

The Collector Case 1: The Rookie

A New York Noir Trilogy

by Annamária Kovács

v4.3 - 08/24/25

SUMMARY

When you arrive at the station you receive bad news. Your partner has been knocked out and is now in the hospital, unconscious. Was it a random mugging, or is his life still in danger? And is it connected to a mysterious person called The Collector?

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- **Status:** Playable
- **Additional credits:** Edited by Debbie Levy, special documents made by Rob.
- **Game system:** nyNoir
- **Campaign:** The Collector (part 1)
- **Case date:** 01/14/1935
- **Difficulty:** 2 out of 5
- **Playtime:** 3 hours
- **Cautions:** Adult language and content.
- **Compiled:** Sunday, August 24, 2025 at 12:02 PM / Casebook v4.81 (8/15/25)
- **Typesetting:** 10pt letter oneside (xelatex)
- **Stats:** 49 Leads / 11 Docs / 23 Markers / 9 Images / 1 Days / 18.1k Words (377.00 avg.) / 108.5 KB

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Instructions

QUICK RULES FOR THIS CASE:

You start at **9am** and almost **every lead takes half an hour**. If you look up something but there's no lead, no time passes. Follow **maximum 20 leads** and **report at 7pm** to the Chief (aka answer the questions), or follow more than 20 leads, go **overtime** and report later. (In that case you stop recording the time, just count your culture points and overtime penalty - minus 2 points per lead.) If you're in it for the story, it is recommended going overtime and not worrying about the points.

Don't forget: you can always use **hints** if you are stuck. You find them **at the end** of this book. (And you only need to deduct points if you learn new information from them.)

Questions: 100 points

Every overtime lead: 1 demerit (Minus 2 points)

Culture points: Maximum 10 (20 bonus points)

Every hint: 1 (or 2) demerit (Minus 2/4 points)

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

LATE NIGHT LEAD

Everyone needs a bit of fun at the end of a hard day. So you should **watch a movie in the local cinema** (in Greenwich Village) after you finish your day (after you answered the questions, but before you calculated your final score). It will give you a few culture points.

LAST ADVICE: **SAVE this Case Log for Cases 2 and 3**, so you won't have to look up the lead numbers you've already visited in Case 1!

And use the **Campaign Log** as well with these cases - you'll have to record a few things at the end of every case.

Introduction

9 AM - Monday, January 14th, 1935

It is almost 9 o'clock in the morning, mid-January, with the sun not shining and a look of hard wet rain, when you arrive at the police station. You didn't sleep well after your extra shift yesterday, and this crappy weather just makes you more cranky. The Chief wants to see you right away. He is obviously in a pretty bad mood this morning too.

"Goddamit, Lucas! Where were you? I told you to keep an eye on that rookie!"

Brook? Your rookie partner in the last few months. Green as grass.



Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (Your rookie partner), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 92](#).

You're getting tired of cleaning up his messes. What did he do this time? It can't be good, judging by the yelling.

The Chief shouldn't have given you this babysitting job! It's not a coincidence you don't have a family. You always worked alone - at least until five months ago.

"I've just arrived, Chief. It's only 8:50, so I still have ten minutes before I have to start watching that puppy."

"Well, looks like you didn't watch him very well yesterday. Brook's in St. Vincent's, Lucas! Someone hit him in the head pretty hard last night. He hasn't regained consciousness yet. An old man and his sister found him and called an ambulance and the police. They say the kid was mugged. Your pal Jacobs from the Hudson Yards Precinct was the first one on the scene.

"I don't know if the boy was just very unlucky on his way home, or he was on a hot trail of some pigeon who wasn't keen on being tailed... If it's the latter, maybe his life is still in danger. So Lucas, hop to it and give me some answers by this evening!"

So the kid's in the hospital. Is this anxiety you feel in your stomach? Can't be. Brook is an irritating young smartass, a real busybody who made your life miserable in the last few months. And on top of that, he's also a magnet for bad luck. Although you usually never do things by halves, every other case you were working on reached a dead end lately. Never before were your results so bad. Is it a wonder you weren't through the roof with joy about this partnership? The chief should have known better than to pair this rookie with you...

You look into your office. There's a newspaper on Brook's desk: *The Villager's* last issue. An article is circled about an exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Did he pick up a new hobby?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1** (The Villager - Jan 10, 1935), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 78](#).

Now that you look at this article you remember him mentioning some mysterious 'Collector' he was trying to unmask. Was it two weeks ago? Or more? This rookie often talked about crazy things like that, which he heard from Earless Jimmy. You told him: he shouldn't pay attention to a nosy lowlife who hangs out all day in a gin joint like Julius', but he obviously ignored that.

"What were you up to, kid?" Time to find out. You take your hat and step out of the police station into the gloomy rain.

Day start: 9am. Day end: 7pm.

If you need **hints** on how to start, go to: Hint Start 1 - 3. (It costs 2 points per hint if you learn new information from them.)

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

1-1006

*Lester Schmidt
7 W. 11th St, GV-19
Time: 30 minutes*

Jeez, apart from his thinning hair this painter looks like he's still in kindergarten waiting for his mommy to take him home. You thought only adults are allowed to hang their paintings in museums. It'll be hard to address him as Mr. Schmidt with a straight face. But you must try your best.

"Mr. Schmidt, the Whitney's curator, Miss Doyle, said that there were lots of potential buyers for the stolen pictures, including yours. Could you name these buyers for me?" The fair-haired namby-pamby reddens deeply. Yep, just like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie-jar.

"To tell you the truth, Detective, although I have lots of orders for murals, I haven't really got any other offers for my painting. But I've heard that the others got higher prices from the museum after mentioning other possible buyers. So I thought why not try something similar - just mention a vague possibility of a better offer. And it worked. Am I in trouble, Detective?"



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



1-1900

Edward Hopper
3 Washington Square N., GV-57
Time: 30 minutes

When you step inside the studio you almost knock over a bucket of paint. Shit. There are huge canvases, buckets, and brushes everywhere. Not to mention various odds and ends of furniture, equipment and clothing in a frighteningly artistic mess. You wouldn't be able to tell the paintings here from the paint-stained rags if your life depended on it. You don't dare to take another step.

"I'm very busy at the moment, Detective, so tell me quickly what I can help you with?" The painter doesn't even look up from his work.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Hopper, one of your paintings was stolen from the Whitney last night."

The brush finally stops, and the balding guy looks at you in surprise. "What did you just say?"

"*High Bridge* was stolen last night, Mr. Hopper. Along with the three other Village artists' paintings which were to be exhibited tomorrow. Do you have any suspicions about who might have stolen the paintings?" The man has started painting again. Looks like the shock of the news wore off easily.

"To be frank with you, Detective, it's kind of flattering. Nobody stole my pictures before. Maybe I should celebrate. I made it, my paintings are worth stealing!" he chuckles. You don't have time for this irritating bastard's half-ass jokes.

"Mr. Hopper, please give me a serious answer. Who might have been interested in your piece besides the museum?" You look sternly at him to try and dissuade any other useless answers.

Finally he considers your question seriously for a few moments. "Lillian Powell, one of my patrons from Florida, offered to buy that painting a month ago. I mentioned this to the curator of the Whitney, but she wanted to exhibit all four of the Village artists' paintings in the new collection, and although she didn't offer much more, she was very convincing. So I sold the picture to the museum in the end. But I don't think Lillian was too disappointed about it. She bought a few of my paintings already, and I guess she'll buy a few more in the future."

"Still, I might want to get in touch with Mrs. Powell. She lives in Florida, you said?"

"Yes, but I can give you her phone number, Detective. Here's her business card."



Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (Business card from Edward Hopper), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 93](#).



1-4270

Pardy and Son
63 Gansevoort St, HY-9
Time: 30 minutes

When you arrive at the dry cleaning shop ‘*Pardy and Son*’, you can’t see any evidence of last night’s struggle anywhere. The sidewalk is as clean as a whistle. You step inside the shop and find a short guy, probably Mr. Pardy, still beside himself. “Oh, Detective, what a tragedy this is. A real tragedy!” he wails with an Indian accent.

You tell him it’s nice of him to be so worried about your partner, but he’s a tough kid and will pull through. “No, I mean because of my customers, Detective! What if no one will come after that horrible mugging? They might think this neighborhood isn’t safe enough to take their clothes to clean. What will happen with my family then? I have 8 children, Detective, and a sick mother-in-law. And they will all starve!” Is he crying? Surely not.

“Please, Mr. Pardy, calm down. The attack happened at night. I don’t think that would scare away your daytime customers.”

He suddenly looks at you with hope in his little brown eyes. “You think so? Good. Good. I wasn’t even open yesterday, of course. It was a Sunday. I’m closed on Sundays. And when I arrived early this morning, I found blood on the pavement. Blood! In front of my store, Detective! Not too much blood, but still. I cleaned it up immediately, of course. There’s no stain which I couldn’t remove from any surface. That is Pardy for you, Detective! Best dry cleaning in Manhattan.” The little man puffs out his chest proudly.

So, he tampered with the evidence. Great. But there’s nothing much to be done about it now. So you say goodbye to him and look around on the street.

When you take a few steps towards the river, you immediately spot the Whitney Museum’s big building. You see a tall, leggy broad stepping inside the building. That’s a bit strange. Isn’t the museum closed on Mondays?



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



1-9224

The Whitney Museum of American Art
99 Gansevoort St, HY-13

If you have circled **Marker XI** in your case log, go to [4-8141 \(p.46\)](#)



2

2-0798

Talk to Micha Murphy

Time: 30 minutes

When you step into the studio of Miss Murphy, a big painting immediately catches your eye. It serves as a centerpiece of the room. Two medieval-looking, robed characters are looking at the busy Union Square.



Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (Virgil and Dante at Union Square), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 94](#).

“Do you like it?” asks the painter lady. “It’s kind of the leitmotif of my career. It’s called *Virgil and Dante in Union Square*.”

You’re lost. “Virgil and Dante?”

She saunters over to the canvas and looks at it as if seeing it for the first time. “My mother was translating Dante’s *Divine Comedy* when I was a child. She used to talk about Dante’s journey through heaven and hell all the time. It always represented to me the depth to life and its many experiences. Dante chose Virgil, the ancient Roman poet, to be his guide through this extraordinary journey. Here, with the two figures standing in front of Union Square, I was trying to add a narrative element to the bustling scene of life in a city of millions.”

What a load of baloney. You interrupt her quickly: “Miss Murphy, this is really fascinating, but I’m kind of on the clock here. Four paintings were stolen last night from the Whitney’s new collection, including yours, Miss.”

She starts laughing bitterly. “Stolen? Really? So that bastard finally got it... But did you say *four* paintings were missing?”

“Yes, Miss Murphy, the four Village artists’ paintings. But what did you mean just now? Do you know who would want to steal the paintings?” She gestures for you to take a seat then sits down herself, lights up a cigarette and starts talking. She didn’t even offer you a smoke. What an uppity blue-stockings. You take out your own cigarettes.

“Don’t know anything about the other three, but I have a pretty good idea who would want to steal my painting, the *Nude*. It caused quite the scandal at the biennale because the model of the painting was the wife of Roger Humphreys, big-shot attorney. Mabel is one of my friends, and when she heard I was looking for a model, she said she would gladly sit for me herself. I thought it a brilliant idea, one that my feminist mother would have heartily approved. To be honest, I regret the whole thing now, because when all hell broke loose, it wasn’t about the art anymore but only gossip and scandal. Billie Jones at the *Daily News* was a big part of that. He wrote about the Humphreys’ for weeks. The husband was livid, of course, and demanded the picture be taken down. When that didn’t work he wanted to buy it. I’d already accepted the museum’s offer by then, so I said no to him.”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Well, how about that?



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

If you'd like to read more about **Dante's famous poem** for **culture points**:



Circle **Document 9** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 9** (The Divine Comedy), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 97](#).



2-1364

Roger Humphreys' home
925 Park Ave, CM-63
Time: 30 minutes

Only Mrs. Humphreys is at home. She's a redhead, wearing a black kimono and sunglasses. Curious. She's lazily lounging on a sofa with her slippers off and looks utterly bored. You stare at her legs, visible to the knee. They seem to be arranged to stare at - in those silk stockings. She definitely seems like trouble.

When you ask her about Micha Murphy's painting, she makes a face and there's a sulky droop to her full lips. "Not that again." Her voice is childish and annoying. You notice that her face looks a bit red and puffy. Is that why she's wearing those glasses?

"The painting was stolen last night, Mrs. Humphreys. Along with three other paintings."

She doesn't seem surprised. "I suggest you ask my husband about it, Detective. He is in his office."

"In his office?"

"At *Edgar Tate Patents*. Although you might not be able to get past his gorilla, that bastard Mickey." She almost spits when she mentions Mickey's name. "Good luck to you, Detective."

Her voice is mocking and she waves her hands impatiently, making it obvious this interview is over.



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



2-3569

Drugi Kwiatkowski
617 Washington St, HY-54
Time: 30 minutes

A kind, grandmotherly lady opens the door. “Just a moment, Detective. My Dru is sleeping, you know. He just had a night shift at the museum.” You feel sorry for her as she shuffles out of the room. No more night shifts for her Dru in the future...

A few minutes later a sleepy old guy appears from the back room of the apartment. He’s in a robe and slippers, and his white hair is a mess.

“How can I help you, Officer?” He stifles a yawn.

“It’s Detective Lucas. I just wanted to ask you about your job at the Whitney, Mr. Kwiatkowski.”

The old man seems confused. “What do you want to know? It’s a peaceful situation. I’m working from 10pm to 8am. Then Junior, my nephew that is, or that other fellow, Bentley, arrives, so I come home and sleep some more... I mean I come home to sleep.”

