Foxtrot East

A Case for New York Noir

by Jesse Reichler

v2.41 - 2/4/26

SUMMARY

What initially appears to be a simple heart attack may not be what it seems.

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- **Additional credits**: Debbie Levy (editing)
- **Copyright**: Jesse Reichler©2025
- **Game system**: nyNoir
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Instructions

To play this case you will need the v3 base document set from New York Noir (https://nynoir.org/downloads):

- **Quick Start Rules (start with this!)**
- White, Yellow, and Reverse Directories
- Map Atlas w/ interleaved Neighborhood Guide
- Rulebook, Research Guide, and Navigation Guide
- A Case Tracking Sheet, Daily Log Sheets (one for each day), and a Campaign Log Sheet. Print these out; the rest can be used digitally (copies may be included in this casebook).
- This case also requires the **Fingerprint Directory**, though **not** the Criminal History directory.

Looking up Leads

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

Tracking Time

This case unfolds over multiple days:

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

Events

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

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

Alternative Flextime Mode

Flextime mode is an optional way to play for those who dislike having to track the passage of time:

- Continue to record each lead you visit but ignore all time tracking instructions during the game and do not bother track your current time.
- If you encounter text asking you what time of day it is, simply pick a time of your choice between the day's start time and evening event time.
- When you are ready to end your day, just read the **evening event** lead.
- Flextime mode reduces bookkeeping, but also tension; it will not otherwise reduce the richness of your experience.

Contacts

A contact list is provided of known friends and allies whom you may visit whenever you wish.

Hints

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

- Consult a hint if you are having trouble finding a required marker that must be found before the end of the day.
- Consult a hint if you encounter difficulty working with fingerprints, criminal histories, or codes and ciphers.

Investigative Resource Points

You will occasionally receive *Investigative Resource Points (IRP)*.

- IRP can be tracked at the bottom center of your Case Tracking Sheet.
- IRP accumulate throughout the case, and you will have multiple opportunities to spend them.
- At the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your score and reputation.

Canvassing

Make sure you understand the Canvassing action, which allows you to search around a specific block for witnesses and evidence.

Wrapping-up

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

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR PLAYING THIS CASE (FOXTROT EAST)

Every detective has their own system of keeping notes, but this case is a particularly long and difficult one, which you will not complete in one session. To be successful, you will need to keep good notes and take your time. Here are some suggestions:

- Keep track of persons of interest and their roles.
- Keep track of places you have visited and when you need to return to them.
- Keep track of things you need to remember to resolve.
- Take frequent breaks to discuss theories.

NEW YORK NOIR - CASE TRACKING SHEET

Case Name

MARKERS

A1	A2	A3
B1	B2	B3
C1	C2	C3
D1	D2	D3
E1	E2	E3
F1	F2	F3
G1	G2	G3
H1	H2	H3
I1	I2	I3
J1	J2	J3
K1	K2	K3
L1	L2	L3
M1	M2	M3
N1	N2	N3
O1	O2	O3
P1	P2	P3
Q1	Q2	Q3
R1	R2	R3
S1	S2	S3
T1	T2	T3
U1	U2	U3
V1	V2	V3
W1	W2	W3
X1	X2	X3
Y1	Y2	Y3
Z1	Z2	Z3

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

DEMERITS

REPUTATION

CULTURE

OTHER

OTHER TAGS

TRACKS

IRP

DOCUMENTS

1
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NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

Day# ____ Day of Week ________ Date ________________

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?

			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

____ Day# ____ Day of Week ____ Date

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

____ Day#   ________ Day of Week   ________________ Date

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

____ Day# ____ Day of Week ____ Date

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

Day# ______ Day of Week ______ Date ______

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?

