

The Collector Case 3: The Actress

A New York Noir Trilogy

by Annamária Kovács

v5.1 - 05/11/26

SUMMARY

THIS IS THE CONTINUATION OF CASE 2, and the final case of the trilogy, so it's time to catch the elusive Collector. You also have to investigate the case of a missing actress. It seems she was kidnapped and the perpetrators demand a big sum of money for her.

- **Author:** Annamária Kovács <annamaria.kovacs.budapest@gmail.com>
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Instructions

Rulebook, tracking sheets, online map and directories: nynoir.org

At the beginning of each day, you will find out what time you start your investigation and how long your day lasts. When your working hours are over, you must also keep track of any overtime there. **Working overtime** is exhausting, so it results in negative points, but it allows you to gather more information. (Every overtime lead: 1 demerit, aka -2 points.)

Not every lead takes half an hour, so note the **time** of the leads. If you look up something but there's no lead, no time passes.

There are **3 sets of questions** in this case - with different points, culture points, other possibilities for plus points. Don't forget: you can use **hints** if you are stuck. (But you only need to deduct points if you learn new information from them.)

You could count your minus points by checking the **"Demerit" boxes**, and the culture points by checking the **"Culture" boxes** on your case log.

You will get more than one **newspaper** in this case. If you read all the articles by the end of the case, you will earn **culture points**.

BEFORE YOU START

If you didn't visit the following **leads in Cases 1 and 2** (in connection to *the Collector's case*), then go back to **Casebooks 1 and 2**, and do it now. (You can reread them as well - just as a reminder.)

CASE 1

5-2095 - Earless Jimmy at the *Julius' Bar*

CASE 2

Document 14 - Jimmy's note

7-8703 - Earless Jimmy at the *Cedar Tavern*

1-3418 - the *library* in Greenwich Village

Document 12 - *The Villager* (articles about *Poe's Birthday* and *Lawson Erwin Hopkins*)

5-8595 - Mrs. Boyle about the Poe dinner

2-6183 - Mr. Hopkins about his uncle

7-1652 - Mr. Gant at *Edgar Tate & Co.*

Don't forget to **use your Case Logs from CASE 1 and CASE 2** to look up lead numbers you've already visited.

You'll need your **Campaign Log** at the end of the case (from Cases 1 and 2).

WARNING: This case is **longer** than the first two. Maybe it's a good idea to **stop after a set of questions**, in that case you could play this game in 3 sessions.

DAY 1

Christopher St Boarding Houses - Thursday, Jan 17

“Did you hear this one?” asks the kid with a sly smile. Oh, no. Not another joke...

“A police officer sees a drunken man intently searching the ground near a lamppost and asks him the goal of his quest” he reads from a newspaper. “The inebriate replies that he is looking for his car keys, and the officer helps for a few minutes without success then he asks whether the man is certain that he dropped the keys near the lamppost. ‘No,’ is the reply, ‘I lost the keys somewhere across the street.’ ‘Why look here?’ asks the surprised and irritated officer. ‘The light is much better here,’ the intoxicated man responds with aplomb.” The kid is grinning. You smile back.

He suddenly puts down the paper and takes out a notebook. “Okay, so what’s the plan for today?” He is half-sitting in his bed now. The doctor let him out of the hospital yesterday with strict orders to stay in bed and rest a few more days.

“*Your* plan, kid, is to rest. Put that notebook away and lie back down - this scribbling does no good for your concussion. I said I’ll let you know about the details of my investigation *as long as* you obey your doctor’s orders, remember?” Oh, God, you sound like your mother. Or worse, the kid’s mother. Where is your good old contempt for this rookie? But he puts down his notes and lies down in his bed obediently.

“Okay, so what are *your* plans for today, Detective Lucas?” He looks at you with exaggerated interest. What a cheek.

“Seems this is a slow day, nothing interesting at the station... I think I’ll hit the library again and dig up more about our two remaining authors. Maybe I’ll find something that helps us determine which author the Collector is after. I’m also curious about who Finley hired.”

“Maybe Jimmy’s heard something new since you talked to him,” Brook says eagerly. It’s obvious he’s proud of his underground connection. “And *The Villager’s* new issue is out today. Could you buy me a copy?”

“Sure, kid. I’ll buy you a paper and I’ll try Earless Jimmy as well. And don’t forget, the speakers for that Poe dinner are starting to arrive today. I may take a look at them. I could also try to find that aunt of Hopkins’ who was interested in Twain’s manuscripts... And I have to look into the station around noon, so there’s a lot to do. Now sleep a bit. I’ll come back tomorrow and tell you about my day.”

You take your hat, wave goodbye, and you’re on the hunt again. They say the third time’s the charm. If it’s true, this time you’ll catch this elusive Collector.

Day start: **9am**. Day end: **8pm**.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is **Day 1 (Thurs, Jan 17th)** and that the current time is **9am**. Then close this casebook and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to go to the **police station between 12.30 pm and 1.30 pm**. Sometime **between 6pm and 8pm** check out **Jimmy's regular spot** as well, and don't forget to **buy the kid a Villager!**

When you reach **8pm** (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it), your worktime ends. You can work **overtime until 10pm**, ticking **1 DEMERIT per location** you visit. **At 10pm** you can visit the **Late Night Leads**, after which your day comes to an end.

*Once you've finished your first day, turn to the introduction of **DAY 2**.*

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 2

Christopher St Boarding Houses - Friday, Jan 18

You have lots to do today, but you dropped in on Brook in the morning, as you promised. It wasn't raining when you left home. That already cheered you up immensely. You update the kid about the leads you followed yesterday connected to the Collector, and give him the newspaper he asked for, which he's perusing hungrily already.

"So... why do they call them 'apartments' when they are all stuck together?" asks the kid.

"Why must you torture me with these half-ass jokes..." you sigh wearily.

But he suddenly spots something in the paper:

"Oh, look, they're showing *Of Human Bondage* at the movie theatre. With Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. I saw this one last summer when it came out and I really liked it. It's from that Maugham novel. You know, the one the brochure mentioned."

"What the hell are you talking about, kid?" He's rummaging through the papers you gave him a few days ago, which he put next to his bed on the nightstand.

"You know, in the museum's brochure about the painters. Here. 'Lewis Ponder visited France...' Blah, blah... 'He shared a Paris studio with W. Somerset Maugham, who is believed to have used him as the inspiration for the character Frederick Lawson in his 1915 novel *Of Human Bondage*.' See?"

"Yeah. So it's a good movie then?"

"Yes, very good." Maybe you could watch it later.

"Although I don't remember a character called Lawson in the film... I should watch it again."

"Wow, kid, steady on! The doctor hasn't even cleared you yet. Movie plans have to wait for a bit." His smile vanishes.

"True. And who knows how long I'll have to lie in this cursed bed!" Now you angered him.

"Let's focus on our case, alright?" You try to correct your misstep. Keep the kid's attention on the case, and avoid any other subject. Right. "I think I have an idea who our mysterious Mr. Finley is, so I'm planning to take a look around his apartment while he's at work. Maybe I'll find something there that can lead us to his client."

Brook gives you a disbelieving look. His eyes are as big as saucers. "You mean you want to break into his apartment?"

"Yep."

"But... what will the Chief say about this?" The kid just can't believe his ears.

“Really, kid? Do I have to spell it out for you? What the Chief doesn’t know doesn’t hurt him... But Brook, let’s get this straight. I’m trusting you with something very serious here. This has to stay on the Q. T. You can’t breathe a word about any of this to anyone. Ever. You hear me?”

“Yes, of course, Lucas. You could count on me,” he says eagerly. Yeah, the puppy is over the moon that you’re trusting him with something like this. “I will be as silent as a grave, I swear.”

“Okay, okay, no need to go overboard.”

“So... what else are you planning for today?” He’s trying to sound nonchalant now. It’s almost cracking you up. But he looks at you with longing in his eyes. “If only I could go with you, Lucas...”

“But you can’t. You still have to rest today. Isn’t Doctor Oliver coming to check on you this afternoon?”

“I suppose.”

“Okay then. Lie back and rest. This is your only job for the moment. And my job is to wrap up this case about the Collector as soon as possible. But I promise I’ll come back in the evening.” It’s time to start your day. You have lots to do.

“See you then, kid.”

As a **LATE NIGHT LEAD** you can go and watch *Of Human Bondage* in the movie theatre for culture points.

If you know who **Mr. Finley** is, **circle the first letter of his real last name** in your alphabet. If you have the correct letter, you can look around in his apartment **between 9am and 3pm**.

Day start: **9am**. Day end: **8pm**. Follow leads, then look into the **police station before noon**. At 8pm read **‘Questions - Part I’**. At that point you have to **present the Collector’s whole case** with all the details and evidence you found.

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 3

Saturday, Jan 19

Between **9am** and **12pm** you need to give your **report to the Chief about Georgia Price**, then attend the **Poe dinner** at 7pm.

Day start: **8am**. Day end: **12pm**. At noon (the latest) go to **Questions - Part 2**.

STOP!



Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 4**.

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



DAY 4

Christopher St Boarding Houses - Sunday, Jan 20

Brook's eyes shine excitedly when you tell him about your evening at the Lafayette. He demands to hear every little detail, and to be honest, you happily oblige. There's something strangely comforting in being able to be so excited about this case together with the kid.

How your whole dynamic changed in the last week! You act more and more like a friend, or even a father around him. Should you be worried about that? Nah. At least not now. These moments of satisfaction are so rare, you don't want to spoil them.

"I haven't told you about the other case I was investigating in the last few days. An actress faked her own kidnapping just to make it back to the front pages. Can you believe it? But I tracked her down, of course, and gave the address to the Chief. I hope she went back to the stage yesterday evening. I was busy catching your Collector, so I couldn't go and watch her performance..."

"You wanted to go?" The kid looks at you doubtfully.

"Who am I kidding? I wouldn't want to go to the theatre outside of an investigation," you grin at Brook.

"Of course you wouldn't," he grins back. "Hey Lucas, did I tell you about my new trick? Doctor Oliver said I could try and get used to noises again by listening to the radio for a bit. Let's try it now, okay? Just turn on the radio and watch how well I can listen to it!" He's being silly now. But you decide to humor him before you have to leave for the station.

"All right, kid, let's see your new trick." And you turn on his radio.

🔊 ... so use Carbollic Tooth Powder everyday - for a big and shiny smile!
And now: Breaking News - Tragedy instead of a comedy.
There has been a shocking turn in the case of the missing actress Georgia Price, the former Hollywood star who was supposed to play her first stage role in Edwin Day's new Broadway production, William Shakespeare's comedy *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The actress was found dead yesterday evening at a cheap hotel in the Bowery District, where she committed suicide a day earlier.
Edgar Pinchuk, Chief of Police at the Greenwich Village Police Department, who led the investigation into the actress' alleged kidnapping on Wednesday, told our reporter, "The police will thoroughly investigate the death of Georgia Price and the full details of this tragedy. We have already arrested a suspect in connection to the case..."

You stare at the ugly little device, dumbfounded. What the hell?

"Is this Georgia Price the actress you've just mentioned?" asks the kid, frightened. "Hey, Lucas! Where are you going?" he calls after you. You've already picked up your hat and coat and stormed out.

"To the station," you yell back.

Where else? You have to talk to the Chief immediately.

6th Police Precinct - 10th St & Greenwich Ave.

"Chief... what the hell?" you snap, trying to keep your voice low and failing halfway through. "You found the actress dead? She killed herself a day earlier? And you already hauled someone in?" You take a step closer, jaw tight. "And I gotta hear it from the damn radio?" The last part comes out louder than you meant. Too late to pull it back.

The Chief doesn't flinch. Just raises a hand like he's calming a barking dog. "Take it easy, Lucas. This was for your own good—believe it or not." He leans back, cool as ever. "You were tied up chasing that other mess of yours. The Collector broad... or whatever she is.

Look... when you told me yesterday that the missing actress wasn't snatched, just holed up in that hotel on her own," he spreads his hands, "I couldn't exactly send a squad in there kicking down doors, now could I? So I did it the clean way. Called the husband—Lord Whatever-His-Name-Is. And the director. The one who raised the alarm in the first place. Figured they had a right to be there when we knocked on her door."

He sighs, like the whole thing's been one long headache. "Had to wait first. Thought the husband might show, but he was out of town. So Green went over with just the director. But the door was locked. No answer. And that landlady? She kicked up a storm about anyone *breaking in*." He shakes

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

his head. “Green damn near had to argue his way through the whole building. By the time they finally got in... you were busy wining and dining at that fancy dinner, if you remember.”

He gives you a look. “There wasn’t much you could do last night anyway. So I held it till morning.” He leans forward slightly. “So... you still wanna take a crack at it?”

“Of course I do,” you say. Then you narrow your eyes. “But hold on... wasn’t it a suicide? That’s what the radio’s been selling.”

The Chief shrugs, like it’s all the same to him. “Maybe it was. Maybe it wasn’t. That’s your job now—figure it out.”

You nod once, then press on. “And who’d you collar?”

Now he looks a little less sure of himself.

“Green might’ve gotten... enthusiastic,” he admits. “Found something in the hotel room that sent him running over to that theater. Searched the dressing room of that other actress—that Miss... Sealion.”

You raise a brow. “You mean Miss Seals?”

“Yeah, yeah, her.” He waves it off. “Anyway, Green tears the place apart and finds cut-up magazines. Same kind used for the ransom note. So he slaps the cuffs on her right there.”

“She here?”

“Yeah,” the Chief says. “Cooling her heels downstairs. You might wanna have a word with her.” He leans back, fixing you with a look. “I want a full report on my desk by tomorrow.”

You’re halfway out the door when he calls after you. “Lucas? Take it easy on Green. He was just doing his job.”

So here you go again with your *déjà vu* mission to find out what happened to Georgia Price. It feels like you’re stuck inside a nightmare and you can’t escape repeating your day over and over.

Day start: **9am**. Day end: **10pm**.

If you have **Document 13** AND **Document 15**, you ask for a few typewritten samples from the people who have access to typewriters in this case. You can expect the results on Monday morning. (If you don’t have one or both of them, you can still acquire them until Monday.)

If you want to talk to **Officer Green**, go to [2-7994 \(p.77\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Audrey Seals**, go to [3-1685 \(p.92\)](#).

STOP!



Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 5**.

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



DAY 5

6th Police Precinct - Monday, Jan 21

The medical examiner and the lab must be ready by now, so you can call them today. You might want to follow a few more other leads before you report to the Chief.

Day start: **8am**. Day end: **12pm**.

At 12pm you need to report to the Chief about Georgia Price's death. (You can go overtime and report later, if you feel you need more time.) When you're ready, go to **Questions - Part 3**. If you're stuck, don't forget to use the **hints**.

If you asked for a few **typewritten samples** yesterday (meaning: if you have **Document 13** AND **Document 15**), go to [6-9546 \(p.207\)](#).

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

1-0875

Flatiron Lounge
37 W. 19th St, GP-52

If you have circled **Marker M3** in your case log, go to [6-5099 \(p.198\)](#)



1-1259

Diamond Palace
1133 Broadway, GP-16

LATE NIGHT LEAD

If it's after **10pm** and you have **Marker F3**, go to [6-0825 \(p.185\)](#).



1-1435

Law Firm of Clark & Lodge (contd. from 1-7014 on p.45)

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, we’re representing the husband. Mr. Christman informed him about the suit in December, so Mr. Tracy, I mean Mr. Monro hired us as his representatives.”

“You knew Mr. Tracy beforehand?”

“As a matter of fact, yes. He and I have been friends for some time now, so that’s why he came to me right away.”

“And what are the grounds of Miss Seals’ claims? Infidelity with that other actress last fall, as the papers claim?”

“I’m afraid I can’t divulge that information, Detective.”

“Is there a chance someone from your firm might have given a tip to the papers about this divorce?”

“No chance, Detective, I can assure you, no chance at all. We would lose our high profile clients very quickly if we started blabbing about them to the papers. I even told you more than I should have, but that’s just because you’re a detective, and I thought it’d be best to be cooperative. But that doesn’t mean I would talk just to anyone about this case. Let alone the papers.”



Circle **Marker Y2** in your case log.



1-1648

The Villager
65 University Pl, GV-27
Time: 30 minutes

You ask Brian Wolf, the editor, about the article in their last issue that talked about the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Monro.

“Oh, that. It was a pretty big gamble, but it paid off in the end. We were the first newspaper which reported the divorce. Then of course all the major publications picked it up in the following days.”

“What do you mean, a gamble?”

“We received an anonymous letter not long before the deadline, so we didn’t have time to thoroughly fact-check it. It was either a prank or a big piece of news. We had a pretty heated debate about it actually. A few of my colleagues were arguing that we’re not a gossip rag, so we shouldn’t print it. But I told them, if it’s not gossip, it’s our chance to be the first to report about it.

The most convincing part to me was that it mentioned Tracy’s real name under which the suit was filed. I don’t think many people knew about that name. I didn’t. So I called a buddy of mine at the Government Records, and it turned out Monro really is Tracy’s real name. I thought if that part is true, the other parts must be true as well, so I made the decision to publish it. As I said, it was a gamble, but it paid off.”

“Could you show me the anonymous letter?”

“Of course, Detective. Just a moment... here you are.”



Circle **Document 14** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 14** (The Anonymous Letter), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 289](#).



Circle **Marker V2** in your case log.



1-1696

Subway Station (contd. from 6-0941 on p.187)

Time: 30 minutes

When you ask the station attendant about a beautiful platinum blonde wearing a light grey coat and a blue scarf, carrying a grey bag, yesterday at around 2 pm, he immediately remembers.

“Oh, yes, I saw her. The blue scarf was on her head but a little blonde hair peeked out. She was also wearing sunglasses, but you could still see how beautiful she was. But the most surprising thing was that she went up to the bum who sleeps here most days, and she started talking to him. ‘What on earth?’ I remember thinking. I was about to step in and ask her if I could be of assistance, but then she just handed something to the tramp, and boarded the next subway.”

“Which direction?”

“Towards Union Square.”

“And the bum?”

“He’s there. Snoring.” He points towards the other end of the station.

“Thanks.” The attendant touches the brim of his cap.

You walk towards the other end of the station to check out the homeless guy yourself. He’s sleeping alright, cradling a wine bottle. You have to nudge him a few times before he opens his eyes with difficulty.

“Wha’?”

“Hey, buddy. Look, there’s a pretty buck waiting for you if you can answer me a few questions.” You dangle the money in front of his face. That wakes him up pretty quickly.

“Yeah?”

“I’ve been told a pretty lady gave you something yesterday afternoon. What was it?” He suddenly narrows his eyes.

“Dunno wha’ ya talkin’ bout.”

“No? Because I thought she gave you two letters to deliver to the theater across the street. I was also thinking she gave you some money, and told you that you would get more if she heard that the letters got delivered.”

The bum’s mouth drops open in surprise. “How’d ya kno’?”

“Well, it’s a talent of mine. So how about the other letter?” you offer him a banknote. He stares at the money for a few minutes then decides to take it, and he fishes out a letter from under his coat.



Circle **Document 13** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 13** (Second Ransom Note), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 288](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker H2** in your case log.

Now you can send flatfoots to every subway station from the Madison towards Union Square to find out where Miss Price got off.

You can ask for the result **at the Police Station in an hour** - or if that would be after the end of your day, next morning.



1-2390

Madison on Thursday (contd. from 5-2749 on p.159)

Time: 30 minutes

Unlike a few days ago, the theater is eerily quiet when you step inside. You walk into the auditorium. There are three men on the stage, in the middle of a scene depicting a lush forest. It seems like they are playing cards next to a small table, which, together with the chairs they're sitting on, painfully detracts from the stage's environment.

"I'm afraid I'll win your pocket money your daddy gave you for the month, Benji," says one of them, who's wearing a chequered jacket.

"So you say, Jerry. But you're gonna be surprised this time. I have the trump card," the tall guy addressed as 'Benji' answers.

You only recognise the third guy, Edwin Day, the director, with whom you've already spoken before. He wears a lilac shirt and an orange scarf. This guy makes interesting fashion choices. At that moment he spots you from the stage.

"Ah, Detective Lucas! Just the man we're waiting for. Come, come, Detective, join our merry company." With some difficulty you get yourself up onto the stage. Day introduces you to the others. "Gentlemen, this is the Detective Lucas I was talking to you about. Detective, these are my fellow consorts of our muse, Thalia. Benjamin Miller and Jerry Stamper." You shake hands with both of them.

"Jerry, would you be so kind and bring another chair so the detective can sit with us?" Checkered-jacket guy disappears behind the curtain, and returns in a minute or so with a fourth chair, but you and the director remain standing.

"What's with the peace and quiet? Where is everyone? Isn't the premiere the day after tomorrow?" you ask the director, looking around in the empty theater.

"Yeah, I gave everyone a day off. I'm hoping we can continue tomorrow. That's why I asked you here, Detective."

"Is that so? That sounds ominous, Mr. Day. What happened?"

"Our lead actress, Miss Georgia Price, has been missing since yesterday. And I was hoping you could help me, Detective."

"Why not try the Missing Persons Bureau? They have the organization. It's not a one-man job."

Day reaches into his pocket and hands over a sheet of paper folded in four. You take it, unfold it and read the message made of mismatched, cutout letters. You can't believe your eyes.



Circle **Document 9** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Ransom Note), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 273](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Is this some kind of joke?" you ask the director, who looks miserable, while the other two eagerly study the toes of their shoes.

"Not exactly a joke, no. Although I don't think it's a serious threat either," answers Day mysteriously.

"Are you sure it's not a joke? You did see the 'or she *dyes*' part, right?" You look at the director dubiously.

"Look: why don't you sit down, Detective. I need to explain a few things first." You both sit down on the remaining chairs next to the table. Chequered-jacket guy, reaches for a pack of cigarettes and shakes one loose.

"Smoke?" You accept it. He offers the packet to the other two as well. Soon all four of you are puffing out smoke peacefully. Jerry even blows a few smoke rings. You look at the director with anticipation.

"Right. The lead actress of the play, Georgia Price, has been missing since yesterday. She walked out in the middle of the rehearsal, and she didn't come back or go home either. We were hoping she would turn up today, but I found this letter instead. It was slipped under the door, so I stepped on it when I arrived at the theater. Usually I'm the first to arrive, you know - I like a half-hour to myself before every rehearsal. It's my process. Anyway, the message was in a plain envelope - no address or anything." He takes out the envelope from his pocket and hands it over. Yeah, nothing on it.

"So someone delivered it personally?"

"Seems like it."

"I'm guessing you didn't see anyone suspicious around that day?"

"No, Detective, I'm sorry."

"And why would you think it's not a genuine threat, Mr. Day? Besides the ridiculous cutout letters and the bad spelling, I mean."

"It would be a typical 'Georgia stunt' to pull. Faking her own kidnapping, I mean. You see, Detective, Georgia Price comes from the movies - maybe you've seen her in something already. She could be considered a minor star in show business. A few months ago she decided to try Broadway to see if she can make it here as well. I was searching for a fresh idea at the time, so it seemed like a match made in heaven when Benji introduced her to me. I immediately signed her for one of the leading roles: Titania, the fairy queen, in my new adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A decision I've bitterly regretted since.

You see, Detective, one hears stories about movie stars and their eccentricities, their tantrums and things like that. But one would assume it couldn't be as bad as that, and probably the rags inflate most of that stuff just to sell better. And one would also assume a minor star couldn't be as bad as those big Hollywood actresses. Well, Detective, one would be wrong on all those accounts. Georgia was as bad as you could imagine, or even worse, especially if you're not an imaginative type. These last few months really tested my nerves.

But as if that wasn't bad enough, there came about a growing rivalry between Georgia and my other leading lady, Audrey Seals, who plays Hippolyta, the Amazon queen in the play. I don't really want

to go into details, Jerry will tell you about those if you're interested."

"Yeah, I'm your man if you want to know the dirt, Detective." Chequered-jacket guy smiles widely. But Day continues his explanation.

"The last straw for Georgia was last week's big scandal about Audrey's divorce. You see, Detective, the newspapers were supposed to write about the premiere on Saturday night, and especially about the fact that Georgia Price, the movie star, will debut as a stage actress in a Broadway play. The advertisements were paid for, Georgia gave a big interview and everything.

But then Audrey's petition for divorce went to a hearing as soon as the Divorce Court opened in January. It turned out she filed for divorce at the end of last year after Eloise, another actress in the play, admitted adultery with Audrey's husband - that's one of our actors, Sylvester Tracy - in Eloise's own divorce case in November. I mean, you'd think I'm making this stuff up just to get some free publicity for the play, but I swear I'm not.

So the papers were suddenly full of the actors' love lives and the scandal that would surely follow, and everyone forgot about our poor Georgia and her debut in the play. The papers only mentioned her in passing, and her big interview was heavily edited to make room for the main news, the divorce."

"Wait. Just let me understand this. So one of the actresses was cheating with another actress' husband, who is also an actor here? Jeesh, these people are really going at it."

"And I foolishly thought detectives have no sense of romance," smirks Jerry. You ignore him and ask Day:

"So why didn't the scandal break out in November?"

"Because at that time no one knew who Eloise cheated with. She asked for a closed hearing, and no details leaked out. But if you read the papers last week - even *The Villager*, which doesn't often deal with scandal - you could see the news about Audrey's divorce, which named Eloise as the other woman.

Georgia was furious, of course. She was convinced Audrey filed for divorce to steal her thunder and turn the spotlight on herself. There were fights and hysterical scenes every day. Rehearsal became a nightmare, although we separated Georgia and Audrey by designating different time slots for them to appear at the theater even before last week.

And on Wednesday Georgia just walked out on me in the middle of the rehearsal. I thought it was another stunt of hers just to punish me for not listening to her. The day before she demanded I fire the other actress as some immoral hussy who would bring shame on the whole company if I let her. It was ridiculous, of course. So I told her to just focus on the upcoming scene."

"When was that precisely? That you saw Mrs. Price last?"

"Miss Price. Georgia's married name is Lady Lytton, but she uses her maiden name, Miss Price, as an actress. And it was around 2 pm, I think. Benji?" The director looks at the third guy, who hasn't spoken yet. He seems like a brooding type.

"Yeah, I remember I was really hungry and looking at my watch to see when lunch break was. It was 1:55 when Georgia walked out."

“Yes, thank you, Benji.” Day says his name with warmth in his voice. “And Georgia’s husband called me last night to ask me what happened, because Georgia didn’t go home that day. And this morning the message arrived.”

“But you don’t think she was kidnapped,” you say matter-of-factly.

“No. As you yourself thought when you first saw the note, it seems more like an actress’ idea of a ransom note - one you would find in a cheap mystery - than a real threat. Not to mention the spelling... although kidnappers could be bad spellers, I guess. But I decided to send most people home today and ask you here, Detective. I don’t want this story in the papers if we can avoid it. So I thought before we call the police, maybe you could try and find Georgia first, so we could avoid the scandal she would want so badly.”

“I *am* the police, Mr. Day,” you say, a bit offended.

“Come on, Detective Lucas, I didn’t mean it in a bad way. On the contrary. I know you already - I saw you track down the murderer of poor Amy. And I’ve also seen how discreetly you work. That’s my man, I thought this morning. It would be a big help if you could find Georgia, and we could just get on with our lives and the dress rehearsal tomorrow.” Day looks at you hopefully. You take out your notebook. The director sighs with relief.

“And what was Miss Price wearing yesterday?”

“A white dress, black high heels. And there was a blue scarf around her neck.”

“What about her coat? It’s winter.”

“Oh, I didn’t see her coat. Jerry? Benji?”

“Can’t help you there, Boss,” Chequered Guy answers. The other just shakes his head.

“That’s unfortunate, but alright, Mr. Day, let’s give it a try. But if I can’t find Miss Price by tomorrow, you’ll need to make a formal report to Missing Persons.”

“Fair enough - and thank you, Detective. Here are the main actors in our play. They all knew Georgia well, so I guess they can help you find her. I have their photographs - I took them out of the files we keep here at the theater. You might find them helpful.”



Circle **Document 10** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Photos of the Actors), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 274](#).

“Benji and Jerry you’ve already met. The others? Who knows...”

If you want to talk to **Benji**, go to [7-4220 \(p.227\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Jerry**, go to [4-9904 \(p.147\)](#).

If you want to **search Miss Price’s dressing room**, go to [5-7193 \(p.176\)](#).



1-2991

Edwin Day
70 W. 11th St, GV-25

If it's **Sunday**, go to [7-2193 \(p.219\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's home.



1-3418

Jefferson Market Library
425 6th Ave, GV-37
Time: 30 minutes

If you want to read more about **Edgar Allan Poe**, go to [3-4750 \(p.105\)](#).

If you want to read more about **Mark Twain's life**, go to [2-2376 \(p.57\)](#).

If you want to read more about **Twain and Tesla**, go to [7-4605 \(p.230\)](#).

If you read **all 3** articles,

☒ Tick **3** culture boxes in your case log.

AND

 Circle **Marker L1** in your case log.



1-3906

Cecily Owens, maid

Time: 30 minutes

You find the maid in her room sobbing.

“Miss Owens? I’m sorry to bother you at a time like this, but I’m afraid I need to ask you a few more questions.” She suddenly gets up from the bed.

“What can I help you with, sir? I told you everything I knew last time, I swear!” And she continues sobbing.

“I’d like to ask you about Lady Lytton’s sedative.” The maid suddenly stops crying and asks, surprised:

“Her sedative?”

“Yes, what kind did she use?”

“It was Veronal, sir.”

“And where did Miss Price, I mean Lady Lytton, keep her Veronal bottle?”

“In her purse, sir. She took it with her everywhere, in case she needed it.”

“And did she need it often? I mean, did she use it daily?”

“Yes, she couldn’t sleep without it.”

“And who used to purchase it for her?”

“Mostly me, sometimes Zach, when her Ladyship asked him to.”

“And who was it last time?”

“I don’t know, sir. Her Ladyship used to ask for it every two weeks or so, but I haven’t bought Veronal for her in the last three weeks, so I’m guessing she asked someone else this time.”

“The chauffeur?”

“I don’t know, sir.” She lowers her eyes when she says this.



Circle **Marker C3** in your case log.

If you want to ask the butler about **pest control**, go to [2-7936 \(p.76\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur** again, go to [2-7820 \(p.73\)](#).



1-4105

Ask about Aunt Dorothy's husband (contd. from [4-7206](#) on [p.136](#))

“Yes, Professor Little was working at our university until a few years ago. Everyone knew that his wife was the niece of the famous writer, Mark Twain. They lived nearby. But the Professor died, and his wife didn’t keep in touch with us. I’m sorry.”



1-4250

Hotel Lafayette
University Pl & 9th St, GV-43

If it's **Thursday**, go to [3-2869 \(p.98\)](#).

If it's **Friday** and you have **Marker H**, go to [2-5783 \(p.68\)](#).

If it's **Friday** and you **don't have Marker H**, go to [3-1701 \(p.94\)](#).



1-4356

Liggett's Drugstore
231 Grand St, BO-47

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



1-4638

*BMT Subway Station
Bowery & Delancey St, BO-30*

If you have circled **Marker D2** in your case log, go to [2-5096 \(p.67\)](#)



1-4944

Dr. Thomas Olive Mabbott

Time: 30 minutes

“I reviewed the latest biography of Poe, the work of an English author, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, who stressed the influence of Coleridge and the young Tennyson upon his work. There is little new that can be written about Poe, but Dame Pope-Hennessy touches upon one of the least-known phases of the man when she analyses his literary influences.”

☒ Tick 1 culture box in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605 \(p.79\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896 \(p.44\)](#).

If it's Friday or Saturday:

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650 \(p.188\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731 \(p.165\)](#).



1-5877

Daily News (contd. from 7-0584 on p.210)

Time: 30 minutes

There's chaos at the paper's editorial office. The phones are constantly ringing and everyone's running around with papers and cameras, trying to shout over the constant noise.

"Hey, Tom, did you proofread my latest article? You know, the one with the horses..."

"What are you talking about? I definitely remember putting it on that table..."

"Yes, tomorrow, Mr. Gilbert. No, I'm not mistaken..."

It's a madhouse. You fight your way to the office with the nameplate *'Billie Jones'* on it. The secretary in front of the door is on the phone. She's a very serious-looking young woman with round spectacles.

"No, we don't have further information about Miss Price's kidnapping... No, ma'am, I'm not trying to withhold important information from you..." That's gonna take a while. You knock on the door.

"Mr. Jones is not in today," says the secretary suddenly, when she notices you putting your hand on the handle.

"I'd like to make sure." And you open the door. The office indeed is empty, but you decide to step inside.

"Detective Lucas!" protests the secretary. It seems she abandoned the phone to run after you. "Please, leave Mr. Jones' office immediately!"

"How did you know, I'm... Oh, right. That cursed article. Calm down, missy, I'm leaving as soon as you tell me where I can find that little... I mean Mr. Jones." You caught yourself before you could say something potentially insulting about her boss.

"I'm sorry, Detective, I can't help you there. I don't know where Mr. Jones is at the moment."

"Alright, just give me his home address and I'll be out of your hair already."

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I can divulge that information, Detective. Mr. Jones likes to keep his private life private."

"Not something he could say about other people's private lives though, right? Never mind, I'll just look him up in the directory."

"You won't find Mr. Jones in the directory. No one knows his real last name, he made sure of that. So you see, Detective, I wouldn't be able to help you even if I wanted to." The little minx's spectacles glitter mockingly at you.

"That's unfortunate." But before she closes the door after you, you notice something curious on the journalist's desk.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Document 15** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 15** (Dolls on Billie's desk), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 290](#).

If you have trouble finding Billie, don't forget to use the hints.



1-6010

Hopkins (contd. from [1-7456](#) on p.48)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask Hopkins about Miss Bossi who he met at the Fellowship dinner.

“Yes, I remember Miss Bossi vividly. She was just full of life and dreams. To be young and fearless, eh Detective? I remember her French was quite good as well. One doesn’t really expect that from a young actress nowadays. *N’est-ce pas, monsieur?* Anyway... she mentioned some Parisian lady who teaches her French conversation once a week.”

“I see.”



1-6896

Madame Himari Sakeniski

Time: 30 minutes

Mme Sakeniski seems to be a very intellectual lady. Face like a horse. She wears a traditional Japanese kimono. It's black with elaborate paintings in red and white. They depict Japanese houses, bridges, and cherry trees. She looks like she grabbed a curtain by mistake and called it a dress.

"It will be my duty to extend the apologies of His Excellency, Hiroshi Halto, Japanese Ambassador to the United States who, at the last moment, was detained in Washington. Maybe you don't know, Detective, but Dr. Halto is one of the leading translators of Poe in our country.

Poe shared American literary honors in Japan with Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American philosopher. The work of the poet was first introduced into Japan in 1880 in the form of summarized and transcribed collections of his stories. The first complete translation was done in 1890, when Dr. Ogai Muri published the Japanese version of *The Black Cat*.

The Raven, the poem which brought fame to Poe and which was written during his residence in Greenwich Village, was the first Poe verse translated into Japanese. Since that time Dr. Halto has made a complete translation of the poet's work which is considered standard in the Orient."

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.

 Circle Marker K1 in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605 \(p.79\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944 \(p.40\)](#).

If it's Friday or Saturday:

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650 \(p.188\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731 \(p.165\)](#).



1-7014

Law Firm of Clark & Lodge
51 E. 95th St, CM-2

If you want to ask about a **divorce**, go to [1-1435 \(p.24\)](#).

If you want to ask something else, go to [5-4301 \(p.162\)](#).



1-7045

Talk to Miss Price's maid, Cecily

Time: 30 minutes

"So, are you Lady Lytton's maid?"

"Yes, sir. I'm Cecily, her Ladyship's maid." A pretty little thing. Quite frightened, of course. It might have to do with the fact that the butler is standing in the doorway. He insisted he had to be present when I questioned 'one of his staff.'

"There's no need to be frightened, Cecily. I just wanted to ask a few questions. Maybe you could help me find your mistress."

"I know nothing, sir, I swear." Her eyes well up. Looks like your attempt to calm her down backfired. You should hurry up before the waterworks start.

"Did Lady Lytton say anything to you about an appointment, a plan, or anything else? Besides the rehearsal in the theater, I mean."

"No, sir, nothing. She doesn't usually talk to me, you see. Unless I do something wrong, which is quite often according to her Ladyship. But other than that, no. She doesn't share her plans with me."

"What about her mood? How did you find her lately?"

"She was in a very bad mood since last Thursday. I went to bed crying every night last week. Oh, my God, I shouldn't have said that!" She looks at the butler terrified. "Of course it wasn't her Ladyship's fault I went to bed crying every night. It's my fault for being overly sensitive about things I shouldn't. I'm only a servant after all, and it's always a mistress' prerogative to offer criticism if I'm not doing my job to her liking." She recites this almost automatically. Jeez, what a horrible place this is.

"So nothing out of the ordinary lately?"

"Well, her Ladyship was in a good mood on Wednesday morning. She hummed and smiled. I haven't seen her like this for quite some time now. She said I should pack an extra set of clothes in her bag, because she might not want to wear the clothes she picked that morning all day."

"An extra set of clothes?"

