Guilty or Not

Simon Brook Investigates

by Annamária Kovács

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SUMMARY

One morning, an agitated young man arrives at your newly opened private detective agency and entrusts you with a rather surprising task.

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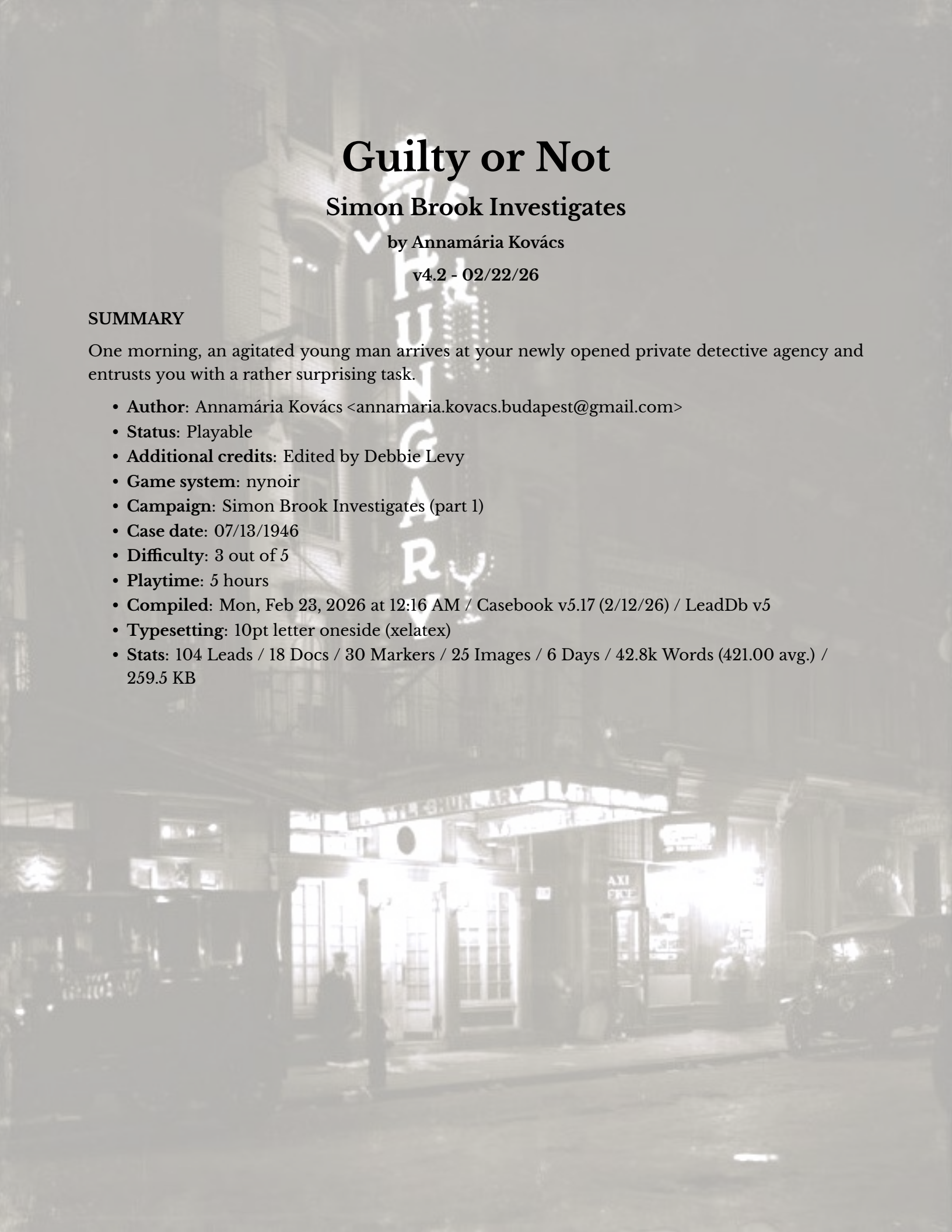

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Instructions

Before you begin

In this game, you step into the shoes of detective **Simon Brook**, who has recently opened his private agency called **"Madeline's Detective Agency"** in Greenwich Village, New York City.

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 you spend. **Working overtime** is exhausting, so it results in negative points, but it allows you to gather more information. If, on the other hand, you unwind and relax **after 10 p.m.** (for example, at the cinema or in a restaurant), you can regain some energy - that is, earn **bonus points**.

In addition to the information and clues you obtain from the leads, **you can visit your contacts at any time** if you feel that one of them might be able to help you untangle the case. These are people you are on good terms with, so they are happy to help you out with information or a favor. (This does not count as a 'hint', so during normal working hours it gives neither bonus nor penalty points; it simply takes half an hour, just like most of any other visits.)

You will also receive a **newspaper** related to the case. If you read every article in it by the end of the game, you can earn bonus points.

Your contacts:

John Lucas (your former partner) – at the *local police department*

Martin Young – journalist at the local paper *The Villager*

Earless Jimmy (your underworld contact) – usually drinks at the *Julius' Bar*

Frank Morris – at the *local taxi company*

When you are ready to begin, turn to the introduction of **Day One**.

Good luck with the investigation!

DAY ONE

9 AM - Saturday, July 13th, 1946

Madeline's Detective Agency

It's only 9 o'clock, but it's already quite hot in here. Luckily the sun isn't shining directly through the window yet, unlike in the afternoons, when the heat in this little hole they dare call an office becomes almost unbearable...

You nervously fiddle with your pen. The latest issue of *The Villager* lies on the desk in front of you. You've checked to see whether your predecessor's advertisement for the detective agency is still running in the paper, just as your friend at the editorial office told you.

Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1** (The Villager), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 161.

You didn't want to turn down the free advertisement, but once the subscription expires, you'll change the name of the office. What should you call it? Simon's Detective Agency? No, that doesn't sound right... Brook Investigations? Or should you come up with something more creative? You stare at the wall, lost in thought.

It was a big decision to leave the police force, but you'd had enough of being constantly assigned to desk duty. You wanted to be a detective when you signed up, not an administrator! But back in your rookie days,

you suffered an assault and ended up in a coma and as it turns out the incident had long-term consequences: you can't coordinate your movements well enough, so you walk with a slight limp and can't run very effectively either... As if investigations so often required chasing suspects! Even so, you were only very rarely sent out on fieldwork after that.

In the end, you decided to open a private detective practice, where you could be your own boss and finally spend all your time on fieldwork. Meanwhile, your former partner Lucas was appointed head of the local precinct - but by then you had already secured this office, so you didn't change your plans. A few weeks ago you hung up your uniform and opened your private detective agency. How happy you were!

Then the first clients arrived: elderly ladies looking for their lost cats, jealous husbands who wanted you to uncover their wives' affairs. You indignantly turned down these petty cases. You didn't become a private detective to chase after stray cats and wives! The problem is that in the meantime, the first reminders about your unpaid bills have arrived, and the monthly rent for this office will soon be due as well... There's no way around it: you'll have to set aside your pride, and accept a job from whoever walks through your office door next.

You haven't even reached the end of your bitter train of thought about the world's injustices when there's a knock at the door, and without waiting for your answer, an agitated young man steps inside.

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Maybe this kid is looking for his lost dog... But forcing a serious expression onto your face, you stand up and offer your hand to the distressed young man.

"Good morning! I'm Simon Brook, private detective. How may I be of service?"

"Really? Good... I saw the advertisement for *Madeline's Detective Agency* in the newspaper. Is this 'Madeline' your boss?"

"No, I work alone. The office was named by its previous owner, and I haven't had the chance to change the name yet. But whom do I have the pleasure of speaking with, and what brings you here?" you say encouragingly, looking at the boy, who nervously wrings his hands. You offer him the chair opposite your desk, which he accepts. Taking a deep breath, he then announces:

"I'd like you to investigate a murder case for me. How much would it cost?"

You sit back down in your chair, and suddenly freeze. Could it be? Has this kid just brought you the first serious assignment of your private detective career?

"A murder? Shouldn't you be taking something like that to the police, Mr. ...?"

"Sorry, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is David McKenna."

"...Mr. McKenna?" You finish your question, while wondering where you've heard that name before.

"Yes, I went to the police first, but they didn't take me seriously. My father wants to have me committed to a mental institution... But I'll prove to him that I was telling the truth. You'll take my case, won't you, Mr. Brook?" he asks, looking at you pleadingly.

A mental institution? Your initial enthusiasm cools a little.

"Mr. McKenna..."

"David. Call me David, please. 'Mr. McKenna' is my father."

"I see. So, David, could you tell me exactly what this is about? Obviously, I need to know the details of the case before I can decide whether I can take it on or not. My fee is usually 25 dollars a day, plus expenses. But that may change depending on the specifics of the case." You open your notebook, ready to take notes. The young man suddenly pulls out his wallet.

"Yes, of course. That's understandable... Here's 100 dollars. That should be enough to start with, I suppose," he says, laying the bills out on the desk in front of you. Well now, who is this kid to so casually pull 100 dollars out of his pocket? For the moment, you don't reach for the money, just look at the young man expectantly as he finally begins his story.

"What happened? The truth is, Mr. Brook, that three months ago... to be precise, on the night of April 11th, I killed a girl. Katica." You gape at him. *What?* But he just continues matter-of-factly. "Yesterday afternoon I walked into the local police precinct to make a confession. But the inspector said they had no knowledge of the death or disappearance of any girl matching the description I gave. So he called my father, who showed up almost immediately accompanied by my psychiatrist, and reassured the police that my imagination had simply run wild and that ever since I suffered a nervous breakdown, I haven't been of sound mind."

Well, that's that. Not the first murder case to come in today, just the first lunatic! That's your luck... And then, suddenly, it hits you why the kid's name sounded so familiar.

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“McKenna? As in the record label?” you ask in surprise, and the young man nods stiffly.

“Yes. Carl McKenna is my father.”

You study this strange kid with narrowed eyes. Aside from his nervousness, he doesn’t seem insane, although his eyes are dark and sunken. Finally you decide to hear him out before politely sending him on his way.

“So you’re saying that on the night of April 11th you killed a girl. Why?” you ask, fixing him with a penetrating gaze.

“Why? I don’t really know, I mean… in a fit of rage… I think,” he says, running a hand through his hair in a desperate gesture.

“And how did you kill her? Where?” you press him for details.

“I… I strangled her. In some little alley. I don’t know exactly where, it was dark…”

Well, that doesn’t sound very convincing. No wonder the police didn’t take him seriously.

“And what happened to the body?”

“I have no idea!” he snaps, jumping up from the chair. He starts pacing nervously around the small office like a tiger trapped in a cage. Gesturing wildly with his hands, he continues. “When I realized what I’ve done, I ran away… I was terrified! For days I avoided people. I felt like everyone could see that I was a murderer. As if the mark of Cain were on my forehead. Every morning I read the newspaper in fear; I flinched at every doorbell. I was certain they’d come for me at any moment and throw me in prison… But days went by, and nothing happened. No one came for me, and the newspapers didn’t write about any murder either. I started to think that I had only imagined it all, that it hadn’t actually happened, that it was all just a nightmare…” He falls silent, exhausted.

“Then why did you try to turn yourself in yesterday?”

“It happened two weeks after that horrible night. I put on the same jacket I was wearing that night. When I reached into the pocket, my hand touched this button.” He places a small, yellow, star-shaped button on the desk in front of you.

Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2** (The yellow button), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 164.

You stare at the tiny button, barely half an inch across. The young man continues, agitated:

“Katica was wearing a yellow cardigan with exactly these star-shaped buttons! It must have come off in the struggle and stayed in my hand, and then I probably slipped it into my pocket without thinking. I have no idea… But here it is – you can see it yourself, proof of my guilt.” You look at the boy skeptically. It’s not exactly hard evidence of murder.

“Did you say the victim was called Katica? What was her last name?”

“I don’t know. I met her that very day. I wasn’t really paying attention when she introduced herself. She had some tongue-twisting Hungarian name.”

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"Hungarian?" you ask.

"Yes, she was a Hungarian girl. I met her in the Hungarian quarter of Yorkville. I was waiting for my friend Tóni at Aunt Veronka's bakery when she appeared at the counter. She was beautiful. Tall, slim, red-haired. She was wearing a yellow skirt, a white top, and a yellow cardigan. She had a green handbag in her hand that matched her green shoes perfectly. She looked like she'd just stepped out of a fashion magazine.

At first, I thought she was just smiling at me by mistake, that she must have confused me with someone else. But then she spoke to me, saying what a lovely spring day it was, or something like that. We struck up a conversation, and then I ordered her a lemonade.

She said she had recently arrived to New York to stay with some relatives… maybe she mentioned a cousin. And that she wanted to see the big city, and go to galleries and theaters. She also said she was very interested in the city's nightlife, but didn't know anyone who could show her around bars or nightclubs. After all, this was her last evening here.

I immediately offered to help her, of course. I said I was born and bred in Manhattan, so she couldn't have asked for a better guide! I don't know where I found the courage. Me and nightclubs! Hardly… But I figured she didn't know that, so if I acted confident enough, maybe she wouldn't notice how unfamiliar I was with Manhattan's night scene. I suggested we go over to the Village, where the best places are. She said yes, so we took a taxi to Greenwich Village."

"When exactly was this?"

"I'm not sure… it wasn't very late yet. Maybe around six o'clock."

"And what about the friend you were originally waiting for?"

David blushes slightly at the question.

"To be honest, I didn't mind at all that Tóni never showed up in the end. He'd always been the girls' favorite, so I never really stood a chance when he was there… Except, of course, when a girl wanted to get close to my father through me and land a record deal…" His face darkens considerably as he says this. Then he takes a deep breath and continues. "So that evening, Katica and I got into a taxi and went over to the Village. Well, first we stopped at *Grand Central Station*, because Katica wanted to put her suitcase in the checking room. I suggested it to her so we shouldn't have to carry her suitcase with us all evening."

"Her suitcase?"

"Yes, she had a small suitcase with her. Like I said, it was her last evening in Manhattan."

"So, what was this suitcase like?"

The boy looks taken aback by the question.

"What was it like? I have no idea. Just an ordinary suitcase," he replies, and immediately continues his story. "So I waited for her outside the station in the taxi, then we went over to the Village… to quite a few places. Bars, nightclubs. And of course we drank at every stop. At least I did. You'll probably find this ridiculous, Mr. Brook, but I wanted to prove to Katica that I was a real man…

That girl completely swept me off my feet! The way she looked at me with her sparkling eyes,

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always smiling… And you could actually talk to her! About books, films, music… I'd never met such a wonderful woman before. She wasn't just beautiful and intelligent, she was interested in *me*. Me! Not my friend Tóni, not my father's connections, but me. At least that's what I thought at the time…

When I finally worked up the courage and, on the way to one of the bars, pulled her into a small alley and kissed her, to my greatest surprise she didn't resist. I was floating on air, whispering all sorts of foolish things into her ear about how beautiful she was, how I'd like her to be my girlfriend, how she should stay in Manhattan and not go home in the morning… things like that.

But then… Then suddenly she started saying things like she'd be happy to stay if she had some kind of prospect here… for example, if she could sing… because she actually wanted to be a singer, and that was the real reason she'd come to New York City. So how wonderful it would be if I might put in a good word for her with my father, then maybe she could stay for a few more days…" David's gaze hardens as he speaks those last sentences. Suddenly, he no longer seems like the shy young man who walked into your office.

"An overwhelming surge of rage and despair filled me when she said those things. *So she's like that too? She just wants to use me as well? And she's only smiling at me and letting me pull her into this alley because of my father?* The realization hit me all at once: she probably knew exactly who I was when she approached me in the pastry shop! And I was such a fool - how easily I swallowed the bait! I can't put into words what I felt then… rage, despair, bitterness… And suddenly - I grabbed her by the neck and started squeezing."

The poor boy's face is deathly pale as he says this. Yet he continues, almost without taking a breath:

"I don't know exactly how long it lasted! I only remember her lying there next to the wall like a rag doll. I suddenly sobered up – I panicked and started running like a madman. I have no idea where I ran or for how long, but my lungs were about to burst when I suddenly realized I'd made it back to my lodgings. I ran up to my room and threw myself onto the bed… And then, as I said, from the next day on my life was filled with fear that I'd be caught – or that I'd gone insane. Right up until I found the button." He falls silent abruptly.

You ask the obvious question. "And why didn't you turn yourself in *then*?"

"Why? Because I was afraid. I didn't want to end up in the electric chair. But I completely fell apart. That's when my father hired that shrink, who began treating me for a nervous breakdown. Of course, only at home. God forbid it should come out that the great Carl McKenna's son had suffered a nervous breakdown! What a scandal that would have been! My stepmother wouldn't have been able to bear the disgrace."

"And who is this doctor who treated you?" you ask.

"He's got some stupid name… I always just call him the shrink. He was incredibly tiring with all his questions. He kept wanting to talk about my feelings and my dead mother… a complete joke. Obviously, I didn't tell him the real reason for my breakdown. I fed him all kinds of nonsense about the 'pressure' my father and my internship put on me, and the expectations at school…"

"You're in school?" you interject.

"I'm studying to be a sound engineer at the *New York School of Fine and Applied Arts*, and I'm also interning at the local radio station. My father expects me to join the record label eventually, and

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for that it's essential that I actually understand the business."

"I see. And what was the outcome of this doctor's treatments?"

"On the surface, I seemed to be getting better, so the doctor suggested that I gradually return to my daily routine. Start going back to school, continue my internship. I tried, but it was of no use. At the most unexpected moments, Katica's image would appear before me. The way she lay there on the ground..."

"So that's why you went to the police yesterday?"

"I compulsively went back to Yorkville again and again, to the place where I'd met her, though I was careful not to run into Tóni or anyone else I knew. Yesterday I was wandering around the Hungarian quarter again when I stumbled upon a church and I decided to go in. I knelt before the cross and, for the first time in my life, began to pray. I begged God to free me from this horrible suffering. And then a hand touched my shoulder. It was the priest. He asked if he could help, and I told him everything.

It was an incredible feeling! As if a tremendous weight had been lifted off my shoulders. The priest suggested that I turn myself in to the police and accept punishment for what I'd done so that my 'soul could find peace,' as he put it. In truth, I don't really believe in this 'soul' business, yet I felt he was right. Strangely enough, my fear disappeared as well. So I set off for the police. But as I've already told you, they didn't believe me."

"I see. And don't you think it might be better to just let this whole thing go?" you ask cautiously. You're usually a pretty good judge of character, but somehow you can't decide whether this boy is insane or not.

"How could that be better? Last night my father and the doctor were already talking about new treatments. According to the doctor, I'm suffering from schizophrenia. As if! I'm not crazy, I'm just a murderer. I don't belong in a mental institution, I belong in prison!" The boy practically shouts the last words, then suddenly falls silent.

You sit in silence for a few minutes. You weigh the odds of whether the kid really did kill that girl, especially since they didn't find a body. Isn't it more likely that he simply imagined or dreamed all this? Or that he really is schizophrenic?

You glance at the money lying on the desk, and after a moment's hesitation, you come to a decision.

"Look, David, I'll be honest with you. This whole story seems pretty unlikely." The boy is about to protest when you raise a hand to silence him. "But... I can also see how much this is tormenting you. Especially the uncertainty. So I'll take the case – that is, I'll take on the task of finding out what really happened on April 11th. Maybe I'll manage to find that girl, and then you can rest easy knowing you didn't kill anyone. But if you really did commit a murder, I'll find evidence that the police will have to take seriously."

David looks at you gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Brook. You have no idea what this means to me!"

"However, I still have a few more questions," you say, returning to your notebook. "You said the girl was tall, slim, red-haired. How old do you think she was?"

"I don't know. About my age. Around twenty."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Besides her clothing, can you recall any other distinguishing features? A scar, a birthmark, a characteristic way of moving, anything.”

“No. There was nothing like that,” the boy says, shaking his head.

“I see. You’ve mentioned this friend of yours, Tóni. Who exactly is he?”

“The son of the owner of the *Little Hungary Restaurant*. He works there. But we often met at his grandmother’s shop, Aunt Veronka’s, the *Nagyi Süteményei* bakery. I was waiting for him there on April 11th as well. Aunt Veronka’s pastries are legendary…”

“And exactly where did you go with this…” you glance at your notes, “…Katica, over the course of the evening?”

“As I said, the places kind of blur together, and I drank quite a bit too… but I think we went to a few bars and some nightclubs, because I remember we danced as well. I can’t tell you more than that - I’m sorry.” The boy looks at you apologetically.

“I see. Well, it’s not much, but it’s something to start with. By the way, where are you staying?”

“At the Christopher Street Boarding House.”

“You’re living in a boarding house? Did your parents throw you out?” You look at the young man in surprise.

“No, not at all. Quite the opposite, actually. I was the one who couldn’t stand the atmosphere at home anymore. My mother died a long time ago. I was barely ten years old. My father only remarried a few years ago. His new wife, Eliza, is a nightmare! She only cares about status and money. She’s changed my father completely. He used to be fairly normal, but these days the main topic at home is who will say what about us, or which flashy social event we should appear at next, which influential people we should be rubbing shoulders with. It’s nauseating. A year ago I’d had enough and moved into the boarding house.”

“Any other family members you see regularly? Other friends, acquaintances?”

“Not really. I don’t have any siblings, and most of our relatives live in other states. We hardly ever see them. I’ve known Tóni since elementary school – he’s almost like an older brother to me. His Hungarian relatives practically adopted me. His father became a sort of surrogate father to me, and Auntie Veronka a surrogate grandmother. But since April I’ve barely seen them. At first they thought I was ill, and then… I don’t really know. I haven’t been going to school much lately either.”

“Well, I think that’s enough for now,” you say, closing your notebook. “Let’s meet here again tomorrow morning at nine. By then I might be able to tell you something useful, or I may have more questions. Who knows? And if you can, bring a photo of yourself. It might come in handy.”

“Thank you, Mr. Brook! I’ll be here, and I’ll bring a photo.” You see genuine gratitude shining in the boy’s eyes as he shakes your hand and leaves.

And now it’s time to get to work. You pocket the 100 bucks, pull your hat down on your head, and step out into the sun-drenched street.

Your task:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Try to find out exactly where Katica and David went that April evening, and who the girl really was!

It is now **10 a.m.** You can investigate until **7 p.m.**, and then work overtime until 10 p.m. (1 demerit per lead). At **10 p.m.** (for bonus points) you can still go to the **movies**, after which your day comes to an end.

Tomorrow morning you start again here in the office at 9 a.m. (In other words: once you've finished your first day, turn to the introduction of "Day Two.")

STOP!

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

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

DAY TWO

9 AM - Sunday, July 14th, 1946

Madeline's Detective Agency

In the morning—according to your agreement—you are waiting in the office for David to arrive. Your mind is swirling with everything you learned yesterday. The boy suddenly bursts through the door without knocking:

"Mr. Brook, Mr. Brook! I hope you've found something useful! My father showed up at my boarding house this morning saying that the doctor had recommended me for 'modern treatments' at his clinic, so I should just go with him. I pretended to agree and only asked him to wait while I got properly dressed. But while he was waiting in the lounge, I slipped out through the fire escape… Modern treatments, indeed! Do you know what kind of 'modern treatments' those monsters have in store for schizophrenic patients? Electroshock therapy and lobotomy! No, thank you—I'd rather die!" David's eyes flash combatively as he says this.

You gesture toward the chair for him to sit down and try to calm him.

"Calm down, David! I very much hope that I'll soon get to the bottom of your case, and then none of that will be necessary. It would help me greatly, however, if you could recall a few more details about April 11."

"But I've already told you everything there was to tell."

"Perhaps. But let's try something, all right? Take a deep breath. That's it. Now close your eyes. Excellent. And now try to imagine the events of April 11. You're back in the pastry shop, talking with Katica. Did she say anything about her further plans? Anything might help."

David sits with his eyes closed, breathing deeply, and after a few minutes he slowly begins to speak:

"Katica said… she said that she had quit a job yesterday…"

"Excellent, that's it! We need more details like that," you say encouragingly. He doesn't open his eyes; he is clearly concentrating intensely. After a short pause, he continues:

"She also said that it was her last night in Manhattan, and that the next day… the next day she would be taking the train back home to… Illinois…"

"Very good, very good! And what about the bars and clubs? Do you recall which ones you went to?"

This time the boy pauses for longer, but then he speaks:

"Yes, I remember the *Caffe Dante*… Then maybe… *Chumley's*? And clubs as well… maybe the *Bitter Edge*, or the *Vanguard*…" He takes a long pause before each name, as if trying to picture the place before saying it out loud. You, of course, are feverishly taking notes.

"And do you happen to recall any familiar faces? Did you run into people you knew anywhere? Talk to them?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I'm not sure. Yes… several of us were sitting around a table together, laughing a lot. Tommy was there, and his girlfriend, Lillian, and Johnny too…"

"Tommy? Lillian? Johnny? Who are they?"

David opens his eyes now and answers, almost surprised:

"Yes, I remember now. All three of them are audio engineering majors; that's where I know them from. We're not close friends or anything, but we occasionally exchange a few words at school. Tommy Baker and Lillian Perry live in the same boarding house as I do, though we hardly ever run into each other there. They spend every minute in each other's room, cleverly evading the vigilance of Mrs. Lewinsky, who of course does not allow any kind of 'fraternization' between boys and girls."

