. Circle the block twice.

The Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the academic bustle.

This Clausen doesn't need additional trouble...

Circle **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-7477

*Hint for Document 8 (p.453) contd.*

Hint: The ledger shows K. White was paid on Friday May 20th. Articles arrive on Monday and run on Tuesday. I did find a calendar, didn't I?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 2-7540

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse*
*207 E. 84th St, YV-39*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The address sits on the edge of Yorkville, where brownstones with chipped cornices stand shoulder to shoulder with newer apartment buildings. Close enough to Carnegie Mansion to matter for a man called "Sir Teddy," but the façades here tell a different story: fire escapes zigzagging down buildings like rusty veins, windows with mismatched curtains, and storefronts with hand-painted signs in three different languages. Just the other side of Third Avenue from respectability, but the elevated train runs between them like an iron curtain, all shadow and thunder, and nobody on the Carnegie Mansion side looks east if they can help it.

If it is after 3:30 pm on Day 1, go to 4-5007 (p.215).

If you have **not** circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1008 (p.138).

If you have circled **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-7037 (p.167).

# 2-9103

*Hotel Taft (5-9693 on p.287) contd.*

His professional smile tightens. “He’s not available without an appointment.”

“When can I see him?”

“You’d need to call ahead. Building operations aren’t discussed with walk-ins.” Polite but firm. The Hotel Taft has standards. No warrant, no access.



# 2-9111

*BRASS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 2-9293

*Hint for Marker W1 (p.470) contd.*

Hint: Ask to see record 9-0907 (p.401)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 2-9418

*Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage Company*
*60 E. End Ave, YV-51*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage Company sits in a converted stable that still smells of hay and horse sweat, though now it houses a half-dozen yellow checker cabs instead. The dispatcher's a wiry fellow who keeps drumming his fingers on the desk.

"Police," I say, showing my badge. "Looking for information about a fare from Tuesday evening."

He squints at me over his logbook. "Tuesday? Rain like that, we ran sixty fares easy. You got something more specific?"

"Pick-up around ETL offices. Well-dressed passenger."

He flips through his pages. "Oh yeah, the swell who got spooked! Driver said the fellow was calm as you please when he got in. Real dignified type, you know? Wanted to go to 84th Street."

"What happened?"

"Soon as we get close to his building, he spots some tough standing outside and suddenly he's a different man. Tells the driver to keep going, changes destination to the gambl..." He stops himself and clears his throat. "Some condemned building on 87th, you know?"

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair. "Look, Detective, I don't know what kind of business you got with that place, but they don't much care for badges walking through the front door. If you catch my meaning."

"How would someone get in there?"

"Well, it looks like a condemned building from the outside... But if a fellow wanted to... enjoy the betting activities... he'd need to know someone." He drums his fingers faster. "Course, I wouldn't know nothing about that personally."

# 2-9468

*Canvas area around block UW-51*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.

# 2-9848

*Rocca, Salvatore*

Time advances 30 minutes.

No address for Salvatore Rocca in the Manhattan directory.

Men like Sal don't have addresses. They have rooms above storefronts that nobody rents to them on paper, mail that goes to a barber who knows better than to ask questions, telephone numbers that ring in a back office somewhere. When men like that don't want to be found, they aren't.



# 3

# 3-0222

*Death Records: Manhattan, February 22, 1932*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Death Records (8-9869 on p.397)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The reading room smells of old paper and dust. A clerk brings me the box for Manhattan deaths for February 22nd, 1932. Washington's Birthday. Eighty-seven deaths were recorded that day.

I search through the records slowly. Each certificate, a life: name, age, address, cause of death, date, location. Pneumonia. Heart failure. Tuberculosis. The usual culprits for a cold February. Then I see it:

Circle **Document 11** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 11** (The death certificate of S. Clausen), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 418.

Circle **Marker C1** on your case tracking sheet.

Forty minutes. Alone in the dark at the bottom of a shaft, listening to voices above, waiting for help that came too late.

I close the ledger. Another name for the files. Another widow for the city.

# 3-0317

*Offices of The Daily Worker – Accounting (contd. from 1-9269 on p.78)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The accounting office feels like a bunker. Windowless, cramped, and smelling of carbon paper and coffee that's been reheated too many times. A stern woman in sleeve protectors sits behind a desk covered in ledger books, adding machine tapes, and neat stacks of receipts.

"Detective Deverell, Manhattan Police. I'm investigating some freelance work by someone using the byline K. White."

She adjusts her spectacles and pulls out a thick ledger. "K. White... Yes, that one's unusual." Her finger traces down columns of entries. "Most freelancers get our standard rate, usually on Fridays following publication..." She flips through several pages. "Three times this year, we paid the standard rate: fifteen dollars apiece." She shows me the ledger entries.

Circle **Document 6** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Ledger of freelancers payments), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 413.

The clerk continues, "Most freelancers, we pay many times throughout the year. K. White? Just these payments. Either the laziest freelancer in New York, or the most specialized."

"And to which address do you send payments?"

"Cash pickup. K. White sends a note with a code for each article submission. Someone comes by, gives the right code, and collects the envelope."

She shakes her head, a hint of professional disapproval. "Always thought it was excessive."

Her pencil stops. She sets it down.

"Though now I think about it... had a fellow in here back in September. Asking about K. White specifically. Said he was researching freelance rates for some trade publication." She's quiet for a moment. "Didn't have the look of a researcher. Wrong kind of hands. Asked a lot of questions about the pickup arrangement."

"What did you tell him?"

"Same thing I'm telling you. Cash pickup, secret codes, no address on file." She pauses. "He asked when the next pickup would likely be. I told him Fridays, after publication, usually..." Her voice trails off. The color drains from her face.

She looks down at the September entry. "That September payment. The one from right after he came asking." Her finger trembles slightly on the ledger line. "K. White never collected it."

Circle **Marker Q1** on your case tracking sheet.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

The silence in the windowless room feels thick.

Return to 1-9269 (p.78)



# 3-0357

*Dunne, Charles, Apt 2b*
*97 Orchard St, EV-80 (apt. 2b)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 5 pm, go to 3-8358 (p.176).

If it is 5 pm or after, go to 4-9201 (p.237).

# 3-0407

*M. W-C. (4-8651 on p.232) contd.*

The door's kicked in. That's the first wrong thing.

I push it open and call her name. Nothing.

The apartment is wrecked. Writing desk overturned, drawers pulled out and dumped. Bookshelves swept clean, German engineering manuals, chemical formularies, an old leather volume titled *The Silver Sunbeam*... all fanned carelessly across the floor. The wardrobe's been emptied, the mattress slashed open. Someone went through this place with method and purpose.

Maria Weis-Clausen lies on the kitchen floor. Dark hair loose, that streak of gray at the temple fanned against the linoleum. She was beaten badly.

The faint bite of chemicals drifts from the converted closet at the back. I move toward it.

The darkroom is tight, but disciplined. Red safelight. Trays laid out with care. An enlarger bolted to the bench. Shelves lined with labeled bottles and jars. I read them off: sodium thiosulfate, sulphuric acid, silver nitrate, potassium bromide, hydroquinone, yellow prussiate of potash. I wish I'd paid more attention in school.

Circle **Marker N1** on your case tracking sheet.

An empty corkboard with pins that once held pictures of motors, elevator shafts, construction sites. On the floor, behind the shelves and hidden from view, a single newspaper clipping about an industrial accident, margins filled with notes in tight handwriting.

She was building a case. Piece by piece, accident by accident. Connecting the same dots I've been chasing.

And someone decided she'd connected enough.

I stand there longer than I should. The radiator ticks. The curtain moves in the wind. Somewhere out in the city, a black Alfa Romeo is already crossing a bridge, putting miles between the killer and the body.

# 3-1008

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse (2-7540 on p.125) contd.*

The landlord, a thick-set man with calloused hands and a sour expression, meets me at the front door. "November rent's three days late." He works the key in the lock. "You here to settle his account?"

"Police."

"Course you are." The key turns.

"Didn't come home till all hours yesterday. I was up till around nine waiting on that rent, and the bloke still managed to slip past me... Had another fellow looking for him too. Well-dressed sort, leaned against his white Buick. Smoked half a pack waiting." He pushes open the door. "Guess he'll have to get in line behind the landlord now."

As soon as he opens the door, it hits me... Death has its own particular smell, and this one's been ripening since last night.

Circle **Marker T1** on your case tracking sheet.

Enter the townhouse, go to 1-4765 (p.61)

# 3-1199

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse – Bathroom (contd. from 1-4765 on p.61)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The bathroom tells its own story: a medicine cabinet stocked with remedies for a man who lived hard. Aspirin powder, stomach salts, and an empty bottle of something for insomnia.

The sink shows traces of use in the last 24 hours, water spots dried in peculiar patterns around the drain. A damp washcloth hangs crooked on the towel bar, and there's a faint sour smell that even the open window hasn't quite cleared.

Return to 1-4765 (p.61)

# 3-1251

*Evening of Day 1 (p.21) contd.*

The radiator hisses like it's got its own troubles. I hang up my coat and let the city hum without me. November's not going anywhere. A clear head tomorrow might catch what tired eyes miss tonight.

**You gained the following bonus**: Tomorrow, the day ends at **8 p.m.** instead of **7 p.m.**.

Circle **Marker T2** on your case tracking sheet.

Return to Evening of Day 1 (p.21).



# 3-1391

*A. Clausen, Columbia University Faculty Building (3-7610 on p.171) contd.*

As I leave the faculty building, I catch movement in my peripheral vision. Black Alfa Romeo, two blocks down, engine running. The driver doesn't duck, doesn't pretend. Just watches me walk away from Albert's door.

They know I'm asking about Stefan Clausen now. Connecting dots. Following threads.

Maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe they already knew about the brother.

Or maybe I just gave them another name to watch.

☑ Tick **2** OTHER boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-2039

*Canvas area around block EV-61*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.

# 3-2663

*The fate of Maria*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Circle **Marker K2** on your case tracking sheet.

Count the marks on your **OTHER** track. Add this number to **the last digit of the current real-world time** (for example, if it is 11:47, add 7).

If the total is **10 or greater**:

Circle **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet.

If the total is **less than 10**: The hitman has lost Maria's trail tonight.

Go to Day Three (p.29)

# 3-2720

*Pressure Points (8-1951 on p.382) - Scheduled event for day 3*

It's **5 pm** on **Friday, November 4th, 1932**, and day #**3**, the final day of your case, is ending.

The following **5** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker C1**
- **Marker R1**
- **Marker S1**
- **Marker W1**
- **Document 14**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **5** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **5 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **5** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 3 (p.31).

# 3-3162

*Carlyle Hotel (7-2252 on p.350) contd.*

I show him the warrant. "Get me your chief engineer. Now."

Twenty minutes later I'm in a basement office that smells of machine oil and coffee. The chief engineer is a square-built man with a slide rule in his breast pocket and coveralls pressed like a uniform, the bearing of someone who keeps complex systems running in a building where everything must work perfectly.

"Maintenance logs, I need to see them."

He looks at the floor before he answers. "The logs from before the accident were taken by the insurance investigation. Never returned to hotel files."

"And the ones documenting the operational problems? The jerking, the grinding sounds, the leveling issues?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Detective."

A voice from the doorway: "I do."

An older man in maintenance coveralls stands there, grease under his fingernails, white hair under his cap. "Martin Schmidt. Worked with Stefan for two years."

The chief engineer puts his hand up. "Schmidt, you should..."

"I'm talking to the detective." Schmidt comes into the office, ignores his supervisor. "Stefan knew that motor was failing. Documented everything: the brush wear, the bearing noise, the voltage problems. Wrote it all up proper, submitted reports to management every week for six weeks straight."

"Those reports..." the chief engineer starts.

"Vanished." Schmidt turns to face me. "After Stefan died, suddenly nobody could find his maintenance reports. But I saw them. He was thorough. That motor was bad from the start, never should've passed certification."

"The motor had been certified safe by a licensed testing laboratory," the chief engineer says carefully. "Everything was by the book."

"Stefan said the certification was wrong. Said the paperwork didn't match what he was seeing in the equipment." Schmidt meets my eyes. "He was going to file a formal complaint with the city. Then the motor failed and he was at the bottom of the shaft. February 22nd. Remember it like it was yesterday."

"Mr. Schmidt, that's enough—"

"I'm sixty-three. Six months to pension. What are they gonna do, fire me twice?" He turns back to me. "You want to know who certified that motor? Check with whoever handles electrical testing contracts."

The chief engineer nods reluctantly. "Electrical Testing Laboratories handles most of our certifications. Their offices are over on East End Avenue. We don't keep copies of the technical reports, just

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

the final approval stamps."

"Stefan... What was his last name? What kind of man was he?"

"Stefan Clausen." Schmidt looks at the wall for a moment. "He was the best kind of man. Careful, honest, wouldn't cut corners. He was going to make sure every elevator in this building was safe, no matter whom he had to fight." He brings his eyes back to me. "Got him killed for it."

Circle **Marker C1** on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-3218

*M. W-C. (4-8651 on p.232) contd.*

Footsteps inside, then quiet. A woman's voice from inside: "Who is it?"

"Detective Deverell, Manhattan Police. I need to ask you some questions."

Another long pause. "Do you have a warrant?"

Circle **Marker Y2** on your case tracking sheet.

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-4396 (p.358).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-8847 (p.330).

# 3-3306

*181 E. 2nd St, EV-61*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I track down the name from the *Daily Worker*'s payment ledger and knock on the door.

"You just missed them," I'm told. "Out on assignment. These freelance types are always chasing stories around the city. Could be back tonight, could be tomorrow... depends on the story."

I leave my card and continue my investigation elsewhere.

# 3-3325

*Whispering Harbors Cemetery (6-3491 on p.308) contd.*

As soon as I get out of the cemetery I catch the tail. Black Alfa Romeo, keeping distance, but not enough distance. They watched me stand at Stefan Clausen's grave. Watched me talk to the caretaker.

Now they know about the flowers. About the woman who visits every Saturday. About "immer weiß."

They weren't just following me. They were learning. Building a picture. A woman who visits a grave every week, brings white flowers, speaks German to the caretaker.

That's not anonymous anymore. That's a pattern. A schedule. A target.

I walk faster, thinking through the angles. Saturday... If she shows up at the cemetery like clockwork, and they're watching...

The old man taught me to think three moves ahead. I just handed them the game.

☑ Tick *5* OTHER boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-3799

*De Rose, F.*
*950 Park Ave, CM-58 (apt. 1b)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

950 Park Avenue's the kind of building where the doorman wears more brass than a navy officer. He calls upstairs, gets a nod, waves me through.

F. De Rose turns out to be Francesco, mid-forties, silk pocket square, the smell of expensive cologne. The apartment behind him is mahogany and Persian rugs.

"Detective. An unusual visit."

"Mr. De Rose. You own an Alfa Romeo."

"A black one. 6C Gran Sport. Very visible." A small smile. "Is there some confusion?"

"Tracking one myself. Just ruling out the other Alfas in the neighborhood."

"Of course." He folds his arms in the doorway, more curious than concerned.

"Where do you have it serviced?"

"There's only one shop in this city that knows Italian engineering. Third Avenue, around 84th." A small pause. "He'll service any Alfa Romeo on the East Side. We're a small fraternity."

# 3-4352

*Hint for Document 7 (p.452) contd.*

Hint: The newspaper morgue files editions by date. The accounting department's freelance ledger shows when K. White was paid: articles would have been published shortly before payment.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-4432

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Certification Archives (6-0676 on p.294) contd.*

The old man glances at a faded photograph on the wall. Thomas Edison himself, shaking hands with someone in this very basement, 1897 stamped in the corner.

"Thirty-six years I've been filing papers down here. Started when the old man was still running the show." He taps the photo. "Met him twice, after the electric chair made him famous — or infamous, depending who you ask. Deaf as a post by then, but sharp. He'd have had words for what goes on upstairs these days."

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for learning about ETL's origins as Edison's testing laboratory.

He's about to say more when footsteps echo on the stairs above us.

Heavy footsteps. Deliberate.

"That'll be Mr. Saunders... Armitage's boss. He don't like people down here without his say-so." He lowers his voice. "I asked you if you had a note from him, understand?"

Saunders appears at the top of the stairs, his silhouette backlit by the hallway light above. He starts down slowly, each step measured.

"Detective." His voice echoes in the stairwell. "Miss Nowak mentioned you were asking about our archives. I'm afraid they're company property. Confidential client information."

"Just having a conversation with your maintenance man here about building layout. Making sure I've seen everything."

Saunders reaches the bottom step. Up close, his smile is cold. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

"I was just..."

"Leaving." He doesn't raise his voice. Doesn't need to. "Right now, Detective. Unless you'd like me to call someone at the NYPD and explain how you're interfering with a private business?"

I hold his stare until I'm ready to go, then step back into the hallway.

As I climb the stairs, I glance back once. Saunders is still there, watching me go, making sure I leave his basement alone.

Return to 4-4829 (p.211)

# 3-4966

*Carmine Maranzano*
*255 Canal St, LI-40*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The cold stares follow me through the loading dock. Carmine's waiting in the back office, already pouring from the tall green bottle. Small shrine to the Virgin Mary on the shelf behind him. Photo on his desk in a cheap black wooden frame: two kids, maybe ten years old, arms around each other's shoulders. I don't look at it long.

"Jackie." He slides my glass over. "Sit."

The Amaro tastes like flowers and old confessionals. We drink in silence.

If you have circled **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-4645 (p.314).

# 3-5189

*Canvas area around block CT-43*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 3-5275

*Home of Beatrice Becker (7-6245 on p.363) contd.*

I ring the bell. A curtain twitches in the second-floor window. The footsteps take their time coming down.

The door opens. Beatrice Becker stands there, spectacles still on, still in her work clothes. Her expression could freeze the East River.

“Detective.” She’s been expecting this.

“Miss Becker. Mind if I ask you a few more questions?”

“I do, actually.” She doesn’t move from the doorway. “I answered your questions at the laboratory. During business hours. As is appropriate.”

“Sometimes people remember things after they’ve had time to think.”

“I remember everything, Detective. It’s part of my job. What I don’t remember is inviting you to my home.”

She scans the street past my shoulder before her eyes come back to me.

“Put your questions in writing, Detective. I’ll check the arithmetic.”

The door closes. Firmly. Not quite a slam, but close.



# 3-5291

*Hint for Document 9 (p.454) contd.*

Hint: The newspaper morgue files editions by date. The accounting department's freelance ledger shows when K. White was paid: articles would have been published shortly before payment.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-5391

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse – Kitchen (contd. from 1-4765 on p.61)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A small window over the sink frames a view of the alley, the fire escape and some clotheslines, and the back of another building like this one.

The gas range looks like it came with the place and hasn't been lit since. Not a spot of grease on the burners, not a ring stain on the iron grates. The icebox holds nothing but milk gone sour and a half-eaten tin of sardines, the metal edges sharp with rust.

The drawers reveal the sparse arsenal: a single dented pot gathering dust, two mismatched plates, and cutlery for one. Even the dish towels hang unused and pristine.

Return to 1-4765 (p.61)



# 3-6302

*Home of Manuel van Dyk (6-7249 on p.321) contd.*

I'm halfway down the block when I see it. Black Alfa Romeo, sliding past slow. Same car from the illegal gambling operation...

They watched me go into Manuel's building. A cop visiting the Tuesday night dealer from the gambling joint.

Manuel's got his brother to take care of. And now whoever's driving that Alfa knows the police are interested in Manuel van Dyk. Knows there's a connection worth investigating.

I showed up at the gambling joint asking about Armitage. Now I'm visiting one of their dealers at home.

Smart, Jack. Real smart.

The card dealer just drew attention he can't afford. And his brother's along for the ride.

☑ Tick **3** OTHER boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-6331

*Canvas area around block YV-61*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Manuel deals cards at the underground gambling joint where Sal works... If someone from that basement connects me to his door, they'll know he's involved. And those people don't forgive.

I take the long way through Yorkville, cutting down alleys, stopping to check reflections. Double back on 82nd, circle the block on 80th. Watch every parked car. The residential quiet works in my favor.

No Alfa Romeo. No one is watching.

Manuel keeps dealing. His cards stay hidden.

Circle **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-6411

*Home of Angus Lombardo*
*444 E. 68th St, LH-46*

 Time advances 30 minutes.

No answer at Lombardo's second-floor walkup. His white Buick isn't on the street. A neighbor heading downstairs mentions he works odd hours: "always coming and going at strange times." Patient men who stake out debtors don't keep regular schedules.

# 3-6570

*Hint for Document 5 (p.450) contd.*

Hint: When surveying the townhouse, check the sitting room carefully. Armitage was reading something when he died.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-6695

*Home of Margaret Nowak*
*436 E. 83rd St, YV-50*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I stop in front of a six-story brick apartment building on East 83rd Street. I find the entrance and check the directory: Nowak, M.

If it is before 4:30 pm, go to 3-9881 (p.183).

If it is 4:30 pm or after, go to 8-3098 (p.388).

# 3-6793

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company (2-4359 on p.109) contd.*

The Allis-Chalmers receptionist is professional but firm. “I’m sorry, Detective, but our vendor relationships and certification records are proprietary business information. We can’t discuss them without proper legal authorization.” She’s clearly dealt with this before, probably industrial espionage concerns. “If you obtain a warrant, we’ll be happy to cooperate fully with the police department. Until then, I’m afraid I can’t help you.” She hands me a business card for their legal counsel.



# 3-6861

*Betsy Lonn*
*1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (2nd floor)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

At the Office of the City Clerk on the second floor of the Municipal Building, I find Betsy Lonn leaning invitingly over her counter, popping bubblegum. “Hiya, Jack,” she says, with a wide smile. Betsy could not be more of a contrast to Veronica Bonner over at the Hall of Records.

“Hiya, Bets. How’s life treatin’ ya?”

“Can’t complain,” she says, running a hand through her curly blond hair. “What can I do for you today, Jack? Come to ask me on a date?”

“Sorry Bets, I’m on a case. I was just passin’ through.”

“Ain’t you always.” She snaps her gum. “Well, you know what I got here. Property records, deeds, liens, assessments. All the boring stuff that makes the city run.” She leans a little closer. “What’re you looking for? Someone’s real estate holdings? Tax liens?”

“I might need vital records. Births, deaths, that sort of thing.”

“Oh, that’s not me, sweetheart. But you’re in the right building.” She pulls a scrap of paper from under the counter and scribbles on it. “Fourth floor for births and deaths, third floor for marriages.” She slides the paper across to me. “Course, they only got what happened here in the five boroughs. Anybody born overseas, married somewhere else...” She shrugs. “You’d have to go through a consulate, and good luck with that.”

I pocket the paper: 8-9869 for the Registrar of Births and Deaths, and 7-1950 for Marriage and Divorce.

“Thanks, Bets. I owe you one.”

“You owe me more than one, Detective.” She gives me a look that suggests she’s keeping count. “Rain check on that date?”

“Rain check,” I say, and head for the elevator.

# 3-6951

*COINS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I stare at the metal containers. There, in the middle, Tuesday night's take... waiting to be counted.

"How many customers use these coffee dispensers on a given day?"

"Hundreds, I told you, Detective..."

"And how many bodies have you got piled up outside?"

His face goes red. "Now wait just a minute..."

"Hundreds of people. Same machine. Same coffee. Only one man died." I let that sit for a moment. "If your machine was used to kill him, something had to trigger it. Something specific to his transaction."

The manager has a protest ready and swallows it. He looks at the coin containers. "But..."

"I'm seizing Tuesday night's collection as evidence."

"You can't just..." He stops himself, glances at the warrant in my hand. "Fine. But I want a receipt. And I want it on record that Horn & Hardart is cooperating fully with this investigation."

"Noted."

He pulls out a pad, starts writing with angry little strokes. I lift the container marked COFFEE STATION, TUES 11/1. Heavy. Hundreds of nickels, each one dropped by a customer who walked out alive.

Except maybe one.

Circle **Marker U1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-7027

*Hotel Taft (5-9693 on p.287) contd.*

I show the warrant. The clerk's smile becomes strained. "I'll send for him."

The chief engineer arrives ten minutes later, a nervous man in his forties with the harried look of someone keeping twenty-two stories of machinery running. "This about the switchboard?"

"You tell me."

He leads me to a maintenance office off the service corridor. The walls are lined with circuit diagrams and maintenance schedules. "Four hundred lines. Management wanted it operational by November 1st to attract business travelers." He gestures at a promotional mockup on his desk. "They had brochures printed and distributed before the equipment was even certified."

"Any problems since installation?"

He hesitates, glancing at the door. "It's only been operational a couple days, but... the lights flicker when the switchboard's under heavy load. And the equipment room gets warm during peak hours. Warmer than I'd like." He wipes his forehead.

"You planning to report these problems?"

"I was going to give it a week, see if it's just initial operation issues. But if it keeps up..." He trails off. "Management won't be happy if I'm saying there's problems with equipment they're advertising all over Manhattan... and the certification says it's safe."

"Management pushed hard to get this certified quickly?"

He looks at his hands. "They had the marketing campaign planned, reservations booked based on the new service. Couldn't afford delays." He shifts uncomfortably. "Look, Detective, I don't know what arrangements were made between hotel management and ETL. That's for the men upstairs. I just keep the equipment running."

# 3-7037

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse (2-7540 on p.125) contd.*

A patrolman sits on Armitage's stoop, looking bored. Sawhorses block the sidewalk, a length of rope strung between them. The neighbors have found other things to watch.

"Scene's closed." He doesn't stand.

I flash tin. "Detective Deverell."

He squints at my badge, shrugs. "All yours, Detective." Go to 1-4765 (p.61)

# 3-7303

*Bitter Business (p.435) contd.*

“You’ll have my full report by end of day.”

“Good.” A pause. “And Jack? Keep it clean.”

“Always do, Chief.”

Circle **Marker J2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone knowing full well that I will write *two* reports. One for the Chief, official and complete. The other goes into an unmarked envelope, left at Charlie’s usual stool at D’Anna’s. I need to do this... to ease my mind.

The courts move slow. The *New York Times* doesn’t.

Outside, the city doesn’t care. Go to Fading Footprints (p.439)

# 3-7336

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Accounting Office (contd. from 4-4829 on p.211)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

"I need to see the accounting department. Where can I find them?"

Nowak looks up, hesitant. "Fourth floor. Our accountant handles the books. But I don't know if she'll..."

"I'll take my chances."