“Bentley?”

“Yeah, Howell Bentley, who lives just a few blocks away from the museum.”

“And did you notice anything out of the ordinary last night, Mr. Kwiatkowski?”

“Notice what?”

“Did you do your rounds at all?” He puffs out his chest indignantly when you ask him that.

“Now look here, young man, I don’t know what you’re trying to say, but everything was alright this morning when I left. I told Junior that already.” Poor old bastard.

“So you didn’t notice that four paintings were missing from the exhibit?” He suddenly slumps on a nearby chair. It looks like all fighting spirit has left him.

“Drugi!” His missus hurries to him. “Dru, are you alright?” But he just stares at you desperately.

“Four paintings are missing?” Only a whisper comes out of his throat.

“Look, Mr. Kwiatkowski, it’s obvious those paintings were stolen last night, so why don’t you tell me what really happened?”

The old geezer lowers his eyes and starts talking. “I did do my rounds at 10pm after I started my shift, and at midnight as well. There were no missing paintings then, I swear. But then... I was so tired. I just wanted to rest a bit in the office. Just until my next rounds at 2. So I laid down on the couch... and only woke up when I heard Junior opening the door in the morning. I didn’t want him to know that I nodded off, so I told him everything was alright, and came home.”

Mrs. Kwiatkowski looks at him sadly shaking her head: “Oh, Drugi, Drugi...”

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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



2-4428

New York School of Music and Arts

Time: 30 minutes

You hoof it to Central Park to find the New York School of Music and Arts. You have to wait for half an hour because the principal is apparently performing at a concert. Great.

“Detective Lucas, I’m sorry you had to wait! How can I help you?” He’s a jovial little man.

You consider giving him the third degree, but in the end you just say: “I just wanted to ask you about Mr. Smirnov’s painting you wanted to purchase for the school, Mr. Sawyers.”

“Oh, about that,” he says and lowers his eyes, embarrassed. “Thank God, the Whitney purchased the piece in the end, so I didn’t have to tell the board that I made an unauthorized offer for it. Money is tight nowadays, you know. I was just carried away with enthusiasm when I saw one of our teachers succeeding at the biennale. I thought what a great showpiece the painting would make at the entrance hall!”



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



2-5156

Asking about attacker

Time: 30 minutes

You arrive at the corner where the attacker vanished from sight. There's a little shop here. You step closer and see a woman pretty as paint inside arranging flowers. Her dress is quite tight. You tip your hat to the dame.

"Good morning, ma'am. I'm Detective Lucas. I don't know if you've heard, but someone was attacked last night not far from here, on Gansevoort St. The witnesses saw the offender flee this way. Did you see something out of the ordinary this morning, perhaps?" You know it's a long shot, but you have to ask.

But surprisingly she nods her head. "As a matter of fact, Detective, I found this wallet at the door when I arrived early this morning. I thought one of our customers might have lost it yesterday, but maybe it belonged to the attacker. Here." What luck!

"Thank you, ma'am." You look at the wallet, which seems familiar. It must be the kid's. You open it. Some cash is still inside. You also find a photograph of a beautiful ash blonde babe.

If you have circled **Marker H1** in your case log, go to [3-4978 \(p.29\)](#)

Otherwise go to [2-9592 \(p.25\)](#)



2-5540

Asking around at HY taxi company
Time: 30 minutes

You find out there was a ride at 3:10am last night from 8 Little W. 12th St. to the corner of W. 10th St. and Greenwich St.



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



2-5926

Karloff and Lugosi

Béla Blaskó, better known by the stage name **Bela Lugosi**, was a Hungarian silent film actor, who emigrated to Germany in 1919 (and acted in several films in Weimar Germany), before arriving in New Orleans as a seaman on a merchant ship.

William Henry Pratt, known professionally as **Boris Karloff**, was born in London, but left university without graduating and went to Canada, where he worked as a farm labourer, truck driver and did various odd jobs until happening upon stage acting.

Lugosi and Karloff had been at the foundation of Universal Horror, anchoring *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, and both men had built a following as legitimate horror stars.

But this is the first movie where they appear together, and they are approaching *The Black Cat* from two very different paths. Lugosi is in the midst of financial troubles, while Karloff has been given a major push and billed simply as "KARLOFF." (One might expect "The Magnificent" to follow the moniker.)

Lugosi was exposed to proper stardom for the first time only when he featured in Todd Browning's spectacular *Dracula*. He had also received acclaim for his interpretation of the iconic character in theatrical productions and was approached by studio executives who wanted him to play the role of Frankenstein's monster as well.

Unenthusiastic about the idea of being typecast as a monster with no legible dialogue and a lot of makeup, Lugosi turned it down and the role went to the silent-era veteran Boris Karloff who stole the show in James Whale's 1931 film. The famous makeup artist Jack Pierce conducted a complete transformation of Karloff, turning him into a terrifying creation.

Hollywood gossip columnists write extensively about the alleged rivalry between the two stars. Lugosi declared: "I scouted the agencies and came upon Boris Karloff. I recommended him.... And that is how he happened to become a famous star of horror pictures. My rival in fact." Lugosi's wife agreed with his evaluation of the situation, famously saying: "He made the greatest mistake of his career... Bela created his own monster."

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.



2-7339

*Breslin Apartments, Apt. 3c
270 W. 11th St, GV-39 (apt. 3c)
Time: 30 minutes*

When you knock on the door of Apartment 3c, there's no answer. You try again. The next door opens instead, and a chubby woman peers out from 3d.

"You need to knock louder than that if you want that kid to wake up. What a waste, that one! Sleeping away his days and going God knows where at night..."

You knock louder this time. "Thank you, ma'am."

"Who are you anyway? And what do you want with El?"

The door opens a crack at last. Sleepy eyes peer out. "Yeah?"

"I'm Detective Lucas from the NYPD. Can I talk to you, Mr. Richardson?" The eyes suddenly bulge out and the playboy tries to shut the door in your face, but you jam your foot into the crack and force the door open again. "Please, Mr. Richardson. I just want to talk."

He lets you in reluctantly.

"Why are the police at your door, El?" the neighbour lady asks accusingly.

"Mind your own business, Miss Hatzis!"

The apartment is very messy. There are clothes haphazardly flung everywhere, bottles on the floor, cigarette butts on the table, and the garbage can is overflowing. A real pigsty. How could someone live in a disgusting place like this? Although you suspect he probably doesn't spend much time here.

The gigolo sits down on the sofa and takes out a deck of Luckies. He offers you one, and you both light up. This boy looks like he has been raised in a rough school. How old could he be? 18, maybe 19? He looks tired, but he's obviously a very good-looking kid. Only his beeper is a bit crooked.

"I just wanted to ask about your accident a couple of months ago, Mr. Richardson. You know, when you supposedly fell down the stairs... As it usually happens with jellybeans of rich men's wives. And by that I mean it's never the real story, is it, El? Can I call you El? Why don't you tell me what really happened?"

He blows a soft gray smoke ring and pokes his finger through. It comes to pieces in frail wisps. "And what if this time it really was what happened?"

You don't have time for this. "Look, boy, I could take you back to the police station and we could continue our conversation there... or you could just answer me right now."

He sighs. "Okay, okay, I'll tell you what *really* happened." He lights up another smoke and pours a whiskey for himself. He offers you one as well but you shake your head. Jeez, this kid. He really burns the candle at both ends.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I met Mabel at the Vanguard. First she was just an ordinary customer, looking for a bit of fun. As all of these rich wives do. But then... She wanted to see me more often, even outside the club. We went to restaurants, talkies, even for a picnic one time. I thought myself lucky to have such a wealthy patron. You know, Detective, who ought to save me from a pauper's grave," he snickers.

"But then that goon followed me home one night and roughed me up pretty badly in an alley nearby. He told me this was just a warning, and if I continued to see Mrs. Humphreys, he'd come back and I might not survive that. So when Mabel came to the hospital I gave her the gate. I told her that it was over and I don't want to see her again."

"Can you describe the thug who beat you?"

"I don't know. It was dark and I couldn't see much after the first punch... But he was a big burly fellow. And I caught a glimpse of a scar on his face before I blacked out."



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



2-9592

Look at photo

Who is this? What a looker! The kid has good taste.



Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (The photo in Brook's wallet), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 95](#).



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



2-9923

Asking around

Time: 30 minutes

You ask around about Mr. Finley or someone else wanting to hire a cat-burglar. Nothing.



3

3-0096

Caffe Reggio
119 Macdougall St, GV-83
Time: 30 minutes

The grease-joint's employee is a young lad so he immediately remembers Marie when you describe her.

"Yes, the beautiful lady is our regular customer. Sadly she has a boyfriend. They eat breakfast here almost every day. But yesterday her beau didn't show, so after 10 minutes or so the lady rushed out, leaving her breakfast on the table."



3-4978

Look at photo

You know her. It's Marie.



Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (The photo in Brook's wallet), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 95](#).



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



3-5870

Calling Mrs. Powell

Time: 30 minutes

You go into a drugstore phone booth, drop a nickel and dial the number of Hopper's patron, Lillian Powell, in Florida. A velvety voice answers: "Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Powell? It's Detective Lucas from the New York Police. I'd like to ask you about the offer you made to purchase one of Mr. Hopper's paintings."

"Yes, *High Bridge*, I remember. But what exactly do you want to know about it, Detective?"

"It must have been a real disappointment for you, Mrs. Powell, that the Whitney purchased it from under your nose."

"Not really. I made offers for lots of pieces from the biennale, so I still came home with plenty of new stuff. I like Edward's work, but I have a few paintings from him already, so *High Bridge* wasn't a big loss to me."

"Is that so, Mrs. Powell?"

"Yes, Detective. Can I help you with anything else?"

"No, thank you. Good day, Mrs. Powell."

"Good day, Detective. It was my pleasure."



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



3-6224

Asking about the playboy
Time: 30 minutes

It's a bit early, so the clip joint isn't officially open yet. But there are a few people inside preparing for the night. You ask about Elmer Richardson.

"He's probably at home, sleeping it off," says the bartender. "He was having a ring-a-ding-ding, and drinking pretty hard last night... That kid burns the candle at both ends, as they say."

"And where can I find this reckless young man at this time of the day?" You slip some berries to the bartender.

"He lives in an apartment building on West 11th St."



3-7507

Talk to a drunkard

Time: 30 minutes

You ask around about this Mr. Finley character or another potential client wanting to hire a cat-burglar.

“S’pose I’ve ’eard somethin’... What’s in it for me?” slurs a dirty bum whose hair is hanging in knots into his eyes. Although he seems stewed to the hat, you slide a banknote to him. You really have faith in people.

“So what was it you heard?”

The boozehound orders a whiskey for himself. “There w’s a man ‘ere... las’ week meetn’ a pre’y lady. I ’appened to ’ear ’em gabbin’ abou’ some racket... an’ needin’ a ca’-bur’lar...”

“Anything else?” You order him another whiskey.

“Were talkin’ abou’ paintin’s... an’ some *ezzibition*.” He gulps down his drink in one go.

“What did they look like? This man and lady?”

He blinks at you expectantly, so you order him a last round. “T’was a big fella... scar on’is ch... cheek. Wore a trensh...hoat an’ a black’at...” A black cat? No, a black hat. Okay. You’re getting somewhere. You slide the drink to him.

“Th’ lady w’s a pre’y li’le thin’, ssl...ender... Wore a tur’leneck and pan’s.” Pants???

“Shouda wore a pre’y skir’... a pre’y li’le lady like ’er - I thou’t...” Oh, pants. Obviously.

“S’pose she w’s pre’y. Mabbe not... Ha’ a blll...ack-cap on... sso I couldn’t see ’er face. But ’er hair w’s bll...onde.”

Wow. Quite a witness for a blind-drunk tramp. Looks like your faith has paid off.



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



3-8172

Ask about late night rides

Time: 30 minutes

There were a few rides around 2am last night from near the boarding house:

- at 1:56 am from 19 Jones St. to 570 10th Ave.,
- at 2:05 am from 61 Carmine St. to 421 E. 12th St.,
- at 2:08 am from 180 W. Houston St. to 444 W. 13th St.,
- at 2:12 am from 1 Leroy St. to 49 Stanton St.,
- at 2:15 am from 93 MacDougal St. to 81 Walker St.,

And a few rides back around 3:45 am:

- at 3:37 am from 1 River Pl. to 39 Downing St.,
- at 3:40 am from 44 E. 27th St. to 222 W. Houston St.,
- at 3:46 am from 667 Washington St. to 37 Bedford St.,
- at 3:51 am from 35 Union Sq. to 207 Varick St.



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



4

4-0251

8th Street Playhouse: Film Guild Cinema
52 W. 8th St, GV-53

LATE NIGHT LEAD

The show starts at midnight.

You have to walk a few blocks of the rainswept streets, under the steady drip of trees, past lighted windows, before you reach the building of the cinema. Looks like the late night show is part of a 'Retrospective' series of the picture house. The '*Best Pictures of 1934*' as advertised at the entrance. Today's talkie is *The Black Cat* with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.



Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2** (Poster of the film), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 79](#).

Someone cut out a newspaper article and posted it next to the poster. You peruse it and decide to buy a ticket for this "ghoulish tale of hi-jinks in a Hungarian horror house."



Circle **Document 8** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Article about the film), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 96](#).

If you read the article, you can score culture points.



4-1984

Ask around

Time: 30 minutes

It's a bit early, so there are only two customers here. You ask them about Mr. Finley or another potential client wanting to hire a cat-burglar. But they don't know anything. The bartender suggests coming back later when there are more people at the bar.