"And Johnny?"

"Johnny Lafayette. I don't know much about him… but once I ran into him at *Caffe Reggio*. It turned out that he works there on weekends."

"Excellent! More leads I can follow! I really hope I'll get further today than I did yesterday. Did you bring the photograph I asked for?"

"Yes, here it is." He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope.

Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (David), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 165.

"Thank you, David. Let's meet again here in the office tomorrow at half past eight, all right?"

"Will you have found the evidence we need by then, Mr. Brook? Because time is really running out. I don't want to end up in the loony doctor's clinic!" He looks at you with a pleading expression.

You take a deep breath and finally say:

"Yes, David. One way or another, I promise that by tomorrow I'll have this case wrapped up."

You very much hope you won't regret making that promise.

It's **10 o'clock**. You can investigate until **7 p.m.**, and after that you can work overtime until 10 (1 demerit per lead). At **10 p.m.**, stop by the *Little Hungary Restaurant*—they're sure to be waiting for you with some delicious Hungarian dishes!

Tomorrow morning, come into the office by 8 so you'll have one more hour before David arrives. (That is: once you've finished your second day, turn to the introduction of "Day Three"!)

AND NOW

If you have circled **Marker L2** in your case log, go to 7-5437 (p.142).

STOP!

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

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

DAY THREE

8 AM - Monday, July 15th, 1946

Madeline's Detective Agency

If you have these markers:

If you have circled **Marker A1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker D1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker F1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker H2** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker I1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker L2** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker P1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker Q1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker R1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker U1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker W1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker X1** in your case log, and

If you have circled **Marker Y1** in your case log,

THEN you're ready to talk to your client.

You call your friend Lucas to discuss the questions that have come up. Afterwards, when David arrives at 9 o'clock, you can tell him everything.

Jump to the questions!

If, however, there are still loose ends that you want to follow up on today (if you **don't have** all the required markers):

At 9 o'clock, you tell David to come back to the office sometime in the afternoon; by then, you will have solved the case. Before that, you'll call your friend Lucas and go over the details with him.

Continue the investigation!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

From now on, reading each lead results in 1 demerit, but you no longer need to keep track of time. Don't forget to use **hints**, if you're stuck.

As soon as you feel ready, jump to the questions!

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

1-1648

The Villager's editorial office
65 University Pl, GV-27

If you **haven't circled S1**, go to 5-0630 (p.87).

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 2-3302 (p.44).

1-2443

NYPD - Yorkville Precinct
90th St & York Ave, YV-20
Time: 30 minutes

After a few inquiries, you are directed to Inspector Dezső Szabó, who deals with matters concerning the local Hungarian community.

"And why are you so keen on finding this Katica, Mr. Brook?" the thick-mustached, gruff-looking inspector asks, eyeing you suspiciously.

"My client, a certain David McKenna, would like to find her — or at least find out what exactly happened to her."

"McKenna? You wouldn't be talking about that crazy kid who tried to confess to a murder at the Greenwich Village precinct, would you? I already told Chief Inspector Lucas when he called to inquire that we have no knowledge of any missing girl matching the description they've given. You'd do better to leave the investigation to the professionals, young man!"

You feel like responding with a few choice words to this obvious insult, but instead you simply thank the unpleasant inspector for his 'help' and move on.

1-2448

Ferenc Molnár

Ferenc Molnár (Budapest, 1878 – New York, 1952) was a Hungarian writer, playwright, journalist, and war correspondent of Jewish origin (born Ferenc Neumann).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

From 1908 onward, his stage works were performed in several cities — not only in Vienna and Berlin, but also in Italy and the United States — though because of their critique of bourgeois society, the productions were not always well received. His greatest success was *Liliom*. In 1934, Fritz Lang adapted it into a film, and it later served as the basis for the musical *Carousel*, which premiered on Broadway in 1945.

His 50th birthday was celebrated with great pomp. Molnár was personally received at the White House by the President of the United States. In the 1920s and 1930s, he was estimated to have earned more than one million U.S. dollars per year. In 1939, he fled to New York to escape the Nazis. In America, he wrote screenplays and stage plays.

☑ Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

1-3550

Evans' Investigations
356 E. 87th St, YV-31

You don't want anyone to ask the question: "Why didn't they ask Evans?" so you knock on the door of the private detective's office to see whether anyone might be looking for Katica through him. Unfortunately, you get a negative answer from your colleague.

1-3654

The Andrews Sisters

The Andrews Sisters were an American vocal trio from the swing and boogie-woogie era. The group consisted of three sisters: alto **LaVerne Sophia Andrews** (born 1911), soprano **Maxene Anglyn Andrews** (born 1916), and mezzo-soprano **Patricia Marie Andrews** (born 1918).

Their father, of Greek origin (originally "Andreas"), and their mother, of Norwegian descent, supported their careers from an early age. Patty, the youngest and the leader of the trio, was only seven years old when they began singing, and twelve when they first won a talent competition. After their father's restaurant went bankrupt, the sisters became the family's breadwinners.

They achieved nationwide fame in 1937 with the song *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön* ("To Me, You're Beautiful"), which was originally a Yiddish song. They soon topped the charts with further hits (such as *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*), and by the 1940s they were known and loved by everyone.

☑ Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

1-3985

Esti Hirlap
Time: 30 minutes

There is a great deal of hustle and bustle in the editorial office's lobby. It takes a few minutes before you manage to find someone who directs you to the editor-in-chief, a certain Jacob Simon. The man is clearly very busy, so you try to keep it brief.

"I was sent here from the local Hungarian club, as I'm looking for a Hungarian girl, and I understand that nearly every Hungarian in New York City reads your paper."

The bespectacled man smiles with satisfaction at your words.

"Just as you say, Mr. Brook. You're looking for a Hungarian girl, you say? Perhaps you'd like to place an advertisement, in case someone has seen her?"

You look at him thoughtfully. "That's not a bad idea at all, Mr. Simon. Would that be possible?"

"Of course. You provide us with the girl's details — her name, distinguishing features, where she was last seen, what she was wearing, and so on — and you give us a photograph, and we'll run a short notice under the headline 'Have You Seen This Girl?'"

"The problem is that I don't have a photograph of the young lady, and I don't know her full name either — only that she's called Katica. I can, however, give a description: tall, slender, red-haired, around twenty years old. And I also know what she was wearing when she disappeared on April 11. A yellow skirt, and a yellow—"

"I must interrupt you, Mr. Brook," the editor-in-chief cuts you off. "Even if you don't know the girl's exact name, you'd still need a photograph or some kind of drawing of her. Otherwise, there's no point in placing the ad. Of course, even with a photo or a full name there's no guarantee you'd get any useful information — but at least then it would be worth trying. I suggest you obtain a picture of the girl and come back with that. And now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go."

"I understand. Thank you, Mr. Simon. Goodbye."

As you walk down the steps of the editorial building, you ponder where on earth you're going to get a photograph of Katica.

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

1-4727

Rainbow Taxi
Time: 30 minutes

You seek out your friend Frank to help track down David and Katica's taxi routes, but he just shakes his head.

"You're saying you don't know where they started from or where they were going, and you don't even know exactly when? You don't even have a picture of them that I could show to the guys... Do you know how many young people go to bars and nightclubs every night? A lot. With so little information, I can't help you, sorry, Simon. Try to get some concrete details, and then come back!"

1-5061

Hungarian Playhouse
1534 2nd Ave, YV-63
Time: 30 minutes

Unfortunately, no one at the theater remembers a Hungarian girl matching your description. You question the casting coordinator, a certain Julianna Deák, more thoroughly.

"A few red-haired girls have been here over the past months, but none of them were particularly tall, and none of them were called Katica. In March, we were actually looking for a tall, slender female lead for Ferenc Molnár's play *The Play's the Thing*. Maybe you've heard about the Hungarian playwright, Detective. This is one of his most successful plays. No? What a shame… Anyway, there was a Hungarian girl among the applicants who would have had the right physique for the role, but unfortunately she had no talent for acting. She had light brown hair, by the way, not red."

"Do you remember her name?" you ask Miss Deák hopefully.

"Just a moment, I'll check. I wrote it down somewhere," the woman says, as she pulls a thick notebook out of her drawer and starts leafing through it. "It's terrible how bad my handwriting is. Half the time I have no idea what I scribbled into my notebook… Here it is. 'March 10 – auditions for *The Play's the Thing*. Applicants: Éva Barna – too fat, Rita Gubás – not pretty enough,' and… yes, I think this is it – 'Sze…' What did I write here? I have no idea. Some 'Jolán Sz.,' who is 'talentless, though physically she would be perfect.'

Oh yes, now I remember! I was horrified when I heard her name. I even told her that if she wanted to make a career on stage, she should choose a better-sounding name than 'Jolán.' Of course, later I realized that her name wouldn't be the biggest obstacle to her stage career – the poor girl was so dull and boring."

Culture:

If you'd like to read about **Ferenc Molnár**, go to 1-2448 (p.24).

1-6130

Consulate of Hungary
204 W. 12th St, GV-14
Time: 30 minutes

"I'm sorry, sir, but at the moment there is no officially functioning Hungarian consulate in the United States. Since the war, diplomatic relations have been rather chaotic... Mr. Alth is not an official consul either, whatever you may have read in the newspapers, but the head of a temporary delegation that is trying to carry out consular functions on an interim basis. At present, we are occupied with matters related to the visit of the Hungarian prime minister. So you can surely understand, sir, that at the moment we are unable to provide information about missing persons. I suggest you turn to the police instead!"

1-6530

Ilona Bácskai
343 E. 76th St, LH-10
Time: 30 minutes

You knock on the door several times, but there is no response. Finally, the neighboring door opens a crack, and a pair of suspicious eyes peers out.

"Who are you looking for so persistently?" asks the woman.

"A certain Ilike, ma'am. But it seems she's not at home, even though I really need to speak with her. You wouldn't happen to know where I might find her?" you say, trying to smile reassuringly at the neighbor.

"And what do you want with Ilike? You're not a friend of that drunken Isti's, are you?"

"Isti? No, I don't know the man."

"It's a crying shame how that fellow takes advantage of poor Ilike! A strong, able-bodied man, yet too lazy to work. He loafs around all day or drinks in that pub next to the Hungarian Club… I told Ilike to throw the good-for-nothing out on his ear, but unfortunately she doesn't listen to me…"

"I see. He certainly sounds like a dreadful character, this Isti. But believe me, ma'am, I have nothing to do with him."

"Then you must be some kind of creditor, right? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming here to squeeze the blood out of a decent woman! What can she do about that scoundrel Isti drinking on credit all the time? Why don't you harass him with your demands? You could really catch him and force him to find a job and pay off his debts from that! Coming here to pester poor Ilike… Disgusting!"

With that, she slams the door shut. Well, that was interesting…

Circle **Marker B1** in your case log.

1-7533

You look around
Time: ***60 minutes***

You walk around the area surrounding the bar, go down every little side street, thoroughly searching every corner, and even peering behind the dumpsters. In the end, your efforts pay off. In a narrow alley near to the bar, you spot something on the ground beside one of the trash bins.

Circle **Document 18** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 18** (What you found), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 180.

1-7647

Esti Hirlap
Time: 30 minutes

If you have circled **Marker H1** in your case log, go to 7-5771 (p.143).

Otherwise:

You ask them to publish an advertisement offering a reward to anyone who can provide any information about the woman shown in the picture: Jolán Szederkényi, also known as Katica, who was last seen on the night of April 11, somewhere in Greenwich Village, wearing a yellow skirt, a white top, a yellow cardigan, green shoes, and carrying a green handbag.

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

1-7696

Zoli's Portraits
Time: 30 minutes

"Marika often sends girls to me to have professional photos taken. The ones who dream of big careers in show business. You say this girl had red hair, was wearing a yellow skirt and a white top, and was called Katica? Yes, that rings a bell. Just a moment, let me check.

Yes, she was here on April 11. I always keep the negatives so I can reprint the photos if needed. I can make a copy for you as well. But I'm in the middle of something right now, so you'll have to wait a little. Or you could come back later."

On **Day 2 at 8 p. m.** (or later) you can come back for the photo.

1-8277

Information about the suitcase

An hour later, you return to your office so they can reach you on the phone.

Note the current time. **An hour later**, go to 7-5437 (p.142).

2

2-0090

Gyula Andrássy
355 E. 77th St, LH-6
Time: 30 minutes

An elderly gentleman opens the door to your knock. He is wearing impeccably sharp-creased trousers and, despite the summer heat, a shirt buttoned all the way up to the collar.

"Good afternoon. I'm Simon Brook, a private investigator, and I'd like to ask you about Miss Jolán Szederkényi."

"About Jolánka? But why—surely she hasn't gotten into some kind of trouble?"

"That's exactly what I'm trying to find out, sir. If you would be so kind as to answer a few questions."

The old man does not invite you in; instead, he steps out into the hallway to speak with you. "What kind of questions?"

"When did you last see Miss Szederkényi?"

"Sometime in early March. I knew from my sister's letter that she would be arriving in New York soon and would come to visit me. Jolánka has grown a great deal since I last saw her. She's become a young woman… She said she was visiting a cousin."

"A cousin?"

"Some Ilike on her father's side, so I don't know her. Jolánka said she would stay here for a few weeks and look around the city. She complained that her parents also wanted to send her to Auntie Gizi, because they'd like her to get married as soon as possible. I told her that if she went to Gizi, she should expect not to be able to shake her off. At that, she asked me to keep her visit a secret, because she very much did not want to get married yet."

"Gyula?" a disagreeably shrill female voice calls out from inside the apartment. "Gyula! Where have you been all this time? Who are you talking to?"

"That's all I can tell you, Mr… what's-your-name. All the best!" He is already stepping back inside. "I'm coming, sweetheart, I'm coming!"

"Mr. Andrássy, wait—" you call after him, but the door has already closed in front of your nose.

2-0249

Paprikás Weiss Deli
Time: 30 minutes

You step into the shop, where mouthwatering aromas fill the air. The scent of exotic spices mingles with the smell of roasting coffee, along with all sorts of other hard-to-identify but pleasant fragrances. Every shelf in the store is packed to the brim with goods. In front of the counter, sacks of seeds, flour, dried fruits, and who knows what else are piled up.

A stooped, bearded old man hurries up to you:

"Welcome, young man, welcome! Surely this isn't your first time in Paprikás Weiss' shop?"

"Yes, it is — this is my first time here. Good day!"

"And what may I offer you? A great deal of fresh merchandise arrived this morning, young man. Come, come, have a proper look around! I have fresh bryndza cheese, several kinds of mushrooms. But if you'd prefer salami or Hungarian sausage, of course I can provide that as well. Or should I show you the jams instead? You won't find a selection like this anywhere else but in Paprikás Weiss' shop!"

"Yes, I can see that. Your stock really is remarkable, Mr. Weiss, but the truth is I didn't come here to shop. I'm looking for a young Hungarian woman. A certain Katica. She's tall and slender, with red hair. She was wearing an elegant yellow cardigan with a matching skirt, and green shoes. She arrived to stay with her relatives in Manhattan sometime before April."

"Really? And you think this Katica might have been in my shop?"

"I don't know, Mr. Weiss — that's exactly what I'm trying to find out."

"You say she arrived before April? And that she's tall, red-haired, an elegant young woman? It doesn't ring a bell… And I have quite a good memory for faces. I remember almost everyone who has ever shopped here, even though new customers come in every day — not to mention the many regulars. You said her name was Katica? Hmm… It's true, I don't know the names of all my customers, except for the regulars, of course. Katica… No, it doesn't ring a bell, I'm sorry, young man."

"I see. In any case, thank you for your help, Mr. Weiss. Goodbye!"

2-0700

Dr. Fulgenzio Di Paolo
Time: ***60 minutes***

You step into Dr. Di Paolo's spacious office. Along the walls stand rows of bookshelves filled with thick, leather-bound volumes. The doctor sits behind a massive oak desk. On the desk lie notes, an hourglass, pens, and various small objects of different sizes. In front of the window you notice a leather couch. Perhaps patients are meant to lie there during treatment. Fortunately, you are not a patient, so you take a seat in the chair opposite the desk.

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Brook," begins the middle-aged doctor, impeccably dressed in an elegant suit. "Mr. McKenna informed me that David has placed his trust in you, so perhaps you can help us in this delicate situation. Under normal circumstances, I would not be able to provide information about a patient's condition. However, the current situation is far from anything that could be described as 'normal.' One might even say that you are participating as a helper in David's treatment, so I am able to share details regarding his condition with you, as Mr. McKenna requested."

You stare at the doctor in astonishment. "What do you mean by 'participating as a helper' in David's treatment?"

"I mean that as a result of your investigation you will be able to prove to David that he committed no murder whatsoever, and thus the boy will finally be freed from his delusion."

Well now, this man is certainly confident…

"But what if I find evidence that the boy is actually guilty?" you ask, posing the twenty-dollar question.

"Oh come now, Mr. Brook, that is entirely out of the question! David is, at heart, a harmless young man, and this whole story about the girl is nothing more than a figment of his imagination. As far as I am concerned, I don't even believe the girl ever existed, let alone that she was murdered. In my opinion, the boy projected the hatred he felt toward his stepmother onto this female figure he called 'Katica,' whom he then strangled in his imagination."

"His stepmother?" You look at the doctor in astonishment.

"If you've met Mrs. McKenna, you must have noticed the resemblance yourself: red hair, tall, slender figure… Isn't that exactly how David described this so-called Katica?"

"But David claims that he was very attracted to Katica, and that he kissed her in the alley before strangling her. That doesn't sound to me like something driven by hatred," you reply skeptically.

"That does not contradict what I said at all. Perhaps you have heard of Dr. Freud's theory, the Oedipus complex. I am not claiming that this is exactly that, since Mrs. McKenna is not David's biological mother, nor are the boy's aggressive thoughts directed at his father. Still, there may be a kind of sexual attraction underlying the situation: the adolescent boy finds his father's new wife attractive, yet this feeling is taboo from several perspectives (the memory of his mother, the newly formed familial relationship, and his father himself). For this reason, he tries to repress the desire, even masking it with hatred. All of this creates a serious inner conflict within him, which further

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

intensifies his aggression. In the end, he projects this onto an imagined female figure, on whom he can act out both his desires and his aggression."

"So this is your official opinion, Doctor? I see. Would you tell me how you first came into contact with the boy?"

"A good friend of mine recommended me to Mr. McKenna when David suffered a nervous breakdown. That was back in April. After a phone call, I went to the boardinghouse on Christopher Street where the boy was living at the time. He was in a completely delirious state, but fortunately we managed to get him into a taxi and transfer him to Mr. McKenna's home. At Mr. McKenna's request, I immediately hired two nurses to attend to the boy, who kept him under round-the-clock supervision in shifts until he had fully recovered."

"Would you tell me the names of the two nurses, Doctor?" you ask, taking out your notebook.

"Yes, of course. Nurses Mary Tucker and Theresa Stein were responsible for David's care. I have worked with them before, and on every occasion they performed their duties impeccably. They both previously worked at St. Vincent's Hospital, and if I'm not mistaken, they still live here in the Village."

"Thank you, Doctor. And how did David's condition develop after that?"

"During the first week I treated David primarily with sedatives. In the second week I tried to talk to him a few times, but it was only in the third week that I succeeded. By then I had reduced the dosage of the sedatives, so the boy spent more and more time awake. At first he was very taciturn with me, but fortunately he eventually began to talk. So to speak, he finally poured his heart out. From that point on, a marked improvement began. By the end of the fourth week, I judged that he had recovered from this unfortunate episode and could gradually return to his former routine."

"And what diagnosis did you establish, Doctor?"

"Well, during the course of the treatment I came to the conclusion that David suffers from schizophrenia, and that his first breakdown was triggered by some kind of stress. As our conversations revealed, considerable pressure had been weighing on him for years. He confessed to me that he had always wanted to be a writer. From a young age he read a great deal and began writing himself. However, his father would not even hear of this, since he had always planned for David to inherit his record company.

Since David wanted to live up to his father's expectations, he tried to bury his literary ambitions within himself and, after graduating from high school, enrolled in an audio engineering school. However, in recent times he found it increasingly difficult to keep up with his studies and other obligations, and he felt more and more that control over his life was slipping out of his hands. This ultimately led to his first breakdown."

"And what about the events on Friday? In your opinion, why did David try to turn himself in for murder?"

"I consider this a second breakdown. That is, unfortunately, the recovery following the first incident was only temporary, as often happens with schizophrenic patients. As for the triggering cause… As I mentioned, I spoke at length with David about his literary ambitions, and his favorite books also came up. Among them was Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. I don't know, Mr. Brook, how

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

familiar you are with this novel, but its protagonist commits a murder and is so tormented by guilt that he becomes seriously ill and eventually turns himself in to the police…" The doctor looks at you meaningfully.

"Perhaps you also know that a new film adaptation of the novel was released recently and is currently playing in cinemas. I have a feeling that David saw the film not long ago, and that it triggered this new psychosis. You see, Mr. Brook, schizophrenic patients are highly susceptible to suggestion. In my opinion, in this case the film may have acted as a 'suggestion,' causing David to feel compelled to turn himself in to the police for a murder he did not, in fact, commit.

If you're interested in the subject, you can read my article in *The Villager*, which I wrote in connection with the new film adaptation, about the protagonist of *Crime and Punishment*, Raskolnikov."

"Of course, I'll be sure to read your article. But returning to David's illness: in your opinion, then, the boy suffers from schizophrenia?"

"I believe so, yes, although diagnosing this illness can be somewhat controversial."

"Could you tell me a few things about this condition? I'm not particularly well versed in mental ailments."

"Well, schizophrenia belongs to the group of psychotic disorders. The term itself was coined in 1908 by the Swiss psychiatrist Eugen Bleuler to describe the splitting between the functions of personality, thinking, memory, and perception. Schizophrenic patients often suffer from various delusions. The range of these delusions can be very broad: some hear voices, others suffer from paranoia, still others believe, for example, that extraterrestrials are sending them secret messages through radio broadcasts… And yes, there are also those who—like David—imagine that they have committed some kind of crime and attempt to turn themselves in to the police."

"And how can schizophrenia be treated?"

"If there were some kind of medication for it, then I wouldn't need to be sitting here with you, Mr. Brook, sharing the details of David's illness… Unfortunately, at the present moment we have only two options. One is what we might call 'Plan A': attempting, in some way, to persuade the patient to abandon the delusion. That is exactly what we are trying in David's case right now. If you can convincingly prove to David that he did not commit the murder, then the boy may give up the idea of turning himself in to the police. However, if 'Plan A' proves unsuccessful, then we will have to resort to more drastic treatment methods."

"And what exactly does that mean?" you ask, eyeing the doctor with a sense of foreboding.

"The methods currently at our disposal—let us call them 'Plan B,' and which we consider only in severe cases—are insulin coma therapy, metrazol shock therapy, and lobotomy," the doctor replies with a grim expression. You don't understand even half of these dreadful terms, but it is obvious that none of them mean anything good. "To be perfectly honest, Mr. Brook, I myself would be glad if you were successful. If possible, I would reserve 'Plan B' strictly as a last resort. David is still so young… But if we cannot cure him of this delusion, I fear he may take steps even more drastic than turning himself in."

"Do you mean the boy would be capable of harming himself?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Yes, Mr. Brook, I’m afraid that is very likely.”

With a troubled expression, you rise from your chair.

“It seems we agree on one thing, Doctor. I also believe it would be better to carry out ‘Plan A’… I won’t take up any more of your time. Thank you for your help.”

The elegant doctor escorts you all the way to the door and, in farewell, offers his hand.

“Good luck, Mr. Brook!”

Circle **Marker P1** in your case log.

2-3302

The Villager's editorial office
Time: 30 minutes

You step into the offices of the *Villager* and look for your friend Martin. You met him years ago, back when you were still with the police. You often helped each other out with useful tips.

Martin greets you enthusiastically:

"Simon? How are you, my friend? I haven't seen you in ages!"

"I could use a bit of help."

"Of course, absolutely. Go on, let's see if I can help!"

"I'm looking for a young Hungarian girl. Her name is Jolán or Katica Szederkényi. Around twenty years old, red-haired, tall and slim. She was last seen here in the Village on April 11. At the time she was wearing a yellow skirt and cardigan, and green shoes. I thought I'd ask you - maybe you've heard something."

"April 11? That was quite a while ago. How come they've only started looking for that girl now? I assume you're asking on behalf of a client," your friend says, giving you a questioning look.

You just shrug.

"I see. You can't say any more. All right, give me a moment, I'll check our archives," he says, hurrying out of the office.

You have to wait a good fifteen minutes before he returns.

"Unfortunately, I didn't find anything about the girl. Of course, that might be good news, right?"

You nod and stand up to say goodbye to Martin.

"Thanks for the help, my friend," you say, offering your hand.

"No problem. But once you get to the bottom of the case, I wouldn't mind a short rundown. Who knows, maybe we could turn it into an interesting article..." The journalist winks at you and gives your hand a playful shake.