I climb the stairs to the fourth floor and find a small office tucked at the end of the hall. A nameplate reads "Chief Accountant."

I knock and push the door open. A narrow woman with half-moon spectacles and a pencil behind one ear looks up from a ledger, her expression sharp behind wire-rimmed spectacles.

"I'm investigating what happened to Sir Teddy Armitage and I need to ask about his salary. What did he earn here?"

She opens a file cabinet and pulls out a personnel folder. "Sir Teddy earned $180 on the first Monday of each month. That's $2,160 annually. Chief engineer's salary."

That's decent money for 1932, but not Carnegie Mansion money. "Did he ever request salary advances?"

"That would be a matter between him and Mr. Saunders. I only process what I'm authorized to process." Her tone is careful, neutral.

"What about bonuses? Extra compensation for special projects?"

"ETL doesn't have a bonus structure. Any additional compensation would be arranged privately by management." She closes the folder. "Is there anything else, Detective? I have end-of-month reconciliations to complete."

She's giving me nothing, and she knows it. Whatever Armitage's financial situation was, he kept it private, and she isn't about to speculate.

"That's all for now. Thank you for your time."

Return to 4-4829 (p.211)

# 3-7551

*American Telephone and Telegraph (1-2897 on p.46) contd.*

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-3390 (p.49).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 6-4405 (p.313).

# 3-7610

*A. Clausen, Columbia University Faculty Building*
*3022 Broadway, MS-63*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The faculty housing smells faintly of chalk and stale coffee. A young man in rolled sleeves opens the door, Broadway noise drifting in from the street.

"A. Clausen?"

"Albert. What's this about?"

I show my badge. "Detective Deverell. I'm investigating some industrial accidents, including the elevator incident at the Carlyle Hotel. Stefan Clausen."

"My brother." He lets that sit. "February. Insurance called it an accident. Case closed." He leans against the doorframe. "So why are you here now?"

"I'm looking into the certification process. Stefan documented safety problems before he died."

"Those reports vanished. Hotel said they never existed." His grip tightens on the doorframe. "In this city, papers disappear when money talks. And when the man raising the alarm is fresh off the boat from Germany, nobody listens. My brother was careful, Detective. He didn't make mistakes."

"Your brother was married?"

"Yes. Maria left Lenox Hill after a few months. Said she couldn't stay. I haven't seen her since. She met Stefan in Germany, married there before they came over in 1930. After he died she shut everyone out. Can't say I blame her."

"You know where she moved to?"

"When I asked where she was going, she just said 'close enough to visit.' Wouldn't explain." He pauses. "She's private, always was. Makes her living translating technical German documents. Look, Detective, my brother's widow isn't involved in whatever you're investigating. Leave her alone. She's been through enough."

Circle **Marker R1** on your case tracking sheet.

If you have **not** circled **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-1391 (p.141).

# 3-7789

*Dr. Heinrich Michels (4-7384 on p.224) contd.*

Scan the QR code (or click/tap it if viewing digitally) to add audio ambiance to this scene.

The phonograph plays something mournful. Sparse piano, the same phrase repeating like it can't let go.

"Chopin. Polish." Michels waves his unlit pipe at the phonograph. "We spent centuries killing each other. Then someone sits down at a piano and..." He shrugs. "Emperors draw borders. Mothers bury sons. Chopin just wrote what it sounded like."

His eyes drift to a photograph on the wall. An old portrait: a woman in formal dress, a young man in a soldier's uniform.

"My sister. Her son. The war."

I take the chair across from him. "I'm sorry."

"It was a long time ago." He sets down the pipe, finally looks at me. "You are investigating in Yorkville, ja?"

"Seems like everything connects back there."

"I know that neighborhood. Know those families." He picks up the pipe again, turns it over in his fingers. "Precision workers. Watchmakers, machinists. My father was one. You learn to pay attention to small details. A gear tooth off by a hundredth of an inch... the whole mechanism fails."

"And?"

"And nothing." He taps the pipe against his palm. "I am only saying: people who work with precision, they notice things. Small things. They remember." He glances at the photograph again. "Especially when someone they love is taken from them. Grief does strange things to careful people, Jack. It gives them... Konzentration." He frowns. "Focus."

"That sounds like a warning."

"An observation." The music finally rests in a single chord, then silence. "In a community like that, my boy, if your Englishman made enemies, someone knows. The question is what they decided to do about it."

# 3-8193

*Hint for Document 6 (p.451) contd.*

Hint: Visit the *Daily Worker* offices and ask to speak with the accounting department.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-8325

*CHUTE*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

"See anything suspicious, Detective?"

I don't. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

"Satisfied?" There's an edge in his voice now. "My machines don't kill people."

I step back. This isn't the answer.

# 3-8327

*Cafe Heidelberg*
*1648 2nd Ave, YV-36*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Cafe Heidelberg's a morning operation: German Viennoiseries and coffee for the Yorkville breakfast crowd. The proprietor opens at six and closes at three, serving croissants and conversation in his mother tongue. It's the kind of place where working men stop before their shifts, not after.

# 3-8358

*Dunne, Charles, Apt 2b (3-0357 on p.136) contd.*

A neighbor in paint-splattered overalls leans against the doorframe and shakes his head. “Charlie? Nah, he’s down at that communist rag until past five most days. Always stomping up the stairs afterward, muttering about the bosses and waving his arms around.” The man chuckles. “Good heart though. Slipped my kid a nickel when we got behind on rent last month.”



# 3-8449

*East River Homes*
*517 E. 77th St, LH-8*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The superintendent's office smells of pipe tobacco and radiator steam. A heavyset man in work clothes looks up from his ledger.

"Clausen?" He sets down his pen. "Sure, I remember them. Nice couple, quiet. The husband died in February... accident at some hotel. Terrible thing." He shakes his head. "The wife moved out a few months later. Couldn't blame her. Don't know where she went. Paid up through June and left the keys with me. Didn't leave a forwarding address."

# 3-8451

*Howard Johnson's (Carnegie Mansion)*
*158 E. 84th St, CM-52*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Howard Johnson's in Carnegie Mansion closes at nine. It's one of those bright, cheerful roadside operations that somehow ended up in Manhattan with its twenty-eight flavors.

# 3-8690

*Home of Otis Ernst (2-0987 on p.89) contd.*

I knock. A pause... someone checking the window... then the door opens halfway.

Ernst stands there in shirtsleeves, spectacles pushed up, pencil behind his ear. Behind him, actuarial textbooks and a chalkboard full of probability equations.

"Detective." He blinks. "The probability of you finding my home address was higher than I'd estimated."

"Few more questions."

He doesn't move from the doorway. "I spoke to you at the office. Through proper channels. There's a reason I live at a half-address."

"Cases don't always respect office hours."

He checks the hallway before he answers. "I gave you everything I could at Liberty Mutual. The numbers don't lie. What you do with them is your business." He lowers his voice. "Just be careful whose patterns you're disrupting. Some of them push back."

The door clicks shut.

# 3-9598

*Hint for Marker U1 (p.468) contd.*

Hint: Use the cipher to investigate COINS (C=3, O=6, I=9, N=5, S=1 = lead 3-6951 (p.165)). Tuesday night's collection can be seized as evidence.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 3-9661

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Mr. Saunders' office (6-1877 on p.301) contd.*

I pull out the newspaper clipping. "Recognize this?"

Saunders glances at the article. His smile doesn't waver. His eyes do.

"*The Daily Worker*." He says it like he's naming a disease. "Communist rag. What about it?"

"This journalist. K. White. Writes about industrial accidents. Equipment failures. Certification fraud."

"I'm not sure what you're implying, Detective."

"I'm not implying anything. I'm asking if Armitage ever mentioned being concerned about someone investigating ETL's certification practices."

The mask slips. Just for a second, but I catch it. Saunders's hand moves to straighten his already-straight tie, and when he speaks again, his voice has lost its practiced smoothness.

"Teddy was... worried. The last few weeks." Saunders moves to the window, putting his back to me. "He mentioned someone was asking questions. Poking around in old cases. He didn't say who."

"And what did he do about it?"

Saunders stays at the window. "He said he was handling it. I didn't ask what that meant." He turns back, and now I can see it clearly: fear. "I didn't want to know."

"Handling it how?"

"I told you. I didn't ask." His composure is back now, but it's brittle. "Sir Teddy had connections. People who owed him favors. That's all I know."

"And now he's dead."

Saunders's face goes pale. I let him work through it: if someone killed Armitage over those investigations, he might be next.

Return to 6-1877 (p.301).

# 3-9782

*Hint for Marker N1 (p.463) contd.*

Hint: Someone who develops their own photographs would need a darkroom with various chemicals. To search a residence, you'll need a warrant and the suspect's address.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 3-9881

*Home of Margaret Nowak (3-6695 on p.162) contd.*

I press the buzzer. No answer.

A woman coming out with a shopping bag shakes her head. “You looking for Margaret? She don’t get home from work till after four thirty usually. Works down at that electrical place.”

I tip my hat. “I’ll come back.”



# 3-9922

*Adamov, Felix (8-2588 on p.385) contd.*

Felix Adamov has the steady demeanor of a man who believes facts speak louder than fury. His desk is organized chaos, neat stacks, careful files, a typewriter that's seen a thousand stories.

Ask him about C. Dunne, go to 2-1087 (p.90), then return here.

Ask him about K. White, go to 6-8810 (p.329), then return here.



# 4

# 4-0231

*Home of Manuel van Dyk (6-7249 on p.321) contd.*

"You deal cards. Tuesday nights at that place on 87th Street."

His hand freezes on the door. For a moment he doesn't breathe.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure you don't. Poker tables, whiskey that isn't supposed to exist, and a clientele that pays cash."

Manuel's face goes the color of old newspaper. "You vice squad?"

"Homicide." I let that word hang there. "Armitage. Sir Teddy. Talk to me about Tuesday night."

His mouth works once before he answers. "The Englishman. Regular customer."

"You saw him Tuesday night?"

"Ja. He was there."

"What time did he leave?"

"Ten. Maybe later. He was winning." Manuel shifts. "I deal cards, Detective. I don't ask questions."

"Armitage is dead."

His eyes widen. "And you think... what? That I had something to do with it?"

"Did you?"

"No." He crosses his arms. "I dealt cards. That's all."

Return to 6-7249 (p.321).



# 4-0496

*M. W-C. (6-8847 on p.330) contd.*

"You did translation work for Horn & Hardart. The automat on East 86th Street."

"Yes. Technical translation. Their German equipment manuals." She crosses her arms. "Is there a problem?"

"You spent considerable time examining the actual equipment."

"Of course I did. You can't translate technical specifications without understanding the machinery. The original equipment came from Germany: Sielaff's factory in Berlin. My father worked in precision engineering there before we came to America. I understand how these systems operate, which is why Horn & Hardart hired me rather than some translator who would simply convert words without comprehending the mechanics."

A slight edge enters her voice. "Is that what this is about? You think a woman can't understand automat machinery?"

"I'm just trying to understand your work."

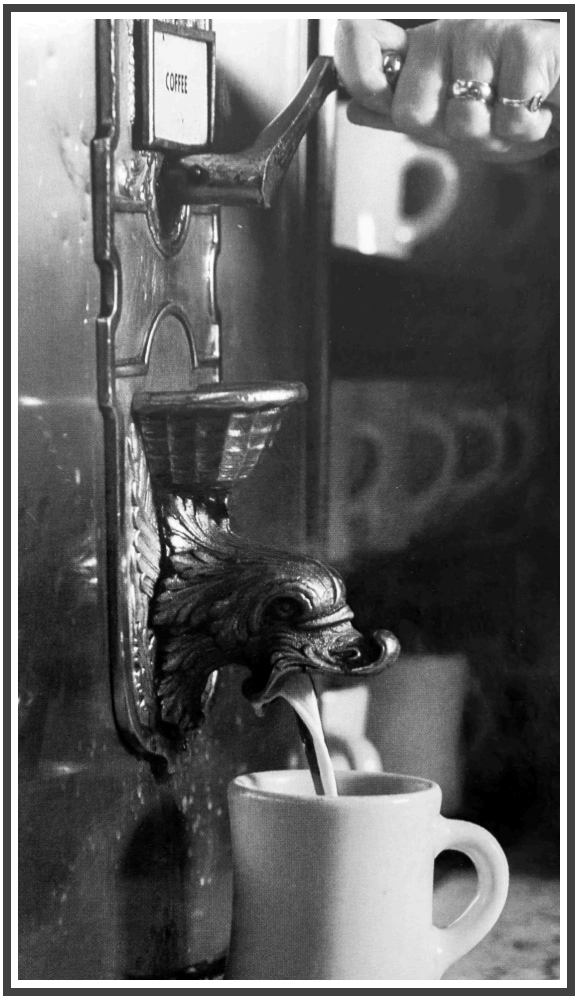
"My work is translating German industrial documents so American companies can maintain their equipment properly. It's honest, skilled labor, Detective."

Return to 6-8847 (p.330).

# 4-0503

*Horn & Hardart Automat (Carnegie Mansion) (4-9974 on p.240) contd.*

I study the coffee station from across the room. The famous dolphin-head spouts gleam under the lights. Drop a nickel, press the lever, hot coffee pours out. Simple for the customer. But there's a lot of machinery behind that brass facade.




The nickel thrower catches me looking. "Something else?"

"The coffee machines. I'd like to take a closer look... I need to see the back room. The machinery itself."

She raises an eyebrow. "That's not my department. You'd need the floor manager." A pause. "He covers three locations. Might take a while..."

She picks up a telephone receiver, dials, waits. "There's a police detective here with a warrant... Needs access to the back room. One of our regulars is dead." A pause. "Yes sir. I'll tell him."

She hangs up. "He can be here in about three hours. You want to wait, or come back?"

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **What**: Horn & Hardart Automat – Back Room Visit
- **When**: 3 hours from now. If this time is after this day's evening event, trigger it right **before** the evening event.
- **Where to go**: 7-4582 (p.359)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.



# 4-0992

*Something on my mind (6-8021 on p.327) contd.*

I don't even know where she's living now. Can't protect someone you can't find. All I can do is hope the shadows hunting her are as lost as I am. Go to 3-2663 (p.143)



# 4-1236

*Canvas area around block TS-58*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 4-1345

*VALVE*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 4-1379

*Hint for Document 17 (p.457) contd.*

Hint: Entries about cyanide might be helpful: 2-0118 (p.83) or 2-0119 (p.84).

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-1560

*Carlyle Hotel (7-2252 on p.350) contd.*

"I'd still like to speak with your chief engineer."

"I'm afraid that would require authorization from management. If you'd like to submit a formal request..." He's already reaching for hotel stationery, the universal signal that I'm being processed out of existence.

The Carlyle just came through foreclosure last year, new ownership trying to establish themselves. The last thing they need is a detective dredging up dead maintenance men. Without a warrant, these walls stay up.



# 4-1726

*Canvas area around block CC-54*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 4-1955

*Import Auto Service (6-3759 on p.311) contd.*

As I get out of the garage, the Alfa Romeo is waiting at the corner. Sal leans against the fender, hat tipped back, cigarette burning low between his fingers.

“Detective.”

“Mr. Rocca.”

He doesn’t blink at the name. Doesn’t ask how I got it.

“Armitage is dead. Poisoned Tuesday night.”

A long beat. The cigarette doesn’t move.

“Whoever hired you to find his journalist isn’t writing checks anymore. You’re off the hook.”

Sal flicks ash into the gutter. Watches it scatter.

I turn and walk. Don’t look back. Behind me the Alfa’s engine starts, then idles. He sits with it for a long minute.

Then he drives off.

Circle **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet.Circle **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet.Circle **Marker E2** on your case tracking sheet.Circle **Marker H1** on your case tracking sheet.Circle **Marker R2** on your case tracking sheet.Circle **Marker Y1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-2856

*New York Public Library – History & Biography (1-8347 on p.73) contd.*

I find the almanac on the reference shelf and flip to February.

Washington's Birthday. The 22nd. Same date every year, fixed by federal statute since '79.

I close the book and slide it back on the shelf.

Years on this job and I came to the public library to confirm what every kid learns in the third grade. The old man would have something to say about that.

But now I know which file to pull.

Return to 1-8347 (p.73).



# 4-3017

*Canvas area around block LH-19*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.

# 4-3242

*M. W-C. (7-0368 on p.341) contd.*

"Your article about the Carlyle Hotel. The elevator accident."

Her composure cracks slightly. "You read that."

"The maintenance reports vanished. The certification said the equipment was safe."

"It wasn't safe." Her hands clench. "Stefan documented the problems for weeks. They ignored him. Then he died, and suddenly all his reports disappeared." She turns away, then back. "Is that why you're here? To tell me the case is still closed? That no one will be held accountable?"

"I'm investigating a death. Sir Teddy Armitage."

I watch her face carefully. Nothing. Just careful neutrality.

"I don't know that name." She stops herself. "Then I hope his death was less painful than my husband's. Stefan fell four stories when that motor failed. It took him forty minutes to die... Forty minutes," she says. "Longer than anyone bothered to listen. Is there anything else, Detective?"

Return to 7-0368 (p.341).

# 4-3428

*Adamov, Felix (8-2588 on p.385) contd.*

An elderly woman with flour on her apron emerges from the adjacent apartment. “Mr. Adamov works very late at the newspaper office. Very serious man, very quiet. Always carries his papers in a neat leather satchel.” She adjusts her glasses. “He helped my grandson with his English homework once. Patient teacher, that one.”

# 4-3470

*Municipal Building, Registrar of Marriage & Divorce (7-1950 on p.346) contd.*

I approach the clerk and show my badge. “I need a marriage record. Clausen. Stefan and Maria. Sometime in the last ten years.”

She disappears into the stacks and I wait, watching the young couple whisper to each other. After a few minutes she returns empty-handed.

“Nothing under Clausen,” she says. “Not in Manhattan, not in any of the five boroughs. You sure they were married here?”

I think about the death certificate. Stefan Clausen, birthplace Denmark. His wife Maria, listed as next of kin. If they didn’t marry in New York, they could have married anywhere. Amsterdam. Berlin. Some village church I’ll never find records for.

“Thanks anyway,” I say. Another dead end. The city keeps thorough records of its own, but the rest of the world doesn’t file copies with the Municipal Building.

# 4-3550

*Cornell Medical Center*
*525 E. 68th St, LH-43*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The lobby smells of new paint and fresh tile. The building only opened this year, and everything still gleams. The nurse at the polished reception desk consults her ledger when I ask about workers from the Rockefeller Center sites.

“We don’t admit workmen’s compensation patients here, Detective. Voluntary hospital, not municipal.”

Back to the street.

# 4-3695

*Hint for Marker Z1 (p.472) contd.*

Hint: ETL keeps archived certification records in their basement. You'll need authorization from Saunders to access them. Having a warrant helps.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 4-3726

*Hint for Document 9 (p.454) contd.*

Hint: The ledger shows K. White was paid on Friday September 16th. Articles arrive on Monday and run on Tuesday. I did find a calendar, didn't I?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-3884

*Hint for Document 11 (p.455) contd.*

Hint: Ask to see file 3-0222 (p.133)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-3968

*Home of Manuel van Dyk (6-7249 on p.321) contd.*

"The crane brake was certified safe by Electrical Testing Laboratories. Allis-Chalmers equipment."

Something flashes across his face... recognition, anger. "Ja. ETL certified it. And here sits my brother, paralyzed for life."

"Sir Teddy worked there. Chief engineer."

"I know." The words come out tight, controlled. "Everyone in the neighborhood knows. People talk."

"Armitage is dead. Poisoned Tuesday night."

Manuel looks away. "A lot of people had reason to want that man dead, Detective. Everyone whose brother or father or son was hurt by equipment he certified." He turns back to me. "But I didn't kill him, if that's what you're asking."

"Did someone approach you? Someone angry about Willem's accident?"

A pause too long. "People in the neighborhood know what happened to Willem. Some of them... expressed sympathy. Asked if there was anything they could do."

"Who?"

"I don't remember names. Just neighbors." He shifts uncomfortably. "Is that all?"

Return to 6-7249 (p.321).

# 4-4039

*Bitter Business (p.435) contd.*

He interrupts me.

"Jack, drop it. Now. That's an order. We've done enough damage already. Write what you know, the rest is up to the DA."

Circle **Marker W2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone. Outside, the city doesn't care. Go to Fading Footprints (p.439)

# 4-4128

*Hint for Marker Z1 (p.472) contd.*

Hint: Go to certification record 9-0089 (p.400)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-4257

*Canvas area around block CM-43*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 4-4415

*Green Fields Cemetery (5-1626 on p.254) contd.*

I ask about a Stefan Clausen.

He leans on the rake and thinks. "I'd remember a Clausen, Detective. We're a small ground here. Yorkville families, mostly." He shrugs. "Plenty of other cemeteries in this city. Could be anywhere."

I tip my hat and head out.

Return to 5-1626 (p.254).



# 4-4829

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Reception (contd. from 6-3457 on p.307)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I push through the brass-trimmed doors of the Electrical Testing Laboratories, my fedora dripping from the November drizzle. The lobby has the sharp tang of electrical testing equipment running somewhere in the bowels of the building.

On the wall behind the reception desk, a large framed advertisement proclaims ETL's credentials: inspectors in six cities, testing everything from street lamps to fire alarm systems. At the bottom, in bold letters: "Know by test."

## ELECTRICAL TESTING LABORATORIES

80th Street and East End Avenue, New York

**Inspectors Located in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, San Francisco**

Founded in 1897 as an incandescent lamp testing bureau. Incorporated in 1900 under the laws of the State of New York, Electrical Testing Laboratories is now comprised of fully equipped electrical, mechanical, chemical and photometric laboratories whose fundamental tenet is the scientific determination of facts.

### LIGHTING DEVICES

**Incandescent lamps, street lighting globes,** all types of **reflectors, underground cable,** and **insulators** are tested in large numbers each year. In the field of lamps, the Laboratories is well known both for its extensive testing equipment and its part in the development of the lamp. Services in the illumination field ETL is in a position to render to municipalities are:

Tests of incandescent lamps.
General illumination studies of streets, parks, auditoriums, recreation grounds, etc.
Determination of cable operating characteristics before and after installation.
Inspection of street lighting globes both in the factory and in the field.



LAMP LIFE TESTING

### POWER EQUIPMENT

"Will the new motor purchased lift the drawbridge, what are its operating characteristics, and how long will it last," are the types of question ETL has often answered for city engineers. **Electric motors, pumps** for sanitation and water supply purposes, **conveyors, ventilators, transformers,** have all been tested at one time or another for city governments.



METER TESTING DEPARTMENT

**Meter** testing is an ETL specialty. Precision standards at the Laboratories are calibrated periodically to insure a constantly accurate check on clients' meters.

### SAFETY AIDS

Its constant work with the State governments has enabled the Laboratories to keep abreast of the new developments in this all important field. Whether it be

| | |
|---|---|
| headlamps | X-ray apparatus |
| tail lamps | filters |
| reflex reflectors | therapeutic devices |
| traffic signal lamps | miners' lamps |
| windshield glass | rubber gloves |
| road flares | fire alarm systems |

all of which have been tested during the past year, or any of the other safety devices necessary in maintaining a low accident rate in your city, a test by ETL assures its continued safety.

### MISCELLANEOUS

For more detailed information, however, regarding the services offered, it is recommended that you write for any of the following booklets recently published:

*Fact is Sounder than Fiction,* describing completely the extensive nature of the Laboratories' work.

*How to Judge Lamps,* an introduction to lamp testing.

*Tests on Air Conditioners,* a complete description of the new equipment available for tests in this field.

*Know* ETL *by Test*

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

A receptionist with marcelled waves looks up from her typewriter and waits for me to explain myself.

"May I help you?"

I pull out my badge. "I'm here about Sir Teddy Armitage."

Recognition flashes across her face. "You're with the police? I made the call when he didn't show up for work." She straightens some papers on her desk, anxious. "Has there been any news? We've been so worried. Sir Teddy was never late. Fifteen years, not once. Always marched through that door at eight on the dot, adjusting that gold watch of his. Rain or shine — even with yesterday's downpour, he showed up on time, with not a hair out of place."

I pause. "I'm here to find out more information. You are?"

"Nowak. Margaret Nowak." Her face goes pale. She straightens, one hand gripping the edge of her desk. "How can I help you, Detective?"

Ask to speak to his supervisor, go to 6-1877 (p.301), then return here

Ask to speak to his colleagues, go to 6-3562 (p.309), then return here

Ask to visit his office, go to 2-5882 (p.117), then return here

Ask to visit the accounting department, go to 3-7336 (p.169), then return here

Ask to visit the certification archives, go to 6-0676 (p.294), then return here

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-4143 (p.55), then return here.

# 4-4855

*Something on my mind (1-3201 on p.47) contd.*

I've been in her apartment. Seen enough to know she's neck-deep in whatever got Armitage killed.

She needs to come in. Tonight. Not tomorrow, not first thing in the morning — *tonight*. Every hour she's out there alone is an hour the Alfa has to find her.

But hauling her in now means waking the duty sergeant. Means paperwork, holding cells, explanations. This buys her safety, but it costs me: every favor I've built up, every benefit of the doubt I've earned.

Mark 1 DEMERIT for **EACH mark on your OTHER track**.

It's ***5* pm** on **Friday, November 4th, 1932** (day #**3**), and your case is coming to an end.

If there are still leads you wish to visit before ending the case, you may visit those leads now.

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet if you choose to do so. Consider yourself in overtime. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, and time does not advance past ***5* pm** (ignore any instructions to do so).

Additionally, while in overtime you must mark **1 demerit** on your case tracking sheet for each (time advancing) lead visited.

When you are ready to conclude the case and answer questions, proceed to Conclusion (p.428).

# 4-4982

*Evening of Day 1 (p.21) contd.*

The gambling den. Those types loosen up after dark... More whiskey, looser tongues.

Circle **Marker H2** on your case tracking sheet.

Go to 5-4643 (p.264)

# 4-5007

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse (2-7540 on p.125) contd.*

A white Buick idles at the curb, engine purring. The driver spots me and unfolds himself from behind the wheel: clean suit, good shoes, the kind of polish that makes the threat underneath harder to see.

"You Armitage?" His tone says he already knows I'm not.

"Police."

"Ah." He lights a cigarette, unhurried. "Then we're both waiting on the same man. Angus Lombardo. Loan Leaders." He doesn't offer a hand. "Armitage owes my employer five hundred and change. I've been warming this seat since four o'clock and he hasn't shown. At least not unless he climbed in a window."