4-2062

*Saint Vincent's Hospital
155 W. 11th St, GV-18
Time: 30 minutes*

Brook is lying on a hospital bed. He's frighteningly pale and all kinds of equipment are attached to him. Kinda looks like the creature from the Frankenstein movie. Before the electrocution that is.

You ask his doctor about his condition. "The paramedics brought him in around half past eleven last night. He's still unconscious, which is a bit worrying, to be honest with you. He was hit on the head from behind with a blunt object and with considerable force. Then he hit his forehead on the pavement as well when he fell, and it caused an equally if not more serious injury. His signs are stable for now, and there's still a possibility he could wake up without any lasting damage."

Doctor Oliver tries to be encouraging, but somehow it's worse. So the kid could have brain damage? This day gets shittier and shittier by the minute.

You feel automatically for a cigarette, but at that moment a beauty comes along the corridor with smooth light steps, a cup of Joe in hand. She's slender and elegant, delicately put together, wearing a red dress with black polka dots on it. She walks to the doctor as if she's floating. "Doctor Oliver? How is he?" she asks with a melodious voice. Her hair is pale blond, her eyes are bright green, her teeth are white and shiny as porcelain.

The doctor seems affected by her presence as well. He straightens his back and gives her a big smile. "Ah, Miss Smith! I was updating your fiancé's partner, Detective Lucas. Not much of a change though, I'm afraid. You just have to be patient."

Hold the wire. "Fiancé?" You gawk at the dame. The kid doesn't have a fiancée. Or does he?

Miss Smith catches the disbelieving expression on your face. "Oh, it happened last night, Detective Lucas. Simon asked me to marry him, and... Well, actually I didn't say yes yet. It was so unexpected. We only met three months ago. But I said I will think about it. We were supposed to meet for breakfast this morning. When Simon didn't show and I couldn't find him at his boarding house on Christopher St. either, I knew something must have happened to him. I immediately called the nearby hospitals, but they said they couldn't give out information unless I'm a relative. So I told them I was his fiancée."

She looks drained, but she doesn't cry. You like her already. "Miss Smith, was it?"

"Oh, sorry. Yes, Marie Smith. You could call me Marie, Detective Lucas. I've heard a lot about you from Simon." You lower your eyes. After what happened you feel bad about being so hard on Brook all the time.

"Um... Could you tell me about last night, Miss Smith... Marie? Where did you meet, when did he leave? Anything that could be helpful." You gesture to the nearby chairs, and you both sit down.

"We went to that French restaurant on 11th St. yesterday. I was surprised when Simon mentioned it the day before. We usually eat at more modest places. So I was suspecting he must want to celebrate

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

something, but I thought it might be a promotion.”

You can’t help but snort loudly at that. A promotion? What a joke. “Sorry, please, continue.”

“We arrived at 8, had a nice meal, and after the dessert Simon went down on one knee. To be honest I was shocked, and got a horrible headache almost immediately. I’m prone to migraines, so Simon wasn’t very surprised. He said I don’t have to answer right away, we’ll have breakfast at our usual place, and talk about it more. He put me in a cab and said he had to take care of something so couldn’t come with me. I said it was okay, I could take care of myself.

“I’m guessing it was around 9:30 when I went home. My migraine was over by the morning, so I went to our usual place, a nearby cafe on Macdougall St., but Simon wasn’t there. As I said before, I tried his boarding house first then called the hospitals.”

What a woman. Very practical and no hysterics. Not only a looker. The kid hit the jackpot with this one. You’re not surprised anymore he proposed to her so quickly.

“So the kid didn’t say where he was going after the dinner? Nothing about the Whitney Museum?”

Marie looks surprised when you ask her that. “The Whitney Museum?”

“Yeah, I found a newspaper on his desk with a circled article about a new exhibit at the museum. I thought maybe he mentioned something about it during your dinner.”

She’s considering your question while fiddling with the hem of her skirt. “No, he didn’t say anything about that. I guess he was too preoccupied with the proposal. He usually talked to me about his cases... But yesterday Simon mostly talked about his plans for the future.”

“I see. Well, thank you, Miss... Marie. Could you give me your address? In case I have some more questions later.”

“Of course, Detective. I live at the boarding house at 17 Downing St. But I’ll stay here until Simon wakes up... Oh, God, I just realized...”, but she stops abruptly.

“Realized what?” you ask her.

“I have to call my boss, and tell him I won’t be able to go to work today...”, she stops again.

“Your boss?”, you raise your eyebrows.

It’s obvious you won’t let this go, so she sighs and explains: “I’m the secretary of Mr. Jeremy Quist, at the Big Apple Architects.”

“I see. Well, as I said, thanks for your help, Marie.”

“Thank *you*, Detective Lucas - for looking in on Simon. I tell him you were here when he wakes up,” and she walks away with light steps. Very delicate this woman, very graceful.

Anyway... time to go. You desperately need to breathe some cigarette smoke.



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



4-2118

Creative Woodwork
651 Hudson St, HY-6

If you have circled **Marker E1** in your case log, go to [2-5156 \(p.20\)](#)



4-2766

Hudson Yards Taxicabs
59 Horatio St, HY-11

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, go to [2-5540 \(p.21\)](#)

Otherwise:

You don't learn anything useful here.



4-4440

*Frances Chapman
69 Horatio St, HY-10
Time: 30 minutes*

An old woman opens the door with a chihuahua at her heels. The little mongrel has a disgusting pink bow on the top of its melon and immediately starts barking when it notices you. You never understood why people are so shocked when they learn you don't like dogs. Just look at this revolting creature's ugly mug... Miss Chapman suspiciously eyes your trench coat and dark hat.

"I'm Detective Lucas from the NYPD, Miss Chapman, and I'd like to ask you a few questions about the assault you witnessed with your brother last night." The old woman seems surprised. "Oh, we've already told the other policeman everything we saw, so I don't know..."

"Officer Brook, the victim, is my partner, so I'd like to hear everything from you directly - if it's not much of an inconvenience, ma'am." You put on your most polite manner, so she seems understanding and invites you in.

Mr. Chapman is in the living room, reading a newspaper. A tall but thin old guy with a big white mustache. Apart from the mustache there's not a strand of hair on his head. He's completely bald. Looks like an old vulture to be honest. Miss Chapman's trying to outshout the yapping dog: "DETECTIVE LUCAS IS HERE TO ASK ABOUT LAST NIGHT, JOHN. THAT POOR YOUNG MAN WHO WAS ATTACKED IS THE DETECTIVE'S PARTNER AT THE POLICE STATION. Hush, Pinkie! Do you like dogs, Detective?"

"Not particularly, no."

"Oh, no, what a shame. But maybe that's why our Pinkie is so out of sorts." Maybe you should kick this 'Pinkie' a few times to snap her out of it... Maybe later.

The horrid creature finally stops yapping, and Mr. Chapman gets a chance to speak. "Scandalous, don't you think, Detective? You can't even go out to the street these days to walk your dog without someone attacking you! What times we live in, Detective, what horrible times! AND YOU EVEN WANTED TO GO ALONE, FRANCES! I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T SAFE TO GO ALONE AFTER DARK, DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT?"

Although the dog quieted down, the old geezer was still shouting. It seems he's a bit deaf. Just your luck.

"YES, JOHN, YOU DID, AND YOU WERE PERFECTLY RIGHT! Although I don't think the attacker could've snuck behind me and Pinkie unnoticed, Detective. Isn't that right, Pinkie? How bravely you started barking when you heard that kerfuffle. Weren't you a good girl last night? Oh, yes, you were! Yes, you were!"

Oh God, is this some kind of test? This lady seemed quite sane when she opened the door. But no sane person would kiss a dog on the mouth. Yuck. You try and focus on her statement.

"She heard a noise? What kind of noise? Exactly when?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Miss Chapman stops kissing the dog. Thank God. “You know, Detective, Pinkie has a cold, so I have to walk her more often these days, even after 10pm. Isn’t that right, Pinkie? Look, Detective, she knows we’re talking about her. How proudly she’s wagging her tail! Who’s a good girl? Isn’t Pinkie a good girl? Yes, she is!”

Mr. Chapman takes over while his sister is cuddling the stinky furball. “We took her out around 11 last night, for the last walk of the day. We didn’t want to stay long, but then she must have heard a shout or something because she started barking and running towards the corner of Washington Street, then straight to the dry cleaner’s shop, which... FRANCES, WHO’S THAT FELLOW WHO OWNS THAT SHOP AT THE CORNER?”

“Why John, it’s Mr. Pardy. MR. PARDY! YOU KNOW HIM, WE MET HIM A FEW WEEKS AGO. It’s Pardy and Son Drycleaners, Detective.”

“Yes, yes, so we went to that shop and we found that young man on the ground.”

You’re trying to focus on the important bits of this long-winded reply. “Ok, so Pardy’s shop, on the corner. And there was a shout. Did *you* hear the shout, Mr. Chapman?”

“WHAT? SPEAK UP, YOUNG MAN, SPEAK UP!”

“DID YOU HEAR THE SHOUT BEFORE YOU WENT TO THAT CORNER, MR. CHAPMAN?” You feel a fool even asking that.

“Nah, our hearing isn’t as good as it used to be. But there must have been something that alerted Pinkie.” OK, so maybe there wasn’t a shout after all...

You look into your notebook. “You said to Officer Jacobs that you’ve seen the attacker. YOU’VE SEEN THE ATTACKER?”

“Yeah, we saw a figure running away from us,” Mr. Chapman answers. “He seemed tall and muscular, a big man. He turned left and disappeared from our sight at the corner of Gansevoort St. and Hudson St. There’s a phone booth next to the drycleaners, so I called an ambulance and the police. That Officer fellow arrived five minutes later, the paramedics ten minutes after that.”

Miss Chapman interrupts him abruptly: “And the attacker was wearing a trenchcoat and a hat, Detective! DON’T FORGET TO TELL THE DETECTIVE ABOUT THE COAT AND THE HAT, JOHN! Look, Pinkie is barking again! She’s agreeing with our description. Isn’t that right, Pinkie? Yes, it is!”

OK, that’s enough insanity for a day. “ANYTHING ELSE?”

But the old vulture shakes his head: “I’m afraid that’s it, Detective.”

“Thank you for your help, Mr. and Miss Chapman.”

“Don’t forget to thank Pinkie’s help as well, Detective! She’s the real hero here. Aren’t you, Pinkie? Yes, you are... yes, you are!” You can’t leave fast enough.



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



4-6369

Micha Karolina Murphy
10 Downing St, GV-107 (apt. 1c)

If you have circled **Marker B1** in your case log, **AND** If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log, **AND** If you have circled **Marker S2** in your case log, **THEN** Go to [2-0798 \(p.14\)](#).

If you **don't have** all the required markers:

You should talk to the other painters first and follow up on *every* possible buyer who wanted to purchase their paintings.



4-8141

The Whitney Museum of American Art

Time: **60 minutes**

A museum assistant is standing at the entrance: "The museum is closed today I'm afraid. Unless... Were you sent from the police station?" You nod, although strictly speaking you weren't sent here from the station. "Thank God, come in Officer!"

"It's Detective. Detective Lucas." When you step inside the building you immediately hear shouting. A tall woman is chewing out someone in a museum guard uniform. "What do you mean, he went home? Are you as dumb as you look?" The screeching is almost unbearable.

The guard's twisting his cap nervously in his hands. "Well, ma'am, his shift ended at 8 this morning. I arrived at 7:55 as usual. Uncle Dru said nothing happened at night, so I took over and he went home. I started my rounds at 8, and... when I arrived at the new exhibit, I noticed the missing paintings. But immediately called you, ma'am, as you told us we should if something like this ever happened."

The woman is ready to blow a gasket. "That old bastard! That useless, stupid, old bastard! I bet he was snoring all night and never even made one round! But I'll fire him immediately, so he can sleep as much as he wants... Oh, and who are you?" She finally noticed you.

This thin broad with her glasses and square-cut hair seems slightly unhinged, but you clear your throat and introduce yourself. "Detective Lucas, from the New York Police - nice to meet you, Mrs..."

"MISS Samantha Doyle, the museum's curator." She emphasises the Miss quite aggressively.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Doyle."

"You're already here? I only called the police a few minutes ago. Good. At least the police actually do its job. Not quite the thing I can say about my night guard, I'm afraid. It looks like our museum was robbed last night, and that useless man didn't even notice."

"We're here to protect and serve, ma'am." You say this with a straight face. And don't even seem surprised to hear about a robbery. You're good. "And what is missing exactly?"

"Here, Detective, I'll show you."

She leads you through one of the glass doors into a quite spacious exhibition hall. She has long thighs and she walks with a certain something... Fury maybe? There are paintings and sculptures everywhere - or at least you guess they are sculptures. Most of them look like machines and tools forgotten on a construction site. Modern art isn't your thing, to say the least.

Miss Square-cut looks around proudly. "This is our new exhibit which is scheduled to open tomorrow. Our new acquisitions for our permanent collection. Seventeen canvases and ten sculptures from various artists. Now only thirteen canvases, of course, because four of them were stolen last night." She gestures to the back wall.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

There's a '*Village Artists*' sign on that wall next to four empty picture frames. Someone expertly cut out the canvases from their frames. "Are you sure it happened last night?" you ask the curator, while you take a closer look at the empty frames. Nice work.

"Of course I'm sure. Everything was in order when I left at 8 yesterday evening. Only the two guards stayed after that."

"The two guards?" You take out your notebook.

"Howell Bentley, who's not on duty on Mondays, and Peter Kwiatkowski, the idiot you've seen already."

"And nothing else is missing besides the four paintings, Miss?"