2-4506

Corvinas

The *Bibliotheca Corviniana* was the famous royal library of **King Matthias** of Hungary in Buda and, after the Vatican collection, one of the most significant collections of Renaissance Europe. The manuscripts preserved there or originating from it are traditionally referred to as *Corvinas*. The name derives from the Latin word *'corvus'*, meaning "raven" (a raven holding a ring appears in King Matthias's family coat of arms). At the time of the king's death, it is estimated that around 2,500 Corvinas existed, and several commissioned and completed codices remained in Florence.

The growth of the library was supported by scribes, translators, bookbinders working in Buda, as well as by an international network of book agents. The establishment of the library fit neatly into the humanist aspirations of the age, and the number of volumes even surpassed the collection of Lorenzo *"il Magnifico"* de' Medici in Florence. After King Matthias's death, however, the care of the library and the acquisition of new books came to an end.

In 1526, the hostile Ottoman troops marching into Buda looted the library, and most of the works kept there - including some 650 unique ancient manuscripts - disappeared. A number of books, however, did survive. Most of these were taken to Constantinople, where Ottoman diplomacy used them for centuries as gifts for favored ambassadors. In this way, volumes found their way to places such as Oxford, Leipzig, or Vienna.

Today, 216 Corvinas are known worldwide. Of these, only 53 have made their way back to Hungary

☑ Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

2-6930

Gizi néni
Time: 30 minutes

At your knock, a familiar old lady opens the door. A turban made of colorful scarves is wrapped around her head, and her clothing is just as bright.

"Good day, young man! So, you've decided you want to get married after all? I knew you liked those girls I showed you at the office, didn't you? It would have been better if you'd come to my office again, but never mind, never mind, my dear. I don't usually receive clients in my apartment, but this once I'll gladly make an exception. Come in, my dear, do come in."

You try to protest, but there's no chance — the old woman has already disappeared through the doorway. Your stomach tightens, but you follow Auntie Gizi. Oh well, you reassure yourself, that's exactly what hazard pay was invented for…

You step into a dimly lit room. Heavy curtains block out the blazing July sunshine, and only candles and little oil lamps provide light. The heat is stifling. You loosen your tie. It's time to lay the cards on the table.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I still do not wish to get married. I'm here because it turned out that the girl I'm searching for on behalf of my client is actually Jolán Szederkényi. I understand that you knew her."

The old woman's eyes widen at your words:

"You're looking for Jolánka? What's happened to that dear child? My sister wrote that the girl would be visiting Manhattan soon and that Gyuszi and I should look after her, but sadly I haven't seen her since. I even picked out three wonderful candidates for her. True, one of them has since started courting another girl… But perhaps—" She begins sizing you up again from beneath her turban.

You quickly cut in:

"I see. So you're a relative of this Jolánka? And she was supposed to visit you? May I ask when exactly you were expecting her to arrive?"

"I received the letter sometime toward the end of winter. Perhaps in February. But my sister didn't write exactly when Jolánka would be arriving… You say you're looking for my niece on behalf of a client? Is your client an unmarried young man? And why is he looking for our Jolánka? Does he live here too, in the Hungarian quarter? Or is he a client of some rival agency?" The old woman's gaze now narrows suspiciously.

"I'm sorry, but I can't reveal my client. However, I can tell you that the matter has nothing to do with matchmaking… But thank you for your help, ma'am" you say, abruptly turning on your heel to reach the front door as quickly as possible.

The old woman's voice still follows you:

"Why the hurry, young man? Wait, let me at least see you out!"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

But by then you're already taking the stairs two at a time on your way down, not caring about your aching legs.

Circle **Marker G1** in your case log.

2-9418

Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage Company
60 E. End Ave, YV-51
Time: 30 minutes

At first they're not very eager to help you, but when you produce a crisp dollar bill, the dispatcher immediately opens the big logbook.

"April 11, around six in the evening, from in front of *Nagyi Süteményei* bakery? Let me see… just a moment… Yes, here it is. There was a ride after six o'clock from the corner of East 81st Street and Second Avenue to the *Caffè Dante* bar in Greenwich Village, with a short stop at *Grand Central Station*."

3

3-0096

Caffe Reggio
119 MacDougal St, GV-88
Time: 30 minutes

"David? Yeah, we had a good time partying a few months ago, but since then I've hardly seen him. We're not really friends, but we did exchange a few words now and then at school. What's up with the guy? Is he still messing around with that little redhead?" The shaggy-haired, cocky guy looks at you with interest.

"So you do remember the evening of April 11, when David and Katica ran into you and your friends at a bar or nightclub?"

"Katica! Right, that was the redhead's name. She was a pretty thing. I still don't get how David managed to land her… I'd never seen him with a girl before. What did you say? April 11th? Well, it could have been then. We ran into them at the *Vanguard*. Poor David was already pretty soaked when they arrived, and then he just kept drinking more. He was spouting all kinds of nonsense, going on about how he was going to show Katica the real Manhattan, introduce her to big-city life, and so on… It was pretty ridiculous, but hey, who hasn't lost their head after drinking a bit too much and trying to impress a pretty woman? Am I right, Mr. Brook?"

You nod reluctantly, then press the boy for more details. "So what else do you remember from that night?"

"We soon went over to El Chico, where my uncle works. We walked there from the Vanguard, so David seemed to sober up a bit. But then at El Chico he started drinking again and came up with the idea that we should go over to the Stonewall Inn, since it's close by anyway. I told him it wasn't a very good idea, but the guy was stubborn. So I tried to talk Katica out of it, but she just went along with David obediently." He shakes his head.

"And why did you want to dissuade them from the Stonewall so badly?"

"According to my uncle it's a pretty shady place. Supposedly it belongs to some mobsters. He made me promise I'd never set foot in there."

"You don't say. Well, Mr. Lafayette, thank you for your help."

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

3-0358

Nagyi Süteményei bakery
1558 2nd Ave, YV-59
Time: 30 minutes

You step into the small pastry shop. Along the street-facing side, round tables are lined up, most of them occupied by people happily devouring various cakes and pastries. Your mouth starts to water...

Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Auntie's cakes), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 169.

Opposite the entrance, behind the counter, a shriveled little old lady is decorating a cake. You walk up to her.

"Auntie Veronka?"

"Yes, dear! What can I get you? I've just baked some very fine poppy-seed pastries with whipped cream. Or would you prefer a slice of cake, young man?"

"No, thank you. My name is Simon Brook, and I'd like to ask about David McKenna."

"Oh, how is that dear little David, my Tóni's good friend? Oh, how he loves my Rákóczi cottage-cheese pastries! But tell me, dear, what's going on with him? I haven't seen him in such a long time! My Tóni said he's been unwell, poor thing. Such a shame! A young lad like that being ill so often..."

"Yes, indeed, David hasn't been well lately. But he said, he was here on the afternoon of April 11, and he even met a girl."

"Yes, I remember. And what a pretty little thing she was! I'd never seen David courting anyone before. Poor dear, he's so shy. Unlike my Tóni! He's the complete opposite. He's wooing a different girl every week..."

"And do you remember anything about that girl David met, Auntie Veronka? I was told her name was Katica."

"Katica? So she was Hungarian? Oh, if only I'd known that at the time! How wonderful it would be if our little David married a Hungarian girl, who would cook him delicious Hungarian dishes and those lovely pastries he likes so much! We even tried to send him to our matchmaker one time. Auntie Gizi's the best matchmaker in the neighborhood! But young people these days don't really want to get married... My Tóni always says, 'There's plenty of time, Granny!' Hah! One never knows how much time one has left here on this earth... Especially for an old woman like me. I'd so love to see my dear great-grandchildren someday! But for that, Tóni would first have to get married..."

"And do you remember anything else about David and Katica? Did they perhaps mention where they were going next?" you cut in during a brief pause in the endless stream of words.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Where they went? Oh, I don’t know that, sweetheart. I just saw them sitting at one of the tables, talking. Then all of a sudden they stood up, little David said goodbye, and they were gone. I remember that the next day I asked my Tóni what he knew about our David’s new girlfriend, but he just stared at me, asking what kind of girlfriend I was talking about. I told him about the girl I’d seen David with the afternoon before. But my Tóni didn’t know anything about any girl at all…”

“I see. In any case, thank you for your help, Auntie Veronka. Goodbye!”

“Why the hurry, my dear? Surely you could sit down for a slice of nice cake!”

“Unfortunately I don’t have time right now, but perhaps next time…” You look longingly at the pastries as you step out the door, while the shriveled little old woman shakes her head at you disapprovingly.

Circle **Marker V1** in your case log.

3-0647

Paprikás Weiss Deli
Time: 30 minutes

If this is **NOT your first visit**, go to 6-9693 (p.118).

Otherwise:

You step into the shop, where mouthwatering aromas fill the air. The scent of exotic spices mingles with the smell of roasting coffee, along with all sorts of other hard-to-identify but pleasant fragrances. Every shelf in the store is packed to the brim with goods. In front of the counter, sacks of seeds, flour, dried fruits, and who knows what else are piled up.

A stooped, bearded old man hurries up to you:

"Welcome, young man, welcome! Surely this isn't your first time in Paprikás Weiss' shop?"

"Yes, it is — this is my first time here. Good day!"

"And what may I offer you? A great deal of fresh merchandise arrived this morning, young man. Come, come, have a proper look around! I have fresh bryndza cheese, several kinds of mushrooms. But if you'd prefer salami or Hungarian sausage, of course I can provide that as well. Or should I show you the jams instead? You won't find a selection like this anywhere else but in Paprikás Weiss' shop!"

"Yes, I can see that. Your stock really is remarkable, Mr. Weiss, but the truth is I didn't come here to shop. I'm looking for a young Hungarian woman. A certain Katica or Jolán Szederkényi. She's tall and slender, with red hair. She was wearing an elegant yellow cardigan with a matching skirt, and green shoes. She arrived to stay with her relatives in Manhattan sometime before April."

"Really? And you think this Katica might have been in my shop?"

"I don't know, Mr. Weiss — that's exactly what I'm trying to find out."

"You say she arrived before April? And that she's tall, red-haired, an elegant young woman? It doesn't ring a bell… And I have quite a good memory for faces. I remember almost everyone who has ever shopped here, even though new customers come in every day — not to mention the many regulars. You said her name was Katica or Jolánka? Hmm… It's true, I don't know the names of all my customers, except for the regulars, of course. Katica or Jolánka… No, it doesn't ring a bell, I'm sorry, young man."

"And yet the address of this shop was written down in her notebook."

"That doesn't surprise me at all, Detective. Every Hungarian who comes to New York City sooner or later pays a visit to Paprikás Weiss! And of course not just Hungarians, but anyone who's craving fresh goods and real Hungarian delicacies. Come on, Detective, try my fresh Hungarian sausage! Believe me, you won't find anything tastier even back in Hungary…" The old man is already heading behind the counter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“That’s very kind of you, Mr. Weiss, but the truth is I really have to be going now. As soon as I get a little free time, I’ll come back to your shop to buy something, I promise!”

3-1971

Miklóssy Art Gallery
1489 2nd Ave, LH-5
Time: 30 minutes

The owner is very accommodating, but he can't help you. Many people pass through his gallery, so apart from serious buyers, he unfortunately doesn't tend to remember others.

3-2092

Little Hungary Restaurant

"Right this way, Detective, please have a seat!" Uncle Árpi, the owner, leads you to your table. "Don't worry, my son Tóni will take good care of you!"

And indeed, the waiter who will be serving you is none other than Tóni Szakács himself. He's already bringing out the soup:

"If you don't mind, Detective, there's no need for you to trouble yourself with ordering, because we'll be serving you the finest Hungarian dishes! Here we are, to start with, a nice bowl of goulash soup," he says, and sets down the small cauldron in front of you. It's steaming with mouthwatering aromas.

Circle **Document 9** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Goulash soup), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 171.

You swallow hard. "Yes, of course, I'll gladly try anything you recommend," you say, taking the spoon in hand.

"Well then, enjoy your meal, Mr. Brook. And bring some of that fine 'aszú' wine for the detective as well!" With that, the father disappears down the long row of tables. You taste the soup, and the fantastic flavors spread through your mouth: spices, vegetables, and tender beef. It's quite spicy, but you haven't eaten anything this delicious in a long time!

Tóni is back in no time, returning with a bottle of wine. Your mouth is full, so you can't protest before he's already pouring the golden liquid into a wineglass.

Circle **Document 12** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 12** (Tokaji wine), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 174.

You think to yourself that you're off duty now, so in the end you reach for the glass. You take a sip, and it feels as if you've bitten into a perfectly ripe, honey-sweet bunch of grapes... Is this drink really wine? It's hard to believe.

You've barely finished the divine goulash soup when Tóni is already bringing the second course:

"Here's the fresh chicken paprikash with fresh dumplings. Made with sour cream, according to Grandma's recipe."

Circle **Document 10** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Chicken paprika), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 172.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You don't need any encouragement — you dig into the paprikash, sipping the honey-sweet wine alongside it. This dish is spicy too, so from time to time you have to wipe the sweat beading on your forehead.

By the time the second course is gone, a pleasant feeling of fullness settles in, and it seems the wine has gone to your head just a bit as well… It's a sly drink, so delicious that one gladly has several glasses, hardly noticing as it slowly intoxicates you.

But Tóni is already approaching with another plate in his hands.

"No, no, thank you, I don't think I can eat another bite," you try to protest. But the young man sets the plate down in front of you anyway.

"Come now, Mr. Brook, you really must try these cottage cheese crêpes! They're David's favorite."

Circle **Document 11** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 11** (Hungarian crépe), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 173.

You look at the appetizing dessert, then pick up your fork. Just one bite, you tell yourself. After all, you can't very well offend Uncle Árpi by sending one of the dishes back untouched!

As the sweet curd melts in your mouth, you think that the truly polite thing to do would be to eat everything that's been put on your plate. Before that, though, you discreetly loosen your belt a notch so you can breathe properly…

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

3-2330

Rudi Bácsi's Pawn Shop
99 2nd Ave, EV-48

On **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 3-9655 (p.68).

Otherwise:

The shop isn't open today.

3-3330

The bejgli

Circle **Document 13** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 13** (Bejgli), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 175.

Bejgli is a traditional Hungarian (and Central European) Christmas pastry made from a yeast dough, typically filled with walnut or poppy seed filling and rolled into a log shape. Its name comes from the German word *"beugen,"* meaning "to bend," and it became popular in the 19th century. Variations with other fillings, such as chestnut, plum, or cottage cheese, are also known, but walnut and poppy seed remain the most common.

Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

If you'd like to read about **Hungarians in the US**, go to 7-6107 (p.144).

3-6312

McKenna and Son Recording Label
Time: 30 minutes

Carl McKenna isn't in the studio at the moment, but you'll probably find him at his home.

Before you set off, however, you ask the pretty little blonde secretary about the music filtering out from the room: "Is there a recording session going on right now?"

"No, they're just rehearsing. When we're recording, that red light up there turns on, see?" You glance up above the door, where there is indeed a red light, but it isn't lit at the moment. "I also lock the outer doors then, so no one can disturb the recording session. But right now we don't have to be silent. You can even take a look inside, detective, if you'd like." She smiles encouragingly.

You can't resist the offer, so you peek into the studio. You catch sight of the Andrews Sisters rehearsing.

Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (The Andrews Sisters), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 166.

They've become very popular lately, and the radio is constantly playing their hits. Boogie-woogie isn't really your style, though, so you retreat from the doorway, give the secretary a nod in farewell, and step out into the street.

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

Culture:

If you'd like to read about the **sisters**, go to 1-3654 (p.27).

3-6610

Zoli's Portraits
128 2nd Ave, EV-39

If it's your **first visit**, AND if you have circled **Marker R1** in your case log, go to 1-7696 (p.35).

If it's **not your first visit**, AND it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 4-2610 (p.75).

Othervise:

The studio is closed. Come back later.

3-6852

Gizella Gálhidy
210 E. 78th St, LH-5
Time: 30 minutes

If you have circled **Marker G2** in your case log, go to 2-6930 (p.46).

Otherwise:

An old, hunched little woman opens the door to your knock. A turban made of colorful scarves is wrapped around her head, and her clothes are just as garish.

"Good afternoon, young man! Are you in such a hurry to get married that you've come looking for me in my own home?"

You're so taken aback by this greeting that you even forget to introduce yourself, and all you manage to blurt out is:

"Get married?"

"Why, of course, my dear. What else would such a handsome young man want with Auntie Gizi, the matchmaker? But no matter, no matter, sweetheart. I don't usually receive clients in my apartment, but this once I'll be happy to make an exception. Come in, dear, do come in!"

Suddenly you recall one of the small shops you passed along the street. Colorful signs advertised *"Auntie Gizi's Matchmaking Agency."* You remember feeling a faint sense of disgust at the sight. A pair of wonderful green eyes and a naïve marriage proposal come to mind - from your rookie days... Since then, of course, you've grown wiser, given up romantic notions of love, and any thoughts of marriage have evaporated.

Now, however, there's nothing to be done: you have to follow the hunched old woman into the apartment, as she has already disappeared through the doorway. Your stomach tightens. Never mind, you tell yourself; this is exactly the kind of situation that hazard pay was invented for.

You step into a dimly lit room where blackout curtains shut out the blazing July sunshine, and only candles and small oil lamps provide light. The heat is stifling. You loosen your tie. It's time to be perfectly clear.

"Excuse me, ma'am, if I gave you the wrong impression, but I'm not looking for a matchmaker. I'm Simon Brook, a private investigator, and I'm trying to locate Miss Jolán Szederkényi—on behalf of my client. I understand Miss Szederkényi knew you."

The old woman's eyes widen at your words:

"You're looking for Jolánka? What's happened to that dear child? My sister wrote that the girl would be visiting Manhattan soon and that Gyuszi and I should look after her, but sadly I haven't seen her since. I even picked out three wonderful candidates for her. True, one of them has since started courting another girl... But perhaps—" She begins sizing you up again from beneath her turban.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You quickly cut in:

"I see. So you're a relative of this Jolánka? And she was supposed to visit you? May I ask when exactly you were expecting her to arrive?"

"I received the letter sometime toward the end of winter. Perhaps in February. But my sister didn't write exactly when Jolánka would be arriving… You say you're looking for my niece on behalf of a client? Is your client an unmarried young man? And why is he looking for our Jolánka? Does he live here too, in the Hungarian quarter? Or is he a client of some rival agency?" The old woman's gaze now narrows suspiciously.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I can't reveal my client. However, I can tell you that the matter has nothing to do with matchmaking."

At this, the woman sits down at a small table and pulls out a thick folder. "But since you're already here, sweetheart, do take a look at a few of my clients. They're all diligent, hardworking Hungarian girls, and of course good cooks. How old are you, dear? Thirty-two? Thirty-three? Then I imagine you're very eager to start a family by now. I can already think of at least three suitable girls who would be just the right age for you…"

You stare in horror at the thick folder and begin backing away.

"That's very kind of you, Auntie Gizi, truly, but as a matter of fact I can't stay any longer. Thank you for your help though!" you say, abruptly turning on your heel to reach the front door as quickly as possible.

The old woman's voice still follows you:

"Why the hurry, young man? Wait, let me at least see you out!"

But by then you're already taking the stairs two at a time on your way down, not caring about your aching legs.

Circle **Marker G1** in your case log.

3-8095

Earless Jimmy
Time: 30 minutes

At one of the tables you find your friend Earless Jimmy, who has been supplying you with all kinds of useful information about the New York underworld for more than ten years now. You buy him a drink and ask him about the Stonewall Inn, at which Jimmy looks at you in surprise.

"Thought you were into dames, Kid! But hey, I don't cast stones at anyone. Heaven sees my soul, I'm no saint myself... So what d'you wanna know about that joint?"

"I'm wondering whether it could happen that someone — say — kills a girl in the street next to the bar, and by the next day the body has vanished without a trace, leaving no sign of the murder."

Jimmy eyes you with narrowed eyes.

"Kills a broad? And the corpse just disappears?"

"Exactly."

"Weeell, it's pretty unlikely... but if anywhere, then something like that could happen around the Stonewall. Some tough guys bought that dive a while back - the kind who wouldn't appreciate cops starting to sniff around their turf..."

"Mobsters?"

Jimmy nods. "Yeah. 'Cause it ain't the usual crowd that goes there..."

"What do you mean by that?"

Jimmy scratches his head.

"Well, y'know, them queers, or whatever they're called. Guys who ain't into dames..."

You raise your eyebrows in surprise.

Circle **Marker J1** in your case log.

3-8278

El Chico Night Club
Time: 30 minutes

"Ah, yes! Johnny comes here often with his friends... Johnny Lafayette is my sister's son. He's studying to be a sound engineer in New York City, so I keep an eye on him. I suppose they were here several times in April as well...

With a pretty redhead? Now that you mention it, I do seem to recall that once there was a beautiful red-haired girl in the group that came in with him, and Johnny was obviously very taken with her. But the poor lad tried in vain, because the girl was only fussing over a scrawny boy who was already drunk when they arrived. I really felt sorry for Johnny, since it was clear he didn't stand a chance with that girl...

Then the redhead helped her boyfriend out, and Johnny stayed behind with his two other friends."

Circle **Marker E1** in your case log.

3-8291

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary Church
211 E. 83rd St, YV-43

Although the minister receives you kindly, it turns out this was not the church David wandered into before turning himself in to the police.

3-8801

Esti Hirlap editorial office
1571 2nd Ave, YV-53

If you **haven't circled Z1**, BUT if you have circled **Marker K1** in your case log, go to 1-3985 (p.28).

If you have circled **Marker Z1** in your case log, go to 1-7647 (p.34).

3-9655

Rudi Bácsi's Pawn Shop
Time: 30 minutes

"Yes, I remember her, she was a sweet Hungarian girl. Her eyes filled with tears when she took the necklace off her neck. She said it was a family heirloom so she hated parting with it."

Circle **Marker W1** in your case log.

4

4-0108

You Call Lucas

"Hallo, Lucas?"

"What's up, Simon?"

"I'd like to ask for something. The girl who was with David supposedly checked her suitcase at the checking room at *Grand Central Station*. I found out that after a week they usually collect the unclaimed bags. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to get close to those bags myself, but you should certainly be able to look into whether Katica's suitcase is among them. Sadly, David couldn't give any useful description of the suitcase — he just said it was ordinary. But perhaps it could be identified based on its contents."

"I understand. I'll try to take care of it. I'll call you if I find anything."

"Thanks, old friend. Have a good day!"

"You too, kid." The nickname warms your heart. These days, Lucas only calls you "kid" when he's in a particularly good mood. It seems he's glad to be able to help you...

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

If it's **Day 1**, go to 4-8547 (p.82).

If it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 1-8277 (p.36).

4-0859

Little Hungary Restaurant
321 E. 79th St, YV-63

If it's your first time here, and it's **Day 1**, go to 4-9579 (p.85).

If it's your first time here, and it's **Day 2**, go to 5-3351 (p.96).

If you came to dine on **Sunday 10 p. m.**, go to 3-2092 (p.56).

4-2046

Theresa Stein
Time: 30 minutes

"Yes, the doctor recommended Mary and me to the family. I've worked with Mary several times before caring for patients. When 24-hour supervision is needed, as in this case, we usually work in shifts: one week I'm on duty during the nights and Mary is during the days, the next week it's the other way around. That's how it was this time as well. Poor boy! To suffer a nervous breakdown at such a young age… But if someone is predisposed to it, anything can happen…"

"You're saying David was predisposed to a nervous breakdown?"

"That's the only thing I can think of. As I said, it's rare for something like this to happen to young men."

"And what was David like, in your experience, during the weeks you spent with him, Mrs. Stein?"

"What was he like, you ask? Well, I'm not sure… The poor soul slept through almost the first week and a half, and even when he was awake, he barely said a word. He just layed there staring at the ceiling, and in the last few days he would simply sit in his armchair, gazing into space."

"And you didn't try to talk to him at all?"

"Dr. Di Paolo doesn't like us chatting with the patients, so I always keep a book with me to read when there's nothing I need to do."

"And David's family? Did you talk to them?"

"Since I was always in David's room, I hardly ever ran into Mr. and Mrs. McKenna. Mr. McKenna did stop by occasionally, but only for a few minutes. He would go over to the bed, pat his son on the shoulder, say *'Get well soon, son!'*, and then leave again. Mrs. McKenna did not go anywhere near David. In fact, I always had to check the hallway whenever the boy went to the bathroom, to make sure he didn't run into his stepmother. Apparently that would have upset the poor thing terribly, and could even have triggered another episode. At least, that's what the doctor said."

"Isn't that a bit extreme? Standing guard so the boy doesn't even catch sight of his stepmother?"

"Every patient is different, Mr. Brook. Someone with fragile nerves can indeed be very badly shaken by the sight of a person they dislike for some reason."

"David must have really disliked Mrs. McKenna, then…"

"I can't really say anything about that, Mr. Brook. As I mentioned, I barely saw that woman."

"I see. Thank you for your help, Mrs. Stein!"

Circle **Marker N1** in your case log.