"Yes, sir. I put them in her gray bag for her. But it wasn't really unusual. Since that dinner in December she often asked me to pack an extra set of clothes, just in case."

"What dinner?"

"On December 7th. When she forgot about a dinner party, and had to attend it in her regular clothes."

"And how come you remember the date so precisely?"

"Her Ladyship was very angry that day." She glances at her forearm. There's a scar there. Like she had burned her skin a few weeks ago.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker M2** in your case log.

If you want to **search Miss Price's room**, go to [5-5710 \(p.164\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur**, go to [6-0071 \(p.184\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **butler**, go to [3-7223 \(p.113\)](#).



1-7456

About Miss Bossi (contd. from [2-6183](#) on p.69)

If you had **Marker H1 in Case 2** (meaning: you asked Hopkins about the *Shakespeare Fellowship* dinner last time), go to [1-6010](#) (p.43).

If not, go to [8-2421](#) (p.251).



1-8795

Newspaper & Magazine Stand on E. 12th St
48 E. 12th St, GV-16

If you don't have Marker V, go to [3-0870 \(p.90\)](#).



1-9582

Stanley Street (contd. from 3-1197 on p.91)

Time: 30 minutes

A young man answers the door. You recognize him from the picture Day gave you: it's Stanley Street, the youngest member of the company. You introduce yourself to him and tell him you want to talk about Miss Price.

"About Miss Price?" he asks, surprised.

"Have you seen her since yesterday?"

"No, I haven't. Today's rehearsal was cancelled. Why?"

"Turns out no one has seen Miss Price since yesterday's rehearsal."

"Seriously?" He lets out a low whistle. "That's unreal. I mean, Miss Price is the type of woman who's always seen by a lot of people. The type of actress who's always acting, even in real life. And wants admiration and applause all the time. It seems unlikely no one has seen her for a while."

"It sounds like you aren't one of her admirers."

"Look, don't get me wrong, I'm truly fortunate to work with these famous actors, though I am a beginner. I mean at first, maybe I was a bit starstruck when Miss Price arrived, but it turned out she's just a human being like everyone else. It's totally different seeing someone on the silver screen and in real life."

"And how did you find this star in real life, Mr. Street?"

"Well, not a very kind person, that's for sure."

"And what about their rivalry with Miss Seals?"

"You know actresses. Most of them hate each other, I'm told."

"Who told you that?"

"Trace, I guess."

"So you're on good terms with Mr. Tracy?"

"Yes, he's very kind to me. He's a very experienced actor, but he accepted me as his protégé. We spent a lot of time together. Especially since his divorce started."

"You knew about the divorce before last week?"

"Yes, but I gave my word that I wouldn't talk about it to anyone, and I didn't, I swear. Trace was very good to me. Took me out a few times since we started working together on the play. To show me the ropes, you know, considering I'm new to this whole 'theater scene', as he said."

"Show you the ropes?"

"Yeah, like where to go if I wanted to have a good time, what to drink so as not to look like some out-of-town chump. He introduced me to his friends, even to ladies, that sort of thing."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“And when did he first mention the divorce?”

“I don’t know. He didn’t even say it was a divorce at first. He just became very gloomy at the beginning of December. Didn’t want to go out anymore. I kept asking him what the matter was - I even mentioned that I maybe should ask for someone’s help. That’s when he said I couldn’t breathe a word about this to anyone, but his wife filed for divorce.”

“And did you ask him why she filed for divorce all of a sudden? I was told Mr. Tracy’s affair with Miss Kellett was long over by December, and everyone thought Miss Seals forgave her husband.”

“Yeah, I asked him about that. But he only said, he was a fool who never learned, so maybe Audrey was right to divorce him. He sounded very pathetic, like I’ve never heard him before.”

“Did you know Mr. Tracy’s real name was Monroe?”

“No, I didn’t. I was pretty surprised when I read it in the paper. It stung a bit, to be honest. I thought we became real friends, Trace and I, in the last few months, and a thing like that should have come up between us. But I was wrong, I guess.”



Circle **Marker S2** in your case log.



1-9589

Lily-Mae Harris (contd. from [5-3771](#) on p.161)

Time: 30 minutes

“Miss Harris? I’m Detective Lucas from the NYPD. Mrs. Boyle sent me. I need to talk to you about the Poe dinner.” This lady doesn’t seem so old. Maybe around 40. She’s almost pretty with her shiny brown hair and light freckles around her nose. And she has lovely legs, you would say that for her.

“Really? How curious. Come in, Detective, come in. Coffee?”

“No, thanks.”

“Then how can I help you, Detective Lucas?” She looks directly into your eyes. A bit unnerving.

“I was told you were the one in charge of flowers and decorations for the dinner.”

“That is correct.”

“Did anything unusual happen?”

“Unusual? I don’t think so. Well, lots of last minute changes, but nothing unusual about that I’m afraid. That is how these things go. Especially with the flowers. It’s a bit unpredictable in January, you know. The florist told me if I insisted only on color and not specific flowers, she could make some arrangements. Otherwise...” She spreads her arms.

“And what color did you insist on?”

“White, I’m sad to say. Mildred wouldn’t want anything ‘gaudy’. I’d have preferred red flowers - the color of passion and danger. I think that would suit Poe much more than plain white. But I was outnumbered. When Mildred expresses a strong opinion about something, Anaisha and Raizy never oppose her.”

“Did you work with Reinhardt’s Flower Shop?”

“Look at you, Detective, knowing your flower shops! Are you wooing lots of ladies with flowers?” Miss Harris’ brown eyes twinkle mischievously. Wait. Is she trying to flirt with you? They don’t pay you enough for this sort of thing...

“No, nothing like that. Actually I hate flowers. They give me hayfever. Never bought a single one of the cursed things in my entire life.” Yeah, you need to nip her flirty thoughts in the bud.

“What a shame, Detective. I adore flowers! Their beauty, their smell... it’s like poetry. Not Mr. Poe’s poetry perhaps, but still.”

“Returning to the flower shop. Which one did you use?”

“The Greenwich Village Flower Shop. I know the owners - a great young couple. I always order flowers from them.”

“So no changes there.”

“No, I’m afraid.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Anything else you could tell me?”

“Well, a few topics spring to mind... But if you mean about the dinner, then no, Detective Lucas, I’m afraid I have nothing else to say.”

“Thank you, Miss Harris.” You raise your hat hastily and you’re out of the door like a shot.



Circle **Marker M1** in your case log.



2

2-0100

Lytton-Price House
125 E. 93rd St, CM-11

If it's **Thursday or Friday**, go to [2-9892 \(p.83\)](#).

If it's **Sunday or Monday**, go to [2-7874 \(p.74\)](#).



2-1818

Thursday, Police Station (contd. from [7-7336 on p.237](#))

Time: 30 minutes

It's a good thing you looked into the station because as it turns out, Edwin Day, the director guy, called not long ago, and left a message for you to go to the theater to talk to him about something important.



2-2376

Mark Twain

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835 – 1910), known by the pen name Mark Twain, was an American writer, humorist, and essayist. He was born on November 30, 1835, in Florida, Missouri as sixth of seven children of Jane (née Lampton; 1803–1890), a native of Kentucky, and John Marshall Clemens (1798–1847), a native of Virginia. When he was four, Twain's family moved to Hannibal, Missouri, a port town on the Mississippi River that inspired the fictional town of St Petersburg in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

His father was an attorney and judge who died of pneumonia in 1847, when Twain was only 11. The following year, Twain left school after the fifth grade to become a printer's apprentice. When he was 18, he left Hannibal and worked as a printer. He educated himself in public libraries in the evenings, finding wider information than at a conventional school.

In 1855 steamboat pilot Horace E. Bixby took Twain on as a cub pilot to teach him the river between New Orleans and St Louis. Twain continued to work on the river and was a river pilot until the Civil War broke out in 1861, when traffic was curtailed along the Mississippi River.

Twain married Olivia Langdon in Elmira, New York in February 1870. They had three daughters: Susy (1872–1896), Clara (1874–1962), and Jean (1880–1909).

He was an early proponent of fingerprinting as a forensic technique, featuring it in a tall tale in *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) and as a central plot element in the novel *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894).

In his later years, Twain lived at 14 West 10th Street in Manhattan. He passed through a period of deep depression and died of a heart attack on April 21, 1910, in Stormfield.

If you want to read more about **Edgar Allan Poe**, go to [3-4750 \(p.105\)](#).

If you want to read more about **Twain and Tesla**, go to [7-4605 \(p.230\)](#).



2-3480

Anaisha Murphy (contd. from 8-4167 on p.252)

Time: 30 minutes

Miss Murphy is very surprised to see a detective, but after you tell her Mrs. Boyle sent you, she's ready to help any way she can.

"I'm told you were the one putting together the guestlist for this dinner. Anything unusual there? Like last minute changes?"

"I don't even know where to begin, Detective. This year was just awful in that regard! Half of the guests were cancelling their seats at the last minute, for example. What an inconsiderate thing too, don't you agree, Detective? People must know how much work goes into an event like this, so changing things, especially in the last few weeks, involves a lot of inconvenience for a lot of people."

"Could you be more specific? Who were the ones who cancelled, and who are the new additions to the guestlist? You know, what? Here's the list from Mrs. Boyle, you can mark the changes on this."

"Of course, Detective. Let's see. I think I'll underline the guests who weren't on my original list for you, and... oh, no. There are still mistakes in this list! I can't believe this. I thought I'd already given the latest version to Mildred, but it seems I was wrong. I'll correct the other mistakes as well. Here - I hope you find this helpful, Detective."

"Yes, thank you for your help, Miss Murphy."



Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (The corrected Guest List), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 271](#).



Circle **Marker Z1** in your case log.



2-3514

Timothy Costello, M. D. (contd. from [8-2372](#) on p.250)

Time: 30 minutes

"I'm afraid I can't break my medical confidentiality, Detective, so I can't disclose Lady Lytton's symptoms or treatment. But I could talk to you about my special interest as a doctor and a psychiatrist. And if you might draw conclusions about some of my patients' condition from this, that is no longer my business.

I'm especially interested in narcissism. Nowadays this condition is known in the medical community as Doctor Freud described it in 1909: as 'a necessary intermediate stage between auto-erotism and object-love.' He also invented the name *narcissism* 'since Greek myths call a youth Narcissus, whom nothing pleased so much as his own mirror image.' Doctor Freud even suggested that exclusive self-love might not be as abnormal as previously thought, and might even be a common component of the human psyche.

But I see narcissism quite differently from Doctor Freud or other mainstream psychoanalytic theorists nowadays. I find narcissism different from other major defensive strategies or solutions. For me, narcissistic needs and tendencies are not inherent in human nature.

I don't posit a primary narcissism, but see the narcissistic personality as the product of a certain kind of early environment acting on a certain kind of temperament. It tends to be the product of either deprivation or indulgence. The narcissist's self-esteem is not strong, because it is not based on genuine accomplishments.

Narcissistic people can have an unreasonably high sense of self-importance and require constant, excessive admiration, feel that they deserve privileges and special treatment. They expect to be recognized as superior even without achievements, and make achievements and talents seem bigger than they are. They're preoccupied with fantasies about success, power, brilliance, beauty or the perfect mate.

They believe they are superior to others and can only spend time with or be understood by equally special people, and they are critical of and look down on people they feel are not important. They expect special favors and expect other people to do what they want without questioning them. They take advantage of others to get what they want, but have an inability or unwillingness to recognize the needs and feelings of others. They are envious of others and believe others envy them. They behave in an arrogant way, brag a lot and come across as conceited. And they insist on having the best of everything.

At the same time they have trouble handling anything they view as criticism. They can become impatient or angry when they don't receive special recognition or treatment, and they easily feel slighted. They react with rage or contempt and try to belittle other people to make themselves appear superior.

They have difficulty managing their emotions and behavior, and experience problems dealing with stress and adapting to change. They withdraw from or avoid situations in which they might fail.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

They feel depressed and moody because they fall short of perfection. And they have secret feelings of insecurity, shame, humiliation and fear of being exposed as a failure.

These people may not want to think that anything could be wrong, so they usually don't seek treatment. If they do seek treatment, it's more likely to be for symptoms of depression, drug or alcohol misuse, or another mental health problem. And what they view as insults to self-esteem may make it difficult to accept and follow through with treatment."



Circle **Marker C2** in your case log.



Tick **2** culture boxes in your case log.

If you want to look up **Narcissus** for more culture points, go to [4-9413 \(p.144\)](#).



2-3584

Oscar's Gallery (contd. from 6-9568 on p.208)

Time: 30 minutes

It's a little gallery on Charles Street. Just one room really, photographs hanging all around the walls. There's a little reception area near the entrance, and a table with a few chairs beside it. A few people are sitting on the chairs, one of them a big bearded guy wearing a purple sweater and a lime-green scarf. He must be Joe.

You step up to him. "Joe?"

"Who's asking?"

"Benji sent me." He looks doubtfully at you, but stands up.

"All right. Let's step outside for a minute... I'll be back in a jiffy," he says to the people at the table. You walk outside to the front of the little gallery.

"I hope you have cash, 'cause I don't take credits," he snickers at you.

"Yeah, I have cash. But is it clean? I mean, is it safe to use?"

"Yeah, it's the best in Manhattan. But I thought you said Benji sent you. He's a long-time customer, didn't he tell you that I sell good stuff?"

"Yeah, he did, but there was this accident yesterday, so I thought..." He suddenly looks very alert.

"What accident? What are you talking about?" Shit, you shouldn't have said that.

"Nothing. I don't know. I'm just a bit nervous, I guess. So just give me a dose." He hesitates.

"Here's your money." You take out the banknotes.

"Okay then." He slides the little packet into the palm of your hand. It looks like you're just shaking hands. "Take care." And he steps back into the gallery.

You look inside the little packet. There's snow-white powder inside.



Circle **Marker R4** in your case log.



2-3691

Columbia University (contd. from [4-7206](#) on p.136)

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, Mrs. Boyle borrowed a pedestal from us for the Poe dinner. We use these pedestals in our library to showcase a few of our oldest manuscripts under the protection of a glass cover. But we don’t have locks or alarms on these covers, because our librarians and the guard at the entrance have been enough to protect these books until now. I guess the students and professors who use our library haven’t turned to the path of crime yet.”



2-3966

Looking for Ada Bossi (contd. from [8-6260](#) on p.254)

If you have circled **Marker E3** in your case log **AND/OR** If you have circled **Marker J3** in your case log, go to [6-4019](#) (p.194)



2-4125

Hotel Florence (contd. from [8-7430](#) on p.256)

If it's **Sunday**, go to [4-0561](#) (p.120).

If it's **Monday**, go to [2-7135](#) (p.71).



2-4500

New York Public Library
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. 2nd fl. west)

If you have **Markers L and R**, go to [4-3122 \(p.127\)](#).



2-4539

Blue Bar
2 Lexington Ave, GP-42 (apt. lobby)

If you have circled **Marker M3** in your case log, go to [4-8509 \(p.142\)](#)



2-5096

Subway Station (contd. from [1-4638](#) on p.39)

Time: 30 minutes

“So, my colleagues tell me you saw the lady we’re looking for.”

“Yes, Detective, I did. It was shortly before 3 o’clock. I finish at 3, you know, and I remember seeing her not long before I finished for the day.”

“And did you see which direction she went?”

“No, sir, there was another lady asking me about a decent tea shop. I told her there is one, right across the street. They have a divine Twinings English Breakfast tea. You should try it yourself, Detective.”

“Sure.”



Circle **Marker Q2** in your case log.

If you want to **refresh yourself with a tea**, go to [7-4951](#) (p.232).



2-5783

Hotel Lafayette on Friday (contd. from [1-4250](#) on p.37)

Time: 30 minutes

“Did Professor Parrot arrive? And that other fellow, Mollock?” you ask the concierge without any preamble. He looks at you disapprovingly. He seems like someone who would use superfluous phrases even when his pants were on fire.

“Good day, Detective. To answer your question: yes, Professor Parrot and Mr. Mollock both arrived. Mr. Mollock an hour ago and the Professor just now. They are both in their suites, busy preparing for the dinner, I presume.”

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650](#) (p.188).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731](#) (p.165).



2-6183

Lawson Louis Erwin Hopkins Jr.
566 W. Broadway, GV-83

If you want to ask him about his aunt, go to [7-3234 \(p.225\)](#).

If you want to ask him about someone else, go to [1-7456 \(p.48\)](#).



2-6619

Chumley's Bar (contd. from 8-2355 on p.249)

Time: 30 minutes

The barman points at a table at the back when you tell him you're Jimmy's friend, and looking for a 'Cracker Joe'. He points him out.

Wow. Quite a big fellow. Flat nose, cauliflower ears. Probably was a boxer at one point. It seems he's drinking rum, so you order him a shot first.

"You're not drinkin'?" He eyes you suspiciously. It's after 10, so you're technically not on duty anymore.

"A brandy with champagne as cold as Valley Forge," you tell the bartender. Joe just shakes his head in disgust. He downs his drink.

"So who the fuck're ya and whaddaya want?"

"I'm a friend of Earless Jimmy's," you begin cautiously.

"Tha' little shit?" So he doesn't like Jimmy either. Just your luck.

"Another round?" He stares at you for a moment with a vacant expression on his face but then nods. So you signal the bartender to pour another drink for your companion.

"Seen a 'Mr. Finley' in the last couple of days? A really short, round fellow. Bald." He seems to think about it.

"Nope."

"You sure? He was offering a high-paying job." Joe doesn't seem phased about that.

"Wha' job?"

"Good question. I only know he was hiring someone."

"Nah, ain't me. I was talkin' to some other guy. Ain't short or round. Some rich bloke."

"A Collector maybe?"

"A wha'?"

"Collector. You know, someone who collects paintings, artifacts, manuscripts..."

"Is collectin' dough make ya a collecta?"

"Not really." He's staring at you with glassy eyes. Looks like that's it. "Well, thanks, Joe."



Circle **Marker C1** in your case log.



2-7135

Hotel Florence (contd. from 2-4125 on p.64)

Time: 30 minutes

There's a question you didn't ask the owner lady yesterday, so you go back to the hotel.

"Good morning, ma'am." You lift your hat.

"Oh, it's you again." Not the enthusiasm you were looking for.

"There's one question I still wanted to ask you, Mrs. Florence. Were there exterminators in the hotel in the last few days, perhaps? I mean on Friday, or even the day before."

"Of course not, Detective. Otherwise I would have mentioned them to you or that other officer. Although..." She looks pensively into the distance. You perk up.

"Yes?"

"The neighbor had a rat problem for a while, so I was insisting for weeks that he deal with it once and for all. His cellar reaches under my bathroom, you see, so I would hear the scraping and scuttling of those revolting creatures when I used it at night. I told Mr. Fraser to call an exterminator, and he swore he did call the local company a few times already, but the noises didn't stop.

But now that you mention it, I didn't hear anything last night - nor the night before that, to think of it. But I hadn't even noticed it before now, what with everything that's happened in the last few days."

"I see. And who is this neighbor you're talking about?"

"A food market. Mr. Fraser's store." You take a note.

"Thank you. And another thing: can I see Miss Price's room again?" Mrs. Florence looks exasperated.

"Your colleagues told me it's okay, so I've already cleaned it out and fixed the latch."

"Yes, of course. Even so, I'd like to take another look." The lady sighs, but takes Key 3 and leads you up to the room. You look inside the bathroom.



Circle **Document 20** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 20** (The bathroom where Miss Price died), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 297](#).



Circle **Marker X3** in your case log.



2-7339

Breslin Apartments
270 W. 11th St, GV-39 (apt. 3c)

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [3-1843 \(p.95\)](#)



2-7820

Zachary Brown

If you have circled **Marker C3** in your case log, go to [7-9036 \(p.241\)](#)

If you want to ask the butler about **pest control**, go to [2-7936 \(p.76\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid** again, go to [1-3906 \(p.35\)](#).



2-7874

Lytton-Price House (contd. from 2-0100 on p.55)

Time: 30 minutes

The always cool and collected butler looks a bit dishevelled and out of sorts when he opens the front door. The news of the death of his mistress obviously had an effect on him. But he still tries to maintain some dignity while you speak with him.

"Is it true that Lord Lytton went away suddenly? While his wife was still missing?"

"It is true, his Lordship had a call on Friday afternoon. He immediately made me pack his overnight bag and told me he would return in a day or two."

"In a day or two? It's quite strange, don't you think?"

"It's not my place to have an opinion on his Lordship's behaviour, Detective." Jeez, this guy. He was born to serve.

"And do you know who called him?"

"It was a 'Mr. Fitz'. At least, that's what he said on the telephone."

"You don't know him?"

"No, I do not know the gentleman in question."

"And Lord Lytton didn't say where he was going? Or haven't you guessed?"

"His Lordship didn't share his plans with me, and I am not in the habit of guessing them. But the gentleman on the telephone said that someone from the club gave him his Lordship's number, and he wanted to talk about a certain... cracker."

"A cracker?" you look at the butler astonished.

"That is what he said, sir."

"And Lord Lytton knew what it was about?"

"Yes, his Lordship ran to the telephone at once when I reported the call to him."

"And how did Lord Lytton travel? By train?"

"No, his Lordship took his car."

"You said someone from the 'club' gave out Lord Lytton's number. Which club are we talking about?"

"His Lordship is an avid member of the Jockey Club here in Carnegie Mansion. He is very interested in horse breeding, and always wanted to purchase a farm for this purpose."

"A farm, really? And what did Lady Lytton say about that?"

"Her Ladyship was never very keen on the idea, I'm afraid."

"You don't say."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

If you want to ask the butler about **pest control**, go to [2-7936 \(p.76\)](#)

If you want to talk to the **maid** again, go to [1-3906 \(p.35\)](#)

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur** again, go to [2-7820 \(p.73\)](#)



2-7936

Hector Murdock

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes indeed, we use pest control in the house. Especially in the cellars. I regularly call in a firm from 5th Avenue. They clean out the house every two months, and they also leave bait for the rats everywhere.”

“Could you show me one of these baits?” The butler leads you down to the cellar and shows you a bait. It’s a little tray with yellow crystals on it. The tray has a warning on its side: ‘DANGER. POISON.’ And a little skull and bones sign.

“Isn’t this cyanide?”

“I’m not sure.”

“But anyone could take this and use it as poison, right?”

“I don’t know what you mean, Detective.” The butler looks at you with that impenetrable stare of his. It’s either naivete or a warning. And this Murdock doesn’t seem the naive type.

“Never mind” is all you say in the end.



Circle **Marker H3** in your case log.

If you want to talk to the **maid** again, go to [1-3906 \(p.35\)](#)

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur** again, go to [2-7820 \(p.73\)](#)



2-7994

Officer Green

Time: 30 minutes

“Okay, Green, spill.” You don’t have time for pleasantries.

“Good to see you too, Lucas. How’s the family?” You only make a rude hand gesture as an answer.

“Now, now, no need to be rude, I’m just kidding. I know you’re not married... So, about the case. We went inside that hotel room yesterday at 8.30pm. At first we thought there was no one there, but the bathroom door was closed with a latch from inside. I forced it open. Miss Price was lying there on the floor. The bathroom window was also closed. No sign of forced entry. There was an open bottle of Veronal on the sink - the crystal kind. We also found her purse in the room with some cocaine in it. I sent the Veronal and the cocaine to the lab.

Miss Price’s skin was a bluish color, her teeth were clenched, and there was blood frothing from her mouth. Classic signs of cyanide poisoning, in my opinion, but we have to wait for the doc to tell us for sure. Preliminary said she probably died a day before, on Friday evening or night.”

“What about the coroner’s report and the lab report?”

“They said tomorrow, probably after 8. My guess is, the cyanide could have been in the Veronal or in the drug, if it really was cyanide poisoning. We combed through the whole room of course, and the whole hotel after that, paying special attention to the kitchen where they prepared her food, but we didn’t find any cyanide or other poison anywhere.

There were a few other guests at the hotel: a couple from Michigan, and the owner lady’s cousin from Minnesota. Their story checks out, and they don’t seem to have anything to do with the actress. They didn’t even see her or anyone else in the hotel on Friday.”

“And what’s with the arrest? The Chief said you supposedly found something in the room that warranted the search in the theatre.”

“There’s nothing ‘supposedly’ about it. There was a piece of paper on the table of the hotel room. Look.”



Circle **Document 18** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 18** (Scribbles found in hotel), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 295](#).

“I see. More of Miss Price’s excellent penmanship. So you went to Miss Seals’ dressing room at the Madison after you found this?”

“Yes, of course. What would you have done in my place, Lucas? Anyway, at the bottom of Miss Seals’ wardrobe I found a bunch of magazines, cut up. The missing letters were the exact match of those on the ransom note.”

“I bet they were. And what did the owner lady say? You know, at the hotel.”

“Nothing much yet. She became quite hysterical after we found the body in her bathroom.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“That’s it then.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I’ll take it from here, thanks.”

“You can’t be serious, Lucas. You can’t take this case from me just like that.”

“I’m sorry, pal. Talk to the Chief if you don’t like it.”

“Let’s work on it together, how about that?”

“You know I work alone, Green. So just give it a rest, will you? Goodbye.” You’re already out of his office when he calls after you.

“Wait... Here, I had photographs done at the Lytton household, thinking if Seals didn’t do it and it wasn’t a suicide, maybe we need to investigate the family and her servants a bit more. Lytton is away, so I asked a friend at *The Villager* to send over a photo of him from their database. I guess you’re the one who should use this now. And another thing: I’ve already looked up cyanide. Apparently it’s often used as a pesticide, so it’s not so hard to obtain.” He throws an envelope over to you.



Circle **Document 17** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Lytton-Price Household), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 292](#).

So, this Green is a good egg after all. Who would have thought?

“Thanks,” you say to him. And you mean it this time.



Circle **Marker G3** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Audrey Seals**, go to [3-1685 \(p.92\)](#).



2-8605

Dr. Tobias Chase

Time: 30 minutes

This Professor seems at least a hundred years old. Maybe more.

“Yes, yes, I’ve been a professor of poetry and literature in China, India and England as well as America. Can you believe it, young man?” You would have believed him if he’d said he’d been pals with Poe when they were young lads.

“And I’d like to relate some of the lesser-known incidents of Poe’s childhood and student days at the dinner. I traced these incidents’ effects upon the author’s later writings, you know. Yes, yes...

I’d like to tell of a visit I paid to an old belfry in an English town where Poe had lived. Dr. Hoag, the leading Poe authority in England, took me up into it, and told me that Poe had been there many years ago. I looked down from the rickety top platform, and there below me was a black, yawning pit, while directly over my head the huge pendulum of the town clock swung back and forth. Undoubtedly this was the source of Poe’s immortal story, *The Pit and the Pendulum*. Poe had a very vivid local memory, yes, yes.” He concludes his reminiscence.

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.

 Circle Marker W1 in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944 \(p.40\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896 \(p.44\)](#).

If it’s Friday or Saturday:

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650 \(p.188\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731 \(p.165\)](#).



2-8746

Friday, Police Station (contd. from 7-7336 on p.237)

Time: 30 minutes

“Oh, Mr. Lucas, why didn’t you tell me you’re investigating Miss Price’s disappearance? I’m a big fan of hers!” The secretary tells you this in an accusing tone as soon as you arrive at the station.

“What?” She just hands you the new edition of the *Daily News*. On the front page there’s... YOU!

“What the hell is this?” You rush into your office, throw down your hat and coat and start reading.



Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 259](#).

“Is it true?”

You haven’t even finished the article when the door swings open and the Chief storms in, waving the same rag you’re holding like it personally insulted him.

“Which part?” you ask.

He jabs a finger at the page. “Are you working the disappearance of this actress?”

You hesitate. “Uh...”

His face darkens. “You gotta be kidding me, Lucas. I find out from some two-bit gossip sheet that one of my own detectives is chasing a kidnapping?” He slams the paper against your desk. “You got any idea the kind of heat that puts on me with my bosses?”

You raise a hand. “Hold on, Chief. Yeah, I’m looking into it—but it’s not the circus Billie Jones is selling. Day asked me to take a quiet look. Off the books. And I turned up plenty yesterday.”

“You better have,” he mutters. Then louder: “Because as of right now, you’re on it officially. No more secrets.” He leans in. “You find me this ‘damsel in distress’ by tomorrow... or I’ll be redecorating this office with your hide.”

You nod once. “Understood, Chief.”

You will find out where that little shit Billie Jones got hold of a picture of yours. Maybe *his* hide will decorate *your* office walls after today...



2-9080

*New York University
80 Washington Square E., GV-76
Time: 30 minutes*

“Yes, our alumni club will hold a dinner-dance at the Broadway Central Hotel next Thursday. And yes, it’s true, Miss Nagy will be a soloist on that evening. If you’re an alumnus, you’re welcome to attend.”



2-9490

Grand Hotel (contd. from 3-7774 on p.114)

Time: 30 minutes

The New Grand Hotel is a big fancy hotel you would never be able to afford. The concierge looks at your trenchcoat and dirty shoes with disgust.

"I'm Detective Lucas," you tell him hurriedly, before he calls for the bellboys to remove you from the premises. "Can I talk to you for a moment, Mr..."

"I'm Monsieur Renard, the hotel's concierge."

"Yes, Mr. Renard..."

"*Monsieur* Renard, if you please, Detective."

"Alright, Monsieur Renard then. I just wanted to ask you about a lady I'm looking for. A Miss Georgia Price. A famous actress, maybe you know her. She was seen nearby yesterday, and I thought she might have booked a room here. She was wearing black shoes, a gray coat, and a blue scarf on her head. Possibly sunglasses as well. And she had a gray bag with her."

"Unfortunately I am unable to release any information about our guests, sir."

"Ah, so she *is* your guest, then?"

"I said no such thing, sir."

"So she isn't your guest?" you try. But he doesn't even answer this time. Just looks disapprovingly at you.



Circle **Marker U2** in your case log.



2-9892

Lytton-Price House (contd. from 2-0100 on p.55)

Time: 30 minutes

Wow: the actress has a big mansion with a wrought-iron fence with gilt spears, flowerbeds, trimmed trees and everything. You can see a cream-colored coupe in the driveway. There's a lion-head knocker on the door, so you lift the ring in its mouth and knock a few times. Steps come slowly, as if from a long distance. The front door opens and a straight-backed butler looks out at you.

"Yes, sir?" Of course there's an English butler.

"I'm Detective Lucas. Mr. Day told me about Miss Price's disappearance."

"Of course, Detective. His Lordship is expecting you. May I have your hat and coat, Sir?" He extends his arm, so you take off your hat and peel off your trench coat. The butler's look becomes quite disapproving when he sees your cheap suit, but what can you do? Not everyone can have a fancy well-paying job, or a title with money.

"This way, Detective." He leads you inside a big parlor or salon or something fancy like that. "I will inform his Lordship of your arrival immediately. I am certain that his Lordship is awaiting information about her *Ladyship's* whereabouts with bated breath." He emphasizes the 'Ladyship' quite strongly. So no 'Miss Price' in this house. Noted.

Lord Lytton arrives after a few minutes. He's in his early fifties maybe. Medium height, has a big moustache as well. Not a bad-looking gent, but a bit cross-eyed with buck-teeth. Not quite the husband you pictured for a beautiful movie star. But love is blind, they say. And being an English lord also helps to improve someone's attractiveness, as you would imagine.

"Ah, Detective, you cannot imagine how pleased I am to see you. I can assure you that I am quite beside myself with worry. But please, take a seat. And can I offer you something to drink? Or a cigar perhaps?" He opens a beautiful cigar box and extends it to you. You take one. Wow, the best Cuban cigar you've ever seen. Nice. He lights one up as well.

There are two pictures on his desk: one of his wife, and another of a racehorse. Lytton notices you eyeing the pictures.



Circle **Document II** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document II** (Photo of the horse), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 283](#).

"This is Man o' War, who won the Belmont in 1920 by 20 lengths, setting a new American record."

"The Belmont?" You don't know anything about horse racing.

"The Belmont Stakes is the American 'Grade I' stakes race for three-year-old Thoroughbreds, run at Belmont Park in Elmont. It is nicknamed 'The Test of the Champion', and it's the traditional third and final leg of the Triple Crown: the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness Stakes, and the Belmont Stakes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Man o' War won all 11 of his starts in 1920, to conclude a two-year run in which he won 20 of 21 starts. He had established three world records, two American records, and seven track records." He talks about the horse like a proud father would. You don't care about any of this.

"Very interesting. But Lord Lytton, let's talk about why I'm here. What can you tell me about your wife? When did you see her last? How did you find her in the last few days?"

"I last saw Georgia on Tuesday night." That surprises you.

"Tuesday you say? Not Wednesday like the others?"

"You see, Detective, Georgia likes to stay in bed late, and I am an early riser and start my day before she wakes up. Both our lives are so busy that we usually meet only in the evenings or on the weekends. That is why I saw her on Tuesday last. Yesterday I went away in the morning and only returned in the afternoon. When Georgia did not make it home for dinner, I called the theater to ask if the rehearsal was still going. Then I called Eddie at home to ask if he knew where Georgia was. But of course, he did not know anything either.

I was quite worried, but Eddie told me we should wait a day before we report the disappearance to the police. It may be just a temporary tantrum, or some publicity stunt on Georgia's part. I suspected he might be right, so I waited. And now you are here, Detective...

You asked if something was out of the ordinary the last few days. I was surprised when I did not find Georgia at home when I arrived yesterday. Although I saw her car in the driveway, you see. I asked Zachary, of course, but he only said that Georgia sent him home with the car because she supposedly wanted to walk around a bit. I have never heard such a ridiculous excuse in my life - Georgia is not the sort of woman who just 'walks around a bit'. Ever. But I thought I would just wait and see what happened."

"Did Lady Lytton ever pull something similar in the past? Not coming home for the night?"

"Well... no, not really. But she threatened me with it when we had a disagreement about something and things did not go her way. She yelled that she might not come home one day, and I would regret that I had opposed her. I asked her of course where she would go if she was not coming home. She said there are plenty of hotels in Manhattan, so I would not find her easily.

And it is true, of course. I could not just start dialing the number of every hotel in the city yesterday night. I doubt it would have been very successful, not to mention the scandal it could have caused, so I listened to Eddie and waited. But this waiting is starting to get harder and harder, Detective." He looks at you with worry in his eyes.

"So what happened Tuesday night?"

"Well... we had another disagreement, but nothing especially bad or out of the ordinary. Georgia was obsessing about Audrey again, and I have had quite enough of that. I told her so, which she did not like. Not a bit."

"You mean there were lots of arguments between you and your wife about Miss Seals? How come?"

"You might have heard, Detective, that there was a rivalry between Georgia and Audrey. Even the papers wrote about it a few times. I always tried to stay out of it myself, but it has not been easy, I have

to tell you that. Georgia often talks about it and sometimes even wants me to interfere somehow. It is quite troublesome actually."

"Interfere? How?"

"I am deeply embarrassed to talk to anyone about these things, to be quite honest with you, Detective, but I think it cannot be avoided now. But I have to warn you, it is quite silly. Georgia has the notion that just because I am a lord, I can arrange anything I want, and more importantly anything she wants. Such as firing Audrey Seals from Eddie's company. I told her of course from time to time that it is not how these things work, not to mention the moral aspect of such an interference."

"I bet she didn't like your answer, Lord Lytton."

"No, she did not. She told me it showed that I did not really love her. She cried and made a scene. It was a very uncomfortable conversation. But finally Georgia stormed off, went to her room, and that was that. To tell you the truth, I was rather relieved that we probably would not see each other again until the night after. It gave Georgia more time to calm herself.

But after she did not come home yesterday, I started to worry. I tried to recall the things she said the night before, but it was just another tedious tirade about Audrey, I think. All the things she was doing wrong, all the ways she was insulting her. How her whole divorce was just a clever trick which directed all the attention to her instead of Georgia. The usual things I have heard a thousand times before - I mean, not the divorce part, of course. That was only on the list of Audrey's misdeeds since last Thursday, but everything else was mostly the same."

"So nothing unusual happened that night?"

"No, Detective. I cannot think of anything. Maybe you should talk to Doctor Costello."

"Really? Why, who is this Doctor Costello?"

"He is a very famous psychiatrist. Georgia has been seeing him in the last couple of months. Because of her..." Lytton is hesitating. Seems like there's something really embarrassing here. You give him a nudge.

"Yes, Lord Lytton?"

"Well, you see, Detective, during her years spent in Hollywood, Georgia picked up quite a few destructive habits. The worst of them was the use of... well, cocaine." He looks disgusted when he says this. "I tried to help her rid herself of this addiction, but it did not quite work. So I suggested she try professional help. At first she refused to even consider it, but after a while she fortunately came to the realization that it was worth at least a try. She started to see Doctor Costello last November, and it seemed to help her."

"You mean she quit the drug?" You're so surprised that you speak a bit too bluntly. Lytton finds your comment distasteful, that's obvious.

"I meant what I said: it helped her. She became a bit less erratic, and she said she needed less and less of that horrible stuff, yes."

"You think this doctor can help us find Lady Lytton?"

"I honestly do not know, Detective. But you said I should tell you anything I can think of."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yes, of course. And back to her habit. Where did she get the drug? I mean, do you know who her supplier was?”