"No, fortunately not. But even then, how would we open without the Village artists' works? It was supposed to be the highlight of the exhibition! Besides the 4 artists will be the guests of honor at the opening tomorrow. We can't open without their paintings." She looks at you accusingly. You hurriedly scribble in your notebook to seem efficient.

"Could you tell me the names of these artists and the title of their paintings?"

"There's a brochure about them at the front desk - you can ask my assistant to give you one when we finish here. Is there anything else only I can tell you, Detective? I don't have all day, you know." Yeah, this dame is almost as charming as you. You're starting to warm up to her. If only she weren't so stiff.

"The 4 missing paintings were supposed to be 'the highlight of the exhibition', you said?"

"Well, yes, Detective. They caused quite a stir at the biennale last month, or at least one of them did."

"At the... what?" You've obviously never heard that word before.

"The bee-uh-NAH-lay", she looks at you like some uncivilised and ignorant caveman, "was the Second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Art - which we hosted last December. I had to go to quite some length to secure these paintings for our museum. There were lots of other interested parties, you know. We had to compete with collectors and art patrons."

"Collectors?" You perk up.

"Of course. The exhibition has aroused great interest."

"Or 'at least one of the paintings did'. Isn't that what you said?"

"Please, Detective, I don't have time to gossip about these things with you. Every minute which we spend on idle speculation is wasted. I suggest you start your job and find me my paintings!"

You can't believe this. Nobody spoke to you like this since your mother died... You should give this stick-figure a piece of your mind.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll need to speak with your guard now." Yeah, you told her.

Miss Doyle turns around abruptly and shouts for the guard: "Kwiatkowski, come here, and talk to the Detective!" And she stomps out of the exhibition hall.

The young lad comes running. No wonder he looks like some schoolboy whose pants are full. You deal with tough guys in your line of work, but even you think this curator lady is scary.

You look around. The exhibition hall has a very high ceiling with windows in the middle. “So, you arrived at 7:55 in the morning?” you ask the guard.

“Yes, sir. There’s usually another guard on duty besides me from Tuesdays to Sundays when the museum is open, but on Mondays I’m alone here. Not much to do on Mondays. I mean, usually, of course.”

“Of course. When did you leave yesterday?”

“Just after 10pm as always. We finished our last round of the day when the night guard arrived and took over. Nothing was missing at that point.” He’s looking at you sincerely.

“And have you noticed any sign of forced entry anywhere this morning?”

“No, sir. Every door was locked as they should be.”

“What about the windows?”

“The windows too.”

“What about that one?” You point to one of the windows high above, “Looks like one of those high windows isn’t closed properly. Maybe the burglar came through that window. Aren’t you supposed to check those windows as well?” Poor kid looks around bewildered, to check if Miss Doyle heard your words.

“Never mind, I’ll go to the roof and check myself after we finish here. But first tell me about the night guard.”

“About Uncle Dru? I mean... he’s Drugi Kwiatkowski, my uncle. I recommended him for this job. He’s a reliable man, Uncle Dru is. A bit old though, so I guess he might take a nap now and then during his night shifts. But until today there was no problem with him, I swear. But now he’s got fired. Poor uncle...”

At that moment Miss Doyle pops out of somewhere with a few brochures in her hands. “Poor uncle?” Jeez... You almost jump out of your skin. The guard freezes motionless as a mouse before a snake. “You better pray I don’t fire you as well - since you were the one who vouched for him, if I remember correctly.” Her eyes sparkling fire and her nostrils are wide. Then she turns to you and gives you the brochure impatiently.

“Here, Detective: you can find the paintings and their artists in this brochure. I sent my assistant for coffee, so I decided to give the brochure to you myself.” It’s clearly an honor. What a conceited woman...



Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (Brochure about the Village artists), which can be found at the back of this case book on [page 80](#).

“Thank you, ma’am. And I think I need to go up to the roof.”

“The roof? Really? Well, Kwiatkowski can show you the way. I have to go and take care of this disaster now.” And she’s gone already. The terrified young guard accompanies you to the roof.

There’s a fire escape on the side of the building towards Little West 12th St. which the burglar could have used to access the roof. From here he could have descended on a rope through one of those high windows...

There. Strands of black rope are stuck in a crack on the edge of the window frame. And it looks like someone cut down the window’s lock with pliers.

The young man’s trying to peer down to the exhibition hall right under you. Yeah, there’s quite a bit he’s missed. Although you have to admit, it looks like this burglar knows his onions.

As you look out at the street you can see the Hudson Yards Police arriving. Time to go. The guard’s mouth hangs open when you decide to leave via the fire escape.

You definitely don’t want to be there when Miss Doyle finds out you weren’t the cop she was expecting.



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



4-8821

*Big Apple Architects
289 W. 10th St, HY-45
Time: 30 minutes*

You look around this big bustling office while you're waiting for Mr. Quist. It seems another secretary is filling in for Marie, and sitting in front of Mr. Quist's office. There are big piles of files and papers on her desk, and filing cabinets are standing behind and next to it, with lots of blueprint tubes on them. Mr. Quist looks out from his office and invites you in. He's a real handsome guy in his forties, full of friendliness and helpfulness. You hate him immediately.

"Yes, Miss Smith is my new secretary. She started working here about 3 months ago. Her work is excellent. And she's not just a regular secretary, I have to tell you." The knock-out isn't a regular secretary? Gee, what a shocker.

"She's very enthusiastic about architecture. Always asking about the structures of buildings, their floor plans, that sort of thing. She often peruses our architectural books and plans in her spare time. I've already recommended her to try and apply to college - she said she'll think about it." Yeah, you'll bet she told him that. What a sleazy bastard.



Circle **Marker Q1** in your case log.



5

5-2095

Julius' Bar
159 W. 10th St, GV-44

If you have circled **Marker W1** in your case log, go to [6-0427 \(p.58\)](#)

Otherwise it's too early, the bar's not open yet. Come back later.



5-2757

*Rainbow Taxi Service
12 Perry St, GV-32*

If you have circled **Marker F1** in your case log, go to [3-8172 \(p.33\)](#)

If you have circled **Marker H1** in your case log, go to [7-0032 \(p.65\)](#)

If you have both markers, you can read both entries.

If you **don't have** any of the required markers:

You don't learn anything useful here.



5-3367

Wilson Smirnov
250 Sullivan St, GV-80
Time: 30 minutes

Mrs. Smirnov answers the door. Not a bad looking skirt, just smiles too much for your taste. She leads you to a big and bright studio. Her husband sits in a wheelchair in front of a big canvas, but turns around when he hears you come in. You introduce yourself and tell him the bad news about his painting.

“Stolen? Seriously?” He doesn’t have a Russian accent as you expected. “Did you hear that, Peggy? Someone stole *The Sentinels*. How about that?” He looks cheerfully at his wife, who on the other hand looks astonished.

“Do you have any idea who could have stolen it, Mr. Smirnov? Was there someone else interested in the picture besides the museum?” Smirnov tries to think about this.

“The New York School of Music and Arts where I’m teaching offered to buy that painting after the biennial. But to show it in the Whitney’s contemporary exhibit was a better opportunity for me. So I sold the painting to the museum. It would have been a good advertisement for the school. Still, I can’t see the school board planning on stealing a painting - can you, Detective?”

“I’ve seen worse things.” Yeah, much worse.



Circle **Marker S1** in your case log.



5-3995

*Howell Bentley
43 Jane St, HY-15
Time: 30 minutes*

“Yeah, I am one of the guards at the Whitney, but I’m not on duty today. On Mondays only Junior goes in. I mean Peter Kwiatkowski. The museum isn’t open on Mondays, so they don’t need two guards. I left yesterday at 10pm as usual, when old Dru arrived. Drugi Kwiatkowski, the night guard. He’s Junior’s uncle, so I guess he’s alright, although maybe a bit old for the job.

“What can I tell you? Me and Junior did our last round just before 10pm yesterday. Everything was fine then. Nothing was missing, all the windows and all the doors were secured. Yes, all of them. Yes, I’m sure.”



5-8481

Christopher St Boarding Houses

109 Christopher St, GV-64

Time: 30 minutes

So this is where the kid lives. A regular boarding house, nothing fancy. You ask around a bit. Looks like no one saw him since yesterday morning, so he probably didn't come home after he finished at the station.



6

6-0427

Talk to Earless Jimmy

Time: 30 minutes

Earless Jimmy is sitting at the end of the counter, gently embracing a pint of beer. He lost his ears in an accident years ago. Maybe a fire or something like that. He has been pretending to be deaf since then while eavesdropping on every conversation he finds interesting. A tricky little bastard.

You sit down next to him. "Hello, Jimmy." You pull out a deck of Luckies and offer it to him. He doesn't react, just continues sipping his beer. "I know you can hear me, so drop the act. I also know you talked to Brook in the last few weeks. What were you two chinning about?" You snick a match on your thumbnail and light a cigarette, then slip him some scratch.

Silence. "The kid's in the hospital, Jimmy. Unconscious after someone hit him on the noggin pretty hard. And I think you were the one who gave the tip he was chasing before getting cooled. So better spill, you little snitch, or I'll wipe the floor with your ugly mug."

The news about the kid seems to shake him at last. He finally looks at you. Now you're getting somewhere.

"So, what did you tell the kid exactly? And why are you even giving tips to him? Was that some kind of trap for a rookie?"

He starts muttering into his beer, like some boozehound who's talking to himself. "No trap, swear and'm no snitch neithe'. Like that kid. Reminds me o'me nephew. Lil' Jimmy died in a fire - couple o'years back. Me sister's boy. That's why I helped'im, y'know. *Thought* I was helpin'im. Wanted some dope he could use to prove 'imself in 'is dick partner's eyes. So told 'im about the Collecta." He stops and sips some beer.

What? The kid was doing this for you? No way. This little shit is just pulling your leg. But you can smack him around a bit later. Right now you need info.

"Yeah, the kid mentioned some scheme he was going to foil. I didn't think it was serious. So what did you tell him about this supposed 'Collector'?"

"Las' week there was this li'l guy, a real shorty. Round fella, bald, calls 'imself 'Mr. Finley'. Saw'im chinnin' with folks 'ere an' there, mentionin' the Collecta'. This Finley wags 'is chin a bit too much if ya ask me... Word is this Collecta' fella has a good rep - paid well fo' jobs. Safe crackin', burglary, pullin' a con... tha' kinda thing. Works with differen' middleman every time, the las' one is this 'Finley' fella."

What a mumbo-jumbo about this Collector and this Finley. On the other hand, why would Jimmy make this crap up? That bit about his sister's boy sounded quite honest. Is it possible that this 'Collector' character really exists? Now you sound just as bad as the kid...

You don't have time to mull over this because Jimmy has some more interesting deets for you.

"Saw Finley had *The Villager* with 'im. S'ppose there was somethin' in it abou' the job. Or somethin' like that. Didn't catch that part." Jimmy starts sipping his beer again. So that explains the paper on Brook's desk.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Was it an article about the Whitney’s new exhibition?”

“Dunno. Just told ya I didn’t catch tha’ part.” So how did the kid know which article was connected to the job?

“Any chance that Finley guy wanted to hire a cat-burglar? One who’s good with ropes as well?”

“Dunno... but some other bloke was askin’ around for a cat-burgla’ in local gin joints.” Wow. He’s volunteering info now? Maybe you remind him of his long lost brother or something... No. Not even in a joke would you be related to this little shit.

“And did he find one? A cat-burglar?” you ask him.

“Dunno,” he shrugs and starts sipping his beer again. You wait a bit more, but it looks like that’s it.

“Thanks, Jimmy.” You decided not to wipe the floor with the little rat just yet. So you toss some coins to the bartender, take your hat and leave the joint.



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



6-1857

Ask around at Chumley's

Time: 30 minutes

You ask around about this Mr. Finley character or another potential client wanting to hire a cat-burglar. Nothing.



6-2920

Vanguard Nightclub
11th St & 7th Ave, GV-16

If you have circled **Marker P1** in your case log, go to [8-8288 \(p.75\)](#)

Otherwise go to [3-6224 \(p.31\)](#)



6-5173

At the Boarding House

Time: 30 minutes

A middle-aged lady runs this boarding house. Looks very rigid and slightly less attractive than a mangy stray cat. She doesn't approve of the police asking around in her establishment, that's obvious.

"That girl! I knew she would bring shame to this house one day. Coming home in the wee hours of the morning. I'd say... But when I demanded an explanation and reminded her that's not how a well-bred young lady behaves, she swore to me it was just 'insomnia', so she needed to take walks in the park. Late at night, mind you! I told her it's not safe or proper for a young woman to be out there at night. But she said she can take care of herself.

"I really didn't like that, Detective, but she only rented the room until the end of January, so I thought she'll be gone in a few weeks and I don't need to kick her out." What a hag.

"Was she out last night as well?"

"Yes, Detective. Although she came home in a cab before 10pm and said she had a terrible migraine so wanted to go to bed early. But I think she went out again a few hours later - around 2am maybe. I'm a very light sleeper, you know, so I always wake up to the slightest noises. I think she only came back around 4am. Although I didn't see her, I woke up again around that time. She must have snuck back in then."

"So you didn't really see her at 2 or 4? Maybe she didn't go out at all after 10 o'clock last night."

"If that's what you want to believe, Detective..."

She looks at you with pity in her eyes. Like you would have looked at the kid if you'd have thought he was being a gullible, lovesick little puppy...

You have to pull yourself together and get Marie's sparkling eyes out of your head!

"I need to see Miss Smith's room now." You try to sound official.

The ugly broad sticks her nose in the air triumphantly and leads you to the upper floor. She opens the door with her keys and looks at you mockingly. You would bet dollars to donuts that she's already searched the room. The nosy old broad. What she might have found? You better take a look.