Mary Tucker: 8 Jane St (GV-13), go to 7-1052 (p.128).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

4-2062

Saint Vincent's Hospital
155 W. 11th St, GV-19
Time: 30 minutes

When you inquire about the two nurses, Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Stein, you learn that they did indeed work here years earlier, but later switched to providing private home care. Both were conscientious, experienced, and thorough nurses, so their departure was a great loss to the hospital. Fortunately, the nurse on duty keeps in touch with them and is able to give you their addresses.

Mary Tucker: 8 Jane St (GV-13), go to 7-1052 (p.128).

Theresa Stein: 217 W. 11th St (GV-24), go to 4-2046 (p.72).

4-2610

Zoli's Portraits
Time: 30 minutes

"Ah, Mr. Brook. I have the photo, just as I promised. Here you go. That will be five dollars."

You're taken aback by the audacious price, but in the end you pay it without a word.

Circle **Document 16** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 16** (Katica), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 178.

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

4-4797

Gizi Néni's Matchmaking Agency
Time: 30 minutes

A mild wave of nausea comes over you at the sight of the sign. A wonderful pair of green eyes and a naive marriage proposal come to mind — from your rookie days. Of course, you've grown up since then, given up on romantic fantasies of love, and any desire to marry has long since evaporated… You take a deep breath and step inside.

The shriveled little old woman sitting in the shop — probably 'Auntie Gizi' — doesn't remember any girl matching Katica's description, but immediately starts trying to offer you her clients:

"Oh, for a handsome young man like you, I can find a wife in no time! Just look at these hardworking, decent Hungarian girls, Detective! Now, which one should I introduce you to?"

The old woman begins spreading photographs out on the table in front of you. You jump up quickly and say goodbye:

"No, thank you, I don't want to get married. Goodbye, ma'am!" and you leave the shop at the fastest speed your legs will allow.

The old lady shouts after you:

"Wait, young man, don't be in such a hurry — you haven't even seen all the pictures yet!"

Circle **Marker G2** in your case log.

4-5241

McKenna and Son Recording Studio
815 Broadway, GV-16

If you have circled **Marker U1** in your case log, go to 5-0905 (p.88).

Otherwise, go to 3-6312 (p.60).

4-6486

Rainbow Taxi
Time: 30 minutes

If you have circled **Marker Z1** in your case log, go to 4-7563 (p.80).

Otherwise:

"So this guy in the photo and a pretty little redhead wanted to go to the following places after 6 p.m. on April 11: Chumley's, the Bitter Edge, El Chico, and the Vanguard?"

"Most likely, yes. The guy's memories are very hazy, so they might have gone to other places as well, or skipped some of these... Who knows," you reply to Frank's question. He lets out a deep sigh.

"So the kid was drunk? Wonderful. Well, never mind, I'll try to work a miracle anyway. Wait here for a bit while I go through the April files and ask the guys!"

You sit down on a chair and wait patiently. About half an hour later, your friend returns with a slip of paper in his hand.

"You're in luck. I found two rides," he says, handing you the note.

"Thanks, Frank. You've helped me a lot!"

"No problem, pal. But be prepared - I'll probably come looking for you one of these days and ask a favor in return..." He grins at you as he leaves.

Circle **Document 17** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Note), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 179.

Circle **Marker T1** in your case log.

4-7367

Bookshop
Time: 30 minutes

"Thank you, sir, that's very kind of you, but I only want to ask about one of your former employees. She worked here sometime in March and April. Her name was Jolán Szederkényi."

"Don't you mean Katica Szederkényi?" one of the young salesgirls steps up to you.

"Yes, that's very possible. The young lady's original name was Jolán, but she wanted to change it to Katica. Perhaps she introduced herself that way here from the start."

"Really? I had no idea Katica wasn't her original name…"

"Well then, sir, it seems you will be in good hands with Irénke. Goodbye!" the smiling gentleman says, already hurrying off to attend to newly arrived customers.

You turn back to the pretty saleswoman called Irénke:

"So, did you know this Katica well, miss?"

The girl blushes slightly, but looks at you with sparkling eyes as she answers: "Oh yes, we became wonderful friends almost immediately. We talked a lot about our favorite films and stars. Katica herself wanted to perform on stage, preferably as a singer. She went to quite a few auditions while she was working here. But unfortunately, she didn't have any success… She even went to a record label once, but they told her she should get an agent first. Poor Katica, of course, couldn't afford an agent… After a while, instead of theaters she started trying her luck at nightclubs, hoping she might be able to sing there. I think she said she'd also been to Marika's, the Hungarian night club."

"And when did you last see Katica?"

"On April 10th. That day she came in saying she'd try one more time, but if she didn't get the job, she'd give up her dreams of becoming a singer and go back home to her parents. She told the boss that if she didn't come in to work the next day, we shouldn't expect her anymore."

Circle **Marker U1** in your case log.

4-7563

Rainbow taxi
Time: 30 minutes

"So this guy in the photo and this pretty little redhead in this other photo wanted to go to the following places after 6 p.m. on April 11: Chumley's, the Bitter Edge, El Chico, and the Vanguard?"

"Most likely, yes. The guy's memories are very hazy, so they might have gone to other places as well, or skipped some of these... Who knows," you reply to Frank's question. He lets out a deep sigh.

"So the kid was drunk? Wonderful. Well, never mind, I'll try to work a miracle anyway. Wait here for a bit while I go through the April files and ask the guys!"

You sit down on a chair and wait patiently. About half an hour later, your friend returns with a slip of paper in his hand.

"You're in luck. I found two rides," he says, handing you the note.

"Thanks, Frank. You've helped me a lot!"

"No problem, pal. But be prepared - I'll probably come looking for you one of these days and ask a favor in return..." He grins at you as he leaves.

Circle **Document 17** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Note), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 179.

Circle **Marker T1** in your case log.

4-7587

Corvin Bookshop
159 2nd Ave, EV-27

You step into the bookshop, and your eye is immediately caught by the ornate books displayed in the shop window. They are enormous, and inside them you see text written in a very peculiar script.

Circle **Document 15** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 15** (A corvina), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 177.

"Come in, come in, young man, feel free to look around!" A smiling gentleman invites you further into the bookshop. "If you're looking for Hungarian publications, you've come to the right place. If it can't be bought here, it hasn't been published yet! Ah, I see your eye has caught our Corvinas. Unfortunately, these are only replicas, but they're beautiful all the same, don't you think?"

Culture:

If you'd like to read about the **Corvinas*, go to 2-4506 (p.45).

AND NOW:

If you have circled **Marker Q1** in your case log, go to 4-7367 (p.79).

4-8547

Information about the suitcase

Wait patiently, because as soon as there's any information about the suitcase, they'll call you.

4-9020

Saint Stephen of Hungary church
410 E. 82nd St, YV-55
Time: 30 minutes

Yes, the priest clearly remembers the young man who came into the church on Friday.

"He was completely shattered, poor boy. After what he told me, I can hardly blame him."

"What did he tell you?"

"I'm sorry, but it's not my habit to reveal the confidences of my parishioners. Even if the young man did not officially 'confess' to me, and I am therefore not bound by the seal of confession. Still..."

"In fact, David told me as well what happened. You see, Father, I'm a private investigator, and the boy came to me asking that I uncover the truth in this alleged murder case. The police did not believe him when he made his confession. His father and his doctor claim that David suffered a nervous breakdown and merely hallucinated the entire crime."

The priest looks at you in astonishment.

"Hallucinated it? Could that be possible? How shocking... All I can say is that I have rarely seen such deep pain and remorse as on that young man's face. He seemed to sincerely wish to be cleansed, so he immediately accepted it when I suggested that he face his deed and accept the consequences, for only in this way could he save his soul from eternal damnation. He told me he was going straight to the police to turn himself in. Did he really do so? Until now I wasn't sure. But you're saying they didn't believe him? That the poor young man is ill, and that he may not have committed any murder at all? It's almost unbelievable..." The priest shakes his head.

4-9563

Recording Studio
Time: 30 minutes

It turns out, a girl named Katica was here a few months ago. Although her hair wasn't red, and her clothes were rather worn. That's exactly why the secretary remembers her - she was so naïve.

"She thought she could just walk into a record company as a little gray mouse and they'd hold an audition for her... I told the poor girl that's not how it works. She needs to get an agent, and he will then get in touch with the company. But even then, the chances of success are very small. First she'd have to put something on the table before our label would even consider talking to her... Poor thing wanted to ask me for more advice, but then David showed up to say his father was calling for him. I told Katica that I couldn't keep Mr. McKenna waiting, so I said goodbye to her."

You thank the secretary's help. Before you set off, however, you ask the pretty little blonde secretary about the music filtering out from the room: "Is there a recording session going on right now?"

"No, they're just rehearsing. When we're recording, that red light up there turns on, see?" You glance up above the door, where there is indeed a red light, but it isn't lit at the moment. "I also lock the outer doors then, so no one can disturb the recording session. But right now we don't have to be silent. You can even take a look inside, detective, if you'd like." She smiles encouragingly.

You can't resist the offer, so you peek into the studio. You catch sight of the Andrews Sisters rehearsing.

Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (The Andrews Sisters), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 166.

They've become very popular lately, and the radio is constantly playing their hits. Boogie-woogie isn't really your style, though, so you retreat from the doorway, give the secretary a nod in farewell, and step out into the street.

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

Culture:

If you'd like to read about the **sisters**, go to 1-3654 (p.27).

4-9579

Little Hungary Restaurant
Time: 30 minutes

The restaurant is crowded, and the waiters are moving briskly between the tables. When you ask about Tóni, they tell you he isn't in at the moment, but if you wait a bit, they will call the boss, Uncle Árpi, Tóni's father.

You have to wait quite a while, but eventually a cheerfully smiling, pot-bellied, heavily balding man approaches you.

"Good afternoon, young man! My name is Árpád Szakács, but everyone just calls me Uncle Árpi! Who do I have the pleasure of meeting? I hear you're looking for my son Tóni."

"Yes, good afternoon. My name is Simon Brook. I'm a private investigator, currently working on behalf of David McKenna. And yes, if possible, I'd like to speak with your son. David told me Tóni is his friend."

"How is little David? I haven't seen him in ages! He used to come here almost every day. He spent hours here and at my mother's bakery, even when Tóni had a day off. That boy truly became part of our family over the years... And how he loves goulash soup with Hungarian crépes! Though that's hardly surprising. I'm sure you have heard of us as well, Detective. I suppose you wouldn't mind tasting a few real Hungarian dishes yourself! Here's the reservation book. Look, I can reserve a table for you this Sunday evening at ten o'clock, Detective. How many people should I put down? Perhaps you'd like to bring your wife along as well? Or maybe your dear mother?"

"What? I'm single, and my mother has already passed away," you say, looking confusedly at the short, pot-bellied man.

"My sincere condolences about the dear mama! Then the table will be for one. There you go, I've written it down. My son Tóni has the day off today, but I believe you'll find him at home. We live on the next street over, just around the corner. But what did you say? You're investigating on David's behalf? Nothing bad happened, did it? I was under the impression that poor David has been unwell. At least that's what my son said, if I remember correctly. I assumed that was why we haven't seen him lately... But unfortunately I must be going now. It looks like one of the waiters needs me - yes, Rudi is waving for me to come over. That Rudi always has some sort of problem... So we'll see each other Sunday evening! Goodbye, Mr. Brook!"

"Yes... goodbye." You stagger out onto the street. It seems there's no avoiding it: on Sunday evening, you'll be getting acquainted with the famous Hungarian cuisine...

5

5-0630

The Villager's editorial office
Time: 30 minutes

You step into the offices of the *Villager* and look for your friend Martin. You met him years ago, back when you were still with the police. You often helped each other out with useful tips.

Martin greets you enthusiastically:

"Simon? How are you, my friend? I haven't seen you in ages!"

"I could use a bit of help."

"Of course, absolutely. Go on, let's see if I can help!"

"I'm looking for a young Hungarian girl. Her name is Katica. Around twenty years old, red-haired, tall and slim. She was last seen here in the Village on April 11. At the time she was wearing a yellow skirt and cardigan, and green shoes. I thought I'd ask you - maybe you've heard something."

"April 11? That was quite a while ago. How come they've only started looking for that girl now? I assume you're asking on behalf of a client," your friend says, giving you a questioning look.

You just shrug.

"I see. You can't say any more. All right, give me a moment, I'll check our archives," he says, hurrying out of the office.

You have to wait a good fifteen minutes before he returns.

"Unfortunately, I didn't find anything about the girl. Of course, that might be good news, right?"

You nod and ask: "Where do you think I could look next?"

"You say she was a Hungarian girl? In that case, I'd suggest heading over to Yorkville, the Hungarian neighborhood. You could also try the Hungarian consulate. It's right here in the Village. Though I seem to recall it's not operating as an official consulate at the moment... Still, it might be worth a try."

You stand up to say goodbye to Martin.

"Thanks for the help, my friend," you say, offering your hand.

"No problem. But once you get to the bottom of the case, I wouldn't mind a short rundown. Who knows, maybe we could turn it into an interesting article..." The journalist winks at you and gives your hand a playful shake.

5-0905

McKenna Recording Studio

If this is your **first visit** here, go to 4-9563 (p.84).

Otherwise, go to 7-2416 (p.132).

5-1619

Kis & Sons Shoe Shop
1557 2nd Ave, YV-58
Time: 30 minutes

The shop's owner, Gyula Kis, is happy to help you.

"That Hungarian girl? Yes, I remember her. She came straight from Bacher's in a new outfit, carrying a lovely green handbag. I immediately suggested a matching pair of green shoes."

5-1675

Hungarian Social Club
1553 2nd Ave, YV-58
Time: ***60 minutes***

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 7-3666 (p.136).

Otherwise:

When you step into the club, you see a few retirees in the room. Four elderly women are playing cards at one table, while two old men are playing chess at another. From behind the counter near the entrance, a man in a suit with a firm gaze rises and steps forward to greet you. He presumably addresses you in Hungarian, because you don't understand a single word of what he says.

"Jó napot, fiatalember! Üdvözlöm a klubunkban."

You look at him awkwardly and reply in English:

"Good afternoon, sir. My name is Simon Brook. I'm a private investigator, and I'd like to ask a few questions, if you have a moment."

The man immediately switches to English:

"I see. My name is Ferenc Kemény, I'm the head of the club. How can I help you?"

"I'm looking for a Hungarian girl. Someone named Katica."

"Oh dear. With just a first name, you won't get very far here. There are more than a hundred thousand Hungarians living in New York City..." he says, looking at you skeptically.

"Could it be Katica Tóth you're looking for?" One of the elderly women looks up from her card game.

You and Mr. Kemény walk over to the table.

"This is Detective Brook." The head of the club introduces you to those sitting at the tables. "He's asking for our help." At that, everyone looks up from their cards and chessboards and sizes you up with suspicious glances.

"I'm not sure, ma'am, it's possible. The Katica I'm looking for arrived in Manhattan sometime before April to stay with relatives. She's tall, slim, red-haired, around twenty years old."

"Tall and slim? Well then, that's definitely not Katica Tóth. That poor girl is easier to jump over than to walk around..." One of the old men grins.

"Now you just keep quiet, you old glutton! You were the one who ate all the pastries last time too, even though you can barely fit into your trousers yourself!" one of the elderly women snaps at the old man, and the grin freezes on his face. "Don't listen to him, Detective. Zsiga is always talking nonsense. It is true, of course, that our Katica is unfortunately a bit heavier than she should be, but she's only fourteen. She may yet grow out of it."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I see. Then it seems I'm not looking for this particular Katica."

"You say the girl arrived in Manhattan to stay with relatives? Who are these relatives?" another woman asks.

"Unfortunately, I don't know that, just as I don't know Katica's last name either. All I know is that on April 11 she was wearing a yellow skirt, a white blouse, and a yellow cardigan. Her shoes and her handbag were green."

"Ah, so a model type?" asks the third woman. "Could she have been an actress? Or aspiring to be one? Lots of girls come to Manhattan dreaming of becoming famous actresses."

"Oh, come on, Etelka! How many girls dream of becoming actresses, and then of course nothing ever comes of it?" the fourth old lady lectures her. At this, the woman called Etelka snaps back angrily:

"That's exactly what I said! That maybe she *wanted* to be an actress. I really don't know why you're always picking on everything I say, Juliska… Or have you lately gone deaf, as well as badly short-sighted?"

"Ladies, ladies, please, let's not argue," one of the chess-playing gentlemen cuts in soothingly. "Let's try to help the detective instead. The question is whether anyone has heard of the Hungarian girl just described, who arrived here to stay with relatives sometime before April."

But all the old folks shake their heads.

"And have you heard about anyone else, any young woman who has gone missing recently? Whether she was a local girl or someone's relative?" you try, clutching at a last straw.

"So this Katica has disappeared, Inspector? My God, her poor mother! What she must be going through!" Auntie Etelka laments.

"You're right, Etelka… The Pataki family in the neighboring block lost their son in the war too. That poor mother! The wretched woman almost cried her eyes out. She still wears nothing but black…"

"Well, thank you for your help," you cut in quickly, before the elderly ladies get too carried away with their lamenting. "Do you perhaps have any idea where else I might ask around?"

"There are a lot of places in the neighborhood that many Hungarians frequent. Paprikás Weiss' shop, for example. Almost every Hungarian who arrives in Manhattan passes through there," Mr. Kemény says helpfully.

"That's for sure," Auntie Etelka agrees. "Only his poppy seeds can be used to make a proper *bejgli*!"

"Don't even say it, Etelka! I could really go for a nice piece of bejgli right now!" The first old man smacks his lips. But Auntie Etelka snaps at him:

"I keep telling you, Zsiga, you can think of nothing but your stomach! A poor Hungarian girl has disappeared, and all you care about is the bejgli!"

"All right, all right, no need to bite my head off! You're the one who brought up poppy-seed bejglis, not me." Uncle Zsiga shrinks back defensively.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“You might also want to check the local theaters, young man,” one of the ladies suggests. “The Hungarian Playhouse is just on the next street. And you could try the ones in the old Hungarian neighborhood in the East Village.”

“And have you been to the local police yet?” Auntie Etelka takes the floor again. “Inspector Szabó usually handles matters involving Hungarians.”

“You could also ask at the consulate,” adds the old man called Zsiga. “Perhaps that girl only arrived in America recently…”

“Or place an advertisement in the *Esti Hirlap*,” suggests the other old man. “Almost every Hungarian living in the city reads that paper.”

At this, they all begin nodding in agreement. No further ideas are offered, so you take your leave of the club members:

“Thank you for your help, and I wish you all a very nice day!”

“Goodbye, Detective! I hope you manage to find that girl!” the club leader says, walking you to the door.

Circle **Marker K1** in your case log.

Culture:

If you’d like to read about **Hungarians in the US**, go to 7-6107 (p.144).

And if you’re curious what **poppy seed “bejgli”** is like, go to 3-3330 (p.59).

5-2095

Julius' Bar
159 W. 10th St, GV-41

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to 3-8095 (p.64).

Otherwise:

Jimmy isn't here yet. Come back later.

5-2537

Stonewall Inn
53 Christopher St, GV-49

If you have circled **Marker C1** in your case log, go to 8-9938 (p.158).

Otherwise:

You try asking about David and Katica, but you don't get far, because the bartender is just eyeing you suspiciously. At one of the tables, you see men in impeccable suits who haven't even taken off their hats despite the heat. One of the suited men—a particularly muscular guy—stands up and starts moving toward you in a threatening manner. You decide not to wait for him to reach you and quickly slip away.

5-2757

Rainbow Taxi
12 Perry St, GV-31

On **Day 1**, go to 1-4727 (p.29).

On **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 4-6486 (p.78).

5-3351

Little Hungary Restaurant
Time: 30 minutes

The restaurant is crowded, and the waiters are moving briskly between the tables. When you ask about Tóni, they tell you he isn't in at the moment, but if you wait a bit, they will call the boss, Uncle Árpi, Tóni's father.

You have to wait quite a while, but eventually a cheerfully smiling, pot-bellied, heavily balding man approaches you.

"Good afternoon, young man! My name is Árpád Szakács, but everyone just calls me Uncle Árpi! Who do I have the pleasure of meeting? I hear you're looking for my son Tóni."

"Yes, good afternoon. My name is Simon Brook. I'm a private investigator, currently working on behalf of David McKenna. And yes, if possible, I'd like to speak with your son. David told me Tóni is his friend."

"How is little David? I haven't seen him in ages! He used to come here almost every day. He spent hours here and at my mother's bakery, even when Tóni had a day off. That boy truly became part of our family over the years... And how he loves goulash soup with Hungarian crépes! Though that's hardly surprising. I'm sure you have heard of us as well, Detective. I suppose you wouldn't mind tasting a few real Hungarian dishes yourself! Here's the reservation book. Look, I can reserve a table for you this evening at ten o'clock, Detective. How many people should I put down? Perhaps you'd like to bring your wife along as well? Or maybe your dear mother?"

"What? I'm single, and my mother has already passed away," you say, looking confusedly at the short, pot-bellied man.

"My sincere condolences about the dear mama! Then the table will be for one. There you go, I've written it down. My son Tóni has the day off today, but I believe you'll find him at home. We live on the next street over, just around the corner. But what did you say? You're investigating on David's behalf? Nothing bad happened, did it? I was under the impression that poor David has been unwell. At least that's what my son said, if I remember correctly. I assumed that was why we haven't seen him lately... But unfortunately I must be going now. It looks like one of the waiters needs me - yes, Rudi is waving for me to come over. That Rudi always has some sort of problem... So we'll see each other in the evening! Goodbye, Mr. Brook!"

"Yes... goodbye." You stagger out onto the street. It seems there's no avoiding it: in the evening, you'll be getting acquainted with the famous Hungarian cuisine...

5-4026

Astor Place Theatre
434 Lafayette St, EV-46

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 6-7619 (p.114).

Otherwise:

They can't recall seeing a girl like Katica.

5-4451

Tóni Szakács
1561 2nd Ave, YV-53
Time: ***60 minutes***

A tall, handsome young man opens the door at your knock. His thick brown hair falls into his eyes, which sparkle mischievously.

"Yes?"

"Good afternoon. My name is Simon Brook, I'm a private investigator. Am I speaking with Mr. Tóni Szakács?"

"Yes, that's me. I mean my name is Antal Szakács, but everyone calls me Tóni. Did you say private investigator?"

"Yes. I'm currently investigating on behalf of your friend, David McKenna."

The guy lets out a loud whistle, then swings the door wide open.

"You don't say! Well, come on in! Now this I'm really curious about. I had a feeling something wasn't right with David. I've barely seen him these past few months."

The young man leads you into a spacious living room, offers you a seat on the couch, then asks:

"Can I offer you something, Mr. Brook? Coffee? Tea? A nice shot of homemade 'pálinka'?" He opens a small bar cabinet stocked with all kinds of drinks.

"No, thank you. If possible, let's get down to business."

"As you wish," he shrugs, then sits down in an armchair across from you.

"Tell me, Mr... Tóni, when did you last see your friend?"

"When? Good question... Quite a few weeks ago. He was sick a lot in May, so I visited him a few times and brought him some of Grandma's pastries. But they only let me in for a few minutes. Poor David looked really bad. We didn't even talk much. He just thanked me for the pastries and said that once he recovered, he'd look me up. I haven't seen him since."

"And in April? What about April 11th, or the next day, the 12th?"

Tóni looks at you intently.

"So that's what this is about? Well, yes. Something happened in April that changed David a lot. Before that, we saw each other almost every day. Mostly he came out here to Yorkville. If I was working, he'd come to the restaurant or to Grandma's bakery. If I went down to the Village, we usually went to the movies, or to bars to listen to music. Sometimes I even managed to drag him to a nightclub or two."

"This sounds like he didn't really want to go with you," you interject. But Tóni just laughs.

"That's always been our friendship, ever since school. David tries to stay out of almost everything, so it's up to me to push him into doing things. Afterwards, he usually thanks me, admitting that he

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

secretly always wanted to try whatever it was, he just never had the courage. It was the same with women. He really wanted a girlfriend, but he was incapable of taking even a single step towards it. That's where I came in. For the past six months, I've been trying to find David a girlfriend."

"And did you succeed?"

"Not really. I introduced him to a lot of women, but David never took the initiative, so nothing ever came of it. He was obsessed with the idea that most women just wanted to use him and get close to his father through him... I won't deny it, there were a few girls in our circle who dreamed of a singing career, but there were some more down-to-earth ones too. David was dismissive towards all of them. Of course, it's also possible that none of the girls I introduced to him really caught his interest."

"And what happened in April?"

"That's a good question. If only I knew... One day David showed up at the restaurant terribly upset, saying he absolutely had to talk to me."

"Was that on April 12th?"

"Around then. The restaurant was extremely busy, and I had even more tables to serve than usual, so I asked him to wait a bit. But then one of my tables started complaining, so I had to call the head waiter, then my father showed up too... By the time I looked around, David was already gone.

After that, I didn't hear from him for days, so I went to see him at his lodging, but he said he had a lot of studying to do and didn't have time. I tried a few more times, but he brushed me off every time. I figured he was really hurt that I didn't have time for him when he wanted to speak to me, and he was trying to teach me a lesson."