“No, of course not. I mean, I did ask her once in exasperation where she even got the stuff. But she only told me a friend was helping her out.”

“A friend?” you ask.

“Yes, I know... it sounds strange, because Georgia does not really have friends. She has me, of course, and she has admirers, colleagues, servants, enemies... But friends? I cannot think of one.” Wow, that was harsh. But this lord talks about it very matter-of-factly. Maybe in his circles it isn’t such a strange thing.

“Was that everything you could tell me, Lord Lytton?”

He nods. “I think so, yes.”

“Could I see your wife’s room, Lord Lytton? Maybe I can find something in there that could help me track her down.” His Lordship seems quite taken aback by the idea that a detective wants to look into his wife’s room. So he hesitates a bit before answering.

“Well, I do not know if... Very well, Detective, I assume it cannot be helped. Murdock will help you with that. Murdock?” he calls out to the butler.

“Yes, my lord?” Murdock immediately materializes on the doorstep. Scary.

“The detective wishes to see her Ladyship’s bedroom. Please make sure that he is able to do that. Perhaps call her Ladyship’s maid to help, or... something.”

The butler seems positively shocked to hear this idea, but he immediately fixes his face into a neutral expression and only says: “Of course, my lord. Detective, please follow me.”



Circle **Marker L2** in your case log.

If you want to **search Miss Price’s room**, go to [5-5710 \(p.164\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur**, go to [6-0071 \(p.184\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid**, go to [1-7045 \(p.46\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **butler**, go to [3-7223 \(p.113\)](#).



3

3-0096

Caffe Reggio
119 MacDougal St, GV-88

If it's **Sunday**, go to [3-2721 \(p.97\)](#)



3-0838

Rose's Rat Exterminator (contd. from [6-4660](#) on p.197)

Time: 30 minutes

“Could you tell me about your pesticide methods, Miss Watson?”

“We use Cyclone B, the most powerful and successful of gaseous insecticides. We release it from canisters. It consists of hydrogen cyanide, or prussic acid. We always warn the customer about the danger, and empty the premises before we go in.”



3-0870

You buy The Villager
Time: 30 minutes

You buy *The Villager*'s new issue.



Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2**, which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 262](#).



Circle **Marker VI** in your case log.



3-1197

Stanley Street
59 W. 12th St, GV-10

If it's **Thursday or Friday**, go to [1-9582 \(p.50\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's at home.



3-1685

Audrey Seals

Time: 30 minutes

The actress is in terrible shape when they lead her to you. Her hair is a mess, she doesn't have any makeup on, and her eyes are red and puffy.

"Oh, thank God, Detective Lucas! Will you tell them I didn't do it? You know how terrible Georgia was with me, you investigated it since Thursday, right? You know that she hated me more than anyone else, and wanted me fired from the play. I guess when she didn't succeed, she left those horrible magazines in my dressing room, and just went and killed herself like a little brat she is. Was.

Oh, my God, Detective, I can't believe this is happening! You must help me, you must! You know I didn't do anything, right? You know I wouldn't make such an idiotic ransom note, and I wouldn't kidnap her. I mean, kidnap her? Seriously? I would find this whole idea hilarious if I weren't in jail right now." The actress seems a bit unhinged when she tells you all this. But considering the circumstances, it's not so surprising.

"Calm down, Miss Seals, just calm down a bit. I will get to the bottom of this, don't you worry. And if you didn't do anything like you've said, you will be out of here in no time, I promise."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Detective. I knew I could count on you." She looks at you with hope in her eyes.

"About those magazines. You think Miss Price put it in your wardrobe? When?"

"I don't know. How would I know? I throw a lot of stuff I don't need at the bottom of that wardrobe, and I don't bother with any of it anymore. But she must have done it on Wednesday or before that, don't you think, Detective?"

"I guess you're right. And what about the suicide? You honestly think Miss Price committed suicide just to get back at you, Miss Seals? I find it hard to believe."

"Oh, you didn't know Georgia, Detective. She would have done anything to get back on the front page of the papers, and get revenge on me at the same time. And I think she also wanted to escape the premiere somehow. She was a terrible Titania, believe me, Detective. It became so glaringly obvious that even Georgia herself noticed it, which is a big thing, given how conceited she was. But wait, if you don't think it was a suicide..." You don't answer, just continue looking at her.

"Oh, God, you think someone killed her? You think *I* killed her?" Oh no, we're back to the hysterics again.

"Calm down, Miss Seals, I said no such thing. But I must examine every possibility."

"That hateful woman! She didn't want me to go to jail for kidnapping, but she wanted me to hang for murder, right? Oh my God, what am I to do now? You can't let her win, Detective! You must help me! You must..." - and here comes the waterworks. Time to go.

"Yes, of course, Miss Seals. As I said, I will get to the bottom of this."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker A3** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Officer Green**, go to [2-7994 \(p.77\)](#).



3-1701

Hotel Lafayette on Friday (contd. from [1-4250](#) on p.37)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask the concierge if the guests of the Poe Society have arrived yet.

“Mr. Chase, Mr. Mabbott and Madame Sakeniski arrived yesterday, Mr. Mollock an hour ago, and Mr. Parrott just now.” You look into your notes. One of these names doesn’t sound familiar.

“Madame Sakeniski, you said? I thought the Society invited the Japanese Ambassador, Hiroshi Halto.”

“Yes, Detective, you are correct. But unfortunately His Excellency was detained in Washington at the last moment, so Madame Sakeniski arrived in his stead.”

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605](#) (p.79).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944](#) (p.40).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896](#) (p.44).

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650](#) (p.188).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731](#) (p.165).



3-1843

Elmer Richardson (contd. from [2-7339](#) on p.72)

Time: 30 minutes

Back again to a lead you've already visited in the last few days. You don't even register the *deja vu* feeling anymore. Looks like it's gonna be your new norm.

You knock on the door - loudly this time.

"It's only me, Miss Hatzis, there's no need to worry," you tell the nosy neighbour lady when she peers out of her door. Fortunately the playboy also heard your knock, so he opened the door.

"Seriously? What do you want now?" He makes a face when he sees you.

"Do you want to talk about it right here, Mr. Richardson? Or was it El? I'm sure Miss Hatzis would be delighted."

He opens the door and lets you in with a sigh: "That's a low blow, threatening me with Miss Hatzis. Even for you, Detective."

"I know. What can I say, I live for these little joys... But let's cut the crap and let me tell you why I'm here."

"I'm waiting with bated breath." He lights up a cigarette and offers you one as well. He doesn't blow smoke rings this time.

"What can you tell me about Miss Tilly, a dancer at the Village Vanguard?"

"Tilly? Why? You've got the hots for her? I've heard some cop tried to feel her up yesterday, so she had to call for Big Jim, who chased the dick away. Was that you, Detective? Who would have thought? There's life in the old dog yet," he snickers.

The wound left by your disgraceful performance at the Village Vanguard is still too fresh, so you suddenly lose your cool and push this young joker against the wall, knocking the smoke out of his grinning mouth.

"I don't want to ask you again, boy. I'm afraid I'm rather an impatient man."

He puts up his hands: "Alright, alright, no more jokes. Got it." You let him go, and he starts to spill.

"So you wanna know about Tilly, huh? I don't really know much about her. We're not buddies or anything just because we work at the same clip joint, you know. Most of the people who work there have a past they want to forget or a present they aren't too proud of. It's 'the least said, the best' with most of them.

But you hear things. Like when I've heard one time Tilly mentioning to someone that she hates her real name 'Matilda'. And another time I overheard a phone call when someone called her 'Miss Frolova' on the other end of the line. So you see, Detective, I don't really 'know' if this is her real name. I'm just telling you what I heard."

"Frolova. That sounds Russian" you note.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yeah, she uses a Russian accent sometimes. For example, when she tries to turn on the old lechers she dances for. They supposedly like exotic Russian girls better. Oh, I’m sorry, Detective, I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings - again...”

“That’s enough.” This fricking playboy is insufferable. But you got what you came for. “Hope I won’t see you again. Ever.”

“Same here, Detective” he snickers after you.



Circle **Marker 01** in your case log.



3-2721

Caffe Reggio (contd. from 3-0096 on p.88)

Time: 30 minutes

You look around in the Caffe, trying to spot the big guy Miller was talking about. But only a few people are in there, and none of them are especially big or even artsy looking. You ask the waiter, giving him the description you got from the actor.

“Oh, you’re looking for Joe.” He’s eyeing you a bit dubiously. You’re obviously not the usual type looking for Joe.

“Yeah, Benji sent me.”

“Really?” It seems to shock the waiter even more.

“Really. Do you know where I could find him?”

“He said two days ago that he finally got his exhibition at Oscar’s. I haven’t seen him since.”

“Oh, okay. Thanks.” You have no idea what he meant, but you can surely find out.



Circle **Marker R3** in your case log.



3-2869

Hotel Lafayette on Thursday (contd. from [1-4250](#) on p.37)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask the concierge if the guests of the Poe Society have arrived yet.

“Mr. Chase, Mr. Mabbott and Madame Sakeniski have arrived already, yes. We’re expecting Mr. Mollock and Mr. Parrott tomorrow.” You look into your notes.

“Madame Sakeniski you said? I thought the Society invited the Japanese Ambassador, Hiroshi Halto.”

“Yes, Detective, you are correct. But unfortunately His Excellency was detained in Washington at the last moment, so Madame Sakeniski arrived in his stead.”



Circle **Marker H1** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605](#) (p.79).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944](#) (p.40).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896](#) (p.44).



3-3574

Benjamin Miller (contd. from 7-1931 on p.217)

Time: 30 minutes

The actor seems more depressed than usual when he opens the door. So you say: "I assume you've heard the news about Miss Price."

He only nods and lets you inside. He lights up and offers you a cigarette as well, then asks: "Was it an overdose that killed her?" And he looks truly miserable.

"You mean cocaine?" Looks like you found the 'friend' you were looking for.

"Oh, my God! I can't believe this! It's all my fault then." He collapses on the sofa and starts crying. "Oh, Georgie, little Georgie, what have I done?"

"Calm down, Mr. Miller. We don't know what killed her. Not yet. Do you hear me?" You shake his shoulders to get through to him. He finally stops sobbing.

"You... You don't?" He looks at you like a drowning man who's been thrown a lifebelt. "But then how? Why?"

"That's exactly what I'd like to find out. So if you want to help, calm down and answer my questions." He nods, takes a few breaths, then looks at you, seemingly more calmly.

"What would you like to know, Detective?"

"Are you the 'friend' Lord Lytton mentioned, who supplied Miss Price with the cocaine?"

"Yes, I am. I was." He almost loses it again, but then takes another breath and continues. "She became addicted to cocaine in Hollywood. Like most of us did," he says bitterly. "But when she married Lytton, she said she would try to quit. When they moved here, she sought me out and asked for my help, and I said yes, of course. I told her she should take less and less every time. I also said it would be best if she didn't seek out a dealer in Manhattan, and I would provide her with the stuff instead. You know, to keep an eye on her." You look at him dubiously.

"I know, I know, maybe I should have tried to convince her to seek professional help, but I was afraid it would only spook her. I just wanted to help. And it seemed it was working too. She asked for less and less every week. A few weeks ago she said she could go days without the stuff, so I was very hopeful. But then..."

You know what happened last Thursday and after that. She totally lost it. She demanded a higher dose from me. When I tried to dissuade her, she threatened to look for a dealer herself. So I gave in, and I gave her twice as much as the week before. It wasn't a lethal dose, but I still made her swear she wouldn't use it at once." He buries his face in his hands. "Oh, God, when I heard the news, I thought... I was sure..." He starts crying again. You wait a few seconds before you speak to him again.

"Could you give me a sample from the cocaine you gave her? If you still have some left, that is. And the way I can find your dealer."

He looks up suddenly. "Why? Haven't you just said you don't know what killed her?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Still. I want to be thorough.”

“Okay, yes.” He stands up and takes out a little bag from a cupboard. “Here is my last dose. I bought it last Tuesday. It’s the same stuff I gave to Georgie last week.”

“Have you used it since?”

“No, I can do without it... most of the time. I was thinking of using today though. But I’m better now, so here it is.” There’s white powder in the little bag.

“As for the dealer: he goes by the name Joe, and hangs out at Caffè Reggio almost all day. He’s a big guy, has a beard and a mustache. He’s supposedly an artist, and looks like one too. In unusual clothes, you know. Tell him Benji sent you.”

“I see. Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Miller. And sorry for your loss.” His eyes are full of tears again when he escorts you out of the apartment.



Circle **Marker B3** in your case log.



3-3756

Hotel Florence (contd. from 8-7430 on p.256)

Time: 30 minutes

You walk inside the cosy little hotel on Grand Street. It looks more like a big, welcoming house, where you could be the guest of a very kind and grandmotherly lady who sits at reception.

“Welcome, welcome! Come inside young man. I am Mrs. Florence, the owner of this beautiful hotel. Are you looking for a room, perhaps?” She smiles at you widely.

“No, sorry, I’m just looking for a lady. A very pretty lady actually.”

“What are you talking about?” Her smile freezes on her face suddenly. “I really hope you didn’t think this was *that sort* of establishment?” She asks, outraged.

“What? No, I’m looking for a Miss Georgia Price, a famous actress. Maybe you know her.” It seems these words haven’t lessened the old lady’s suspicions, so you continue hurriedly. “She was seen nearby, and I thought she might have booked a room in your hotel. She was wearing black shoes, a gray coat, and a blue scarf on her head. Possibly sunglasses as well. And she had a gray bag with her.”

“Look, young man, if you’re not here for a room, I can’t help you. It is not customary to give out sensitive information about guests.” Her eyes are even more suspicious than before, however incredible that may seem.

“So she *is* your guest, then?” you ask her accusingly.

“I said no such thing. Goodbye, young man.”

“Actually, lady, I’m a detective from the New York Police. Detective Lucas.” You look at her triumphantly. But it doesn’t last long.

“Whether you’re a detective or not, I can’t tell you anything else. Goodbye.” And she continues to read her paper demonstratively. It’s the *Daily News*.



Circle **Marker F2** in your case log.



3-4023

Ratopax Extermination Corp. (contd. from 7-8175 on p.240)

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, Lord Lytton and his beautiful wife, the actress, are our VIP customers,” says the man, beaming with pride. But he changes his tone suddenly: “It’s a real tragedy what happened to Lady Lytton though, don’t you think? One would think someone with so much beauty, wealth, and fame wouldn’t want to kill themselves. But you can’t really know the human heart...” Looks like this guy’s a regular backwater philosopher.

“Oh, so you knew Lady Lytton personally?” You ask him with exaggerated surprise. He reddens.

“Well, no, of course not. I only saw her house. Mostly the basement, of course.”

“So can you tell me more about the methods you use?”

“We use cyanide in two forms as a pesticide: the crystal form in baits for targeted pest control, and the gaseous form for fumigating stored products or structures. The latter method is more effective, and more expensive as well. We always did that when we went to the Lytton house. Fumigated the cellar, I mean. And then we left baits everywhere for the occasional survivors, so to speak.” He shows you the canisters that contain the cyanide gas, and the same yellow crystal baits the butler showed you in the cellar.



3-4414

Talk to Sylvester Tracy

Time: 30 minutes

Yeah... this guy's the company's golden boy. The kind that makes hearts flutter and mirrors work overtime. You've seen his type before. Always smiling like he's got a secret, always laying it on thick with the dames... and soaking up every bit of attention like it's oxygen. You can't stand men like that.

"Mr. Tracy? I'm Detective Lucas. Do you have a moment to talk? Mr. Stamper told me I could find you here." The guy looks at you a bit dubiously.

"What do you want to talk about? I only have twenty minutes before I have to go back on stage." He doesn't seem too friendly.

"Have you seen or heard about Miss Price since yesterday, Mr. Tracy?"

"Why?"

"Just answer me, please."

"No, I haven't. Ed cancelled today's rehearsal, but didn't say why. It's a pretty surprising thing to do two days before the premiere. Did something happen to Georgia?"

"She's been missing since yesterday."

"What do you mean she's been missing?" The guy suddenly looks scared.

"What it usually means, Mr. Tracy. No one saw her since yesterday's rehearsal. Do you think something could have happened to her?"

"How would I know that?" Now he's practically panicking.

"Calm down, Mr. Tracy. These are just routine questions. I'm asking everyone." He goes inside his dressing room and nervously fishes out a smoke from his jacket. You follow him. "How did Miss Price seem to you yesterday?"

"What do you mean?" Is this guy really this dumb or is he trying to hide something?

"Nervous, afraid, the usual?"

"The usual, I guess. Maybe a bit less annoying. She was in a good mood, I guess."

"In a good mood, really?"

"I mean she wasn't so awful to her court, you know, the fairies in the play. She usually torments them every time we take a break."

"Torments them?"

"Saying nasty things to them about being too fat or too ugly to hope for bigger roles in the future. She also uses all the costume and set designers, or everyone working at the theater really, to run her errands all the time. She usually doesn't even say thanks to them. But yesterday she said 'Thank you' when someone brought her a coffee. That's when I first thought: Georgia's having a good day."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I see, Mr. Tracy. And did Miss Price say anything about the cause of her good mood?”

“No, she didn’t say anything about that. It was just my impression, as I said.”

“Anything else you could recall about yesterday? Aren’t you on good terms with Miss Price? I’ve heard she was the one who saved your marriage last fall.”

“It wasn’t for my benefit, you can be sure of that, Detective. She was just afraid Ed would cancel the play if things didn’t get back to normal. So no, we weren’t buddies with Georgia. And now, if you don’t mind, I have to rest a bit. I hope you find her, but I really do need to rest. Goodbye.”



Circle **Marker T2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Audrey Seals**, go to [6-2659 \(p.191\)](#).



3-4750

Edgar Allan Poe

Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849) was an American writer, poet, editor, and literary critic. He was born in Boston and was the second child of actors David and Elizabeth Poe. His father abandoned the family in 1810, and when Eliza died the following year, Poe was taken in by John and Frances Allan of Richmond, Virginia. They never formally adopted him, but he lived with them well into young adulthood.

Poe attended the University of Virginia, but left after only a year due to a lack of money. He decided to enlist in the United States Army as a private on May 27, 1827, using the name “Edgar A. Perry”. Although he claimed that he was 22 years old, he was actually 18. He first served at Fort Independence in Boston Harbor for five dollars a month. That same year, his first book was published, a 40-page collection of poetry titled *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, attributed only to “A Bostonian”. Then Poe’s regiment was posted to Fort Moultrie in Charleston, South Carolina on November 8, 1827. He then sought to end his enlistment early.

His work forced him to move between several cities, including Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York City. In 1836, when he was 27, he married his 13-year-old cousin, Virginia Clemm. His wife died of tuberculosis in 1847. They never had children.

Prior to moving to the Bronx with his wife and mother-in-law, Edgar Allan Poe lived at 85 W. 3rd St. It was here that he wrote *The Facts In The Case Of M. Valdemar*, *The Sphinx*, and began *The Cask Of Amontillado* and the *Literati Of New York City*. He revised *The Raven* here as well, which he published to instant success in January 1845.

He planned for years to produce his own journal *The Penn*, later renamed *The Stylus*. But before it began publishing, Poe died in Baltimore in 1849, aged 40, under mysterious circumstances. The cause of his death remains unknown and has been attributed to many causes, including disease, alcoholism, substance abuse, and suicide.

If you want to read more about **Mark Twain’s life**, go to [2-2376 \(p.57\)](#).

If you want to read more about **Twain and Tesla**, go to [7-4605 \(p.230\)](#).



3-4848

Saint Alphonsus (contd. from 6-8664 on p.206)

Time: 30 minutes

You step inside the gloomy candlelit church. Your steps echo in the silence. There's a figure in the front row praying on her knees. It seems you found Ada Bossi.

She starts when you touch her shoulder. "Miss Bossi? Can I talk to you for a moment?" you whisper to her. Her eyes go wide in surprise when she recognises you, but she only nods, stands up and walks out of the church. There's a scarf on her head, but you can see platinum blond curls peek out - the exact shade of Georgia Price's hair. It's quite spooky.

There's a bench near the gate. The actress sits down and you sit next to her. You don't say a word, just look at her expectantly. It works. First she starts sobbing, then she starts talking.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I should have told you where she was when you were looking for her. Or even before that - I should have told Mr. Day where she went. Oh God, oh God, what have I done?" More sobbing - but you're still silent. You need to wait this out.

"I followed her that day, you see. Wednesday. When I saw her dismiss her car. She got on the subway and went to the Bowery, to a post office first and then onto that hotel. I thought she might have a secret rendezvous with someone there, so I waited a bit not far from the hotel to see if someone arrived. I was expecting Bax, to be honest. But no one showed up, and our lunch break was almost over, so I went back to the theater." You finally break your silence.

"You expected Mr. Baxter to show up at the hotel? Why?"

"I saw them kissing once at the theater, you know. They thought nobody was around, but I saw them. Just like I saw Georgia sneak into Audrey's dressing room with those magazines on Wednesday morning. I saw a lot of things no one knew about, but I never talked about them to anyone - not before now.

After I heard on Thursday that everyone thought Georgia was missing, I wanted to tell Mr. Day what I saw. I swear, Detective! I even almost did. But then... Then I thought Georgia's disappearance might give me an opportunity I couldn't even dream of before. Because I knew Titania's role by heart, you know, and I studied Georgia's every move, her voice, everything. I thought I would be able to give a very good impression of her. I even dyed my hair..." She starts crying again.

"It was wrong, I know. Although I came here every day since Thursday to pray and ask for forgiveness. I tried to explain to Jesus that it wasn't that big of a deal what I was doing, and it wasn't harming anyone. If Georgia didn't want to be found, it was her business. My task is to concentrate on my own career. And if her disappearance could further it, I had to grab the opportunity." Her eyes are burning with conviction when she says this.

"But he didn't listen, Detective. Jesus didn't listen to me! He just kept accusing me of lying. Am I going to hell, Detective? Jesus says I am. Can you help me somehow? Please, help me!" And she grabs your arm like someone who's drowning.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You help her up from the bench. Maybe you should take her to the hospital. She obviously needs some help. Other than yours.



Circle **Marker S3** in your case log.



3-6159

Jerry Stamper
61 W. 106th St, BD-19

If you have circled **Marker D3** in your case log, go to [3-9144 \(p.115\)](#)



3-6168

William J. Abdurakhmanov
46 Downing St, GV-112
Time: 30 minutes

You stand outside of the door of Mr. William J. Abdurakhmanov. So that's it. The moment of truth has come. You knock loudly.

"*Ty uzhe zdec?*" asks a voice in Russian before he opens the door. "Detective?" Billie looks utterly shocked. "How the hell did you find out where I live?" You grab his collar and push inside his apartment. Billie is in a silk robe, his hair is shiny from the half a gallon of oil he put on it, his fingers are bejeweled. And he wears some disgusting patchouli which almost makes you gag.

"I've got you, you little shit! I'm a detective, did you forget? I find people for a living... And I'm not here because of your pretty eyes, but I think you gathered that already." You have a tight grip on him.

"Now, look here, Detective, why don't we calm down? We could talk like civilized people."

"Oh, I'm calm, Billie. As calm as a millpond. It's you who seem a bit nervous. For a good reason, of course. It means you're not as stupid as you look." You apply a bit more pressure to his neck. His face is pretty red now, but he gulps in some air and squeezes out:

"Okay, okay. What do you want?"

You let the miserable coward go. "First of all, how the hell did you get that photo of me?"

He's rubbing his throat, grimacing. "I have friends everywhere, you know. In my profession it's a necessity. But I'm very surprised *this* is your first question." And he looks genuinely surprised.

"Right, never mind that. Tell me about Miss Price instead. How did you get the snoop about her disappearance?"

Billie walks to a bar cabinet and pours himself a drink. "A gin, or perhaps you'd rather have a whiskey, Detective?" He looks at you, measuring your possible answer.

"Just answer me, will you?"

"I got a cute little anonymous letter on Thursday about this whole kidnapping business. So I made a few phone calls, and found out the rehearsal was indeed cancelled at the Madison, and you were seen entering the building. What I couldn't find out, I guessed, hence my breaking news in the paper today."

"Show me the letter." Billie looks at you hesitantly, so you add: "I bet you wouldn't leave such a precious document lying around in that madhouse you call an office."

He sighs and takes out the letter from his drawer. "Here."



Circle **Document 16** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 16** (Letter to Billie Jones), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 291](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“You really think this is a serious threat?” You look at him very closely.

“Either a serious threat or some kind of joke, I don’t really care. As long as Georgia Price is missing, I can make a big headline of it.” He looks at you cynically.

“I’m taking the letter as evidence.”

“As you wish, Detective. I don’t need it anymore.” You’re seriously considering roughing this soft sissy up a bit, but you dismiss the thought. He’s not worth the trouble.



Circle **Marker W2** in your case log.



3-6258

Cyanide Poisoning (contd. from 4-4014 on p.129)

Time: 30 minutes

Cyanide poisoning results from exposure to any of a number of forms of cyanide. Early symptoms include headache, dizziness, fast heart rate, shortness of breath, and possibly vomiting. This phase may then be followed by seizures, slow heart rate, low blood pressure, loss of consciousness, and cardiac arrest. Onset of symptoms usually occurs within a few minutes. Cyanide ions interfere with cellular respiration, resulting in the body's tissues being unable to use oxygen.

Cyanide poisoning can result from the ingestion of cyanide salts, imbibing pure liquid prussic acid, skin absorption of prussic acid, intravenous infusion of nitroprusside for hypertensive crisis, or the inhalation of hydrogen cyanide gas.

As potential contributing factors, cyanide is present in:

- Tobacco smoke.
- Many seeds or kernels such as those of almonds, apricots, apples, oranges, and flaxseed.
- Foods include cassava (also known as tapioca, yuca or manioc) and bamboo shoots.



3-7042

*New York Public Library
476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. basement west)*

If you have circled **Marker XI** in your case log, go to [7-3629 \(p.226\)](#)



3-7223

Talk to the butler, Murdock

Time: 30 minutes

You try to start a conversation smoothly with the butler. One of the hardest tasks of your career.

“So, you’re called Murdock, huh? I have a grandfather called Callum Murdoch. Hey, maybe we’re related. Do you spell your name with a ‘ch’ at the end? ” You try to sound cheerful. It’s a big mistake.

“No, Sir, I do not spell my name with a ‘ch’ at the end. And I am quite sure we are not related. I came from England with his Lordship.” He’s as cold as an icicle. Never mind the chit chat then.

“You know that I’m the one trying to help to find your mistress, right? So how about being a bit more cooperative?”

“I do not understand what you mean, Sir. Was there something you wanted to ask, perhaps?”

“No need to look at me like I’m some dirt on your master’s shoes you have to clean off,” you say testily. This uppity servant just gets on your nerves somehow.

“I wouldn’t know anything about cleaning his Lordship’s shoes. That’s the footman’s job!” he says, offended. Great. Now you offended him. Actually, it *is* great. You’re glad you managed to pierce his armor.

“Mr. Murdock, can you tell me anything about Lady Lytton’s disappearance? Any information that could be helpful to find her?”

“If I possessed any information that would help to find her Ladyship, it would be my utmost pleasure to divulge it, Detective. But most regrettably, I cannot be of assistance.”

“So that’s a no?” Typical.

If you want to **search Miss Price’s room**, go to [5-5710 \(p.164\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur**, go to [6-0071 \(p.184\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid**, go to [1-7045 \(p.46\)](#).



3-7774

New Grand Hotel
207 Bowery, BO-30

If it's **Thursday, Friday or Saturday**, go to [2-9490 \(p.82\)](#).

Otherwise, go to [4-9632 \(p.146\)](#).



3-9144

Jerry Stamper (contd. from 3-6159 on p.108)

Time: 30 minutes

You can hardly recognise the actor without the wide grin on his face. It seems the events affected him as well.

“Mr. Stamper? Can I talk to you for a minute?”

“I guess I have to say yes to that, right?” He lets you in reluctantly. “So, what do you want to know now, Detective? I’m not really in the mood for gossip today.”

“Then just stick to the facts. Mr. Day said that Miss Bossi was obsessed with Miss Price. Is it true?”

“If you want to hear facts, I don’t know what to tell you. But if you’re interested in my opinion... Well, yes, Ada was always a bit weird. Especially around Georgia. She’s one of the thousands of young actresses who want to be famous. Georgia was one once, so I guess she’s like a role model for lots of young wannabees. Was.” He stops for a moment, but thankfully continues without prodding.

“Ada followed Georgia everywhere, ran errands for her, was always flattering her, although the older actress was almost as nasty to her as to everyone else. I mean as to every other actress, seamstress or female musician. To women, basically. The men, Georgia mostly tried to seduce. Although she also started to bully the ones who weren’t susceptible to her charms after a while.

Ada tried to learn these ‘tricks’ from Georgia as well, although her attempts were very weak indeed. But she didn’t seem to notice it somehow. As I said, she’s a weird girl - and now not even pretty anymore. Have you seen her since she dyed her hair blonde? It’s ghastly. The shade is the same as Georgia’s, but the overall effect is... I don’t know. More frightening than pretty or sexy or whatever her aim was.”

“Frightening? You mean she might hurt someone?”

“Well, I wouldn’t put it past her, that’s for sure. I don’t think she’s totally sane, to be honest with you, Detective.”



Circle **Marker J3** in your case log.



3-9279

Cherry Lane Theater
38 Commerce St, GV-93

If it's **Thursday or Friday AND 9 pm or 9:30**, go to [5-7647 \(p.178\)](#).



3-9572

Looking for the caretaker

Time: 30 minutes

You look around when you step out of the auditorium. There are stairs leading down to the basement at your left, and a ‘*Staff Only*’ sign on a rope that bars the top of the stairs. You duck under the rope and go down.

You find a big workshop there. A few workers are trying to stand up a big pillar they apparently just finished. It looks like life only stopped at ground level.

“Good day, gentlemen. I’m Detective Lucas from the NYPD. Can I talk to a caretaker or someone who deals with pests in the theatre?” One of them answers immediately.

“You mean Mr. Underwood? He should be in his office. Go down the corridor on your right, and you should find him no problem.” You tip your hat and head off in the indicated direction.

There’s an office at the end of the corridor with the sign ‘Jonas T. Underwood, caretaker.’ You knock on the door.

“Come in!” a gruff voice answers.

You open the door and step into the dimly lit little space, which you wouldn’t necessarily call an office.

“Mr. Underwood? I’m Detective Lucas from the NYPD. I’m investigating the death of Miss Georgia Price, one of the actresses at this theatre, and I have a few questions for you.” He looks at you in surprise.

“Investigating, you say? The papers said the Miss offed herself in that hotel.”

“You know what they say about the papers.”

“What?”

“That you shouldn’t believe everything you read.”

“I shouldn’t?” He seems genuinely surprised by that.

“Never mind the papers, Mr. Underwood. Just tell me, how do you deal with pests in the theater?” His eyes become round when you ask him that.

“You mean the journalists?” You can’t believe this.

You start again. Very slow this time.

“No, I mean *literally*: how do you deal with the rats or other pests that I’m sure one could find in the basement of this fine establishment?”

“Oh, I see. Of course. Yes, I have to deal with rats and bugs and that sort. My brother-in-law, Carson, has a little pest control company here in Gramercy Park. Although he specializes in moths mainly, he’ll kill other pests for family and friends as well. So I usually call him.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“And what is he using?”

“Sprays and baits mainly. Sprays the bugs and puts out bait for the mice and rats.”

“Can I see those baits?” The guy looks at you in amazement.

“Do you have a similar problem, Detective? Because I can give you Carson’s address if you like. If you tell him I sent you, he’ll even give you a discount, I’m sure.”

“Yes, give me that address.” He scribbles down the name ‘Carson Worch’ and the address ‘110 E. 18th St.’ You put it into your pocket. “And now show me the baits.”

He obviously finds your request strange, but he leads you out of the office and shows you a few baits put out here and there in the basement. They’re little trays with some yellow crystals on them. The trays have a warning on their side: ‘DANGER. POISON’, and a little skull and bones sign.

“Isn’t this cyanide?” you ask the caretaker, while examining the yellow crystals.

“I’m not sure. It could be.”

“Thanks for your help. Goodbye, Mr. Underwood.”



Circle **Marker U3** in your case log.

If you want to look around in **Audrey Seals’ dressing room**, go to [4-6384 \(p.135\)](#).



4

4-0561

Hotel Florence (contd. from 2-4125 on p.64)

Time: 30 minutes

“So it was you!” The owner lady receives you with an accusation in her tone. “I remember you, sniffing around in my cosy, elegant hotel. You were after that actress who killed herself in my beautiful room, shame on her! How could she do this to me? Just today I received two cancellations. Two! Can you imagine how big a disaster this is to me? Of course you can’t. You don’t even care.” You almost manage to get a word in, but the lady gets a second wind.

“Were you the one who called my excellent establishment a ‘cheap hotel’? A cheap hotel - my word! How could someone even *think* my refined and homey accommodation ‘cheap’, let alone say it out loud? And on the radio, mind you! Broadcasting such lies? Are you the one responsible for that?” Now she’s even pointing her finger accusingly at you.

“Ma’am, someone died in your hotel, and your main concern is the wording used in the news?” The lady finally seems speechless, so you can continue. “I am Detective Lucas, if you remember, and yes, I’ve been here before looking for Miss Price, and believe me when I tell you I don’t have anything to do with that radio announcement.”

“I’m sorry, Detective, I didn’t mean to offend you. But I’m very upset about all the things that have happened here in the last few days.”

“Of course, you are, ma’am, and I don’t blame you. But I need to find out what happened to Miss Price on Friday.”

“What do you mean, what happened? I thought she took too much Veronal in the bathroom. My beautiful bathroom, which that officer forced open! Now I need to repair the latch as well.”

“And that’s exactly why I’m here - to ask about those kinds of details like the latch you’ve just mentioned, Miss Florence.”

“Oh, it’s Mrs. Florence, Detective. I’m a widower, you see.” The lady seems appeased after you showed interest in her broken latch.

“So, Mrs. Florence, what can you tell me about Georgia Price?”

“Well, she arrived on Wednesday afternoon and asked for a room. I don’t usually have rooms available on such short notice, but I told Miss Price - the lady with the blue scarf and the sunglasses, that is, because I didn’t know she was the famous Georgia Price at that time - that she’s lucky because someone just cancelled a booking that morning. She said her name was Titania. Titania Smith. I found that name a bit weird, but I didn’t want to pry, so I just wrote it in the guest book.

She asked for a quiet room, away from other guests. I’ve only got three guest rooms: two above the dining room and one above my room. So I showed her up into room 3, the one above my room.”

“For how long did she say she wanted to stay?”

“She said she’ll pay for one night and we’ll see what happens after that. I told her I don’t usually have guests staying for such a short period of time. She didn’t seem to care. She said she’d had a

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

very hard day and just wanted to lie down already. To tell you the truth, Detective, she was quite rude, but she paid upfront so I didn't say anything."

"And what happened after that?"

"She didn't want to come down to our dining room for supper or any other meal, just asked for a tray in her room. I always made her a nice, full tray, but she barely touched anything. I guess I should have known she was an actress just from that, and how rude she was. You always hear these things about famous actresses, but you couldn't believe them to be true."

"Who prepares the food in the hotel, Mrs. Florence?"

"I have a cook, Mrs. Lansky. The police combed through the kitchen thoroughly, and they cross examined poor Mrs. Lansky for hours on Saturday, but they didn't find anything suspicious or out of place, as I said they wouldn't. Of course there was nothing wrong with the food!"

"So Miss Price didn't leave her room the whole time she was here?"

"No, she didn't. But on Friday she asked me to buy her a *Daily News*. Although I told her it's usually not part of my duties to run errands for the guests, she just pushed a banknote in my hand and closed the door in my face. In my own hotel, mind you! As I said, she was quite rude."

"And when was that exactly?"

"Around 11am, when I served her breakfast."

"What about after that?"

"She had another tray around 5pm. It was supposed to be a lunch, but she didn't want anything 'too rich,' so it was basically a light supper. After that, nothing. I thought she went out on Friday evening and didn't come back, so that's why she didn't call for a tray or anything else all day on Saturday."

"Went out? Why would you think that?" You're all ears now.

"I saw a blonde lady in a trench coat and sunglasses leave the hotel on Saturday evening. I was taking my rounds in the dining room, you see, Detective, making sure everything was alright with my other guests who were taking their supper there. And that's when I saw that lady coming from the first floor and leaving the hotel. There were no other guests, just the ones in the dining room and Miss Smith - I mean Miss Price - so I thought she finally got bored in her room and decided to go out."

"And when was that exactly?"

"I don't know exactly, but supper is served between 8 and 9pm, and it was almost over, so I guess it was almost 9 when I saw that lady leave. I was up until midnight that day, Detective, because I was waiting for her to return, although I thought it quite rude to leave without a word. But she didn't return, so I locked up after midnight and went to bed. When she didn't return the next day either, I started to worry. I even went up to knock on her door, but there was no answer. I was thinking about going into the room, but then I thought she might come back and make a scene about it. She seemed the type who would do that. So I decided to wait until the evening to try that. And in the afternoon that director fellow arrived with the police officer."