The walls of Marie's room are covered in blueprints, pictures of buildings, and drawings of floor plans - including the Whitney's. There's a pile of blueprint tubes on the dresser.

You look into the cupboard. Next to the red, pink and yellow girly outfits, there are black turtlenecks and pants. And there's a backpack at the bottom of the cupboard. You look inside it. You find pliers, a pair of black gloves, a black hat and a coiled black rope. It's a bit damaged here and there.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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



7

7-0032

Ask about restaurant

Time: 30 minutes

There were two rides at 9:35 and 9:38 from the French restaurant on 11th St. The first to 17 Downing St., and the second to the corner of Gansevoort St. and Washington St.



7-0584

Daily News
220 E. 42nd St, MH-3
Time: 30 minutes

Billie Jones is a fragile, feminine, soft-spoken guy. A real pansy. Not exactly the newshound you pictured - although it is apparent that he lives for juicy gossip. Especially if it's connected to the Village. It turns out he lives there. You only have to mention the Humphreys' and he starts spilling.

"Mrs. Humphreys was the target of society gossip since last fall, because of her close friendship with the notorious and not to mention quite young Elmer Richardson from the Vanguard nightclub. But one day the boy had a regrettable accident, and broke his nose... and a few of his ribs. Couldn't work for weeks. Supposedly just 'fell down some stairs', of course, and it was merely a coincidence he kept his distance from Mrs. Humphreys after that.

"Poor Mabel was quite heartbroken about it. A bit pathetic to fall for a playboy, if you ask me, but some would say it's hard to be the bored housewife of a wealthy and successful man. So she decided to shed all her clothes and pose for her friend, Miss Murphy.

"Mabel took a real revenge on her husband with this painting though. You should have seen Humphreys at the biennale... He was outraged. The guards had to escort him out because he tried to tear down the painting from the wall himself - with his own hands!" Jones can't stop laughing after he tells you this story. What a little prick.



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



7-1652

*Edgar Tate & Co.
245 Broadway, CC-47
Time: 30 minutes*

The attorney's office is in the Civic Center, between elegant courthouses and government offices. Horns toot and grunt on Broadway, a big red interurban car rumbles past, a traffic light gongs. It's a really hideous part of Manhattan. You avoid it if you can.

Edgar Tate & Co. is obviously one of the most sought-after patent offices in town. You'd bet Mr. Humphreys doesn't have to worry about ending in a pauper's grave...

"As I said before, Detective, you need an appointment. Mr. Humphreys is a very busy man!" The strict-looking secretary looks sideways at the big man in front of the attorney's door. The burly guy has a vacant expression on his face. There's a scar on his cheek, under his left eye.

You try again: "I need to talk to Mr. Humphreys *now*, not in the next month when he has an opening." But to no avail. The secretary shakes her head.

"Do you have a warrant, Detective? If not, I'm afraid you'll need an appointment just like everyone else."

Suddenly you hear a shout from the office: "Sullivan, come in here!" The gorilla opens the door and steps in. Before you leave, you notice a trenchcoat and a black hat on the hat-rack.



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



7-1774

*Hudson Yards Police Station
West St & Bank St, HY-31
Time: 30 minutes*

“Lucas! I was expecting you. Sorry about your partner, old boy. Although he could still wake up, I guess.” Jacobs looks remorsefully at you, even though it’s not his fault what happened.

What’s this? Something’s got into your eye. You clear your throat, and bark at him: “Cut the crap and just tell me what happened!” Jacobs seems taken aback, but doesn’t comment, he just starts talking.

“Yesterday at 11:10pm, I got a call from an old man, John Chapman, who said there was a mugging on the street and a young man was injured. He also said he called the ambulance already and was waiting next to the victim with his sister, Frances, in front of ‘Pardy and Son’. I picked up my helmet and started running, so I arrived before the paramedics. The man lay on the pavement. I checked his vitals. He was still alive but unconscious.

“I recognized your rookie partner, Brook. His wallet was gone but he still had his watch, so it looked like either the mugger wasn’t very thorough or the old couple scared him away. Apparently they heard a yell and were rushing towards the scene with their loud dog, so the attacker fled. They said it was a big man in a trench coat and a hat - they couldn’t see much more in the dark. The man was running towards Chelsea. We put out a police warrant, of course, but this description is too vague to be of much help.

“After the ambulance and the old bird and her brother were gone, I looked around a bit, but I couldn’t find anything. It was around midnight when I returned to the station.”

You thank Jacobs for the information and you’re on your way already.



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



7-5566

*Affordable Room & Board
17 Downing St, GV-105*

If you have circled **Marker D1** in your case log, go to [6-5173 \(p.62\)](#)

Otherwise:

Before you go inside the boarding house, it occurs to you that there are a few more leads you should follow up on. You can come back here later. So you turn around and leave.



8

8-2355

Chumley's Bar
86 Bedford St, GV-77

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, go to [6-1857 \(p.60\)](#)

Otherwise: You ask for a beer and mull over this case. Which lead should you follow next?



8-2751

Caffe Dante
81 Macdougall St, GV-108

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, go to [4-1984 \(p.36\)](#)

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, **AND** If you have circled **Marker G1** in your case log,
THEN Go to [3-7507 \(p.32\)](#)



8-3736

*Employees Only Bar
510 Hudson St, GV-64*

If you have circled **Marker J1** in your case log, go to [2-9923 \(p.26\)](#)

Otherwise: You ask for a beer and mull over this case. Which lead should you follow next?



8-7782

*New York School of Music and Arts
Central Park W. & 95th St, CP-23*

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, go to [2-4428 \(p.19\)](#)

Otherwise:

When you catch sight of the school building it occurs to you that maybe you should talk to that painter first who works here. You can come back here later. You turn around and leave.



8-8288

At Vanguard

Time: 30 minutes

The clip joint's not open yet.



8-9470

Charles French Restaurant
450-454 6th Ave, GV-27
Time: 30 minutes

The restaurant's maitre d' luckily remembers Brook and Marie from last night. The only problem is with this overly polite man that he has an irritating French accent and uses too many French words for your taste.

"*Oui, monsieur*. Ze beautiful couple was 'ere last night. Ze young man made ze *réserve* two weeks ago. 'e told us it will be an '*occasion spéciale*', so wanted a quiet table for two. I suspected it would be *une proposition*. And I was right. Alzough ze *demoiselle* was quite shocked and got a... 'ow do you say '*la migraine*'... a terrible 'eadache immediately. So I 'ad to call a *taxi* for 'er. I saw ze young man 'aile anozer *taxi* for 'imself on ze street after zet."



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



DOCUMENTS

STOP!




Do **not** access the documents section unless directed to retrieve a specific document.


Document 1

The Villager - Jan 10, 1935, from *Introduction* (p.5)

Reflecting The Tr



**FOUR
VILLAGE
CANVASES**



The Whitney Museum of American Art purchased seventeen paintings from the recently closed Second Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Art. Four of the canvases are by up and coming Village artists.

These paintings, selected by the Museum and now part of the permanent collection, are again to be seen in the Exhibition of New Acquisitions, which opens to the public Tuesday, Jan. 15.

Visiting hours: Mondays, closed; all other days, including Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5 pm, and Wednesday evening, 8 to 10 pm.

Document 2

Poster of the film, from 4-0251 (p.35)



If you want to read about the actors for culture points, go to 2-5926 (p.22)

Document 3

Brochure about the Village artists, from [4-8141](#) (p.46)

If you read the **whole brochure**, mark **4 culture points**.

BEST VILLAGE ARTISTS *at the* BIENNALE

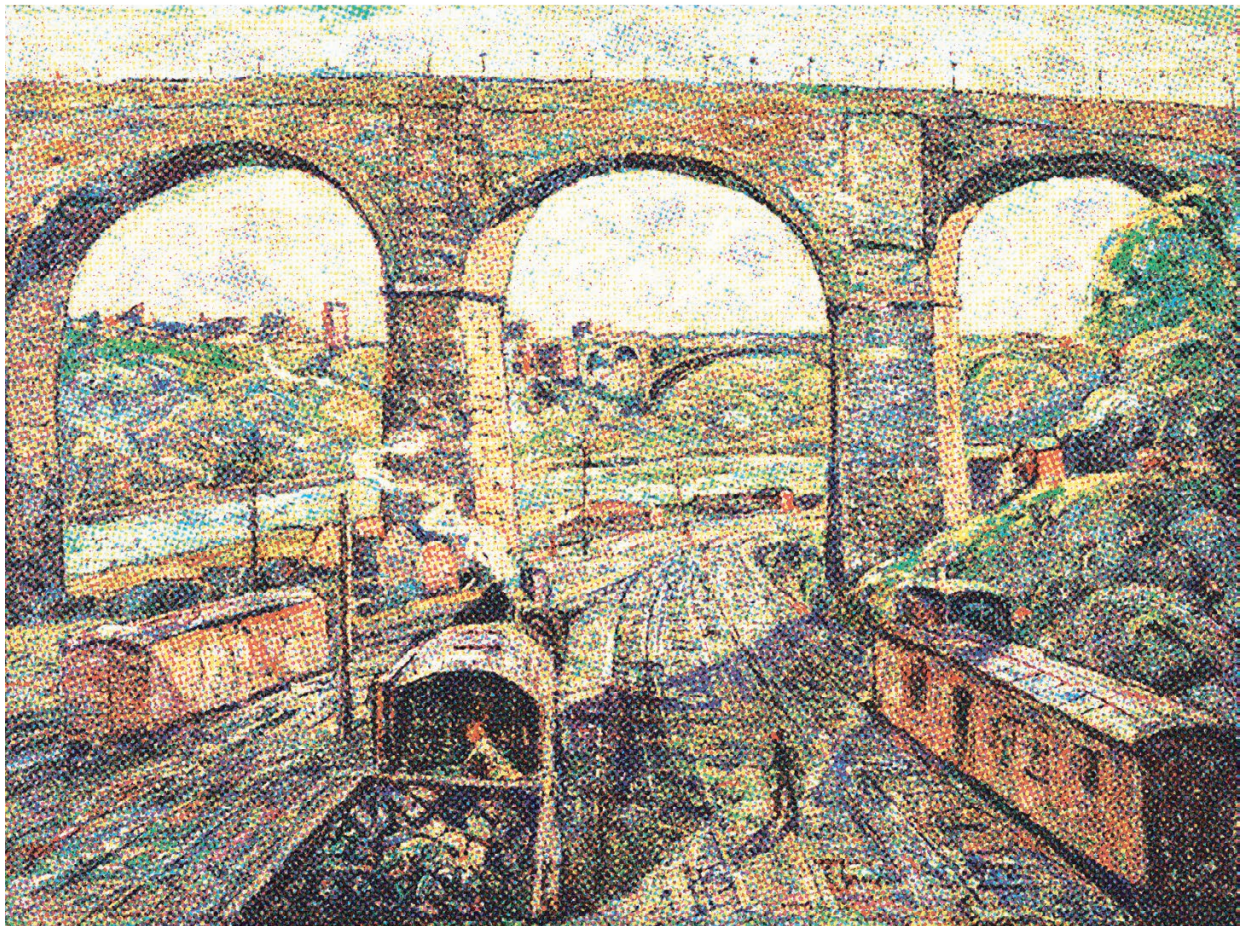
From the
SECOND BIENNIAL EXHIBITION
OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART



ON VIEW

*Tuesday, January 15, 1935 to
Sunday, April 15, 1935*



High Bridge by Edward Hopper
Oil on canvas 30 $\frac{1}{8}$ \times 40 $\frac{1}{16}$ in.

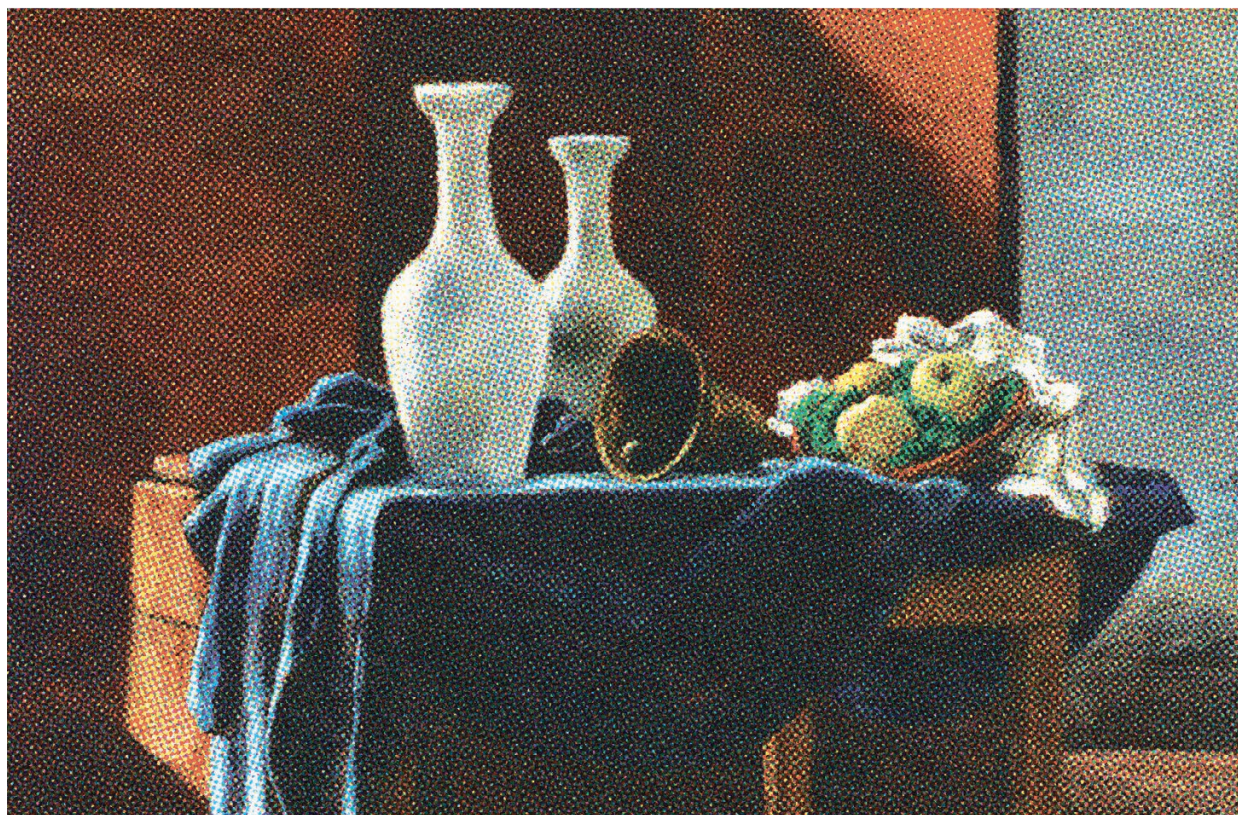


Edward Hopper was born in 1873 in Halifax, Nova Scotia to a prominent family, arrived in the United States in 1888, and settled in Kansas City. In 1891 he went to live in New York and enrolled in classes at the Art Students' League, studying under John Twachtman, who introduced him to Impressionism and was the central influence of his formative years.