			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

NEW YORK NOIR – DAILY LOG SHEET

Day#: ____ Day of Week: ____ Date: ____

TIME	LEAD		NOTES	RETURN?
			SCHEDULED EVENTS	REQUIRED?

v3.0 - 5/25/25

NEW YORK NOIR – CAMPAIGN LOG SHEET

Campaign Name

Case	Date(s) played & Duration	Score	Demerits	Reputation	Culture	Notes

ANALYTICAL		RIGHTEOUS	
ASSERTIVE		ROMANTIC	
CHARISMATIC		RUTHLESS	
COMPASSIONATE		WISE	
CONFIDENT		WOUNDED	
CONSCIENTIOUS			
COVERT			
DUTIFUL			
ECCENTRIC			
EFFICIENT			
GREGARIOUS			
HEROIC			
IDEALISTIC			
IMPATIENT			
INDUSTRIOUS			
JEWEL			
LAWFUL			
METICULOUS			
PATIENT			
PIONEER			
POLITICAL			
PRUDENT			
RECKLESS			

NEW YORK NOIR: HIGH&LOW CAMPAIGN CONTACT LIST

V2.0 11/21/25

Captain Alexander Dobrin

- Job title: **Head of NYPD Financial Crimes Division**
- Location: Financial District Precinct at Nassau & Liberty (**8-1410 at FD 070**)
- Specialty: NYPD Departments, General Investigatory Advice and Financial Crimes
- Personal history: Jack's old boss in Financial Crimes precinct
- Personality: Older, laconic, serious, contemplative, methodical
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd
- Note: Visit during his lunch break at noon to avoid interrupting his work.

Dr. Heinrich Michels ("H.M.")

- Job title: **Chief Medical Examiner**
- Location: Office of the Chief Medical Examiner at 245 Greenwich St (**4-7384 at CC 054**)
- Specialty: NYPD Labs and Forensics
- Personal history: Professional contact at NYPD; knew Jack's father
- Personality: Old professorial eccentric forgetful
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd
- First appearance: ?

"Sir" George Sinclair

- Job title: **British Liaison to the State Department**
- Location: State Department at 641 Washington St (**5-1254 at HY 050**)
- Specialty: Spycraft, etc.
- Personal history: Professional contact at NYPD; knew Jack's father
- Personality: Older, British upper class private school pompous
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Veronica "by-the-book" Bonner

- Job title: **Office of County Law Clerk, Head Clerk**
- Location: Hall of Records at 31 Chambers St (**6-9565 at CC 034**)
- Specialty: Courts and Criminal Justice Records
- Research examples: Office of County Clerk (Civil Court)
- Personal history: Jack knows her from testifying in cases
- Personality: Early thirties, stickler for rules and etiquette, icy but charmable
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Betsy Lonn ("Fingers")

- Job title: **Office of the City Clerk, Head Secretary**
- Location: 1 Centre St (2nd floor of Municipal Building) (**3-6861 at CC 038**)
- Specialty: Other Government Records
- Personal history: Jack has gotten to know her from visits to County Clerk office
- Personality: Early thirties, wllling to bend rules, flirty
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

John Bell ("Speedy")

- Job title: **Telecommunications Technician**
- Location: Office of Signals Oversight at 142 West St. (**3-7707 at CC 060**)
- Specialty: Transportation, Travel, and Communications
- Personal history:
- Personality: Middle aged, fast talking technical nerd
- Memorable Line: tbd

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Emiliana Alesica ("The bookworm")

- Job title: **Head librarian at New York Public Library**
- Location: New York Public Library at 476 5th Ave (**6-7401 at TL 006**)
- Specialty: General Research
- Personal history: Jack has gotten to know her from visits to the library
- Personality: Middle aged, bookish, serious, knowledgeable about everything
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Charlie Miller Morris ("C.M. Morris")

- Job title: **Reporter for the New York Times**
- Location: D'Anna's Bar at 1472 Broadway (**2-1267 at TS 094**)
- Specialty: Newspaper Contacts
- Personal history: Jack has consulted with HER when case and story overlap
- Personality: Tough classic jaded woman reporter; Middle aged, talks rapidly in metaphors, analogies, etc.
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Carmine Maranzano

- Job title: **Maranzano Import-Export** (Unoffically: Mafia Associate)
- Location: Maranzano Import-Export at 175 Park Row (**3-4966 at CT-43**)
- Specialty: Criminal underworld connections
- Personal history: Jack's childhood friend
- Personality: Ethically ambiguous; same age as Jack
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Penelope Deverell ("Penny")