Lombardo exhales smoke toward the house. "Man's gotta surface eventually. And when he does, someone will have seen him. Cabbies talk. Doormen talk." A thin smile. "Money finds people, Detective. One way or another."

Return to 2-7540 (p.125)

# 4-5138

*Canvas area around block YV-36*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 4-5373

*Hint for Marker O1 (p.464) contd.*

Hint: Someone who develops their own photographs would need a darkroom with various chemicals. To search a residence, you'll need a warrant and the suspect's address.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-5483

*Yorkville Bank & Trust (5-1822 on p.257) contd.*

The bank's locked up tight, but I can see a janitor mopping inside. I knock and show my badge through the glass. He shakes his head and points at the clock. Then he holds up his hands with all nine fingers, taps his watch, and mouths "tomorrow morning."

# 4-5859

*Evening of Day 1 (p.21) contd.*

Yorkville doesn't sleep, it murmurs. Old men argue in German under streetlamps, shopkeepers sweep stoops that were clean an hour ago, windows glow above butcher shops and bakeries. A neighborhood like this doesn't give up its secrets. You earn them.

**You gained the following bonus**: Tomorrow, you can visit **1** lead in the Yorkville neighborhood for free (time does not advance).

Circle **Marker G2** on your case tracking sheet.

If you have not visited lead 5-7449, go to 5-7449 (p.272), then return here.

Return to Evening of Day 1 (p.21).

# 4-6368

*M. W-C. (7-0368 on p.341) contd.*

"You photograph your own stories."

"I know what evidence I need. What angles matter. What details make it stick." She gestures to the shelves. "Easier to do it myself than explain to a photographer why I want a broken valve housing instead of a dramatic shot of grieving widows."

I scan her shelves for photography books: modern manuals, chemical formularies, an old leather volume titled *The Silver Sunbeam*.

"That's an old one," I say, nodding at it.

"1864. But the chemistry hasn't changed much. Fixers, silver salts, development." She shrugs. "The fundamentals stay put." A pause. "Is there something you're investigating, Detective, or are you inventorying my bookshelf?"

The faint bite of chemicals drifts from the converted closet at the back. I move toward it.

"May I?"

"If you must."

The darkroom is tight, but disciplined. Red safelight. Trays laid out with care. An enlarger bolted to the bench. Shelves lined with labeled bottles and jars. I read them off: sodium thiosulfate, sulphuric acid, silver nitrate, potassium bromide, hydroquinone, yellow prussiate of potash. I wish I'd paid more attention in school.

"Standard stock," she says from the doorway. "Any camera shop in the city sells the same."

Circle **Marker O1** on your case tracking sheet.

Return to 7-0368 (p.341).

# 4-6966

*Canvas area around block YV-65*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 4-6983

*Canvas area around block YV-44*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.



# 4-7232

*Hint for Marker F1 (p.459) contd.*

Hint: Visit the Horn & Hardart back room with a warrant.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 4-7384

*Dr. Heinrich Michels*
*245 Greenwich St, CC-54*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is **before day 2 (Thu Nov 3)**, go to 1-6954 (p.66).

If it is **after day 1 (Wed Nov 2)**, go to 3-7789 (p.172).

# 4-7504

*Canvas area around block EV-56*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.



# 4-7556

*New York Public Library – Arts & Entertainment (8-8723 on p.395) contd.*

I browse the stacks for a few minutes, not sure what I'm looking for. Theatre histories. Sheet music collections. Photography manuals going back decades. Nothing jumps out at me as relevant to a man poisoned after a cup of automat coffee.

Maybe I'll know what I need when I find it. Or maybe I'm wasting time.



# 4-7698

*Canvas area around block CT-32*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.

# 4-8183

*Home of William Saunders (5-7776 on p.277) contd.*

The doorman calls up. The answer takes time. He nods me toward the elevator. “Fourth floor. 4B.”

Saunders opens his door before I can knock. He’s in shirtsleeves, a glass of something amber in his hand, and his practiced smile is nowhere to be seen.

“Detective Deverell.” He doesn’t step back from the door. “I don’t recall giving you my home address.”

“Didn’t need you to.”

“No. I suppose not.” He doesn’t invite me in. Behind him, I catch a glimpse of the apartment: leather furniture, a radio cabinet that probably cost more than my monthly salary, framed prints on the walls. The kind of taste that takes money to acquire.

“I already told you everything I know. At the office. Where these conversations are supposed to happen.”

“Conversations happen where I need them to happen.”

The smooth operator from ETL is gone. What’s left is a man who’s been thinking too hard about what happens to people who know too much.

“Am I in danger, Detective? Is that why you’re here?”

“Should you be?”

He takes a long drink. The glass clinks against the table when he sets it down.

“I think you should leave now. Next time, call my lawyer.” The door moves to close. Stops. “And Detective? I’d appreciate it if you didn’t make a habit of visiting my home. The doorman talks.”

The door clicks shut. The deadbolt follows.

# 4-8333

*Veronica Bonner (6-9565 on p.333) contd.*

"Civil lawsuits. Personal injury claims against Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company."

"Third-party liability suits." A flicker of interest. "Workers can't sue employers directly: compensation law. But they can sue the manufacturer of defective equipment." She gestures toward the filing room.

"We'd have complaints, summons, motions. Judgments and settlements, if it got that far." She rises. "Follow me."

The filing room smells of dust and old paper. She pulls a drawer, flips through folders, extracts one.

"van Dyk versus Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing. Filed September 28th. Plaintiff alleges defective electromagnetic brake assembly." She scans the page. "Willem van Dyk. Paralyzed when the brake failed."

"Status?"

"Pending. Defendant filed a motion to dismiss last week." She closes the folder. "Plaintiff's using Legal Aid Society. Allis-Chalmers has three attorneys from Quigley & Clark."

"David and Goliath."

"David had God on his side." She slides the folder back. "Mr. van Dyk has a law student and a filing fee."

Circle **Marker W1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-8347

*Home of Julius Lang*
*1512 1st Ave, LH-3*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A five-story walkup on First Avenue, squeezed between a tailor shop and a Polish deli. The kind of building where the hallways smell like cabbage and radiators clank all night. Lang, J. on the third-floor mailbox.

If it is before 5 pm, go to 2-1940 (p.97).

If it is 5 pm or after, go to 7-6317 (p.365).

# 4-8504

*Home of Beatrice Becker (7-6245 on p.363) contd.*

I ring the bell. No answer. A woman sweeping the stoop next door pauses.

"Miss Becker? She works down at that testing place on East End Avenue." She eyes my badge. "She in some kind of trouble?"

"Just routine questions."

"Hmph." She goes back to sweeping, clearly unconvinced.



# 4-8651

*M. W-C.*
*201 E. 80th St, YV-58*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The building at 201 East 80th is a well-maintained walkup. “W-C, M.” on the second floor.

I knock.

If you have **not** circled **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-3218 (p.147).

If you have circled **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-0407 (p.137).

# 4-8871

*Home of Manuel van Dyk (6-7249 on p.321) contd.*

I set the nickel on the table by the door. Manuel doesn't look at it.

"That's the coin you gave him."

"I gave him a nickel. Could be any nickel."

"Manuel. You're a watchmaker. You modified that coin. The only question is whether you knew what it was going to do, or whether someone told you it was a prank, a marker, a way to settle a debt. Talk to me now and it's manslaughter. Wait until I come back with the warrant and it's murder."

He looks at the workbench. At the half-disassembled watch. At anything but me.

"She said it was for a debt."

The pronoun hangs between us.

Return to 6-7249 (p.321).



# 4-9096

*Canvas area around block LH-7*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Cemetery's exposed. Open sight lines. Anyone following would stick out.

I walk past the entrance, continue up First Avenue, duck into a corner store. Watch through the window for ten minutes. The street stays empty. No black Alfa. No one is loitering.

When I head back, just me and the caretaker among the headstones.

Circle **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-9128

*Hint for Marker Q1 (p.465) contd.*

Hint: *The Daily Worker* handles payments to freelancers through their accounting department. They might remember unusual inquiries.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 4-9131

*DIALS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 4-9201

*Dunne, Charles, Apt 2b (3-0357 on p.136) contd.*

Charles Dunne's got the fervor of a man who sees capitalism as a disease that needs cutting out. Union posters cover his walls, and when he talks, his hands move like he's conducting an orchestra of righteous anger.

Ask him about F. Adamov, go to 7-2249 (p.349), then return here.

Ask him about K. White, go to 2-0655 (p.87), then return here.



# 4-9358

*Canvas area around block YV-39*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 4-9801

*Hint for Document 9 (p.454) contd.*

Hint: Check this archive box: 2-0913 (p.88)

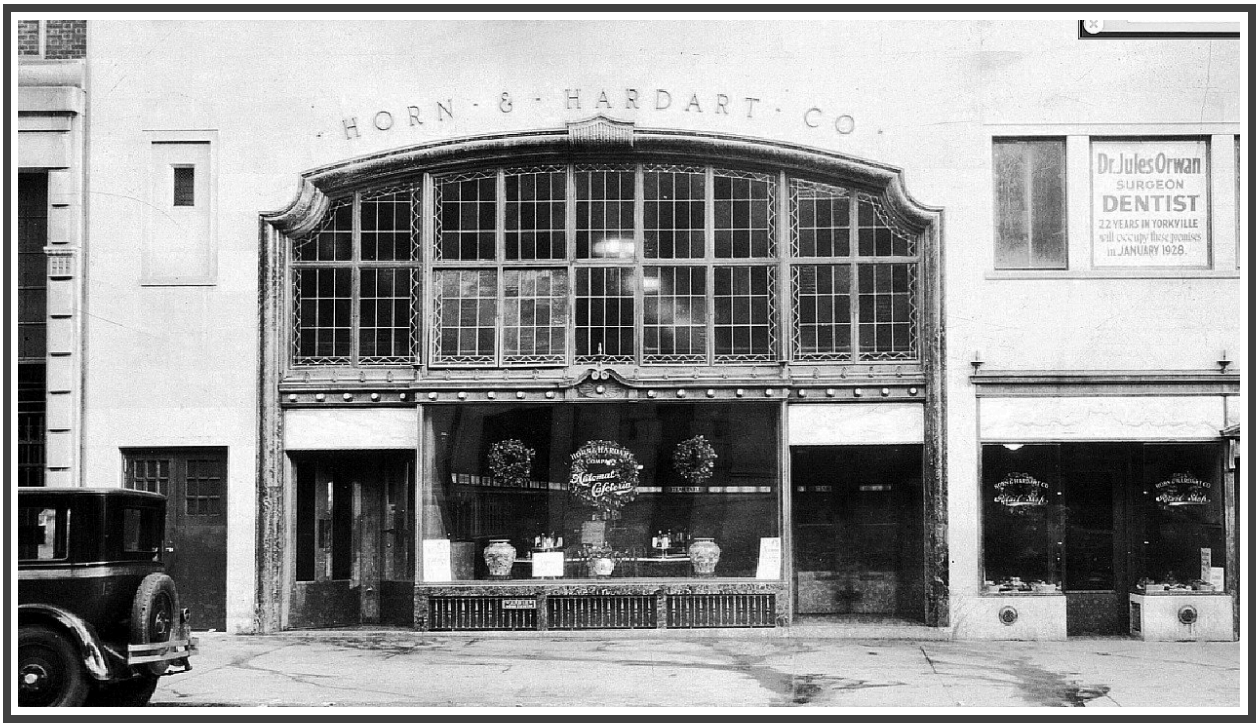
☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 4-9974

*Horn & Hardart Automat (Carnegie Mansion)*
*165 E. 86th St, CM-40*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Horn & Hardart sits mid block on 86th Street, its Art Deco facade a gleam of chrome and glass against the gray November sky. I push through the revolving door into warmth and the smell of fresh coffee.




No waiters here. That's the point. Men in overcoats feed nickels into glass-fronted compartments, extracting sandwiches and slices of pie. A busboy clears tables without making eye contact. Near the back, two women share a single cup of coffee between them, making their nickels last.

I approach the change booth. Behind the marble counter and brass bars sits a woman in her fifties, steel-gray hair pinned tight, fingers already moving toward her stack of nickels before I've reached the window.

"How many?"

I show her my badge instead of a bill.

"Looking for information about a customer. English fellow, older, well dressed. Would have been here Tuesday night, late."

Her fingers stop on the nickels. "The Englishman." Not a question. "He in trouble?"

"He's dead."

She absorbs this quietly. "Comes in most nights for supper — eggs, a sandwich, whatever was fresh.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Pie after, if it was good. Always the coffee. Sometimes breakfast too, when he was in early. Ten years I've been making change here, and that man ate more meals at these tables than some of my staff."

"You saw him Tuesday?"

"I did. Came in, as he often did, after ten." She's looking past me now, remembering. "He looked worried." Her mouth tightens. "He got a coffee from the machine as usual... Sat at a table by the window for maybe five or ten minutes. Then he left. Didn't finish it."

"Did you see anyone approach him? Talk to him?"

"Mister, I make change. I don't watch the floor." She gestures at the room. "Two hundred people through here on a Tuesday night... We served hundreds of cups of joe. The Pope himself could have had a cup, I wouldn't have noticed."

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-0503 (p.188).

# 5

# 5-0022

*Pressure Points (p.29) contd.*

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**3** (Friday, November 4th, 1932).
- **Time**: *5* pm
- **Where to go**: 2-2502 (p.101)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **3** (**Fri, Nov 4th**) and that the current time is **9 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the ***5* pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

# 5-0080

*Hint for Document 11 (p.455) contd.*

Hint: The K. White article about the Carlyle Hotel elevator accident mentions the date of the incident. Washington's Birthday fell on February 22nd in 1932.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-0151

*Electrical Testing Laboratories (6-3457 on p.307) contd.*

I find the lobby dark and empty. The reception desk sits unattended, typewriter covered for the night. A janitor pushing a mop bucket glances up. “Office closed at four, pal. Come back tomorrow.”

I tip my hat and head back out into the evening air.



# 5-0420

*Pieces Placed (p.431) contd.*

Another silence. Longer this time.

"Alright. Dig. If Saunders has been selling certifications to half of Manhattan's building managers, there are people with strong reasons to make this go away. Keep me posted. Daily."

Circle **Marker W2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone. Outside, the November wind cuts through the city like a knife. Somewhere in Yorkville, a widow is waiting for a knock on her door.

Justice. Revenge. Self-defense. Sometimes the lines blur until you can't tell one from the other.

But that's not my job. My job is to find the truth.

I set the pipe down and reach for my hat. Go to Paper Trail (p.436)

# 5-0470

*Carnegie Mansion Taxicabs*
*1432 Lexington Ave, CM-11*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Carnegie Mansion's taxi stand operates out of a limestone carriage house with checkers lined up clean enough to ferry debutantes. The dispatcher wears a pressed jacket and keeps his logbook like it's evidence in court. Different world from Harrington-Whitcombe's converted stable: this is where money calls cabs, not desperation.

"Police," I say, showing my badge. "Looking for pickups from 110 East 87th Street. Tuesday night."

He opens his ledger without hesitation, runs his finger down neat columns. "Tuesday night? Rain kept us busy all evening. Ran nearly eighty fares." He turns the page, checks again. "But nothing from that address. No calls, no street hails in that block."

"You're certain?"

"Our drivers log every pickup, Detective. Carnegie Mansion doesn't stay in business by losing track of the swells."

# 5-0498

*Home of Martin Schmidt (7-2050 on p.347) contd.*

I knock. Heavy footsteps, then the door opens. Schmidt stands there in an undershirt, suspenders hanging loose, a newspaper tucked under his arm. He looks at me without surprise.

"Detective." He steps aside. "Figured you might show up."

The apartment is small, clean, sparse. A crucifix on the wall. Photos of a woman who isn't here anymore. He doesn't offer coffee.

"You followed me home from the Carlyle?"

"I know how to find an address."

He drops into a worn armchair, tosses the paper on the side table. "Said everything I had to say at the hotel. Stefan was a good man. Motor was bad. Reports disappeared." He shrugs. "What else you need?"

"You weren't worried about speaking up. Most people are."

"Six months to pension." A thin smile. "They can't touch that. And I'm too old to be scared of hotel managers." He looks at the photos on the wall. "My wife passed away three years ago. Kids are grown, moved to Jersey. What are they gonna do to me that matters?"

He meets my eyes. "You find who's responsible for Stefan, you let me know. I'll testify to whatever you need."



# 5-0853

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company (1-6161 on p.64) contd.*

“The widow got nothing?”

“Not from us. And I can’t discuss the details without a court order and the actual file number so I can retrieve all the evidence. Company policy.”

“This is a murder investigation.”

“Get me a court order and a file number, Detective. Then I’ll show you exactly what the numbers were trying to tell us.”



# 5-0895

*M. W-C. (6-8847 on p.330) contd.*

"A specially weighted nickel. Filed to exact specifications. Know anything about that?"

"No. Should I?"

"It takes precision metalwork. Tight tolerances."

"I translate technical documents, Detective. I don't machine parts." She glances at her bookshelves. "If you're asking whether I could understand the specifications, yes. If you're asking whether I made it, no."

"Someone with your background could have the specs drawn up."

"Someone with my background could be anyone." Her voice stays even. "German firms in this city employ hundreds of precision craftsmen." A beat. "Are you accusing me of something?"

"Just asking questions."

"Then I've answered them." She steps toward the door. "Unless your warrant says otherwise."

Return to 6-8847 (p.330).

# 5-1064

*Hint for Document 7 (p.452) contd.*

Hint: Check this archive box: 2-0308 (p.85)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-1254

*Sir George Sinclair*
*141 Barrow St, HY-52*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The office is cramped, but Sinclair has carved out a corner of civilization: electric kettle, bone china cups, a tin of Fortnum's that probably costs more than my weekly salary.

"Young Deverell." He doesn't rise, but gestures to a chair. "Your father used to drop by. Terrible business, his passing."

That was years ago now, but Sinclair says it like he just heard.

"I need to ask about a title. Sir Teddy Armitage."

He turns the name over like he's checking it for flaws. "No. There's no Sir Teddy Armitage. I'd know."

"You're certain?"

"My boy, the honours lists are published. One simply looks." He pours tea without asking if I want any, slides it across. "Who was this man?"

"Chief engineer. Electrical testing outfit."

"Knighthoods for engineering go to men who build bridges across the Thames. Not to..." He waves his hand. "Whatever one does in New York."

"He had the accent."

A small, tight smile. "Yes, well. Americans do find the accent persuasive." The smile fades. "Your father would have spotted it immediately. He had a good ear for frauds."

Can't tell if that's a compliment to him or an insult to me. With Sinclair, probably both.

# 5-1473

*Canvas area around block UE-25*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.

# 5-1626

*Green Fields Cemetery*
*220 E. 94th St, YV-6*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Green Fields sits between a tenement and a coal yard, iron gates rust-spotted, grass gone brown with frost. A groundskeeper rakes dead leaves into a pile that the wind keeps unmaking.

If you have circled **Marker C1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-4415 (p.210), then return here.

# 5-1674

*Canvas area around block CM-35*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 5-1797

*New York Public Library – Arts & Entertainment (8-8723 on p.395) contd.*

The photography shelf is short: a few manuals, a chemist's handbook. I find what I'm looking for on a high shelf, spine faded with age. *The Silver Sunbeam*.

"I'd like to examine this one."

The librarian retrieves it carefully. "1864. John Towler." She eyes me. "Light reading?"

"I'm a man of hidden depths."

"Apparently very well hidden." She sets the book on the desk. "It doesn't leave the building, Detective. But you're welcome to stay as long as you like."

I flip through brittle pages. Chapters on collodion processes, silver compounds, fixing agents. Maybe she's right about my hidden depths. This is going to take a while.

The index is probably a good place to start.

To read a page from *The Silver Sunbeam*, replace XXX with the page number in lead 2-0XXX. For example, page 123 would be found at 2-0123.

If the lead does not exist, TIME ADVANCES 30 minutes.

Circle **Document 16** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 16** (The Index of The Silver Sunbeam, 1864 edition), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 423.

# 5-1822

*Yorkville Bank & Trust*
*1511 3rd Ave, YV-35*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 3 pm, go to 1-7716 (p.68).

If it is 3 pm or after, go to 4-5483 (p.218).

# 5-2650

*M. W-C. (6-8847 on p.330) contd.*

I step out onto East 80th Street and light my pipe. Then I see it.

Black Alfa Romeo, sliding past slow. Same car that was parked outside the gambling joint. Same driver behind the wheel... the one who gave me the hard stare.

The car doesn't stop. Just rolls by, the driver's eyes on Maria's building entrance. Counting windows. Marking the exact location.

Oh shit.

They weren't tailing me because I'm a cop asking questions.

They were tailing me because I might lead them somewhere. To someone.

And I just did.

I showed up at the gambling joint asking about Armitage. They followed me here. Now they know exactly where Maria lives. Which building. Which floor. Which door.

They've been looking for her. And I just drew them a map.

Smart detective work, Jack. Real smart.

The Alfa Romeo turns the corner, disappears. But it'll be back. Tonight, probably. When the streets are quiet and there's no detective standing on the sidewalk to complicate things.

I walk toward Lexington, my mind racing. I need to think this through. Figure out what to do before the sun goes down.

Whatever Armitage set loose, it knows where Maria sleeps now.

☑ Tick **10** OTHER boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 5-3498

*Home of Johanna Clausen*
*503 W. 143rd St, HH-46 (apt. 1c)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Hamilton Heights. A woman in her seventies answers, silver hair pinned back with an antique comb. A gray tabby winds between her ankles, watching me with the same flat suspicion as its mistress.

Behind her, the apartment is modest but cultured: worn volumes of Heine and Goethe on the shelves, a framed verse in careful calligraphy above the settee, dried pressed flowers marking pages in an open book. She eyes my badge with old-world wariness.

“Detective Deverell. I’m looking into someone named Clausen. Stefan Clausen.”

“Stefan was my nephew. I helped him find his feet when he came to America.” She bends to lift the cat, stroking it absently as her eyes drift to the window. “A lamb among wolves, that boy. Too honest for this city. He saw rot where others saw only paychecks, and he could not stay silent.” Her accent thickens. “So they silenced him.”

“His wife Maria... you know where she went?”

“No. She stopped answering letters in the spring.” She pauses, choosing her words with a poet’s care. “Maria was never one to weep and wail. She *harbors* everything inside. *Whispers* it only to the dead.”

She shakes her head, burying her fingers in the cat’s fur. “Leave her alone, Detective. She has suffered enough.”

If you have **not** circled **Marker Y1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-7831 (p.278).

# 5-3548

*Hint for Marker W1 (p.470) contd.*

Hint: Roosevelt Hospital keeps intake records filed by date. The article was published September 13th, so the accident happened a few days earlier.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

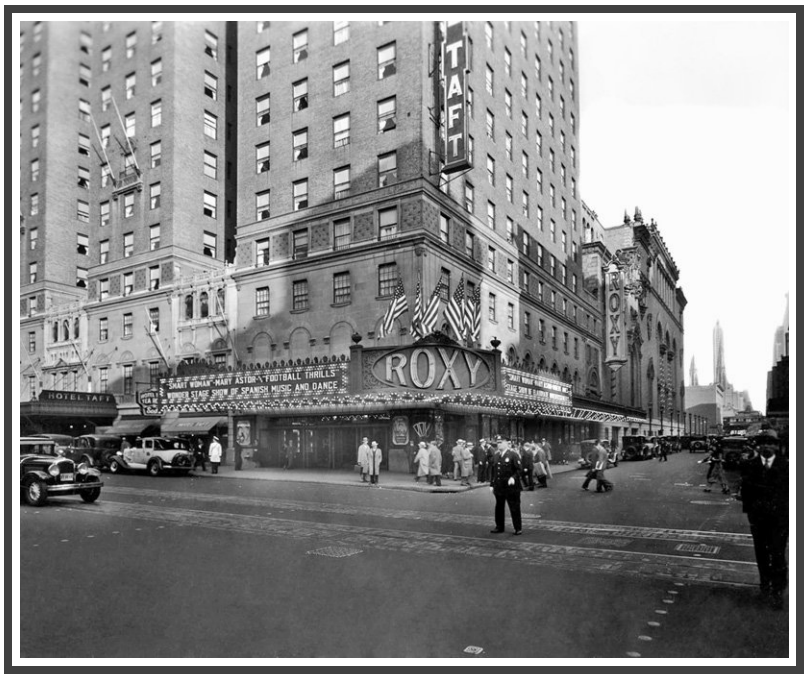


# 5-4138

*Hotel Taft*
*152 W. 51st St, TS-51*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Hotel Taft rises twenty-two stories at the corner of 7th and 50th, barely six years old and already a Times Square landmark. They call it the Cathedral of the Motion Picture — six thousand seats and a pipe organ that makes your chest shake. I saw *Delicious* here last Christmas. Forgettable picture, but you don't come to the Roxy for the story.




The clever bit is the entrance. You walk into the Hotel Taft's corner lobby and suddenly you're in the Roxy's rotunda, all columns and the world's largest oval rug. Two buildings, one door. Somebody made a fortune on that arrangement.

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for visiting the Roxy Theatre, the Cathedral of the Motion Picture.

Today I'm not here for the pictures. I push past the rotunda into the hotel proper. Traveling salesmen, theater-goers checking in before the evening shows. A promotional poster near the front desk catches my eye: "MODERN COMFORT – Direct Dial Telephone Service in Every Room!"

The front desk clerk takes one look at the badge and drops the lobby voice. "May I help you?"

If you have circled **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-6619 (p.65), then return here.

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **either** of the following 2 items (**Document 12** or **Document 13**), go to 5-9693 (p.287).



# 5-4375

*Something on my mind (1-3201 on p.47) contd.*

I still don't even know where she's living now. Can't protect someone you can't find. All I can do is hope the shadows hunting her are as lost as I am. Go to 8-8129 (p.394)



# 5-4643

*The Basement Card Room*

Time advances 120 minutes.

I settle in, nurse a glass of Macallan, and let the conversation flow around me. This kind of place, the real information comes out when they forget you're new.

The talk drifts... Whether Roosevelt will win next Tuesday, what this "New Deal" business really means, whether the banks will survive another year. An hour in, the Brit's nursing his fourth London Dry Gin and starting to misread the table. The dealer slides a nickel across the felt without breaking rhythm.

"On me, your lordship. Go clear your head across the street."

The Brit waves a hand dismissively but pockets the nickel anyway. "He'll have me on a leash next."

The dealer's already moved on to the next hand.