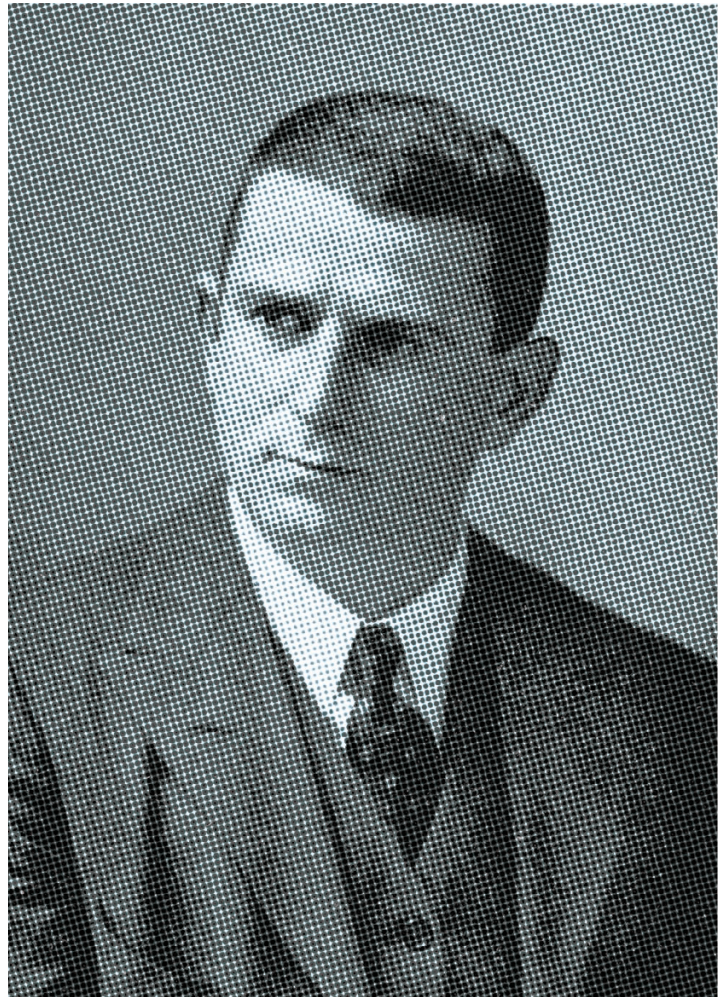
Hopper visited France in 1893 and practiced *plein air* painting in southern France. He shared a Paris studio with W. Somerset Maugham, who is believed to have used him as the inspiration for the character "Frederick Lawson" in his 1915 novel *Of Human Bondage*.

Hopper moved to Washington Square in Greenwich Village, and his work focused on subjects—fields, bridges, docked boats, tree-covered hills, and rocky inclines at the edge of the city—from a still-unpopulated part of New York. His paintings form a procession of lonely vistas devoid of people, but are filled with an almost tactile sense of paint and an understated chromatic brilliance.

He is a member of the American group "The Eight", artists who formed a loose association to protest the narrowness of taste and restrictive exhibition policies of the conservative, powerful National Academy of Design.



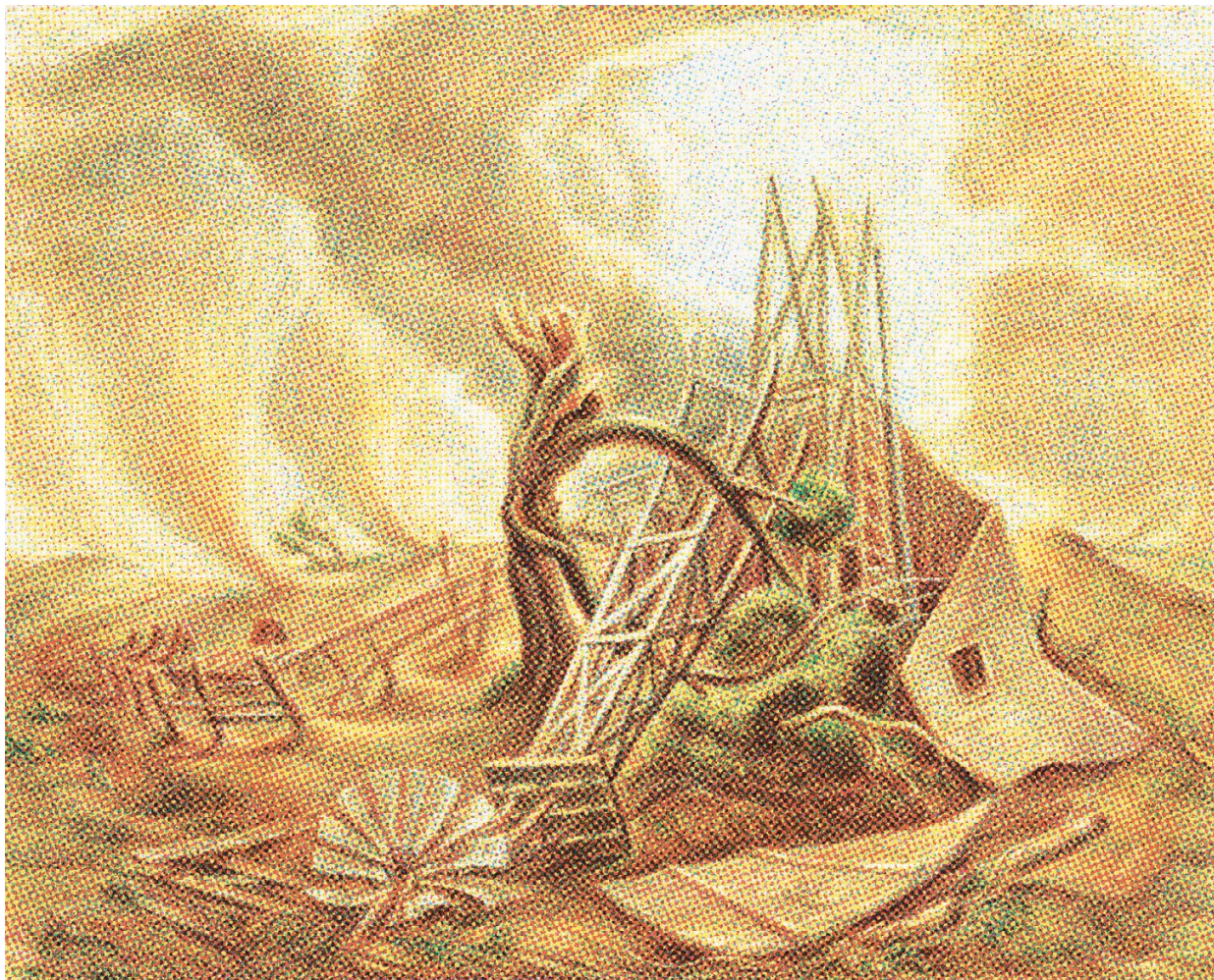
The Sentinels by Wilson Smirnov
Oil on canvas 32 $\frac{1}{4}$ \times 48 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.



Wilson Smirnov was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1898, to a Russian family. At the age of twelve he was bed-ridden with polio. It was during this time that he received his first lessons in painting. In 1914 he entered the Art Students League of New York, where he studied for four years with Kenneth Hayes Miller, John Christen Johansen, and Dimitri Romanovski. There he met the painter Peggy Bacon, whom he married in 1920.

During his twenties, Smirnov painted still lifes and posed figures with vigor and sensuality. He later began to emulate the style of Jules Pascin. From 1924 to 1927 he was the assistant director of the Whitney Studio Club. He also worked as a reviewer for *The Arts* magazine. His realist paintings were exhibited widely and he won multiple awards. *Children's Lunch* won the Frank G. Logan prize at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1929. He also received the Temple gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1931.

Smirnov has been teaching at The New York School of Music and Arts since 1933.



Dust, Drought and Destruction by Lester Schmidt
Tempera and oil on canvas 32 × 30 1/8 in.

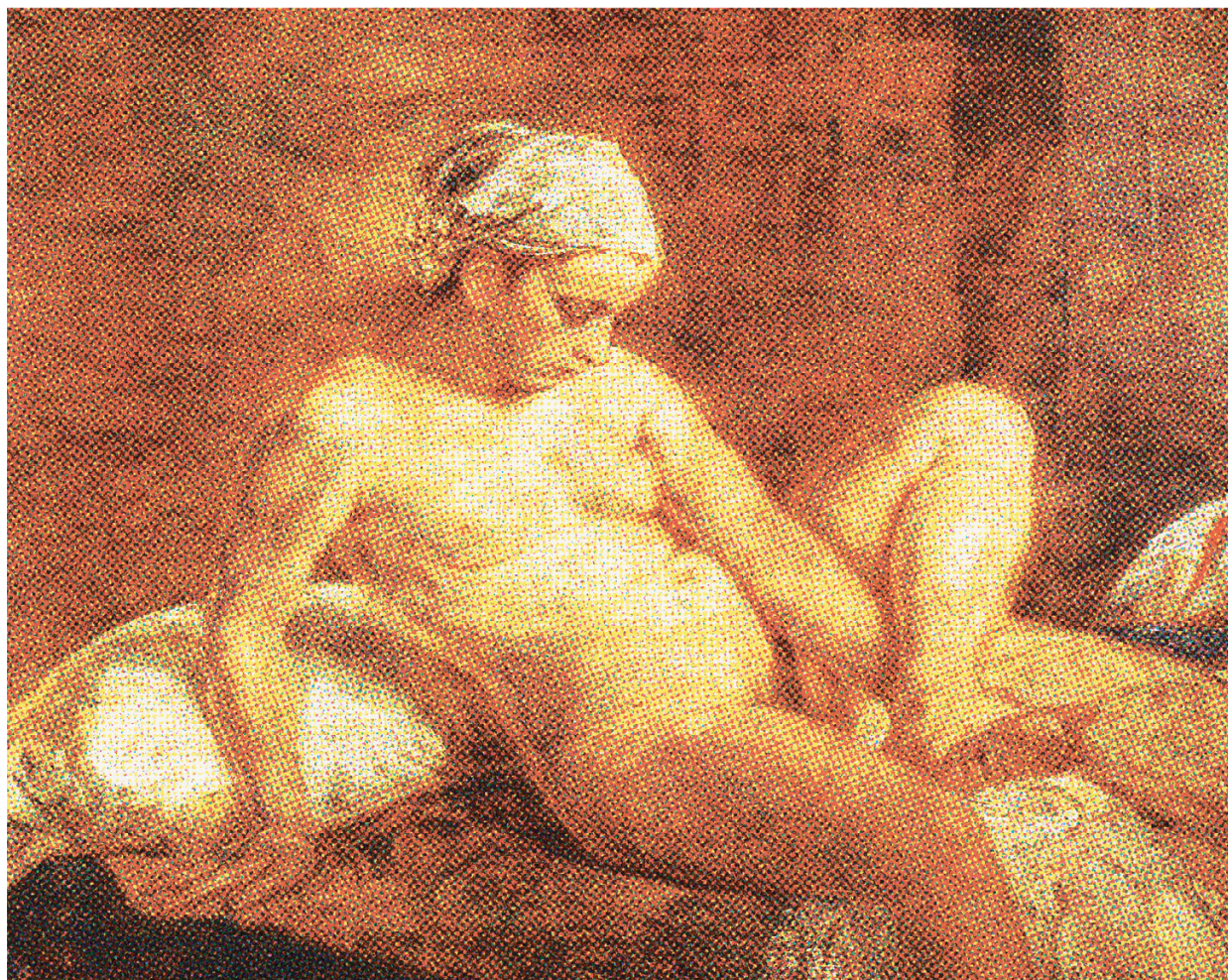


Lester Schmidt was born in 1906, in Des Moines, Iowa. He studied at the Art Students League, and studied fresco painting at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Fontainebleau, France. During the depression he was taken on at 24 dollars a week to paint murals funded by the Public Works of Art Project.

The Public Works of Art Project (PWAP) was a New Deal work-relief program that employed professional artists to create sculptures, paintings, crafts and design for public buildings and parks during the Great Depression in the United States. Although the program lasted less than one year, it employed 3,749 artists, who produced 15,663 works of art. The artists selected for the program were chosen on the basis of their artistic qualifications and their need of employment. The subject assigned to them was *the American scene in all its phases*.