- Job title: **Traveling Musician (trumpet)**
- Location: Canarsie, Brooklyn (telephone **7-6315**)
- Specialty: Expert in getting things done outside of Manhattan
- Personal history: Jack's younger sister
- Personality: fearless joker, up for any assignment
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

Jewel

- Job title: **Secretary (early in campaign) / ? (later in campaign)**
- Location**:** Resides at 200 Madison St, Apt 3c (**7-8159 at CT 32**)*
- Specialty: General Brainstorming and Discussion
- Personal history: Worked as secretary in Financial precinct where Jack worked
- Personality: Sarcastic, aloof, same age as Jack
- Distinguishing characteristics: tbd
- Memorable Line: tbd

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Day One

"For the love of freedom we left the land of our birth, friends, relatives, all that was dear to us, to gather here in a strange country."

- Joseph A. Hemann

Introduction

11 AM - Monday, December 1st, 1941

It's 11 AM and I'm ready for a nap. I take off my shoes and put them neatly next to my chair, then put my feet up on my desk on top of today's paper, and lean my head back, hat down over my eyes. I daydream that I'm a private investigator telling a beautiful woman that I don't have time to find her twin sister, regardless of the pay. In another few minutes I'll be on the case.

It's cold outside – maybe 40 degrees, but toasty warm here on the 2nd floor of the City Hall precinct. The banging of the radiator steam pipes lulls me to sleep, and my imaginary client is taking off her overcoat and complaining about the dry heat. I'm just telling her how I don't control the heat in the building when I'm startled awake by the chief's voice from down the hall: "JACK!"

We've got a fancy new intercom system now, but the chief predates it and he prefers to yell.

I take a long deep breath then push my hat back, pick up my shoes, and head for the door.

I can see Jewel across the hallway as I come out of my office, and she looks up at me without skipping a beat from her typing.

"Why do we have an intercom system if he's not going to use it?" I ask.

"You don't use it either," she says, and goes back to her typing. "I use it," I say, with some injury.

When I get to the chief's office I knock and push open the door. He stares at the shoes in my right hand for a good long while, then gives up and decides it's too much trouble to deal with my nonsense so early in the day.

"I want you to head down to the medical examiner. Some guy keeled over on a bus this morning, and it feels wrong."

"Feels wrong – what does that mean?"

"I guess he had a heart attack or something, but the ME says he has some strange marks on him and apparently the bus driver saw someone messing with him."

"You think maybe someone was trying to rob him and his heart gave out?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I don't know, Jack, you got something better to do?"

"I was planning to take a nap," I say earnestly, and hold up my shoes.

He rolls his eyes and pushes a police report across the desk to me. "Just make sure there's nothing more to it and you can take off early."

Circle **Document 1** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 1** (New York Times Monday, December 1st, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 357.

Circle **Document 7** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 7** (Initial police report on death), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 363.

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

- **When**: Today, day #**1** (Monday, December 1st, 1941).
- **Time**: 7pm
- **Where**: 1-9281 (p.87)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **1** (**Mon, Dec 1st**) and that the current time is **11am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **7pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

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

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

Late Night on Day 1

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

I get back to the precinct late and the heat's off. I keep my coat on as I walk down the hallway and knock on the chief's door. "Got a minute?" I ask. He motions to the chair in front of his desk and takes off his glasses.

"Well... was it a heart attack?"

"I don't know yet – I'm still waiting for the final ME report. But there's definitely something fishy going on. I found some strange items in his room, and we've got a suspicious dame snooping around there after he died, claiming to be his sister. But I'm not sure what it all means."

"Well then, keep at it. What do you need from me?"

Record that you are starting out the case with **3** Investigative Resource Points (IRPs). You may receive additional IRPs during the course of your investigation, and any unspent IRP will positively impact your end game score and reputation.

You may, if you wish, spend IRP now to schedule one or more of the following actions. Record chosen leads in your schedule as events that trigger **tomorrow morning**, and read those leads at the start of your next day.