The lawyer type has loosened his tie. "House custom," he murmurs, not looking up from his cards. "Sharp players lose slower. Tired players go home. Neither's good for business. Dealers keep you in your seat and in your right mind."

The Brit raises his glass to the lawyer in mock salute, the nickel forgotten in his pocket. The cards keep coming.

The nervous one keeps glancing toward the stairs. "That Alfa Romeo still out front?"

"Sal's." The lawyer deals himself another card. "Man does well for himself."

"Doorman money doesn't buy Italian sports cars," the Brit observes, gesturing with his glass in a way that nearly costs him the gin. "Not unless he's got other income streams, if you take my meaning."

The lawyer smirks but doesn't answer.

"Private work," the Brit continues, leaning back. "Muscle for hire when the price is right. Or so one hears."

"Teddy was talking to him Tuesday night," the nervous one says quietly. "Before he left. Saw them upstairs when I left."

"Really?" The Brit leans forward slightly. "What about?"

"Couldn't hear. But Teddy slipped him something. Folded bills, looked like."

I keep my eyes on my cards, let the silence do the work.

"Teddy had just won fifteen hundred," the lawyer muses. "Spending it already."

The conversation drifts again, back to Roosevelt, back to money troubles, back to the usual complaints. But I've got what I came for.

When I excuse myself to find the bathroom, I spot a narrow storage room off the main space. Through the half-open door I see a row of metal lockers, the kind you'd find in a factory. Each

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

has initials scratched or painted on the front:

SR. TC. MvD. RK. PL.

I don't linger. Can't afford to draw attention.

Twenty minutes later I cash out, down forty dollars but holding something more valuable than winnings.

Circle **Marker E1** on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-4725

*Proper Passing (p.18) - Scheduled event for day 1*

It's **7 pm** on **Wednesday, November 2nd, 1932**, and day #**1** is ending.

The following **3** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker T1**
- **Marker X1**
- **Document 5**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found all **3** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **7 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found all **3** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 1 (p.21).

# 5-5117

*Hudson and Son Public House*
*1270 Lexington Ave, CM-43*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Hudson and Son's boarded up, windows broken and covered with newspaper. I'm checking the padlock when a kid, maybe twelve, kicks a can past me. "You a cop?" he asks. I show him my shield. "Place closed when I was five," he says. "Ma says old man Hudson died in '24 and the son just walked away. Left it to the rats." He eyes me. "You looking for ghosts or something?" I tell him I'm looking for coffee. He laughs like that's the funniest thing he's heard all week.

# 5-5360

*Canvas area around block CM-48*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 5-5494

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Mr. Saunders' office (6-1877 on p.301) contd.*

"Just one more thing..." I pull out the brown envelope. "Found this in Armitage's office. Unmarked. Empty. The kind of envelope you use when you don't want questions."

The smile stays. Everything behind it leaves the room. "Careful, Mr. Deverell. That sounds like an accusation."

"Not accusing. Just asking."

"Well." He lights another cigarette with deliberate slowness. "I handle client relations. Sometimes clients express their... appreciation for expedited service. If that's what you're fishing for." He leans back in his chair. "But I'm sure you understand the difference between a gratuity and whatever it is you seem to be suggesting."

"Who was grateful?"

"Client confidentiality, Detective. We have a reputation to maintain."

Return to 6-1877 (p.301).



# 5-5723

*Home of I. Clausen*
*211 Central Park W., UW-51 (apt. 1c)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A doorman building on Central Park West. Money. The Clausen who answers is a stocky man in his sixties, silver hair, banker's suit.

"Detective Deverell. I'm looking into someone named Clausen. Stefan Clausen."

He shakes his head. "Never heard of him. Common enough name." He's already closing the door. "Try the phone book."

# 5-6227

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Testing Laboratories (6-3562 on p.309) contd.*

I pull out the brown envelope. “Know what this is? Found it in his office.”

Beatrice glances at it. “An envelope.”

“Empty. No markings.”

“Sir Armitage doesn’t share his correspondence with subordinates.” The word lands like a slap. “Especially not his personal business.”

Julius stares at it like it might explode. “We just... we do the technical work. The testing. We learned not to ask questions.”

Something in the way he says it.

Return to 6-3562 (p.309).

# 5-7449

*Yorkville Casino*

⏱ Time advances 30 minutes.

The word “Casino” gets my attention. But when I push through the doors at 210 East 86th, there’s no green felt in sight. I came here before, years ago, for a labor rally the old man was keeping an eye on. The building’s a six-story beauty: limestone base, buff brick above, a glass-roofed restaurant garden on top. Inside there’s ballrooms, banquet halls, bowling alleys, lodge rooms — everything a German social club could want except actual gambling.




I remember the main hall packed with angry carpenters, cigar smoke thick enough to cut through. *The Daily Worker* threw a party here a few years back, celebrating their own existence. That’s Yorkville politics for you.

The lobby smells like beer and furniture polish, and there’s a playbill advertising some German operetta. Der Himmel auf Erden. Heaven on Earth.

A janitor eyes me from across the lobby. I show him my badge, ask about an Englishman, anything unusual. He snorts. “Englishman? Nein. Only Germans here, mein Herr.” He shrugs and goes back to his mop.

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for visiting this historic German-American landmark.



# 5-7493

*Hint for Marker W1 (p.470) contd.*

Hint: The K. White article mentions a worker paralyzed at Rockefeller Center. Injured workers would have been taken to a nearby hospital.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-7590

*Hint for Marker U1 (p.468) contd.*

Hint: The Horn & Hardart automat on East 86th Street is where Armitage got his coffee. With a warrant, you can access the back room and examine the machinery.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 5-7621

*Canvas area around block EV-80*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Loop the neighborhood, stop to check a shop window I don't care about. Wait. The residential blocks make it easy to spot a car that doesn't belong. Clear when I arrive.

# 5-7776

*Home of William Saunders*
*400 E. 77th St, LH-11*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The building at 400 East 77th is a cut above the usual Lenox Hill walkup. Doorman in the lobby, brass fixtures polished to a shine, elevator that actually works. The kind of address that says a man's doing well for himself. Maybe too well...

If it is before 4 pm, go to 1-6124 (p.63).

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 4-8183 (p.228).

# 5-7831

*Home of Johanna Clausen (5-3498 on p.259) contd.*

Hamilton Heights is quiet this time of day. Too quiet. As I reach the corner, I spot it: black Alfa Romeo, parked on the other side of the street. Watching which building I came from.

They followed me all the way up to Harlem. To an old woman's door.

Johanna Clausen's probably not in danger. She's family, not a threat. But now they know the connections spread wider than they thought. They know there's a network of people who remember Stefan.

The old man used to say: every step you take, someone's watching the footprints.

☑ Tick **2** OTHER boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-8048

*Canvas area around block TS-51*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 5-8117

*Hint for Document 17 (p.457) contd.*

Hint: Maria's bookshelf includes an old photography manual called *The Silver Sunbeam.* The New York Public Library has a copy in the Arts & Entertainment room.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 5-8147

*Canvas area around block BO-3*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.



# 5-8587

*Canvas area around block LH-14*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.



# 5-8633

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company (2-4359 on p.109) contd.*

The warrant gets me into a stuffy back office where a harried clerk pulls files with visible annoyance.

"Yes, Allis-Chalmers uses ETL for electrical motor testing. Standard procedure for years," he says flatly. "Never had any issues with their certifications."

When I mention the Rockefeller Center construction accident that paralyzed a worker, the clerk closes the folder, very gently.

"I'm not authorized to discuss matters related to ongoing litigation without approval from our legal department."

Circle **Marker P1** on your case tracking sheet.

I ask if they've had concerns about ETL's certification process for electromagnetic brake systems.

"Company policy prohibits discussion of vendor performance assessments with outside parties. Our quality control protocols are proprietary information, detective. Even with a warrant, I cannot disclose internal evaluations of third-party contractors."

He closes the file folder. Everything's perfectly professional, perfectly unhelpful.

# 5-8779

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company (1-6161 on p.64) contd.*

"I have a file number: 24816-3468144. And a warrant." I slide it across his desk.

He reads it carefully. "Finally." He pulls a folder from a cabinet and starts laying documents out before I've found a place to sit.

"Certified December 20th. Installed January 10th. Failed February 22nd." He taps the dates. "Forty-three days."

"That's fast."

"That's impossible." He scribbles numbers. "Properly certified equipment? Seven years minimum before failure. We got six weeks. That's a sixty-fold deviation from expected performance." He looks up. "That's not bad luck. That's a lie on paper."

I try to follow his math. It's like watching someone speak a different language.

He taps another document. "And here's what makes it statistically significant: the Carlyle was sold at a foreclosure auction in December, just days before this equipment was certified. Buildings under financial distress show a forty-two percent higher correlation with safety violations. That's not speculation, Detective. That's an actuarial fact. Someone should have flagged this for additional inspection."

He pulls out a memo. "Management response: 'Insufficient evidence. Claim denied due to operator error.'" He laughs bitterly. "Foreclosure in December. Fatality in February. Building back on the market two weeks later." He spreads his hands. "That's no coincidence. Someone needed this accident ruled 'operator error' before a new buyer could touch it."

"Central Elevator gets cleared, wasn't their equipment's fault. ETL's certification stands. The Carlyle's ready for a clean sale. We avoid litigation. Everyone's happy except the widow and the man who's dead." He spreads the documents across his desk. "The numbers don't lie, Detective... But someone, somewhere, did."

I pull out the ETL test results form. Yellow carbon copy, dated December 20th, 1931. I fold it and slip it into my jacket.

Circle **Document 14** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 14** (ETL Test Results – Hotel Carlyle Project), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 421.

He starts gathering documents. "Maybe someone will finally look at the numbers and see what I saw. That this wasn't an accident. It was statistically predictable negligence."

# 5-8905

*Hint for Document 8 (p.453) contd.*

Hint: The newspaper morgue files editions by date. The accounting department's freelance ledger shows when K. White was paid: articles would have been published shortly before payment.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 5-9101

*Municipal Building, Registrar of Marriage & Divorce (7-1950 on p.346) contd.*

I stand in the doorway for a moment, watching the clerks shuffle papers behind the counter. Marriage records. Divorce decrees. The paperwork of love and its failures.

But I don't have both names to search for. Without knowing those two names, I'm just a man staring at filing cabinets. I turn and head back to the elevator.



# 5-9693

*Hotel Taft (5-4138 on p.261) contd.*

"I need to speak with your chief engineer. It's about your telephone switchboard installation."

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-9103 (p.126).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-7027 (p.166).



# 5-9795

*Canvas area around block CM-52*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Third Avenue's the address, but the man tailing me knows the block by heart. It's where his car gets serviced. If he sees me walk through those garage doors, he knows I've put him together with the Alfa.

I take the long way. South to 79th, cross to Second, three blocks past where I'm going. Stop in a delicatessen, watch the street through the window. No Alfa. Back up via Lexington, cross to Third only after I'm past the shop, then come down from the north.

By the time I reach the garage door, the street behind me is empty.

Circle **Marker M2** on your case tracking sheet.

# 5-9951

*WIRES*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 6

# 6-0070

*Hans Jaeger Restaurant*
*1255 Lexington Ave, CM-48*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Hans Jaeger's closes at nine sharp. The proprietor's a stiff-backed German who runs his dining room like a Prussian regiment: doors locked, chairs upturned, staff out by nine-fifteen. They serve coffee with dinner, but this is a white-tablecloth establishment where you order Wiener Schnitzel and mind your manners.

# 6-0295

*Canvas area around block LE-77*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 6-0327

*Canvas area around block YV-3*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.

# 6-0676

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Certification Archives (contd. from 4-4829 on p.211)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I find the stairs down to the basement at the back of the building. The temperature drops with every step, and the electric lights grow dimmer. At the bottom, a heavy door marked "ARCHIVES – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

I try the handle. Locked.

A voice behind me makes me turn. "You need something?"

An old man in coveralls stands there, mop and bucket in hand. He's got to be seventy, with rheumy eyes behind thick spectacles and liver spots covering his hands. A ring of keys hangs from his belt.

"Archives," I say, showing my badge. "Investigating what happened to Sir Teddy Armitage."

He squints at the badge, then at me. "Armitage." He turns the name over like something sour. "Been here since Edison walked these halls. Seen engineers come and go. Most of 'em decent." He doesn't finish the thought.

If you have **not** circled **Document 15** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-4432 (p.152).

If you have circled **Document 15** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-4428 (p.110)

# 6-0838

*Canvas area around block FD-70*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 6-0896

*Home of Kevin Kiefer*
*370 E. 76th St, LH-14*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Kiefer's brownstone apartment shows no signs of life. No answer at the door, curtains drawn. A collections manager who deals with desperate debtors probably doesn't advertise his home address. Smart man.

# 6-1311

*Sir Teddy Armitage Townhouse – Sitting Room (contd. from 1-4765 on p.61)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I find Armitage's body in the sitting room, slumped in his leather armchair like he'd simply dozed off reading the evening paper. The newspaper is from yesterday and looks like it survived a storm: crumpled and water-stained.

Circle **Document 5** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Newspaper found in Sir Armitage's home), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 412.

I check his jacket pockets out of habit... you never know what a man might carry in his final hours. Inside his vest pocket, a wallet with $1000, a gold pocket watch on a chain, and a small pocket calendar card from Hotel Taft. The kind of promotional item businesses hand out to clients.

Circle **Document 2** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Pocket Calendar found on Sir Armitage), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 409.

Something about his coloring bothers me, though I can't put my finger on what. His face has an odd flush to it, like a man who's been holding his breath too long. My old man always said to trust my gut when something looks wrong, even if you can't name it yet.

Near his chair, a glass of water sits half-empty on the side table, and next to it there's an opened blue bottle of Bromo-Seltzer with a small measuring spoon dusted white. He thought he had indigestion. Makes you wonder what his last thirty minutes were like... sitting here thinking he just needed to settle his stomach, never knowing he was already a dead man. Time to call Dr. Michels. He'll want to see this exactly as I found it.

Return to 1-4765 (p.61)

# 6-1432

*Offices of The Daily Worker – Photography Department (contd. from 1-9269 on p.78)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The photography department is little more than a converted closet on the third floor, reeking of developer chemicals and cigarette smoke. A lanky man with perpetually stained fingers looks up from a contact sheet he's examining under a magnifying glass.

"K. White? Yeah, I remember those submissions." He sets down his loupe and wipes his hands on a rag. "Came with their own photographs! Professional quality too. Most freelancers either skip photos entirely or send us blurry snapshots we can't use."

Circle **Marker M1** on your case tracking sheet.

"What kind of photographs?"

"Technical shots. Close-ups of machinery, electrical panels, safety equipment. Real specific angles, serial numbers on motor housings, electrical connection points, safety inspection stickers perfectly readable." He shakes his head. "Not dramatic like most newspaper photos, but precise. Whoever K. White is, they know what details matter and how to capture them properly."

Return to 1-9269 (p.78)

# 6-1622

*Hint for Marker X1 (p.471) contd.*

Hint: Armitage took a taxi that night as it was raining. The taxi companies keep logs of their fares: check the telephone directory for cab companies in the area.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 6-1710

*Central Elevator Company (1-0089 on p.34) contd.*

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-1779 (p.96).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-3637 (p.356).



# 6-1877

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Mr. Saunders' office (contd. from 4-4829 on p.211)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

"I'd like to speak with whoever supervises his work."

"Mr. Saunders. Third floor." Margaret's already dialing. "I'll let him know you're coming up."

As I head for the stairs, I glance back. She's staring at her typewriter, perfectly still, like she's trying to decide how she's supposed to feel.

When I get to the third floor, I step into a warren of drafting tables and filing cabinets. The air smells like blueprint chemicals and cigarette smoke. A few engineers glance up, then quickly look away. Nobody wants to be the one talking to the detective.

A man in an expensive suit, too expensive for a testing laboratory salary, emerges from a glass-walled office at the back. William Saunders has the smooth face of someone who lunches well and works little. His handshake is practiced, his smile automatic.

"Detective? Margaret says you're here about Teddy. The affair's got the whole floor on edge." The smile is the professional one, made for closing deals, not for empathy. He waves me into his office without waiting to see if I'll follow. "Can I get you coffee? Margaret downstairs makes a decent pot."

Inside his office, Saunders settles into a leather chair that looks better maintained than anything else in the building. He lights a cigarette and offers me one from a silver case.

"What can you tell me about Armitage?" I ask.

"Teddy is thorough. Never missed a deadline in his life." He takes a long drag. "Not everyone's cup of tea... let's say he has his ways. But he gets results."

"His ways?"

"Teddy has strong opinions about how things should be done. Old school. Doesn't care much for the newer safety protocols." Saunders leans forward, lowering his voice like we're confederates. "Look, I'm not going to speak ill of the man, he could be... difficult. Especially with the junior engineers down in the testing lab, they work directly under him. They could probably tell you more about his methods than I could." Saunders spreads his hands. "Between you and me, he rubs some people the wrong way. Let's say he isn't always... diplomatic. But this is Edison's laboratory, Detective. We've been certifying electrical equipment since 1897. Our reputation is impeccable."

The way he says it, deflecting to the institution and to other people, tells me Saunders's main skill is staying clean while others get dirty. "When did you last see him?"

"Tuesday afternoon. Stopped by his desk around three, maybe four? He was working on some certification files. Routine stuff." Saunders waves his hand vaguely. "I handle the client relations side, keep the wheels greased with the building owners and contractors. Teddy handles the technical end. I left around five. Teddy mentioned he might work until 7 pm."

"Work on what, specifically?"

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Saunders taps his ash into a crystal tray before he answers. “You’d have to ask his team about the details. The technical specifications, the testing protocols. That is all Teddy’s domain. I’m more of a big-picture man myself.”

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **either** of the following 2 items (**Document 7** or **Document 9**), go to 3-9661 (p.181), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-5494 (p.269), then return here.

“Unless you have an actual warrant, I think we’re done here.”

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-2496 (p.41).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-6494 (p.121).



# 6-2447

*Canvas area around block CM-58*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I double back twice, watching every parked car on the block. Walk past the building, circle around. Nothing. These quiet streets show a tail fast.

# 6-2708

*Canvas area around block CC-34*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 6-3011

*Hint for Document 8 (p.453) contd.*

Hint: Check this archive box: 2-0517 (p.86)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 6-3151

*New York Public Library (6-7401 on p.323) contd.*

"Photography. Old photography. The kind with chemicals."

She doesn't blink. "Room 501. Arts and Entertainment. Ask for the historical technical manuals, they'll have what you need on early photographic processes." She pauses. "Nasty business, some of those old chemicals."

"So I'm learning."

Go to 8-8723 (p.395)



# 6-3457

*Electrical Testing Laboratories*
*10 E. End Ave, YV-65*

If it is before 4 pm, go to 4-4829 (p.211)

If it is 4 pm or after, go to 5-0151 (p.245).

# 6-3491

*Whispering Harbors Cemetery*
*1480 1st Ave, LH-7*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A small cemetery wedged between tenements, iron fence holding back the city's noise. The caretaker points me toward the newer section.

Stefan Clausen's stone is modest. Gray granite, clean edges. *1894 — 1932*

Thirty-eight years old. The medical examiner's report said he survived the fall. Forty minutes at the bottom of that shaft, alive, waiting for rescue that came too late.

Fresh flowers rest against the base. Chrysanthemums, stems wrapped in brown paper. Less than a week old.

"Ja, someone comes regular," the caretaker says, leaning on his rake. "Eine Frau. Every Saturday, rain or shine. Maria." He gestures at the flowers. "*Immer Weiß*. Always white, never any other color. Just Weiß."

I stand there longer than I need to. The November wind moves through the bare trees, carrying sounds that could almost be voices.

If you have **not** circled **Marker D1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-3325 (p.149).

# 6-3562

*Electrical Testing Laboratories – Testing Laboratories (contd. from 4-4829 on p.211)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Margaret points toward a corridor beside the stairwell. “The testing floor is through there, all the way to the back. That’s where the engineers work. Miss Beatrice Becker and Mr. Julius Lang... they worked most closely with Sir Teddy.”

I follow the corridor past closed office doors and filing rooms, the polished floors giving way to bare concrete. The hum of machinery grows louder with each step.

The corridor opens into a grand testing hall. High ceilings, massive arched windows running floor to roof, November light flooding across the concrete floor. Motors sit on platforms wired to banks of gauges. In the far corner, sparks fly from something being stress-tested. The air hums with electricity and smells of machine oil and ozone.

In the back corner under harsh lights: a woman logging measurements in a ledger, ink-stained fingers moving with mechanical precision. Dark hair in a severe bun, rolled sleeves, spectacles that catch the light. Late thirties, no wedding ring.

At the next bench, a thin younger man checks voltage readings on a transformer. Pomaded hair, nervous hands, the pallor of someone who lives underground.

“Miss Becker? Mr. Lang?”

The woman’s pen stops. The man’s head snaps up and the color drains from his face.

I show my badge. “Investigating what happened to Sir Teddy.”

Beatrice sets down her pen with deliberate care. Removes her spectacles, cleans them. When she looks up, her expression is carved from ice.

I continue... “When did you last see him?”

“Tuesday evening.” She replaces her spectacles. “We were working late. I took a cab home at six... It was pouring rain. Julius stayed.”

Julius grips his workbench. “I left around half past six. Sir Teddy was still at his desk. But when I passed the window on the street, his office light was already off. Couldn’t have been more than ten minutes behind me.”

“Five years I’ve worked for him,” Beatrice says suddenly. Sharp. “Five years of ’Miss Becker, check my calculations.’ ’Miss Becker, type this up.’ ’Miss Becker, women don’t belong in engineering laboratories.’ The calculations don’t care who writes them, Detective. Neither do I.”

Julius flinches. “Beatrice...”

“What? I’m supposed to pretend he isn’t insufferable?”

I turn to Julius. “How was he to you?”

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

“He... has high standards.” Julius’s voice is barely audible over the motor hum. “He corrects my work. In front of clients. Calls me his apprentice.” A pause. “Five years. Still his apprentice.”

“Julius designed the Posey Tube ventilation specifications,” Beatrice says flatly. “Won us the contract. Sir Armitage presented it as his own innovation.”

“Beatrice, please...” Julius looks like he might be sick.

She ignores him, eyes on me. “You asked how he is to work with. That’s how.”

I let the silence stretch. Julius is shaking. Beatrice is absolutely still.

“Either of you know if Sir Teddy had troubles? Problems with anyone?”

“Problems?” Julius laughs, high and thin. “Who doesn’t he have problems with?”

“Besides everyone in this building?” Beatrice adds. “No one specific.”

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-6227 (p.271), then return here.

“Don’t leave town.”

As I head for the door, Beatrice is already back at her ledger. Julius is still gripping that workbench, staring at nothing.

Return to 4-4829 (p.211)



# 6-3759

*Import Auto Service*
*1482 3rd Ave, CM-52*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The shop sits between a tenement and a tailor's, motor oil thick in the air from the open garage doors. A Lancia up on blocks. A Bugatti with its hood open.

The owner comes out wiping his hands on a rag, cigar stub in the corner of his mouth. Italian, fifties, forearms like a stevedore's.

"Help you?"

"Looking for the owner of a black Alfa Romeo. American plates. Been parked on my block a few mornings too many."

He weighs me for a long moment. "Maybe a dozen Alfas in this whole city. I service most of them." A pause. "Sounds like Rocca's car. Salvatore Rocca."

"He lives around here?"

"He doesn't tell me where he lives. Calls when the car needs work, drops it off, picks it up. Cash on the counter. Pays well. Tips better." He shrugs. "I don't ask questions."

If you have **not** circled **Marker M2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-1955 (p.196).

# 6-4363

*Canvas area around block YV-35*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 6-4405

*American Telephone and Telegraph (3-7551 on p.170) contd.*

The warrant gets me past the marble reception desk to a nervous junior manager who confirms AT&T uses ETL for electrical testing on telephone exchange equipment. “Standard industry practice,” he says, adjusting his tie. “We have no complaints about their work. Everything’s been perfectly satisfactory.”

When I mention the Hotel Taft’s telephone system work that ETL was certifying the night Sir Teddy Armitage died, his expression goes blank.

He suddenly needs to check with his supervisor about accessing specific records. When he returns, those files are “confidential business information that cannot be disclosed without authorization from our legal department, warrant or no warrant.”

# 6-4645

*Carmine Maranzano (3-4966 on p.153) contd.*

"That condemned building, the game on 87th..." His eyes stay on his drink. "Word got back fast."

"Word travels."

"Always does." He refills his glass, studies the amber liquid. "Not my operation, but I know who runs it. Those people don't like badges in their business."

He's quiet for a moment, then: "Something else. Few weeks back, someone was looking for a writer. Paying good money, asking the wrong people. The kind of people who tell other people who tell me."

I wait.

"Whoever they were hunting? Better hope they're already gone. That kind of search doesn't end with a conversation."

"Who was asking?"

"Well-dressed. Foreign voice. That's all that came back to me."

If you have circled **Marker G1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-6332 (p.120).

# 6-4902

*Canvas area around block CM-46*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.



# 6-5123

*Canvas area around block UE-11*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 6-5256

*Hint for Marker O1 (p.464) contd.*

Hint: During your conversation with Maria about photography, she may show you her darkroom. You need to have already confirmed she takes her own photographs.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 6-5533

*Canvas area around block LH-8*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 6-5562

*Plans within Plans (p.24) - Scheduled event for day 2*

It's **7 pm** on **Thursday, November 3rd, 1932**, and day #**2** is ending.

The following **2** items must be found before you may end the current day:

- **Marker Q1**
- **Marker U1**

Record +1 reputation on your case tracking sheet for each of these items that you have already found.

If you have not yet found **both** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day. In overtime, time does not advance past **7 pm**.

Furthermore, while in overtime, for every **2 (time advancing) leads** you visit that do not result in you gaining one of these items, you must read a hint to help you find one (taking demerits for hints as normal).

When you have found **both** required items, proceed to: Evening of Day 2 (p.27).

# 6-6854

*Pieces Placed (p.431) contd.*

"I'll write up everything I found while investigating that murder and get it to your desk by end of day. After that, it's the DA's problem."

"Fair enough." The Chief sounds almost relieved. "Good work, Jack."

Circle **Marker S2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone. Outside, the November wind cuts through the city like a knife. Somewhere in Yorkville, a widow is waiting for a knock on her door.

Justice. Revenge. Self-defense. Sometimes the lines blur until you can't tell one from the other.