"Did Miss Price have any visitors during her stay here?"

“No, she didn’t, otherwise I would have mentioned it already, Detective.”

“How about anyone strange or suspicious? Did you see someone like that?”

“No, of course not. There are no suspicious people lurking about in my hotel, Detective!” Mrs. Florence says, offended.

“And what about that lady you saw on Friday?”

“I told you I thought it was Miss Smith.” Yeah, there’s no point in pointing out the contradiction in her statements.

“Who were your other guests while Miss Price was staying here?”

“There was a couple from Michigan. I know them well, they’ve been frequent guests over the last 5 years. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. They’ve been staying here since Tuesday. And there was my cousin from Minnesota - I invited him for a few days in the winter when I had openings. Morris arrived on Friday afternoon. Morris Braverman, his name is.”

“No one else?”

“No, Detective.”

“And you’re always at the reception desk, Mrs. Florence? I mean, you do take breaks sometimes, right?”

“Well, sometimes I have to go to the bathroom of course. But I always use this one here, next to the dining room, so it really only takes a few minutes. And of course I leave when I look after my guests in the dining room during meals. But I can see the stairs from there, so I can keep an eye out even then.”

“But you said you saw a lady *leaving* on Friday. If she wasn’t Miss Price, she had to sneak in some time before that.” You had to do it in the end. Point out the contradiction. With no effect on the old lady whatsoever.

“Yes, you’re right, Detective, but I didn’t see anyone. I’m sorry.”



Circle **Marker O3** in your case log.

If you want to talk to the **cook**, go to [7-5476 \(p.235\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mr. and Mrs. Peterson**, go to [4-9978 \(p.149\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Morris**, go to [5-6987 \(p.174\)](#).

If you want to look at the **crime scene**, go to [4-2901 \(p.126\)](#).



4-1313

Rapid Staffing Services
515 W. 57th St, LS-60
Time: 30 minutes

“To the Hotel Lafayette? Yes, we sent someone there yesterday. Is there a problem? No? Thank God. It’s a strange story actually. Miss Ramsey came in a few days ago and told us she wanted a waitress job at Hotel Lafayette. I told her that’s not really how job-hunting works, and I could recommend other establishments to her right now. But she said she was only interested in that particular hotel. I found that a bit peculiar, but her papers were in order, so when the hotel manager called yesterday, I recommended her for the job.”



Circle **Marker Q1** in your case log.



4-2042

The MacDougal St Pharmacy
116 MacDougal St, GV-99

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



4-2062

Saint Vincent's Hospital
155 W. 11th St, GV-19

If it's **Monday** AND you have **Marker S3**, go to [7-1116 \(p.211\)](#).



4-2901

Georgia Price's hotel room

Time: 30 minutes

You look around in the cosy little room and the attached bathroom. It looks like Green and his team have done a thorough job. You can't find anything new here, although you search for at least half an hour.

If you want to talk to the **cook**, go to [7-5476 \(p.235\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mr. and Mrs. Peterson**, go to [4-9978 \(p.149\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Morris**, go to [5-6987 \(p.174\)](#).



4-3122

Ancestry Records (contd. from [2-4500](#) on p.65)

Time: 30 minutes

“You’re looking for a Bostonian family? Just a minute.” The librarian is climbing a ladder to retrieve a huge volume from a high shelf. For a moment you fear he will be buried under it. But he returns safely with the dusty book. “What else do you know about the family?”

“The person I’m looking for had an ancestor who was born around 1828 in Boston, to a father probably called Edgar A. Perry.” The man looks up the letter P, coughs for a minute or two, and then, when the dust settles, starts perusing the pages. It feels like ages when he finally looks up.

“Yes, I think I found him. Edgar Allan Perry. He and Jenny Lewis had a son called Edgar Allan Perry Jr., on June 19, 1828. This Junior had a son with Mary Luisa Longhorn, called Edward Allan Perry, born on Nov 11, 1863, and twin daughters named Elizabeth and Frances Perry, born on May 8, 1869.

The twins didn’t have any children but the son married Margaret Keynes in 1882, and had his own son Edward Allan Perry Jr. on June 2, 1883, who died in the same year. He also had a daughter named Elizabeth Frances Perry, born on Sep 7, 1885. Is she the one you were looking for?”

“I hope so. Thank you for your help.”



Circle **Marker A1** in your case log.



4-4006

Timothy Costello, M. D. (contd. from 8-2372 on p.250)

Time: 30 minutes

"I know last time you said you can't talk to me about Miss Price because of confidentiality issues, but now she's dead, and it's become a possible murder investigation. So I hope you might talk to me plainly this time, doctor."

"Yes, Detective - I'm afraid the tragic circumstances warrant an exceptional treatment of this case."

"Tell me, doctor: is it possible that Miss Price committed suicide just to frame her rival, Miss Seals, with murder?"

"It sounds very unlikely when you say it out loud, doesn't it, Detective? And I would say it's highly unlikely, but we can't rule it out entirely."

"Seriously?"

"Look at it this way: Georgia Price has a narcissistic personality. She always needs attention, and she always wants to be the best, the most beautiful, the most famous, etc. But during the rehearsals of the play it becomes more and more obvious that she's not a good stage actress. She can see the snickering, the director's disappointed looks. Meanwhile Audrey Seals, who is a practiced stage actress, performs her scenes with ease.

Georgia's jealousy spirals into an obsession. She focuses all her disappointment, bitterness, and jealousy on the other actress. She thinks if she could somehow get rid of her, that would solve all her problems. So she tries to convince the director first, and when that doesn't work, tries to get her husband to intervene. And before you ask, Detective, yes, Miss Price shared her obsessive thoughts with me, but no, I couldn't talk her out of them. The most I could do was encourage her to write down her feelings in a diary, in the hope that it would lessen her need to enact them."

So when I think of Georgia Price in that hotel room, lonely, obsessing over her rival, and consumed by the thoughts of revenge and punishment, while also plotting a way to get back to the limelight with something other than her performance as the worst Titania in history... Well, I would say it is a possibility that in that frame of mind, it could have seemed a good idea to kill herself and send Audrey Seals to the electric chair, while she goes down in history as the innocent victim of that conniving woman. It would be a story to remember, indeed."



Circle **Marker P3** in your case log.



4-4014

Chief Medical Examiner (contd. from [4-7384 on p.138](#))

Time: 30 minutes

“Time of death was sometime between 7 and 9 pm on Friday. The cause was cardiac arrest.

I found a very minimal amount of cocaine in Miss Price’s blood, so I would say she took a dose the day before she died, probably on Thursday evening. But it has nothing to do with her death. There was a more substantial amount of barbitol in her stomach, so I guess she took a dose of Veronal before she died. Not a lethal amount, though.

Her symptoms point more to cyanide poisoning. Cyanide causes chemical suffocation by blocking cells from using oxygen, and it kills quickly. That’s why the skin turns blue, the teeth are clenched, and the mouth is frothing. It causes loss of consciousness and cardiac arrest eventually, like in Miss Price’s case. But the problem is, I didn’t find any cyanide in her stomach - or anything else that could have killed her.”

“What do you mean?”

“The test we use to detect cyanide is called a Prussian blue test, where a mixture of chemicals is added to purified bits of the stomach and its contents in a flask. If cyanide is present, a brilliant blue would appear. But test after test, and still no blue, Detective. I really can’t understand this.”



Circle **Marker Q3** in your case log.

If you want to know more about **cyanide poisoning**, and look it up in the *Poison Book* at the station, go to [3-6258 \(p.111\)](#).



4-4077

Eloise Kellett
12 E. 11th St, GV-26

If it's **Sunday** Go to [5-1916 \(p.155\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's home.



4-4194

Arthur Neville Baxter (contd. from 6-7024 on p.203)

Time: 30 minutes

"Mr. Baxter, can I talk to you for a moment? It seems Miss Price has been missing since yesterday's rehearsal. Do you know anything that could be helpful in finding her?" The man doesn't look like an actor. More like anyone you would pass on the street. It seems not every actor has to be a heart-throb.

"Missing? You mean nobody has seen her since yesterday? That's strange."

"Strange?"

"Georgia's not the kind of woman who's good at blending in and not being seen. I assume you've seen her, right?"

"Yes, I've seen her, Mr. Baxter. But the question is, have you seen or heard anything out of the ordinary - at yesterday's rehearsal for example?"

"I don't think so. Georgia was in a better mood than I've seen her since she found out last week that the papers weren't writing about her debut on the stage, but rather about Audrey's love life. Yeah, let's just say it was a long week."

"And what caused her good mood yesterday?"

"Who knows why she did anything really, or why she was in a good or a bad mood. She was very capricious, you know, changeable, like the weather in Britain."

"In Britain?"

"My mother is from England. She always says things like that."

"And what do you know about the feud between Miss Price and Miss Seals?"

"Their lack of compatibility was very evident from the beginning. Like in how they approached their work. Georgia came from a filming background and was used to up-close reactions - not very useful on the stage, I'm afraid. While Audrey trained on stage, so she was way better in a play than Georgia. Audrey felt she was more of an actress than Georgia because of that, although she never actually said anything about it. But one could tell. Georgia finally became openly hostile towards her. She used vulgar language a few times when she talked about Audrey. It was quite embarrassing."

"And what about Miss Seal's and Mr. Tracy's divorce?"

"What about it?"

"Did you know about it before last week?"

"No."

"How about Mr. Tracy's real name? Did you know that before the papers made it public knowledge?"

"Well, actually, yes. I did know about that. I worked with Trace on a few productions already, so we've known each other for a few years now, and it came up at some point. But what of it?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker N2** in your case log.



4-5460

Crime Scene Analysis Lab
285 Fulton St, CC-75

If it's **Monday** and you **don't** have **Marker R4**, go to [7-2715 \(p.222\)](#).

If it's **Monday** and you **have** **Marker R4**, go to [5-1530 \(p.154\)](#).



4-6038

Aloisa Biagini
237 W. 13th St, GV-1
Time: 30 minutes

Miss Biagini is a frail old lady, as Mrs. Boyle said, who fondly remembers the foundation of the Poe Society but has nothing to do with the upcoming dinner.



4-6384

Looking around in Audrey's dressing room

Time: 30 minutes

You look around in the dressing room. It's not as gaudy as Georgia's was. There's an open wardrobe at the back of the room. It looks like Green and his team have done a thorough job. You can't find anything new here, although you search for at least half an hour.

If you want to look for the **caretaker** of the building to ask about pest control in the theatre, go to [3-9572 \(p.117\)](#).



4-7206

Columbia University
537 W. 116th St, MS-63

If you want to ask about **Aunt Dorothy**, go to [1-4105 \(p.36\)](#).

If you want to ask about **something else**, AND if you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [2-3691 \(p.62\)](#).



4-7364

Info about subway (contd. from [7-7336](#) on p.237)

Time: 30 minutes

You find the result of the search on your desk.

The subway attendant at Bowery & Delancey St. saw a pretty lady in a gray coat with a blue scarf on her head.



Circle **Marker D2** in your case log.



4-7384

*Chief Medical Examiner
245 Greenwich St, CC-54*

If it's **Monday**, go to [4-4014 \(p.129\)](#).



4-7500

Miss Azema's French lessons (contd. from 5-6568 on p.169)

Time: 30 minutes

There's a jovial lady at a table who is talking rapidly in French to a few women around her. One of them is Miss Bossi. You try to signal her a few times, but the French lady notices you first.

"*Oh lá lá! Un beau Monsieur.* Maybe 'e wants to join our group, *n'est-ce pas?* Come, come, Monsieur, zere's no need to be shy! We welcome everyone 'ere. Am I right, Mesdames?" All the ladies are looking at you now. You turn as red as a traffic light.

"No, you misunderstood me, lady; I just need to talk to Miss Bossi for a moment. I'm Detective Lucas from the New York Police."

"*Un Détective? Comme c'est curieux.* Did you 'ear zat, Mademoiselle Ada? Did our little dove commit a crime per'aps?" And she looks questioningly at Miss Bossi, who thankfully is already standing up. "I'm coming, Detective."

You walk to the other side of the tea shop, out of earshot of the curious ladies.

"Miss Bossi, can I talk to you for a moment about Miss Price?"

"Talk about what?" She looks at you suspiciously.

"Have you seen her since yesterday?"

"No, I haven't. Mr. Day cancelled today's rehearsal. I was wondering what happened. Is there something wrong with Georgia? Why are you looking for her?"

"No one has seen her since the rehearsal."

"Really? That's strange. She was in a good mood yesterday. She said she wanted to take a walk after she left the rehearsal, and I saw her dismiss her chauffeur and walk away from the theater cheerfully."

"You saw her? I thought the rehearsal wasn't over yet."

"No, it wasn't, but we had a lunch break, so I was going out to eat when I saw Georgia leave."

"You saw her walk away? In which direction?"

"Towards Union Square. I've never seen her go anywhere on foot, so I found it pretty astonishing."

"Was she always driven by her chauffeur?"

"Always. I mean as far as I've seen since last fall."

"And do you remember what she was wearing?"

"Black heels, white dress, a blue scarf. And she had a light gray coat on when she left. She also had a gray bag with her."

"Thank you, Miss Bossi, that's very helpful. Would you tell me about her feud with Miss Seals as well?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yeah, that is pretty bad. Everyone who knows them has witnessed it, of course. Georgia is jealous of Audrey, so she is very hostile towards her. I think Audrey is just as bad as Georgia, just more subtle, more sophisticated, so most people won’t notice her insults.

Like a few weeks ago. There was a dinner party to celebrate Mr. Day’s anniversary as a director. But Georgia forgot about it, so she didn’t have a special dress for the occasion. She just wore the same dress she came in that day. When everyone was gathered around the table, Audrey turned to her and said quietly: ‘Dear Georgia, what a lovely frock.’ Everyone who heard it was snickering of course, and Georgia was as red as a beetroot. And the look on her face was murderous.”



Circle **Marker B2** in your case log.



4-7912

Law Firm of Clark & Lodge (contd. from [5-4301 on p.162](#))

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, Lady Lytton was our client. Given the extreme circumstances of a possible murder investigation, I think I can give you the gist of her will, Detective.

Lady Lytton had a very large fortune indeed. She had the original wealth which she acquired as a Hollywood actress, but she also had a sharp business sense, so she invested her money well the last few years - mainly in oil. So a considerable sum became even more considerable.

According to the will, her husband will inherit all of it now - as is usual in the case of spouses, where there are no other immediate family or children.”



Circle **Marker L3** in your case log.



4-8509

Blue Bar (contd. from [2-4539](#) on p.66)

Time: 30 minutes

The bartender knows Arthur Neville Baxter well, but he hasn't seen him today - nor any other actors from the Madison.



4-8720

*Tracy & Christman lawyers
75 Washington Pl, GV-62
Time: 30 minutes*

“I can’t give out confidential information about my client’s case, Detective.”

“Alright. But tell me this, how could this news find its way to the papers?”

“I have no idea, Detective. Our firm is very discreet and effective - that’s why Mrs. Monro chose us in the first place. No one at our firm gave out any information about this divorce, I can assure you of that.”



Circle **Marker X2** in your case log.



4-9413

Narcissus and Echo (contd. from 2-3514 on p.59)



Several versions of the myth have survived from ancient sources, but the most popular one is from Ovid, published before 8 AD, found in Book 3 of his *Metamorphoses*. This is the story of *Echo and Narcissus*.

A nymph gave birth to Narcissus, who was beautiful even as a child. As was the custom, the mother consulted a seer about the boy's future, who predicted that the boy would live a long life only if he never "came to know himself". During his 16th year, after getting lost while hunting with friends, Narcissus came to be followed by Echo.

Echo was a mountain nymph and had kept Juno occupied with gossip while Jove had an affair behind his wife's back. As a punishment of Juno, Echo was thereafter never able to speak unless it was to repeat the last few words of those she heard.

Echo became infatuated with Narcissus, following him, waiting for him to speak so her feelings might be heard. Narcissus sensed he was being followed and shouted "Who's there?" Echo repeated, "Who's there?" and came close enough that she was revealed, and attempted to embrace him. Horrified, he stepped back and told her to "keep her chains". Heartbroken, Echo wasted away, losing her body amidst lonely glens, until nothing of her but her voice remained.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

After spurning Echo, Narcissus became thirsty. He found a pool of water. Leaning down to drink, he saw his reflection for the first time, and he found it as beautiful as a marble statue. Not realizing it was his own reflection, Narcissus fell deeply in love with it. Unable to leave the allure of this image, Narcissus eventually melted away from the fire of passion burning inside him, eventually turning into a gold and white flower we call 'Narcissus' since then.

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.



4-9632

Grand Hotel (contd. from [3-7774](#) on p.114)

Time: 30 minutes

The concierge looks at your trenchcoat and dirty shoes with disgust. So you turn around and leave.



4-9904

Talk to Jerry Stamper

Time: 30 minutes

“So you’re the one who minds everybody else’s business?” you ask the continuously snickering guy in the stupid chequered jacket.

“Yes, Sir! Your most valuable source - reporting for duty, Sir!” The jokester salutes in an exaggerated manner.

“OK, tell me first about that affair which led to the double divorce.”

“You couldn’t have asked anyone better, Detective. How did you know?”

“I don’t have time for that. I need to start looking for your actress soon, so quit the dumb stuff,” you look at him seriously.

“Yes, Sir!” He salutes. “And I’m starting it... now. So, the affair. It happened not long after the beginning of the season, in October. We only just started rehearsing *Midsummer*. But there were members of the group who were more hard-working than others, and stayed to run lines even after the official rehearsal ended. You know how it goes, Detective. Trace was always very keen on helping young, promising actresses with their lines. This year his diamond in the rough was Eloise.

One afternoon when Trace and Eloise were busy ‘rehearsing,’ the husband showed up with a big bouquet of flowers to surprise his hard-working wifey at the theater, because as it turned out it was their anniversary that day. It was a surprise alright. The husband filed for divorce, Audrey made a scene the next day and threatened a divorce, Trace said he couldn’t work in an environment with two hysterical women at his throat... Eddie almost had to cancel the play.

Surprisingly enough, it was Georgia who talked to Audrey then, and convinced her to be the bigger person and forgive her husband. Because Trace was coming to his wife literally on his knees after he was busted, and he swore on everything holy that the affair didn’t mean anything to him, and he still loves only Audrey.

It seems she managed to forgive him, so the couple got back together, Georgia gloated like the patron saint of marriage, and poor Eloise was shunned for a while by almost everyone in the troupe. Not me, of course. I’m more forgiving of human weaknesses than others - or less of a hypocrite.”

“How come the two actresses became rivals then?”

“There’s always been some rivalry between Georgia and Audrey. First of all, Audrey was the one who was supposed to get Titania’s role. But then the movie star showed up at the last moment, and our dear director suddenly decided Georgia would make a better fairy queen. Audrey was not happy, but she managed to put on a smile and seemingly was on board with the changes.

After the cheating fiasco blew over, everyone hoped things would finally calm down during rehearsals. But that’s not what happened - no, sir. As time passed it became more and more obvious that Georgia isn’t a good enough actress for the stage. She was too loud, too artificial, too... well, let’s

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

just say her talents were obviously limited. Everyone saw it, of course, but no one would dare to say a word. No way Georgia didn't notice the looks and Eddie's desperate sighs.

So she became more and more demanding and unbearable, and started fights with Audrey more often. About stuff like Audrey supposedly damaging her costume, stealing her slippers, ruining her concentration during a scene... Audrey had enough and started making comments about Georgia's acting. So one day Georgia called her a 'cunt' in front of everyone. You get the picture, Detective. As Eddie said, we made a timetable for the two actresses so they can avoid each other."

"And what happened last week?"

"Georgia came in during Audrey's timeslot waving a newspaper and screaming, 'You hateful bitch, you couldn't resist the chance to ruin my big moment, could you? You just had to file for divorce and tell all the newspapers about it, didn't you? How pathetic is that, to try and get into the limelight with your miserable little personal life?' Or something like that. Audrey just sprang up, looked into the paper then stormed out. I don't think she knew before Georgia arrived that the papers wrote about her divorce.

We all were stunned too. No one here knew about the divorce - or at least, I don't think so. It's true Audrey kept her distance from Trace after the affair, but we all thought it was just temporary and to be expected, even if she supposedly forgave him for being unfaithful."

"Which day of the week was this?"

"Last Thursday."

"I see. Can you help me track down the other actors from the play?"

"Audrey and Trace are playing in that awful new play by Scholl and Rich on weekdays. And Eloise plays Daisy in a new production of the *Gatsby*. She isn't half bad, I have to say. I think you can talk to her after the show. But I don't know about Ada, Bax, and Stan, sorry."

"Anything else you can tell me?"

"Well, I could talk your ears off if you want more gossip - which is unrelated to our little play, Detective... No? Yeah, I didn't think so." The checkered-jacket guy's still snickering when you leave him.

 Circle **Marker J2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Benji**, go to [7-4220 \(p.227\)](#).

If you want to **search Miss Price's dressing room**, go to [5-7193 \(p.176\)](#).



4-9978

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, guests

Time: 30 minutes

Mrs. Peterson is a mousy little woman who doesn't say a word, she's just nodding eagerly while her bespectacled husband answers our questions.

"Yes, we have been returning guests of Mrs. Florence for 5 years now. We have a few friends in New York, so we like to come for a week or two in the winter to go to the theater and to galleries with them.

Yes, we know who Georgia Price is... was, but we haven't seen her or any other ladies in the hotel. Not on Friday or on any other day either.

We were having supper on Friday between 8 and 9 pm as usual. Mrs. Florence and her cousin, the only other guest we saw, were there as well. The whole time, yes.

We went back to our room after supper. We were thinking about going out for a nightcap to a nearby bar or something, but Jessica had a headache, so she went to bed early instead. I read a bit then turned in for the night myself."

If you want to talk to the **cook**, go to [7-5476 \(p.235\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Morris**, go to [5-6987 \(p.174\)](#).

If you want to look at the **crime scene**, go to [4-2901 \(p.126\)](#).



5

5-0099

Big Apple Pest Control (contd. from [6-8380](#) on p.205)

Time: 30 minutes

“Could you tell me about your pesticide methods, Mr. Nunn?”

“We use cyanide in crystal form, in baits to be precise, for targeted pest control. There is a gaseous form of cyanide for fumigating, and although it’s more effective, it is more dangerous and more expensive as well. Our clientele prefers the cheaper, lower risk method, so we stick to them.”



5-0997

Nathania Vaughan
73 Charles St, GV-44
Time: 30 minutes

When you tell Miss Vaughan why you're there, the woman gets scared immediately. "I didn't think it was anything illegal, Detective, I swear! A little white lie maybe, nothing more. When that lady approached me and offered 50 bucks just to call in sick and tell the manager I can't make the Poe dinner, it seemed like a harmless thing to me. I thought I would have a day off and even make some money. I'm sorry, Detective, I really didn't think it was a big deal or anything."

"It's okay, you can relax, you're not in trouble. At least not with the police. But tell me, who was this lady who approached you?"

"I don't know, I swear. She just stepped up to me at the corner of the street a few days ago when I finished my shift at the hotel, and asked if I wanted to make a few bucks. I asked her what she meant, so she told me. She had a slight Russian accent, so that made me trust her somehow. My mother is Russian, you know - that's how I got my name. She calls me Tania... Anyway, as I said: I didn't think it was so wrong, so I took the fifty and said yes."



Circle **Marker N1** in your case log.



5-1022

The Elizabeth St Compound Drugs
165 Elizabeth St, BO-33

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



5-1530

Crime Scene Analysis Lab (contd. from [4-5460 on p.133](#))

Time: 30 minutes

“We examined the cocaine that was found in Miss Price’s purse. It is good quality, not contaminated or mixed with cyanide or other poisons. It seems to be the same as both of the samples you sent in yesterday for examination.

The Veronal bottle found in the bathroom just contained the normal barbitol, the kind you can purchase in any drugstore. No cyanide in that either. And there was nothing poisonous in the food samples Officer Green took from the hotel’s kitchen either.”



Circle **Marker I3** in your case log.



5-1916

Eloise Kellett (contd. from 4-4077 on p.130)

Time: 30 minutes

"Last time we spoke you said Miss Bossi was following Miss Price everywhere, and tried to imitate the actress in every way. Do you think her behaviour might have been more than a form of admiration?"

"You mean was she obsessive and a bit crazy?"

"I wouldn't put it that way," you reply hesitantly.

"Why not? You would be right. Ada didn't just imitate and follow Georgia, but was always lurking around. Snooping, you know. She was very nosy, especially about things that involved Georgia. I caught her a few times coming out of the other actress' dressing rooms, always trying to pretend that she was just talking to the occupant, or running some errands for them. But it was a lie most of the time, of course. I even told her a few weeks ago that I would tell on her if I catch her again."

"And did you? Catch her again, I mean."

"No, I didn't. But I suspect it only means she became more careful, and not that she stopped doing it."

"And what about the others? Wasn't Miss Bossi snooping around in their dressing rooms as well?"

"She might have. Ada wasn't only trying to imitate Georgia as an actress, but as a seductive woman as well. Now that was a sight to see. Trace and Bax were just laughing at her, and Ada didn't understand what she was doing wrong. It always worked when Georgia did it."

"Did what?"

"Seduced every man in sight. At least the younger and more attractive ones like Trace, Bax and Stan. You know, Detective, some women are like that. Can't stand the thought that the men around them aren't lusting after them."

"I thought everyone was annoyed with Miss Price's behaviour. Even the men you've just mentioned."

"They were annoyed with her, sure, but that doesn't mean they didn't want to sleep with her." Wow, this lady doesn't beat around the bush. And she's even more attractive when she talks so bluntly. Just your type. You need to be careful.

"But they didn't though, right? I mean, Miss Price had a husband." The actress looks at you doubtfully.

"You're kidding, right? Of course they did. Maybe not Stan though... he's still young and naive. I don't think Georgia had managed to get her hooks into him yet - and nor had Ada. Although poor Stan is so kind, he didn't know how to refuse Ada politely, so she started to think her methods were working on him. I tried to tell her she got the wrong end of the stick, but she said I was just jealous. As if!"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker E3** in your case log.



5-2095

Julius' Bar
159 W. 10th St, GV-41
Time: 30 minutes

Jimmy is here today cradling a beer as usual. You order another one for him and sit at the next table, although he looks like he's stewed to the hat already. You don't even have to ask anything before Jimmy starts muttering.

"Nada abou' Finley in the las' couple o' nights. I reckon he foun' his bird for the job. I sniff'd aroun' a bit in the gin mills and night joints. Word is, some bloke hired a can opener, another a conwoman a couple o' nights ago. One of 'em could be Finley." Jimmy looks at you expectantly. Yeah, he has the goods. And those are worth some scratch. So you grease his palms.

"And do you know who the conwoman and the safecracker are?"

Jimmy looks at the banknotes approvingly before he puts them away in his pocket. "Tilly's a hoofer at the Village Vanguard, an' Cracker Joe usually hangs out at Chumley's. But you won' find 'em this early."

"Yeah, I know. Thanks anyway." Looks like you have plans for tonight.



Circle **Marker J1** in your case log.

As **late night** leads, you can visit the **Village Vanguard nightclub** and **Chumley's Bar**.



5-2489

Dorothy Clemens
410 Riverside Dr, MS-72
Time: 30 minutes

When you arrive at Riverside Drive you can see Hopkins' aunt lives nearby the university. Just a few blocks away. This part of Manhattan sits on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River. It is supposedly 'an academic and intellectual hub'. More like pretentious.

"Yes?" The old crone peeps at you suspiciously from behind her door after you ring her doorbell. You tell her you're investigating a case that could be connected to her uncle's manuscripts. "And what makes you think I know anything about those manuscripts?" She's still not opening the door.

"Mr. Hopkins told me that you were interested in them a few years ago."

"Lawson? That little scoundrel! I hope he told you how rude and ungrateful he was. I've never even seen those cursed manuscripts, let alone know anything about them, so if that's why you're here, Detective, you had a wasted journey." And she slams her door in your face. These door-slamming old hags are starting to piss you off!



Circle **Marker D1** in your case log.



5-2749

Madison Square Theater
24th St & Broadway, GP-28

If it's **Thursday**, go to [1-2390 \(p.28\)](#).

If it's **Sunday**, go to [5-6769 \(p.170\)](#).



5-3503

Victor R. Gant
183 Bleecker St, GV-99

If you have circled **Marker G** in your case log, go to [7-7921 \(p.239\)](#).



5-3771

Lily-Mae Harris
45 W. 10th St, GV-25

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [1-9589 \(p.52\)](#)



5-4301

Law Firm of Clark & Lodge (contd. from [1-7014 on p.45](#))

If it's **Sunday or Monday** and you want to ask about a **will**, go to [4-7912 \(p.141\)](#).



5-4982

The Belasco Theater
147 Waverly Pl, GV-50

The theater on Waverly Place greets you like it's got something to prove—red brick dressed up with fancy trim, trying to look respectable in a neighborhood that's seen too much. The upper floors don't quite line up right either... like the building's hiding a crooked thought behind a straight face. You push inside.

The box office hits you like a different world. All pillars and carved wood, like a church that forgot its prayers. Colored glass throws soft light around the room, ceiling panels staring down like old judges, murals telling stories nobody remembers anymore. Yeah... this place has history.

You tell the attendant that you'd like to speak with Miss Seals and with Mr. Tracy. At first he's not too cooperative, but when you mention Edwin Day was the one who sent you here, he finally leads you to the dressing rooms and tells you to wait for the actors. Their break is in five minutes.

If you want to talk to **Audrey Seals**, go to [6-2659 \(p.191\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Sylvester Tracy**, go to [3-4414 \(p.103\)](#).



5-5710

Search Miss Price's room

Time: 30 minutes

It's quite a big room. It has a low beamed ceiling, and white walls decked out with strips of gold embroidery and large photographs of Miss Price in sparkling gold frames. The rug is pink and so thick that a gopher could have spent a week in it without even showing his nose above the nap. And there are white and pink cushions everywhere - on the bed, on the chairs, even on the floor.

You try to be very careful with all of her Ladyship's stuff while the pretty maid is hovering nervously on the doorstep, but you frisk the room thoroughly. And finally you find something potentially useful: Miss Price's diary. But before you can read it, the maid clears her throat.

"Yes?" you ask her impatiently. She better not start complaining about you reading her mistress' diary.

"Did you take out everything from her Ladyship's drawers, sir?"

"Yes, I did, why?"

"Where are her magazines, sir? She likes magazines and always has a lot of them in her drawers."

"There are no magazines here," you tell her.

"And there wasn't a map there either? And a directory?"

"No. Why?"

"Because her Ladyship sent me out last Friday to buy a directory and a map of Manhattan. And I saw her put it in that drawer."

"You don't say."



Circle **Document 12** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 12** (Miss Price's diary), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 284](#).



Circle **Marker G2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to the **chauffeur**, go to [6-0071 \(p.184\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid**, go to [1-7045 \(p.46\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **butler**, go to [3-7223 \(p.113\)](#).



5-5731

Dr. Thomas Murray Parrott

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [6-2092 \(p.189\)](#)



5-5820

Post Office
10 Spring St, BO-34
Time: 30 minutes

There's a lady at the window you can ask about Miss Price. Whether the actress might have posted a letter here yesterday.

"Yes, there was a very beautiful lady posting a letter yesterday afternoon. She reminded me of someone, but I couldn't really see her face from those big sunglasses."

"Was it around 3 o'clock?"

"It might have been. I don't remember the time exactly."

"And where was this letter sent to?"

"To Murray Hill."

"Do you remember the address?"

"No, Detective, I only look at the district, so I can put the letter in the correct basket. I don't read the addresses - that wouldn't be very professional."



Circle **Marker O2** in your case log.



5-6105

Greenwich Village Flower Shop
405 6th Ave, GV-51

If you have circled **Marker M1** in your case log, go to [5-7690 \(p.179\)](#)



5-6518

Liggett's Drugstore in CM
114 E. 86th St, CM-43

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



5-6568

Blissful Aromatics Tea Room
64 Perry St, GV-44

If it's **Friday evening** (7pm or a bit later), go to [4-7500 \(p.139\)](#).



5-6769

Madison Square Theatre (contd. from 5-2749 on p.159)

Time: 30 minutes

The theatre is silent again, but it feels more ominous this time. You find the stage abandoned and almost turn back when someone suddenly sits up in the first row.

“Hello? Is someone here? Oh, it’s you, Detective. Thank God!”

“Mr. Street? Is that you? What are you doing here all alone?” The young actor looks exasperated.

“That’s a very good question, Detective. Bax should be here as well. Mr. Day asked us to come here and ‘hold the fort’ so to speak.”

“Hold the fort?”

“Yeah, you know, in case you came, or the journalists.” You really don’t like that he mentioned you in the same sentence as the journalists. Billie Jones’ ugly face appears in your mind, but you suppress the memory with sheer force of will.

“Really?”

“Yeah. I have to tell you that you can find Mr. Day at home, although he doesn’t insist on talking if it’s not necessary. The journalists I’m supposed to chase away,” he says with a grimace. “A few of them already came, but Bax was still here, so he was the one doing most of the chasing. I’m a bit worried about whether I’m capable of doing it alone...”

“Have courage, Mr. Street. By the way, where *is* Mr. Bax?”

“He said it was just too depressing to sit here, and he needed a drink. So he walked out. That was almost two hours ago. I’m starting to think he’s not coming back.”

“So he didn’t mention where he wanted to go?”

“No, but I would guess the Blue Bar. It’s nearby, and Trace took me there a few times after rehearsal. It seemed like the haunt of the actors from the theatre.”

“And how are you doing, Mr. Street?”

“Good question. I don’t even know. I’m shocked of course, and sad for Miss Price... but also a bit mad, you know. I mean, how could she do this? Not just to herself, but to all of us? We’ve been working so hard for months now on this play - and for a few of us, it would have been the first real opportunity to appear in a serious play. But now it’s over. All over,” he says bitterly.

“And what about the others? Where are they?”

“You think I know that? I’m the rookie of this troupe, so no one shares anything important with me.”

“I see. If he comes back, tell Mr. Baxter, I am looking for him.” And with that you walk out of the auditorium.



Circle **Marker M3** in your case log.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

If you want to look around in **Audrey Seals' dressing room**, go to [4-6384 \(p.135\)](#).

If you want to look for the **caretaker** of the building to ask about pest control in the theatre, go to [3-9572 \(p.117\)](#).



5-6963

Talk to Mrs. Boyle (contd. from 5-8595 on p.182)

Time: 30 minutes

"Detective?" The chubby little lady is surprised to see you again, but she invites you in. "Would you like to know more about our Society's dinner?"

"I would, Mrs. Boyle. Especially about the manuscript of *The Sphinx*." Her eyes widen hearing you say that.

"The recently recovered Poe manuscript? You've heard about it?" She obviously can't believe her ears.

"I'm afraid someone wants to steal it during the dinner." The poor woman almost faints when you mention this. Maybe you should have been a bit more tactful.

"Steal it? Oh my God! I have to call Professor Parrott immediately and tell him he must leave the manuscript at home! It should have been the highlight of the evening, but not when someone is trying to steal it." Mrs. Boyle adjusts her glasses nervously.

"What? No, don't call the Professor - that's not what I meant! Look, Mrs. Boyle. Now that we know someone's after the manuscript, we can prepare and catch the thieves red-handed. But I need your help in this."

Although she looks a bit proud to have the power to help you with this problem, she's not entirely convinced yet. "I would only help if you swear to me, Detective, the manuscript won't suffer any harm." She looks at you with a grave expression.

"Of course, ma'am. You can count on me." You must have sounded convincing, because the chubby lady nods her head.

"Alright, Detective. What should we do?" Seems like she's ready to do battle with the bad guys who want to steal her precious manuscript.

"First tell me about this Professor you wanted to call just now."

"Dr Parrott? He's a professor at Princeton and a biographer of Poe. He was the one who found the manuscript at the university's archives last year. He arrives with the short story today. I was told there'll be a bodyguard with him the whole time. He's introduced as the Professor's assistant, but he's really here to make sure the precious manuscript is safe.

They usually keep the valuable manuscripts under lock and key at the university's campus, so they were very hesitant when I asked them to send *The Sphinx* with the Professor. But my godson works at Princeton, so he managed to arrange the transport." And she adds nervously:

"Don't you think, Detective, we should tell this guard about the thieves?"

"Not yet. Leave that part to me. First, I need to know what your plans are for this manuscript?"

"We want to put it on display so the guests can look at it before and after the dinner." That's interesting.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Put it on display how?”

“We borrowed a pulpit from Columbia university. The kind they use to showcase rare manuscripts. With glass on top.”

“Does it have an alarm or something?”

“No, Detective. Before today it hadn’t even crossed my mind that someone would want to steal *The Sphinx*.”

“Can I see the guest list for the dinner?”

“Yes, of course. Here. You can take this one, I have another copy. And here’s an invitation with the speakers’ names.”



Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (The Guest List), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 266](#).

and



Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (The Invitation), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 267](#).

“Thank you, ma’am. So the organizers are: yourself and three other ladies. What was their job?”