"So in the end he never told you what happened on April 11th?"

"No. But it must be something pretty serious if a private detective is trying to find out. He wasn't attacked, was he? Or got mixed up in something? Though I'd find that hard to imagine..."

"Really?"

"Of course. I've known David since middle school. He's not the type to get involved in any kind of prank or trouble. But he's not a sucker either. Even though he's quiet and withdrawn, I don't think he'd let himself be taken advantage of. He's too smart for that."

"You think so? I see. And does the name Katica mean anything to you? A red-haired, slender, elegant girl..."

Tóni whistles again.

"Really? So there *is* a woman involved after all? Katica... so a Hungarian girl? Grandma said she saw David with some girl at the bakery. She asked me what I knew about her. I told her I didn't know a thing. You say she was a redhead? Doesn't ring a bell," he says, shaking his head.

"This Katica is around twenty years old, and she came to Manhattan to visit relatives."

"So she's not a local? In that case, you should probably ask around at the Hungarian Club. All the gossiping old folks go there, and they discuss everyone along with their entire family. It's just around the corner."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You stand up and head for the door.

“Thank you for your help, Tóni.”

“Don’t mention it. And tell David he should look us up sometime! Grandma keeps asking about him. It’s not very nice of him to have forgotten about us so completely.”

“Of course, I’ll tell him,” you say, waving goodbye from the hallway.

“Goodbye, Detective!”

Circle **Marker A1** in your case log.

5-5737

Miki's Pub
1541 2nd Ave, YV-58

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, go to 7-1023 (p.127).

Otherwise:

No one saw Katica or David here.

5-8481

The Christopher St Boarding House
109 Christopher St, GV-64

If it's your **first visit**, go to 7-2405 (p.130).

If it's your **second visit**, AND it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 7-3320 (p.133).

5-9468

Magyar panzió
Time: 30 minutes

"Yes, Jolán Szederkényi was a resident here from March 10 to April 11. She originally checked in for an indefinite period, but then on April 10 she unexpectedly gave notice and left the following morning."

5-9845

WBAI Radio
43 Perry St, GV-30
Time: 30 minutes

"Mr. Cormack, David's teacher recommended David for an internship at our station. Every year we get a few students from the school. They usually spend three months with us. David's internship ended at the end of February, but he requested an extension for another three months, which he was granted."

"Is that common? For a student to request an extension?"

"Yes, fairly common. What's less common is for such an extension to actually be approved. You have to know the right people in the right places… if you know what I mean. David, of course, had his father, Mr. McKenna, who is a good friend of our station manager, so in his case the extension was approved."

"So what kind of intern was David?"

"Quite a good one. He was clearly very interested in radio work. Or rather, he was interested—until April. Then he simply disappeared, and we never saw him again."

"Did anything happen in the days leading up to his 'disappearance'?"

"Not that I know of. Everything was perfectly fine. David carried out his duties enthusiastically. He always did thorough work. Then, of course, we received Mr. McKenna's message about his son's illness, but at that point it was said that the boy would return in May."

"And did he?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no idea. Ask the school, or his family."

6

6-0973

Marika's Night Club
83 E. 7th St, EV-39

If you have circled **Marker U1** in your case log, go to 7-0968 (p.126).

6-3676

Szépség Beauty Shop
1431 3rd Ave, YV-58
Time: 30 minutes

The shop's owner, Irén Kedves, does remember Katica.

"Oh yes, I remember her well, because that girl was one of my great successes! When she first came in for a complete makeover, I didn't have much hope for her. Her looks were so plain… But she said she wanted to be a singer, and she wanted red hair, striking makeup, and fashionable clothes. I suggested she go to Bacher's for new outfits and to Kis for shoes, then come back to us and we'd take care of the rest.

"I can tell you, my jaw dropped when we were finished with her! She turned into a real knockout. I even told her to come back once she'd become famous and sign a photo for me!" the woman adds with a laugh.

"So when did this makeover happen, miss?"

The woman flips through the appointment book.

"Sometime in the spring. Yes, here it is. April 11."

You thank her for her help and take your leave.

Circle **Marker X1** in your case log.

6-4419

People's Theater
199 Bowery, BO-30

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 6-7619 (p.114).

Otherwise:

They can't recall seeing a girl like Katica.

6-5014

Bacher's Women's Clothing
439 E. 92nd St, YV-5
Time: 30 minutes

Unfortunately they don't remember Katica, but when you show the star-shaped yellow button, the shop assistant begins nodding enthusiastically:

"Oh yes, I remember this. We received beautiful yellow cardigans in the spring with these cute little buttons. We sold them as a set, with a matching yellow skirt."

6-5566

Second Avenue Theatre
66 2nd Ave, EV-55

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 6-7619 (p.114).

Otherwise:

They can't recall seeing a girl like Katica.

6-5588

Film Guild Cinema
52 W. 8th St, GV-53 (apt. main floor)

At the entrance, you take a look at the poster, then step up to the ticket booth and buy a ticket for the Swedish film drama.

Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Film Poster), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 168.

Two hours later:

Lost in thought, you walk home.

Do people like this Raskolnikov really exist? People who believe they are "superior" to everyone else, and therefore entitled to do anything, to break the law freely? Most of the criminals you've encountered did break the law, but not because they imagined themselves to be superior... According to Raskolnikov, Napoleon was such a man. He wasn't bound by the laws; instead, he made new ones after becoming emperor.

You think of Hitler. He didn't just proclaim himself superior, but declared all Germans to be superior as well. Is it any wonder that it led to war? At least you were lucky not to be drafted. Though, given your limp, it wouldn't have been an option anyway...

Did Raskolnikov really believe he would be able to commit murder without a twinge of conscience? Ridiculous. No wonder he lost his mind after killing that unfortunate old woman. He became feverish, terrified of everyone.

The police inspector, that Porfiry, was quite clever. He quickly realized that Raskolnikov was the real culprit, not the poor painter who confessed to the murder. The only problem was that he couldn't prove the boy's guilt. In every conversation he tried to trap Raskolnikov with cunning questions, but the young man always managed to slip out of his grasp. If the boy hadn't eventually confessed, he would have gotten away with it unpunished.

How interestingly art reflects reality sometimes...

Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

6-5983

Phonecall
Time: 30 minutes

A gruff male voice answers:

"Hello?"

"Hello! Am I speaking with Mr. Szederkényi?"

"Yes, this is Dénes Szederkényi speaking. Who do I have the pleasure of speaking with?"

"My name is Simon Brook. I'm a private investigator, and I'd like to inquire about your daughter, Mr. Szederkényi. I was hoping you could tell me when you last saw her and whether you know her current whereabouts."

"A private investigator? What would a private investigator want with our little Jolánka?"

A woman's voice can be heard in the background, and the man clearly covers the receiver with his hand, because you only hear a muffled, hushed exchange. From what you can make out, the woman's voice (perhaps Mrs. Szederkényi herself) is asking about Jolánka, and the man mentions the word "investigator" as well.

"Hello? Mr. Szederkényi? Are you still there?" you try.

"Hello? Yes, I'm here. We haven't heard anything about Jolánka for three months. Ilike said the girl had completely gone off the rails. She'd turned into some kind of fancy lady. That's not how we raised her, sir! We didn't send her to New York City so she could parade herself on all sorts of stages, but so that Gizi could find her a respectable Hungarian husband. Because unfortunately, not a single Hungarian boy around here had taken an interest in her..."

"Am I understanding correctly, Mr. Szederkényi, that you haven't heard from your daughter since April, and you don't know where she might be now?"

"No, I don't know, and if she's gotten herself mixed up in something illegal or immoral, then I wash my hands of it. I didn't raise her for that!" The man's voice is hard and dismissive. What a heartless father...

Suddenly you hear the sound of a scuffle, then the woman's voice comes onto the line:

"Hello? Inspector? Do you know anything about Jolánka? Where is she? What happened to her?" she asks desperately. It is clearly the girl's mother, who seems to have snatched the phone from her husband's hand.

"Mrs. Szederkényi? For the time being I don't know where your daughter is, nor exactly what has happened to her, but I'm doing my best to find out."

"Oh God! What could have happened to my poor child? We haven't heard from her for three months, and the relatives in Manhattan haven't seen her since either... Ilike says she became a singer or an actress. Dear Lord, I truly hope that isn't true! What do you think, Inspector?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You don't want to distress the mother by pointing out that there are worse possibilities than her daughter having become an actress, so you reply only:

"At the moment I can't say, ma'am. But I will call you as soon as I manage to find out more."

Circle **Marker D1** in your case log.

6-7619

Asking about Jolán Szederkényi

"Yes, a girl by that name did audition with us in March, but she didn't get the part."

6-7896

Paprikás Weiss Deli
1562 1st Ave, YV-55

You easily find Paprikás Weiss' shop. The huge Hungarian signs catch your eye from the far end of the street.

Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Paprikás Weiss), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 167.

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 3-0647 (p.53).

Otherwise, go to 2-0249 (p.39).

6-9109

Grand Central Terminal
89 E. 42nd St, TB-78
Time: 30 minutes

A young guy is leaning, bored, against the luggage storage counter. He straightens up reluctantly when you step up to the desk.

"Your ticket, sir?"

You press a banknote into his palm.

"I'm very interested in a particular suitcase. I only want to know whether its owner ever came back to claim it."

"What was the ticket number?" the boy asks obligingly as he pockets the money.

"Unfortunately, I don't know that. All I know is that the suitcase was checked in on April 11, around six in the evening, by a pretty red-haired girl. She was wearing yellow."

The young man shakes his head as he replies. "April 11? That was more than three months ago. Who knows what happened to that suitcase by now, sir."

"Don't you keep any kind of records of the luggage?"

"Records? Of course not... Look, every shelf is numbered. I take the bag, put it on one of the shelves, write the number on one of these tickets"—he points to the printed ticket pad—"and hand the ticket to the owner of the bag. When they come back for it, I return the bag based on the number. That's all there is to it."

"And what if someone never comes back for their luggage?"

"At the very back there's a shelf for luggage that's been left behind. We usually move bags there after about a week. With a standard ticket, a bag can only be stored for up to a week."

"And could I perhaps take a look at that back shelf?" you try to slip another banknote into the guy's hand. But he suddenly pulls his hand away and shakes his head.

"No, that's not possible, I'm sorry, sir. My friend Ricky once let someone into the back area, and he was fired immediately because of it. I don't want to risk my job."

"Excuse me, young man! Are you taking your luggage or not? Make up your mind quickly, because I'm in a great hurry!" an elderly gentleman prods you with his umbrella. It seems he may have been standing behind you for quite some time.

"Sorry, sir, go right ahead," you say as you step away from the counter. With a final nod to the baggage clerk, you walk out of the train station.

As you leave, you can't help wondering how you might get a look at that back shelf — and who could help you do it.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Marker Y1** in your case log.

If you don't have any idea who could help you, you can look up the Hint "backshelf".

BUT

If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log, go to 4-0108 (p.70).

6-9693

Paprikás Weiss Deli
Time: 30 minutes

"Ah, Detective!" the stooped little man hurries up to you. "So you've come back to my shop? I hope this time you're here to buy something!"

You look at the hopeful old man apologetically.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Weiss. I'm still investigating that girl's case. In the meantime, I've found out that her name wasn't Katica after all, but Jolán Szederkényi. Does that name ring a bell?"

"Jolánka? Szederkényi Jolánka... No, I'm afraid it doesn't."

"And yet the address of this shop was written down in her notebook."

"That doesn't surprise me at all, Detective. Every Hungarian who comes to New York City sooner or later pays a visit to Paprikás Weiss! And of course not just Hungarians, but anyone who's craving fresh goods and real Hungarian delicacies. Come on, Detective, try my fresh Hungarian sausage! Believe me, you won't find anything tastier even back in Hungary..." The old man is already heading behind the counter.

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Weiss, but the truth is I really have to be going now. But as soon as I get a little free time, I'll come back to your shop to buy something, I promise!"

7

7-0187

Your request

You look at Lucas.

"I'm glad you said that, because I'd like to ask for something right away. The girl who was with David supposedly checked her suitcase at the checking room at Grand Central Station. I found out that after a week they usually collect the unclaimed bags. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to get close to those bags myself, but you should certainly be able to look into whether Katica's suitcase is among them. Sadly, David couldn't give any useful description of the suitcase — he just said it was ordinary. But perhaps it could be identified based on its contents."

"I understand. I'll try to take care of it. I'll call you if I find out anything."

"Thanks, old friend. Have a good day!"

"You too, kid," Lucas says with a grin, waving goodbye. The nickname warms your heart. These days, Lucas only calls you "kid" when he's in a particularly good mood. It seems he's glad to be able to help you...

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

If it's **Day 1**, go to 4-8547 (p.82).

If it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 1-8277 (p.36).

7-0455

New York School of Fine and Applied Arts
12th St & 6th Ave, GV-10
Time: 30 minutes

When you mention David's name, the porter takes out a register and directs you to a certain Mr. Cormack. Apparently, he is the boy's academic advisor. You find the upstairs office easily. A short, curly-haired man opens the door in response to your knock. "Yes?"

"Mr. Cormack? I'd like to have a few words with you about David McKenna. My name is Simon Brook, I'm a private investigator."

The man looks quite taken aback by your introduction. "A private investigator? I don't understand. As far as I know, David has been unwell, which is why he hasn't been attending school in recent weeks."

"Yes, he has indeed been ill a lot lately, but a few other events have also occurred. Those are what I need to look into. I'd just like to ask you a few questions, Mr. Cormack. I won't take up much of your time."

The teacher still seems uncertain, but he invites you into his office.

"Well then, Mr. Brook, how can I help you?"

"I would appreciate it if you could tell me about David."

"A shy boy, quiet. Apart from the last few months, he always showed up to his classes on time and completed his assignments by the deadlines. Although I couldn't say he showed much enthusiasm for a career in sound engineering."

"And in the last few months?"

"Well, yes. From mid-April onward, David hardly attended classes at all. His father contacted us in May and informed us that the boy's health condition made it impossible for him to attend classes or submit his assignments. We agreed that if the situation didn't improve within a few weeks, David would take a year off and continue his studies next year.

But then, toward the end of May, the boy began coming to school again. He told me he had recovered and was determined to finish the academic year. I offered my help and spoke with the headmaster, who granted permission for David to complete his studies on an individual schedule, finishing the year somewhat later than usual.

But over the past two weeks I've been seeing him less and less again. When I questioned him about it, he made excuses, saying he wasn't feeling very well. To be honest, I didn't doubt it. He's lost a lot of weight recently, and his eyes always look dark and sunken. And his behavior… I don't know. Very erratic. It's as if he hasn't been himself since April."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well… one moment he seems perfectly fine, then suddenly he gets worked up over something, or sinks into lethargy and you can't get a word out of him. Last week I told him that if he didn't pull

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

himself together, he wouldn't be able to finish the academic year even with an individual schedule. I haven't seen him since."

"Interesting... But let's go back to April for a moment. Did anything happen around that time, or a few weeks earlier, that might have caused a change? A particularly difficult assignment, exams, or some other problem?"

"In April? No... there was nothing unusual then. Just the usual assignments. David did his work diligently and quietly. He never complained that the workload was too much. That's why the sudden change was so surprising. Whatever happened, it didn't happen here, at school."

"I see. Well, thank you for your help, Mr. Cormack."

7-0828

Carl McKenna
231 Waverly Pl, GV-22
Time: ***60 minutes***

Carl McKenna is a tall man in a suit, with a stern expression. It's obvious he's used to being in control. But when you introduce yourself and tell him that his son has hired you to investigate the alleged murder he committed, he completely flies off the handle.

"Who the hell do you think you are? A private detective? What kind of private detective? That boy has completely lost his mind! Here, this is the proof... And how dare you take advantage of such an unfortunate boy? Haven't you any decency at all? It's perfectly obvious that David didn't kill anyone! He's a decent, well-brought-up boy. Just his nerves are a bit weak. What he needs is a doctor, not a private detective!"

"Mr. McKenna, please calm down. I actually agree with you. I also think it's highly likely that the boy merely hallucinated the whole strangling incident... However, I could see that he won't easily accept that explanation. That's why I promised him I'd investigate what really happened that night, so that everyone can get rid of this terrible uncertainty. Believe me, sir, I'm on your side. I like your son, and I only want to help him."

Fortunately, your words calm the furious father down - so much so that he leads you into the living room and offers you a seat.

"Well then, Mr. Brook, if that's the case, I'm at your disposal."

"Thank you, Mr. McKenna. First of all, I'd like to ask you about David. How would you describe your son?"

"He's a quiet, withdrawn type. As a child he was much more daring and cheerful, but when he lost his mother... Well, Catherine's death hit both of us very hard. She was a wonderful woman. Since then, David hasn't quite been himself. As I said, he became very quiet, barely speaking a word. He doesn't really have friends either. Since he moved out, I hardly see him at all. Fortunately, he still comes into the studio once or twice a week, so at least I know he's all right. Or at least, that's what I thought until yesterday..." He falls silent sadly.

"Yes, David mentioned that he moved out a year ago. I gathered from what he said that he doesn't really get along with his stepmother," you probe cautiously. Mr. McKenna tightens his lips.

"Yes, unfortunately David disliked Eliza from the very first moment. To be honest, I think no matter who I'd started seeing, David would have disliked her. He adored his mother. And after her death, he practically idolized her memory. The thought that I might one day remarry never even crossed his mind. When it did happen, he felt I had betrayed his mother, and that the mere presence of the new woman sullied Catherine's memory... For a while I hoped time would improve things, but I was wrong. So when David announced that he would rather move out, I felt relieved. Everyone was already fed up with the constant arguing."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I see. And if you don't mind, let's now turn to the events of April 11th, and to what has happened since then."

"Look, Mr. Brook. I'm certain that nothing out of the ordinary happened on April 11, but it is a fact that in the days that followed David began to behave more and more erratically, until the owner of his boarding house called me on the phone to ask for help."

"When exactly was that?"

"When? Perhaps on April 26… yes, I think it was the 26th. I rushed to the boarding house immediately. David was lying on the floor, rambling in a feverish delirium. It was hard to make out much of what he was saying. Things like 'you used me,' and 'I won't let you,' along with some cursing. I called Dr. Di Paolo at once, and we brought David home. After that, the doctor treated him daily for nearly a month."

"Why wasn't he taken to a hospital?"

"At home he was much more comfortable, surrounded by his family. And he received far more attention than he would have in a hospital."

"David says you wanted to avoid a scandal…" you add cautiously.

"That's only natural! Who likes a scandal? Not to mention that public attention, the newspapers snooping around, would only have made David's condition worse. Especially after he had recovered. I think anyone can see that."

"And has your son recovered?"

"Well… that's a good question. After a month of treatment, Dr. Di Paolo believed he had. He said it was time for David to step back into life again. To continue his studies, to reconnect with the outside world. My son liked the idea as well. He even insisted on moving back into the boarding house. I was a bit worried about that, but when the doctor gave his approval, I agreed too. It seemed we were past that unfortunate episode, when yesterday the thunderbolt struck out of nowhere. I got a call from the police, telling me to come in because my son wanted to confess to some murder. Naturally, I immediately called Dr. Di Paolo, and the two of us went together to pick up David from the police station."

"I see. And thank you, Mr. McKenna. There's just one more thing: I'd like to have a few words with your wife, if that would be possible."

"With Eliza? Do you think she knows something I don't? I doubt it."

"You're probably right, Mr. McKenna, and I won't take much of Mrs. McKenna's time." You look at the man with polite hope. He stands up and leaves the living room. You only have to wait a few minutes before he returns, his wife following behind him.

The woman is heavily made up, her red hair pulled back with a silk scarf. She is wearing a black dressing gown and elegant slippers. Tall and slender, she looks like a Hollywood actress. Suddenly you think of your old partner, Lucas, who would have noticed her long legs immediately… Not you, though. You always remain one hundred percent professional around beautiful women.

Mrs. McKenna regards you with faint interest.

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“Mr. Brook? Welcome. My husband tells me you’re a detective who wants to help David, and that you’d like to ask me a few questions. I doubt I can say anything useful, but feel free to ask.”

“Thank you, Mrs. McKenna. What I’m really interested in is how you’ve found David in the past few months.”

“How I’ve found him? Well, first of all, I’ve hardly seen him at all since he moved out. I assume my husband has already told you how much that boy hates me. I don’t know what I did to deserve that, since I always tried to be nice to him… But the offensive tone he used at times! He spoke to me as if I were some tramp who had latched onto his father solely for his money…”

Her eyes flash angrily as she says this, but her husband places a hand on her shoulder and cuts in. “Oh, come now, darling, don’t exaggerate!”

At this, the woman suddenly laughs and abruptly changes her tone.

“Yes, yes, you’re right, dear, perhaps I went too far… Poor boy simply couldn’t get over his mother’s death, so it’s no wonder he saw me as an intruder… I’m sorry we couldn’t get closer. In truth, David is a very kind boy.” Her voice now turns honey-sweet. “As for the recent period: as I said, I hardly met him at all. When Carl brought him home after his breakdown, I was especially careful to make sure we didn’t run into each other, as the poor boy might have had another fit of rage. Fortunately the nurse always warned me before David came out of his room, so we managed to avoid encounters that would have been unpleasant for both of us.”

“A nurse?”

McKenna answers your question: “I hired two nurses to stay with David so that he would be under supervision twenty-four hours a day. Nurse Theresa and Nurse Mary. Dr. Di Paolo recommended them, so he can provide further details. I was completely satisfied with both. They carried out their duties quietly and professionally.”

“I see. Thank you very much for your help, Mr. and Mrs. McKenna. I truly hope I’ll be able to bring you some good news soon.”

“I certainly hope so. Goodbye, Mr. Brook.”

As a farewell, you shake the man’s hand and then step out of the apartment.

Circle **Marker F1** in your case log.

7-0968

Marika's Night Club
Time: 30 minutes

Marika, the owner of the club, is a middle-aged woman with heavy makeup. She lights a cigarette when you ask her about Jolán Szederkényi, or Katica. She blows out the smoke slowly before she answers.

"She was a little country flower when she first showed up here. Dull hair, no makeup, shabby clothes… Though she did have a nice, slim figure. Tall and slender. I told her that the very first thing she'd have to change was her appearance if she wanted to find work as a singer. I suggested she try red hair, vivid makeup, and buy a few new outfits. Once that was done, she should also have some professional photos taken that she could submit with her applications. I recommended Zoli's photography studio to her, not far from here.

The poor thing started complaining that she didn't have the money for anything like that. I told her that in that case she could forget about her dreams altogether. Then she started crying… I told her that whining wouldn't get her anywhere - show business isn't for the weak. I noticed she was wearing a rather nice little chain around her neck, so I suggested she try turning that into cash. But she just shook her head, saying that wasn't possible, because she'd inherited it from her grandmother…

But then, a week later, she came back after all, and you could hardly recognize her. Beautiful red hair, new clothes, professional makeup… Now this is something else, I thought. I even told her I was glad she'd taken my advice. But then… I sent her up on stage to sing…" the woman suddenly falls silent.

"And? What happened?" you ask eagerly.

"Poor thing had a very weak voice… I already regretted not listening to her the first time. Then she wouldn't have had to bother with dyeing her hair and buying new clothes. It would have become clear right away that she had no chance on stage. Not even in a club… She was completely crushed when I told her. But it would have been worse if she'd kept deluding herself."

"And exactly when did this second audition take place?"

The woman glances at a notebook.

"On April 11."

Circle **Marker R1** in your case log.

7-1023

Isti
Time: 30 minutes

When you ask about "Isti," the bartender points to a guy sitting at a corner table. Several empty beer mugs stand in front of him, at which he is staring with a befuddled gaze. You order another beer and sit down across from him at the table.

"Am I speaking to Isti?"

"Who's asking?" he growls at you.

You slide the mug toward him.

"I just want to ask about Miss Bácskai. I was just at her apartment, but she wasn't home, even though I'd really like to speak with her. I think you might be able to help me."

The man glances at the beer and asks:

"And just what do you want with Ilike?"

"I just want to ask a few questions about her cousin."

"About Jolánka?" The man is so startled that for a moment he even takes his eyes off the beer mug.

"Exactly."

"We ain't seen that girl for months. Ilike threw her out when it turned out she wanted to get a job in some shady nightclub…"

"A shady nightclub? What do you mean by that?" you ask, looking at the man with interest. He reaches for his mug and says only:

"Ask Ilike. She's at the laundry, two streets over from here."

7-1052

Mary Tucker
Time: 30 minutes

"Yes, Dr. Di Paolo recommended Theresa and me to Mr. McKenna. We had both previously worked at St. Vincent's Hospital, but a few years ago I switched to home nursing. It pays much better, and I also have more free time between patients.

David was actually a kind, sweet boy. I had almost no trouble with him during the month I was assigned to him. Of course, he slept through nearly the entire first week. After his breakdown, following the doctor's instructions, we had to keep him constantly sedated to prevent another episode.

In the second week we reduced the dosage of the sedatives, and by then the boy was awake for an hour or two at a time. But he didn't talk and hardly wanted to eat. Fortunately, things improved in the third week. He sometimes got out of bed, ate what I put in front of him, and spoke with the doctor several times as well.