Schmidt is a member of the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, and the Audubon Society. He is also a vice-president of the National Society of Mural Painters, and director emeritus of the Munson - Williams - Proctor Institute School of Art in Utica, New York.

He is famous for his habit of making a sketch every day. His work is displayed worldwide.



Nude by Micha Murphy
Oil on canvas 33 × 40 in.



Micha Murphy was born the youngest of five siblings in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1902. Her father is a scholar of Greek and Latin. Her siblings, two sets of twins, are older than her by well over a decade. Her mother was a suffragist, feminist and aspiring writer who urged her daughters to become independent, strong women.

After the family relocated to Detroit, Murphy began her art education at the age of 12 at the John Wicker Art School. After graduation she moved to New York City to study illustration at the New York School of Applied Design for Women. After two years there she shifted from illustration to painting, and attended the Art Students League for four years until 1924. During the early 1920s she also studied and painted in Woodstock, New York.

Murphy developed a realist style of painting, primarily depicting women in their daily routine on the streets of Manhattan. Her work was greatly influenced by Peter Paul Rubens and other Dutch and Flemish painters that she had discovered during trips to Europe. In 1932, she began showing her work frequently at the newly opened Midtown Galleries. She takes inspiration from Rubens by adding a light ochre-ish tone to all her works, allowing for the painting to be rendered in any way.

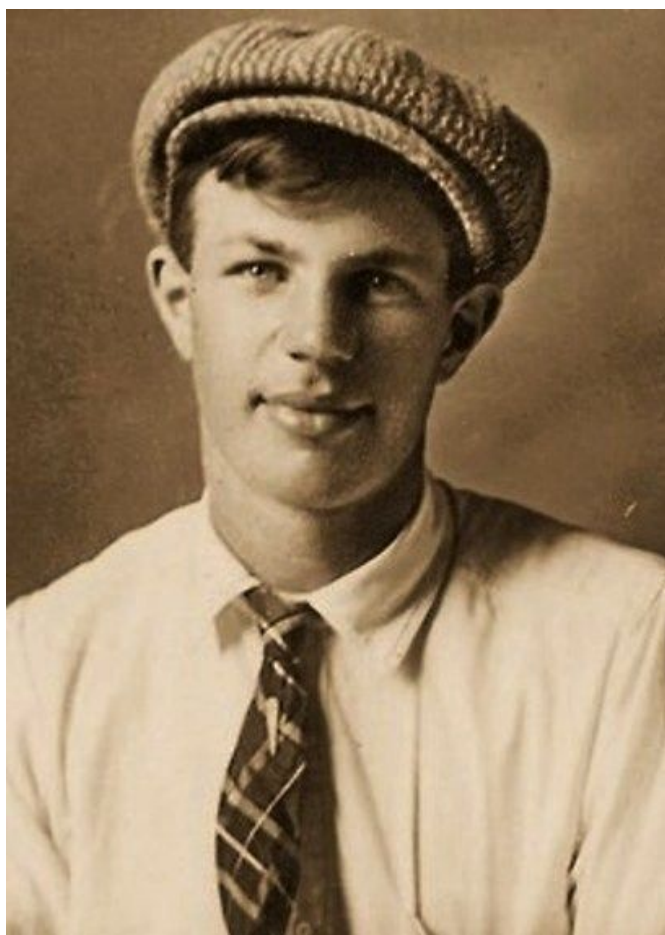


M C M X X X V

☒ Tick 4 culture boxes in your case log.

Document 4

Your rookie partner, from [Introduction \(p.5\)](#)



Document 5

Business card from Edward Hopper, from [1-1900](#) (p.10)



If you decide to **call this number**, go to [3-5870](#) (p.30)

Document 6

Virgil and Dante at Union Square, from 2-0798 (p.14)



Document 7

The photo in Brook's wallet



Document 8

Article about the film, from 4-0251 (p.35)

NEWSREELS

Retrospective

The Best Pictures of 1934

This week: **THE BLACK CAT**
Based on Edgar Allan Poe's story
Directed by Edgar Ulmer
A Universal production

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Hjalmar Poelzig | Boris Karloff |
| Dr. Verdegast | Bela Lugosi |
| Peter Alison | David Manners |
| Joan Alison | Jacqueline Wells |
| Karen Poelzig | Lucille Lund |
| Majordomo | Egon Brecher |
| Maid | Anna Duncan |
| Car steward | Herman Bing |
| Train conductor | Andre Cheron |
| Train steward | Luis Alberni |

The acknowledgment which the producers of "The Black Cat" graciously make to Edgar Allan Poe seems a trifle superfluous, since the film is not remotely to be identified with Poe's short story. A ghoulish tale of hi-jinks in a Hungarian horror house, it describes the curious behavior of a gentleman named, if the program spelling can be trusted, Hjalmar Poelzig (Boris Karloff). He usually carries a black cat up his voluminous sleeve.

His enemy Dr. Verdegast (Bela Lugosi) has come back from a dungeon cell to claim his wife and child. Now it seems, too, that a young American novelist (David Manners) and his beautiful wife (Jacqueline Wells) have had an accident and are spending the night as Hjalmar's guests.

The staging is good and the camera devotes a proper amount of attention to shadows and hypnotic eyes. There are also some good workmanlike screams from the various imperilled beauties.

If you missed it last year, or just want to watch this strange horror story again, go to the picture house one night this week. Not recommended for a first date though.

At Film Guild Cinema - 52 W. 8th St.
Late night showing at midnight.

Another hit
IN OUR PARADE of PERFECT PICTURES

STARTS
SUNDAY!

BLACK CAT

THREE MASTERS OF MYSTERY

KARLOFF
the Unanny

BELA LUGOSI
the Mysterious
in
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

BLACK CAT

You'll See Things You Never Dreamed
Wild! Weird! Wicked!

plus—

She Wanted a Little Love—
a Little Kiss . . .

Smarty
JOHN BLONDELL
MARSHALL WILLIAMS
JAMES DUFFY
NORTON

And a Snap or Two for Good Measure!

See it TONITE
PREVIEW
11 P. M.

LAST TIMES TODAY
"ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES"
With Helen Twelvetrees
and
"PRIVATE SCANDAL"
With Zasu Pitts

STATE


MATS. 25¢ EVES. 35¢

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.

Document 9

The Divine Comedy, from 2-0798 (p.14)



 The *Divine Comedy* is an Italian narrative poem by Dante Alighieri, completed around 1321, shortly before the author's death. It is widely considered one of the greatest works of Western literature. The poem's representative of the medieval worldview as it existed in the Western Church by the 14th century. It helped establish the standardized Italian language. It is divided into three parts: *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*.

The work was originally simply titled *Comedia*. The adjective *Divina* was added by Giovanni Boccaccio, the Italian writer, poet, and Renaissance humanist, owing to its subject matter and lofty style.

It discusses the state of the soul after death and presents an image of divine justice, and describes Dante's travels through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. Allegorically, it represents the soul's journey towards God.

In the poem, the pilgrim Dante is accompanied by three guides: Virgil, who represents human reason; Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, who represents mysticism and devotion to Mary the Mother; and Beatrice, Dante's muse who represents divine revelation in addition to grace, and faith.

Publius Vergilius Maro, usually called **Virgil** or Vergil in English, was an ancient Roman poet of the Augustan period. He composed three of the most famous poems in Latin literature: the *Eclogues* (or *Bucolics*), the *Georgics*, and the epic *Aeneid*. Already acclaimed in his own lifetime as a classic author, Virgil stood as the most popular Latin poet through late antiquity, the Middle Ages, and early modernity.

Dante said he first met **Beatrice** (Portinari), when he was nine (and she was eight), and he claimed to have fallen in love with her at first sight, without even talking with her. He has seen Beatrice again frequently, exchanging greetings with her in the streets of Florence, though he never knew her well.

Dante's interactions with Beatrice set an example of so-called courtly love, a phenomenon developed in French poetry of prior centuries. Love for her would be his reason for writing poetry and for living.

Beatrice died in 1290, when she was only 25. In many of Dante's poems, she is depicted as semi-divine, watching over him constantly and providing spiritual instruction, sometimes harshly.

☒ Tick 2 culture boxes in your case log.

END

Questions

Read the questions only if you're ready to **finish your day**, AND

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

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

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

If you have circled **Marker E1** in your case log,

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

If you have circled **Marker K1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker M1** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker N1** in your case log,

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

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

If you have circled **Marker T2** in your case log,

If you have circled **Marker X1** in your case log.

You **can go back and follow more leads** if you want. Time isn't passing anymore, but you have to check 1 demerit box for every lead you visit (means minus 2 points).



Questions - Part 1

7-7336 **6th Police Precinct** - 10th St. & Greenwich Ave.

You walk into the police station at the end of the day. It was a very long day, and the rain didn't help either. You're exhausted. But you still want to go back to the hospital to see if Brook has regained consciousness. But first things first. You knock on the door of the Chief's office. He awaits your report.

"Well, Lucas? Did you find out **who attacked Brook** and **why**? **Is he still in danger**?"

Give detailed explanations for every question - including **names, times, locations, motives, means and opportunity**, every piece of **evidence** you found, and every **theory** you constructed during the game. You can write down your answers here:

Who attacked Brook?

Evidence:

Why?

Evidence:

Is he still in danger? YES / NO

Explanation:

When you're ready, read **Answers - Part 1** on the next page.



Answers - Part 1

“Yes, Chief, I did find out,” you answer to the Chief.

“It was Michael/Mickey Sullivan, right hand man of Roger Humphreys, big shot attorney. He was the big, burly man in the trench coat and the black hat. I saw him and his coat and hat at the attorney’s office. He looks exactly like the witnesses, Mr. Chapman and his sister described. Furthermore we have evidence that he beat up someone else before - on behalf of his boss. Elmer Richardson, the playboy, who even saw the scar on Mickey’s face when he beat him up a few months ago.

“The attack wasn’t a robbery of course. Brook’s wallet only was stolen because Mickey wanted to know who was the kid staking out the Whitney Museum on the night of the robbery. When he realized, he knocked down a cop, he ran away, and threw the wallet away at the corner where he disappeared from sight.

(20p)

“There were four paintings stolen from the Whitney last night. Sullivan was there to make sure everything goes according to plan and his boss will get the painting he was after. The painting depicting Humphreys’ wife naked.

“It caused quite a scandal when it appeared in an exhibition last December. The enraged husband tried to remove the picture first, and when it didn’t work, he wanted to buy it. But the painter, Michael Murphy already sold it to the Whitney by then for their permanent collection. Humphreys didn’t want the picture on display, so he sent his man to hire a cat-burglar to steal it for him before the exhibition opens tomorrow.

“Brook got a tip from a snitch, Earless Jimmy to be precise, when he was after a so-called Collector. Turns out this robbery hasn’t got to do anything with this Collector, but Jimmy’s tip led the kid to the museum last night, where he was unfortunate enough to cross the path of Humphreys’ gorilla.

“Considering all this, I don’t think anyone would try to attack Brook again.”

(30p)

Now go to **Questions - Part 2** on the next page.



Questions - Part 2

The Chief wants to know about the museum robbery as well. “And what about the stolen pictures? **Who stole them and where are they now?**”

Give your **detailed explanations** again. You can write down your answers here:

Who stole the pictures?

Evidence:

Why were all 4 stolen?

Theory/evidence:

Where are they now?

Explanation:

When you're ready, read **Answers - Part 2** on the next page.



Answers - Part 2

"Sullivan hired a professional cat-burglar, Marie Smith, at the Caffè Dante bar last week. He only wanted the *Nude* stolen, but the burglar probably thought she could sell the other 3 paintings on the black market as well, so why not steal all 4 of them. Besides, it made less obvious which painting she was really after.

"Marie Smith has been in New York for 3 months now. She lives in a boarding house on Downing St. and works at an architect firm where she can easily access the blueprints of the buildings she plans to rob.

(20p)

"So last night, after 2am she accessed the museum's roof by a fire escape, cut the lock with pliers on a roof window of the exhibition hall, then lowered herself to the ground using a rope. She expertly cut out the four paintings from their frames, rolled them up, put them in blueprint tubes she carried in her backpack, and went back the way she came. The nightguard had been sleeping soundly since midnight, so no one disturbed her in her expert work.

"We know it was after 2am because first of all the nightguard checked the exhibition after midnight and nothing was missing then; second of all the owner lady heard Marie Smith leaving the boarding house around 2am. We also have some cab records to help us narrow down the time.

"Our burglar was supposed to meet Mickey after the robbery to give him the *Nude* right away, but Humphrey's gorilla wasn't waiting for her near the museum anymore. He ran away after he found out he'd just knocked down a cop. So Miss Smith had to improvise. She didn't want to take the pictures home, so she took a cab instead and went to the architect firm's office where she works. She hid the blueprint tubes among the others on the filing cabinet, took another cab and arrived home around 4am.

"That means the paintings are in the blueprint tubes at the offices of Big Apple Architects. If we could give them back to the museum as soon as possible, the exhibition opening won't be delayed tomorrow."

(30p)

Now go to **Questions - Part 3** on the next page.



Questions - Part 3

The Chief only has one question left. “**Do you know** where to find Brook’s attacker, Mickey Sullivan, **and** the burglar, Marie Smith?” Yeah. You deliberately haven’t said anything about the kid’s involvement with Marie. Nor about the fact that you’ve met her already at the hospital. But what should you answer to the Chief now?

[Choose an answer.]

A: “Yes, Chief, I’m gonna arrest both of them. I know exactly where to find them.” You can’t let Marie go. Not even for the kid’s sake. Or for your own...