“Well, Lily-Mae organized the flowers and other decorations, Anaisha put together the guestlist, Reizy kept in touch with the hotel staff and picked the menu, and I contacted our speakers and arranged everything they asked for. Like a bigger room or non-alcoholic drinks at the dinner. That sort of thing. Poor Aloisa Biagini, our fourth founder, is too old nowadays to help in organization tasks.”

You write down these things in your notebook.

“I see. I think I’ll take it from here, Mrs. Boyle. You should do everything according to your original plan, unless I tell you otherwise. And please keep the information I shared with you a secret. It’s very important.”

“Yes, Detective, of course,” she says proudly. It’s not everyday she can participate in catching a thief.



Circle **Marker B1** in your case log.



5-6987

Morris Braverman, cousin

Time: 30 minutes

“Yes, I’m a distant relative of Mrs. Florence, but she calls me her cousin, and I call her Aunt Lydia. Technically I’m her second cousin twice removed. She did invite me to her hotel for the winter when there are usually fewer guests.

No, I haven’t seen the lady who died, nor any other ladies. I’ve only met that couple from Michigan. We were eating dinner from 8 to 9pm on Friday. Aunt Lydia was there the whole time, making sure everything was alright, and having a conversation with us.

After the dinner we went back to our room. I was pretty tired after traveling, so I fell asleep not long after 9pm.”

If you want to talk to the **cook**, go to [7-5476 \(p.235\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mr. and Mrs. Peterson**, go to [4-9978 \(p.149\)](#).

If you want to look at the **crime scene**, go to [4-2901 \(p.126\)](#).



5-7136

Buying Veronal
Time: 30 minutes

You ask for a bottle of Veronal at the pharmacy, the same kind they found in the bathroom with the body.

“I’ve never used this kind before. Could you tell me a bit about it?” you ask the man at the counter.

“What do you want to know?”

“Everything.”

“Oh, my. That’s a tall order. Well, let’s see. Veronal is a barbiturate named after the Italian city of Verona. It is dispensed for insomnia induced by nervous excitability, and is provided in either crystal form or in capsules. The kind you just purchased is in crystal form.” You open the bottle and see yellow crystals inside. The man continues: “Veronal is a great improvement over the existing hypnotics. Its taste is slightly bitter, but better than the strong, unpleasant taste of the commonly used bromides. It has few side effects. However, I have to warn you that prolonged usage could result in tolerance to it, requiring higher doses to reach the desired effect.”

“And how much should I take?”

“The therapeutic dose is ten to fifteen grains, or 0.6 to one gram.”

“What would be considered a lethal dose?”

The man looks a bit shocked by this question.

“55 to 68 grains, which is 3.5 to 4.4 grams, is considered the lethal dose. But I really don’t recommend you go over the normal dose.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t.”



Circle **Marker V3** in your case log.



5-7193

Search Miss Price's dressing room

Time: 30 minutes

The dressing room is very gaudy. Pink and gold frills and sequins everywhere. There's still a heavy perfume smell in the room. It's quite nauseating. There are lots of posters and pictures of Miss Price on the wall - even on the vanity. Jeez, this woman likes to look at herself.

You look through the drawers, into the dresser, and in every nook and cranny you can find, but there's nothing here that could tell you where the actress went yesterday.



Circle **Marker K2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Benji**, go to [7-4220 \(p.227\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Jerry**, go to [4-9904 \(p.147\)](#).



5-7452

Rose's Rat Exterminator (contd. from 6-4660 on p.197)

Time: 30 minutes

"I was wondering, Miss Watson, whether the Deluxe Food Market from the Bowery called you last week, to deal with their rat problem in the cellar?"

"Yes, Mr. Fraser called us last Wednesday. We went there to assess the situation. There were rats in their cellar alright. We saw usual baits laid out everywhere, but the rats obviously didn't touch them. We offered our more effective fumigation, of course."

"How does it work exactly?"

"We use Cyclone B, the most powerful and successful of gaseous insecticides. We release it from canisters. It consists of hydrogen cyanide, or prussic acid. The process only takes ten minutes most of the time, but we always warn the customer about the danger."

"Warn them? How?"

"They need to vacate the premises before we go in, and they can't come back for at least an hour or two after that. Mr. Fraser told us he wanted to leave for a vacation on Friday anyway, so we could do it that evening. He brought in the keys to the store on Friday afternoon, and told us we should just throw it through the letter opening after we finished and locked up the store."

"And when did you fumigate the rats exactly?"

"It's in the books. Here. It was at 8pm last Friday."



Circle **Marker W3** in your case log.



5-7647

Cherry Lane Theater (contd. from [3-9279](#) on p.116)

Time: 30 minutes

The show is still running when you arrive at this little theater. The usher says it's probably ten more minutes until the end. They started a bit late today.

"How come?" you ask the talkative young man. He's a very cheerful, tall, gangly kid with glistening black hair.

"The jazz band was late. Something with their car, I think."

"I see." You look around. "What a cosy little place this is. Not like the Madison. That is a bit stuffy for my taste."

"Oh, you're a real fan of the theater, sir?"

You hesitate: "Well... recently I've been around theaters a lot more than usual."

"Then you know, sir, that a large succession of plays by writers like Mr. Fitzgerald or Mr. Rice streamed from our theater. Although before 1923 this place wasn't even a theater, but a brewery at first, then a tobacco box factory. Can you believe that, sir?"

"Hardly..." Was that the right response?

"Yeah, and in 1923 a group of actors commissioned a famed designer, Mr. Throckmorton, to convert the factory into a playhouse. It was one of the most ground-breaking experiments in the chronicle of the American Stage! The 'Downtown Theater' movement, the 'Living Theater', and the 'Theater of the Absurd' all took root in this very place we're standing on. Oh, but you obviously already know about all of this, being such a keen theater-goer yourself, sir." He looks at you enthusiastically. Yeah, you obviously picked the wrong answer earlier.

"I've heard something like that..." You start tugging at your collar. "Phew, it's hot in here, I think I'll wait outside for Miss Kellett." And you run away from the chatty usher.

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.

If you want to wait for Miss Kellett, go to [7-9601](#) (p.245)



5-7690

Flower Shop (contd. from 5-6105 on p.167)

Time: 30 minutes

Although you don't really have hayfever, it's true you're no big fan of flowers. You find their smell suffocating and revolting. It makes you gag. Hm, maybe Miss Harris was right. They *are* similar to poetry.

There's a pretty doll at the counter. Finally. You've seen more ugly hags during this investigation than you'd care for.

"Good day, sir. How can I help you?"

"Actually I'm working with Miss Harris and Mrs. Boyle. Ensuring everything goes according to plan at the Poe dinner. And I was wondering if you experienced anything unusual about the flowers you are providing for the event. Any last minute changes in your staff perhaps?"

"In our staff? It's only my husband and I, no one else. I'm working here in the shop, taking orders, serving customers, and Reg deals with supply and delivery. So the answer is no, nothing unusual there."

"Thank you, ma'am." You leave disappointed.



Circle **Marker F1** in your case log.



5-7887

*Vernon Rupert Taylor
88 Washington Pl, GV-73
Time: 30 minutes*

When Mr. Taylor opens the door he suddenly becomes very suspicious and barks at you:

“Are you a reporter? Because if you are, you can go to hell! I don’t have a comment about anything.” He’s about to shut the door, but you extend your arm to stop it.

“No, Mr. Taylor, I’m Detective Lucas from the NYPD. I’m investigating a missing persons case, and I’d like to ask you a few questions, if you have a moment.”

“Missing person? Did something happen to Eloise?”

“No, not Miss Kellett, but someone else from the company.”

“I hope it’s that piece of shit Tracy then! No? Whatever. I don’t even care anymore. I left behind that unfaithful slut and all of her immoral friends at the theater.” He spits when he says that. Thankfully it didn’t hit you.

“There are lots of rumors about. I just wanted to know the truth”

“The truth? I’ll tell you the truth. I went to the theater to surprise my wife on our anniversary, and I found her busy screwing that womanizing piece of shit Tracy guy. I just stood there like a moron with the roses and the chocolate, while that cheap Casanova hurriedly put on his clothes. My wife didn’t even bother with that. The shameless slut just lit up a cigarette buck-naked, and told me our marriage was over, so I shouldn’t have bothered with the chocolate and the flowers. That heartless bitch! I was afraid I was gonna strangle her, but I just divorced her cheating ass instead.” And he slams the door for emphasis at the end of his tirade.



Circle **Marker R2** in your case log.



5-8087

Reizy Druker (contd. from [7-5301 on p.233](#))

Time: 30 minutes

A tall, older lady opens the door. Her look is very strict. It reminds you of your old first grade teacher, Miss Hackinsky. Ugh. You don't like to be reminded of her.

"Hello, Miss Druker. I'm Detective Lucas from the NYPD. Mrs. Boyle sent me here to ask you about the Poe dinner. If I'm not mistaken, you were the one who kept in touch with the hotel staff and picked the menu."

"Yes, that's right. Is there a problem with the menu, Detective?"

"Well not with the menu, no. But I'd like to know if something unusual has happened lately. Maybe last minute changes in the staff. That sort of thing."

"I don't know what to tell you, Detective. Nothing out of the ordinary happened that I know of. But to tell the truth I'm not really the one dealing with the staff at the hotel. I just tell Mr. Jones, the hotel's manager, how many guests we're expecting, and he's the one who deals with the waiters and waitresses after that. So if there were any changes in the staff, he would be the one to know."

"Thank you, Miss Druker."



Circle **Marker Y1** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Mr. Jones**, go to [7-3149 \(p.223\)](#).



5-8595

Mildred Sybill Boyle
55 E. 9th St, GV-34

If you have circled **Marker X1** in your case log, go to [5-6963 \(p.172\)](#)



6

6-0071

Talk to the chauffeur, Zachary

Time: 30 minutes

Zachary is a young handsome lad, but looks quite downcast. Maybe it has to do with those pants he's required to wear as a uniform.

"I shouldn't have left her Ladyship at the theater - Mr. Murdock is right. What if something happened to her Ladyship? It would be my fault!"

"It's not your fault what happened. Don't you mind that old stiff of a butler. But tell me exactly what Lady Lytton said to you yesterday."

"I was waiting for her Ladyship next to the theater as always. She has a designated parking space there. But when she came out of the building, she just said: 'Go home, Zach, I think I might just walk a bit today. I need some fresh air.' And she walked away on 5th Avenue. I was stunned at first, but then I figured I don't really have a choice, so I drove home. Mr. Murdock was really mad when I arrived without her Ladyship," he says dejectedly.



Circle **Marker Z2** in your case log.

If you want to **search Miss Price's room**, go to [5-5710 \(p.164\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid**, go to [1-7045 \(p.46\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **butler**, go to [3-7223 \(p.113\)](#).



6-0825

Diamond Palace nightclub (contd. from 1-1259 on p.23)

Time: 30 minutes

You find the actor in a booth with a blonde dancer. He's lying in her lap, crying. The girl tries to comfort him: "Just let it out, honey. That's it. You're doing great."

"Why? Why did she do it?" sobs Baxter. "I thought she was just pulling a stunt when she disappeared. I even thought it was ridiculous when Ed called that stupid gumshoe..." You clear your throat loudly.

"Khm, khm... Mr. Baxter?" He sits up suddenly, wiping his face frantically with the hem of his shirt.

"De... detective? What are you doing here?" He's obviously stunned to see you.

"I'm looking for you, Mr. Baxter. Can we talk for a minute?" The girl stands up and saunters out of the booth.

"I'll be back in ten minutes, okay?" You just nod to her.

"So, I see Miss Price's death shook you pretty badly, Mr. Baxter. I'm guessing you wouldn't be so out of sorts just for a - how did you put it - 'capricious' colleague of yours, would you?"

"What?"

"Was it only a one night stand or did you have a proper affair, Mr. Baxter?"

"I don't know what you mean." He looks at his shoes.

"No? Then I'll just sit down here a bit until your memory returns, Mr. Baxter. I'm in no hurry. Maybe I'll even order a drink for myself."

He looks up angrily. "Alright, alright, there's no need for that. So Georgia and I were lovers. There. Are you happy now?"

"Not particularly, no. So when did your affair start?"

"In October. Not long after I met her."

You let out a low whistle. "She didn't waste much time, did she? I guess she did have a thing for Englishmen. Or didn't you say your mother was English?"

He starts up and tries to grab you. "Now look here, you..." But he doesn't finish because you shove his head down onto the booth's low table.

"Now, now, Mr. Baxter, behave. Gumshoes don't like to be grabbed, you know. Not even stupid ones."

"Sorry! I'm sorry!" He squeaks, so you let him go.

"You heard that, huh? Sorry." He looks at you sheepishly. "So you want to know about my affair with Georgia? Okay then... So it started in early October. We met almost every week - mostly on Wednesdays when her husband was in his stupid club. Or at least until the end of November, when

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Georgia said we should stop. I didn't understand why. When we were together the week before, everything seemed fine... I became very jealous. I thought she found a new lover."

"Really? Who?" The actor shrugs.

"I don't know... For a while I thought it was Trace. But I'm not sure anymore... This whole thing was just a game to her I guess. I don't think she cared about me at all." The actor looks miserable.

"I see. Thank you for your time, Mr. Baxter. I'll tell the girl she can come back now." And you step out of the booth.



Circle **Marker F4** in your case log.



6-0941

*BMT Subway station
Broadway & 23rd St, GP-35*

If you have circled **Marker B2** in your case log, go to [1-1696 \(p.26\)](#)

If you **don't have Marker B2**:

This attendant wasn't the one on duty yesterday afternoon. Come back later (meaning: when you have Marker B2) and you can talk to the one who was.



6-1650

Channing Mollock

Time: 30 minutes

This Mollock seems like an intellectual who wants to seem important by using big words and wrinking his nose like he smells something rotten.

“Had Poe written nothing else but *‘The House of Usher’* he would still deserve a high place among imaginative writers in my opinion. But there is scarcely one of his tales in which we don’t find the development of great intellectual capacity, with a power for vivid description, an opulence of imagination, a fecundity of invention, and a command over the elegance of diction which have seldom been displayed, even by writers who have acquired the greatest distinction in the republic of letters.”



Circle **Marker UI** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605 \(p.79\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944 \(p.40\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896 \(p.44\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Parrott**, go to [5-5731 \(p.165\)](#).



6-2092

Talk to Dr. Parrott (contd. from [5-5731](#) on p.165)

Time: 30 minutes

There's a guard in front of the Professor's door, just like Mrs. Boyle mentioned. Good. It would be embarrassing if the manuscript vanished before the dinner. You decide not to alert him just yet. Otherwise they may not want to take the precious short story to the dinner at all.

Professor Parrot is a tiny old man with only a few wisps of white hair on his head. He has his nose in a book when he opens the door.

"Detective? Mrs. Boyle said you wanted to talk to me. Although I'm a bit fuzzy on the why." He invites you in.

"I just wanted to ask you about this manuscript you're going to present at the dinner."

"*The Sphinx*? Really? But what would you want to know about it, Detective?" He looks confused. Great, another intellectual who thinks you a complete moron just because your nose isn't buried in some dusty book all the time. You'd bet dollars to donuts these professors and writers would all be completely lost out in the New York night. You can't learn from books how to survive the streets of Manhattan.

But you only ask: "Did someone try to buy the manuscript, by any chance?"

"Funny you mention it, Detective. There was actually an interested party who offered quite a large sum of money for it, yes."

"And who was this interested party?" You hardly can contain your excitement.

"I'm not sure, Detective. I don't really pay attention to the financial side of things. Thankfully the university has people for that. I just heard about an offer, and I was relieved when the university declined it." So nothing. Again. But you press on.

"Haven't you just said the manuscript is worth a lot of money?" The Professor looks at you disapprovingly when you ask this.

"Princeton University needs manuscripts more than the money one could get for them. These items - and the professors who examine them, of course - form the basis of the academic excellence of an Ivy League college," he lectures you proudly.



Circle **Marker P1** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Dr. Chase**, go to [2-8605](#) (p.79).

If you want to talk to **Dr. Mabbott**, go to [1-4944](#) (p.40).

If you want to talk to **Mme Sakeniski**, go to [1-6896](#) (p.44).

If you want to talk to **Mr. Mollock**, go to [6-1650](#) (p.188).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



6-2659

Talk to Audrey Seals

Time: 30 minutes

The brunette actress finally appears. She's as elegant and cool as the picture you saw of her.

"Miss Seals? I'm Detective Lucas. Can I talk to you for a moment? Mr. Stamper told me I could find you here." The actress seems tired, but she signals you to follow her into her dressing room. She sits down in front of her mirror and lights up, using one of those long cigarette holders you've only ever seen on the silver screen before. She offers you a cigarette as well. You accept it.

"Jerry sent you here? Really? How come?"

"Are you aware, Miss Seals, that Georgia Price has been missing since yesterday?"

"What do you mean she's been missing?" She seems genuinely surprised. Although she's supposedly a good actress, so you're not sure you could tell the difference.

"No one saw her after she left the rehearsal yesterday."

"So that's why Eddie cancelled today's rehearsal. I wondered what could have happened."

"And what do you think has happened, Miss Seals?"

"She wants to get back into the headlines, what else? It was always Georgia's main objective. To be the center of attention all the time," she says quite bitterly. "I guess you've heard about her tantrum last week. How I stole her thunder by getting a divorce? Her selfish little brain couldn't imagine any other reason why someone would file for divorce. It's pathetic really."

"So why did you file for divorce? I mean why now? I was told you forgave your husband after cheating on you last year."

"Don't waste your time trying to cross-examine me, Detective - I won't talk about my personal life. You said you're here about Georgia, and I can't help you there. We have different timetables at the Madison, so I haven't seen her since last week."

"Why don't you want to talk to me about that scandal last fall, Miss Seals? Do you have something to hide?"

"I don't like your manners, Detective."

"Yeah, I know. They're pretty bad. But tell you what: I promise I'll grieve over them during my lonely evenings if you'll tell me why you suggested just now that Miss Price only disappeared to draw attention to herself?"

"Look, Detective, I don't know anything about Georgia's disappearance. Maybe something happened to her, maybe she's just pulling a stunt. I don't know, and to be honest, I don't even care... And now I need some time for myself before I get back to the stage, so good night, Detective." It looks like you won't get more out of her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Marker A2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Sylvester Tracy**, go to [3-4414 \(p.103\)](#).



6-3124

Goldie Janet Asbury
238 W. 11th St, GV-30
Time: 30 minutes

“Would you like to buy tickets for the premiere of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Detective? No? Then I’m afraid I can’t help you with anything else.”



6-4019

Looking for Ada Bossi (contd. from 2-3966 on p.63)

Time: 30 minutes

You knock a few times on Miss Bossi's door, but there's no answer. You try the neighbor's door. A woman opens it, a little kid in her arms.

"Yes? No, Lily, take him out of your mouth at once!" And she pulls something out of the little girl's mouth. Him? Is that a hamster? Surely not.

"Um... I was looking for your neighbor, Miss Ada Bossi, ma'am, but she didn't answer her door. Do you know where I can find her?"

"Why? Who are you?" She looks at you suspiciously. You're still staring at the slimy thing in the little girl's paws. Did it just move?

"I'm... um, I'm Detective Lucas from the New York Police. One of Miss Bossi's colleagues was found dead yesterday, and I need to talk to all the actors and actresses the victim worked with."

"Victim? You mean that famous actress from the news? And Ada worked with her? Really? I didn't know that."

"But can you tell me where she is?" You stare directly into the woman's face, because that thing definitely moved just now.

"She's at church, I guess."

"At church?" You're so shocked to hear this answer that you accidentally make eye contact with the little girl. That was a mistake. She holds the slimy furball out to you.

"Fulby!" Her mother thankfully puts the little girl down at that moment, and says to her:

"Go and take Furby back into his cage." Oh, God, it was a hamster then. Deep breaths, you're not gonna be sick. Just breathe evenly.

"So... you mentioned a church?" you manage to croak out.

"Yes, she goes every day now. She's been praying a lot since Thursday."

"Since Thursday?" You need to process this. "Which church?" you ask finally.

"I'm sorry, I don't know, Detective." There's a painful scream all of a sudden, and the little girl runs back to her mother crying.

"He bi' me, Fulby bi' me! Look, mommy!" Time to go.

"Thank you for your help, ma'am."



Circle **Marker Y3** in your case log.



6-4268

*The Jockey Club
1045 Madison Ave, CM-66
Time: 30 minutes*

When you ask around in the club about Lord Lytton, you find a gentleman who immediately asks: "You're looking for Al? Why? What's he up to?"

"That is exactly what I'd like to find out, Mr..."

"Bold. Joffrey Bold." He extends his hand to you.

"I'm Detective Lucas, Mr. Bold. Pleased to meet you. Lord Lytton left his home Saturday afternoon, and I'd like to find him. He supposedly got a call from a 'Mr. Fitz' about some 'cracker' or something like that, and he immediately left his house with an overnight bag." You're almost ashamed to say all this. It sounds so silly - or at least the part about the cracker does.

"You don't say. So Fitz called him after all." You perk up.

"So you know this mysterious Mr. Fitz?"

"Of course. Al wouldn't shut up about him and Seabiscuit in the last few weeks."

"Seabiscuit?"

"Oh, yeah, I guess he was the 'cracker' mentioned in the phone call. Seabiscuit is some kind of cracker eaten by sailors if I'm not mistaken. Like the hardtack. And Seabiscuit's father is called Hard Tack." You're lost. It shows, because Bold realizes this and starts to explain everything.

"Al was interested in horse breeding, and he was looking for a good stud to buy. He found out that the legendary Man o' War had a grandson, from the mare Swing On and the sire Hard Tack, Man o' War's son. The foal was born in 1933 in Kentucky, and was named Seabiscuit after his father. He was trained by Fitz - Jim Fitzsimmons, who also trained Gallant Fox."

"A fox?" You feel dizzy.

"The champion thoroughbred who was the second winner of the Triple Crown." He looks at you expectantly. "In 1930? Come on, you must remember, it wasn't so long ago."

"Yeah, I've heard about the Triple Crown," you mutter.

"I'll bet. Al is constantly talking about Man o' War, Gallant Fox, and Hard Tack, and now about Seabiscuit as well. How he would try and buy him somehow. But his offers were rejected time and time again. Because it turned out Fitz saw some potential in Seabiscuit, so started training him.

But two weeks ago Al came in with big news: Fitz said Seabiscuit was too lazy after all, so he would devote his time to Omaha instead. Turns out, he wants to enter Omaha and not Seabiscuit to the Triple Crown this year! What news, right?"

"Yeah, what news," you answer him trying to gather some enthusiasm.

"Anyway, that gave Al new hope. He was practically obsessed with the idea of buying Seabiscuit. And you say Fitz called Al yesterday?" He lets out a whistle. "I guess his dream came true after all.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Wheatley Stable was finally willing to sell Seabiscuit to him. I mean I'm just guessing, but that would certainly make Al pack an overnight bag and head for Kentucky, no matter what." The man looks at you excitedly.

"I see. It is very interesting, Mr. Bold, and seems to explain Lord Lytton's sudden trip. But I was told Lady Lytton wasn't keen on the idea of horse breeding."

"Yeah, Al said he still needed to convince Georgia about all of this. But he said he had a few ideas."

"Ideas? What ideas?"

"I don't know, Detective, he didn't tell me."

"Thank you, Mr. Bold, that was very helpful."



Circle **Marker K3** in your case log.



6-4660

Rose's Rat Exterminator
309 Broadway, CC-14

If you **don't** have Marker X3, go to [3-0838 \(p.89\)](#).

If you **have** Marker X3, go to [5-7452 \(p.177\)](#).



6-5099

Flatiron Lounge (contd. from [1-0875](#) on p.22)

Time: 30 minutes

When you show the picture of Arthur Neville Baxter to the bartender, he says the guy from the photo was here earlier, but went away a while ago. He remembers him mentioning some diamond before he left.



Circle **Marker F3** in your case log.



6-5588

Film Guild Cinema
52 W. 8th St, GV-53 (apt. main floor)

LATE NIGHT LEAD

If it's **10pm** or later, go to [7-2633 \(p.221\)](#).



6-5796

*Reinhardt's Flower Shop
85 Bedford St, GV-90
Time: 30 minutes*

“Oh, Detective, it's you again! How can I help you this time? Would you like to buy some pretty flowers? No? What a shame. A Poe dinner? No, I don't know about that. We're definitely not the flower shop who'll provide the flowers for that event.”



6-6853

*Deluxe Food Market
79 Elizabeth St, BO-46
Time: 30 minutes*

The store is closed. There is a piece of paper in the window:

“I’m on vacation. Opening on next Saturday, Jan 26. Mr. Fraser”



6-6914

Big Apple Pest Control (contd. from 6-8380 on p.205)

Time: 30 minutes

“I was told the Deluxe Food Market called you a few times, Mr. Nunn, to deal with their rat problem in the cellar.”

“Yes, Mr. Fraser is our client. We put out baits twice in the last three months. The first time wasn’t effective enough, it seemed - so we put out twice as many baits the next time, with more cyanide in them.”

“And when was that?”

“Let me see in the books. Yes, here it is. It was two weeks ago.”

“And it worked this time?”

“I assume so, because I haven’t heard from Mr. Fraser since.”



Circle **Marker N3** in your case log.



6-7024

Arthur Neville Baxter
240 Bleecker St, GV-97

If it's **Thursday or Friday**, go to [4-4194 \(p.131\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's at home.



6-7914

Village Vanguard nightclub (contd. from 7-1524 on p.214)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask around about Miss Tilly and it turns out she's one of the dancers. A waiter offers to call her here for you, but you need to pay for a private booth if you want to 'talk' to her. It won't be cheap. Ouch. But you pay, so the waiter sits you in a booth covered with red artificial leather. You feel ridiculous. If only the kid knew how far you're willing to go to catch this Collector of his. No, scratch that - you hope the kid will *never* find out about this...

A few minutes later the dish appears. She's not so young anymore, maybe in her thirties, has heavy make-up on and a red wig. Her eyes are bright blue. She wears a tiny bikini and thigh boots.

"Hello there," you say awkwardly. Great. You talk like the kid now.

"Hi, honey. I'm Tilly. What can I do for you?" She has a velvety voice and a Russian accent. You slip a banknote into her G-string like a real customer would, trying to stay professional in the meantime. Needless to say, it's hard.

"That's great... Um, really nice moves... So... have you seen a short, bald man sniffing around here lately?" Her eyes give you a smooth level look.

"What did you say, honey? Who are you looking for?" Her dance moves suddenly pick up pace. She's in your lap now. Uh... you wanted to ask her something, right? What was it again? Things are getting more and more embarrassing by the minute.

"Um... a... Mr. Finley? I was told... he offered you a job a few days ago." She stops suddenly and springs up from your lap. Shit. That was the wrong thing to say. You're giving the perfect imitation of a rookie here.

"Who the fuck are you? Some cop?" Her accent is gone and she shouts for someone outside the booth: "Jim! This fucker is insulting me!" You catch a glimpse of a big bouncer coming for you.

"I'm going, I'm going!" You successfully avoid Jim when you jump up and hurry out of the club. You haven't felt such shame for years. How could you screw this up so spectacularly?



Circle **Marker T1** in your case log.



6-8380

Big Apple Pest Control
246 Eldridge St, BO-23

If you **don't** have Marker X3, go to [5-0099 \(p.151\)](#).

If you **have** Marker X3, go to [6-6914 \(p.202\)](#).



6-8664

Church of Saint Alphonsus
508 W. Broadway, GV-113

If it's **Sunday afternoon**, go to [3-4848 \(p.106\)](#).



6-9546

Typewritten samples (contd. from [DAY 5 on p.19](#))

Time: 30 minutes

The typewritten samples are on your desk.



Circle **Document 19** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 19** (Typewritten samples), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 296](#).



6-9568

Oscar's Gallery
106 Charles St, GV-63

If you have circled **Marker R3** in your case log, go to [2-3584 \(p.61\)](#)



7

7-0584

Daily News
220 E. 42nd St, MH-3

If it's **Friday or Saturday**, go to [1-5877 \(p.41\)](#).



7-1116

Saint Vincent's Hospital (contd. from 4-2062 on p.125)

Time: 30 minutes

The psychiatric ward looks a bit like a jail. Bars everywhere. The doctor said Miss Bossi got a sedative and was sleeping not long ago, but she's up now, so you can try and talk to her for a few minutes.

She looks like a ghost of herself on the hospital bed. Especially with that blonde hair. You feel very uncomfortable when you approach her bed. Hospitals creep you out. You thought you wouldn't have to come here for a while when they discharged the kid, but here you go again. And this place is even worse than the ICU.

"Miss Bossi? Hi. Are you feeling better?" She's obviously not.

"Oh, Detective. Hello." Her voice is quite weak.

"I just wanted to ask you one more thing. Did you go back to the hotel on Friday? Did you talk to Miss Price?" She looks at you with a vacant expression, but then she starts talking. Her voice is quiet but you can hear her answer well.

"After you talked to me on Friday, I decided to try to talk to her. To Georgia. To convince her to tell you or Mr. Day that she's alright, and you don't need to worry. So I went to that hotel. No one was at the counter, so I looked into the register book, and saw a 'Titania Smith' in room 3. I went up to the first floor and knocked on the door with a number 3 on it, but no one answered, although I waited for a few minutes and knocked again. I had a strange feeling somehow. I can't really explain it. I just left and didn't say a word to anyone." She closes her eyes.

"Detective, your time is up. Miss Bossi needs to rest," the nurse calls from outside.

"Yes, of course, I'm coming. Thank you, Miss Bossi. Get well." You hesitate for a moment but she doesn't open her eyes. You leave the room.



Circle **Marker Y4** in your case log.



7-1455

Sylvester Tracy (contd. from 8-6395 on p.255)

Time: 30 minutes

The actor is a trainwreck. He's chain-smoking the whole time you're talking to him, his hands shaking, his whole body in nervous tension.

"I can't believe this! I just can't believe this. I mean..." He paces up and down in front of you. It makes you dizzy.

"Calm down, Mr. Tracy, and sit down, will you?" He suddenly stops and sits down in a chair in front of you.

"Do you think Audrey really did it, Detective?"

"Do you?" you shoot back. He runs his fingers nervously through his hair.

"I honestly don't know anymore... I mean, a few days ago I was thinking the same thing as everyone else - that it was just a crazy stunt Georgia pulled to take back the limelight."

"You seemed nervous even then, Mr. Tracy." He looks at you suddenly.

"You think so? I mean... Maybe some part of me was afraid... But no, it can't be. It's too unbelievable, even laughable to think that Audrey would do such a thing. I mean, why would she? We're getting a divorce, for God's sake!" That's interesting.

"I thought Miss Seals was mad about the things Miss Price said to her at the rehearsals, and about the accusation of stealing her thunder with the divorce."

The actor springs up and starts pacing again. "Of course. Yes, you're right, Detective! What am I talking about? I'm clearly out of my mind with worry. I mean we're having a divorce, yes, but I still care about Audrey. And this whole arrest is just ridiculous. So what if they found those silly cut-up magazines in her room? Someone obviously put them in there. Probably Georgia.

But it could have been practically anyone from the theater - like Ada, for example. She was always listening and snooping around all the time. Or even Eloise - although that doesn't seem likely. It's not really her style. If she has a problem with someone she tells them... Anyway, as I said, it could have been anyone. We don't lock the dressing rooms, you know. It didn't seem necessary before." He slumps back into the chair. "You don't think it was Audrey, do you, Detective?"

"Are you still talking about the supposed kidnapping, or something else, Mr. Tracy?" He looks really frightened now, and only a whisper comes out of his throat:

"Do you think she killed her?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"No, no, that can't be true, can it? I... I don't know anymore..."



Circle **Marker T3** in your case log.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



7-1524

Village Vanguard nightclub
178 S. 7th Ave, GV-22

LATE NIGHT LEAD

If it's 10pm or later and you have **Marker J**, go to [6-7914 \(p.204\)](#).



7-1652

*Edgar Tate & Co.
245 Broadway, CC-51 (apt. 2nd floor)
Time: 30 minutes*

You've barely entered the building when you get a strange feeling that you shouldn't be here. So you turn around and leave.



7-1704

Pearl Ramsey
237 W. 4th St, GV-48
Time: 30 minutes

As it turns out, Miss Ramsey is a very old lady, well over a hundred by the looks of it, who lives with at least twenty cats.

“Who? No. I don’t know anyone by that name. Not many people visit nowadays. Everyone is so busy, especially the young ladies. No more sitting at home and embroidering something nice for the household. Nothing like that. They go out at any time of the day, and they don’t even need a chaperone anymore. They can do anything they want. If my late mother could see this! But I don’t think she would like it. Not a bit...

What? Blue eyes? Oh yes, I have blue eyes. But unfortunately you can’t see it anymore from my cataracts. But you can believe me when I’m telling you, there was not a young man in our neighborhood who wouldn’t compliment my eyes when I was a young girl. Not one, I tell you. My late mother chased all of them away with her rolling pin, of course, so I never married. What a shame...”

You quietly leave the old lady and her herd of cats to their reminiscing.



Circle **Marker II** in your case log.



7-1931

Benjamin Miller
118 W. 13th St, GV-9

If you have circled **Marker L2** in your case log **AND** it's **Sunday**, go to [3-3574 \(p.99\)](#)

Otherwise:

No one's home.



7-1998

*Newspaper & Magazine Stand on W. 4th St
313 W. 4th St, GV-18*

If you don't have Marker V, go to [3-0870 \(p.90\)](#).



7-2193

Edwin Day (contd. from 1-2991 on p.33)

Time: 30 minutes

The director is in his pajamas when he opens the door with a miserable expression on his face. It looks like he hasn't shaved today.

"Oh, it's you, Detective. What do you think of this whole disaster? Was it really my fault, like Benji said? I shouldn't have doubted that silly note... I should've called the police at once. Maybe then Georgia would still be alive..."

"Why don't we step inside, Mr. Day?"

"Ed. I think you should call me Ed now." The man turns around, trudges into his living room, and slumps onto the sofa. You close the door and follow him inside, then take out your deck of Luckies and offer one to him. He accepts it and lights up.

"That note wasn't genuine, as you suspected, Ed, so it's not you who's responsible for Miss Price's death. Just chill out, okay?"

"Chill out? Chill out?!? Months of work went down the drain on Saturday when it turned out my lead actress was not pulling a stunt after all, but offed herself in the bathroom of a cheap hotel, so the play was cancelled. Not to mention the fact that your pal arrested my other leading lady! I'd have been laughing my ass off if I were watching it in a grotesque comedy and it wasn't actually happening to me. Because, of course, I was the one who had to tell the whole company the disastrous news. Ada naturally offered to fill in for Titania - she insisted she knew the whole part. It was ridiculous, of course, and very awkward. She even dyed her hair blonde. Talk about grotesque!

And then, chaos broke out. Trace was begging me to tell him it wasn't true, and that I was just 'joking.' Benji came at me furiously, accusing me of being the reason for Georgia's death. Others were crying or repeating that 'it can't be true.' So I left them there and came home to drink." He stands up and pours himself a drink.

"Wait. Miss Bossi dyed her hair and wanted to take over Miss Price's part?"

"Ridiculous, of course. She always was a bit obsessed with Georgia, we could all see that. Following her around, trying to imitate her. So I wasn't so surprised when she told me she learned the entire role of Titania. But she's too young, too inexperienced, not to mention not talented enough for a big part like that. Although the last part was true about Georgia as well, I'm afraid. So maybe this whole production was doomed from the start." He downs his drink with one gulp.

"Miss Bossi was 'a bit obsessed' with Miss Price? What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I've already said. Are you deaf or what?" The director seems drunk now. And an aggressive drunk at that.

"And what about Miss Seals? Does she have anything to do with Miss Price's... accident?" The director buried his face in his hands. He doesn't answer. "Ed?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yeah? What? How should I know? I’m only the director of this whole mess, after all!” And he starts laughing. There’s nothing more to be done here.

“Sleep it off, Ed,” you say, and leave the maniacally laughing director.



Circle **Marker D3** in your case log.



7-2633

Film Guild Cinema (contd. from 6-5588 on p.199)

After the movie ends, you tip your hat to the bored attendant who sits hunched on a stool, reading his horror magazine. There's a big poster for *Of Human Bondage* at the entrance of the picture house. You look back and stare at it one more time before you leave.



Circle **Document 8** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 8** (The poster of the film), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 272](#).

Bette Davies as the femme fatale? Well, you weren't convinced. She's a knock-out, sure, but too annoying for your taste.

You liked the guy though, Leslie Howard. The director has given many subtle touches to his scenes. Like those staccato bits of music to emphasize his limp. Sounded like this poor sod was always aware of his affliction.

All in all it was quite a standard story. A chump falls for a girl and thinks she'll bring him happiness. But all he gets is lies, cheating and misery. Sounds about right.



Tick **2** culture boxes in your case log.



7-2715

Crime Scene Analysis Lab (contd. from [4-5460 on p.133](#))

Time: 30 minutes

“We examined the cocaine that was found in Miss Price’s purse. It is good quality, not contaminated or mixed with cyanide or other poisons. It seems to be the same as the sample you sent in yesterday for examination.

The Veronal bottle found in the bathroom just contained the normal barbital, the kind you can purchase in a drugstore. No cyanide in that either. And there was nothing poisonous in the food samples Officer Green took from the hotel’s kitchen either.”