- Request fingerprinting of wallet [Schedule 3-7401 (p.161) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of hat found on bus [Schedule 1-8138 (p.80) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Stefan Walz [Schedule 6-4162 (p.273) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Winston James [Schedule 3-2790 (p.136) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Officer Valenzuela [Schedule 1-3578 (p.61) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on tailor [Schedule 5-5998 (p.237) for 1 IRP]
- Ask Jewel for help brainstorming the case over dinner [Schedule 6-2668 (p.266) for 2 IRP]
- Request forensic search of Stefan Walz's room [Schedule 3-0054 (p.125) for 2 IRP]

STOP!

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

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

Day Two

"The Foxtrot should be danced with a smooth, gliding motion, avoiding any jerky movements."

- Dance Manual, 1914

Introduction

7 AM - Tuesday, December 2nd, 1941

I'm at the precinct by 8am, anxious to see if there's any news on my bus victim. There's a light dusting of snow on the precinct steps and on my jacket, which I shake off outside my office before I enter. On my desk there's a note from Jewel saying that the autopsy should be done by 2pm.

I pull down my E. R. Henry book on Fingerprint Classification from the top shelf and skim it to pass the time.

I'm only a few pages in when Jewel swings open the door to my office with a harried look on her face. "Your tailor shop is on fire."

"My tailor shop?" Then it hits me, and I'm up and headed to the door with coat in hand.

Circle **Document 2** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 2** (New York Times Tuesday, December 2nd, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 358.

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

- **When**: Today, day #**2** (Tuesday, December 2nd, 1941).
- **Time**: 11pm
- **Where**: 1-8927 (p.85)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **2** (**Tue, Dec 2nd**) and that the current time is **7am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **11pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

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

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

Late Night on Day 2

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

Jewel comes into the office as I'm packing up for the day, to see how I'm holding up. "The chief wants to see you," she says. "He seems kinda upset." But I'm too tired to go see him.

"Why's it always so cold in here after 6pm, don't they know some of us work late?" I ask her.

"Budget cuts" she says.

- If you have circled in your case log **either** of the following 2 items (**Marker K1** or **Marker L1**), go to 3-1322 on p.131, and then return here.
- Otherwise, go to 5-2786 on p.225, and then return here.

Record that you have gained **2** additional Investigative Resource Points (IRPs).

You may, if you wish, spend IRP now to schedule one or more of the following actions. Record chosen leads in your schedule as events that trigger **tomorrow morning**, and read those leads at the start of your next day. Remember that at the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your end game score and reputation.

- Request fingerprinting of wallet [Schedule 3-7401 (p.161) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of hat found on bus [Schedule 1-8138 (p.80) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Stefan Walz [Schedule 6-4162 (p.273) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Winston James [Schedule 3-2790 (p.136) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Officer Valenzuela [Schedule 1-3578 (p.61) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on tailor [Schedule 5-5998 (p.237) for 1 IRP]
- Ask Jewel for help brainstorming the case over dinner [Schedule 6-2668 (p.266) for 2 IRP]
- Request background check on Charles Oglevee [Schedule 4-7710 (p.206) for 1 IRP]

STOP!

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

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

Day Three

"If this world must become embroiled in a tremendous 'war to end wars' then I am glad that I, too, may play a part in it."

- Alta May Andrews

Introduction

8 AM - Wednesday, December 3rd, 1941

I pick up a copy of the *Times* on my way into the precinct, and ask Jewel to bring me a cup of hot coffee as I scan the front page. There's no snow outside but it's cold and the precinct still hasn't warmed up yet.

Jewel places the steaming coffee on my desk. "The chief is still angry," she says. "He wants to talk to you. Also, there was a guy downstairs asking about you this morning."

"What do you mean there was a guy asking about me?"

"When I came in this morning, there was a guy asking the front desk who was running the Stefan Walz investigation."

"Well, this is the first I've heard about it."

"Yeah, he left as soon as he got your name."

Then, before I can even ask, she gives me a perfect description of him: "Older gentleman, maybe 50. Graying hair. Kind of distinguished looking, in a long tan-colored jacket and carrying a walking cane. He left in the back seat of a big black Cadillac."