In the final week he was barely given any sedatives at all. He returned to a normal waking cycle and spent an hour each day with Dr. Di Paolo. So I wasn't surprised when it turned out we were no longer needed, because David had recovered and could return to his old life."

"So in your opinion the boy has fully recovered?"

The woman looks at you oddly. "Of course. If the doctor says a patient is healthy, then that's how it is."

Circle **Marker N2** in your case log.

Theresa Stein: 217 W. 11th St (GV-24), go to 4-2046 (p.72).

7-1524

Village Vanguard
178 S. 7th Ave, GV-22
Time: 30 minutes

You have to ask around quite a bit and part with a fair number of banknotes before you find out that in April – perhaps on the night of the 11th – a group of young people were here. One of the boys, who was completely soaked, was being supported by a pretty little red-haired girl.

7-2405

The Christopher St Boarding House
Time: 30 minutes

In the lobby, you are greeted by a kind, smiling, middle-aged woman. As it turns out, she is the owner of the boarding house, Mrs. Lewinsky. She immediately becomes talkative when you ask about David.

"I must say, Inspector, that at first I found that young man quite likable, but in recent months I've begun to have serious doubts about him."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Lewinsky? And please just call me Mr. Brook — I'm not an inspector."

"Well, first of all, there was that dreadful scene at the end of April! When David started raging in his room and overturning the furniture, I seriously considered calling the police. But in the end I decided to call Mr. McKenna instead. Looking back, I'm glad I did, because it turned out that the poor boy had some kind of episode and became very ill. He didn't even stay at the boarding house for a month, because he required medical care.

However, since his return he's no longer the kind, polite young man he used to be. Most of the time he doesn't even greet me when I try to ask how he's doing — in fact, he snaps at me to 'mind my own business.' How can a young man speak to me like that, I ask you? And now the police are asking questions about him as well… I don't know what the world is coming to if even respectable young men cause this much trouble!"

"Once again, Mrs. Lewinsky, I didn't come from the police — I'm investigating on David's behalf… Can you perhaps recall the night of April 11? Did you hear David come home that evening?"

"April 11? That was such a long time ago…"

"About two weeks before David's… 'episode.'"

"Two weeks? Now that you mention it, yes — there was an incident before. After six months, I usually give my tenants their own key to the front door as well, if they've proven trustworthy, so they can come home later than ten in the evening if necessary — without waking me or my husband by ringing the bell. As I said, there were no problems with David at first, so I gave him a key too. He always used it very discreetly; I never knew when he came home, he was so quiet.

But sometime in April — it may well have been the night of the 11th — I woke up to the sound of someone flinging the front door open with a loud crash. I thought I was going to have a heart attack, and that we were being robbed, or killed in our beds! But when my husband went to investigate, it turned out it was just David coming home. According to Earnie, he didn't look at anything or anyone, just rushed upstairs and slammed the door behind him. My Earnie had to lock the front door after him, because of course David left it wide open… Outrageous, really! It's true that a few days later he apologized, so I hoped it had only been a one-time incident."

"And about what time might this stormy homecoming have been?" you ask the woman.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

After a brief moment's thought, she replies: "Somewhere around three in the morning."

If it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 7-3320 (p.133).

7-2416

McKenna Recording Studio
Time: 30 minutes

It turns out, a girl named Katica was here a few months ago. Although her hair wasn't red, and her clothes were rather worn. That's exactly why the secretary remembers her - she was so naïve.

"She thought she could just walk into a record company as a little gray mouse and they'd hold an audition for her… I told the poor girl that's not how it works. She needs to get an agent, and he will then get in touch with the company. But even then, the chances of success are very small. First she'd have to put something on the table before our label would even consider talking to her… Poor thing wanted to ask me for more advice, but then David showed up to say his father was calling for him. I told Katica that I couldn't keep Mr. McKenna waiting, so I said goodbye to her."

7-3320

The Christopher St Boarding House
Time: 30 minutes

Lillian and Tommy start talking a mile a minute when you ask them about David.

"He's a really strange guy, Detective," the girl says. "Even though we're in the same program and live in the same boarding house, until April we'd barely exchanged more than a few words with David."

"Don't exaggerate, Lily," the boy cuts in. "Just because someone is a withdrawn type and doesn't talk much, that doesn't automatically make him strange…"

"Fine, fine, but then what about that attack, or whatever it was, that came over him in April? Geez, that was really scary! All of a sudden all kinds of noises were coming from David's room: furniture crashing over, shouting… By the time we told Mrs. Lewinsky to open the door, David was already lying on the floor, ranting at thin air. Like he'd completely lost his mind… We didn't see him for a month after that. Supposedly his father had him treated somewhere."

"I understand that on the evening of April 11 you ran into David and his girlfriend, Katica, at a bar or nightclub," you probe cautiously.

"His girlfriend?" Lillian stares at you wide-eyed. "That red-haired girl was his girlfriend? But how could that be? We never saw that girl either before or after."

"So you did meet them on the evening of April 11?"

"Yes, we ran into David at the Vanguard, along with the red-haired girl." Tommy takes over. "I don't know exactly when it was. The poor guy was already pretty soaked when they arrived, even though it wasn't even ten o'clock yet… He's clearly not used to late nights and drinking.

"When Johnny suggested around midnight that we walk over to El Chico, the two of us had to support David. But once he got some fresh air, he came around a bit. At El Chico, of course, he kept drinking, so he ended up in pretty bad shape again. He was talking absolute nonsense, going on about how he was going to show Katica - the girl he was with - what the real nightlife was like."

"It was pretty pathetic," Lillian takes the floor again. "All that drinking and bragging… I was actually amazed the girl didn't just walk away from him. Or switch over to Johnny, who was obviously taken with her. She could have had a much more sensible conversation with Johnny, since he usually doesn't drink much. But that girl just kept fussing over David…"

"I see. And did you eventually leave El Chico together?" you ask. Lillian answers again:

"Not at all! David got this stupid idea that we should go over to the Stonewall Inn, because he'd heard from his friend Tóni that it was a really 'special place'. Whatever that meant… We, of course, said we had no desire to go there. Johnny said it wasn't the place for us."

"How so?" You look at Tommy. The boy drops his eyes awkwardly.

"Apparently his uncle, who works at El Chico, warned Johnny that he'd be better off steering clear of the Stonewall."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“So what happened to David and Katica on April 11?”

“Around two in the morning they set off.”

“And do you think they actually made it to the Stonewall Inn?”

“I don’t know that, Mr. Brook.”

“But after that night David wouldn’t talk to us again,” Lillian shakes her head. “When I saw him coming down from his room the next day, I called after him to ask if he’d sobered up yet, but he didn’t even turn around, as if he hadn’t heard me. Later, when we ran into each other, he just mumbled something and hurried off. I’m telling you, the guy is really strange…”

“You haven’t spoken to him since either?” You turn to Tommy, but he only shakes his head.

Circle **Marker O1** in your case log.

7-3468

Grinzing Nightclub
323 E. 79th St, YV-63

No one remembers David and Katica.

7-3666

Hungarian Social Club
Time: ***60 minutes***

When you step into the club, you see a few retirees in the room. Four elderly women are playing cards at one table, while two old men are playing chess at another. From behind the counter near the entrance, a man in a suit with a firm gaze rises and steps forward to greet you. He presumably addresses you in Hungarian, because you don't understand a single word of what he says.

"Jó napot, fiatalember! Üdvözlöm a klubunkban."

You look at him awkwardly and reply in English:

"Good afternoon, sir. My name is Simon Brook. I'm a private investigator, and I'd like to ask a few questions, if you have a moment."

The man immediately switches to English:

"I see. My name is Ferenc Kemény, I'm the head of the club. How can I help you?"

"I'm looking for a Hungarian girl. Someone named Jolán or Katica Szederkényi."

"Oh dear. With just a name, you won't get very far here. There are more than a hundred thousand Hungarians living in New York City..." he says, looking at you skeptically.

"Could it be Katica Tóth you're looking for?" One of the elderly women looks up from her card game.

You and Mr. Kemény walk over to the table.

"This is Detective Brook." The head of the club introduces you to those sitting at the tables. "He's asking for our help." At that, everyone looks up from their cards and chessboards and sizes you up with suspicious glances.

"I'm not sure, ma'am, it's possible. The Katica I'm looking for arrived in Manhattan sometime before April to stay with relatives. She's tall, slim, red-haired, around twenty years old."

"Tall and slim? Well then, that's definitely not Katica Tóth. That poor girl is easier to jump over than to walk around..." One of the old men grins.

"Now you just keep quiet, you old glutton! You were the one who ate all the pastries last time too, even though you can barely fit into your trousers yourself!" one of the elderly women snaps at the old man, and the grin freezes on his face. "Don't listen to him, Detective. Zsiga is always talking nonsense. It is true, of course, that our Katica is unfortunately a bit heavier than she should be, but she's only fourteen. She may yet grow out of it."

"I see. Then it seems I'm not looking for this particular Katica."

"You say the girl arrived in Manhattan to stay with relatives? Who are these relatives?" another woman asks.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"She had a notebook with the names and addresses of an 'Ilike', a 'Gizi néni', a 'Gyuszi bácsi', and 'Paprikás Weiss'.

"Paprikás Weiss? His shop isn't far from here. Almost every Hungarian who arrives in Manhattan passes through there," Mr. Kemény says helpfully.

"That's for sure," Auntie Etelka agrees. "Only his poppy seeds can be used to make a proper *bejgli*!"

"Don't even say it, Etelka! I could really go for a nice piece of bejgli right now!" The first old man smacks his lips. But Auntie Etelka snaps at him:

"I keep telling you, Zsiga, you can think of nothing but your stomach! A poor Hungarian girl has disappeared, and all you care about is the bejgli!"

"All right, all right, no need to bite my head off! You're the one who brought up poppy-seed bejglis, not me." Uncle Zsiga shrinks back defensively.

"What about the other names? Did you here them before?"

"Not really. Unless by 'Gizi néni' you mean the matchmaker. His agency is just a few blocks away... And how did this Katica or Etelka look like?"

"On April 11 she was wearing a yellow skirt, a white blouse, and a yellow cardigan. Her shoes and her handbag were green."

"Ah, so a model type?" asks the third woman. "Could she have been an actress? Or aspiring to be one? Lots of girls come to Manhattan dreaming of becoming famous actresses."

"Oh, come on, Etelka! How many girls dream of becoming actresses, and then of course nothing ever comes of it?" the fourth old lady lectures her. At this, the woman called Etelka snaps back angrily:

"That's exactly what I said! That maybe she *wanted* to be an actress. I really don't know why you're always picking on everything I say, Juliska... Or have you lately gone deaf, as well as badly short-sighted?"

"Ladies, ladies, please, let's not argue," one of the chess-playing gentlemen cuts in soothingly. "Let's try to help the detective instead. The question is whether anyone has heard of the Hungarian girl just described, who arrived here to stay with relatives sometime before April."

But all the old folks shake their heads.

"And have you heard about anyone else, any young woman who has gone missing recently? Whether she was a local girl or someone's relative?" you try, clutching at a last straw.

"So this Katica has disappeared, Inspector? My God, her poor mother! What she must be going through!" Auntie Etelka laments.

"You're right, Etelka... The Pataki family in the neighboring block lost their son in the war too. That poor mother! The wretched woman almost cried her eyes out. She still wears nothing but black..."

"Well, thank you for your help," you cut in quickly, before the elderly ladies get too carried away with their lamenting. "Do you perhaps have any idea where else I might ask around?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“You might want to check the local theaters, young man,” one of the ladies suggests. “The Hungarian Playhouse is just on the next street. And you could try the ones in the old Hungarian neighborhood in the East Village.”

“And have you been to the local police yet?” Auntie Etelka takes the floor again. “Inspector Szabó usually handles matters involving Hungarians.”

“You could also ask at the consulate,” adds the old man called Zsiga. “Perhaps that girl only arrived in America recently…”

“Or place an advertisement in the *Esti Hirlap*,” suggests the other old man. “Almost every Hungarian living in the city reads that paper.”

At this, they all begin nodding in agreement. No further ideas are offered, so you take your leave of the club members:

“Thank you for your help, and I wish you all a very nice day!”

“Goodbye, Detective! I hope you manage to find that girl!” the club leader says, walking you to the door.

Circle **Marker K1** in your case log.

Culture:

If you’d like to read about **Hungarians in the US**, go to 7-6107 (p.144).

And if you’re curious what **poppy seed “bejgli”** is like, go to 3-3330 (p.59).

7-3737

History of the bar

Greenwich Village had already become a "gay" neighborhood by the 1930s. The area's homosexual community was originally concentrated around Greenwich Avenue and Washington Square Park. In 1930, Vincent Bonavia opened "Bonnie's Stone Wall" at 91 Seventh Avenue South (near his buildings on Christopher Street).

The buildings on Christopher Street were originally constructed in the 1840s as stables.

The bar itself was originally a secret speakeasy that sold alcohol illegally during Prohibition, which is why it was shut down during a raid. After the repeal of Prohibition in 1934, Bonavia relocated the business to 51–53 Christopher Street. Architect Harry Yarish designed an entrance framed by columns and created an interior in the style of a hunting lodge. It became the area's best-known "gay bar," although outsiders were largely unaware of this until the 1960s.

☑ Tick **1** culture box in your case log.

7-4214

Hungarian Boarding House
1560 2nd Ave, YV-59

If you have circled **Marker Q1** in your case log, go to 5-9468 (p.103).

Otherwise:

There has been no resident named Katica in the past few months, and no one matching your description is known to them.

7-5155

Orpheum Theatre
126 2nd Ave, EV-39

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to 6-7619 (p.114).

Otherwise:

They can't recall seeing a girl like Katica.

7-5437

Information about the suitcase

The phone rings.

“Hello? Simon Brook Detective Agency. How can I help you?”

“Hello? Brook? This is Major White speaking, Patricia White. At the chief’s request, I looked into your suitcase at the checking room. I’ve never had to sort through so much junk in my life… you owe me a favor!”

“All right, all right, we’ll discuss that later. But tell me — did you find anything?”

“We were supposedly looking for the suitcase of someone called Katica, right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, there was no Katica… But I did find a small, worn suitcase containing women’s clothes. A few pairs of stockings, and assorted odds and ends. Everything was cheap and well worn. There were also a few cut-out pictures of actresses, singers, and Hollywood stars. Could this have been the girl’s suitcase?”

“According to David, Katica dreamed of a singing career, so that’s very likely.”

“Then her name wasn’t Katica after all. I also found a small notebook in the suitcase, and it was labeled: ‘Property of Jolán Szederkényi.’ I think that must have been the girl’s real name. Though I can’t really blame her for changing it — I wouldn’t be thrilled either if I’d been christened ‘Jolán’… But there were a few other interesting things in that little notebook as well. For example, several Manhattan addresses. Are you writing this down?”

“Yes, yes, go ahead!”

“The first one is someone called ‘Gizi néni,’ address: 210 E. 78th St; then a certain ‘Gyuszi bácsi,’ address: 355 E. 77th St; a place called ‘Paprikás Weiss,’ address: 1562 1st Ave; and someone called ‘Ilike,’ address: 343 E. 76th St. Besides that, there were all kinds of song lyrics and a few poems scribbled into the notebook. That’s all.”

“Thank you very much, Patricia! I really owe you one.”

Circle **Marker S1** in your case log.

7-5771

Esti Hirlap
Time: 30 minutes

You hand over Katica's photograph and ask them to publish an advertisement offering a reward to anyone who can provide any information about the woman shown in the picture: Szederkényi Jolán, also known as Katica, who was last seen on the night of April 11, somewhere in Greenwich Village, wearing a yellow skirt, a white top, a yellow cardigan, green shoes, and carrying a green handbag.

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

7-6107

Hungarians in the USA

The first major wave of emigration from Hungary to the United States took place in 1849–1850, when the so-called "Forty-Eighters" fled to America to escape reprisals after the defeat of the Hungarian Revolution and War of Independence of 1848–49.

Then, in the 1880s, it was mainly Hungarian craftsmen, tradesmen, and miners who attempted to settle overseas, while in the early 20th century the vast majority of emigrants were young agricultural day laborers in their twenties. (The sea voyage was extremely arduous; contemporary newspaper articles describe overcrowding, stench, inadequate provisions, and long journeys lasting up to 17 days. In almost every case, the reason for emigration was the hope of a better life, as the large number of people working in agriculture led to growing unemployment and poverty in Hungary.)

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The Great Depression dramatically reduced immigration to the United States, but Hungarians of Jewish origin continued to emigrate there both before and during World War II because of the growing antisemitism in Europe and later the events of the war.

By the 1940s, several hundred thousand Hungarians were already living in the United States. Their largest communities were found in New York City, Cleveland (Ohio), Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), and the Chicago area (Illinois), as well as in California.

Hungarian Neighborhood in Manhattan

New York is famous for its diverse neighborhoods that emerged as a result of mass immigration. *Goulash Row* was one such "micro-neighborhood," occupying a short stretch of East Houston Street and home to numerous shops, cafés, and restaurants offering Hungarian culture and cuisine. This street was part of a larger East Side district that catered to Eastern European immigrants: there were separate small neighborhoods for Polish and German immigrants, and there was even an area known as *Klein Wien*, or Little Vienna.

Like many other eclectic downtown neighborhoods, fashionable uptown New Yorkers also "descended" here to enjoy themselves in the street's bars and restaurants. The popular *Little Hungary Restaurant* was a "widely known bohemian meeting place." It was famous for its wine cellar, where dinner was served "among barrels and vats." This was the most fashionable spot on Goulash Row, and its reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of the neighborhood: it was also a favorite haunt of Teddy Roosevelt. In addition, the restaurant played an important community role. Its meeting halls were suitable for accommodating large numbers of people and frequently hosted gatherings of community groups and labor organizers.

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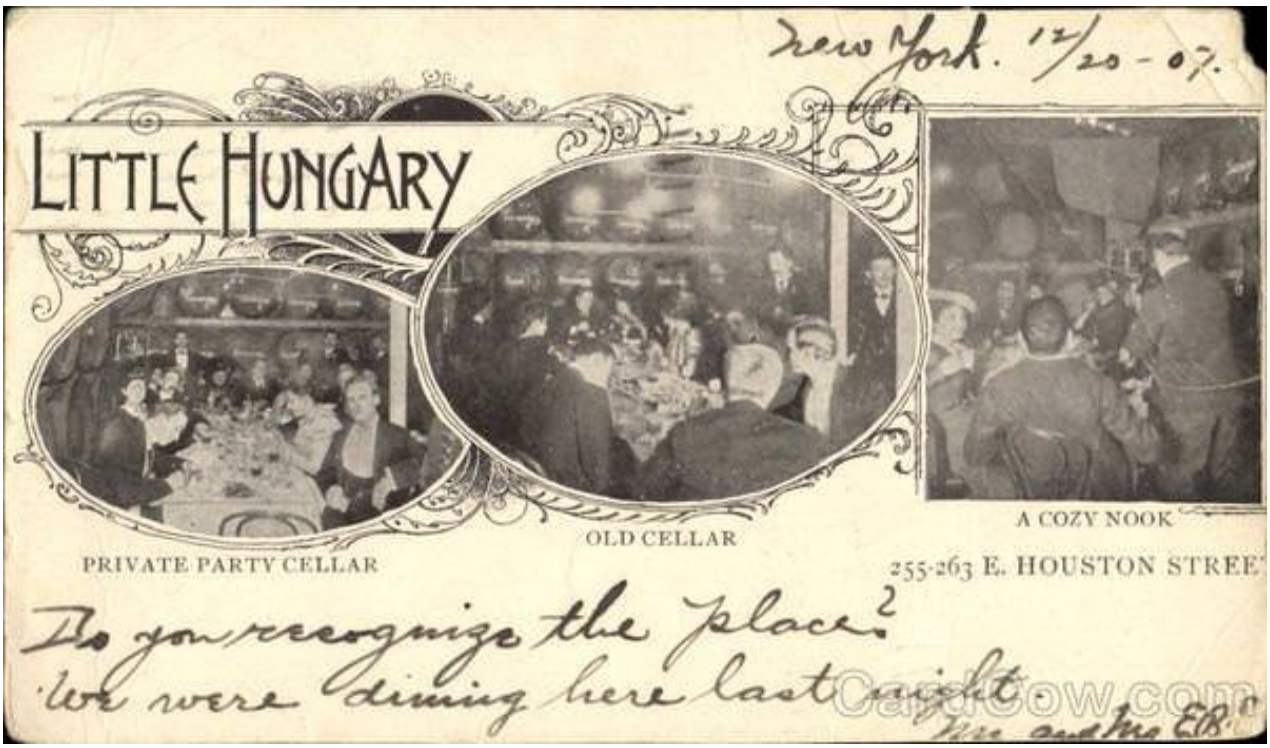

However, Goulash Row did not prove to be long-lived. By the turn of the 20th century, German residents living downtown began moving uptown to the Yorkville neighborhood, and other Eastern European immigrant groups soon followed them.

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

If you're curious what **poppy seed "bejgli"** is like, go to 3-3330 (p.59).

7-7336

NYPD - 6th Precinct
10th St & Greenwich Ave, GV-32
Time: 30 minutes

At the police station, you seek out your former partner, Chief Inspector Lucas. The old man is slowly approaching retirement, but his eyes are still sharp and his mind is as keen as a razor. As it turns out, he was the one who called David's father on Friday.

"One of our eager rookies took the report seriously right away and had already started filling out the paperwork when I stepped in. You know how much I hate unnecessary paperwork... That poor McKenna kid was so distraught and nervous that my first thought was it would be better to call his family. It turned out that the boy had recently suffered a nervous breakdown, and although they thought he had recovered, it's obvious they were wrong."

"And what if it was the murder that caused the nervous breakdown?" you ask your old friend pointedly.

"Look, Simon, I didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday. To be on the safe side, we checked the missing persons lists, but we didn't find anything suspicious. No one is looking for a young woman matching this Katica's description. And no unidentified body has turned up in the past three months either — otherwise I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you so calmly. You know as well as I do that we don't have the resources to launch a serious investigation based on rumors when there isn't even a victim."

"Yes, I understand. Still, it would be good to find this Katica. If David really didn't kill her... I'm trying to figure out exactly where they went on April 11."

Lucas looks at you with a smile.

"Well, all I can do is wish you good luck, Simon. I know you're thorough and you do good work — since you learned the trade from me... I have no doubt that you'll find out what really happened to those two young people on that April night," he says, patting you on the shoulder. "If there's anything I can help with, just let me know!"

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

If you have circled **Marker Y1** in your case log, go to 7-0187 (p.120).

8

8-0170

Gizi Néni's Matchmaking Agency
258 E. 78th St, LH-5

If you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log, go to 8-7024 (p.156).

Otherwise, go to 4-4797 (p.76).

8-0808

Pesti Laundry
1501 1st Ave, LH-2
Time: 30 minutes

Upon entering the laundry, you ask about Ilona Bácskai, who soon steps out through the door of a back room.

"Yes? I hope you're not here to complain about a shirt collar! I already told Jucika to just refund the cost of the starch and stop bothering me about it all the time!" the woman snaps at you angrily.

"Good afternoon, ma'am. I'm not here about a shirt collar, but I'd like to ask about your cousin, Jolán Szederkényi."

The woman narrows her eyes even further.

"And what do you want with Jolánka?"

"I'm Simon Brook, a private investigator, and I'm trying to locate Miss Szederkényi on behalf of my client."

"A private investigator? And who is this client of yours, that he's so eager to find Jolánka?"

You hesitate for a moment, then decide to tell only a heavily edited version of the truth.

"My client wants to make sure that the young woman is safe. He hasn't heard from her since April 11. As far as I know, Katica—I mean Jolánka—arrived in Manhattan a few months ago. Is this true?"

"Katica? So she really did start using that name? Ridiculous. Jolánka is a perfectly respectable Hungarian name; I don't understand what her problem with it was. But that girl always has her head in the clouds! Instead of focusing on getting married, she dreams about becoming an actress or a singer. Those ridiculous magazines she's constantly poring over filled her head with all that nonsense."

"And when did Miss Szederkényi arrive to stay with you?"

"At the end of February. But she didn't live with me for long. I told her I wouldn't allow her to go to all sorts of auditions without her parents' knowledge. I knew perfectly well how strongly Uncle Dini would oppose his daughter going on stage. Because of this, Jolánka moved into the Hungarian boarding house in early March. She found a job at the Hungarian bookshop, so she could pay for her lodging. She said she wouldn't let me talk her out of her dreams. Her dreams! Ridiculous…

"I didn't see her very often after that. She dropped by the laundry a few times, but since I kept trying to persuade her to give up her daydreaming and get married, as befits a respectable girl, she came less and less frequently. Then in April she showed up once more, but she looked so different that at first I barely recognized her. Like some fancy lady! Or like those pictures she's always cutting out of magazines… My God, I thought, what has this girl gotten herself into? I gave her a good scolding about what she'd done to herself and told her she'd drive her poor parents to the grave if they saw her like that! Poor Uncle Dini always raised his daughter to be respectable, not this kind of shameless… hussy she looked like.