OR

B: “I know where to find Brook’s attacker, so I’m gonna arrest him, but I couldn’t find Marie Smith yet.” You decided to give Marie a head start. For the kid’s sake. And for your own...

Don’t forget, you can go to the movies as a *Late night lead* before you calculate your final score. It will give you bonus points.

Then calculate your **FINAL SCORE** and look up your results. When you’re ready, read **Epilogue A** or **Epilogue B**, according to the answer you chose.



Final Scoring

Calculate your **final score** by assessing how well you answered each question, assigning **partial credit** as you see fit.

- Q1. Max score of 50: _
- Q2. Max score of 50: _
- Culture points. Max score of 20: _
- Minus points: _

If you got at least 90 points for Q1 and 2, record **+1 analytical** in your Campaign Log.

If you chose Epilogue **A**, record **+1 lawful** on your Campaign Log.

If you chose Epilogue **B**, record **+1 compassionate** on your Campaign Log.

FINAL SCORE: _

You can see how you did on the next page.



Results

Above 90 points:

Congrats! You're basically a pro. A real hardboiled detective. Almost nothing escapes your attention.

From 80 to 89 points:

Very good! Not much escapes your attention. One day you could be a pro. A real hardboiled detective.

OR - if you mostly lost points because of overtime leads: You are a pro, just a bit slower nowadays. But a real hardboiled detective.

From 60 to 79 points:

Good! You mostly got it. Not bad for an amateur sleuth. You're still a flatfoot but one day you could be a pro. A hardboiled detective.

Less than 60 points:

Don't give up, my young copper! Next time be a bit more thorough, and who knows, you could be a real gumshoe one day.



Epilogue A

READ THIS ONLY IF YOU'VE ALREADY ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS, CHECKED YOUR ANSWERS AND YOU CHOSE ANSWER "A" AT 'QUESTIONS - PART 3'!

Your heart is very heavy when you walk towards the kid's hospital room. The doctor said it's okay for you to go in now. Brook regained consciousness an hour ago. Marie was still here - you found her in the waiting room half an hour ago. She didn't even try to run. "I did love Simon, you know," she told you when your colleagues led her away.

Oh, God, you must talk to the kid before he finds out from someone else. You feel like someone who's about to tell their nephew that Santa Claus doesn't exist. It's just cruel. You hope it won't worsen his condition.

The kid looks very young in that hospital bed. Machines are still attached to him, but he's not as pale as he was in the morning. He opens his eyes when he hears you coming. "Ah, Lucas, it's you. Sorry, I guess, but it looks like I'll stick around, so you have to put up with me for a bit longer." His voice is weak.

"Nah, kid, I don't mind so much. You grew on me."

"Like mold?"

"Exactly." You squeeze out a smile. You almost forgot that he's a smart cookie, always joking around.

He tries to peer out into the corridor. "Haven't you seen Marie, my girlfriend? Or possibly my fiancée, if she finally says yes. I proposed to her last night. Yeah I know, I know... it's too soon and you don't even believe in marriage. But when you get to know her, Lucas, even you'll understand. But where is she? She was here when I woke up. But then the doctors and nurses came in, so she had to go outside for a minute. She said she'll be back."

Oh, God. Here it comes. "I don't think she's coming back, kid. At least not for a while. She's been arrested."

Brook looks at you in confusion. "I don't really get it... If it was meant as a joke." So you tell him about your day. Brook's face turns white as a sheet again when you summarize your findings.

"It turns out this theft at the Whitney wasn't her first job," you finish your story. "She's committed burglaries all over the country in the last year - mostly art pieces from galleries or private collectors. She goes by half a dozen names. Marie Smith was just one of them. I'm sorry, kid."

He looks as if someone hit him on the head again. But this time he's around to feel it. "So that's why we had such bad luck lately with half of our cases," he finally croaks out. I guess his mouth is dry as sawdust.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I'm afraid so." You hold out his sippy cup for him.

"But then... she didn't even love me at all. She just used me for information... Jesus, what a chump I've been! I guess you've laughed yourself to death about this already," he says bitterly.

"No, kid, I haven't laughed and I won't laugh at you. Not about this. She fooled me too. And I wouldn't be so sure she didn't love you."

"Please, just don't. It doesn't help."

"I mean it, kid. She usually doesn't stay long in one place, but she's been in New York for 3 months now. Not to mention that she stayed here in the hospital with you. She could have run after I met her in the morning. But she didn't." Brook doesn't say anything, just stares at the ceiling. Yeah, you're crap at consoling someone - let alone about their love life.

So you try to cheer him up a bit. "It looks like your Collector is still out there. This robbery at the Whitney wasn't the one he commissioned. Maybe I could find out who he is and what it is he wants to steal while you're recovering."

"Whatever... I'm tired." He closes his eyes, but you see tears streaming down his cheeks. Cheering someone up is obviously another strength of yours.

"Yes, of course. Rest, kid. I'll come back tomorrow." When you leave the room you feel your own eyes prickling. The air is very dusty in this hospital, it seems.

You put on your hat. He said 'Whatever?' No. It's not right. You will find this Collector for the kid. You feel you owe him at least that. This determination fills you with satisfaction as you step out into the rainy New York night.

END OF CASE 1



Epilogue B

READ THIS ONLY IF YOU'VE ALREADY ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS, CHECKED YOUR ANSWERS AND YOU CHOSE ANSWER "B" AT 'QUESTIONS - PART 3'!

Brook regained consciousness an hour ago. Marie was still here - you found the little minx in the waiting room half an hour ago. "Run," you told her, although you weren't sure about this at all.

"No." She shook her head and her eyes were full of tears. Could they be sincere?

"Then I have to arrest you... But for the kid's sake, I'll give you one last chance: run!" She hesitated for a few seconds, then said: "I did love Simon, you know." She turned around and walked out of the waiting room. Good. You hope neither you nor the kid will see her again. Ever.

Now you walk towards the kid's hospital room with a heavy heart. The doctor said it's okay for you to go in. Oh, God, you must talk to him before he finds out from someone else. You feel like someone who's about to tell their nephew that Santa Claus doesn't exist. It's just cruel. You hope it won't worsen his condition.

Brook looks very young in that hospital bed. Machines are still attached to him, but he's not as pale as he was in the morning. He opens his eyes when he hears you coming. "Ah, Lucas, it's you. Sorry, I guess, but it looks like I'll stick around, so you have to put up with me for a bit longer." His voice is weak.

"Nah, kid, I don't mind so much. You grew on me."

"Like mold?"

"Exactly." You squeeze out a smile. You almost forgot that he's a smart cookie, always joking around.

He tries to peer out into the corridor. "Haven't you seen Marie, my girlfriend? Or possibly my fiancée, if she finally says yes. I proposed to her last night. Yeah I know, I know... it's too soon and you don't even believe in marriage. But when you get to know her, Lucas, even you'll understand. But where is she? She was here when I woke up. But then the doctors and nurses came in, so she had to go outside for a minute. She said she'll be back."

Oh, God. Here it comes. "I don't think she's coming back, kid."

Brook looks at you in confusion. "Why would you say that?" So you tell him about your day. Most of it at least. Brook's face turns white as a sheet again when you summarize your findings.

"After I found the paintings, I took her fingerprints from the room," you finish your story. "It turned out she's committed burglaries all over the country in the last year - mostly art pieces from galleries or private collectors. She goes by half a dozen names. Marie Smith was just one of them. I'm sorry, kid. As I said before, I don't think she's coming back."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

He looks as if someone hit him on the head again. But this time he's around to feel it. "So that's why we had such bad luck lately with half of our cases," he finally croaks out. I guess his mouth is dry as sawdust.

"I'm afraid so." You hold out his sippy cup for him.

"But then... she didn't even love me at all. She just used me for information... Jesus, what a chump I've been! I guess you've laughed yourself to death about this already," he says bitterly.

"No, kid, I haven't laughed and I won't laugh at you. Not about this. She fooled me too. And I wouldn't be so sure she didn't love you."

"Please, just don't. It doesn't help."

"I mean it, kid. She usually doesn't stay long in one place, but she's been in New York for 3 months now. Not to mention that she stayed here in the hospital with you. She could have run after I met her in the morning. But she didn't." Simon doesn't say anything, just stares at the ceiling. Yeah, you're crap at consoling someone - let alone about their love life.

So you try to cheer him up a bit. "It looks like your Collector is still out there. This robbery at the Whitney wasn't the one he commissioned. Maybe I could find out who he is and what it is he wants to steal while you're recovering."

"Whatever... I'm tired." He closes his eyes, but you see tears streaming down his cheeks. Cheering someone up is obviously another strength of yours.

"Yes, of course. Rest, kid. I'll come back tomorrow." When you leave the room you feel your own eyes prickling. The air is very dusty in this hospital, it seems.

You put on your hat. He said 'Whatever?' No. It's not right. You will find this Collector for the kid. You feel you owe him at least that. This determination fills you with satisfaction as you step out into the rainy New York night.

END OF CASE 1



Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

At the end of Case 3



Full Walkthrough

A possible path:

Saint Vincent's: Brook's here, info about Marie and the restaurant, gives H

Hudson Yards Police Station: cop on the scene about witnesses, attacker's description, gives C

Frances Chapman: eyewitnesses about where attacker disappeared from sight, attacker's description, gives E

Pardy and Son: crime scene, the Whitney is near, gives X

Creative Woodwork: (needs E) you found the wallet and Marie's photo, gives Y

The Whitney: in circled article, info about the robbery and the 4 artists, gives W

Drugi Kwiatkowski: nightguard, fell asleep after midnight, gives N

Howell Bentley: another guard, no further info

Christopher St Boarding Houses: Brook's place, didn't go home after work

French restaurant: Brook also left in a cab, gives R

Lester Schmidt: painter, no real offers for his painting, gives B

Edward Hopper: painter, one offer for his painting, phone number

phone call to Lillian Powell: didn't want the painting that much, gives L

Wilson Smirnov: painter, mentioned the art school as possible buyer, gives S1

New York School of Music and Arts: (needs S1) didn't really want to buy the painting, gives S

Micha Murphy: (needs B, L and S) painter, her picture was the target, model was Mrs. Humphreys, scandal because of husband and Billie Jones' gossip, gives K

Billy Jones: gossip journalist, more about the scandal, the playboy, gives G

Vanguard Nightclub: looking for the playboy, gives address

Elmer Richardson: playboy, more description about attacker, gives P

Mrs. Humphreys: uninterested, but gives husband's firm, gives M

Edgar Tate & Co.: husband's firm, we see the big man here, gives A

Julius' Bar: (needs W) Jimmy, more info about Collector, and someone wanting a cat-burglar, gives J

Chumley's Bar: (needs J) nothing

Employees Only Bar: (needs J) nothing

Caffe Dante: (needs J and G) drunkard about hiring the cat-burglar, gives D

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Caffe Reggio: breakfast place of Marie and Simon

Big Apple Architects: workplace of Marie, blueprint tubes, gives Q

Affordable Room & Board: (needs D) Marie lives here, info about her nights, searched room, gives F

Rainbow Taxi Service: (needs F and/or H) rides from the restaurant, and from and to the boarding house's vicinity, gives T1

Hudson Yards Taxicabs: (needs T1) ride from museum to architect firm, gives T2

LATENIGHT LEAD: Film Guild Cinema (for culture points)



HINTS

STOP!



Do **not** access the hints section except when looking up a specific hint from the table of contents at the start of this case book.

Hint for Marker A1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you try Humphreys' office? Mabel (Mrs. Humphrey's) mentioned its name.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-1652 on p.67](#)



Hint for Marker B1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to Lester Schmidt, one of the painters?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [1-1006 on p.9](#)



Hint for Marker D1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Have you tried the local bars yet? Jimmy gave you a tip about that.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-7507 on p.32](#)



Hint for Marker E1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to the eyewitnesses? Officer Jacobs told you (or could tell you) their names.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-4440 on p.42](#)



Hint for Marker F1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the boarding house where Marie lives? She told you about it in the hospital.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-5173 on p.62](#)



Hint for Marker G1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

If you've heard about Billie Jones already, you should talk to him. He's probably at his paper's office.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [7-0584 on p.66](#)



Hint for Marker H1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to Saint Vincent's hospital? Brook is there.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-2062 on p.37](#)



Hint for Marker J1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The kid mentioned a tip he got from Earless Jimmy. You know where Jimmy usually hangs out. You can try and talk to him.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [6-0427 on p.58](#)



Hint for Marker L1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you call the number on the business card you got?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-5870 on p.30](#)



Hint for Marker M1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you find Humphreys' address? You could visit him.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-1364 on p.16](#)



Hint for Marker N1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you talk to the museum's nightguard? Look up his address in the directory.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-3569 on p.17](#)



Hint for Marker S2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the art school Smirnov mentioned?

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-4428 on p.19](#)



Hint for Marker T1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the Greenwich Village cab company? Brook took a cab after his dinner with Marie last night.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [3-8172 on p.33](#)



Hint for Marker T2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the Hudson Yards taxi company? Maybe our thief took a cab from the museum or nearby.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [2-5540 on p.21](#)



Hint for Marker W1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

Did you go to the museum mentioned in the circled article? The Errata told you the lead number.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- [4-8141 on p.46](#)



Hint Start 1

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The Chief mentioned Officer Jacobs at the Hudson Yards police station. Go there to ask him about what happened last night.



Hint Start 2

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

The kid is in St Vincent's Hospital. Go there to find out how he's doing.



Hint Start 3

☒ Tick 1 demerit box in your case log.

You know that the kid mentioned a tip he got from Earless Jimmy. You know where Jimmy usually hangs out. You can try and talk to him.