We stare at each other for a long moment.

"I suppose you forgot to get a license plate number?" I say sarcastically.

"No," she says, "I got it."

There's another long moment of silence as I stare at her, stone-faced, before she tells me the number: "**1D13-31**".

"Jewel, you ever think about becoming a detective?"

"Hmmm.. I think I'm more cut out for the life of a private investigator. Seems a little more glamorous."

If you have *not* circled **Marker K1** in your case log, go to 8-6477 on p.343, and then return here.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Circle **Document 3** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 3** (New York Times Wednesday, December 3rd, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 359.

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

- **When**: Today, day #**3** (Wednesday, December 3rd, 1941).
- **Time**: 8pm
- **Where**: 6-6783 (p.281)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **3** (**Wed, Dec 3rd**) and that the current time is **8am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **8pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

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

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

Late Night on Day 3

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

I get back into the precinct and find the chief in my office, sitting in my chair and looking over the papers on my desk. You gotta give him credit for sticking around the office this late instead of clocking out at 6pm, especially with how cold it is in here.

"Wait, don't tell me, you're collecting money to pay for the heating bill?" I ask.

He swivels in the chair to face me, and he doesn't seem to have appreciated my joke.

"Do you know who Dan Walch is, Jack?"

"Dan Walch... Dannnn Walch..." I sound it out. "No, I don't think I know that name."

"*Doctor* Dan Walch? Does that ring a bell?"

"No... I mean... Well, yes, OK... Doctor Dan Walch, in Yorkville. Yes, I did talk to a Doctor Dan Walch. He treated one of my suspects."

"Yeah, well, Jack, Dan Walch is a big donor to the police commissioner."

"Oh, I see."

The chief stands up. "Do you, Jack? Do you see? I'm honestly not so sure you do. He called the police commissioner yesterday, told him you barged into his office and threatened him."

"Well... *threatened*? That's a bit of an exaggeration."

"Said you laid hands on him."

"Well... one hand. Barely a finger, really."

"Jack, don't make me pull you off this case. You were just supposed to figure out what happened to that guy on the bus, and now you're running around like a bull in a china shop. Wrap this thing up and stop making me look bad." And with that, he's up off my chair and gone.

Record that you have gained **2** additional Investigative Resource Points (IRPs).

You may, if you wish, spend IRP now to schedule one or more of the following actions. Record chosen leads in your schedule as events that trigger **tomorrow morning**, and read those leads at the start of your next day. Remember that at the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your end game score and reputation.

- Request fingerprinting of wallet [Schedule 3-7401 (p.161) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of hat found on bus [Schedule 1-8138 (p.80) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Stefan Walz [Schedule 6-4162 (p.273) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Winston James [Schedule 3-2790 (p.136) for 1 IRP]

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Request background check on Officer Valenzuela [Schedule 1-3578 (p.61) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on tailor [Schedule 5-5998 (p.237) for 1 IRP]
- Ask Jewel for help brainstorming the case over dinner [Schedule 6-2668 (p.266) for 2 IRP]
- Request help decrypting cipher found at 1849 2nd Ave. [Schedule 6-1813 (p.262) for 3 IRP]
- Request DMV check for license plate [Schedule 3-5594 (p.153) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Charles Oglevee [Schedule 4-7710 (p.206) for 1 IRP]
- Request chemical and fingerprint analysis of vial marked X found at number 1849 [Schedule 4-0133 (p.173) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of shoes without heels found at number 1849 [Schedule 2-7196 (p.113) for 1 IRP]

STOP!

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

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

Day Four

"The jungle is neutral."

- Major Tom Harrison

Introduction

9 AM - Thursday, December 4th, 1941

When I get into the office I notice there's an envelope with my name on it sitting on my desk, next to a copy of today's *New York Times* and half of a salt bagel with cream cheese.

I take off my hat and knock it against my leg to shake off the snow and then hang it on the coat rack. Then I sit down and take a bite of the bagel, looking through the glass to Jewel who's staring back at me eating the other half. She gives me a little wave and I wave back. Then my attention turns to the envelope in front of me.