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“I can’t even imagine where that girl got the money for such things! I told her that if she was going to behave so shamelessly, I didn’t want to see her anymore. And I haven’t seen her since. Now the police are asking questions about her. Oh God, what has that girl gotten herself into? But I warned her… She should have stayed on the proper path!”

As soon as there’s a brief pause in the torrent of words, you interject quickly:

“Could you give me the contact details for Miss Szederkényi’s parents?”

The woman considers her answer for a moment, then finally nods.

“All right.” She steps back into the room from which she originally emerged, then returns a few minutes later and hands you a small slip of paper.

“Here you go. Their phone number.”

Circle **Document 14** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 14** (Phone number), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 176.

“Thank you. I’m very grateful for your help, Miss Bácskai. One last question: you mentioned that Miss Szederkényi found work at a Hungarian bookshop. Which bookshop was that exactly?”

“The Corvin.”

On your way out, you examine the slip of paper the woman gave you. It appears she wrote down a Chicago phone number.

Circle **Marker Q1** in your case log.

8-2355

Chumley's Bar
86 Bedford St, GV-85

You ask around, but unfortunately no one remembers David and Katica.

8-2751

Caffe Dante Bar
81 MacDougal St, GV-109
Time: 30 minutes

The bartender looks taken aback when you try to question him about patrons from three months ago.

"Are you serious? I probably wouldn't remember even if they'd been here three weeks ago! I can only recognize the regulars and people I know — how could I possibly remember strangers?"

"Are you sure nothing rings a bell? The girl was tall and slender, with red hair. She was wearing a yellow skirt and a yellow cardigan. She arrived with a young man." To be on the safe side, you slide a dollar bill toward the guy, hoping it might jog his memory. But he just shakes his head.

"Buddy, do you know how many pretty girls come through here with their boyfriends? A whole lot. Even if the girl in yellow was here, I don't remember her... Care for a beer?" he says, pocketing the money. "Or maybe a whiskey?"

But you shake your head in disappointment.

"No, thank you," you say, already heading for the door.

8-3895

Dr. Fulgenzio Di Paolo
101 Waverly Pl, GV-53

If you have circled **Marker F1** in your case log, go to 2-0700 (p.40)

Otherwise:

"I'm sorry, but I cannot give out confidential information about my patients."

8-4497

El Chico Nightclub & Lounge
80 Grove St, GV-61

If it's **Day 2 or Day 3**, go to 3-8278 (p.65).

Otherwise:

Unfortunately, they don't remember David and Katica. But you could try again tomorrow, when other waitstaff and dancers will be there as well.

8-7024

Gizi Néni's Matchmaking Agency

Here is Aunt Gizi's matchmaking office. You quickly cross to the other side of the street so the old woman won't notice you.

8-8849

Bitter Edge
145 Bleecker St, GV-101
Time: 30 minutes

"In April? Yes, that rings a bell. A pretty little redhead came in here with some lanky guy. They sat down in the corner, and by the time they left the boy was properly soaked, even though it wasn't all that late yet. I even told the girl that someone as beautiful as her could surely find a much better suitor than some wimpy fellow who couldn't even hold his liquor, but the doll didn't pay me any attention and helped the guy out to a taxi..." The bartender sighs.

8-9938

Stonewall Inn
Time: ***90 minutes***

Many people are drinking and chatting at tables lining the side walls of the bar. Some of them are dressed in immaculate suits and hats, despite the sweltering heat. One of them looks particularly muscular and eyes you suspiciously. With the help of a few banknotes, you learn from the bartender that you can move on to a second room as well, if you're looking for something special...

"Someone might remember the guy," the bartender grins at you. "Especially if he was a good-looking boy..."

The second room is dominated by a large dance floor. The music is provided by a jukebox standing in one corner. The place is packed wall to wall with men. Several of them are dancing closely, arms around each other, to some slow tune. A few turn toward you with interest when you enter.

You hesitate for a moment, then start asking around about David and Katica. Unfortunately, no one seems to remember them.

You're just about to leave when a light starts flashing and someone suddenly shouts:

"Cops!"

Panic breaks out. Someone throws open a back door, and everyone tries to flee through it. There's massive pushing and shoving. Suddenly you're knocked off your feet and hit the floor. A guy reaches out a hand to pull you up, but someone gives him a hard shove, and he ends up falling right on top of you. Amid profuse apologies he tries to scramble to his feet while you try to wriggle out from under him, turning the whole thing into a kind of awkward wrestling match...

That's when a sharp voice rings out above you:

"NYPD! Don't move! You're under arrest!" - and the handcuffs are already snapping shut around your wrist.

An hour later:

You leave the police station amidst the laughter of your former colleagues.

You tried in vain to explain to the duty officer that you had only been investigating the bar on behalf of a client when the raid began, and that you had therefore been arrested completely unlawfully on charges of "indecent conduct." Luckily, though, the chief - your friend Lucas - showed up and got you out.

"Try not to roll around on the floor of a gay bar with a guy next time..." Lucas grins as he says goodbye. "Because sooner or later even I won't be able to pull you out of these messes, kid..."

You just roll your eyes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Marker I1** in your case log.

Culture:

If you'd like to read about the history of the **Stonewall Inn**, go to 7-3737 (p.139).

Before the raid, you had planned to take a closer look around the area surrounding the bar. True, you had already spent quite a bit of time around the Stonewall Inn as it was...

BUT

If you do want to go back to **take a look around** after all, go to 1-7533 (p.33).

DOCUMENTS

STOP!

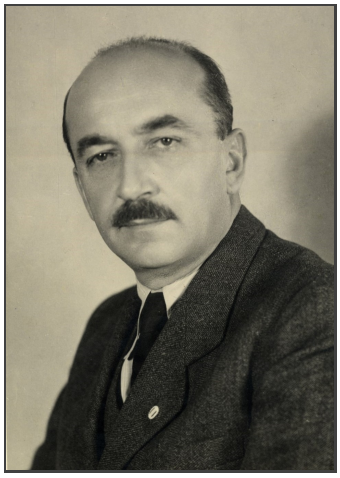
Do **not** access the documents section unless directed to retrieve a specific document.

Reflecting The Treasured Traditions Of This Cherished Community

The Villager

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1946 4 cents

HUNGARIAN PRIME MINISTER IN WASHINGTON



Hungarian Prime Minister *Ferenc Nagy* arrived in Washington this week with his delegation in order to discuss with American officials the restitution of the Hungarian National Bank's gold reserves, works of art, and other assets — *Aurel Alth*, the Hungarian consul based in Greenwich Village, told our correspondent. The Hungarian delegation hopes that part of the wartime loot can soon be returned to Budapest.

The Turbulent History of the Gold Reserves

Following the establishment of the Hungarian National Bank in 1924 — a condition of a loan taken out from the League of Nations, which enabled an independent monetary policy — the Hungarian economy had, by 1927, reached its prewar level of production, at which point a new currency, the *pengő*, was introduced. These successes, however, proved to be short-lived, as the Great Depression dealt a severe blow to the Hungarian economy as well.

Recovery was aided by the 1934 trade agreements known as the "Rome Protocols," which Hungary signed with Germany and Italy. These agreements, however, increasingly drew Hungary toward the Axis powers, a course for which the country later paid a heavy price.

During the Second World War, 40 percent of Hungary's national wealth was destroyed, and the country was obliged to pay war reparations amounting to two and a half years' worth of GDP. To give readers a sense of the scale of the devastation, here are a few figures: of 2,100 locomotives, 1,850 were destroyed, and inflation was the highest in the world at the time.

As the war progressed, employees of the Hungarian National Bank evacuated the bank's and the Hungarian state's assets — 600 crates and 33 tons of gold, along with banknotes and documents — to Upper Austria on a train that later became known as the "Gold Train." The convoy also carried valuables and documents placed in safekeeping, including the valuable 'Corvina manuscripts' of King Matthias Corvinus.

MADELINE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY – Private investigations, 22 Christopher St.

HOLLISTON BOOKBINDING – Holliston Mills Inc., 62 W. 14th St.

PATENTS, designs, trademarks – Long experience, skill, prompt and personal attention in every case. Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway.

FLOWERS – For every occasion, from Reinhardt's Flower Shop, 85 Bedford St.

BACHER'S WOMEN'S CLOTHING - For the elegant women, 439 E. 92nd St.

KIS & SONS SHOES - Shoes for the whole family, 1557 2nd Ave.

GLASS TOPS for furniture – Glazing and glass of all kinds. Lowest estimates furnished. HERMAN GLASSER, 30 E. 12th St.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SWEDISH FILM DRAMA

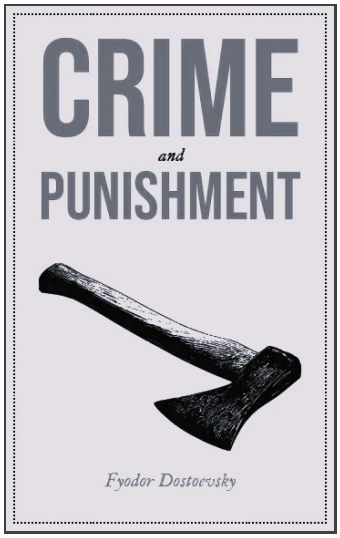
Brott och straff (Crime and Punishment) is a Swedish film drama made in 1945, directed by Hampe Faustman and starring Faustman, Gunn Wållgren, Sigurd Wallén, and Elsie Albiin. The film is a cinematic adaptation of *Crime and Punishment*, the 1866 novel by Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky, one of the greatest works of world literature.

The story follows the inner torment and moral dilemmas of Rodion Raskolnikov. The young man is an impoverished law student in Saint Petersburg who plans to murder a ruthless pawnbroker. He believes that with her money he can escape poverty and accomplish great deeds, and thus tries to convince himself that certain crimes can be justified when committed by "extraordinary" people in the pursuit of higher goals.

The film is showing this week every evening from 10 p.m. at the *Film Guild Cinema*.

THE RASKOLNIKOV SYNDROME

BY DR. FULGENZIO DI PAOLO



"The Raskolnikov Syndrome" is not an official medical diagnosis, but rather a term referring to the complex psychological disturbance, guilt, and paranoia experienced by Rodion Raskolnikov, the protagonist of Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. The character's inner conflict creates a clearly recognizable pattern of psychological suffering that is often associated with possible mental conditions such as schizophrenia, narcissism, or severe depression. Ultimately, the concept describes a mental state in which the fractured psyche of a brilliant yet isolated individual descends into delusional grandiosity, intense guilt, antisocial behavior, and near-psychotic paranoia as a result of committing a crime.

Raskolnikov's inner torment stems from the deep conflict between his nihilistic theory of "extraordinary people" and his innate capacity for compassion. This is further exacerbated by poverty, isolation, and a sense of shame at being a burden to others. After murdering the pawnbroker, he is plagued by guilt and paranoia; he vacillates between justifying his deed through the theory of a "higher purpose" and recognizing his own weakness. All of this gives rise to an intense inner struggle between confession and further isolation, ultimately leading to psychological collapse.

Key Aspects of the Hero's Inner Torment

The theory of the "extraordinary man." He believes that certain exceptional individuals stand above ordinary morality and have the right to commit crimes in the service of a higher good (such as Napoleon).

Poverty and shame. His hopeless financial situation and dependence on his family create a sense of worthlessness, which intensifies his desire to prove that he has risen above "petty" everyday concerns.

Reason versus emotion. The rational, intellectual justification of the murder stands in stark contrast to his deeply human capacity for compassion, especially after killing the pawnbroker.

Isolation and paranoia. The crime cuts him off from others and drives him into a near-mad state: he behaves unpredictably, constantly fears being exposed, yet harbors a strong longing for human connection.

Guilt and redemption. He struggles with overwhelming guilt, begins to question his own sense of superiority, and approaches the brink of psychological collapse; ultimately, he comes to understand that confession is necessary for spiritual and moral purification.

Manifestations of the Hero's Inner Torment

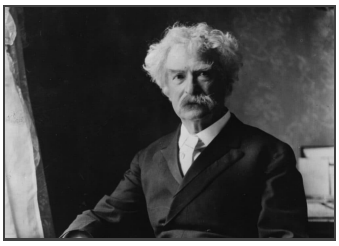
Inner monologues and dreams. The novel is filled with his agitated inner debates, philosophical reflections, and nightmarish dreams, all of which reflect his fractured psyche and foreshadow events to come.

Unpredictable behavior. His conduct becomes increasingly erratic: he lashes out at those close to him and involuntarily draws attention to himself, ultimately deepening his own isolation.

The "failed murderer." His anxiety and torment stem not only from the act itself, but also from his inability to fully embody the cold, indifferent "extraordinary man" he imagined himself to be. This starkly exposes the practical failure of his theory.

In summary: Raskolnikov's journey offers a powerful exploration of how intellectual arrogance and a radical ideology collide with the human conscience, leading to profound psychological suffering and a desperate search for meaning and redemption.

TWAIN PLOT SOLD AFTER 250 YEARS



What will become of the historic *Mark Twain House* on Fifth Avenue? Did the fall of the auctioneer's gavel mark the end of its romantic past — or will a community-minded group still manage to save this relic of bygone days for future generations?

(Continued on Page 7)

PICKED UP IN PASSING

Out of the lowest depths there is a path leading to the loftiest heights. – *Carlyle*.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. – *Shakespeare*.

Through work man reveals and expresses himself. The law of just compensation should need no emphasis. – *Richard Lynch*.

Human kindness still exists, at least among Villagers. The other day a horse on Grove Street was vainly trying to reach the feed at the bottom of his feed-bag. A small boy not more than ten years old noticed the horse's troubles. He went over and held the feed-bag up against the horse's mouth until the animal had finished his meal.

THE VILLAGER

A weekly Newspaper Reflecting the Finest Traditions of Washington Square and Greenwich Village.

Published Every Thursday, At 243 W. 4th St., Subscription Price, $2.50 for 1 Year.

Document 2

The yellow button, from DAY ONE (p.6)

Document 3

David, from DAY TWO (p.15)

Document 4

The Andrews Sisters

Document 5

Paprikás Weiss shop, from 6-7896 (p.115)

Document 6

Poster, from 6-5588 (p.111)

Document 7

Auntie's cakes, from 3-0358 (p.51)

Document 8

The Little Hungary Restaurant

Document 9

Goulash soup, from 3-2092 (p.56)

Document 10

Chicken paprikash with dumplings, from 3-2092 (p.56)

Document 11

Hungarian crépe, from 3-2092 (p.56)

Document 12

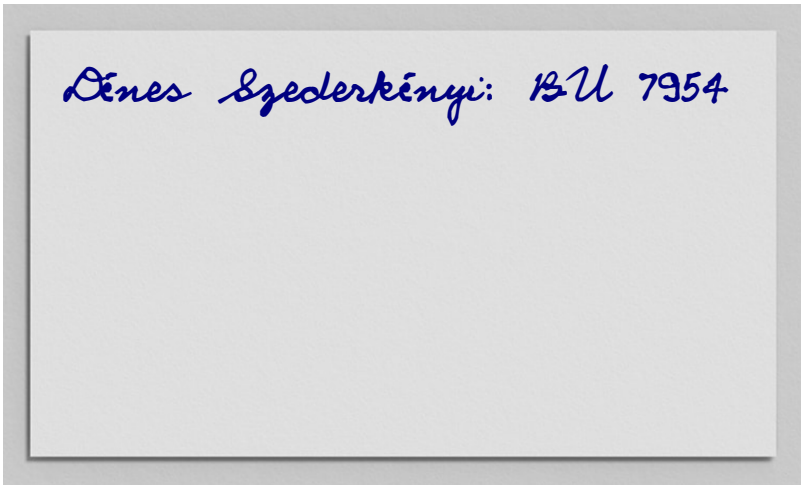
Tokaji wine, from 3-2092 (p.56)

Document 13

Bejgli, from 3-3330 (p.59)

Document 14

Phone number, from 8-0808 (p.150)



If you'd like to call this number, go to 6-5983 (p.112).

Document 15

A Corvina, from 4-7587 (p.81)

Document 16

Katica, from 4-2610 (p.75)

Document 17

Note from Frank

April 11th:
7.55pm from the Bitter Edge to Chumley's,
10.07pm from the Chumley's to the Village
Vanguard.

Document 18

What you found, from 1-7533 (p.33)

END

Questions and Answers

If you have the **whole alphabet**, you get **+4 points**.

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.

When you're ready, go to the next page.

Questions - Part 1

You would like to put your thoughts in order so you can decide exactly what you will say to David when he arrives. Lucas is usually a big help with that. You pick up the receiver and dial your old friend.

"Hello? This is Chief Inspector John Lucas speaking," the familiar voice says after a few rings.

"Hello, Brook here."

"Ah, kid, is that you? I'm glad you called! So, have you gotten to the bottom of the boy's case?"

"I wouldn't say that—there's still more to investigate—but I promised my client I'd close his case today. Although I'm not sure what I'm going to tell him exactly. That's why I called you."

"I see. All right then, let's dive in and go over the case! Were you able to find out **who the girl was that the boy allegedly killed**?"

Write down everything you managed to find out about Katica!

What was her real name?

Why didn't she use it?

When did she arrive in New York?

Who were her relatives there?

Where did she live?

Where did she work?

What was her dream?

What did she do to achieve it?

Where did she go and what did she do on April 11th before meeting David?

Other:

When you're ready, turn to the next page for the answers!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Answers - Part 1

You summarize to Lucas what you have learned about Katica over the past few days:

"The girl's real name was Jolán Szederkényi. She arrived in New York in February to stay with her cousin, Ilona Bácskai - known as Ilike - who lived in Yorkville and worked at the nearby Pesti Laundry. Jolán never really liked her name, or at least she felt that 'Jolánka' would not help her build a career, so she began using the name 'Katica' at auditions. She found a sales job at the Corvin Bookshop in the East Village and eventually moved out of Ilike's apartment into a Hungarian boarding house in Yorkville, all the while trying her luck at auditions - at the Hungarian Playhouse and at Marika's Night Club, among other places.

It was clear that her dream was to perform on stage as an actress or singer, and that this was the real reason she had come to Manhattan. Unfortunately, she did not seem to have much acting talent. She was dismissed from the theatre, and at the nightclub she was told that if she wanted any chance in show business, she would need to change her rather plain appearance.

The notebook found in the suitcase she had left at Grand Central Terminal contained, in addition to her cousin's address, several others. Paprikás Weiss' shop was likely listed simply because every Hungarian newcomer to Manhattan stops there when homesick for familiar flavors. Sadly, the shopkeeper did not know the girl, and even if Katica had been there, he did not remember her.

Gizella Gálhidy - 'Aunt Gizi' - and Gyula Andrássy - 'Uncle Gyuszi', on the other hand, were Katica's relatives, siblings of her maternal grandmother, whom she would naturally have been expected to visit while in Manhattan. She did go to see Uncle Gyuszi, but chose not to contact Aunt Gizi. The reason was that Aunt Gizi was a matchmaker, and Katica was not yet ready to settle down - despite the fact that her parents had sent her to the big city precisely in the hope that she would find a husband.

After so many disappointments, on April 11 she decided to make one final attempt. If that failed as well, she would abandon her dreams and leave Manhattan. She quit her job at the bookshop and checked out of the boarding house. She then pawned her only valuable possession - a necklace inherited from her grandmother - at Rudi Bácsi's Pawnshop, and used the money to visit a Hungarian beauty salon in Yorkville, asking for a complete makeover. Her hair was dyed red, her makeup done, and she was sent on to a local clothing store, Bacher's Women's Clothing, and the nearby Kis & Sons Shoes so that the transformation would be complete.

That was when our 'Katica' was truly born: the former little gray mouse was transformed into the girl I had been searching for from the very beginning—the pretty one in the yellow dress. She even had professional photographs taken by a Hungarian photographer at Zoli's Photo Studio.

With her new look, she returned to Marika's Night Club for one last attempt at becoming a singer. It soon became clear, however, that she did not have a voice suited to stage performance, and her complete outward transformation proved to be in vain. Broken and disappointed, the poor girl was finally ready to turn her back on her dreams and leave Manhattan for good."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Scoring:

What was her real name? *Jolán Szederkényi* (5 pts)

Why didn't she use it? *Because "Katica" would have sounded better on stage.* (3 pts)

When did she arrive in New York? *In February.* (3 pts)

Who were her relatives there? *Ilona Bácskai (Ilike), her cousin; and her grandmother's siblings: Gizella Gálhidy (Aunt Gizi) and Gyula Andrássy (Uncle Gyuszi).* (5 pts)

Where did she live? *For a short time with Ilike, then at the Hungarian Boarding House in Yorkville.* (3 pts)

Where did she work? *At the Corvin Bookshop.* (3 pts)

What was her dream? *To become an actress or a singer.* (3 pts)

What did she do to achieve it? *She went to auditions, for example at the Hungarian Playhouse in Yorkville and at Marika's Night Club, as well as at the Second Avenue Theatre, the People's Theatre, the Orpheum Theatre, and the Astor Theatre.* (5 pts)

Where did she go and what did she do on April 11? *She quit her job at the bookshop, then pawned her necklace at Uncle Rudi's Pawnshop, and used the money to completely transform her appearance. She bought fashionable clothes and a handbag at Bacher's Women's Clothing (where they did not remember the girl herself, but did recognize the yellow button), matching shoes at Kis & Sons Shoe Store, then had her hair dyed red and her makeup done at the Yorkville Beauty Salon. She had photographs taken at Zoli's Photo Studio, and then went to another audition at Marika's Night Club.* (10 pts)

If you've scored yourself, turn the page to **Questions, Part 2**!

Questions - Part 2

"So, **what happened after she met David**?" Lucas asks the most important question.

Detail the events of the day!

Where and when did Katica and David meet? Was this their first meeting?

Where did they go from there?

Why did Katica have a suitcase, and what happened to it?

Where did Katica and David go during the evening and night? Whom did they meet along the way?

When you're ready, turn to the next page for the answers!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Answers - Part 2

"According to David, he met Katica for the first time on April 11, when they ran into each other at Tóni's grandmother's pastry shop, *Nagyi Süteményei*. However, I later discovered that Katica had already been to the *McKenna Record Company*, where - according to the secretary - she had briefly crossed paths with David. At the time, of course, she was not yet the red-haired beauty, so David did not remember the encounter. For Katica, however, the face of the influential record producer's son may have lingered in her memory. This would explain why David did not seem entirely unfamiliar to her when they met again at the pastry shop on April 11—and why she struck up a conversation with him. She was on the verge of giving up her dreams of becoming a singer, and meeting the boy may have felt like a sign from above, or at least a last straw to cling to.

Around 6 p.m., they got into a taxi and, after stopping at *Grand Central Station* - where Katica left her suitcase in the station's checking room - headed to the Caffe Dante bar in Greenwich Village. Katica had the suitcase because she had checked out of the boarding house earlier that day and, after her repeated failures, was planning to leave Manhattan. At least, that is what she told David: that she would be leaving the next morning and that this would be her last night in the city. So David wanted to show Katica the 'real' Manhattan nightlife, though in truth he didn't know it all that well himself.

Based on David's hazy recollections and the taxi records, I believe that sometime after leaving Caffe Dante they walked to the nearby Bitter Edge bar, then around 8 p.m. took a taxi to Chumley's. From there, at about 10 p.m., they took another taxi to the Village Vanguard nightclub.

There they met several of David's classmates: Tommy and Lillian, as well as Johnny. According to them, David was already quite drunk by the time he arrived at the Vanguard, so Katica had to support him. Around midnight, the group left together and went on to the El Chico nightclub. At around 2 a.m., David and Katica split off to continue - according to their plan - to the Stonewall Inn. Johnny tried to talk them out of it, warning that the Stonewall had a questionable reputation and was rumored to be mob-owned, but he failed.

Whether they actually made it to the Stonewall cannot be established with certainty. It is likely that they did not, since no one at the bar recalled seeing either David or Katica that night. (Of course, no one remembered them at Caffe Dante or the Bitter Edge either, even though they almost certainly stopped at both - so who can say?)

What is certain is that they made it at least as far as the street next to the Stonewall. There, behind some trash cans in the dirt, I found a button identical to one from Katica's cardigan. It also seems clear that David - by then alone and deeply upset - returned to his lodging, the boarding house on Christopher Street, around 3 a.m., as confirmed by the proprietors."

Scoring:

Where and when did Katica and David meet? *At Nagyi Süteményei pastry shop, on the afternoon of April 11, sometime before 6 p.m.*

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Was this their first meeting? *David thought it was, although they had previously crossed paths at the McKenna Record Company, when Katica went there to inquire about an audition.* (4 pts)

Where did they go from there? *To bars and nightclubs in Greenwich Village, most likely first to Caffe Dante.* (3 pts)

Why did Katica have a suitcase, and what happened to it? *That day she had left her lodging because, after another failure, she was ready to give up her dreams and leave New York. However, after running into David, she decided to stay until the next day, and before heading into the Village, she left her suitcase at the luggage storage in Grand Central Station.* (8 pts)

Where did Katica and David go during the evening and night? Who did they meet along the way? *From Caffe Dante, they most likely walked to the Bitter Edge, then around 8 p.m. took a taxi to Chumley's bar. Around 10 p.m., they took another taxi to the Village Vanguard nightclub. There they met David's classmates: Tommy Baker, Lillian Perry, and Johnny Lafayette. Together with them, they went around midnight to the El Chico nightclub, from which David and Katica left alone - around 2 a.m. - planning to continue to the Stonewall Inn.* (15 pts)

What happened after that is unknown, but they may have reached the street next to the Stonewall (the yellow button found there matches the one given by David), and David returned to his lodging around 3 a.m.—alone by then. (5 pts)

If you've scored yourself, turn the page to **Questions, Part 3**!