But that's not my job. My job is to find the truth.

I set the pipe down and reach for my hat. Go to Paper Trail (p.436)

# 6-7249

*Home of Manuel van Dyk*
*520 E. 81st St, YV-61*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The building at 520 East 81st is a modest walkup. “M. v. Dyk” on the third floor. A man in his early forties answers, wire-rimmed glasses, shirtsleeves rolled up. There is a metallic scent in the air.

“Manuel van Dyk?”

“Ja. What do you want?”

The accent is harder to place than I expected. Not quite German. Something flatter. I show my badge. “Detective Deverell. Need to ask you some questions.”

He keeps one hand on the door. “About what?”

“Where do you work?”

“Watches.” He gestures behind him. “I repair watches. Work from home.” The answer comes too quickly.

Through the doorway I can see his workbench: loupes, files, a vise no bigger than my thumb. Brass shavings catch the light. A half-disassembled pocket watch lies open on a velvet cloth, its gears arranged in careful order.

And by the window, in a wheelchair, a younger man with a blanket over his legs.

“What do you want, Detective?”

If you have circled **Marker X1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-0231 (p.186), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker W1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-1729 (p.37), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker K1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-3968 (p.206), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-8871 (p.233), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker G1** on your case tracking sheet, but you have **not** circled **Marker B1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-6302 (p.158).

# 6-7386

*Canvas area around block CC-60*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

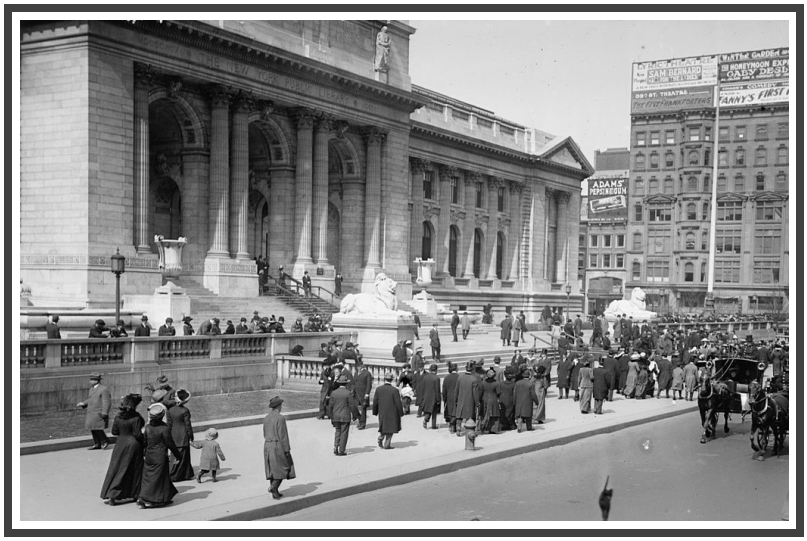


# 6-7401

*New York Public Library*
*476 5th Ave, TL-6 (ground floor)*

⏱ Time advances 30 minutes.

November wind cuts across Fifth Avenue. I stop at the base of the steps, collar turned up, studying the stone lions. They've been sitting here since '11, watching the city fall apart around them. Patient. Indifferent.




"The one on the left is supposed to be female."

I turn. Emiliana Alesica stands behind me, library card poking out of her coat pocket, a paper bag that smells like a hot pretzel tucked under her arm.

"That so?"

"That's what *The New York Times* said. Lady Astor, Lord Lenox." She falls into step beside me as we climb the stairs. "The sculptor disagrees. Says they're both male."

"Paper got it wrong?"

"Paper printed what made a better story."

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for visiting the famous stone lions of the New York Public Library.

She holds the door for me. "What are you hunting today, Detective?"

"Not sure yet. I'll know it when I find it."

She gives me the look she reserves for patrons who don't know how to use an index. "The directory lists our specialty rooms. Ancestry, periodicals, maps, science..." She taps the desk inside. "Tell me what you need and I'll tell you where to look."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **either** of the following 2 items (**Marker N1** or **Marker O1**), go to 6-3151 (p.306).



# 6-7697

*Hint for Marker K1 (p.461) contd.*

Hint: Convert Allis-Chalmers' telephone number to the archive filing system (first digit becomes 9).

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 6-7827

*Rockefeller Institute Hospital*
*66th St & York Ave, LH-53*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The lobby is more laboratory than hospital, white-coated researchers crossing the floor with clipboards under their arms. A nurse at the desk looks genuinely puzzled when I mention an injured construction worker.

"This is a research hospital, Detective. We admit patients by protocol, not by ambulance." She softens slightly. "An accident case would have gone to Roosevelt over on Ninth Avenue."

I tip my hat. Wrong door.

# 6-8021

*Something on my mind (contd. from Evening of Day 2 on p.27)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The frigid air hits my face and so does the thought.

The black Alfa Romeo. The well-dressed man with the patient eyes.

They're not following me because I'm a threat.

They're following me because I'm useful.

Every door I knock on, every question I ask, every lead I chase: I'm doing their legwork for them. They didn't know where K. White was. But they know a homicide detective will find their prey eventually.

And when I do, they'll be right behind me.

I'm not the cat. I'm the goddamn hunting dog.

If you have circled **Marker Y2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-4833 (p.112).

If you have **not** circled **Marker Y2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-0992 (p.190).

# 6-8223

*Hint for Marker K1 (p.461) contd.*

Hint: ETL keeps archived certification records in their basement. You'll need authorization from Saunders to access them.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 6-8810

*Adamov, Felix (3-9922 on p.184) contd.*

"K. White?" He adjusts his wire-rimmed glasses. "Precise. Thorough." He speaks with the careful diction of someone who learned English from books.

"What made the work stand out?"

"Most freelancers write what they think happened. K. White wrote what they knew." He adjusts the glasses again. "Technical specifications, German-language sources, connections in immigrant communities I could never reach."

"Immigrant communities?"

"Yorkville, mostly. German families. Engineers, mechanics, precision workers." He leans back. "K. White quoted sources with names like Schmidt and Schneider. People who knew machines from the inside out."

Return to 3-9922 (p.184).



# 6-8847

*M. W-C. (3-3218 on p.147) contd.*

The door opens to reveal a woman in her mid-thirties, dark hair pulled back with a streak of gray at the temple. She holds out her hand.

"May I see it?"

I hand her the warrant. She reads every word. Takes her time.

"Proper paperwork." Her posture changes. "My family learned what happens when officials skip that step." She steps aside. "Come in."

The apartment is small but ordered to the last inch. A writing desk by the window covered with papers and German-language books. Shelves line the walls. I scan the spines as I take in the room. German engineering manuals: Maschinenbau texts, technical dictionaries, a thick volume on precision mechanics. Tucholsky's essays, a dog-eared Kästner. That's a crusading journalist's shelf. On the desk, a framed photograph catches my eye: a young man in work clothes, smiling at the camera. Happy.

"My husband," she says quietly. "Stefan. He died last February."

"I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thank you." She doesn't sit, doesn't offer me a chair. "What is this about, Detective?"

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker F1** and **Marker R1**), go to 4-0496 (p.187), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker S1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-0368 (p.341), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker L1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-0895 (p.250), then return here.

If you have **not** circled **Marker E2** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-2650 (p.258).

# 6-8941

*Hint for Marker U1 (p.468) contd.*

Hint: Where was he when he decided to get the coffee? There is only one place within a few blocks' radius that was open after 10PM. Find it!

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 6-9134

*This was the right thing to do (contd. from 2-4833 on p.112)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Circle **Marker L2** on your case tracking sheet.

Mark 1 DEMERIT for **EACH mark on your OTHER track**.

You can now go to Day Three (p.29)

# 6-9565

*Veronica Bonner*
*31 Chambers St, CC-34*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Veronica Bonner runs the fourth floor of the Hall of Records the way other women her age run church socials: she controls the files, sets the hours, and decides when exceptions get made. Early thirties, dark hair pinned in a precise wave, and a fountain pen she wields like a judge's gavel.

"Detective Deverell." She doesn't look up from her ledger. "I assume you're not here to subpoena me again."

"Not today. Just information."

"What a relief. Last time I had to explain chain of custody to a defense attorney for forty-five minutes." She sets down her pen and folds her hands. "What do you need?"

If you have circled **Marker P1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-8333 (p.229).

# 6-9584

*Hint for Marker S1 (p.466) contd.*

Hint: K. White never comes to the office in person. But people quoted in the articles actually met the journalist face-to-face.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 6-9764

*Canvas area around block YV-51*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 6-9780

*Canvas area around block YV-50*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.



# 7

# 7-0069

*Motley and Brothers Automat*
*1135 Madison Ave, CM-46*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Motley and Brothers Automat's closed for renovations: has been since October. The windows are soaped over, the coin slots covered with canvas, and a hand-painted sign promises reopening in December. Some dispute with Horn & Hardart over patent infringement, or so the rumor goes.

# 7-0076

*Offices of The Daily Worker – Morgue (contd. from 1-9269 on p.78)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The newspaper morgue occupies most of the basement, but "organized" would be generous. Stacks of newspapers teeter in precarious towers, filing cabinets overflow with loose papers, and the floor is carpeted with yellowed clippings that have escaped their supposed homes. An elderly man sits amid the chaos, squinting at a newspaper through thick spectacles.

"K. White, you said?" He scratches his head and looks around helplessly at the surrounding disaster. "Never heard of 'em. But then again, I don't pay attention to bylines much."

"Can you help me find some articles?"

"Well, everything's filed chronologically by date. Sort of." He waves vaguely at numbered boxes lining the walls. "Each box covers one day of the year: that's box 2-0101 for January 1st, 1932. 2-0315 for March 15th, 1932 and so on. If you know the exact date something was published, I can point you to the right box."

"What about subject indexes? Author files?"

He looks genuinely puzzled. "Subject what-now? Look, Detective, if you don't have specific dates, I can't help you. This place runs on dates, not names or topics." He gestures at the numbered boxes stretching along the walls. "Got every day from 1927 to 1932 in here somewhere, but finding anything without knowing exactly when it was published?" He shrugs helplessly.

Determine the lead you wish to look up and visit it; if you do not see a confirmation puzzle symbol and text confirming that the lead is related to the **Daily Worker Archive** puzzle, do not read it.

**If you consult a lead that does not exist, TIME ADVANCES 30 minutes.**

Once you are done, return to 1-9269 (p.78)

# 7-0115

*Central Elevator Company (1-0089 on p.34) contd.*

Locked tight. Through the frosted glass I spot a cleaning woman with a mop bucket. She waves me off without coming to the door, points upward — at the clock, maybe, or heaven. Either way, the message is clear: come back tomorrow.



# 7-0368

*M. W-C. (6-8847 on p.330) contd.*

"You write for *The Daily Worker*. Under the name K. White."

Her face stays smooth. Her eyes don't.

"I do piecework," she says. "Factory reports. Worker injuries."

"You don't sign your real name."

"Some clients prefer not to know where my sympathies land." She lifts a pen, taps it once, sets it down. "The other name keeps the peace. Klara's my middle name. White was easy enough."

"*The Daily Worker*," I say. "That's a Red paper."

"It's a paper that prints what matters," she says. "Men crushed in presses. Women burned in loft fires." A thin smile. "Not 'unfortunate incidents.' Not 'acts of God.'"

She looks at me then, steady.

"No offense, Detective. But when working people die, the courts don't rush in. And the police don't either."

"You write about equipment failures. Certification fraud."

"I investigate what I can prove. Companies pay testing laboratories to approve dangerous equipment. Workers die. The truth gets buried. I dig it back up." She crosses her arms. "Why? Is documenting industrial manslaughter illegal now?"

If you have circled **Marker M1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-6368 (p.220), then return here.

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-3242 (p.199), then return here.

If you have circled **Marker Q1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-4318 (p.58), then return here.

Return to 6-8847 (p.330).

# 7-0464

*Canvas area around block CC-38*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 7-1081

*Hint for Document 6 (p.451) contd.*

Hint: Newspapers pay their freelance writers per article. Someone at *The Daily Worker* must keep track of those payments.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 7-1367

*Liberty Mutual Insurance Company (1-6161 on p.64) contd.*

"A journalist came asking?"

"Yes, a couple of days after we got the file. German woman, very determined. Asked about my investigation methods, how insurance companies verify documentation." He meets my eyes. "She came with a list. Worked through every question before moving to the next. The kind of questions someone asks when they're building a case."

Return to 1-6161 (p.64).



# 7-1567

*Canvas area around block TB-29*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take three extra turns through the side streets. Stop. Listen. Nothing but my footsteps on the empty sidewalk. No Alfa Romeo shadowing me here.

# 7-1950

*Municipal Building, Registrar of Marriage & Divorce*
*1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (3rd floor)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Municipal Building rises forty stories above Centre Street, a wedding cake of limestone and bureaucracy. I push through the brass doors and take the elevator to the third floor.

The Registrar of Marriage & Divorce is quieter than the death records office upstairs. Fewer tears, I suppose, though not by much. A young couple sits in the corner filling out forms, their hands touching between signatures. Give it a few years.

If you have circled **Document 11** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-3470 (p.201).

If you have **not** circled **Document 11** on your case tracking sheet, go to 5-9101 (p.286).

# 7-2050

*Home of Martin Schmidt*
*1404 1st Ave, LH-19*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A walk-up on First Avenue, the kind of building where working men come home tired and don't complain about the stairs. Schmidt, M. on the fourth floor.

If it is before 4:30 pm, go to 1-3646 (p.53).

If it is 4:30 pm or after, go to 5-0498 (p.248).

# 7-2204

*Hint for Marker V1 (p.469) contd.*

Hint: The past-due notice found at Armitage's home came from Loan Leaders. Their telephone number is printed on the letter.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 7-2249

*Dunne, Charles, Apt 2b (4-9201 on p.237) contd.*

"Felix Adamov? Good man. Solid." Dunne waves his cigarette. "But he thinks you can reform this system with facts and patience. Keeps asking me to tone it down, worried about 'alienating moderates.'" He snorts. "Moderates. While kids stand in breadlines."

Return to 4-9201 (p.237).



# 7-2252

*Carlyle Hotel*
*35 E. 76th St, UE-10*

Time advances 30 minutes.



The desk clerk in morning dress looks up and takes me in. A badge in a lobby like this is its own kind of weather. The Carlyle sits between 76th and 77th on Madison Avenue, all Art Deco limestone and careful setbacks, barely two years old and already the kind of address that whispers money. New stone, old habits. The lobby gleams with modern restraint: marble underfoot, mirrors that soften faces, luxury designed not to draw attention. The kind of place where unpleasant matters get handled before they become scenes.

"May I help you, officer?"

"Detective Deverell. I need to speak with someone about the elevator accident."

His expression settles into something professionally neutral. "That matter was thoroughly investigated. The hotel was cleared of any liability."

If you have **not** circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 4-1560 (p.194).

If you have circled **Marker A1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 3-3162 (p.145).

# 7-2479

*Hint for Marker M1 (p.462) contd.*

Hint: The K. White articles include professional-quality photographs. *The Daily Worker* has a photography department that works with their writers.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 7-2796

*Canvas area around block UE-10*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 7-2996

*Canvas area around block EV-87*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 7-3186

*Canvas area around block TS-94*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 7-3576

*996 1st Ave, TB-29*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I track down the name from the *Daily Worker*'s payment ledger and knock on the door.

"You just missed them," I'm told. "Out on assignment. These freelance types are always chasing stories around the city. Could be back tonight, could be tomorrow... depends on the story."

I leave my card and continue my investigation elsewhere.

# 7-3637

*Central Elevator Company (6-1710 on p.300) contd.*

The warrant doesn't make the office manager any friendlier, but it does get him to pull files. Central Elevator installs motors in buildings all over Manhattan.

"We use reputable testing laboratories for all electrical certifications. ETL has provided satisfactory service for years. If you're suggesting there's something wrong with their work, you'll need to take that up with them directly. Our installations meet every safety standard."

If you have circled **Document 7** on your case tracking sheet, go to 2-5696 (p.115).

# 7-4344

*Canvas area around block LS-56*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 7-4396

*M. W-C. (3-3218 on p.147) contd.*

"Just routine questions, ma'am."

"Then come back with a warrant, Detective." Her accent carries a slight German edge. "My family knows what happens when people open their doors to state officials who claim to be 'just asking questions.' Come back with a warrant."

The lock clicks emphatically. She's not opening that door without legal compulsion.



# 7-4582

*Horn & Hardart Automat – Back Room Visit*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The floor manager is compact, fifties, suit pressed sharp, watch chain across his vest. He looks at my badge, then back at me.

"This about the Englishman?" He unlocks the staff door. "Shame."

Circle **Marker F1** on your case tracking sheet.

"Welcome to the guts," he continues. "German engineering. Original equipment came over from Berlin in 1902. These dispensers run sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. We brew fresh coffee every twenty minutes."

"They ever break down?"

His eyes narrow. "You think one of my machines killed that man? Hundreds of people got coffee from that dispenser Tuesday. You see a pile of bodies outside?"

"I'm just asking questions." He's right... Same machine, same coffee. Something had to be different.

"You know how many times I've seen one malfunction since they bolted her to the floor?" He holds up three fingers. "Three times. And two of those were customer error. Woman trying to force a Canadian nickel through, fellow who thought he could jimmy the mechanism for free coffee."

"What about the third time?"

"Valve needed adjustment two or three months ago. Nothing major." He straightens his already-straight watch chain. "Used to be a headache finding mechanics who could read the German specifications. But we had the manuals translated... professional work, every diagram, every tolerance. My maintenance man had it fixed in twenty minutes." There's satisfaction in his voice. "German precision, Detective. Built to last longer than most marriages."

Technical manuals line a shelf above the workbench. I pull down the HORN & HARDART BEVERAGE DISPENSING SYSTEM, TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS. Dense diagrams, assemblies and settings. Every tolerance marked to the hundredth of an inch. I flip to the title page. At the bottom, in small type: *Translated September 1932.*

"Who translated it?"

"German woman, very precise. She saw the 'OUT OF ORDER' sign and offered her services. Head office handled the paperwork."

"Name?"

"Couldn't tell you. I just let her in when she needed access — usually evenings, after the dinner rush thinned out." He gestures at the mechanical maze around us. "She actually spent a few weeks here checking her translations against the actual equipment. She was thorough. Wanted to understand how everything worked, not just translate the words."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

The technical manual is not really helping. I take it in slowly: a dozen places where something could be added, modified, hidden. BRASS PIPES, BOLTS and SHAFT... STEAM VALVE, GEARS and KNOBS... Pressure gauges with DIALS and timing mechanisms... WIRES snake between components. Metal RAMPS guiding COINS through CHUTE and SLOTS into several giant containers that sit half full. TUBES carry coffee from central TANKS to individual SPOUT dispensers.

Whatever killed Armitage was delivered by that machine... and I have to believe the proof is in here somewhere.

The manager sees me staring. “Anything you want to look at closer, Detective? Place is yours. Take all the time you need.”

Determine the lead you wish to look up and visit it; if you do not see a confirmation puzzle symbol and text confirming that the lead is related to the **Automat components** puzzle, do not read it.

**Investigating the Machinery**

You may investigate any of the capitalized components above. To determine the lead number, convert each letter of the word to a digit using the following cipher:

```
A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5, F=6, G=7, H=8, I=9

J=1, K=2, L=3, M=4, N=5, O=6, P=7, Q=8, R=9

S=1, T=2, U=3, V=4, W=5, X=6, Y=7, Z=8
```

For example, the word STEAM would become lead 1-2514.

**Each component you choose to examine takes 30 minutes.** Examine as many as required to find what you are looking for. You will need to solve this before the day ends.

# 7-5191

*GEARS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 7-6068

*Home of Margaret Nowak (8-3098 on p.388) contd.*

I press the buzzer. The speaker crackles. “Yes?”

“Margaret Nowak? Jack Deverell. I’m investigating the death of Sir Teddy Armitage from ETL. Just need to ask you a few questions.”

“Please contact me through the office during business hours.”

The speaker clicks off. She’s not talking without a reason.



# 7-6245

*Home of Beatrice Becker*
*348 E. 84th St, YV-44*

Time advances 30 minutes.

A solid brownstone on East 84th, the heart of Yorkville. Geiger Meats & Sausages around the corner. The kind of neighborhood where people mind their own business in two languages. Becker, B. listed on the second floor.

If it is before 5 pm, go to 4-8504 (p.231).

If it is 5 pm or after, go to 3-5275 (p.155).

# 7-6282

*Hint for Marker J1 (p.460) contd.*

Hint: A man's office often contains evidence of his activities. Sir Teddy had his own office at ETL.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 7-6317

*Home of Julius Lang (4-8347 on p.230) contd.*

I press the buzzer and wait. Nothing for a count of ten. Then footsteps on stairs, slow and cautious. The door opens a crack, chain still on. Julius Lang's pale face peers out, and what little color he has drains away.

"Detective Deverell." The words barely get out. "How did you... I mean, why are you..."

"Just a few follow-up questions."

The chain rattles off. He stands in the doorway, blocking the entrance, shirt untucked, hair disheveled from its usual pomade. Behind him, a cramped studio apartment. Drafting table by the window, engineering textbooks stacked on every surface.

"I already told you everything at the office." His hands are shaking. "I don't... I don't know what else I can..."

"Relax, Lang. I'm not here to arrest you."

He doesn't look reassured. His eyes keep darting to the street behind me, like he's expecting someone else to appear.

"Look, Detective, I really don't think it's appropriate for you to be here. At my home. I've cooperated fully with your investigation. Please, Detective. If anyone sees a policeman at my door..."

He's already closing it.

# 7-6480

*Loan Leaders*
*2 Gouverneur Slip E., LE-77*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I dial Loan Leaders and ask for Kevin Kiefer, the collections manager whose name was on the letter.

“Kiefer,” he rasps, like a man who chews broken promises for breakfast.

“This is Detective Deverell, Manhattan Police. I’m calling about a client of yours. Sir Teddy Armitage.”

A humorless laugh. “Tell me he finally poked his head up.”

“When did you last have contact with Mr. Armitage?”

“September thirteenth. Came in asking for a grand. We cut him to $500.” Paper rustles on his end. “Signed for it, walked out with a check. Deposited it same day, from what our bank tells us. Then vanished.”

“Why only $500 if he asked for a thousand?”

“Something didn’t smell right. Too polished, too smooth. Man walks in wearing a suit that costs more than most people make in a month, asking for a loan? We don’t take chances with that type. First payment was due October 13th. Nothing. As of today? $55 past due, penalties included.” A bitter snort. “Guess we should’ve trusted our noses and said no entirely.”

“I understand you sent someone to his residence yesterday.”

“That’s right. November first. Angus Lombardo. Best retriever we have. Clean suit, good shoes, white Buick that purrs like a housecat.” A pause. “Don’t let the polish fool you. He finds people. Even the ones who think they’re clever.”

“What time was he there?”

“Late afternoon. Angus likes to catch a man coming home from work. Sat on it for hours. Fancy boy never showed.”

“How concerned are you about the debt?”

Kiefer snorts. “Concerned? Five hundred walks out and doesn’t walk back, word travels. Every deadbeat in Manhattan starts thinking we’re soft.”

“Armitage is dead.”

The silence on the line is sharp enough to cut.

Then Kiefer explodes. “Oh, for Christ’s sake. Dead? Now? After stiffing us for half a grand? You gotta be kidding me.”

Papers slap a desk. Something metal clatters.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

“He never paid a cent. Not one red cent. Now he leaves us holding the bag?” The explosion subsides into something quieter and meaner. “That smiling fraud cost us more than money, Detective. He made us look weak.”

His breathing goes ragged.

“Angus is gonna lose his damn mind.”

Circle **Marker V1** on your case tracking sheet.



# 7-6507

*Hint for Marker N1 (p.463) contd.*

Hint: During your visit to Maria's place, you will see her darkroom.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 7-6736

*344 W. 12th St, HY-25*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I track down the name from the *Daily Worker*'s payment ledger and knock on the door.

"You just missed them," I'm told. "Out on assignment. These freelance types are always chasing stories around the city. Could be back tonight, could be tomorrow... depends on the story."

I leave my card and continue my investigation elsewhere.

# 7-7683

*Hint for Document 8 (p.453) contd.*

Hint: *The Daily Worker* keeps archives of past editions. Their offices are listed in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark 5 demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 7-8166

*Canvas area around block UE-54*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.



# 7-8629

*Roosevelt Hospital*
*1000 10th Ave, LS-56*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The admissions office smells of iodine and cigarette smoke. Behind the counter, a woman with a hairnet is knitting something pink and shapeless, smoking a cigarette. She doesn't look up.

"Visiting hours are over."

"Detective Deverell. I need intake records. Construction accident, Rockefeller Center."

"Date?"

"September."

She sets down her knitting and peers at me over half-moon spectacles, her cigarette dangling from her lips. "Honey, I process forty admissions a day. Crushed fingers, broken backs, skulls cracked like eggs. You want me to remember one?" She gestures at a wall of filing cabinets with her needle. "September's in cabinet nine. 9-0901 for the first, 9-0902 for the second. You know the date, you find your man."

"And if I don't know the date?"

"Then I hope you brought a sandwich." She picks up her knitting. "I'm making booties. My daughter's expecting twins. Isn't that something?"

Determine the lead you wish to look up and visit it; if you do not see a confirmation puzzle symbol and text confirming that the lead is related to the **Hospital Admission** puzzle, do not read it.

**If you consult a lead that does not exist, TIME ADVANCES 30 minutes.**

# 7-8936

*Canvas area around block CM-40*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I take the long route. Duck into a coffee shop, wait by the window, watch the street. No black Alfa when I step back out. City's good for that.

# 7-9074

*Previous apartment of Maria and Stefan Clausen*
*517 E. 77th St, LH-8 (apt. 1a)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The door opens to a young man with a thick French-Canadian accent.

“Clausen? Non, euh... I don’t know dis name.” He shrugs. “I move here in July, from Montréal. De apartment was empty when I sign de lease.” He gestures helplessly. “Sorry, monsieur.”

Dead end.



# 7-9153

*French Hospital*
*324 W. 30th St, CS-17*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The lobby is small and unassuming, a French tricolor over the reception desk and a handwritten sign in French taped to the wall. I ask the nurse about workers brought in from the Rockefeller Center sites.

She shakes her head. “We serve our community here, Detective. Midtown accident cases go by ambulance to Roosevelt”

Another wrong door.