Circle **Document 4** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 4** (New York Times Thursday, December 4th, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 360.

Circle **Document 16** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 16** (Translated letter from George Sinclair), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 373.

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

- **When**: Today, day #**4** (Thursday, December 4th, 1941).
- **Time**: 6pm
- **Where**: 1-4461 (p.70)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **4** (**Thu, Dec 4th**) and that the current time is **9am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **6pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

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

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 4**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Late Night on Day 4

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

"JACK!" I'm barely through the precinct door and I hear the chief shouting for me. I guess he got tired of me ignoring the notes he's been leaving with Jewel.

The heat's still on in the precinct – maybe because it's dropped below 30 outside and they're afraid of the old water pipes freezing. I drop my coat off in my office and head down the hall to his. "What's up?" I ask.

"Are you fucking kidding me?! Were you down on Allen Street today? I just got a call from upstairs that you're messing around in crime scenes that have nothing to do with you. Do you understand how bad that looks? That's not your case, Jack. Your case is... Well, fuck if I know what your case is all about anymore. Remember the dead guy on the bus? That's what you're supposed to be investigating, and it seems like you're doing everything but that."

"It's all connected," I offer. "There's something big going on here... I'm still trying to put all the pieces together."

"You've got the rest of the week, Jack. After that you're off this case."

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log and you have *not* circled **Marker U1** in your case log then go to 5-1108 on p.219, and then return here.

Record that you have gained **2** additional Investigative Resource Points (IRPs). Record chosen leads in your schedule as events that trigger **tomorrow morning**, and read those leads at the start of your next day. Remember that at the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your end game score and reputation.

- Request fingerprinting of wallet [Schedule 3-7401 (p.161) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of hat found on bus [Schedule 1-8138 (p.80) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Stefan Walz [Schedule 6-4162 (p.273) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Winston James [Schedule 3-2790 (p.136) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Officer Valenzuela [Schedule 1-3578 (p.61) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on tailor [Schedule 5-5998 (p.237) for 1 IRP]
- Ask Jewel for help brainstorming the case over dinner [Schedule 6-2668 (p.266) for 2 IRP]
- Request help decrypting cipher found at 1849 2nd Ave. [Schedule 6-1813 (p.262) for 3 IRP]
- Request background check on Charles Oglevee [Schedule 4-7710 (p.206) for 1 IRP]

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Request chemical and fingerprint analysis of vial marked X found at number 1849 [Schedule 4-0133 (p.173) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of shoes without heels found at number 1849 [Schedule 2-7196 (p.113) for 1 IRP]
- Request a fingerprint search for the man with the gold tooth [Schedule 3-2424 (p.135) for 1 IRP]
- Request fingerprinting of note found at pier [Schedule 3-9785 (p.170) for 1 IRP]

STOP!

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

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

Day Five

"A man's gotta belong somewhere. You know, be part of something. I mean, that's human nature, right?"

- They Shoot Horses Don't They?

Introduction

8 AM - Friday, December 5th, 1941

The weather seems to be getting worse. It snowed last night and it's turned to dirty slush in the streets. At least there's coffee waiting for me on my desk along with today's paper. But before I can take a sip the chief is at my door.

"Jack, you weren't at the 2nd Avenue house overnight, were you?"

"No, of course not."

"The uniformed officer assigned to keep watch on your 2nd Avenue house just stopped by. He said he thinks someone's been back into the house overnight."

"What's the point in having a uniformed officer stationed there if he's not going to prevent people from going in and out?"

"It's freezing outside Jack, he's not going to be standing there twenty four hours a day."

"I'll check it out," I say.

Circle **Document 5** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 5** (New York Times Friday, December 5th, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 361.

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

- **When**: Today, day #5 (Friday, December 5th, 1941).
- **Time**: 10pm
- **Where**: 3-8689 (p.166)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **5** (**Fri, Dec 5th**) and that the current time is **8am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **10pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log and you have *not* circled **Marker U1** in your case log then go to 4-6025 on p.193, and then return here.

STOP!