Questions - Part 3

"Excellent," Lucas says, satisfied. "It looks like you've managed to figure out what David and Katica were doing on April 11 - at least until 2 a.m. But now comes the most important question: What happened after 2? **Did the boy really kill that girl, as he claims, or is he just imagining it**? Could he really be insane? And if not, and he did actually kill Katica, then **what happened to the body**?"

Answer Lucas's questions!

Did David really kill Katica? YES / NO

How would you support your answer?

If you're ready and your answer was **YES**, turn to **'Answers 3A'**.

If your answer was **NO**, turn to **'Answers 3B'**!

Answers 3A

Only read this section ***if you answered YES*** *to Lucas's question, because you believe that David actually killed Katica!*

You hold the phone to your ear for a moment, thinking, then let out a deep sigh before answering Lucas.

"Well... yes. That was the big question from the very beginning. Whether the boy is actually guilty and belongs in prison, or whether he's imagining things and needs treatment. I'll admit, I had serious doubts throughout the investigation - and honestly, I'm still not completely sure even now. But if I absolutely have to answer the question - and I suppose I do - then yes, I think the boy is guilty. He didn't imagine it. He really did strangle that poor girl."

There's a brief silence on the other end of the line. Then Lucas sighs heavily.

"I see. That's pretty bad news. So I was wrong when I thought the poor kid was just crazy and sent him home with his father? Well, mistakes happen. No one's infallible. And I trust you, Simon - you know that. But did you find any evidence of his guilt? Because without evidence, we won't get very far."

You reply, a little anxiously:

"If you mean solid, physical evidence, then unfortunately no. I didn't find any - only circumstantial evidence. But I do have a theory that explains what happened. And maybe, using that theory, you'll be able to uncover the physical evidence as well."

"A theory, huh?" Lucas says. "Alright, kid. I'm listening. Let's see if I can make use of it."

You gather your notes and begin.

"First of all, it's crucial that we were able to trace Katica and confirm that she really existed - and that she spent the evening with David, exactly as he said. This is supported by multiple witnesses: Auntie Veronka from Nagyi Süteményei, David's three classmates—Tommy, Lillian, and Johnny—and most likely some of the staff at the Village Vanguard and El Chico as well.

Second, in light of that, the small yellow button David later found in his pocket becomes significant—especially since I found its matching pair in the narrow street next to the Stonewall Inn. It almost certainly came from Katica's yellow cardigan. Bacher's Women's Clothing confirmed that in April they were selling women's yellow cardigans with distinctive, star-shaped buttons, and Katica did in fact buy one there on April 11.

Third, there's the suitcase she left at Grand Central Station. No one has retrieved it from storage since.

So far, everything lines up with David's account. That leads us to conclude that it may also be true that, in a sudden fit of rage, he strangled the girl - right there in that small street where I found the button, sometime after 2 a.m.

The obvious question, of course, is: if that's true, what happened to the girl's body?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I was just about to ask," Lucas cuts in. "Go on."

"From this point on, I'm fully in the realm of speculation," you say. "I don't have proof for what comes next. But I don't think David disposed of the body himself. If he had, he would have told the police when he turned himself in. And besides, it's not easy to make a body disappear in the middle of the city - especially not for an inexperienced kid, and certainly not in under an hour.

I believe David was telling the truth when he said that as soon as he realized what he'd done, he panicked and ran - eventually making his way back to his lodgings. That means he left the body in the narrow street next to the Stonewall Inn.

Now, according to rumors, the Stonewall is owned by mobsters - people who would not appreciate discovering a corpse right outside their establishment, triggering an investigation that would put their bar under intense scrutiny."

"So you're saying the Stonewall mobsters got rid of the body," Lucas asks in disbelief.

"Yes. I think that once someone noticed the girl, they alerted the boss, who ordered her removed immediately. I assume they have ways of making a body disappear without a trace - even in the middle of Manhattan."

Lucas lets out a bitter chuckle. "Unfortunately, that's entirely possible. But then why hasn't anyone been looking for her? Even without a body, she should've turned up on a missing persons list."

"There's a logical explanation for that, too. Katica wanted to be an actress or a singer, but her family didn't really support that dream. Her parents sent her to New York hoping she'd find a husband. Katica had no intention of doing that - she broke away from her family to pursue her own ambitions.

She didn't stay long with her cousin. Instead, she got a job and moved into a Hungarian boarding house to be independent. She avoided Aunt Gizi, the matchmaker, and her parents probably assumed she'd made it as an actress and simply didn't want to hear their criticism. On April 11, she quit her job and checked out of the boarding house, so no one noticed when she disappeared.

I placed an ad in the local Hungarian newspaper once I discovered her real name and obtained a photograph. If no one responds, that only strengthens my theory."

"So you don't think the kid's crazy at all?" Lucas asks.

"No. I wouldn't call him crazy. Maybe he's emotionally fragile, but I believe everything he said. There's no sign of hallucination or some pathological need for attention."

"And are you going to tell him that he really did kill the girl?"

You hesitate. "I don't know. That's part of why I called you - to tell you my conclusions and get your opinion. I like the kid. I'm not exactly eager to break that kind of news to him."

Lucas is quiet for a moment, then says:

"I get it. Here's what I suggest. Ask him for a few more days. Tell him you've handed the evidence over to the police and that he'll need to wait while we look into it. I'll see what I can dig up on the Stonewall side - though I won't pretend it'll be easy. In the meantime, maybe someone will respond to your ad. And even in the worst-case scenario," he adds, "there are plenty of mitigating factors: his age, his clean record, the fact that he turned himself in voluntarily. He might only get a few years."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You let out a relieved sigh.

"I think you're right. I'll ask him to be patient a little longer. Thank you, Lucas. I really appreciate it."

"No problem, kid. That's what friends are for. Stop by the precinct later and we'll figure out our next steps."

"Alright. See you, old man."

You hang up and stare down at your notes. David will be arriving soon.

Who would have thought that your very first case would turn out to be this complicated?

Scoring:

For a coherent, logical theory that references the discovered clues and the witnesses interviewed, full points are awarded - even if the theory doesn't completely match Simon Brook's reasoning. (25 points)

Read **Epilogue A** after scoring!

Answers 3B

Only read this section ***if you answered NO*** *to Lucas's question, because you believe that David did* ***not*** *kill Katica!*

Thoughtfully, you press the phone to your ear and let out a deep sigh before answering Lucas.

"Well… yes. That's been the big question from the very beginning. Whether this boy is actually guilty and belongs in prison, or whether he's just imagining things and needs treatment. I have to admit, I've been plagued by doubts throughout the investigation - and honestly, I'm still not completely sure. But if I have to give a definite answer - and I suppose I do - then no. I don't think the boy is guilty. I'm not saying he's insane or hallucinating, but I don't believe events unfolded the way he thinks they did."

There's a brief silence on the other end of the line. Then Lucas lets out a long sigh.

"I see. I have to admit, that surprises me. When the boy first came to the police, I thought he was imagining the whole thing - the girl, the night, all of it. But you've shown that Katica really existed, so I expected you to come to the opposite conclusion."

You hesitate slightly before answering.

"I do have a theory that could explain what happened."

"All right," Lucas says, curiosity creeping into his voice. "Let's hear it."

You gather your notes and begin.

"First of all - as you said - we know that Katica really existed, even if that wasn't her real name, and that she spent the evening with David, exactly as he claimed. This is backed up by several witnesses: Auntie Veronka from Nagyi Süteményei, David's three classmates - Tommy, Lillian, and Johnny - and very likely some of the staff at the Village Vanguard and El Chico as well.

Second, the small yellow button I later found in the alley next to the Stonewall becomes significant when considered alongside the one David found in his pocket. It almost certainly came from Katica's yellow cardigan. Bacher's Women's Clothing confirmed that in April they were selling yellow cardigans with those distinctive star-shaped buttons.

Third, there's the suitcase she left at the train station, which no one has claimed from storage since.

So far, everything lines up with David's account. One could reasonably assume that, in a moment of rage, he strangled the girl in that alley sometime after 2 a.m. But since no one ever found a body, I think there's another explanation for what happened next."

"I'm listening," Lucas says.

"From this point on, I'm firmly in the realm of theory," you continue. "I don't have proof. But I don't think David disposed of a body. If he had, he would've said so when he turned himself in. And realistically, it's not easy for an inexperienced person to make a body disappear without a trace in the middle of the city - certainly not in less than an hour.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I believe what David said is true up to a point: he grabbed Katica by the neck and began to strangle her. But I don't think he actually killed her. She probably lost consciousness, or was 'playing dead' in order to escape, collapsed, and when David saw her lying there, he panicked and ran - eventually making his way back to his lodgings."

"So you're saying the girl survived?" Lucas asks.

"Yes. I think she regained consciousness shortly afterward, found herself alone in that narrow street, and fled in terror - probably without stopping until she reached the train station."

"But then why didn't she take her suitcase?" Lucas presses. "And why doesn't her family know anything about her?"

"There may be explanations for that, too. As for the suitcase - she could have simply forgotten about it in her shock. I admit that part is hard to explain. But her family situation makes more sense.

Katica wanted to be an actress or a singer, and her family clearly didn't support that dream. Just because she gave up on New York doesn't mean she gave up on her ambitions altogether. If she still wanted to pursue a career on stage, it's not surprising she didn't go home.

It's also possible she stayed in Manhattan. All she would've had to do was avoid the Hungarian neighborhood and a few familiar places - and in a city this large, it wouldn't be hard to disappear.

I placed an ad in the local Hungarian newspaper after I discovered her real name and obtained a photograph. I'm hoping someone will recognize her and come forward eventually."

"So you don't think the kid's crazy?" Lucas asks skeptically.

"No. Not at all. Maybe he's emotionally fragile, but there's no sign of hallucination or pathological attention-seeking. I believe almost everything he told us. The poor kid genuinely thought he'd killed the girl - and given what he saw and did, that's understandable."

"So you're going to tell him he didn't kill anyone?"

"Yes. That's the plan. I don't want him torturing himself - or worse, ending up institutionalized or subjected to harsh treatments - over something he didn't actually do."

Lucas is quiet for a moment, then says:

"Well, kid, I really hope you're right. I'd hate to see a young man like that rot in prison. And for what it's worth: congratulations on your first serious case. You did solid, careful work. Is there anything else I can help with?"

"No, I think that covers it. It helped to talk it through. Thanks, Lucas."

"Anytime, kid. That's what friends are for. Take care."

"You too. See you, old man."

You hang up the phone and stare at your notes. David will be arriving soon.

Who would have thought your very first case would turn out to be this complicated?

Scoring:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For a coherent, logical theory that references the discovered clues and the witnesses interviewed, full points are awarded - even if the theory doesn't completely match Simon Brook's reasoning. (25 points)

Read **Epilogue B** after scoring!

Scoring

- Q1. Maximum 40pts: _
- Q2. Maximum 35pts: _
- Q3. Maximum 25pts: _
- Culture Points (+2 pts per culture box): _
- Bonus points (Max. 4 points): _
- Negative Points (-2 pts per demerit box): _

- **TOTAL:** _

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*You can read your **Results** on the next page.*

Results

80+ points:

Congratulations! You're a true professional, and almost nothing escapes your attention. If you take on a case, you'll see it through to the end.

60–80 points:

Great! Very little slips past you. Your detective agency is sure to be successful in the future.

OR, if you only lost more than 20 points due to overtime work:

Congratulations! You're a true professional, and almost nothing escapes your attention. If you take on a case, you'll see it through to the end - but thorough work requires time.

40–59 points:

Not bad! You figured out quite a lot. It's clear that your private detective career is just starting, as you still make some mistakes. You will likely achieve even better results in the future.

Less than 40 points:

Don't give up, even if this case didn't go so well! It's understandable, since you've just opened your private detective practice… With time, you'll get the hang of it.

*Now read **Epilogue A** or **Epilogue B**!*

Epilogue A

Esti Hirlap

FÜGGETLEN POLITIKAI NAPILAP

SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1946 4 cents

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MISSING GIRL

The recent visit of a private detective from *Madeline's Detective Agency*, a Mr. Simon Brook, to Yorkville's Hungarian neighborhood, caused a noticeable stir within the local community. Over the course of several days, the detective made inquiries about a young woman known as "Katica," visiting locations such as the *Hungarian Club*, *Paprikás Weiss' shop*, and the *Hungarian Playhouse*.

Although no one at these establishments recognised the description of the girl - who was reported missing on the night of April 11 from a bar or nightclub in Greenwich Village - the investigation quickly became the subject of intense discussion throughout the Hungarian community.

At the detective's request, this newspaper published an advertisement asking anyone with information about the girl - whose real name had by then been confirmed as *Jolán Sz.* - to come forward.

According to information gathered during the investigation, the girl arrived in Yorkville from Chicago in February to stay with relatives. In March, she worked at the Hungarian bookstore in the East Village while attending theatrical auditions, nurturing hopes of a singing career. When her efforts failed to bring success, she eventually decided to return to Illinois.

Tragically, she never made that journey.

On April 11, carrying a suitcase and preparing to go to the train station, she encountered a young man, David McKenna, who claimed to have strong connections in the music industry (his father owns the McKenna recording label). Believing this to be a last chance opportunity, she abandoned her plans to leave New York. What she perceived as fortune was, in truth, fate. The encounter ended in tragedy when the young man strangled the girl.

The suspect is currently in pretrial detention awaiting court proceedings. He is not expected to face the death penalty or life imprisonment, given several mitigating factors, including his youth, lack of prior criminal record, and the fact that he voluntarily surrendered to the police — despite the apparent absence of physical evidence. It was he who, burdened by guilt, hired Mr. Brook to investigate the case, which otherwise might never have come to light.

Final confirmation came yesterday in a statement by Chief Inspector Lucas of the *Greenwich Village Police Precinct*. Acting on information provided by Mr. Brook, the police discovered Jolán Sz.'s body buried on an abandoned lot, alongside several other unidentified remains. The Chief Inspector indicated that the suspect, David McKenna, was not the person who buried the body, but declined to comment on who may have been responsible.

The editorial staff of this newspaper extends its sincere condolences to the family and loved ones of the young Hungarian woman whose life ended in such tragic circumstances.

Epilogue B

Esti Hirlap
FÜGGETLEN POLITIKAI NAPILAP
SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1946 4 cents

MISSING GIRL HAS BEEN FOUND

The recent visit of a private detective from *Madeline's Detective Agency*, a Mr. Simon Brook, to Yorkville's Hungarian neighborhood, caused a noticeable stir within the local community. Over the course of several days, the detective made inquiries about a young woman known as "Katica," visiting locations such as the *Hungarian Club*, *Paprikás Weiss' shop*, and the *Hungarian Playhouse*.

Although no one at these establishments recognised the description of the girl - who was reported missing on the night of April 11 from a bar or nightclub in Greenwich Village - the investigation quickly became the subject of intense discussion throughout the Hungarian community.

At the detective's request, this newspaper published an advertisement asking anyone with information about the girl - whose real name had by then been confirmed - to come forward.

To our great surprise, just a few days later, the editorial office received a letter from the missing girl herself.

"Katica," whose real name is "Jolán Szederkényi," is alive and well.

With her full consent, we are publishing her letter below in its entirety.

Letter from Jolán "Katica" Szederkényi

Dear Editors,

I was greatly surprised to read last week's issue, in which I recognized my own photograph above one of the advertisements. To reassure everyone that I am alive and well, I immediately took up a pen to write this letter.

The reason no one saw me after April 11 is that I left Manhattan in the early hours of April 12. Due to an unfortunate - let us say - "accident" that nearly cost me my life, I boarded the first train leaving at that moment. I had originally planned to return to my parents in Chicago, but the train ultimately took me to New Haven, Connecticut.

Today, I consider myself extremely fortunate that it turned out this way, because on that train I met my current fiancé, Martin. He was the one who helped a crying Hungarian girl whose dreams of becoming a singer had seemingly collapsed, and who had boarded the train with nothing but a small handbag, leaving her suitcase behind.

It turned out that Martin is a musician, heading home on an early train. He offered to help me pursue my singing career in New Haven, if I wanted to give it a try. In my desperate situation, I wasn't sure whether I could trust a stranger I had just met on a train, but an inner voice told me to take the chance.

Today, I am deeply grateful that I listened to that voice, because I now know that Martin is the most wonderful person in the world - and I will soon be his wife.

I would like to reassure all my relatives and friends in Manhattan not to worry. I am well, and happier than ever. My dream has come true: since April, I have been singing at a reputable venue in New Haven. For this reason, I do not intend to take any steps regarding the previously mentioned "accident." I wish nothing but the best to everyone concerned, and I hope that their dreams may be fulfilled just as mine have been.

I have also written to my parents, hoping that the news of my engagement will ease their disappointment over my decision to pursue a singing career.

Thank you all for your concern, and I promise that after my wedding I will visit Manhattan again.

Sincerely,

Katica Szederkényi

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Post script from the author

- The idea of this story comes from a BBC Radio Drama.
- One of my great-grandfathers was one of those young farm workers who went to America to work in the early 20th century. He returned to Hungary and started a family with the money he had saved overseas. (His brother, however, stayed in America, and as far as I know, his descendants live in New Jersey today.)
- I modeled "Aunt Veronka" after my own grandmother, who was called Veronka. (In addition, many of the other Hungarian names I used in the story were inspired by real people's names.)
- I used the following wikipedia entries: "Magyarok az Egyesült Államokban", "Mátyás korvinái", "Stonewall Inn", "Bűn és bűnhődés", "Brott och straff", "Skizofrénia", "The Andrews Sisters"
- I used these articles:

https://www.villagepreservation.org/2016/07/05/lost-neighborhoods-of-new-york-goulash-row/

https://filmhiradokonline.hu/watch.php?id=22677

https://ephemeralnewyork.wordpress.com/tag/little-hungary-yorkville/

https://m.mult-kor.hu/cikk.php?id=13921

https://www.hungarianconservative.com/articles/culture_society/the-unfortunately-eventful-history-of-the-hungarian-gold-reserve/

- I used *The Villager*'s July 11, 1946 issue:

https://digitalcollections.nypl.org/items/46ade6c0-b597-0134-c342-00505686a51c

Walkthrough

A possible path:

DAY 1

recording studio

Carl McKenna

Dr. Di Paolo

hospital

Mary Tucker

Theresa Stein

school

radio

Nagyi Süteményei

St. Stephen church

Little Hungary Restaurant

Tóni

Hungarian Club

Hungarian Playhouse

Yorkville police

Paprikás Weiss

Greenwich Village Taxi

Yorkville Taxi

Caffe Dante

Grand Central Terminal

Lucas

Christopher St Boarding House

DAY 2 and DAY 3

Gizi néni

Gyuszi bácsi

Ilike

Miki's bar

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

laundry

phone call

Hungarian Boarding House

Corvin Bookshop

recording studio (the 2nd time)

Marika's Night Club

Zoli's Portraits

Rainbow Taxi

Bitter Edge

Chumley's Bar

Village Vanguard

El Chico

Cristopher St Boarding House (2nd time)

Caffe Reggio

Jimmy (Julius' Bar)

Stonewall Inn

looking around

Beauty Shop

Kis & Son Shoes

Bacher's Women's Clothing

Rudi Bácsi's Pawn Shop

Esti Hirlap

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.

backshelf

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Have you already spoken to your former partner, Lucas, at the Greenwich Village police precinct? He could probably help you.

Hint for Marker A1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David mentioned his best friend, whom he was waiting for at the bakery. He also said where he works. Find 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:

- 5-4451 on p.98

Hint for Marker B1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

In the notebook found in the suitcase, Ilike's name and address were listed. You should go and visit her.

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:

- 1-6530 on p.32

Hint for Marker C1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David mentioned a classmate named Johnny whom he met that night. He also said where the guy works on weekends. You should go and look for 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:

- 3-0096 on p.50

Hint for Marker D1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

You got a phone number from Ilike. You should call it.

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:

- 6-5983 on p.112

Hint for Marker E1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

In the introduction of Day 2, David mentioned the nightclubs where he and Katica might have gone. Have you looked for them?

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:

- 3-8278 on p.65

Hint for Marker F1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David mentioned his father several times, and it was also revealed who he is. Have you visited him yet?

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:

- 7-0828 on p.123

Hint for Marker G1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Katica's notebook contained an address for 'Gizi néni.' You should pay her a visit.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 3-6852 on p.62
- 2-6930 on p.46

Hint for Marker G2

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've already been to the Hungarian club, they mentioned a matchmaker there who could be asked. Go and find them.

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:

- 4-4797 on p.76

Hint for Marker H1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

At the Hungarian club, they mentioned a Hungarian newspaper that most Hungarians read. You could go to the 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:

- 1-3985 on p.28

Hint for Marker H2

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've already been to the editorial office of *Esti Hirlap*, then you know that as soon as you get a photo of Katica, you can place an ad in the paper—maybe someone will know about her.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 1-7647 on p.34
- 7-5771 on p.143

Hint for Marker I1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've talked to Johnny, Tommy, and Lillian, then you know that David and Katica left around 2 a.m. to go to a bar. You should go there too.

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:

- 8-9938 on p.158

Hint for Marker J1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Have you already spoken with your underworld contact, Jimmy? At El Chico, and in conversations with Johnny, certain underworld elements came up. Maybe Jimmy knows something about them.

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:

- 3-8095 on p.64

Hint for Marker K1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Tóni mentioned the Hungarian club, where you could ask around about Katica.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 5-1675 on p.90
- 7-3666 on p.136

Hint for Marker L1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Have you already spoken with your former partner, Lucas, at the local police station? David went there on Friday to turn himself in.

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:

- 7-7336 on p.147

Hint for Marker L2

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Did you call Lucas? He probably already has the results regarding the suitcase.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 7-0187 on p.120
- 4-0108 on p.70

Hint for Marker M1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David's father has a record label company. Have you contacted them yet?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 3-6312 on p.60
- 4-9563 on p.84

Hint for Marker N1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Two nurses took care of David during the month he was under Dr. Di Paolo's treatment. The doctor gave their names and also said that they worked at Saint Vincent's hospital. Have you looked for them?

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:

- 4-2046 on p.72

Hint for Marker N2

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Two nurses took care of David during the month he was under Dr. Di Paolo's treatment. The doctor gave their names and also said that they worked at Saint Vincent's hospital. Have you looked for them?

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:

- 7-1052 on p.128

Hint for Marker O1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David told you where he has been living since he moved out. Have you been there yet?

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:

- 7-3320 on p.133

Hint for Marker P1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

You know from David's father who treated the boy for a nervous breakdown. Have you already contacted the doctor?

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:

- 2-0700 on p.40

Hint for Marker Q1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you went to the address listed next to the name 'Ilike' in Katica's notebook, then you spoke with the neighbor. She mentioned the drunkard Isti. Maybe he could tell you where to find Ilike. And where should you look for a drunkard?

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:

- 8-0808 on p.150

Hint for Marker R1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've already been to the bookstore where Katica worked, then you know which nightclub the girl tried to sing at. Go visit that nightclub!

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:

- 7-0968 on p.126

Hint for Marker S1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've already been to the train station, you know they won't let you near the luggage. But they couldn't refuse the police. Who could you ask to help you?

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:

- 7-5437 on p.142

Hint for Marker T1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David mentioned that they took a taxi to the Village. They probably also took taxis later to go from one bar or nightclub to another. It would be worth visiting the Greenwich Village taxi company, since you already have a contact there.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit one or more of the following leads where this item is obtained:

- 4-6486 on p.78
- 4-7563 on p.80

Hint for Marker U1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you've already talked to Ilike, you know where Katica worked. Go visit that place!

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:

- 4-7367 on p.79

Hint for Marker V1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David said he met Katica at Aunt Veronka's shop. Have you been there yet?

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:

- 3-0358 on p.51

Hint for Marker W1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Hint 1:

I wonder where Katica got the money for the hairdresser and the new clothes. Someone mentioned something...

You can read another hint below.

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Hint 2:

Katica had a valuable necklace she inherited from her grandmother. I wonder where she could have cashed it in?

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:

- 3-9655 on p.68

Hint for Marker X1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

I wonder where Katica might have gone to be transformed from a plain girl into a beautiful red-haired beauty?

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:

- 6-3676 on p.107

Hint for Marker Y1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

David mentioned that Katica checked in her suitcase at the train station. Have you been there yet?

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:

- 6-9109 on p.116

Hint for Marker Z1

☑ Tick **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

Marika mentioned where she sent Katica. Have you been to those places yet?

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:

- 4-2610 on p.75