7-3149

Mr. Aloisius Jones (contd. from 5-8087 on p.181)

Time: 30 minutes

You tell Mr. Jones you want to talk to him about the Poe dinner and the staff he will provide for the occasion.

“Yes, it is my responsibility to deal with the staff. What do you want to know, Detective?”

“Did anything unusual happen in the last few days? Any last-minute changes perhaps?”

“As a matter of fact, yes. Yesterday one of our waitresses said she won’t be able to make the Poe dinner because of some urgent family obligation. So I had to ask Rapid Staffing Services to send me a waitress, because we need the whole staff for that dinner.”

“And did they send one?”

“Yes, I’ve interviewed her already. She seems alright, has the required recommendations, so I hired her for the evening.”

“Can I speak to her?”

“I don’t think she’s here yet. Our dinner staff arrives maybe two hours or so before the dinner starts.”

“What about the original waitress?”

“Miss Vaughan? She’s not on duty today, I’m afraid.”

“Then can you give me her full name and her address? And the name and address of the new waitress as well.”

“Just a moment. Yes, here it is. Our employee is Nathania Vaughan. Her address is 73 Charles St. The temp we hired is Pearl Ramsey. She lives at 237 W. 4th St.” You jot this down in your notebook.

“Could you describe the appearance of this temp, Mr. Jones?”

“Describe it? Well, nothing special. Average height and weight, brown hair, around 30 years old.”

“Did you notice anything unusual about her? An accent perhaps?”

“An accent? No, I didn’t notice an accent or anything unusual.”

“What about her eyes?”

“Her eyes?” The manager looks at you like you’re some kind of pervert for asking such a thing.

“Yes, Mr. Jones. What color were her eyes?” You’re almost speaking in syllables now.

“Blue? Yes, I think they were blue.”

“Thank you, Mr. Jones.”



Circle **Marker E1** in your case log.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



7-3234

About Aunt Dorothy (contd. from [2-6183](#) on p.69)

Time: 30 minutes

“You mentioned last time your aunt was interested in your Uncle Sam’s manuscripts. Could you tell me this Aunt Dorothy’s address, Mr. Hopkins?”

“I don’t really know. I think after her husband’s death she started to use her maiden name and she lives somewhere near the university. But that’s about it.”



7-3629

NY Public Library - Rare Manuscripts (contd. from [3-7042](#) on p.112)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask the library's rare manuscript expert, a hunch-backed, beak-nosed old man, about Poe's manuscript *'The Sphinx'*.

"Yes, yes, I've heard about this new sensation. It was believed to be lost until a few months ago, when Dr Parrott, a Princeton Professor and a renowned Poe expert, published his article about it. Apparently he found the manuscript of the short story amongst the university's unlisted manuscripts while he was thumbing through them, looking for something else entirely.

Poe wrote this story during his New York years, but he mentions in one of his letters that its outline originates from years before that. The idea supposedly came from one of his early sweethearts, who at one time became a victim of an optical illusion. She thought she saw a big monster through the window and was so terrified, she didn't dare to get out of her bed.

After Poe discovered the little spider the girl was so afraid of, he immediately saw a potential story in this occurrence, so put a few lines on paper. He took up this idea again after the New York cholera epidemic in 1832, but only wrote the whole story years later in 1844.

Here is a volume of Poe's short stories, in case you want to read *The Sphinx*."

As if...



Circle **Marker R1** in your case log.

If you decide to read the short story after all, you can gain culture points:



Circle **Marker S1** in your case log.

and



Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (The short story), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 268](#).



7-4220

Talk to Benjamin Miller

Time: 30 minutes

"You'll hear a lot of awful things about Georgie from the others, I'm certain of it, Detective. And don't get me wrong, she really was awful most of the time. But I knew her family, and I know about her rough childhood, so I tend to forgive her a lot more than the others. I decided to tell you a few things about the early part of her life - maybe it will make you a bit more compassionate towards her. But this is for your ears only, do you understand me, Detective?" When you nod, he continues.

"Georgie was born in Brooklyn, in a bleak, sparsely furnished room above a dilapidated Baptist Church. Her parents were descended from English and Scottish-Irish immigrants who had come to America the generation before.

Her father had a quick, keen mind - all the natural qualifications to make something of himself - but didn't. Everything seemed to go wrong for him. By the time Georgie was four and a half, her father was out of work. The family lived at least ten different addresses, but seldom outside Prospect Heights, with her father often absent.

Back when her mother was 16, she fell from a second-story window and suffered a severe head injury. She was later diagnosed with psychosis due to epilepsy. From her earliest years, Georgie had learned how to care for her mother during the seizures, as well as how to deal with her psychotic and hostile episodes. She said her mother could be mean to her - and she often was.

When, for example, she realized her daughter was set for a movie career, Georgie's mother told her she would be much better off dead. And one night, Georgie awoke to a butcher's knife held against her throat by her mother. Fortunately she was able to fend off the attack and lock her in her room. Her mother was committed to a sanitarium not long after that."

"I see you know her well, Mr. Miller. So do you have any idea where she could be?"

"No, I'm sorry, Detective. Her father died a few years ago and I don't know about any relatives she may have kept in touch with. And she doesn't have many friends, as you might have guessed already. Probably I'm the only one here. But maybe Al would know more."

"Al?"

"Her husband, Lord Alva Herbert Lytton."

"A Lord, huh?"

"Yes, a genuine English Lord. Penniless of course, but Georgie has plenty of money for both of them. They married five years ago. Georgie was over the moon to become a real Lady, and Al could finally pay all his creditors. But they are well matched, I always thought. Al tolerates Georgie's tantrums with coolness and politeness, as you would expect from an English Lord, and that usually calms Georgie down."

"I see. Is there anything else?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I don’t think so, Detective. Otherwise you wouldn’t be here. I mean if I had any idea where she might be, I would be on the search myself, and I wouldn’t have let Eddie drag you into this mess.”

“Thank you Mr. Miller.”



Circle **Marker P2** in your case log.

If you want to talk to **Jerry**, go to [4-9904 \(p.147\)](#).

If you want to **search Miss Price’s dressing room**, go to [5-7193 \(p.176\)](#).



7-4531

Registrar of Births & Deaths (contd. from [8-9869 on p.257](#))

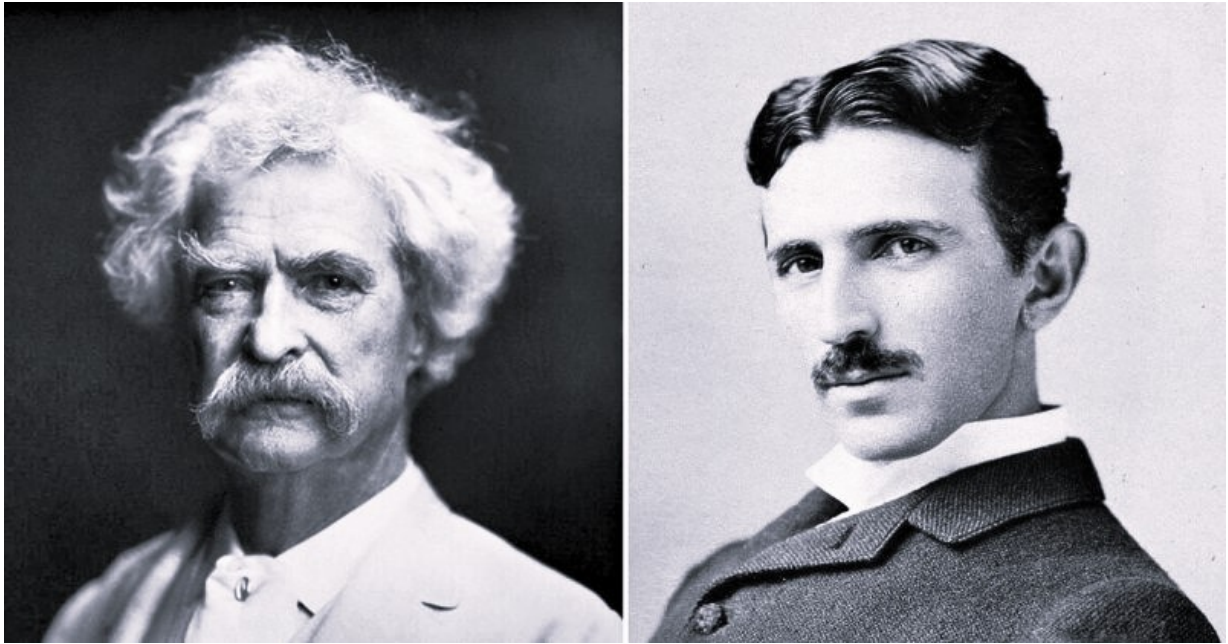
Time: 30 minutes

“Oh yes, Mr. Wolf called me last week to check something for him. His claim was that the famous actor Mr. Sylvester Tracy’s real name was Monro - J. R. Monro to be precise. I really like Mr. Tracy as an actor, you know, so it was very exciting news to me. I checked our records, and I found that indeed, there is a John Robert Monro whose birth data is exactly a match to Mr. Tracy’s.”



7-4605

Twain and Tesla



As well as being a gifted writer, Samuel Clemens (aka Mark Twain) was fascinated with technology. When he was born, sailing was the usual means of crossing the Atlantic, and burning oil or gas the usual means of lighting the night. When he died, steamships carried him across the Atlantic (and Pacific) in record time and electricity was becoming a household amenity.

One of the scientists seeking applications for electricity was Nikola Tesla (1856-1943), who was born in the Austrian Empire before emigrating to the U. S. Most of his scientific work focused on electricity, and he made a number of important inventions, including the Tesla coil and the polyphase motor.

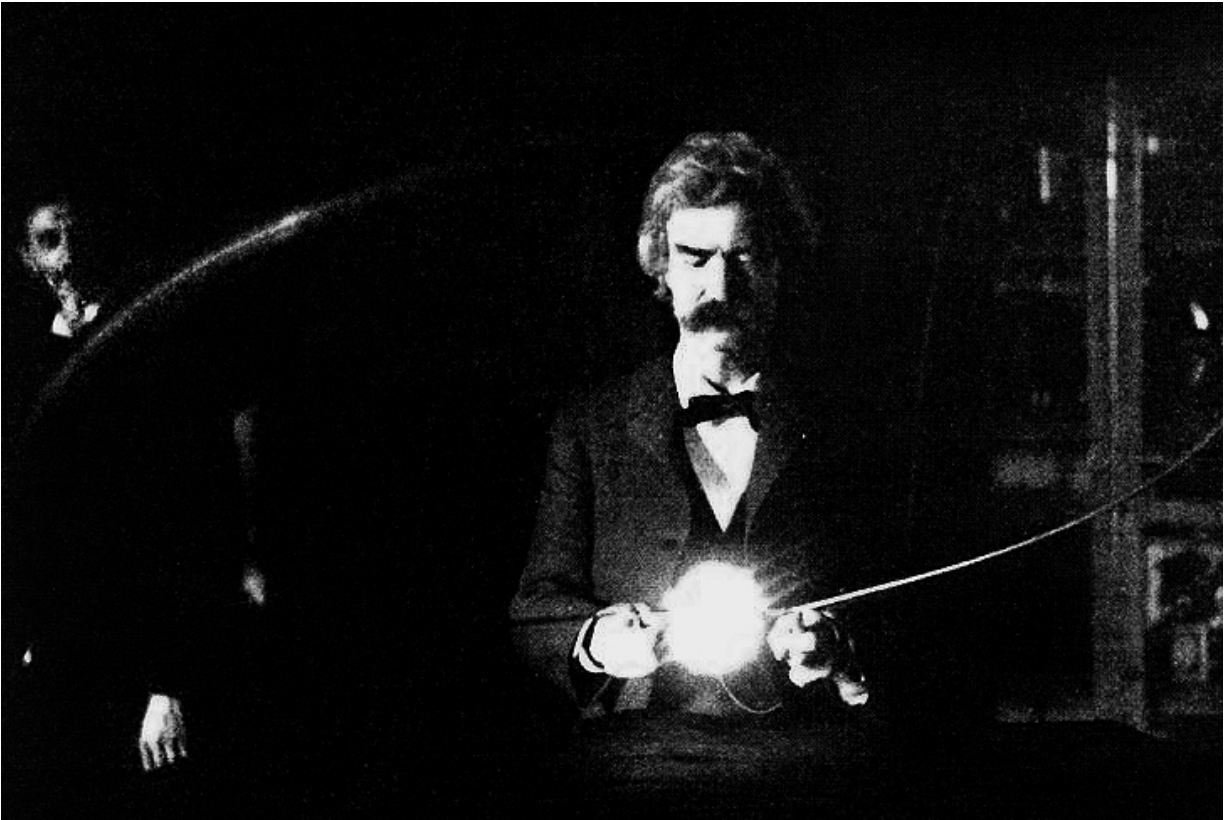
Tesla's profile had risen in the very public debates over the appropriate way to supply electricity to households. Thomas Edison advocated the use of direct current and this was initially installed in many homes. Alternating current was considered dangerous. (Edison used it to electrocute animals in an attempt to permanently associate AC with destruction and preserve his preferred DC system.)

Tesla and Clemens seem to have established a friendship in the 1890s. Tesla later recalled how he had read some of Twain's early novels while recovering from an illness during the 1870s.

Twain was involved in the foundation of the *Players Club* in 1888, and in 1894 invited Tesla to join it. His particular interest in Tesla began after hearing about a motor that Tesla had invented under the company *Westinghouse*. He recognised that this motor, which used alternating current, was superior to that of his inventor partner, James W. Paige, which used direct current. He also visited Tesla in his laboratory, where he took part in experiments.

There is very little surviving correspondence between the two, but there are some striking photographs taken in Tesla's laboratory using phosphorescent light.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The most famous account of Twain's participation in an experiment is when he spent too long on an electromechanical oscillator (a vibrating plate) that Tesla thought might be medically therapeutic. The plate acted as a strong laxative and he had to rush for the toilet.

If you want to read more about **Edgar Allan Poe**, go to [3-4750 \(p.105\)](#).

If you want to read more about **Mark Twain's life**, go to [2-2376 \(p.57\)](#).



7-4951

The Spring St Tea Shop
8 Spring St, BO-34
Time: 30 minutes

The bell jingles cheerily when you enter the cosy little tea shop. You feel so out of place, like a fish out of water. Way out. Like you can't even hear the ocean anymore. Everything is frilly here. There are cushions with laces and ribbons on the chairs. The wall is covered with rose-patterned wallpaper and drawings of kittens. Oh, God... this is what your personal hell looks like. You need to leave this place before it's too...

"Can I help you, sir?" A young woman with a bright smile appears in front of you, offering you a chair to sit down. It's next to the window. Yeah, it's too late, unless you want to seem like a moron. You take off your hat in surrender.

"Um... yeah, alright. I'd like a cup of tea." You sit down.

"What kind do you prefer, sir? Black, green, herbal, floral?" Floral? What the heck is that?

"You have Twinings Breakfast? I'd like one of those."

"Milk, sugar, *honey*?" The dame says 'honey' mischievously.

"Just the tea." She flashes you a smile then goes to the back of the shop to make the tea. You stare out the window. You can't believe you're sitting here, waiting for some flavoured hot water. But then something occurs to you. When you stepped inside, you noticed a Post Office next door. You wonder...

When the tea arrives, you take a sip hurriedly and burn your tongue badly.

"Khrr... It's very nice," you say with watering eyes. "How much do I owe you?"

"But sir, you should wait a bit, it's too hot!" The woman looks at you in horror.

"Yeah, I noticed. Here, I hope this will cover it." You throw a few banknotes on the table, take your hat, and you're back on the trail again.



Circle **Marker I2** in your case log.



7-5301

Reizy Druker
14 Waverly Pl, GV-69

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [5-8087 \(p.181\)](#)



7-5348

*Broadway Central Hotel
667 Broadway, GV-104
Time: 30 minutes*

“Yes, the New York University Alumnae Club will hold its dinner-dance here next Thursday. If you’re an alumnus, you’re welcome to attend, of course. Otherwise it’s a private event, I’m afraid.”



7-5476

Mrs. Lansky, the cook

Time: 30 minutes

“It’s outrageous even to suggest that my cooking was the cause of that actress’ death! I said this before to that officer who was here to inspect my kitchen and all the food in it - and I’ll tell you as well, Detective. You won’t find anything poisonous here, just as all those other policemen didn’t find anything either!”

If you want to talk to **Mr. and Mrs. Peterson**, go to [4-9978 \(p.149\)](#).

If you want to talk to **Morris**, go to [5-6987 \(p.174\)](#).

If you want to look at the **crime scene**, go to [4-2901 \(p.126\)](#).



7-6570

Carson Worch
110 E. 18th St, GP-67
Time: 30 minutes

“Hello, Mr. Worch?”

“Yes, how can I help you?”

“Mr. Underwood gave me this address, Mr. Worch. He said you’re the one usually dealing with pests in the Madison Square Theatre.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“I’m interested in the rat poison you use. Mr. Underwood showed me the yellow crystal baits you put out all over the place. Can you tell me what kind of poison they consist of?”

“Of course. Those are the most effective baits against rats at the moment. They consist of cyanide.”

“I see.”



Circle **Marker U4** in your case log.



7-7336

*6th Police Precinct
10th St & Greenwich Ave, GV-32*

If it's **Thursday**, go to [2-1818 \(p.56\)](#).

If it's **Friday before noon**, go to [2-8746 \(p.80\)](#).

If you have circled **Marker H2** in your case log, go to [4-7364 \(p.137\)](#)



7-7711

Rexall Drugs
156 Mott St, BO-40

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



7-7921

Victor R. Gant's apartment (contd. from [5-3503 on p.160](#))

Time: 30 minutes

Here you go, breaking the law again. You stake out the place first to make sure no one is around. Hopefully the kid really won't blab about this to anyone or you're toast. You pull your hat low to hide your face, put on a pair of leather gloves, and go inside the building. You pick the lock of Gant's apartment and close the door quietly behind you.

The place is clean and orderly. You move slowly like a cat so as not to disturb anything. You spot the study. There's a big desk in the middle of the room. The drawers are locked. It's a bit tricky but you manage to open them with a hairpin. You look through the papers you found inside until you come across an envelope with a typewritten letter signed as 'the Collector'. Bingo. You hastily make a copy, then put it back where you found it.

You look through the other drawers as well, but you find nothing interesting in them. So you lock them back, make sure you haven't left any clues, and leave as quietly as you came.



Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (The Collector's letter), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 264](#).



Circle **Marker XI** in your case log.



7-8175

Ratopax Extermination Corp.
383 5th Ave, TL-40

If you have circled **Marker H3** in your case log, go to [3-4023 \(p.102\)](#)



7-9036

Zachary Brown, chauffeur (contd. from 2-7820 on p.73)

Time: 30 minutes

You find the young lad in the garage. He also looks disheveled, his uniform jacket is tossed to the side, he sits on a chair, his face is buried in his hands. You startle him when you ask: “Mr. Brown? Can I talk to you for a minute?”

“What? Oh, it’s you. Um... Yes, I guess. Sorry.” He stands up and reaches for his jacket.

“No need, Mr. Brown. You can sit down.”

“Thanks.” And he slumps back in the chair. “Can you believe this? I mean. How? Why?” He looks at you desperately, waiting for some answers.

“That’s what I want to find out. So Miss Owens tells me that sometimes you were the one who purchased the Veronal for Lady Lytton. Is it true?”

“Yes, of course it’s true. Why? You thought Cecily just made it up? And why are you asking me about it? Was there something wrong with the Veronal? Oh, God, did she kill herself with that stuff? Am I in trouble?” His voice becomes higher and higher as he spirals into panic.

“Mr. Brown, please. Take a deep breath, and just answer my question. You’re not in trouble, I just need answers.” He takes a few deep breaths before he answers.

“Her Ladyship sometimes asked me to run errands during the day while she was at the theater. Pick up her clothes at the drycleaners, buy her something at the drugstore, like the Veronal. Only a few times, though. Mostly Cecily was the one running those errands for her.”

“I see. Miss Owens also said Lady Lytton needed the Veronal every two weeks, but she didn’t ask her to buy it for almost a month. Were you the one who purchased Veronal in the last two weeks?”

“Yes, I was. Last week I think. Maybe on Friday. Yes, it was Friday. I gave it to his Lordship.” That’s unexpected.

“What do you mean? Why did you give it to him and not her?”

“We arrived home at almost the same time that evening. His Lordship was stepping out of his car when I drove up on the driveway. So her Ladyship jumped out of the car to kiss his Lordship, and headed into the house at once. I called after her about the Veronal I still had with me, but she was inside the house already, so his Lordship came back to me and took the bottle. He said he would give it to her Ladyship.”



Circle **Marker Z3** in your case log.

If you want to ask the butler about **pest control**, go to [2-7936 \(p.76\)](#).

If you want to talk to the **maid** again, go to [1-3906 \(p.35\)](#).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



7-9067

Bigelow Pharmacy
412-414 6th Ave, GV-46

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



7-9233

Rexall Drugs
54 Barrow St, GV-85

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



7-9601

Talk to Eloise Kellett (contd. from 5-7647 on p.178)

Time: 30 minutes

A few minutes later the audience starts streaming out from the building, so you go back inside to find the actress. You spot the pretty brunette quickly. She's chatting with the bandleader.

"Miss Kellett? Do you have a moment? I'm Detective Lucas. Mr. Stamper told me I can find you here." She steps up to you at once.

"Jerry? Why? What happened?"

"Why do you think something's happened, Miss Kellett?" She looks at you like you're a moron to ask such a thing.

"Because Eddie cancelled today's rehearsal and now Jerry sent a cop here."

"Right. As a matter of fact, something did happen. Miss Georgia Price disappeared."

"For real?" Her voice is very sceptical. "I mean, did you look for her at all the places she might be?"

"Why are you so sceptical, Miss Kellett? Don't you think it's possible Miss Price is missing?"

She seems less confident now. "I mean, it is possible, yes. But with Georgia it's some scheme or other most of the time."

"When did you last see her?"

"I saw her at the rehearsal yesterday. And I don't really have any idea where she might be. Did you ask her husband? Or did you talk to Benji? I think he's the only one at Madison who doesn't hate her."

"Hate her, you say? So in your opinion everyone hates her at the company, except Mr. Miller. Might this 'hate' be grounds for some violent action that would explain Miss Price's disappearance?"

"I have no idea, Detective. I mean, you must have already heard how awful a person she is. Most of us wanted to strangle her at one point or another, but I don't think anyone actually did it." Wow, this Miss Kellett doesn't beat around the bush much.

"And when was the last time you wanted to strangle her, Miss Kellett? Maybe last October, when she persuaded Mrs. Tracy to take back his cheating husband?"

"Why, because otherwise Trace and I would have lived happily ever after? Don't be naive, Detective. Let's just call our fling what it was: just a bit of fun. Trace likes women, and he cheated on Audrey countless times. Most of them she knew about, I'm sure of it. My affair with him wasn't special, just more public, at least in theater circles.

And as for me, I wasn't madly in love with Trace or anything. He didn't break my heart when he went back to his wife. My marriage with Vern was failing, so I sought companionship with someone else. That's all. And yes, the divorce was horrible and hurtful, but I'm thankful now that it happened. At least I can start over. And before you ask, not with Trace, even though it turns out Audrey is divorcing him after all."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“So who’s idea was it to keep your involvement with Mr. Tracy a secret during your divorce? And how come it got into the papers last week?”

“It was just common courtesy to keep the public out of my divorce. Just because my marriage was over, I didn’t want Audrey and Trace to suffer as well. And I didn’t even know they were divorcing until last week when the news made the papers. So I have no idea how the journalists got the info, Detective. Certainly not from me, if that’s what you’re asking.” She’s looking straight into your eyes when she says this.

“One more question, Miss Kellett. Do you happen to know where we could find Miss Bossi? I’d like to talk to her as well.”

“Oh yeah, it’s a good idea to talk to Ada. She’s always following Georgia everywhere, like a puppy. She’s trying to imitate her voice, her movements, her mannerisms, although it doesn’t suit her at all... But I have no idea where you could find her, I’m afraid.”

“Alright, Miss Kellett, I think that’s it for now. Thank you for your time.”



Circle **Marker E2** in your case log.



8

8-0533

The 7th Ave Apothecary
179 S. 7th Ave, GV-23

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



8-2355

Chumley's Bar
86 Bedford St, GV-85

LATE NIGHT LEAD

If it's **10pm** or later and you have **Marker J**, go to [2-6619 \(p.70\)](#).



8-2372

Timothy Costello, M. D.
9 E. 93rd St, CM-9

If it's **Thursday or Friday**, go to [2-3514 \(p.59\)](#).

If it's **Sunday**, go to [4-4006 \(p.128\)](#).



8-2421

Hopkins (contd. from 1-7456 on p.48)

Time: 30 minutes

You ask Hopkins about the Fellowship dinner you read in the *Villager*.

“Edwin is a good friend, so he invited me to that dinner. There were lots of pretty ladies there, so I’m glad he did. I especially liked Miss Bossi...”

“Ada Bossi?”

“Yes. One of the actresses of the Fellowship. She’s in Edwin’s new production, the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. She was just full of life and dreams when I met her at the dinner. To be young and fearless, eh Detective? I remember her French was quite good as well. One doesn’t really expect that from a young actress nowadays. *N’est-ce pas, monsieur?* Anyway... she mentioned some Parisian lady who teaches her French conversation once a week.”

“I see.”



8-4167

Anaisha Murphy
53 W. 9th St, GV-38

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to [2-3480 \(p.58\)](#)



8-5241

Liggett's Drugstore in GV
35 E. 13th St, GV-5

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log, go to [5-7136 \(p.175\)](#)



8-6260

Ada Bossi
15 Washington Pl, GV-69

If it's **Sunday**, go to [2-3966 \(p.63\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's home. Where could she be? You have a feeling you've heard her name before. Somehow the *Shakespeare Fellowship dinner* comes to mind. But what is the connection?



8-6395

Sylvester Tracy
57 Carmine St, GV-105

If it's **Sunday**, go to [7-1455 \(p.212\)](#).

Otherwise:

No one's home.



8-7430

Hotel Florence
225 4th Ave, GP-61

If it's **Thursday, Friday or Saturday**, go to [3-3756 \(p.101\)](#).

Otherwise, go to [2-4125 \(p.64\)](#).



8-9869

Registrar of Births & Deaths
1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (apt. 4th floor)

If you have circled **Marker V2** in your case log, go to [7-4531 \(p.229\)](#)



DOCUMENTS

STOP!



Do **not** access the documents section unless directed to retrieve a specific document.

ACTRESS KIDNAPPED THEATRE UNDER PRESSURE

BY BILLIE JONES



Georgia Price

Last night we received the shocking news that the famous movie star recently turned stage actress, Miss Georgia Price, was kidnapped yesterday. The Madison Square Theater was told to pay \$10,000 to the kidnapers by 12pm Saturday if they wish to recover their precious star alive.

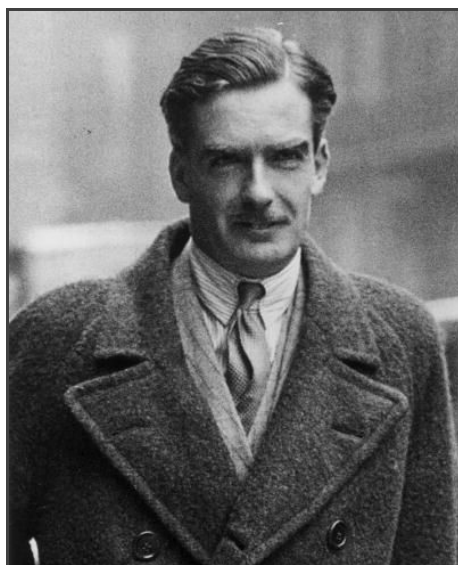
Director Edwin Day immediately suspended rehearsals of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Miss Price is playing one of the leading roles, and asked for the help of Detective Lucas, one of the lead investigators of the NYPD's 6th Precinct.



Detective Lucas

Mr. Day became acquainted with the Detective when he investigated the murder of Mrs. Amy Morgan a few days ago. The director works part-time at the school where the model was shot, so was one of Detective Lucas' early suspects in the Morgan case. Now, however, the former suspect has become a desperate client, wishing to rescue his star actress before the kidnapers fulfill their terrible threat. We must also assume he's attempting to collect the ransom demanded by the criminals, in case police fail to locate the victim before her captors' deadline of tomorrow noon.

It is conceivable that the actress' husband, Lord Alva Lytton, can help to raise the money for his wife's rescue, or leverage his connections in order to avoid a tragic ending to this messy affair. One can't help but suspect that an English lord has many connections in high places.

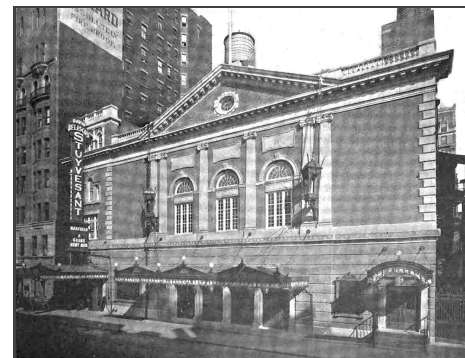


Lord Lytton

And what will become of the play the Shakespeare Fellowship was rehearsing until yesterday? The premiere is still set for Saturday evening. Must it be cancelled because this affair becomes a tragedy, or will everything turn out for the best in the end, as in a Shakespearian comedy? Will our real-life heroes rescue the damsel in distress, so that she can appear triumphantly on stage as the beautiful fairy queen, Titania? We at the *Daily News* are sincerely hoping for a happy ending.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

KEEP MOVING NEW PLAY AT THE BELASCO



Belasco Theatre

It takes about the same amount of time (two months or more) and money (\$25,000 or more) to produce a good revue as it does a bad one. What distinguishes the successes from the failures is the quantity of taste and talent. On that score, the producers of *Keep Moving* (Jack Scholl & Max Rich) had poor luck. It is historic, but not impressive. Beginning with a hopeless burlesque of Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the show proceeds through a series of wooden dance numbers, ineptly written skits, and patently derivative tunes.

A vulgar man named Clyde Hager clutches a suitcase and scuttles back and forth across the stage, pursued by a policeman, until late in Act I. Then, setting up his tripe and keister, he proceeds to vend his patent potato peeler. In another show we might call Audrey Seals' and Sylvester Tracy's performances adequate at best, but in this trainwreck the former couple shines by comparison. One can only wonder how those two came to be mixed up in this production. The bulk of the torch singing in the show is supplied by Joan Abbott, a pneumatic, wild-haired blonde with a cannonball delivery. She reaches her lyric zenith with a number called "*Mother Eve*", which appears to have Adam's wife confused with her rival Lilith. More suitable for whistling: "*Sleepy Moon*."

LEARN TO DANCE - Correctly at Herman-Vance's Dance Hall, 739 Broadway.

RAT SPECIALISTS - Largest and most successful rat and mouse exterminators in

MEET A YANKEE: GAME'S TEETH IN HIM

LOUIS ALFRED (DOC) LEGETT

It's like pulling teeth to try and keep Dr Louis Alfred Legett in his dental office when the annual call goes out for baseball. Each spring Doc turns his practice in Gramercy Park - developed during the off-season - over to a friend, latches the door, and hikes off to the diamond wars. He's been doing this for a number of years now, and admits he won't be able to settle down permanently among the community toothaches until nobody wants him as a catcher.

Legett is no callow youth as players go, the records showing him to have been born in New Orleans, La. on June 1, 1902, but he put in all of the 1934 season with the New York Yankees and is hopeful that there will be several more campaigns to come. As a member of the Yankees, Doc chiefly did bull-pen work - what with Babe Ruth around - but he managed to break into 19 games, fielding 377 and batting 289.



With Babe Ruth

The catching dentist learned his profession in Memphis, playing semi-pro ball in Louisiana and not in college. In 1926 he signed with Atlanta, and in mid-season was transferred to Macon. In the fall of 1933 he was called in by the New York club, the Yankees.

Legett stands five foot ten inches and weighs 170 pounds. He bats right-handed.

Morgan Guaranty Trust Company - 721 Broadway, "Depression can be beaten by teamwork," says President. That's what Morgan Guaranty Trust offers you - teamwork - to beat the depression. "1/2 Dozen Ways to Save," will show what teamwork can do for YOU.

JOCKEY CLUB'S 40TH

The Jockey Club (1045 Madison Ave, CM) received a certificate of incorporation from the State of New York on February 9, 1895, but the real genesis of the organization took place two months earlier when eight "patrons of the turf" convened in New York City.

The eight racing leaders, chaired by James R. Keene, aimed to create an association that would ensure order instead of the growing chaos of racing. They adopted a resolution that read, in part, that the purpose of the organization would be "not only to encourage the development of the thoroughbred horse, but to establish racing on such a footing that it may command the interests as well as the confidence and favorable opinion of the public."



The Jockey Club's primary responsibility, then and now, is the maintenance of The American Stud Book in a manner that ensures integrity of the breed in the United States, Canada and Puerto Rico. The committee aims to safeguard the integrity of the Thoroughbred breed and improve standards to help facilitate international trade, breeding, and racing.

HORSE RACING DREAM OF PAY DAY

A few years ago impoverished state governments, in search of ways to increase revenues, returned to the potential honey-pot of horse racing. In exchange for legalizing betting on the sport, one state after another exacted steep taxes on racing revenues. The deal was mutually beneficial to private investors and government tax collectors, and led to a 70 percent increase in the number of tracks across the country. At the racetrack, crowds turned up as large as any that had ever assembled to watch horse racing.



People visit the track by the thousands every day, eager for the drama of a horse race. Horse racing, along with baseball, dominates the sports world. The horses' power and beauty and the excitement of racing undoubtedly attracts many to the grandstands. Another draw, though, is the possibility of a payday that promises relief from the tight clamp of poverty for a week, a month, or, if a long shot finishes first in the big one, even a lifetime.

THE STROLLER

Kings are apparently merely folks when it comes to getting married. The other day The Stroller saw a facsimile of the official register for the recent royal wedding in Westminster Abbey. As far as the names showed, it might have been yours or mine, except that they were rather more processional, so to speak. The Groom was the Duke of Kent. His name was set down as George Frederick Ernest Albert Windsor. His father's, King George V, was written as George Edward Alexander Edmund Windsor. The bride's was merely Marina. Her father's, Prince Nicholas of Greece, was so badly reproduced it couldn't be read, but it occupied three lines, and was also a family affair. There wasn't a coronet or a crown on the page, even in the space devoted to occupation.



The royal marriage register called to mind a letter which a famous stamp collector once showed The Stroller. Like most outstanding collectors, he had a wide correspondence with notables all over the world, but this particular letter was embossed Buckingham Palace. It was from the present King, George V, then Prince of Wales.

It was dated long before the War, when

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

the royal family's name was Wettin. King George changed the name, you will remember, to Windsor soon after England went in. In those days Prince George was

a stamp addict, and had and perhaps still has, one of the world's best collections. So the letter was about stamps. But it was the signature that made the hit. It was "G. Wet-

tin." Ever since, somehow, The Stroller has had a warm spot in his heart for George V.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The Villager



THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1935

3 cents

7 VILLAGE ACTORS IN DAY'S NEW PLAY



As we reported last week, the Shakespeare Fellowship is busy rehearsing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with lots of young talents and proven stars in the cast, and under the guidance of Edwin Day, the renowned director.

One pair of young lovers will be played by Ada Bossi as Hermia and Stanley Street as Lysander, both new talents from Greenwich Village. Another pair will also be played by Village talents, although we have seen them in a few productions already: Eloise Kellett as Helena and Arthur Baxter as Demetrius.

The star couple of Audrey Seals and Sylvester Tracy got the roles of Hippolyta and Oberon this time. We reported their divorce with a broken heart in our last issue. It is hard to believe that our own Village dream couple didn't make it after all. We were really worried about the effect this divorce

could have on the play, but director Day assured us, the premiere isn't in danger because of the split of Seals and Tracy. Fortunately they don't play a couple in the comedy.

One of the most revered roles of the play, the mischievous Puck will be played by a guest star from Bloomingdales, Jerry Stamper, who is a proven comic of Broadway stages. Benjamin Miller, an older star of ours, will prove his talents in the role of king Theseus.

The biggest surprise of the whole production however will be Georgia Price, the former Hollywood star, who'll try to conquer Broadway now with the leading role of Titania, the fairy queen.

Director Day assured us that a real theatre curiosity awaits us with this exceptional cast and an entirely new interpretation of the Bard's well-known work.

The premiere is on Saturday, 7pm, at Madison Square Theatre, 24th & Broadway. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Goldie J. Asbury, secretary of the Shakespeare Fellowship.

FLOWERS - Buy flowers for every occasion at Reinhardt's Flower Shop, 85 Bedford St.

GLASS TOPS for furniture - Glazing and glass of all kinds. Lowest estimates furnished. HERMAN GLASSER, 30 E. 12th St., cor. University Pl.