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

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 5**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Late Night on Day 5

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

It's cold and dark when I get back to the office, and the heat's off again. It seems like there's no rhyme or reason to it, like maybe it's just one guy in control of the steam boiler and he turns it off when he leaves. I knock on the chief's door, and at first it looks like I've caught him in a good mood, but that changes as soon as he sees it's me.

"What do you want?" he says.

"I just wanted to give you an update on the case," I say.

"Yeah, OK. What've you got?"

"Well, basically I think it's some kind of professional killer on the loose, or some kind of international spy ring, or a major robbery being planned, or else a large-scale Communist terrorism cell, or all of the above. I think it's likely I'm going to need a team of policemen detailed under me this weekend to try and stop it."

He gives me a long blank stare and then takes a deep breath and tries to compose himself, as if he's rehearsing some steps that a police shrink has taught him for dealing with stress.

"They say visualizing the ocean helps," I say.

"You have until tomorrow to wrap this up," he says, "and then I'm pulling you off this case."

If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log and you have *not* circled **Marker U1** in your case log then go to 6-4910 on p.274, and then return here.

Record that you have gained **2** additional Investigative Resource Points (IRPs).

This is your **last** opportunity to spend IRPs (a maximum of 4) to schedule one or more of the following actions. Record chosen leads in your schedule as events that trigger **tomorrow morning**, and read those leads at the start of your next day. Remember that at the end of your case any unspent IRP will positively impact your end game score and reputation.

- Request fingerprinting of wallet [Schedule 3-7401 (p.161) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of hat found on bus [Schedule 1-8138 (p.80) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Stefan Walz [Schedule 6-4162 (p.273) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Winston James [Schedule 3-2790 (p.136) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on Officer Valenzuela [Schedule 1-3578 (p.61) for 1 IRP]
- Request background check on tailor [Schedule 5-5998 (p.237) for 1 IRP]

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Ask Jewel for help brainstorming the case over dinner [Schedule 6-2668 (p.266) for 2 IRP]
- Request help decrypting cipher found at 1849 2nd Ave. [Schedule 6-1813 (p.262) for 3 IRP]
- Request background check on Charles Oglevee [Schedule 4-7710 (p.206) for 1 IRP]
- Request chemical and fingerprint analysis of vial marked X found at number 1849 [Schedule 4-0133 (p.173) for 1 IRP]
- Request forensic analysis of shoes without heels found at number 1849 [Schedule 2-7196 (p.113) for 1 IRP]
- Request fingerprinting of note found at pier [Schedule 3-9785 (p.170) for 1 IRP]
- Request analysis of wax paper found at 1850 2nd Avenue [Schedule 8-1111 (p.332) for 1 IRP]

STOP!

Turn the page when you are ready to begin **day 6**.

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

Day Six

"A rifle and a hiding place—that is the beginning of a revolution."

- Russian revolutionary proverb

Introduction

7 AM - Saturday, December 6th, 1941

When I get into the precinct, I see the chief is in Jewel's office complaining to her about something. Maybe it's about the heat in the building. He motions me in to join them, spilling coffee out of his cup as he does so. I can tell he's spoiling for a fight, so I decide not to mention that I'm freezing to death.

"Have you almost wrapped up this case, Jack? Where do we stand?"

"Just about. But I'm going to need you to put some police officers at my disposal tonight."

He puts his coffee cup down on Jewel's desk so he can yell at me with both hands.

"You've already made your bed, Jack. You've gone to an outside agency, you've made clear you don't respect the chain of command here. You're going to get whatever officers you ask for. But I'm going to make you put it in writing. And if this whole thing blows up in our face, it's going to be your ass, and *only* your ass, that they hang out to dry."

CHOOSE one of the following:

- "Hold on a second. Don't talk to me that way. I'm the one chasing down killers. I'm the one getting shot at. And I'm the one who has to explain to some guy why his old lady got pushed in front of a car. So how about you cut me some slack and back me up instead of worrying about what the Mayor is going to do to your budget next year." - circle **Marker K2** in your case log.
- "Boss, look, I get it. You've got pencil pushers breathing down your neck, worrying about the budget and public relations. But you and I know this is not a game of marbles. People's lives are hanging in the balance here. I'm sorry I reached out to an outside agency – I shouldn't have done that. You sensed something was off about this case from the start, that's why you put me on it. Don't get cold feet now." - circle **Marker L2** in your case log.