# 7-9751

*PIPES*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 8

# 8-0174

*Canvas area around block HH-46*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Harlem's a long way from Yorkville. I take two different subway lines, change cars twice, watch every face that follows. Get off at 145th, walk back down. The residential blocks up here are quiet. Any tail would stand out like a sore thumb.

No black Alfa Romeo. No one is watching.

Whatever I'm walking into, I'm not bringing company.

Circle **Marker Y1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 8-0335

*Canvas area around block LW-69*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.

# 8-1410

*Captain Alexander Dobrin*
*Nassau St & Liberty St, FD-70*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The worn wooden stairs up to the Financial District precinct creak the same way they did when I worked here. Some things don't change, even if everything else does.

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet if it's before noon or after 1pm since you'll have to disturb Captain Dobrin to talk to him, or else leave.

I find Captain Dobrin at his desk, surrounded by ledgers and bank statements. He looks up, takes off his wire-rimmed glasses, and cleans them with his handkerchief.

"Jack," he says. Nothing more. That's Dobrin.

"Captain." I pull up a chair. "Thought I'd stop by."

He nods and sets down his glasses. There's a chess set on the corner of his desk, black and white pieces frozen mid-game. He's playing against himself again.

"You ever look at bank ledgers, Jack?" he asks.

"Not if I can help it."

"You should." He taps one of the ledgers in front of him. "Bank ledgers tell you everything. More than a wife knows. More than a priest."

He picks up his glasses, holds them to the light, cleans them again. "The numbers don't lie. That's what got Mayor Walker in the end. Judge Seabury followed the money, and two months later our mayor's sunning himself on the Riviera with that Ziegfeld girl." He shakes his head. "Six years running this city like his personal checkbook. All it took was one judge who knew how to read a ledger." He pauses. "His investigation's got everyone nervous. Gambling joints are being more careful about who asks questions and why." He picks up a chess piece, turns it over in his fingers. "Money makes men stupid. Debts make them desperate. And desperate men attract trouble like flies to a corpse."

"You think Roosevelt'll change things?"

"Maybe. Maybe not." He sets the piece back on the board. "But the choices men make? They're all written down. Right here in black and white."

☑ Tick **1** culture box on your case tracking sheet for learning about Judge Seabury's investigation that brought down Mayor Jimmy Walker.

# 8-1869

*Hint for Document 9 (p.454) contd.*

Hint: *The Daily Worker* keeps archives of past editions. Their offices are listed in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 8-1951

*Pressure Points (p.29) contd.*

Three cars down from the Headquarters steps, the Alfa is back. Same driver, same patient shape behind the windshield.

They're not even trying to hide anymore.

**You are still being tailed**

Reminder: Canvassing takes 30 minutes per location. If no **Canvas** lead exists, time **DOES NOT** advance.

Record the following **mandatory** event in your schedule:

- **When**: Today, day #**3** (Friday, November 4th, 1932).
- **Time**: 5 pm
- **Where to go**: 3-2720 (p.144)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you meet the conditions described above, visit the lead specified.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **3** (**Fri, Nov 4th**) and that the current time is **9 am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **5 pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

# 8-1962

*Canvas area around block TL-6*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I circle the block, slip into the crowd. Check reflections in every window. By the time I reach the entrance, the Alfa Romeo's gone. Lost in the traffic.

# 8-1998

*The Bull & Bush*
*1067 Park Ave, CM-35*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Bull & Bush gave up the ghost in ’21, about a year after the Volstead Act killed it. The old pub signage is still there, weathered and peeling, above a door that hasn’t opened for years. Someone tried converting the ground floor to a grocer’s, but that folded in ’29 when the market crashed.

# 8-2588

*Adamov, Felix*
*141 E. 3rd St, EV-56 (apt. 5a)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

If it is before 5 pm, go to 4-3428 (p.200).

If it is 5 pm or after, go to 3-9922 (p.184).

# 8-2736

*Pieces Placed (p.431) contd.*

"You'll have my full report by end of day."

"Good." A pause. "And Jack? Keep it clean."

"Always do, Chief."

Circle **Marker J2** on your case tracking sheet.

I hang up the phone knowing full well that I will make two reports. One for the Chief, official and complete. The other goes into an unmarked envelope, left at Charlie's usual stool at D'Anna's. The courts move slowly. Newspapers don't.

Outside, the November wind cuts through the city like a knife. Somewhere in Yorkville, a widow is waiting for a knock on her door.

Justice. Revenge. Self-defense. Sometimes the lines blur until you can't tell one from the other.

But that's not my job. My job is to find the truth.

I set the pipe down and reach for my hat. Go to Paper Trail (p.436)

# 8-3037

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company (1-2866 on p.45) contd.*

A night watchman sits behind the reception desk reading a newspaper. He looks up when I knock, shakes his head without getting up, and taps his watch. Then he goes back to his paper.



# 8-3098

*Home of Margaret Nowak (3-6695 on p.162) contd.*

If you have **not** circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 7-6068 (p.362).

If you have circled **Marker J1** on your case tracking sheet, go to 1-8624 (p.74).



# 8-3879

*Hint for Marker S1 (p.466) contd.*

Hint: Frank Schuetz was interviewed for the warehouse fire article. Find his address in the White Pages and pay him a visit.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark *5* demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

# 8-4426

*Canvas area around block YV-58*

Time advances 30 minutes.

This one's life or death. If they're watching, if they follow me here, I'm signing her death warrant.

I walk ten blocks out of my way. Change direction five times. Stop in a drugstore, watch through the window. Take the alley behind 81st, come around from the opposite direction. Check every parked car, every doorway, every face.

Nothing. No Alfa Romeo. No one.

She stays breathing. For now.

Circle **Marker E2** on your case tracking sheet.



# 8-4891

*Hint for Marker T1 (p.467) contd.*

Hint: ETL reported Armitage as missing when he didn't show up for work. His home address should be in the telephone directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **5** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



# 8-6369

*Canvas area around block CC-67*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Three blocks out of my way, cutting through the foot traffic. Stop to light my pipe, check the street. The tail's gone when I arrive. Too many faces to follow one.



# 8-7732

*27 E. 3rd St, BO-3*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I track down the name from the *Daily Worker*'s payment ledger and knock on the door.

"You just missed them," I'm told. "Out on assignment. These freelance types are always chasing stories around the city. Could be back tonight, could be tomorrow... depends on the story."

I leave my card and continue my investigation elsewhere.

# 8-8129

*The fate of Maria (contd. from 5-4375 on p.263)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Circle **Marker K2** on your case tracking sheet.

Count the marks on your **OTHER** track. Add this number to **the last digit of the current real-world time** (for example, if it is 11:47, add 7).

If the total is **10 or greater**:

Circle **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet.

If the total is **less than 10**: The hitman has lost Maria's trail.

It's ***5* pm** on **Friday, November 4th, 1932** (day #**3**), and your case is coming to an end.

If there are still leads you wish to visit before ending the case, you may visit those leads now.

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet if you choose to do so. Consider yourself in overtime. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, and time does not advance past ***5* pm** (ignore any instructions to do so).

Additionally, while in overtime you must mark **1 demerit** on your case tracking sheet for each (time advancing) lead visited.

When you are ready to conclude the case and answer questions, proceed to Conclusion (p.428).

# 8-8723

*New York Public Library – Arts & Entertainment*
*476 5th Ave, TL-6 (1st fl. east)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

Room 501 smells like old paper and ambition. Shelves of theatre programs, sheet music, and photography manuals crowd the space. A young librarian looks up from her card catalog.

“Arts and entertainment research, Detective?”

“Photography.”

She gestures toward the relevant section without asking why a cop needs books on f-stops and silver bromide.

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **either** of the following 2 items (**Marker N1** or **Marker O1**), go to 5-1797 (p.256).

If you have **not** circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker N1** and **Marker O1**), go to 4-7556 (p.226).

# 8-9400

*Reitz and Brothers Boating Equipment*
*555 E. 90th St, YV-9*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The warehouse sits on East 90th near the river, a squat brick building with loading docks facing the street. Fresh paint on the side wall can't quite cover the smoke damage underneath.

A clerk at a makeshift desk looks up as I approach. "Help you?"

I show my badge. "Question about Frank Schuetz. He worked here as warehouse supervisor."

"Mr. Schuetz retired after the fire. Health reasons."

"Retired? Really?"

The clerk takes a moment too long to answer. "Really. The company was very generous with his severance."

"Where can I find him?"

"I'm not authorized to provide employee information." He's already turning back to his paperwork.

I head back out to 90th Street. A man who reported violations, talked to a journalist, and was "retired" the day the article hit print. That was six months ago. Company generosity means you take the severance and disappear quietly.

# 8-9869

*Municipal Building, Registrar of Births and Deaths*
*1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (4th floor)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

New York keeps its dead on the fourth floor of the Municipal Building. Somewhere in this building, every birth and death in the city gets reduced to a line in a ledger.

I find the registrar behind a counter stacked with forms, a thin man with spectacles and the pallor of someone who spends his days cataloging endings.

A woman at the next window is crying softly, filling out forms for someone who will never fill out forms again. Twenty-three thousand deaths so far this year in Manhattan alone. Twenty-three thousand names reduced to carbon copies and filing codes.

My father is one of those names now. Heart failure, they wrote. Close enough, I suppose.

I show my badge. The registrar doesn't blink.

"Death records are filed by borough, month and day," he says, adjusting his spectacles. "You'll need to be specific."

He gestures to a faded chart on the wall behind him:

**DEATH RECORDS FILING SYSTEM**

Borough Codes:

- Bronx: 1
- Brooklyn: 2
- Manhattan: 3
- Queens: 4
- Staten Island: 5

Request format: [Borough Code]-[MM][DD]

Example: Bronx deaths from March 31st = **1-0331**

"Once you have your filing code, you can consult the records yourself in the reading room down the hall. We keep the past five years on site. Anything older, you'll need to submit a written request and wait three to five days."

He peers at me over his spectacles. "And Detective, we only have records for deaths that occurred within the five boroughs. Anyone who died elsewhere, you'll need to contact the appropriate jurisdiction."

I make a note of the system. Borough, then month and year. Simple enough, if you know what you're looking for.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

Determine the lead you wish to look up and visit it; if you do not see a confirmation puzzle symbol and text confirming that the lead is related to the **Death Records** puzzle, do not read it.

**If you consult a lead that does not exist, TIME ADVANCES 30 minutes.**



# 9

# 9-0089

*ETL Client file: Central Elevator Company*

*Read ONLY if arriving from ETL Archive (2-4428 on p.110)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I find the Central Elevator Company file and pull it from the shelf. It's thin... too thin. Inside, just a single typewritten note:

"All documentation related to Central Elevator Company certifications has been transferred to the insurance company conducting the investigation on February 29, 1932. FILE #24816-3468144"

The Carlyle Hotel accident. Someone filed a claim, and the insurance company got the evidence.

Circle **Marker Z1** on your case tracking sheet.



# 9-0907

*Roosevelt Hospital – Admissions for September 7th, 1932*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Hospital Admission (7-8629 on p.372)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The folder is thick. Forty-three admissions that Wednesday: births, appendectomies, a child with pneumonia, two heart attacks, a stabbing in Harlem. I skim past the illnesses and domestic accidents, looking for construction sites.

I find him on the second page of trauma cases...

Van Dyk, Willem. Age 28. Admitted 10:47 AM. Cause: Crushing injury to spine, lumbar region. Patient struck by crane boom during equipment failure. Prognosis: Permanent paralysis, lower extremities.

The knitting needles are still clicking when I return the folder.

“Find what you needed?”

“Yeah.”

“Good.” She holds up the bootie, examining her work. “Life’s too short to spend it in filing cabinets.”

Circle **Marker W1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 9-1471

*RAMPS*

*Read ONLY if arriving from Automat components (7-4582 on p.359)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I examine the component closely. The manager hovers at my shoulder, arms crossed.

“See anything suspicious, Detective?”

I don’t. Everything looks factory standard. No modifications, no tampering, nothing out of place. Nothing I can see, anyway. Just thirty years of German engineering doing exactly what it was designed to do.

“Satisfied?” There’s an edge in his voice now. “My machines don’t kill people.”

I step back. This isn’t the answer.

# 9-2252

*No file found for Carlyle Hotel*

*Read ONLY if arriving from ETL Archive (2-4428 on p.110)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I search the shelves under “Carlyle Hotel.” Nothing. The old man said files are organized by the equipment manufacturer, not the building. I’m looking in the wrong place.

# 9-2866

*ETL Client file: Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company*

*Read ONLY if arriving from ETL Archive (2-4428 on p.110)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I pull the Allis-Chalmers file. Inside, a crisp certification form signed by Sir Teddy Armitage, dated February 2nd, 1932.

But there's nothing else. No test results. No measurements. No engineer's notes. Just the certification itself.

"Know by test," the ETL advertisements say. Hard to test something when there's no record you ever did.

Circle **Marker K1** on your case tracking sheet.

# 9-2897

*ETL Client file: American Telephone and Telegraph*

*Read ONLY if arriving from ETL Archive (2-4428 on p.110)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

I pull the American Telephone and Telegraph file: the Hotel Taft telephone switchboard project. A yellow carbon copy of the test results sits inside a brand new manila folder.

Circle **Document 12** on your case tracking sheet. You have gained access to **Document 12** (ETL Test Results – Hotel Taft Project), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 419.

# 9-4138

*No file found for Hotel Taft*

*Read ONLY if arriving from ETL Archive (2-4428 on p.110)*

Time advances 30 minutes.

The Hotel Taft file should be here. It's not... Wait! The old man said they file by the supplier's telephone number, not the hotel's.

# DOCUMENTS

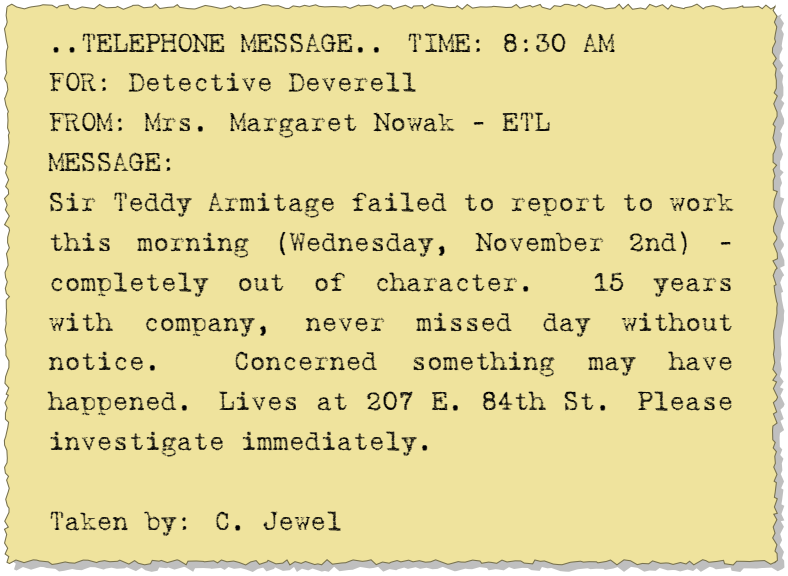
## STOP!



Do **not** access the documents section unless directed to retrieve a specific document.

# Document 1

*ETL Message Slip, from Proper Passing (p.18)*



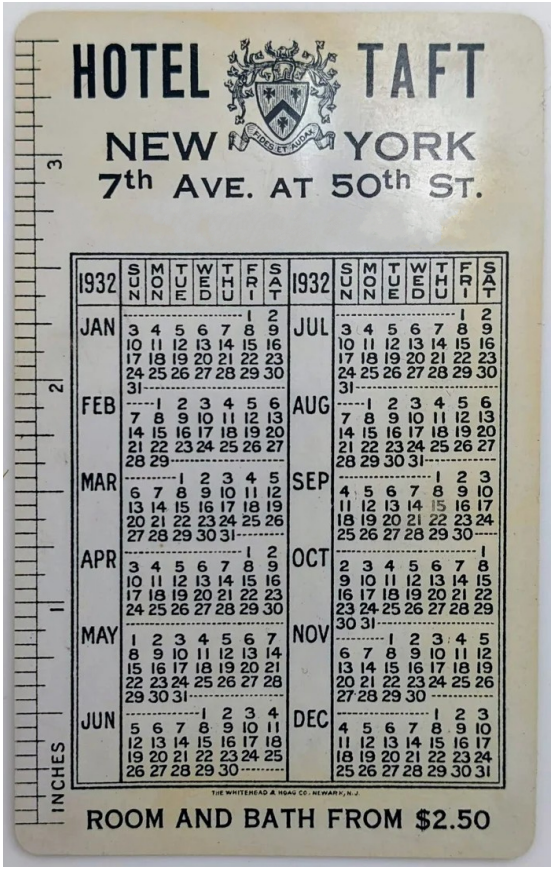
..TELEPHONE MESSAGE.. TIME: 8:30 AM
FOR: Detective Deverell
FROM: Mrs. Margaret Nowak - ETL
MESSAGE:
Sir Teddy Armitage failed to report to work this morning (Wednesday, November 2nd) - completely out of character. 15 years with company, never missed day without notice. Concerned something may have happened. Lives at 207 E. 84th St. Please investigate immediately.

Taken by: C. Jewel

# Document 2

*Pocket Calendar found on Sir Armitage, from 6-1311 (p.297)*



# Document 3

*Sir Armitage Bank Ledger, from 1-7716 (p.68)*

**YORKVILLE BANK & TRUST COMPANY**

Account Holder: Sir Teddy Armitage
Account Number: 2847-B
Address: 207 E. 84th Street, Manhattan

ACCOUNT LEDGER - 1932

| DATE | DESCRIPTION | DEBIT | CREDIT | BALANCE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jan 04 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $212.75 |
| Jan 29 | Check No. 325 | $65.00 | - | $147.75 |
| Jan 30 | Withdrawal | $45.00 | - | $102.75 |
| Feb 01 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $282.75 |
| Feb 03 | Deposit | - | $500.00 | $782.75 |
| Feb 12 | Withdrawal | $250.00 | - | $532.75 |
| Feb 26 | Check No. 326 | $65.00 | - | $467.75 |
| Feb 26 | Withdrawal | $235.00 | - | $232.75 |
| Mar 07 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $412.75 |
| Mar 25 | Check No. 327 | $65.00 | - | $347.75 |
| Mar 25 | Withdrawal | $120.00 | - | $227.75 |
| Apr 04 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $407.75 |
| Apr 29 | Check No. 328 | $65.00 | - | $342.75 |
| Apr 29 | Withdrawal | $70.00 | - | $272.75 |
| May 02 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $452.75 |
| May 27 | Check No. 329 | $65.00 | - | $387.75 |
| May 27 | Withdrawal | $113.00 | - | $274.75 |
| Jun 06 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $454.75 |
| Jun 24 | Check No. 330 | $65.00 | - | $389.75 |
| Jun 28 | Withdrawal | $135.00 | - | $254.75 |
| Jul 04 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $434.75 |
| Jul 29 | Check No. 331 | $65.00 | - | $369.75 |
| Jul 30 | Withdrawal | $125.00 | - | $244.75 |
| Aug 01 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $424.75 |
| Aug 26 | Check No. 332 | $65.00 | - | $359.75 |
| Aug 29 | Withdrawal | $135.00 | - | $224.75 |
| Aug 30 | Withdrawal | $78.00 | - | $146.75 |
| Sep 05 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $326.75 |
| Sep 13 | Check Deposit - Loan Leaders | - | $500.00 | $826.75 |
| Sep 13 | Withdrawal | $555.00 | - | $271.75 |
| Sep 28 | Withdrawal | $100.00 | - | $171.75 |
| Sep 30 | Check No. 333 | $65.00 | - | $106.75 |
| Oct 03 | ETL Salary | - | $180.00 | $286.75 |
| Oct 03 | Withdrawal | $150.00 | - | $136.75 |
| Oct 13 | Withdrawal | $120.00 | - | $16.75 |
| Oct 28 | Non-Sufficient Funds Fee | $10.00 | - | $6.75 |

# Document 4

*Loan Leaders Collection Notice, from 1-5482 (p.62)*

LOAN LEADERS

442 East 78th Street – New York, N.Y. – Telephone: 7-6480

October 25th, 1932

Sir Teddy Armitage

207 East 84th Street

New York, N.Y.

FIRST NOTICE - IMMEDIATE PAYMENT REQUIRED

Dear Sir Teddy Armitage,

Our records indicate that your personal loan account is TWELVE (12) DAYS PAST DUE

We have received no payment or communication from you regarding this matter.

| ACCOUNT SUMMARY: | |
|---|---|
| Loan Date: ..... | September 13, 1932 |
| Monthly Payment Due: ..... | $50.00 |
| Payments Received: ..... | $0.00 |
| TOTAL AMOUNT NOW DUE: $50.00 | |
| Late Fees: ..... | $5.00 |
| TOTAL BALANCE DUE: $55.00 | |

Payment must be received within FIVE (5) BUSINESS DAYS of this letter or we will be forced to take the following actions:

- Immediate repossession of chattel security (household furnishings)
- Notification to your employer, Electrical Testing Laboratories
- Legal action to recover the full amount plus court costs

We urge you to contact our office immediately at 7-6480 to arrange payment or discuss a payment plan. Our collection representative, Mr. Angus Lombardo, will be available to meet with you at your convenience. Do not ignore this notice. Immediate action is required.

Very truly yours,

Kevin Kiefer

Kevin Kiefer

Collections Manager

THE DAILY WORKER FIGHTS: FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF THE UNORGANIZED FOR THE 40-HOUR WEEK FOR A LABOR PARTY

# THE DAILY WORKER

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

FINAL CITY EDITION

Vol. IX, No. 261 TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1932 3 cents

## WORKERS DIE WHILE BOSSES ESCAPE BLAME

*By K. White*

Come spring, 23-year-old Alexander Forsyth of West New Brighton, Staten Island, will stand trial for the deaths of seventy-two construction workers in the Rikers Island steamboat disaster. This young man, who operated nothing more than a coffee concession aboard the steamboat, faces manslaughter charges while the executives who contracted the vessel face no prosecution.

The September 9th explosion that destroyed the vessel followed documented patterns of industrial negligence. Federal steamboat inspection records indicate the vessel's main boiler had undergone extensive patch welding, yet received operational certification for passenger transport.

Investigation reveals systematic failures in safety protocols. The forty-year-old boiler required structural repairs, yet recovered fragments show poorly executed welds with visible slag inclusions and incomplete penetration. Rivet holes show signs of misalignment and stress cracking, indicating amateur workmanship.



When the steam explosion occurred at 8:03 AM, critical evidence was submerged in thirty feet of East River water. Our investigation shows Forsyth held no legal authority over mechanical systems. Of note, Federal Maritime Commission inspectors issued safety certificates without conducting mandated hydrostatic pressure tests.

Trial proceedings commence March 15th, 1933. Whether accountability will extend beyond the designated scapegoat awaits judicial determination.

## WALL STREET VULTURES FEAST ON WORKER MISERY

*By Charles Dunne*

While millions stand in breadlines, the Wall Street parasites who caused this crisis grow fat on foreclosures and evictions. The same banks that gambled away workers' savings now seize their homes with cold precision.

Last week alone, Manhattan Municipal Court processed over 400 eviction notices. Families thrown into the street while bank executives count their profits. Children shivering in doorways while their former landlords, now bankrupt themselves, beg for mercy from the very system that destroyed them.

---

The cruel mathematics of capitalism demand their tribute: every family destroyed means another property for the speculators to gobble up at fire-sale prices. Every shuttered factory means cheaper land for the bosses' future schemes.

How long will the working class accept this robbery? How long will we watch our neighbors dragged from their homes while the rich feast on our bones?

The answer lies not in breadlines and soup kitchens! Charity that keeps us grateful and docile. The answer lies in organization. In unity. In taking back what they have stolen from us.

November 8th approaches. The bosses offer us Hoover's continued starvation or Roosevelt's false promises of relief that will never come. Both parties serve the same masters: Wall Street bankers and factory owners who profit from our desperation.

But the real choice lies with us, in the streets, in the factories, in the solidarity that no eviction notice can destroy and no bank foreclosure can break. When workers stand together, no force on earth can stop us.

## GARMENT BOSSES SLASH WAGES AS WINTER APPROACHES

*By F. Adamov*

The needle trades bosses have found a new way to squeeze blood from stones, cutting wages just as winter's brutal cold descends on New York's tenements.

Three major garment factories on the Lower East Side announced wage cuts of 15 to 20 percent effective immediately. Their excuse? *Market conditions require adjustment.* Their real motive? Pure greed disguised as economic necessity.




Remember the *Uprising of 20,000* of November 1909

Sarah Kowalski, 34, supports three children on her seamstress wages. The cut means choosing between heating oil and milk. "They tell us to be grateful we have jobs! Grateful for what? For the privilege of freezing while we make coats we cannot afford?" Meanwhile, the factory owners' wives model the latest Paris fashions at charity galas, raising money for the *deserving poor* while their husbands create more poverty with each payroll.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union calls for immediate action. But action means more than meetings and petitions. It means standing together when they try to divide us with false promises and empty threats.

***CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.***

# Document 6

*Ledger of freelancers payments, from 3-0317 (p.134)*

THE DAILY WORKER — FREELANCE PAYMENT LEDGER

1932

| DATE | PAYEE | AMOUNT | NOTES |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jan 6 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Community News (1 photo) |
| Jan 13 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Labor Meeting (2 photos) |
| Jan 20 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Street Corner |
| Jan 27 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Union Rally (3 photos) |
| Feb 3 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Factory Report (1 photo) |
| Feb 10 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Neighborhood (2 photos) |
| Feb 17 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Tenement Fire (4 photos) |
| Feb 24 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Worker Interview |
| Mar 11 | K. White | $15.00 | Industrial Safety (147B) |
| Mar 18 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Local Politics (1 photo) |
| Mar 25 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Strike Coverage (3 photos) |
| Apr 1 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | May Day Prep (2 photos) |
| Apr 8 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Housing Crisis (1 photo) |
| Apr 15 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Police Brutality |
| Apr 22 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Unemployment (2 photos) |
| Apr 29 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Worker Safety (1 photo) |
| May 6 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Eviction Story (2 photos) |
| May 13 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Bread Lines (3 photos) |
| May 20 | K. White | $15.00 | Industrial Safety (289K) |
| May 27 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Bank Closures (1 photo) |
| Jun 3 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Relief Programs |
| Jun 10 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Street Vendors (2 photos) |
| Jun 17 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Soup Kitchen (1 photo) |
| Jun 24 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Bonus Army (4 photos) |
| Jul 1 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Holiday Coverage (1 photo) |
| Jul 8 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Police Reform |
| Jul 15 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Summer Relief (2 photos) |
| Jul 22 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Labor Disputes (1 photo) |
| Jul 29 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Hooverville (3 photos) |
| Aug 5 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Heat Wave (1 photo) |
| Aug 19 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Immigrant Aid (2 photos) |
| Aug 26 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | School Funding |
| Sep 2 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Labor Day (3 photos) |
| Sep 9 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Dock Workers (1 photo) |
| Sep 16 | K. White | $15.00 | Industrial Safety (463N) |
| Sep 23 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Relief Crisis (2 photos) |
| Sep 30 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Election Coverage |
| Oct 7 | C. Murphy | $15.00 | Protest Rally (4 photos) |
| Oct 14 | E. Goldstein | $15.00 | Rent Strike (2 photos) |
| Oct 21 | P. Cohen | $15.00 | Campaign Trail (1 photo) |
| Oct 28 | G. Rosenberg | $15.00 | Election Eve (3 photos) |

# Document 7

*A K. White article from the March 8th Edition, from 2-0308 (p.85)*

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1932

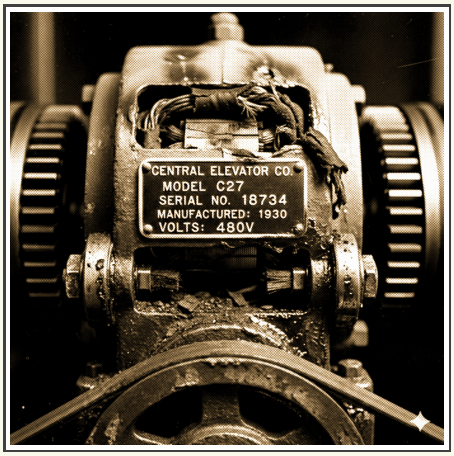
## CARLYLE HOTEL DEATH RAISES SAFETY QUESTIONS

*By K. White*

An elevator mechanic died on Washington's Birthday when the service elevator at the Carlyle Hotel plummeted four stories to the basement. While the nation honored a president who could not tell a lie, a man fell to his death in a shaft full of them.

Investigation revealed extensive deterioration in the motor's armature windings. Witnesses reported the elevator had acted strangely for weeks: jerking during operation, grinding sounds, failing to level properly with floors.

Records show the motor received electrical safety certification just two months prior, declaring all components "safe for continuous operation." Post-accident examination found the armature insulation had degraded significantly, brushes worn beyond manufacturer specifications, and bearing assemblies showing advanced deterioration.




Coworkers report the mechanic had documented these irregularities in maintenance reports submitted to hotel management. Those reports have since vanished from hotel files. Management claims no such documentation ever existed.

The hotel's insurance carrier, Liberty Mutual, has denied all liability claims, classifying the situation as an "unfortunate accident" rather than negligence. The certifying laboratory declined to provide original inspection records, citing "client confidentiality."

One wonders what else that confidentiality conceals.

# Document 8

*A K. White article from the May 17th Edition, from 2-0517 (p.86)*

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1932

## WAREHOUSE FIRE KILLS FIVE AS SAFETY EQUIPMENT FAILS

*By K. White*

Five workers died in last Friday's warehouse fire at Reitz and Brothers Boating Equipment when emergency exits were found chained shut and fire extinguishers empty. The blaze started around 2 PM in the canvas and rope storage area.

Workers trapped on the second floor broke windows and jumped to the street below. Two died from the falls, three from smoke inhalation before reaching blocked exits. The warehouse's fire safety certification, dated March 15th, declared all emergency equipment "operational and accessible."

City fire inspectors examining the scene found rusted chains on three emergency doors and twelve wall-mounted extinguishers drained of their chemical agents. Several had been empty for months based on corrosion patterns inside the cylinders.



"I reported those empty extinguishers three times," said warehouse supervisor Frank Schuetz, who has worked at Reitz and Brothers for six years. "Management said they'd been inspected and certified. When I pushed back, they told me to worry about inventory schedules, not safety equipment."

Company management stated they were "shocked" by the violations. The inspector who signed the March certification retired two days after the fire and could not be reached for comment.

# Document 9

*A K. White article from the September 13th Edition, from 2-0913 (p.88)*

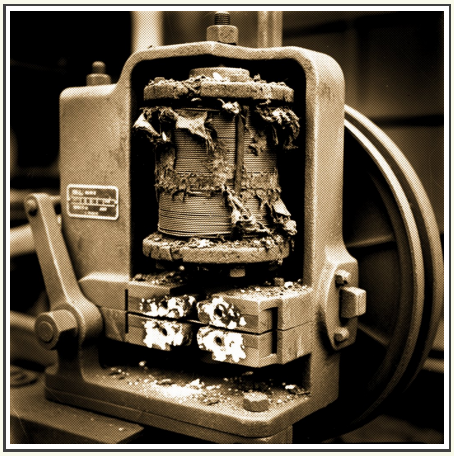
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1932

## CRANE INCIDENT PARALYZES WORKER

*By K. White*

A young worker was permanently paralyzed last Wednesday at the RCA Building under construction at the Rockefeller Center. The crane's electromagnetic solenoid brake failed during a routine lift, causing the boom to swing violently at the worker.

Examination revealed the Allis-Chalmers solenoid brake's electrical coil had burned out, releasing the brake mechanism under load. Our investigation found evidence of electrical overheating: the coil insulation showed charring and the contact points exhibited severe arcing damage.



Coworkers report having documented multiple incidents where the brake released intermittently, submitting written concerns to site supervisors. Those reports have disappeared from company files. When questioned about the missing documentation, site management claimed "verbal warnings don't constitute official safety reports."

Site management also claims the worker was "improperly positioned" when the brake failed. The certification papers, dated last February, declared all electrical components "within safe operating parameters."

This marks the sixth crane-related injury in Manhattan this year. Each time: compressed schedule, unreasonable deadlines, safety concerns ignored. Each time the worker is blamed.

# Document 10

*A K. White article from the November 1st Edition, from 2-1101 (p.91)*

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1932

## WORKERS DIE WHILE BOSSES ESCAPE BLAME

*By K. White*

Come spring, 23-year-old Alexander Forsyth of West New Brighton, Staten Island, will stand trial for the deaths of seventy-two construction workers in the Rikers Island steamboat disaster. This young man, who operated nothing more than a coffee concession aboard the steamboat, faces manslaughter charges while the executives who contracted the vessel face no prosecution.

The September 9th explosion that destroyed the vessel followed documented patterns of industrial negligence. Federal steamboat inspection records indicate the vessel's main boiler had undergone extensive patch welding, yet received operational certification for passenger transport.

Investigation reveals systematic failures in safety protocols. The forty-year-old boiler required structural repairs, yet recovered fragments show poorly executed welds with visible slag inclusions and incomplete penetration. Rivet holes show signs of misalignment and stress cracking, indicating amateur workmanship.



When the steam explosion occurred at 8:03 AM, critical evidence was submerged in thirty feet of East River water. Our investigation shows Forsyth held no legal authority over mechanical systems. Of note, Federal Maritime Commission inspectors issued safety certificates without conducting mandated hydrostatic pressure tests.

Trial proceedings commence March 15th, 1933. Whether accountability will extend beyond the designated scapegoat awaits judicial determination.

# Document 11

*The death certificate of S. Clausen, from 3-0222 (p.133)*

# Certificate of Death

CITY OF NEW YORK - Borough of Manhattan

CLAUSEN, Stefan

Male, Age 38

Birthplace: Kolding, Denmark

Residence: East River Homes, 517 E. 77th St, Apt. 1A

Occupation: Elevator Mechanic

Cause of Death: Internal injuries and hemorrhage resulting from fall

Date of Death: February 22, 1932

Time of Death: 3:47 PM

Location: Carlyle Hotel, 35 East 76th Street

Notes: Deceased was found in basement of elevator shaft. Approximately 40 minutes elapsed before rescue workers could reach him. Deceased was alive when found but expired before extraction could be completed.

Next of Kin: Maria Clausen (wife), same address

## Document 12

*ETL Test Results – Hotel Taft Project, from 9-2897 (p.405)*

# ELECTRICAL TESTING LABORATORIES

10 E. End Ave – New York, N.Y. – Telephone: 6-3457

EQUIPMENT TESTING REPORT

Client: Hotel Taft Management Corporation

Equipment(s): AT&T Automatic Telephone Switchboard System

Model Number: ATSS 400-D

Serial Number: ATSS-47293-B

Manufacturer: American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Test Date(s): October 24-28, 1932

Testing Engineer: Julius Lang

Certifying Engineer: Sir Teddy Armitage

VOLTAGE STABILITY TESTS:

Nominal Operating Voltage : 110V AC

Measured Voltage (No load): 112.3V

Measured Voltage (25 percent load): 115.8V

Measured Voltage (50 percent load): 118.2V

Measured Voltage (75 percent load): 123.2V

Variance from specifications: +12% at peak load

Within acceptable variance for hotel application

INSULATION RESISTANCE TESTS:

Main Circuit Insulation: 2.4 megohms

Specification Minimum: 2.8 megohms

Secondary Circuit Insul: 3.1 megohms

Note: Main circuit below minimum safe threshold

Adequate for intended use. Standard tolerance

SUSTAINED LOAD ANALYSIS:

30-minute test at 60 percent capacity:

Note: Temperature rise: 47C above ambient, insulation degradation observed after 18 minutes. Recommended maximum continuous load: 45%

Normal operating temperature range. No concerns.

ENGINEER'S ASSESSMENT:

Voltage fluctuation exceeds manufacturer specifications by 12%. Insulation integrity questionable under sustained load. Recommend additional testing and possible equipment modification before approval for installation.

Junior engineer overestimating risk. Standard operating parameters

Testing Engineer Signature: Julius Lang

Date: Oct. 28, 1932

Certifying Engineer Signature: Sir Teddy Armitage

Date: Nov. 1, 1932

## Document 13

*ETL Certificate – Hotel Taft Project, from 2-5882 (p.117)*

# ELECTRICAL TESTING LABORATORIES

10 E. End Ave – New York, N.Y. – Telephone: 6-3457

EQUIPMENT CERTIFICATION

This certifies that the following equipment has been tested and approved for installation in accordance with applicable safety standards:

Client: Hotel Taft Management Corporation
Equipment: AT&T Automatic Telephone Switchboard System
Model Number: ATSS 400-D
Serial Number: ATSS-47293-B
Manufacturer: American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Installation Location : Hotel Taft, 7th Avenue & 50th Street, New York

CERTIFICATION STATEMENT:
The above-referenced equipment has undergone comprehensive testing by Electrical Testing Laboratories and meets all required specifications for safe operation and installation. This equipment is approved for immediate installation and use.

Test Date: October 24-28, 1932
Certification Date: November 1, 1932

Certifying Engineer: Sir Teddy Armitage
Title: Chief Engineer, Electro-mechanical Certification Division

APPROVED FOR INSTALLATION

## Document 14

*ETL Test Results – Hotel Carlyle Project, from 5-8779 (p.284)*

# ELECTRICAL TESTING LABORATORIES

10 E. End Ave – New York, N.Y. – Telephone: 6-3457

EQUIPMENT TESTING REPORT

Client: Carlyle Hotel Management Corporation

Equipment(s): Central Elevator Service Elevator Motor

Model Number: C27, 480V, 3-phase, 15 HP

Serial Number: 18734

Manufacturer: Central Elevator Company

Test Date(s): December 15–18, 1931

Testing Engineer: Julius Lang

Certifying Engineer: Sir Teddy Armitage

ARMATURE INSULATION TESTS:

Insulation Resistance (megohmmeter): 125 megohms

Minimum Required: 50 megohms

High Voltage Test (1000V, 1 min): PASS

No evidence of degradation or moisture damage.

Armature windings show excellent insulation integrity.

BRUSH AND COMMUTATOR INSPECTION:

Brush Material: Carbon-copper composite

Measured Brush Length: 2.4 inches

Commutator Surface Condition: Smooth, no scoring

Brushes within acceptable wear tolerances.

Commutator surface excellent.

BEARING ASSEMBLY INSPECTION:

Front and Rear Bearing Type: Ball bearing (front), Roller bearing (rear), both sealed

Bearing Play (axial, radial): 0.002 inches, 0.001 inches

Vibration Test (running): Minimal, within limits

No wear, noise, or excessive play detected.

Bearing assemblies in excellent condition.

LOAD PERFORMANCE TESTS:

No-Load and Full-Load Current: 8.2 Amps / 21.8 Amps

Temperature Rise (2-hour test): 38f above ambient

Efficiency at Rated Load: 87.3%

ENGINEER'S ASSESSMENT:

Motor meets all manufacturer specifications and applicable safety standards.

Equipment approved for continuous-duty elevator service.

Testing Engineer Signature: Julius Lang

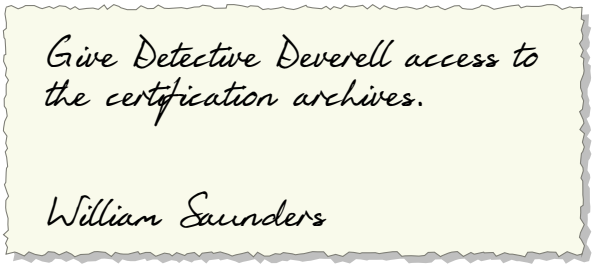
Date: Dec. 18, 1931

Certifying Engineer Signature: Sir Teddy Armitage

Date: Dec. 20, 1931

# Document 15

*Note from Saunders to access archives, from 2-6494 (p.121)*



# Document 16

*The Index of The Silver Sunbeam, 1864 edition, from 5-1797 (p.256)*



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## CHAPTER XVII.

### FIXING SOLUTIONS.

Fixing solutions consist of chemical substances that dissolve the sensitized salts of silver on plates or paper, on which photographic images have been developed. The parts which form the image are covered with reduced silver, or an altered iodide or chloride of silver, which is insoluble in the fixers; whereas those parts which have not been impressed by the actinic rays are made transparent with the fixing solutions, which dissolve the opaline silver compounds, and cause the picture afterward to be unchangeable when exposed to light. The fixing solutions at present in use are: Cyanide of potassium, Hyposulphite of soda, and Sulphocyanide of ammonium.

#### *Cyanogen.*

Symbol, $C_2N$, or Cy. Combining Proportion, 26. Spec. grav. 1.819.

This substance is properly a Bicarbide of Nitrogen; it is a very important material, as being the type of what are denominated compound salt-radicals; it was the first of this class of bodies discovered. Cyanogen is always produced in combination when an alkaline carbonate is heated with organic matter containing nitrogen. It does not exist either in a free or combined state in nature; it is a production of decomposition, in which the elements contained in it are brought together in the nascent state, in connection with some metallic base.

#### *Preparation of Cyanogen.*

This compound radical is obtained by heating either a cyanide of silver or of mercury in a flask of hard glass; a gas, the substance in question, is produced, which may be collected, by reason of its greater specific gravity than air, in a tall glass jar, by directing the outlet tube to the bottom; or it may be collected over mercury. It is colorless, but its odor is quite peculiar and characteristic. It burns with a peach-colored flame, yielding carbonic acid and nitrogen. Water dissolves four volumes of this gas, and alcohol as much as twenty-five volumes. An aqueous solution is de-



composed when exposed to light into a variety of ammoniacal compounds. By the pressure of four atmospheres it is reduced to the liquid state. It combines with alkaline solutions precisely in the same way as chlorine, iodine and bromine, and gives rise to salts denominated cyanides.

#### *Hydrocyanic Acid—Prussic Acid.*

Symbol, H Cy.

This acid is obtained from the cyanides or the ferrocyanides by the superior affinity of the mineral acids for their bases in a manner similar to that by which the other hydracids are obtained. Take, for instance, three parts of the yellow prussiate of potash (ferrocyanide of potassium) in fine powder, two parts of sulphuric acid, and two of water, and distill the mixture in a flask or retort; the vapor which passes over is condensed in a receiver surrounded by ice. Prussic acid is a colorless liquid of the specific gravity of 0.6969. It is exceedingly poisonous.

#### *Cyanide of Potassium.*

Symbol, K Cy.

This substance, so exceedingly useful to the photographer, might be formed by passing the vapor of hydrocyanic acid through a solution of potassa to saturation, and then evaporating to dryness without access of air. It is formed, however, by heating ferrocyanide of potassium in an iron bottle to an intense red heat; the tube of the bottle dips into water to conduct away the gases. The cyanide of iron becomes decomposed into carbide of iron and charcoal, and its nitrogen is given off, whilst the cyanide of potassium remains undecomposed, and when melted swims on the surface of the porous black mass below. It is afterward pulverized and dissolved in boiling weak alcohol, from which it crystallizes as the alcohol cools; or whilst in a fused condition it is poured upon marble slabs and afterward broken up and bottled. This substance is almost as poisonous as hydrocyanic acid, but being a fixed salt it is easily detected in the stomach; whereas hydrocyanic acid, by reason of its volatility, seldom leaves any trace behind by which the cause of death can be recognized. This salt is decomposed by the red oxide of mercury into cyanide of mercury and potassa, showing the superior affinity of cyanogen for mercury. On this account the ordinary tests for mercury do not act on cyanide of mercury, with the exception of hydrosulphuric acid; analogous to hyposulphite of silver in which hydrochloric acid or a soluble chloride does not precipitate

# END

## Conclusion

You are about to read the final questions for this case. Proceed only when you are ready to end your investigation.

# STOP!

 Proceed only when you are ready to answer questions.

# Questions

**PRIMARY QUESTIONS**

**Q1. Who designed the murder of Sir Teddy Armitage?**

**Q2. Describe the murder method. How was the poison delivered, and how was the victim lured into triggering it?**

**Q3. What was the murderer's motive? Trace the chain of events that led them to kill Armitage.**

**Q4. Did anyone assist in the murder? Who, what was their role, and what was their own reason for helping?**

**Q5. How did the murderer acquire the technical knowledge and materials needed to carry out this plan?**

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

SECONDARY QUESTIONS

**Q6. What larger pattern of wrongdoing does this case expose? Who else bears responsibility and how can you prove it?**

**Q7. What did Armitage do with the money he borrowed and won?**

**Q8. What was the exact poison used? Explain how the murderer obtained or produced it.**

**Time to solve the case...**

If you have circled on your case tracking sheet **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker N1** and **Marker V2**), go to Bitter Business (p.435)

If you have circled **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet, but if you have **not** circled **Marker N1** on your case tracking sheet, go to Forced Entry (p.433)

If you have **not** circled **Marker V2** on your case tracking sheet, go to Pieces Placed (p.431)

## Pieces Placed

The radiator clanks its evening complaint as I spread my notes across the desk. Three days of legwork, and now the pieces finally fit.

I pick up the phone and dial the Chief's extension.

"I've got it," I say. "The Armitage case."

"Let's hear it."

"Maria Weis-Clausen. German translator, lives over on East 80th. Widowed last February when her husband Stefan died in an elevator accident at the Carlyle Hotel."

"And Armitage?"

"He certified the elevator motor that killed her husband. Falsified the safety report to cover defective equipment. Stefan documented the problems for weeks before the accident. Those reports vanished after he died."

The Chief is quiet for a moment. "So she killed him for revenge."

"That's part of it. But there's more." I flip through my notes. "She's been writing articles under the name K. White, exposing industrial safety fraud. Armitage found out someone was investigating ETL. He hired muscle from a gambling joint to find out who K. White was. When she realized he was coming for her, she struck first."

"Self-defense?"

"That's what a lawyer might argue. But she planned this for weeks. Modified an automat coffee dispenser to deliver cyanide when triggered by a specially weighted nickel. Had an accomplice at the gambling joint hand Armitage the coin when he showed up to gamble. He used it for coffee on his way home, never knowing he was already dead."

"The accomplice?"

"Manuel van Dyk. Watch repairman with the precision skills to file the nickel. His brother Willem was paralyzed in a crane accident last summer. Equipment certified by ETL. By Armitage."

A long silence on the line.

"Bring her in," the Chief says finally. "And Jack? This one's going to make headlines. A lot of people at ETL are going to have questions to answer."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

**The ETL corruption is bigger than one killing...**

What do you tell the Chief?

a) "There's more here, Chief. Armitage and his boss, Saunders, were taking bribes! There are other falsified reports — this goes beyond one murder. I want to keep pulling the thread." Go to 5-0420 (p.246).

b) The Armitage case is closed. The rest is for the DA's office and the insurance investigators. I'm a homicide detective, not a crusader. Go to 6-6854 (p.320).

c) I'll write up everything I found. But I'm also leaving a copy of my notes at D'Anna's where Charlie Miller Morris from the *Times* can find them. Sometimes the courts need a little push. Go to 8-2736 (p.386).

## Forced Entry

Three days of legwork, and now the pieces finally fit.

Maria Weis-Clausen. Widow. Translator. Killer.

I reach for my hat. Time to bring her in.

The November wind hits me on the Headquarters' steps. I flag a cab and give the driver the East 80th Street address. Yorkville. Eighty blocks. Should be simple.

Nothing about this case has been simple.

The cab pulls up to 201 East 80th. I pay the driver, step out, and that's when I see the ambulance. Two patrolmen on the stoop. A knot of neighbors on the sidewalk, arms crossed against the cold, speaking in low German.

I show my badge. The younger patrolman's face is gray.

"Second floor." He swallows. "Landlady just found her. Door was kicked in."

"Robbery?"

"Looks like. Place is torn apart."

I take the stairs two at a time, already knowing better.

The apartment is wrecked. Writing desk overturned, drawers pulled out and dumped. Bookshelves swept clean, German engineering manuals fanned across the floor. The wardrobe's been emptied, the mattress slashed open. Someone went through this place with method and purpose.

Maria Weis-Clausen lies on the kitchen floor. Dark hair loose, that streak of gray at the temple fanned against the linoleum. She was beaten badly. The medical examiner will sort out the specifics.

The patrolman appears behind me. "Landlady says she was quiet. Kept to herself. Can't think who'd want to rob her."

I look around the apartment. The typewriter's still here. A silver cigarette case on the mantel. Two dollars in coins on the kitchen counter, untouched.

But the writing desk has been gutted. Every drawer emptied. Papers scattered or gone. The bookshelves that held the engineering manuals, the technical dictionaries: stripped bare and rifled through. Whoever did this wasn't looking for jewelry.

They were looking for documents.

On the floor near the desk, knocked sideways but unbroken, the framed photograph. Stefan. Smiling at the camera. Happy. Alive. They didn't take that either.

"This wasn't a robbery," I say.

The patrolman blinks. "Detective?"

"Two dollars sitting on the counter. Silver on the mantel. Nothing of value missing." I point to the desk. "But every piece of paper in this apartment has been searched or taken. Somebody came here looking for what she'd written. And they killed her to make sure she stopped writing it."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

I step out onto the landing and lean against the wall. My hand finds the briar pipe in my pocket, but I don't take it out. It sits there like a stone. I close my eyes for a minute.

I need to head back to Headquarters, go to Bitter Business (p.435)



## Bitter Business

The radiator clanks its evening complaint as I spread my notes across the desk. I pick up the phone and dial the Chief's extension.

"I've got it," I say. "The Armitage case. But it's gone sideways."

"Talk to me."

"Maria Weis-Clausen. German translator, lived on East 80th. Widowed last February when her husband Stefan died in an elevator accident at the Carlyle Hotel. Armitage certified the motor that killed him. Falsified the safety report."

"So she poisoned him."

"Modified an automat coffee dispenser to deliver cyanide through a specially weighted nickel. Had an accomplice at the gambling joint hand Armitage the coin. He used it for coffee on his way home."

"Clean work."

"Too clean. Armitage figured out someone was investigating ETL before she got to him. Hired muscle from the gambling joint to find out who K. White was. A man named Sal, probably a pseudonym... Doorman upstairs, private enforcer downstairs."

The Chief is quiet. He knows what's coming.

"I visited the gambling joint the other night... He followed me and I didn't shake the tail when I should have." I stop. Let the silence carry it. "She was beaten to death in her apartment. Made to look like a burglary, but nothing of value was taken. Just her papers. Everything she'd been writing about ETL."

The Chief doesn't answer right away.

"A gorilla from a Carnegie Mansion gambling joint?"

"Has to be. Or someone working for him. Armitage paid for a job, and the job got done. Even with Armitage dead, whoever's behind this wanted K. White silenced before her articles brought the whole operation down."

After a long silence, the Chief changes the subject. "The accomplice?"

"Manuel van Dyk. Watch repairman. His brother was paralyzed in a crane accident... Equipment certified by Armitage. He filed the nickel. He'll talk."

Another silence. Then: "This is a mess, Jack."

"Yes sir."

"We've got a murdered murderer, a dead victim who hired his own killer's killer, and a detective who led the hit man to the target." He doesn't say it with malice. Just the flat tone of a man who's been doing this too long. "I'll send a team to the gambling joint but chances are this guy's smarter than that. Probably long gone. And Jack — don't beat yourself up. You couldn't have known."

But I could have been more careful. And we both know it.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

**The ETL corruption is bigger than one killing...**

What do you tell the Chief?

a) "There's more here, Chief. Armitage and his boss, Saunders, were taking bribes! There are other falsified reports — this goes beyond one murder..." Go to 4-4039 (p.207).

b) The Armitage case is closed. The rest is for the DA's office and the insurance investigators. I'm a homicide detective, not a crusader. Go to 1-9528 (p.80).

c) I'll write up everything I found. But I'm also leaving a copy of my notes with one of my contacts. Sometimes the courts need a little push. Go to 3-7303 (p.168).

# Paper Trail

VOL. LXXXI... No. 28,136. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1932 3 cents

## YORKVILLE WIDOW ARRESTED IN AUTOMAT POISONING

Maria Weis-Clausen, 34, of East 80th Street was taken into custody Friday evening in connection with the death of Sir Teddy Armitage, a chief engineer at Electrical Testing Laboratories. Police allege Mrs. Weis-Clausen poisoned Armitage using a sophisticated mechanism involving a modified coffee dispenser at a Horn & Hardart automat. A specially weighted nickel, allegedly provided by an accomplice, triggered the delivery of a fatal dose of cyanide.

Mrs. Weis-Clausen's husband Stefan died in an elevator accident at the Carlyle Hotel last February. Sources indicate she believed Armitage was responsible for falsifying safety certifications on the elevator motor that failed.