PATENTS, designs, trademarks - Long experience, skill, prompt and personal attention in every case. Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MISS NAGY TO BE SOLOIST



Miss Elsie Nagy, who delighted the Community Neighborhood Singers with her violin playing last season, will be guest soloist at a dinner-dance of New York University Alumnae Club.

Dean Roland Collins will act as toastmaster. Dr. Henry B. Rathbone, chairman of the Department of Journalism, will speak on "Something Funny;" Mrs. Gladys Reutiman, advisor to women at the School of Commerce will discuss "Tendencies in College Women Students Since the War;" and City Magistrate Jeanette G. Brill will talk on "Professional Women in the Courts."

Miss Nagy will play several selections in Hungarian costume. All alumni are welcome to attend the dinner-dance at Broadway Central Hotel, next Thursday at 7pm.

HOLLISTON BOOK CLOTH - The Holliston Mills Inc., 62 W. 14th St.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

**RETROSPECTIVE:
BEST PICTURES OF 1934
AT FILM GUILD CINEMA**

W. Somerset Maugham's widely circulated novel, *Of Human Bondage*, has come through the operation of being transferred to the screen in an unexpectedly healthy fashion. It may not possess any great dramatic strength, but the very lifelike quality of the story and the marked authenticity of its atmosphere cause the spectators to hang on every word uttered by the interesting group of characters.

If one did not remember Leslie Howard's clever acting in "*Outward Bound*" and "*Berkeley Square*," one might be tempted to say that his portrait of Philip Carey, excels any performance he has given before the camera. No more expert illustration of getting under the skin of the character has been done in motion pictures. Mr. Howard suffers seemingly all the woe and cheer experienced by Carey.

Another enormously effective portrayal is that of Bette Davis as Mildred Rogers, the waitress who continually accepts Carey's generosity and hospitality and reveals herself as a heartless little ingrate.

Just as Mr. Howard and Miss Davis submerge their own personalities in those of the parts they act, so does Reginald

Owen, who appears as Athelny. Mr. Owen keeps within rational bounds in his portrayal, but his speech and actions causes Athelny to stand out.

Frances Dee is charming as Sally, and Alan Dale does well as Mildred's first lover. Reginald Denny guffaws a little too much, but he otherwise does quite well by the part of the double-faced Griffiths. Kay Johnson gives an intelligent performance as Nora, a writer.

There is nothing stereotyped about this film, and even the closing scenes are set forth with a pleasing naturalness and a note of cheer.

WHO'S WHO IN THE VILLAGE

ZELINDA E. MENNILLO

Zelinda E. Mennillo, who has spent fourteen of her thirty years of service with the Children's Aid Society as director of its Lower West Side Center - 209 to 221 Sullivan St., in the heart o Greenwich Village's Italian colony, is a staunch Villager possessing proven executive ability and a charming personality. These combined qualities account for the success of the varied program of continuous activity that prevails at the Center every weekday and evening throughout the year.



During these many years at the Lower West Side Center, Mrs. Mennillo has observed a marked improvement in the health and habits of the 2,000 Italian-American parents and children registered there. This change has resulted from the

establishment of dental and medical clinics, periodic physical examinations and a kindergarten school.

Mrs. Mennillo was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., the daughter of a Neapolitan father and a Roman mother. Her father was superintendent of the electrical division of Brooklyn Navy Yard for seventeen years. She attended Sacred Heart Academy which was then on 14th St., Hunter College and Columbia University. She lives with her son Arnold Mennillo who is a certified public accountant.

LEARN TO DANCE - Correctly at Herman-Vance's Dance Hall, 739 Broadway.

RAT SPECIALISTS - Largest and most successful rat and mouse exterminators in the country. Rose's Rat Exterminator Co., 309 Broadway.

PIANO Instructions - P. Garner, 55 E. 8th St.

ATLANTIC COAST CREDIT - Money Talks! It says: "Throw me away and you will regret it...Save me and I will work for you." Open an account with Atlantic Coast Credit, 17 E. 13th St. - Established 80 Years

FRENCH LANGUAGE - Miss Azema, Parisian Lady, to Teach French Conversation to Adults. Friday evenings at 7, at the Blissful Aromatics tea room.

Artificial HUMAN EYES - Made to order by Specialist. Full back, Reform, and Shell Eyes. Also large stock to select from. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Reasonable prices. WM. MULLER, 242 Sixth Ave., near 16th St.

A. LANGSTADTER, INC. - Manufacturing Stationers and Printers. Loose leaf specialists. - 513-515 Sixth Ave., at 31st St. Branch: 219 West 47th St. at Broadway.

MORGAN Guaranty Trust Company - 721 Broadway, "Depression can be beaten by teamwork," says President. And that's exactly what the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company offers you - **teamwork** ON NEXT PAGE - to beat the depression. My booklet, "½ Dozen Ways to

Save," will show what teamwork can do for YOU.

MY PET PEEVE

My alarm clock.

He's in conference.

People who say, "Don't be afraid of him. He won't bite."

The fellow who says that he takes a cold bath every morning.

The man who won't cooperate with you in a revolving door.

People who inconsiderately breath their offensive breath into my face.

The man who shakes your hand off when he'd like to punch your head off.

People who scoff when I put salt on grape fruit (which is the only way to eat it).

The stranger who insists upon discussing some of the problems of the day that neither of us knows anything about.

If you have a pet peeve send it to *The Villager*.

CHERRY LANE PRESENTS:

GREAT GATSBY

WRITTEN BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD,
DIRECTED BY LEO BENEDICT

Nick Carraway, a young man from Minnesota, moves to New York in the summer of 1922, and gradually becomes friends with a mysterious man named Jay Gatsby, who lives in a gigantic Gothic mansion and throws extravagant parties.

Nick is drawn into a world of new money, decadence and deception. He discovers that Gatsby is in love with Daisy Buchanan, a rich cousin who is already married but who, when reunited with Gatsby, decides to leave her husband.

Published in 1925, four years before the catastrophic collapse of the American stock markets, Fitzgerald's novel graphically portrays society

being destroyed by money and dishonesty, the American dream of happiness and individualism degenerating into mere pursuit of wealth.

This three hours long exciting new stage adaptation is filled with live and evocative jazz music from the twenties, and recreates the glitz and decadence of the period. The tense and absorbing drama is played out to its dramatic climax by a cast of only five actors. It is fast-paced, visually evocative and highly theatrical.

Every day from Monday till Friday at 6 pm.



Entrance of Theater

THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

Jan. 17 - Benjamin Franklin, noted U. S. statesman, born 1706.

Jan. 18 - The German Empire is formally established, 1871.

Jan. 19 - Miller and Wilkes discover Antarctic Continent, 1840.

Jan. 20 - French start their work on Panama Canal, 1882.

Jan. 21 - Henry Miller stars in "The Great Divide", 1906.

Jan. 22 - First all-steel Pullman car put in service, 1907.

Jan. 23 - Radio SOS saves first life in sea disaster, 1909.

THE VILLAGER

A weekly Newspaper Reflecting the Finest Traditions of Washington Square and Greenwich Village. Published Every Thursday, At 243 W. 4th St., The Viking Press Publisher, Subscription Price, \$2.50 for 1 Year, Single Copy Just Five Cents

Document 3

The Collector's letter, from 7-7921 (p.239)

Envelope: It was posted in **Boston**, on **Jan 4**

Dear Mr. Gant,

An acquaintance gave me your name and address when I asked him about a reliable man in Manhattan who would be able to help me with a very delicate matter.

You see, Mr. Gant, I'd like to retrieve something that should belong to me already. I think it is my rightful inheritance, just as all my names are. You don't know my real name, of course, but I'm sure you've heard about the name I will sign at the end of this letter.

My problem is, Mr. Gant, and this is why I reached out to you. one would need to acquire the aforementioned inheritance by - let's say - 'unconventional' means. I've heard you have good connections in those circles where one can find the right person for this kind of job.

The object I need you to get for me is a Poe manuscript, titled 'The Sphinx'. A Princeton professor, Dr Parrot, will present it at a Poe Society dinner in Greenwich Village on Jan 19. You can find the details of this event in your local paper, I presume.

We need someone who could infiltrate the dinner unnoticed, and would - shall we say 'borrow' this manuscript from the Professor. I enclose \$2000 with this letter

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

as the first half of my gratitude for helping me in my need. Half of it is for you, and the other half is your 'assistant's' advance.

If everything goes to plan, I will contact you again, and we can discuss the second half of the payment and the means by which I could receive this manuscript from you.

Until then,
The Collector

P. S. Don't worry, Mr. Gant, I will know if the job was a success or not, because as a matter of fact I will be attending the dinner myself to keep an eye on things.

Document 4

The Guest List, from 5-6963 (p.172)

Toby Cristopher Middleton

Noah Vance

Morris S. Parris

Constance Ash

Daniella Carla Merritt

Simon Gift

Jeanne Lynton Dexter

Sharon Colleen Walters

Ashlee Brandon

Doris Cotterill

Aimee C. Keyes

Helen Webb

Penelope Lina Ridge

Emma Raine

Elisabeth Nora Page

Randall A. Watson

Roger Alfred Clemens

Jimmie Taft

Stacie S. Ern

Parris Kurt Pound

Irvin Kayson Anderson

Debby Arkwright

Harvey Lawson

Rylee B. Harper

Marilyn Drake

Lewis Dean

Gabriella C. Triggs

Alvena Grayson Cantrell

Denholm Jacqueline Noble

Bella Baxter

Aloysius Daryl Tyson

Edgar A. Blackman

Pepper Haynes

Elizabeth Frances Perry

Riordan G. Small

Shirley Devereux

Mary-Anne Rebecca Grey

Samuel L. Spooner

Audrey Eleanore Herb

Amos Attwater

Eldon Algernon Morse

Kieran Boyd Hunter

Tania Merchant

Solomon B. Rogers

Phillip Marshall

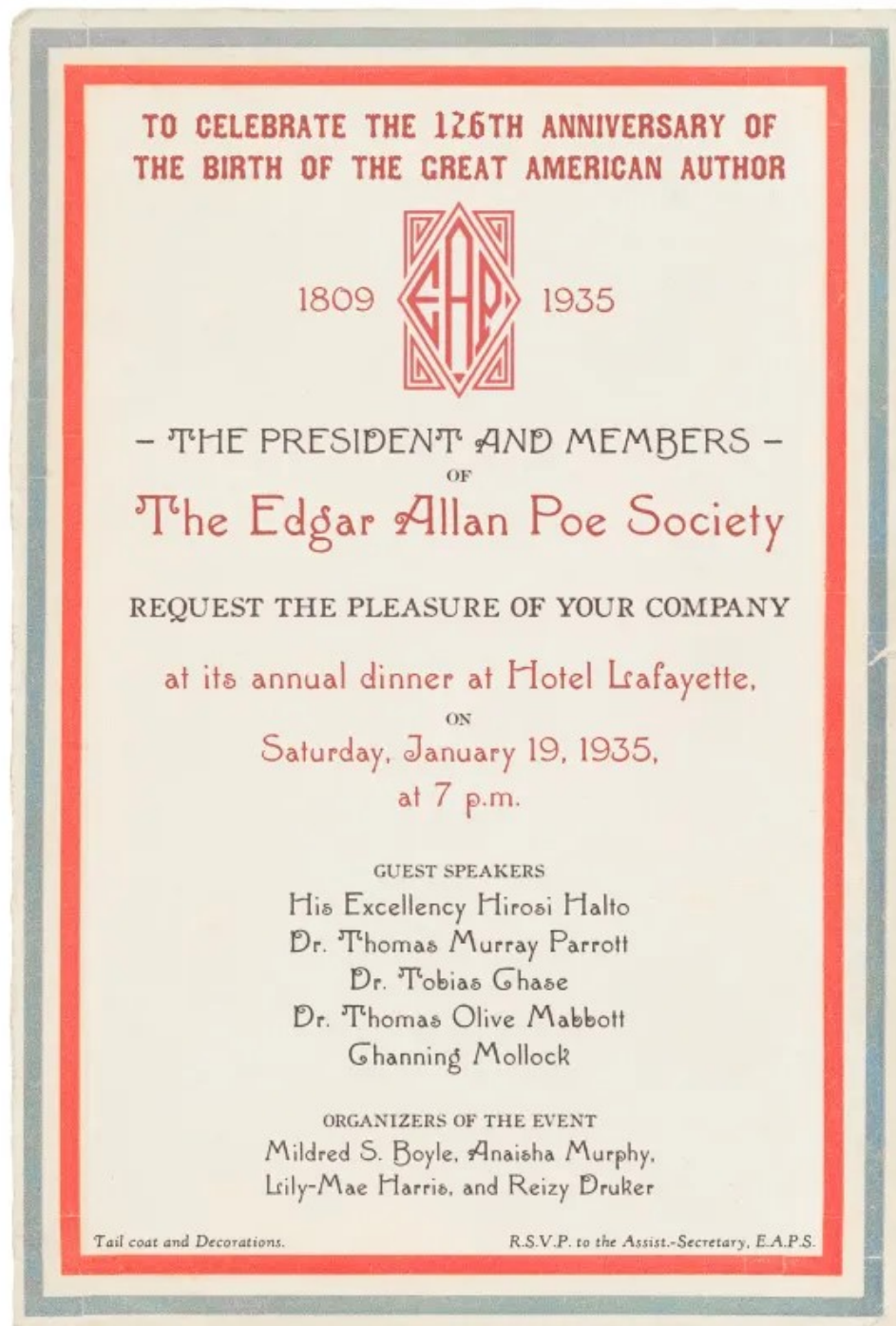
B. Elmer Herbert

Diana Esme Cropper

Mary-Beth Bean

Document 5

The Invitation, from 5-6963 (p.172)



Document 6

The short story, from 7-3629 (p.226)

The Sphinx

by Edgar Allan Poe

During the dreadful reign of the Cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *cottage orné* on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and books, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached us every morning from the populous city. Not a day elapsed which did not bring us news of the death of some acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we learned to expect daily the loss of some friend. At length we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us redolent with death. That palsyng thought, indeed, took entire possession of my soul. I could neither speak, think, nor dream of anything else. My host was of a less excitable temperament, and, although greatly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain my own. His richly philosophical intellect was not at any time affected by unrealities. To the substances of terror he was sufficiently alive, but of its shadows he had no apprehension.

His endeavors to arouse me from the condition of abnormal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated in great measure by certain volumes which I had found in his library. These were of a character to force into germination whatever seeds of hereditary superstition lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus he was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

A favorite topic with me was the popular belief in omens — a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions — he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters. — I contending that a popular sentiment arising with absolute spontaneity — that is to say without apparent traces of suggestion — had in itself the unmistakable elements of truth, and was entitled to as much respect as that intuition which is the idiosyncrasy of the individual man of genius.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage, there had occurred to myself an incident so entirely inexplicable, and which had in it so much of the portentous character, that I might well have been excused for regarding it as an omen. It appalled, and at the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstances to my friend.

Near the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding, through a long vista of the river banks, a view of a distant hill, the face of which nearest my position, had been denuded, by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me to the gloom and desolation of the neighboring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face of the hill, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

upon an object — upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity — or at least the evidence of my own eyes; and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a dream. Yet when I describe the monster, (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress,) my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points than even I did, myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed — the few giants of the forest which had escaped the fury of the land-slide — I concluded it to be far larger than any ship of the line in existence. I say ship of the line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea — the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black shaggy hair — more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffalos; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parallel with the proboscis, and on each side of it was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed seemingly of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism: — it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings — each wing nearly one hundred yards in length — one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales; each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body, as if it had been carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast, with a feeling of horror and awe — with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any effort of the reason, I perceived the huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis, suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud and so expressive of wo, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting, to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse of course was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard — and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was, which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room in which I had seen the apparition — I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he was lounging on a sofa near at hand. The association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end — at first laughed heartily — and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanor, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster — to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly — but maintained that he saw nothing — although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or,

worse, as the fore-runner of an attack of mania. I threw myself passionately back in my chair, and for some moments buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer apparent.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanor, and questioned me very vigorously in respect to the confirmation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed the subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that a principle source of error in all human investigations lay in the liability of the understanding to under-rate or to over-value the importance of an object, through mere mis-admeasurement of its propinquity. “To estimate properly, for example,” he said, “the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of Democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished, should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government, who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?”

He paused here for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, so that he might better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm chair at the window, and, opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

“But for your exceeding minuteness,” he said, “in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta* — or insects. The account runs thus:

“‘Four membranous wings covered with little colored scales of a metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; antennæ in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death’s-headed Sphinx has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet.’”

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding “the monster.”

“Ah, here it is!” he presently exclaimed — “it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature, I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this hair, which some spider has wrought along the window-sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye!”

☒ Tick 5 culture boxes in your case log.

Document 7

The corrected Guest List, from [2-3480](#) (p.58)

Toby Cristopher Middleton

Noah Vance

Morris S. Parris

Constance Ash

Daniella Carla Merritt

*~~Simon Gift~~ **Michael Born***

Jeanne Lynton Dexter

Sharon Colleen Walters

Ashlee Brandon

Doris Cotterill

Aimee C. Keyes

Helen Webb

Penelope Lina Ridge

Emma Raine

Elisabeth Nora Page

Randall A. Watson

Roger Alfred Clemens

Jimmie Taft

Frances S. Ern

Parris Kurt Pound

Irvin Kayson Anderson

Debby Arkwright

Harvey Lawson

Rylee B. Harper

Marilyn Drake

*~~Lewis Dean~~ **Spencer Lant***

Gabriella C. Triggs

Alvena Grayson Cantrell

Denholm Jacqueline Noble

Bella Baxter

Aloysius Daryl Tyson

Edgar A. Blackman

Pepper Haynes

Elizabeth F. Perry

Riordan G. Small

Shirley Devereux

Mary-Anne Rebecca Grey

Samuel L. Spooner

Audrey Eleanore Herb

*~~Amos Attwater~~ **Zachary Brown***

*~~Eldon Algernon Morse~~ **Louise Heath***

Kieran Boyd Hunter

Tania Merchant

Solomon B. Rogers

Phillip Marshall

B. Elmer Herbert

Diana Esme Cropper

Mary-Beth Bean

Document 8

The poster of the film, from 7-2633 (p.221)



Document 9

Ransom Note, from 1-2390 (p.28)

We have her!

Give us 10 grand

Before Saturday noon

or she dies!

Will send

Location tomorrow

Document 10

Photos of the Actors, from 1-2390 (p.28)



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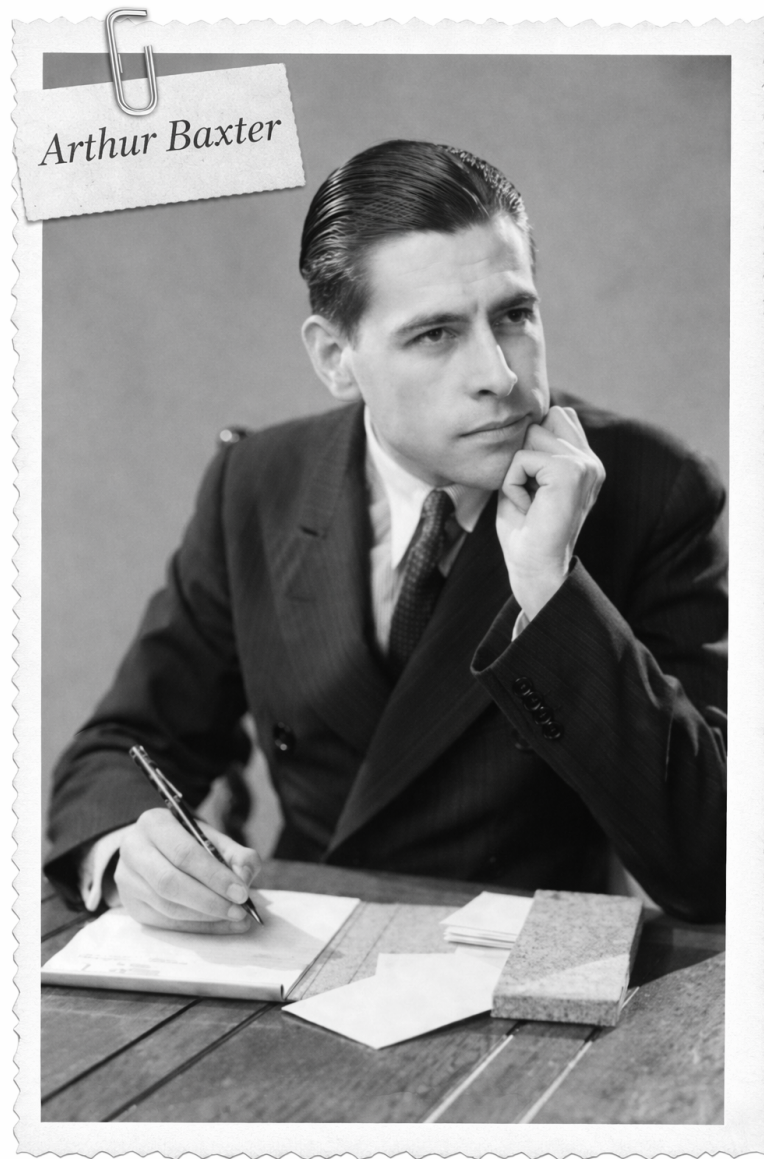
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Arthur Baxter

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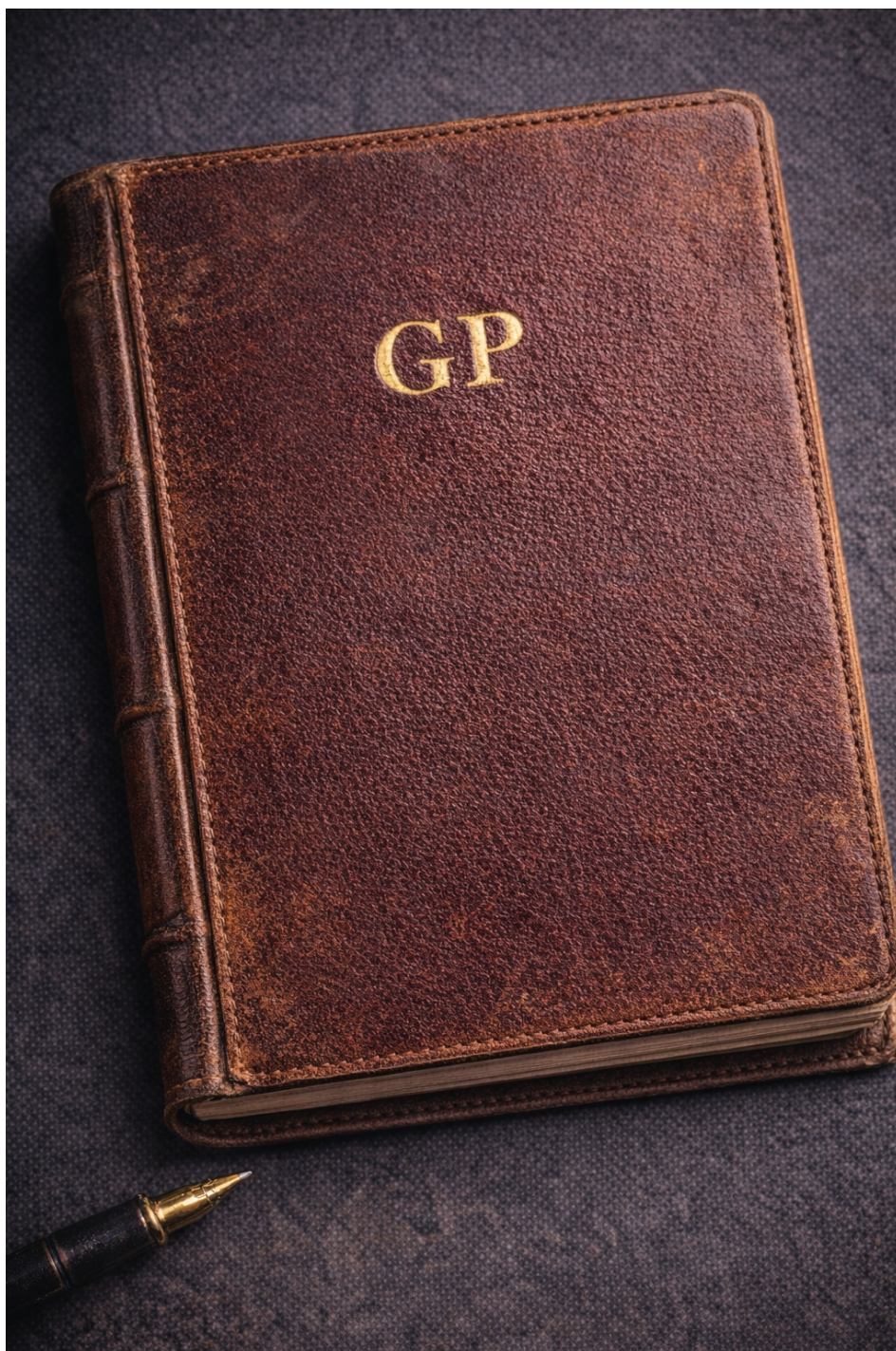
Document 11

Photo of the horse, from [2-9892](#) (p.83)



Document 12

Miss Price's diary, from 5-5710 (p.164)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Nov 15, Thursday

I hate her, I hate her, I hate her! I hate the little cunt! There. I wrote it down, as Doctor Costello said I should. My "feelings" about her. Did it help? NO! I still hate her! I feel I could strangle her, only I don't want to go to jail. It would make the headlines of course, but I don't think I would like it there.

She is just so hateful and unberable. She always makes comments about my acting during rehearsal, like she's the only one who knows how to act. But she's just an old, dried up hag, who's too ugly to for the silver screen. It is obvious she's jealous of me, and that's why she makes those comments.

And all the others just look the other way. What cowards! But maybe she has a hold over them or something. I wouldn't be surprized. How else did she land this role in this play? She's so old she only should play old nurses and other freaks nowadays. But an Amazon queen, who's just getting married? Come on! She must be blackmailing Eddie. I even have a guess with what.

Nov 21, Wednesday

I have a brilliant idea on how to get my revenge on the bitch. Oh, she's gonna regret she started with me! Just wait.

Dec 3, Monday.

It's done. Who's laughing now, Miss "I'm so perfect"? And they say someone so ~~benti~~ beautiful as me can't be smart as well. Ha!

Dec 7, Friday

Oh, that hateful little cunt! How I hate her guts! "What a lovely frock" my ass! It was so humiliating. Everyone laughed at me. Like I'm the fraek and not her. So what if I forgot about this stupid dinner? My everyday dresses I wear for rehearsals are usually twice as pretty as everyone's smart dresses anyway. It's true it wasn't my best hair day either. But that's not the point.

The point is, she couldn't glote for long, because I ruined her good mood pretty quickly. I just had to whisper those magic words in her ugly ear. She acted like she didn't believe me of course, but I know she did. She must have. Now we'll see what happens.

Jan 10, Thursday

I hate her, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her! The whore stole my thunder! She just couldn't help herself, the heartless bitch! But she's gonna regret it! I mean **REALLY** regret it. I'm gonna ruin her life completely this time.

Jan 15, Tuesday

Herb was very hurtful tonight. I don't understand why he doesn't want to help me with the bitch! But I don't care, I will do something myself.

I did have an idea a few days ago, but I didn't think I would have the courage to do it. But now I want to see Herb's face when I pull it off successfully. He will see I'm not that silly little girl he said I was, he will see he married a real master mind!

Document 13

Second Ransom Note, from 1-1696 (p.26)

Put the money in a bag

and drop it off

at the subway station

On Saturday morning

at 6 a.m.

or she is dead !

We are not kidding !

Document 14

The Anonymous Letter, from 1-1648 (p.25)

Mr. Editor,

I'd like to give you a really big snoop about a famous couple living in your neighborhood. Sylvester Tracy and Audrey Seals. That's right. The famous stars of the theater scene in Manhattan.

The big news is: they're getting a divorce.

It's a big secret for the time being of course, not many people know about it. But I'm one of them, and now you're another one, Mr. Editor.

I think you should report this interesting news in that paper of yours, don't you think? In any event, if you're not going to do it, I will send a similar letter to the Daily News. I'm sure Billy Jones would like nothing more than to print it.

Finally, to show you that I'm not trying to trick you, Mr. Editor, and I really know what I'm talking about, here are some exact details about this divorce case.

The petitioner was the wife, Audrey Seals. Her lawyer is Mr. G. A. Christman. They will prove adultery on grounds of Miss Eloise Kellett's case, where she admitted the adultery with Tracy, although the discretion of the divorce court was exercised in her favour back in November.

The case runs under the real name of Tracy - which is Monroe. So it is a divorce case of Mrs. A. S. Monroe against Mr. J. R. Monroe. The husband's lawyer is Mr. W. H. Clark.

Sincerely,

A friend

Document 15

Dolls on Billie's desk, from 1-5877 (p.41)



Document 16

Letter to Billie Jones, from 3-6168 (p.109)

Envelope: posted on Wednesday in the Bowery, to 'Mr. Billie Jones at the Daily Mirror, 235 E 24th St'

Dear Mr. Jones,

We would like you to know that we kidnaped the famous star, Miss Georgia Price. Yeah, that's right. We want to get 10 grand from the theatre for her.

What do you think of that, Mr. Jones? It's a pretty big deal, don't you think? You should tell that director and the whole company that they better cough up the money, because we're not kidding.

If they don't collect the money before our dedline, we will kill her. That's right, Mr. Jones, we will kill your precios star and what will you write about then?

So you better tell them to take this threat seriously!

A friend

Document 17

Lytton-Price Household, from 2-7994 (p.77)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The butler



The maid



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Document 18

Scribbles found in hotel, from 2-7994 (p.77)

I think I'm going crazy here. I haven't spent so much time alone since I was a little girl. So I'll try to write down my thoughts. Maybe it will help.

I hate this cheap place. I hate the awful brown and beige everywhere. Haven't they heard about bright colors?

I hate this uncomfortable bed. I want my beautiful big white bed!

I hate to sit here and wait for something to happen.

But most of all I hate that little whore Audrey. She's the only reason I'm stuck here.

I would like to see her face turn ugly when they arrest her!

Document 19

Typewritten samples, from [6-9546 \(p.207\)](#)

After visiting all of the involved people's homes and workplaces, we found 5 typewriters. Here are all the samples:

This is a sample written on Edwin Day's typewriter, found at his home address.

This is a sample written on the typewriter found in the Madison Square Theatre's office.

This is a sample written on Eloise Kellett's typewriter, found at her home address.

This is a sample written on the typewriter found at Lord Lytton's house.

This is a sample written on the typewriter found at the Hotel Florence.

Document 20

The bathroom where Miss Price died, from [2-7135 \(p.71\)](#)



END

Questions

Read only if it's **Friday, between 6pm and 9.30pm** AND

If you have circled **Marker A1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker I1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker N1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker O1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker P1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker Q1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker X1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker R1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log.

If you have all these markers: record **+1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have the **whole first alphabet** (from A1 to Z1) you get **+10 points** for the scoring of this case AND you can record **+1 meticulous** in your Campaign Log as well.

If you don't have all these markers:

You probably won't be able to answer all the questions thoroughly.

You **can go back and follow more leads now** - connected to *the Collector's case only* - if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check **1 demerit box** for every lead you visit (means -2 points per box at the end).

If you decided **not** to go back, record **+1 impatient** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you need **hints about the Collector or the planned job**, go to hints "Collector 1-5". It costs 2 points per hint but you only have to deduct these points if the hint tells you new information.

When you're ready, go to the next page.



Questions - Part 1

THE COLLECTOR

Christopher St. Boarding Houses - Jan 18, Friday

You're back at Brook's place as you promised, and with all of the details anyone would need to catch a thief and their elusive client. The kid will be delighted. But first things first.

"What did Doctor Oliver say?"

"That I'm definitely improving and don't have to stay in bed for long. Now I can sit in the bed and even write a bit if my head's not hurting." He's obviously very happy about that. And you are too, if you're being honest with yourself. Just like mold, this kid. Like he said in the hospital. But you only say: "Is that so?"

"Yes. So I prepared my notebook in advance to write down the things you've found today," and he grabs the notebook eagerly.

"Because what do we say?" you lecture him.

"It's not the detective who solves the case, but the notes. Without good notes you can't be an effective cop," he recites dutifully.

"That's right, kid. But you still need to improve your handwriting. Those chicken scratches hardly count as notes." You eye his terrible squiggles.

"Yes, sir." He writes down 'NOTES' in capital letters. "Better?"

"For now. But let's start. Are you ready to ask the important questions?" He nods. "Then hit me."

"Who is the Collector and **what** is he trying to steal? Who did he **hire** for the job, and how could we **prevent** this crime?"

Give detailed explanations for every question - including **names, times, locations, motives, means and opportunity**, and every piece of **evidence** you found or **theory** you constructed.

You can write down your answers here:

Who is the Collector?

What is he trying to steal?

Who did he hire for the job?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How could we prevent this crime?

When you're ready, you can check your answers on the next page.



Answers - Part 1

You talk very seriously as if you're standing in front of the Chief. "First of all I have to correct you there, kid. When you ask about the Collector, you should say 'she' instead of 'he' because - wait for it - the Collector is a woman."

"Are you serious?" The kid looks at you in astonishment.

"As a heart attack. But let me present the whole case to you in order.

Last week a rumour started in underworld circles that the Collector, — with deep pockets and shallow morals — was hiring again. Big payout. Dirty work. The usual.

Her intermediary this time was Victor Romeo Gant, a sleazy agent of Edgar Tate & Co., who used the name 'Mr. Finley' to disguise his real identity. (I met him earlier at his office and recognized him from the description Jimmy gave me about Finley. I broke into his apartment to find the Collector's letter there.)

Gant needed a grifter with light fingers and a flexible relationship with the law. The job: crash the Poe Society dinner Saturday night and swipe a freshly discovered manuscript — a little bedtime story called *The Sphinx*.

The dinner details were printed in last week's Villager. Handy thing, newspapers. Wrap fish in 'em one day, plan felonies with 'em the next... So Finley carried the paper while he interviewed crooks, liars, and other promising professionals."

(15 points)

"A few days ago he finally hired a conwoman, a dancer from the Village Vanguard, who goes by the name 'Miss Tilly'. Her real name is Matilda Frolova and she lives at 27 W. 4th St.

She'll pose as one of the Hotel Lafayette's waitresses for the night. The real waitress, Nathania Vaughan, was paid off to call in sick. The manager, Mr. Jones, hired Tilly for the night through the Rapid Staffing Services, where she registered as a waitress under the alias of 'Pearl Ramsey'. (I guess Tilly got her name and address from the White Pages. The real Miss Ramsey is an old lady with a herd of cats.)

Tilly plans to snatch the manuscript during the Poe dinner where it will be displayed on a pedestal - without an alarm."

(20 points)

"And now to the really interesting topic of who this mysterious Collector is and why she wants this manuscript so badly...

It seems the Collector is none other than one of the dinner's guests, Elizabeth Frances Perry, Edgar Allan Poe's great granddaughter."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

(10 points)

“Not an official great granddaughter of course. The official line of Poe died out because he never had children with his wife, Virginia. And sources don’t know about any illegitimate children either.

But what if the sources are wrong?

Poe enlisted in the army in 1827, using the name Edgar A. Perry. He needed fake documents because he claimed he was 22 years old, although he was actually only 18. He served in Boston Harbor for two years.

It turns out that our recently discovered short story goes back to those times he spent in Boston as well. Although Poe wrote the final version of *The Sphinx* in 1844, in New York (in Greenwich Village to be precise), the idea came from one of his early sweethearts, from before the 1832 cholera epidemic.”

(10 points)

“The Collector (aka Miss Perry) mentioned in her letter to Mr. Gant that she thinks the manuscript is her ‘rightful inheritance,’ just as all her ‘names’ are.

But why would she think that? And what are those names?

Elizabeth. Frances. Perry.

The last name ‘Perry’ comes from Poe’s alias he used as a soldier in Boston in 1827. I suppose he wooed Miss Perry’s great grandmama under this name. Maybe he even married her as this Perry. That I don’t know for sure, but the Collector’s grandfather, Edgar Allan Perry Jr. was born in 1828 from a father named Edgar A. Perry. This Junior later had a son, Edward Allan Perry - Miss Perry’s father.

The first and middle names come from Poe’s two mothers. Her birth mother, Elizabeth Poe, and the mother who raised him, Frances Allan. Looks like both last names are hereditary in the family. Miss Perry has twin aunts with those names.

So it seems our Collector’s great grandmother, Jenny Lewis, was that ‘early sweetheart’, who gave Poe the idea of this short story. That’s why it is so personal to Miss Perry, and that’s why she thinks of it as her rightful inheritance.”

(25 points)

“Miss Perry tried to buy the manuscript from Princeton after it was discovered, but they refused her offer.

But then the Poe Society dinner came along, where this precious document would be displayed - without the university’s usual security measures. Our Collector immediately reached out to Gant to hire him as a middleman, and she also managed to put herself on the guest list. She obviously wants to keep an eye on things...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

No one knows who she is - not Miss Tilly, not even Mr. Gant, so she can watch the events unfold with her own eyes.”

(10 points)

“But we know who she is!” exclaims Brook triumphantly.

“Exactly. And we’ll foil her plan. But first I need to convince the Chief of this whole scheme so he’ll give me some men I can use at the dinner. Strictly undercover of course. We need to wait for Tilly to actually steal the manuscript, then strike and pinch her and Miss Perry.”

“So how are you planning to convince the Chief?” asks the kid, with worry in his voice.

“Well, I’ll write up an official report and present it tomorrow morning. I think it would convince him.”

“I suppose you won’t mention the circumstances under which you became aware of the Collector’s letter to Finley... I mean to Gant,” muses Brook.

“You’re sharp, kid. No. I’ll only tell him I got the copy through an underworld connection.” Which is precisely what you’ve told the kid about the way you found out that Tilly was the thief Finley hired. What Brook doesn’t know won’t corrupt him. “The only addition I’d like to make to my report, besides the things I’ve just told you, is *your* name beside mine at the end.”

“Seriously?” He can’t believe his ears.

“That’s right kid. We investigated this case together after all.”

“I hardly did anything. Besides playing dead for almost a day, then laying in bed some more.” His voice is bitter. “You don’t have to do me favors just because you pity me.”

“Come on, kid, don’t play down your role! You were the one who started this whole thing by following the Collector’s trail to the Willoughby.”

“Yeah, the false trail... Which wasn’t even connected to the case, but almost got me killed.”

“And that is precisely how an investigation goes! I mean, not the ‘almost got killed’ part. Thankfully that’s rare. But following a false trail? It’s most of our job. You have to follow all the trails to be able to separate the true ones from the false. So, your name goes on that report. And it’s not some kindness from my part, just a fact.”

It seems you succeeded in convincing him. Although you do pity this young cop - especially because of Marie. But you both avoided mentioning her name or anything connected to her since the hospital. Good. You can’t stand sentimentality.

“So I have my work cut out for me. Good night, kid. I’m off to the station. That report won’t write itself.”

Add up your points and write them down. If you’ve got **at least 80** points here, record **+1 analytical** in your **Campaign Log**. The **game doesn’t end** yet of course, because you still have to find the

missing actress. If it's not the end of the day, you can still visit leads. (And late night leads after that.)



Questions - Part 2A

Read only if you're **ready to report** to the Chief, AND it's **Saturday**, between **9am and 12pm**, AND

If you have circled **Marker B2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker F2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker G2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker H2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker J2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker L2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker M2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker O2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker Q2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker V2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker W2** in your case log.

If you have all these markers: record **+1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have the **whole second alphabet** (from A2 to Z2) you get **+10 points** for the scoring of this case AND you can record **+1 meticulous** in your Campaign Log as well.

If you don't have all these markers:

You probably won't be able to answer all the questions thoroughly.

You **can go back and follow more leads now** - connected to *the Actress' case* - if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check **1 demerit box** for every lead you visit.

If you decide not to go back, record **+1 impatient** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you can't find a marker, don't forget to **use the hints**.

When you're ready, go to the next page to Questions - Part 2B.



Questions - Part 2B

THE KIDNAPPED ACTRESS

Police Station, Saturday, Jan 19

You arrive at the station in a good mood. Even the rain didn't dampen your spirits today, because you're eager to give the good news to the Chief. And the real upside to the whole thing is that you don't have to talk to these actors, actresses and uppity servants anymore. The gossip and intrigue around Georgia Price has started to get on your nerves, and even worse: ruin your appetite.

The Chief leans forward, eyes expectant: "So, Lucas... you got her? Georgia Price—did you find her?" He doesn't wait for an answer before he continues – "Was it really a kidnapping? Or something dirtier?" His gaze narrows. "If it wasn't... who sent that ransom note? And if it *was*... what the hell happened?"

Give detailed explanations for every question - including **names, times, locations, motives, means and opportunity**, and every piece of **evidence** you found or **theory** you constructed.

You can write your answers here:

Did you find Georgia Price? Where?

Was it really a kidnapping? YES / NO

Who sent the ransom note?

What happened?

When you're ready, you can check your answers on the next page.



Answers - Part 2

You shake your head slowly, letting the answer land piece by piece.

“I don’t have the actress, Chief... but I know exactly where she is. Hotel Florence. 221 Grand Street. Down in the Bowery. But the landlady’s guarding the door like a bulldog so I couldn’t get past her.”

You slip your hands into your coat pockets and add – “But here’s the thing... Georgia Price isn’t being held. Not by anyone. She’s there by choice. No kidnapping. Never was. She wrote the ransom note herself.”

You let that sink in.

“Cut up magazines—the same ones she kept in her drawers back home. But she slipped up. Misspelled ‘dye.’ She messes up words in her diary the same way—like ‘dried up,’ that sort of thing. She left a trail, Chief. Didn’t even realize it.”

(20 points)

“Georgia Price... she’s the kind that needs the spotlight like other people need air. And right now? She’s got her big Broadway debut. Figured the papers would be all over her—front page, full column, her name in lights.”

You shake your head. “But since last Thursday, every rag in town’s been chewing on a different story. Audrey Seals—Georgia’s rival—filing for divorce. Husband caught stepping out with another actress in the same play. Eloise Kellett.

Papers said last year she ditched her own husband—but nobody knew why back then. Now they do” – you smirk. “And Georgia Price? She got pushed off the front page before she even made it on.

Truth is... this rivalry didn’t start yesterday. It’s been brewing. Miss Price had it out for Audrey Seals for a while. Everyone knew it—the whole company, her husband... even her shrink. The doc had her keep a diary. Said it’d help her vent, keep the lid on all that poison she’s carrying around.”

You shake your head. “Didn’t do much good it seems. She was obsessed. Always taking shots at Seals—loud, messy, impossible to ignore. Most folks were already sick of her tantrums, the constant drama.

Course, it wasn’t one-sided. Ada Bossi says Seals could be just as mean... only quieter about it. The kind that cuts you without making a scene. But Georgia Price? She made sure everyone heard her coming.”

(20 points)

“After Thursday she wasn’t just angry anymore—she was desperate. Needed the spotlight back, no matter the cost. So she cooked up a story. Her own kidnapping. Timed it just right—before the premiere. Figured the papers would eat it up, make her the headline she thought she deserved.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tuesday, she made one last play. Tried to get her husband—Lord Lytton—to pull strings, push Seals out of the company. But it didn't work. That's when the plan stuck." You tap your temple lightly. "Her diary lays it out plain as day. Once she committed, she didn't look back.

She sent her maid out for a Manhattan map and directory. Wanted somewhere quiet to vanish—close enough to manage, far enough to sell the story.

Then she made the note. Cut up her own magazines for letters, like in some dime-store crime novel. Put the ransom notes in plain envelopes... and handed them off to a bum at a subway station. Paid him a little up front, promised more if he delivered them to the theater."

You let out a slow breath. "She staged the whole thing, Chief. Every last detail."

(20 points)

"Wednesday, around two in the afternoon, she walked out of rehearsal. Sent the chauffeur away—didn't want any witnesses, any loose ends. Then she headed for the subway. Broadway and Twenty-Third. Threw on big sunglasses, wrapped a blue scarf around her head. Not a perfect disguise—but enough to blur the edges.

She went downtown. Got off around three—Bowery and Delancey. From the post office she sent a letter to Billie Jones over at the Daily News. To make sure her 'kidnapping' hits print the very next day. After that, she checked into a small joint—Hotel Florence. Nothing fancy. That was the point. In a place like the New Grand, she'd have risked running into someone who knew her. Here? She was just another nobody with a room key.

She had a change of clothes with her. The maid packed it that morning, didn't think twice about it. Apparently, Miss Price had a habit of bringing extra outfits to rehearsals—leftover from some dinner party fiasco." You shrug lightly. "Convenient habit... if you're planning to disappear."

(30 points)

"And the kicker, Chief? It worked." You let out a low, humorless chuckle. "Billie Jones ran the story, splashed her name all over the front page... and just like that, Georgia Price is back where she thinks she belongs. Center stage." You pause. "I'll bet tonight she'll walk into that theater like nothing ever happened. Chin up, spotlight waiting. Fairy queen Titania... taking her bow before the curtain's even up."

Add up your points and write them down. If you've got **at least 70** points here, record **+1 analytical** in your **Campaign Log**. If you've got **at least 85** points, record **+1 brilliant** as well.

But the **game doesn't end yet**, because you still have to attend the Poe dinner. Go to **Epilogue 1**.



Questions - Part 3A

Read only if you're **ready to finish** your case, AND it's **Monday, 12pm**, AND

If you have circled **Marker B3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker E3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker G3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker H3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker I3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker K3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker O3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker Q3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker S3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker U3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker V3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker W3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker X3** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker Z3** in your case log.

If you have all these markers: record **+1 thorough** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have the **whole third alphabet** (from A3 to Z3) you get **+10 points** for the scoring of this case AND you can record **+1 meticulous** in your Campaign Log as well.

If you have **F4: +3 points**, and if you have **Y4: +3 points** for the scoring of this case.

If you don't have all these markers:

You probably won't be able to answer all the questions thoroughly.

You **can go back and follow more leads now** if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check **1 demerit box** for every lead you visit.

Don't forget to use **hints** if you need to.

If you decide **not** to go back, record **+1 impatient** in your **Campaign Log**.

When you're ready, go to the next page to Questions - Part 3B.



Questions - Part 3B

THE DEAD ACTRESS

6th Police Precinct - Monday, Jan 21

You step into the office, hat low, coat still carrying the smell of the street.

The Chief's already waiting. "Ah, Lucas... been expecting you," he says. "You ready to wrap this one up?"

You give a small nod. "Yes, Chief."

He leans forward, fingers steepled. "Alright then—let's have it. How did Georgia Price die?" His eyes narrow. "Are we looking at a suicide... or did somebody help her along? And if they did..." he adds quietly, "I want the whole picture. How—and why."

Give detailed explanations for every question - including names, times, locations, motives, means and opportunity, and every piece of evidence you found or theory you constructed.

You can write your answers here:

How did the actress die? Was it a suicide or somebody killed her?

Why did she have to die?

When you're ready, you can check your answers on the next page.



Answers 3A

You take a slow breath, like the case still doesn't sit right in your gut.

"It looked clean at first. Locked bathroom, dead actress—radio were already calling it a suicide before the body cooled." You shake your head. "Pills in the bathroom—Veronal. Coke in her bag. Even her shrink said it was possible.

But I figured maybe someone slipped it to her—laced the cocaine, tampered with the sedative. Would've been easy enough... Turns out cyanide's not exactly hard to come by in this city. They use it as rat poison. Found it in the theater and her house as well. Little trays, yellowish crystals. Anyone could've scooped some up without raising an eyebrow. So yeah... plenty of people *could've* done it. But that doesn't mean they did." You stop for a moment, then continue.

"Cocaine was a dead end. She got a fresh batch from her supplier—Miller—but it's clean, white powder. Cyanide's yellow, grainy. You try mixing that in, it sticks out like a sore thumb.

But the Veronal... That's a different story. Same kind of crystals. Same color. You lace that with cyanide, nobody's the wiser. Not until it's too late.

Which means whoever did it didn't need to get fancy. Just needed access.

Georgia Price kept the Veronal bottle in her purse. So yeah—someone at the theater could've gotten to it. Dressing rooms weren't locked. She's on stage rehearsing, purse sitting in the dressing room... Anyone from the company could've slipped something in.

Or someone at home. Same deal. Bottle sitting around, easy to tamper with if you knew where to look.

Plenty of opportunity... if you knew what you were doing."

(20 points)

"I asked myself... *who had a reason to want her dead?*" You let out a dry breath. "Turns out—plenty of people.

We got Baxter. Former lover. Carried a torch for months, then she drops him cold. He figures there's another man. That kind of thing eats at a guy. Jealousy's a strong poison. Sometimes stronger than cyanide.

Then there's Audrey Seals. I've already told you about the rivalry. But it runs deeper than we thought. Georgia didn't just compete with her—she humiliated her. Slept with her husband, Tracy... then rubbed it in her face at that dinner party. That's not just rivalry anymore. We found those notes in the hotel. Georgia blaming Seals for everything. Thinking she pushed her into that whole kidnapping stunt in the first place.

So yeah, Chief... if you're looking for motive? We might already have our killer sitting in custody."

(10 points)

“So do we? Have our killer sitting in custody?” asks the Chief with raised eyebrows.

You shake your head slowly, like you’ve already chased that road to the end and found nothing but smoke.

“No... Seals wanted payback,” you say. “And she got it. She leaked the divorce to the papers. Made sure it blew up at just the right time—right before Price’s big moment. Stole the spotlight clean. Georgia Price clocked that part right” you smirk. “Tracy goes and sleeps with her biggest rival. That’s not just betrayal—that’s humiliation. So yeah, she hits back. Anonymous letter to *The Villager*. Typed it up at the theater—same machine. Even picked up her husband’s expression—‘the theater scene.’ People rub off on each other like that.

Audrey Seals wanted to hurt Georgia Price. Embarrass her. Knock her off center stage. But killing her?” You shake your head. “Seals already won this one. She didn’t need a body to prove it.”

(10 points)

You exhale slowly, like the case keeps growing new heads the more you cut it down. “Yeah... there are others with motives,” you sigh.

“Ada Bossi. Another actress from the theater. Obsessed with Price. Followed her around, copied her, tried to *be* her. Dyed her hair blonde, learned her part by heart—just waiting for the spotlight to fall her way.

Mrs. Florence saw her leaving the hotel Friday night. Yeah, she was there. Question is—why? Did she poison the Veronal earlier and come back to see if it worked... or did she try something that night? Obsession can turn ugly real fast.

Then there’s Lord Lytton. The husband. Stands to inherit everything. And he’s got plans. Big ones. Farm, racehorses, a whole new life... Trouble is, Georgia wasn’t exactly on board with that dream.

Now he suddenly takes a trip to Kentucky to look at—and possibly buy a promising stallion. Convenient timing. The only question is—did he go because he *knew* she’d be dead by then... or just because he didn’t care if she was?

And yeah—he had access to the pills too. The chauffeur handed him his wife’s Veronal. Easy enough to tamper with it before it ever reached her.

So we got revenge... obsession... and money as motives. Take your pick, Chief.”

(10 points)

The Chief leans in now, all skepticism is gone. “Alright, alright, Lucas... you got me hooked. So which one was it?” His eyes lock onto yours. “Who poisoned the Veronal?”

If you’ve got **at least 40** points here, record **+1 analytical** in your **Campaign Log**. If you’ve got **50 points** here, record **+1 meticulous** as well.

If you haven't wrote it down yet, or you want to alter your answer:

Who poisoned the Veronal? (You can reread your notes or look at leads or documents.)

When you're ready, go to the next page.



Answers 3B

“That’s the thing, Chief... The lab didn’t find any poison anywhere. Not in the cocaine and not in the Veronal. Green even took food samples from the kitchen of the hotel, and combed the building for poison. But there was none.

And not just that. The ME couldn’t find a trace of cyanide in the actress’ stomach. No overdose either. He agreed that the cardiac arrest and all the symptoms - the blue skin, clenched teeth, and frothing mouth - pointed to cyanide poisoning, but Georgia Price didn’t swallow any cyanide at all.”

The Chief stares at you, completely lost now. “Then how the hell did she die?” he asks. “And why does it look like cyanide poisoning if she didn’t take any?”

You let a faint shadow of a smile cross your face. “That’s the question, Chief... the only one that matters. But I think I’ve got the answer.”

If you haven’t wrote it down yet, or you want to alter your answer:

How did Georgia Price die? And why did she show the symptoms of cyanide poisoning? (You can reread your notes or look at leads or documents.)

When you’re ready, go to the next page.



Answers 3C

You nod slowly, like the last piece finally fell into place.

“While I was digging into the cyanide, I learned that they don’t just use it as bait... they use it for fumigation too. Gas. Real nasty stuff, so everyone has to vacate the premises when they use it, and can’t return for an hour or two after that either. But there was no rat fumigation at the hotel on Friday, or any day for that matter. Not to mention the owner lady and the other guests who were also at the hotel, but didn’t get poisoned like Miss Price.

Wanted to make sure, so I went back and asked about pest control. It turns out the neighboring food market’s been fighting rats in the cellar for a while now. Bad enough that Mrs. Florence could hear the rodents scratching at night. Her bathroom sits right above that cellar.

Couldn’t get to Fraser, the neighbor—guy’s out of town. But tracked down the pest control outfits he used. Turns out the first was the local company Big Apple Pest Control, but they only used baits which weren’t effective at all. So Fraser hired another company whose ad I saw in the paper the other day: *Rose’s Rat Exterminator*. Miss Rose Watson told me they fumigated the food market’s cellar with cyanide gas at 8pm on Friday - the exact time Miss Price died in her bathroom.”

(20 points)

“But how the hell did the cyanide gas get to that Price woman’s bathroom?” asks the Chief, perplexed.

If you’ve got the **20 points** here, record **+1 efficient** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you haven’t wrote it down yet, or you want to **alter** your answer:

How did the cyanide gas get to Miss Price’s bathroom? (You can reread your notes or look at leads or documents.)

When you’re ready, go to the next page.



Answers 3D

“Through the vent, Chief,” you say. “Right there on the wall. When I went back to the hotel on Monday, I noticed the ventilation grille on the wall, next to the bathtub. The neighbor’s cellar runs under the hotel owner’s bathroom... and that one sits right below Room 3. Straight line up. The gas didn’t need much—just an opening.

The exterminators cleared the market, sure. But nobody thought about the hotel next door.” You shake your head.

“Fortunately the other guests were in the dining room from 8 to 9, eating supper. Mrs. Florence didn’t go back to her room even after that. She thought she saw Miss Price leaving after 8pm, so she waited for her until midnight. And she uses the bathroom next to the dining room when she’s at the counter. Lucky woman. Real lucky. If she’d gone back to her room earlier... we’d be talking about two bodies right now...

I had the ME rerun his Prussian Blue Test, but examining the lungs instead of the stomach. And he already confirmed it: Prussian Blue lit up the lungs like the Fourth of July.

So that’s it. Georgia Price didn’t swallow cyanide. She breathed it in. And that’s what killed her” you finish your explanation.

(20 points)

The Chief just stares at you. “So let me get this straight. We got a dame who might’ve taken her own life... had a rival who hated her guts... an obsessed understudy breathing down her neck... a jilted lover... and a husband with dollar signs in his eyes—” He leans forward. “And you’re telling me nobody killed her? That it was an accident?”

You hold his gaze. “Pretty much, yeah. Although Georgia Price ‘set the stage for it’ herself when she tried to pin a crime on Audrey Seals, play the victim, grab the spotlight. If she hadn’t pushed things that far, she would probably still be alive - and not gassed by cyanide...

Life can throw up some very peculiar situations. The gas part was blind luck. Wrong place at the wrong time... The city’s full of funny ways to die. This one just happened to look like murder.

But just to be sure, I thought of an experiment. Something we can run—prove it, one way or the other.”

If you’ve got the **20 points** here, record **+1 clever** in your **Campaign Log**.

If you have an idea **what kind of experiment** Lucas is talking about, write it down for an **extra 4 points**.

You can read **Epilogue 2** and calculate your **final score** after that.



Final Scoring

Calculate your final score by assessing how well you answered each question, assigning partial credit as you see fit.

Q1 - Points

- Questions: max 90 points -
- Whole alphabet: +10 points -
- Culture points: max 10 points -
- Minus points -

Score:

Q2 - Points

- Questions: max 90 points -
- Whole alphabet: +10 points -
- Culture points: max 10 points -
- Minus points -

Score:

Q3 - Points

- Questions: max 90 points -
- Whole alphabet: +10 points -
- Plus points: max 10 points -
- Minus points -

Score:

If you could guess the experiment record **+1 clever** in your **Campaign Log** as well.

If you've read both of the papers: **+5 culture points (+10 points)**.

Campaign Log:

If you've earned 35 culture points, record **+4 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**. OR

25-34 culture points: **+3 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**

15-24 culture points: **+2 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**

5-14 culture points: **+1 cultured** in your **Campaign Log**

If you played it solo, record **+1 lone wolf** in your Campaign Log, and mark **+5 reputation** points.

FINAL SCORE: =



Results

Above 260 points:

Congrats! You're basically a pro. A real hardboiled detective. The best there is. Almost nothing escapes your attention.

From 220 to 260 points:

Very good! Not much escapes your attention. One day you could be a pro. A real hardboiled detective.

OR - if you mostly lost points because of overtime leads:

You are a pro and very thorough as well. A real hardboiled detective. The best there is.

From 180 to 219 points:

Good! You mostly got it. Not bad for an amateur sleuth. You're still a flatfoot but one day you could be a pro. A hardboiled detective.

Less than 180 points:

Don't give up, my young copper! Next time be a bit more thorough, and who knows, you could be a real gumshoe one day.



Epilogue 1

Read only after you answered and scored **Questions - Part 1: The Collector** AND it's Saturday - and you're finished for the day.

7pm Jan 19, Saturday - Hotel Lafayette

Your report worked its magic and the Chief gave you a team to catch the thief, and the Collector, her client, who will try to snatch the manuscript of *The Sphinx*. A few men went to Gant's apartment to pick him up as well. You gave them strict instructions to search his study and grab any documents that seem relevant - especially letters that a so-called "Collector" signed. You sincerely hope they won't mess it up. But you couldn't go with them. You have a more important job here, at the Poe dinner.

Luck is on your side it seems, because two more guests cancelled this morning, so you and another cop, Martin Mooney, are sitting at one of the tables. The one nearest the little podium where the manuscript is displayed. Strictly in disguise, of course. You had to abandon your principles and rent a tuxedo for the evening.

There are other cops all over the Lafayette, of course. They guard every possible exit of the hotel, in case you two inside the banquet hall aren't able to catch Tilly and Miss Perry in time.

Miss Murphy, who checked the arriving guests on her list, pointed out Miss Perry for you earlier. She's a very elegant woman, who looks closer to 40 than 50. She's behaving very nonchalantly, smiling at the other guests at her table, like she wasn't someone who ordered a theft that would take place in the next hour. But you know better. And you will be the one to grab her.

Mooney will catch Tilly as soon as she lifts the manuscript. You spotted the dancer earlier among the waiters and waitresses. She looks quite different now. No wig or overdone makeup, and a lot more clothes of course. But her eyes are the same. Bright blue. You pointed her out to Mooney as soon as you spotted her. And you're very careful not to look her way, in case she might recognize you. Although after you shaved and put on this ridiculous tuxedo, you wouldn't even recognize yourself in the mirror.

Okay, it's starting now. Here you go.

The speeches start, so they dim the lights in the banquet hall and shine reflectors on the speakers on the big podium. The attention shifts away from the manuscript. The waiters and waitresses are continuing to walk among the tables to pour more champagne or change the glasses. This would be the perfect opportunity to steal the short story...

And... Tilly, as if accidentally, slows down a bit, then stops in front of the little podium at the corner. Her back is to the glass top which she lifts slowly and carefully behind herself. Mooney and you only peer at her from the corner of your eyes. But the moment she takes out the manuscript and tucks it into her jacket, Mooney springs up and catches her. She's so surprised, she doesn't even

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

try to run. Mooney ushers her out of the room. Everything happened so quickly that most of the guests didn't notice anything. But one of them did, of course.

And here she goes. Miss Perry stands up, smiles at her neighbours and excuses herself like someone who just wants to use the ladies' room for a moment. You follow her out and as soon as she enters the entrance hall, you step in front of her.

"Miss Elizabeth Frances Perry?" She raises her eyebrows when you say her whole name, but doesn't say a word. "I'm Detective Lucas from the NYPD, and you're under arrest for the grand theft of the manuscript of *The Sphinx*." She looks at you with sudden hatred in her eyes. But it's already gone when two of your colleagues join you to lead her away. Suddenly she acts like a confused lady and starts complaining because of this shocking and totally unfounded accusation.

"I'm sorry, Detective, but surely there is a mistake here. I can't imagine what you're talking about. Just look at me. Do I really look like a criminal to you? I'm only a guest at this prestigious dinner."

"Criminals come in all shapes and sizes, Miss Perry - I learned that a long time ago. So don't try and play this 'innocent lady act' with me, I'm not buying it."

She straightens her back, and her voice is totally different when she says, "I would like to call my lawyer."

"Of course, Miss Perry, you can call whoever you want. You know that everyone gets one free call in jail, right?" You grin widely when they take her away.

END OF PART I OF CASE 3

The **game doesn't end yet** because you still want to tell the kid about everything that happened at the dinner. When you're ready to continue, go to the beginning of **DAY 4**.



Epilogue 2

Read only after you answered and scored **Questions - Part 3**.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1935

FREAKISH ACCIDENT KILLED THE ACTRESS

BY BILLIE JONES

It turns out that the death of famous Hollywood star *Georgia Price*, which we reported on previously, was not a suicide after all, but the result of a barely believable accident.

As her bad luck would have it, Miss Price was in a very wrong place at the worst possible time: in the bathroom of her hotel on that Friday night - at the exact time when the neighboring food market's cellar was fumigated with cyanide gas. This highly poisonous gas did not just stay in the cellar, but flowed up through the ventilation system two floors above, right into the unfortunate actress' bathroom - killing her instantly.

Do you, dear reader, find this story as unbelievable as we did when we heard it first at the editorial office? Never fear: the police found a way to convince even our most sceptical readers.

They set up an experiment at the hotel, putting a cage full of lab rats in the hotel bathroom on the floor where the actress died, then asked the fumigation company to repeat their process in the neighbor's cellar, exactly the same way as they did on that fatal Friday.

So Rose's Rat Exterminator did exactly that: fumigated the neighboring cellar. But this time they vacated not only the Deluxe Food Market, but the entire Hotel Florence as well - as they should have done before. Only the wretched rats remained in the bathroom.

The cops then had to wait more than an hour before it was safe to return, but when they did, they found all the rats dead in their cage. The experiment was successful!

Mrs. Rose Watson and her fumigation crew however were arrested at once, and will be put on trial for negligent homicide. It turns out that not only the rats, but also the rat exterminators will regret the day they participated in Detective Lucas' infamous experiment.

THE END OF 'THE COLLECTOR TRILOGY'

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

A few little easter eggs:

- Mickey Sullivan hired Marie in the Caffè **Dante** AND Micha Murphy's big painting was Vergilius and **Dante** on Union Square.
- You went to see *The Black Cat* on Monday night. This film was claiming to be an adaptation of **Poe's** story AND the Collector wanted a **Poe** manuscript.
- The kid pointed out: One of the painters you visited in Case 1 - Lewis Ponder - was the inspiration for one of the characters in Maugham's novel *Of Human Bondage*. You went to see the film adaptation. (In real life the painter's name was Ernest Lawson.)

Historical background, aka real people and events in the cases:

Case 1

- 'The Willoughby Museum' was 'The Whitney Museum of American Art' in real life (in Greenwich Village at the time, but later moved to Hudson Yards, to Gansevoort St 99 - like the museum in my cases).
- The 4 painters and their biographies are real, although I used fake names and paintings. (The real paintings and painters were: *High Bridge* by Ernest Lawson, *Sentinels* by Alexander Brook, *Dust, Drought and Destruction* by William C. Palmer, and *Nude* by Isabel Bishop.)
- The Biennale was a real exhibition at the Whitney (although they bought 6 Village canvases, not 4): <https://whitney.org/exhibitions/biennial-1934>
- Information about Dante, Virgil, Beatrice, the *Divine Comedy*, and the actors are from wikipedia.
- The movie article about *The Black Cat* is based on a real article from 1934.

Case 2

- Information about Jackson Pollock's youth (coming to New York with brother Charlie, being poor and working on murals and as a school janitor) is true, but the paintings are not (but the inspiration was his *Going West* painting from this period).
- Information about the 5 authors - wikipedia.
- Twain and Tesla really experimented together (real photos).
- Twain's cousin really lived in Greenwich Village, there was an article in the real *Villager* about him (but his real name was William Griffith).
- Most of the articles are from *The Villager's* Jan 10th issue (1935): the Poe dinner, Missouri Lauds Twain, Shakespeare Fellowship - but 'Mrs. Boyle' was Mrs. Alberta Gallatia Childe in real life.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- I used the Poe experts' real names in the game (they really attended the Poe dinner).

Case 3

- *The Sphinx* is an existing short story of Poe (but its history was imagined for the game).
- I left out a few important roles from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (like Bottom, who gets the famous donkey's head).
- 'Edwin Day', the director was Frank Short in real life.
- *Narcissus and Echo* - Greek/Roman myth.
- *Of Human Bondage* - real movie (Lucas' opinions were based on an article about the film).
- The information about Veronal, cyanide and pest control in the 1930s, about horse racing (and all the named horses), information about the theaters are also real - from various websites and articles.
- Most of the articles in this case are from Jan 1935 - from *The Villager* and other papers.
- Dr. Costello was based on Karen Horney, a psychiatrist of this era, who was the specialist of narcissism.
- Georgia and Audrey's rivalry was based on Bette Davis and Joan Crawford's feud that lasted a lifetime.
- Georgia's youth was based on the actress Clara Bow's life story.
- Georgia's death was based on the death of an elderly couple in a Brooklyn hotel's bathroom in 1922 (the cellar fumigation, the Prussian blue test, a stubborn detective who kept going back to the hotel and kept investigating cyanide, and the experiment with the rats - all happened).

Inspiration for my first 'noir' cases

- Expressions, slang and even direct quotes here and there (mostly in Case 1) are from *The Big Sleep* by Raymond Chandler.



Full Walkthrough

A possible path:

Thursday - Jan 17

Visit the Greenwich Village Library

Talk to Hopkins

Find Hopkins' aunt

Newsstand - buy today's *Villager*

Lafayette Hotel - talk to the Poe dinner speakers: Chase, Mabbott, Sakeniski

Police Station

Madison Square Theatre: talk to Benjamin Miller and Jerry Stamper, search Georgia's dressing room

Visit the Law Firm of Clark & Lodge

Talk to Lord Lytton, search Georgia's room

Visit Tracy & Christman

Talk to Costello, the therapist

Talk to Arthur Baxter

Find Earless Jimmy

Visit the Cherry Lane Theatre: talk to Eloise Kellett

Late night leads: Village Vanguard, Chumley's

Friday - Jan 18

Visit the editorial office of the *Daily News*

Talk to Billie Jones

Search Finley's apartment

Visit the editorial office of *The Villager*

Talk to Vernon Taylor

Police Station

Visit the Broadway Central Hotel

Go back to the Hotel Lafayette: talk to Mollock and Parrott

Talk to Mrs. Boyle

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Talk to Anaisha, Lily-Mae, and Reizy
Go to the flower shop
Visit the Belasco Theatre: talk to Sylvester Tracy, Audrey Seals
Ask Hopkins about Ada
7 pm Talk to Ada Bossi
Talk to the Subway attendant and the bum
Find the other subway station
Go to the Post Office, visit the tea room
Visit the Grand Hotel and Hotel Florence
Late night lead: movie

Saturday - Jan 19

Visit Columbia University and New York university
Visit the New York Library - Rare Manuscripts and Ancestry Records
Talk to the hotel's manager
Visit Rapid Staffing
Talk to Nathania and Pearl
Talk to the playboy
7pm - Poe dinner

Sunday - Jan 20

Talk to Officer Green and Audrey Seals
Hotel Florence: talk to owner lady
Go to a pharmacy (ask about Veronal)
Talk to Benji
Go to the Caffè Reggion and Oscar's Gallery - talk to the dealer
Visit the Madison Theater: talk to Stan and the caretaker
Talk to the exterminator
Visit director Day
Talk to Jerry, Tracy, and Eloise
Talk to Ada's neighbor
Find the church

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Go back to Lord Lytton's house: talk to the chauffeur, the maid, and the butler again

Visit Ratopax pest control

Visit the Jockey club

Go back to Georgia's shrink

Find the law firm about Gerogia's will

Visit the Blue Bar and the Flatiron Bar

Late night lead: Diamond Palace - talk to Bax

Monday - Jan 21

Talk to the medical examiner and the lab

Look up cyanide poisoning

Go back to Hotel Florence: talk to the cook, the Petersons, and to Morris

Visit the Deluxe Food Market

Visit Big Apple Pest Control and Rose's Rat Exterminator

Visit Ada at the hospital



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.

Billie Jones

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You could try and look him up in the directory. In *Case 1*, when you first met him, you learned that he lives in the Village. In this case you saw Russian Matryoshka dolls in his office. So maybe you should look for a Russian sounding name in Greenwich Village.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-6168 on p.109](#)



Collector1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find out who Finley is? Did you go to his apartment and did you find the Collector's letter? Then you know what he is after. A manuscript. And Jimmy told you, this job is personal to the Collector. So you need to find out more about this manuscript and its author. Where could you go to get this information?



Collector2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go back to the Jefferson Market Library to read everything about Poe (or read it again)?
Now you could go to the New York Library's Rare Manuscript Section and its Ancestry Records.



Collector3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You know the Collector will be attending the Poe dinner. Did you talk to Mrs. Boyle, the organizer? And Anaisha Murphy - who is in charge of the guest list of the Poe dinner? Then you have a corrected guest list.



Collector4

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find the thief? Jimmy told you about two possible people - at Chumley's and at the Village Vanguard nightclub. Maybe the thief will try to impersonate one of the staff at the Poe dinner. Reizy Druker could tell you who is in charge of the staff at the hotel.



Collector5

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to the hotel manager? Did you go to the Rapid Staff Services and did you talk to the replaced employee, Nathania Vaughan?



Finley

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to Edgar Tate and Co. in Case 2? Who did you meet there?



Hint for Marker A1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you look up ancestry records?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-3122 on p.127](#)



Hint for Marker B1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Mrs. Boyle?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-6963 on p.172](#)



Hint for Marker B2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Ada?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-7500 on p.139](#)



Hint for Marker B3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You should talk to Benji again.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-3574 on p.99](#)



Hint for Marker E3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You should talk to Eloise again.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-1916 on p.155](#)



Hint for Marker F2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Have you found the hotel where Georgia's currently staying?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-3756 on p.101](#)



Hint for Marker F4

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Baxter? If not, think about what could he mean about that 'diamond'? (Is there a place that has it in its name?)

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-0825 on p.185](#)



Hint for Marker G2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you search Miss Price's room?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-5710 on p.164](#)



Hint for Marker G3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Officer Green?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-7994 on p.77](#)



Hint for Marker H2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the subway station near the Madison?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-1696 on p.26](#)



Hint for Marker H3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to the butler about pest control?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-7936 on p.76](#)



Hint for Marker II

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Pearl?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1704 on p.216](#)



Hint for Marker I3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you call the lab?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-1530 on p.154](#)



Hint for Marker J1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Jimmy?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-2095 on p.157](#)



Hint for Marker J2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Jerry?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-9904 on p.147](#)



Hint for Marker K3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the Jockey Club?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-4268 on p.195](#)



Hint for Marker L1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the library?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-3418 on p.34](#)



Hint for Marker L2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Lord Lytton?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-9892 on p.83](#)



Hint for Marker M1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you meet Lily-Mae?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-9589 on p.52](#)



Hint for Marker M2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to the maid?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-7045 on p.46](#)



Hint for Marker M3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go back to the Madison Theater on Sunday?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-6769 on p.170](#)



Hint for Marker N1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Nathania?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-0997 on p.152](#)



Hint for Marker O1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Who else do you know from the Village Vanguard? You could talk to him.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-1843 on p.95](#)



Hint for Marker O2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find the Post Office where Georgia posted a letter?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-5820 on p.166](#)



Hint for Marker O3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You should go back to the Hotel Florence.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-0561 on p.120](#)



Hint for Marker P1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Dr Parrott?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-2092 on p.189](#)



Hint for Marker Q1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the Staffing Services?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-1313 on p.123](#)



Hint for Marker Q2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find out where Georgia got off the subway?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-5096 on p.67](#)



Hint for Marker Q3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you call the medical examiner?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-4014 on p.129](#)



Hint for Marker R1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the New York Library to ask about rare manuscripts?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-3629 on p.226](#)



Hint for Marker S3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You should talk to Ada again.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-4848 on p.106](#)



Hint for Marker T1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Miss Tilly?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-7914 on p.204](#)



Hint for Marker U4

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find the exterminators Mr. Underwood told you about?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-6570 on p.236](#)



Hint for Marker V2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to *The Villager's* editorial office?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-1648 on p.25](#)



Hint for Marker V3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You could ask about Veronal in a pharmacy.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-7136 on p.175](#)



Hint for Marker W2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Billie Jones? If you don't have any idea what his real name is, try the hint 'Billie Jones.'



Hint for Marker W3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the exterminators who advertise in the paper?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-7452 on p.177](#)



Hint for Marker X1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Do you know who "Mr. Finley" is? Did you go to his apartment?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-7921 on p.239](#)



Hint for Marker X3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go back to the Hotel Florence on Monday - after you heard things about pest control?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-7135 on p.71](#)



Hint for Marker Y1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you meet Reizy?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [5-8087 on p.181](#)



Hint for Marker Y4

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Where did you take Ada after you found her again? You should visit her there.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1116 on p.211](#)



Hint for Marker Z3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You should talk to the chauffeur again.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 2 demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-9036 on p.241](#)