Manuel van Dyk, 42, was also arrested as an alleged accomplice. His brother Willem was paralyzed in a construction accident last summer involving equipment certified by ETL.

District Attorney Thomas Crain announced his office would pursue first-degree murder charges.

VOL. LXXXI... No. 28,150. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1932 3 cents

## OFFICES RAIDED AS FRAUD INVESTIGATION WIDENS

Federal and state investigators descended on Electrical Testing Laboratories Friday, seizing records dating back to 1929. The investigation, sparked by evidence uncovered during the Armitage murder case, focuses on allegations that one ETL engineer systematically falsified safety certifications in exchange for payments from construction firms and building owners.

William Saunders, ETL's director of client relations, resigned Thursday amid reports he accepted "gratuities" from contractors seeking expedited approvals.

Liberty Mutual Insurance has reopened claims related to at least four industrial accidents, including the Carlyle Hotel elevator death and a crane incident that left a worker paralyzed.

"This was a couple of bad actors," said Assistant District Attorney Harold Kaufman. "But it did cost workers their lives."

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

VOL. LXXXII... No. 28,235. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1933 3 cents

## WEIS-CLAUSEN TRIAL OPENS WITH PACKED GALLERY

The trial of Maria Weis-Clausen began Monday in Court of General Sessions before Judge Joseph E. Corrigan, with crowds filling the gallery and spilling into the corridor. Prosecutor Harold Kaufman outlined the state's case: a premeditated murder planned over weeks, involving modified machinery, a specially crafted coin, and a recruited accomplice.

Defense attorney Samuel Leibowitz countered that his client acted in self-defense after learning Armitage had hired men to kill her. "Maria Weis-Clausen is not a murderer," Leibowitz told the jury. "She is a widow who refused to become another victim of the men who killed her husband."

The trial is expected to last three weeks. Manuel van Dyk, who pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges in January, is expected to testify for the prosecution.

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VOL. LXXXII... No. 28,257. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1933 3 cents

## JURY FINDS WEIS-CLAUSEN GUILTY OF SECOND-DEGREE MURDER

After four days of deliberation, a Manhattan jury found Maria Weis-Clausen guilty of second-degree murder in the poisoning death of Sir Teddy Armitage. The jury rejected first-degree murder charges, apparently persuaded by defense arguments that Mrs. Weis-Clausen believed her life was in danger. They also rejected the defense's claim of justifiable self-defense.

Judge Corrigan will sentence Mrs. Weis-Clausen on March 22nd. She faces fifteen years to life in prison.

Outside the courthouse, supporters from the German-American community gathered with signs reading "Justice for Stefan" and "Who Certifies the Certifiers?"

Mrs. Weis-Clausen showed no emotion as the verdict was read. Her attorney announced plans to appeal.

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VOL. LXXXII... No. 28,272. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1933 3 cents

## WEIS-CLAUSEN SENTENCED TO 20 YEARS; JUDGE CITES 'TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES'

Maria Weis-Clausen was sentenced Wednesday to twenty years in the Westfield State Farm prison, the minimum allowed under law for second-degree murder. In an unusual statement from the bench, Judge Corrigan acknowledged "the tragic circumstances that led to this crime" while affirming that "the law cannot permit individuals to become judge, jury, and executioner, no matter how justified their grievance."

The judge also announced he would forward trial evidence to the State Attorney General's office for investigation of ETL's certification practices.

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The newspapers pile up on my desk through the winter and into spring. I read them all.

Saunders pleads guilty to bribery charges in April. Gets three years, serves eighteen months. Julius Lang takes over as chief engineer at ETL. They say he's cleaning house.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

The Carlyle Hotel elevator gets replaced. New motor, new certifications, new inspectors watching the inspectors. Stefan Clausen's name goes on a plaque in the maintenance room. Small consolation.

I think about Maria sometimes. About what she said when I brought her in.

"My husband deserved justice. I did what the law would not."

Maybe she was right. Maybe she was wrong. Not my call.

I just find the truth. The rest is up to the courts. Go to Final Scoring (p.441)



VOL. LXXXI... No. 28,136. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1932 3 cents

## YORKVILLE WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN RANSACKED APARTMENT

Maria Weis-Clausen, 34, was found dead in her East 80th Street apartment. Police say the door had been forced and the apartment ransacked, though neighbors report nothing of apparent value was taken. Mrs. Weis-Clausen, a German-born technical translator, was the widow of Stefan Clausen, who died in an elevator accident at the Carlyle Hotel last February.

Police sources say Mrs. Weis-Clausen was connected to the ongoing investigation into the death of Sir Teddy Armitage, a chief engineer at Electrical Testing Laboratories, who was found dead last week.

Detectives are pursuing leads. No arrests have been made.

VOL. LXXXI... No. 28,143. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1932 3 cents

## AUTOMAT POISONING LINKED TO YORKVILLE KILLING; ACCOMPLICE ARRESTED

In a case that has gripped the city, police have revealed that the deaths of Sir Teddy Armitage and Maria Weis-Clausen are connected by a web of industrial fraud, revenge, and hired violence. Manuel van Dyk, 42, a watch repairman, was arrested Thursday and charged with conspiracy in Armitage's death. His brother Willem was paralyzed in a construction accident last summer involving equipment certified by Armitage's employer.

According to police, Mrs. Weis-Clausen engineered a device to deliver poison through a modified Horn & Hardart automat dispenser. A specially weighted nickel, allegedly crafted by van Dyk, triggered the mechanism.

Armitage, aware that someone was investigating his employer's practices, had hired a man to locate the journalist responsible. That man is now sought in connection with Mrs. Weis-Clausen's death.

"She killed the man who killed her husband," said one investigator close to the case. "And then the man her victim hired killed her."

VOL. LXXXI... No. 28,150. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1932 3 cents

## OFFICES RAIDED AS FRAUD INVESTIGATION WIDENS

Federal and state investigators descended on Electrical Testing Laboratories Friday, seizing records dating back to 1929. The investigation, sparked by evidence uncovered during the Armitage murder case, focuses on allegations that one ETL engineer systematically falsified safety certifications in exchange for payments from construction firms and building owners.

William Saunders, ETL's director of client relations, resigned Thursday amid reports he accepted "gratuities" from contractors seeking expedited approvals.

Liberty Mutual Insurance has reopened claims related to at least four industrial accidents, including the Carlyle Hotel elevator death and a crane incident that left a worker paralyzed.

"This was a couple of bad actors," said Assistant District Attorney Harold Kaufman. "But it did cost workers their lives."

Articles by the late Mrs. Weis-Clausen, published posthumously by *The Daily Worker*, have been cited as instrumental in building the case against Mr. Saunders.

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

VOL. LXXXII... No. 28,227. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1933 3 cents

## VAN DYK SENTENCED TO THREE YEARS IN ARMITAGE CONSPIRACY

Manuel van Dyk, 42, was sentenced last week to three years at Sing Sing for his role in the poisoning death of Sir Teddy Armitage. Van Dyk pleaded guilty in January to conspiracy charges, admitting he crafted the weighted nickel that triggered the poison mechanism and delivered it to Armitage at an East 87th Street gambling establishment.

His attorney argued van Dyk was motivated by the paralysis of his brother Willem in a crane accident involving equipment certified by Armitage's employer. Judge Corrigan acknowledged the mitigating circumstances but noted that "sympathy cannot excuse conspiracy to commit murder."

The man believed to have killed Mrs. Weis-Clausen remains at large. Police have declined to comment on the status of the investigation.

VOL. LXXXII... No. 28,290. MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1933 3 cents

## SAUNDERS PLEADS GUILTY IN ETL BRIBERY CASE

William Saunders, former director of client relations at Electrical Testing Laboratories, pleaded guilty Friday to twelve counts of accepting bribes from construction firms seeking expedited safety certifications. Saunders was sentenced to three years. Prosecutors indicated he cooperated with the ongoing investigation in exchange for a reduced sentence.

Julius Lang, who succeeded the late Sir Teddy Armitage as chief engineer, has been appointed acting director. "We are committed to restoring public trust," Lang said in a prepared statement.

The Carlyle Hotel announced this week that its elevators have been replaced and recertified by independent inspectors. A small plaque honoring Stefan Clausen, the mechanic who died in the February accident, has been placed in the building's maintenance room.

The newspapers pile up on my desk through the winter and into spring. I read them all.

Maria's articles for *The Daily Worker* get reprinted under her real name. The editor writes an introduction calling her "a journalist who gave her life for the truth." It's not quite right. She gave her life for revenge. But the truth came out anyway, carried on the back of everything she wrote.

Her killer was never found. The black Alfa Romeo turned up near the Hoboken ferry terminal, wiped clean. The gambling joint shuttered overnight. Nobody saw anything. Nobody remembered a thing.

I think about her sometimes. The photograph on the desk. The young man smiling. Happy. Alive. Two people dead because a man signed his name to a lie, and the wrong people found out about it.

The old man used to say: every step you take, someone's watching the footprints.

I should have watched mine. Go to Final Scoring (p.441)

## Final Scoring

Calculate your final score by assessing how well you answered each question, assigning partial credit as you see fit.

**Q1. Who designed the murder of Sir Teddy Armitage?**

**Max score of 5: _____**

**Maria Weis-Clausen** is the murderer.

**Q2. Describe the murder method. How was the poison delivered, and how was the victim lured into triggering it?**

**Max score of 20: _____**

Maria modified a Horn & Hardart automat coffee dispenser to deliver **poison mixed with coffee** when triggered by a **specially weighted nickel**. The nickel was delivered to Armitage by the accomplice Manuel van Dyk, who dealt cards at the gambling joint on Tuesday nights. Van Dyk gave Armitage the coin, suggesting he "get a coffee into him" from the automat: the only place open at that hour.

**Q3. What was the murderer's motive? Trace the chain of events that led them to kill Armitage.**

**Max score of 20: _____**

Maria's motive was **revenge for her husband Stefan's death** combined with **self-defense**.

- Stefan Clausen died in February 1932 when the Carlyle Hotel elevator failed due to a defective motor that Armitage had falsely certified as safe
- Maria discovered this through her investigative journalism as K. White for *The Daily Worker*
- When Armitage learned someone was investigating ETL, he hired muscle (Sal) to find and eliminate K. White
- She stopped collecting payments from *The Daily Worker* after spotting a man with "the wrong kind of hands" loitering outside their offices in September
- Maria struck first when she realized she was being hunted

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

**Q4. Did anyone assist in the murder? Who, what was their role, and what was their own reason for helping?**

**Max score of 10: _____**

**Manuel van Dyk** was Maria's accomplice. He:

- Works as a watch repairman with precision metalworking skills, capable of filing the weighted nickel to exact tolerances
- Deals cards at the gambling establishment on Tuesday nights, giving him direct access to Armitage
- Gave Armitage the weighted nickel at the gambling joint, suggesting he step out for coffee
- Has his own personal motive: his brother Willem was paralyzed in a crane accident at the Rockefeller Center construction site involving an electromagnetic brake certified safe by ETL, specifically Armitage.

**Q5. How did the murderer acquire the technical knowledge and materials needed to carry out this plan?**

**Max score of 15: _____**

Maria acquired both the **mechanical knowledge** and the **chemical means** through her professional life:

- Horn & Hardart hired her to translate the original German equipment manuals for their Sielaff automat machinery.
- This required her to spend considerable time examining the actual dispensing mechanisms, giving her an intimate understanding of how they could be modified
- Maria practiced photography as part of her journalism work (she developed her own prints).
- Photographic processes of the era use **yellow prussiate of potash** (potassium ferrocyanide) and **sulphuric acid**
- *The Silver Sunbeam*, a photographic manual found in her apartment, contains detailed instructions for working with these chemicals

**SECONDARY QUESTIONS**

**Q6. What pattern of wrongdoing does this case expose? Who else bears responsibility and how can you prove it?**

**Max score of 10: _____**

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

- Armitage falsified reports to approve dangerous equipment, in exchange for bribes (the brown envelopes). Saunders took his cut from the bribes before giving Armitage his share.
- A $500 deposit in February coincides with the certification date for the crane components.
- The recent bribe for the Taft Hotel telephony system was used by Armitage to gamble at the illegal gambling joint the night he was killed.
- Furthermore, and most importantly, handwriting analysis reveals that Saunders falsified (with the help of Armitage) the equipment testing report that was provided to the insurance company that investigated the Carlyle Hotel elevator accident.

**Q7. What did Armitage do with the money he borrowed and won?**

**Max score of 10: _____**

- Armitage learned that someone writing as "K. White" was investigating ETL's certification fraud and immediately took out a $500 loan on September 13, 1932.
- Armitage gave a first payment of $500 to "Sal" (house security/muscle at the gambling joint) to take care of the problem (as he could not secure the full price of $1000)
- "Sal" visited *The Daily Worker* asking about K. White's payment pickup schedule. Maria recognized she was being hunted and stopped collecting her payments.
- The night he died, flush with his winnings, Armitage gave another $500 to "Sal" as a final payment to complete the job, pointing out that K. White was still writing industrial safety articles in *The Daily Worker*.

**Q8. What was the exact poison used? Explain how the murderer obtained or produced it.**

**Max score of 10: _____**

- The poison **Hydrocyanic (or Prussic) Acid**, likely produced from **yellow prussiate of potash** (potassium ferrocyanide) and **sulphuric acid** found among the photography chemicals in Maria's darkroom.
- *The Silver Sunbeam*, an 1864 photography manual on her bookshelf, contains instructions for working with cyanide compounds used in early photographic processes.
- Maria's expertise in photography chemistry gave her both the knowledge and materials to produce a lethal dose.

- Subtract 1 point for each demerit you have ticked ..... **_____**

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

- Add 1 point for each reputation you have ticked ..... _____
- Add 1 point for each culture you have ticked ..... _____



## Legacy Campaign Updates

Keep the case log sheet for this case with your campaign notes; you will need to keep track of your total score as well as all accumulated checkboxes for each chapter. Additionally, record in your campaign log sheet the following information for this case:

- If you have **not** circled **Marker H2** on your case tracking sheet, you decided to spend a couple of hours at the gambling joint to gather information, record "+1 PATIENT"
- If you have circled **Marker J2** on your case tracking sheet, you decided to slip a report about the ETL malfeasance to Charlie Miller Morris at the *Times*, record "+1 RIGHTEOUS"
- If you have circled **Marker S2** on your case tracking sheet, you decided to let the DA do its job on the ETL malfeasance, record "+1 LAWFUL"
- If you have circled **Marker W2** on your case tracking sheet, you pushed to dig further into the ETL malfeasance, record "+1 DUTIFUL"
- If you have circled **Marker T2** on your case tracking sheet, you took a nap on the evening of Day 1, record "+1 PRUDENT"
- If you have circled **Marker G2** on your case tracking sheet, you explored the streets of the Yorkville neighborhood on the evening of Day 1, record "+1 GREGARIOUS"
- If you have circled **Marker B2** on your case tracking sheet, you stayed late at the office reviewing the case's evidence on the evening of Day 1, record "+1 ANALYTICAL"
- If you have circled **Marker K2** on your case tracking sheet, you gambled with Maria's life, record "+1 RECKLESS"
- If you have circled **Marker L2** on your case tracking sheet, you sent patrol cars to protect Maria, record "+1 COMPASSIONATE"
- If you have circled **Marker R2** on your case tracking sheet, you tracked down and confronted Sal, record "+1 ASSERTIVE"
- If you have **NO MARK** on your **OTHER** track, you were careful and did not alert Sal, record "+1 COVERT"
- If you have found **ALL 17 Documents**, record "+1 METICULOUS"
- If you finished **ALL** 3 days **WITHOUT** overtime, record "+1 EFFICIENT"
- If you played this case solo, record "+1 PIONEER" & "+3 reputation"



## Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

I hope you've enjoyed *Death by Design*. If you're reading this, you've either solved the case or given up trying — either way, welcome to the backstage tour.

Let me start with what this case was not going to be.

**It began with three bodies.**

The original concept had three victims dying at the Horn & Hardart automat on 42nd Street: all engineers from Electrical Testing Laboratories, all poisoned within minutes of each other. The murderer was a woman named Martha Kowalski, an ETL employee with a grudge. The central puzzle was how she could guarantee that three specific people, in a crowded cafeteria full of strangers, would each receive a poisoned item from a coin-operated machine.

Weeks of work went into solving that problem. I explored elaborate nickel-distribution schemes, psychological pressure tactics, even the idea of rigging multiple machines and hoping the right people sat near them. None of it was satisfying. The mechanism kept collapsing under scrutiny.

Eventually I admitted it: the premise was broken. So I threw it out. One victim. One machine. One modified nickel.

**That was the case's first real breakthrough.**

With a single target, everything sharpened. The murder method became genuinely ingenious rather than hand-wavy: a weighted nickel, machined to a precise tolerance, triggering a modified dispenser only when that exact coin was used.

And once there was only one victim, Sir Teddy Armitage could be properly developed. I wanted him to be genuinely unpleasant... not cartoonishly evil, but the specific kind of man the Depression era produced in abundance: a self-made fraud who'd constructed an entire false identity to escape his working-class origins, and who'd buried his guilt about Stefan Clausen's death under enough whiskey and gambling that he'd almost convinced himself it wasn't his fault. A man who, once he realized someone was coming for him, responded not with remorse but by trying to have her killed. The case doesn't work emotionally unless you understand why Maria did what she did, and you can't understand that without understanding what kind of man Teddy was.

**Martha became Maria, and that changed everything.**

The character who would become Maria Klara Weis-Clausen went through several versions. As Martha Kowalski — ETL employee, insider — her access to the automat machinery was convenient but dramatically inert. She was just someone who knew how the machine worked.

Moving her outside the company forced better storytelling. Maria is a freelance journalist and technical translator whose father worked for German automat manufacturers. She didn't need an ETL badge to understand the machinery: she grew up with it. Her journalism gave her the K. White pseudonym, the Daily Worker paper trail, and the investigative skills to actually uncover and document what Teddy had done. Her translation work gave her legitimate reasons to be near automat equipment.

More importantly, it gave her a life that existed independently of the murder plot (which I think makes her sympathetic rather than simply dangerous). By the time you piece together who she is,

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

you've already read her articles. You know what she lost. The case asks you to identify her as the murderer; it deliberately doesn't tell you how to feel about that.

**The historical research kept surprising me.**

I should confess: I originally invented the Yorkville Casino as a dimly lit gambling den where Manuel van Dyk ran card tables and passed weighted nickels to marks. Several scenes were written around this before a playtester mentioned, gently, that the actual Yorkville Casino on East 86th Street was a German-American social club — one of the finest ballrooms in the city, with two orchestras and a 15,000 square foot dance floor. The Nazis eventually took it over, but in November 1932 it was still a legitimate cultural institution.

The weather is real. The Carlyle Hotel's foreclosure timeline is real. Electrical Testing Laboratories was real, with roots in Edison's companies. Its crooked engineers are mine: Armitage, Saunders and every forged certificate are invented. "*The Silver Sunbeam*," the 1864 photography manual that gives Maria her cyanide acquisition route, is a genuine document. When the actuary Otis Ernst describes the statistical impossibility of the elevator failure, the numbers are real. I found that the more historically accurate I made the case, the more the story held together: real details have a way of connecting to each other that invented ones don't.

**On the investigation design.**

This case was intentionally designed with very few required markers. I wanted players to experience the authentic texture of detective work: you can investigate thoroughly and still hit dead ends, simply because you approached things in the wrong order or didn't think to press a particular lead. The mystery is solvable through multiple paths, and I made sure no single chain of evidence is the only route to each conclusion.

I also wanted to lean into the passage of time — one of the core features of *NY Noir* — to make New York feel alive and dynamic. Locations close in the evening, people can be visited at home, and the order in which you pursue leads matters. I was hoping this would spark meaningful discussion and planning among players.

Finally, I wanted the stakes to rise naturally as the days progressed. The structure supports this through the mandatory visit to the gambling joint on Day 1, which triggers the tailing mechanic. I'm particularly proud of how I repurposed the canvassing entries for this. While it stretches the limits of what *NY Noir* can do, I believe it creates real, consequential decision space for the players.

It's unlikely, but depending on your luck, you can end up partially responsible for Maria's death. I'm especially pleased with how the randomized "death check" turned out: instead of using dice, it's based on the last digit of the current real-world minute. It ties everything back to the theme of time in a subtle but hopefully elegant way.

**Thanks.**

This case took considerably longer to write than I expected. The casebook system rewards patience: balancing conditional logic, time mechanics, and scenes that must function regardless of visit order demands a kind of architectural thinking quite different from ordinary prose writing. I came to deeply appreciate the challenge.

Special thanks to Jesse for creating the *NY Noir* system, the casebook language, the Jack Deverell

*CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE*

character and contacts — and for trusting me with them. I hope I was faithful to the vision he had for them.

I'm also grateful to the eagle-eyed editor Debbie Levy, and to my original playtesters — Alex, Ben, Marianne, and Northfrith — for their patience and sharp feedback. Thanks as well to Jack Deverell for being reliably himself throughout, and to you, the player, for joining me in November 1932, where the rain falls on Yorkville and the automat hums along, indifferent to it all.

— LuxSum, 2026



# HINTS

## STOP!

 Do **not** access the hints section except when looking up a specific hint from the table of contents at the start of this case book.

## Hint for Document 5

*(must be found by end of day 1)*

I should search for any documents or papers that might shed light on Sir Teddy's concerns before his death.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-1764 (p.95).

For another hint, go to 3-6570 (p.161).

---

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-1311 on p.297



## Hint for Document 6

I need a way to find when K. White published their article.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 7-1081 (p.343).

For another hint, go to 3-8193 (p.173).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-0317 on p.134



# Hint for Document 7

If you have **not** acquired **Document 6**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to find earlier articles by K. White to understand the journalist's investigation.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 2-5744 (p.116).

For another hint, go to 3-4352 (p.151).

For another hint, go to 1-2665 (p.44).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 5-1064 (p.251).

# Hint for Document 8

If you have **not** acquired **Document 6**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to find earlier articles by K. White to understand the journalist's investigation.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 7-7683 (p.370).

For another hint, go to 5-8905 (p.285).

For another hint, go to 2-7477 (p.124).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 6-3011 (p.305).

# Hint for Document 9

If you have **not** acquired **Document 6**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to find earlier articles by K. White to understand the journalist's investigation.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 8-1869 (p.381).

For another hint, go to 3-5291 (p.156).

For another hint, go to 4-3726 (p.204).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-9801 (p.239).



## Hint for Document 11

I need to find the name of the worker who died in the elevator accident.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-4648 (p.60).

For another hint, go to 5-0080 (p.244).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-3884 (p.205).



# Hint for Document 14

*(must be found by end of day 3)*

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following *5* items (**Marker Z1**, **Document 7**, **Document 6**, **Document 15**, and **Marker A1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

If you found all of the markers above, visiting the insurance company from the K. White article should shed some light on the case.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

---

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 5-8779 on p.284



## Hint for Document 17

I found evidence that our suspect has photographic chemicals, but I need to research their potential uses.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 5-8117 (p.280).

For another hint, go to 1-4230 (p.56).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-1379 (p.193).



## Hint for Marker A1

I need proper legal authority to conduct a thorough investigation. The warrant is issued automatically at the start of Day 2 after Dr. Michels confirms the poisoning. Make sure to find Armitage's body on Day 1.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.



## Hint for Marker F1

I need to find out more about the automat machinery that delivered the poisonned coffee.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-7232 (p.223).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-4582 on p.359



## Hint for Marker J1

I should search for evidence of any impropriety by the victim.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 7-6282 (p.364).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-5882 on p.117



# Hint for Marker K1

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 4 items (**Document 9**, **Document 6**, **Document 15**, and **Marker A1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to find ETL's certification records for the crane that paralyzed a worker.

If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-8223 (p.328).

For another hint, go to 1-9214 (p.77).

For another hint, go to 6-7697 (p.325).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 1-3622 (p.52).



## Hint for Marker M1

I need to learn more about K. White's working methods.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 7-2479 (p.351).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-1432 on p.298



# Hint for Marker N1

If you have **not** acquired **Marker M1**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to determine if our suspect has access to the materials needed to make poison.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 3-9782 (p.182).

For another hint, go to 7-6507 (p.368).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-0407 on p.137

## Hint for Marker O1

If you have **not** acquired **Marker M1**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to determine if our suspect has access to the materials needed to make poison.

If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-5373 (p.217).

For another hint, go to 6-5256 (p.317).

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If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 4-6368 on p.220

## Hint for Marker Q1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

I should find out if anyone else has been asking questions about K. White.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-9128 (p.235).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-0317 on p.134



# Hint for Marker S1

*(must be found by end of day 3)*

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 8** and **Document 6**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to identify who K. White really is.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 1-9695 (p.81).

For another hint, go to 6-9584 (p.334).

For another hint, go to 8-3879 (p.389).

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If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-3609 on p.106

## Hint for Marker T1

*(must be found by end of day 1)*

I need to locate Sir Teddy Armitage and determine what happened to him.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 8-4891 (p.391).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-1008 on p.138



# Hint for Marker U1

*(must be found by end of day 2)*

If you have **not** acquired **Marker F1**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to determine where Armitage got his coffee the night he died.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-8941 (p.331).

For another hint, go to 5-7590 (p.275).

For another hint, go to 1-8346 (p.72).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 3-9598 (p.180).



## Hint for Marker V1

I should investigate Sir Armitage's financial situation.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 7-2204 (p.348).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-6480 on p.366



# Hint for Marker W1

*(must be found by end of day 3)*

If you have **not** acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Document 9** and **Document 6**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to identify the worker who was paralyzed in the crane accident.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 5-7493 (p.274).

For another hint, go to 5-3548 (p.260).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 2-9293 (p.128).



## Hint for Marker X1

*(must be found by end of day 1)*

I should try to retrace Armitage's steps on the evening he died.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 6-1622 (p.299).

For another hint, go to 1-3410 (p.50).

For another hint, go to 1-7797 (p.69).

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If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 1-0538 on p.35



# Hint for Marker Z1

If you have **not** acquired **all** of the following 4 items (**Document 7**, **Document 6**, **Document 15**, and **Marker A1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I need to find if ETL was involved in the certification of the Carlyle Hotel elevator motor.

If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes on your case tracking sheet.

For another hint, go to 4-3695 (p.203).

For another hint, go to 2-2847 (p.102).

For another hint, go to 2-3438 (p.105).

If you still need help, as a last resort, go to 4-4128 (p.208).