"You're just a detective, Jack, you don't understand how things work higher up the chain. There's a cost to everything you do. A cost in dollars, and a cost in reputation. If you're wrong about this, it's

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

going to come back and bite us both, do you understand me?"

I fumble the briar pipe in my pocket and push my hat back. But he's not done yet, and his face starts to flush red. He taps his finger on the edge of Jewel's desk to emphasize his next words.

"By the end of the **today**, it's going to be your name on a piece of paper laying out where each officer is going to be stationed tonight and what they're supposed to do. And *you're* going to be the one explaining how all these dead bodies that have piled up over the last week are involved in some grand conspiracy that you seem determined to hang your hat on. God help you if you're wrong about any of it, Jack. Because if you are, you and me both are going to be reading about it in tomorrow's headlines."

Then he roughly picks up his coffee from Jewel's desk and storms out, spilling it as he goes.

"What was that all about?" asks Jewel.

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

- **When**: Today, day #**6** (Saturday, December 6th, 1941).
- **Time**: 6pm
- **Where**: 1-2149 (p.56)
- **Mandatory**: YES.

When you reach this time (or finish an action that causes you to surpass it) you are **required** to go to the specified lead above, which will instruct you on how to conclude your day.

If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log and you have *not* circled **Marker U1** in your case log then go to 6-4126 on p.272, and then return here.

This is your last day. You **may** already know everything you need to know to wrap up the case. If you think you do, you can simply advance the clock now (or at any time during the day) to trigger the end of day event above.

If you choose to advance the clock now to **6pm** and trigger the above end of day event immediately, circle **Marker H2** in your case log.

Otherwise, you are now ready to start your day. On a blank case log sheet record that it is Day **6** (**Sat, Dec 6th**) and that the current time is **7am**. Then close this case book and begin searching for leads in the directories. Don't forget to keep an eye on your schedule for the **6pm** event above that will trigger and lead to the conclusion of your work day.

STOP!

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

Do not turn the page. You should have set an event which will trigger at the end of **day 6**, which will instruct you on what to do when the day ends.

Day 6 - End of Day Briefing

Important: You should have been explicitly directed to this entry after triggering the mandatory end-of-day event. If not, turn back to the day's introduction and trigger it now.

It's **6pm** on **Saturday, December 6th, 1941** (day #**6**), and your case is coming to an end.

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

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log if you choose to do so.

Consider yourself in overtime. In overtime there is no limit to how many leads you may visit, and time does not advance past **6pm** (ignore any instructions to do so).

When you are ready to conclude the case and answer questions, proceed to Wrapping Up (p.376).

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

1-1442

Time: 30 minutes

Oglevee taps on the photo in front of him. "Stefan Walz claimed to be a German spy. A mole. He reached out to me last week and offered to sell me information about what he claimed was a major German spy operation."

I think about whether I believe him.

"Yes, well, unfortunately I never got the chance to hear the details. He was on his way to come to meet me the morning he died."

"I see. And can I ask who *you* work for, Mr. Oglevee?"

He gives me a big wide smile, then packs up his folder and stands. "I'm afraid I have to get back to work now, Mr. Deverell."

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

☑ Tick up to **5** reputation boxes in your case log based on how well you anticipated what Oglevee would say about Stefan Walz.

1-2110

Canvas area around block YV-34
Time: ***60 minutes***

I spend an hour canvassing around the park and the Ferry Landing.

I discover lots of cigarette butts and trash on the grass, but nothing I have any reason to believe is related to my case. I sit down on a bench facing the water and lay my hat next to me, feeling the cool, humid wind, and listening to the slow rustle of the water passing in front of me.

1-2149

Introduction (p.48) - Evening Event for day 6

It's **6pm** on **Saturday, December 6th, 1941**, and day #**6**, the final day of your case, is ending.

> The following item must be found before you may move on:
> - **Document 17**

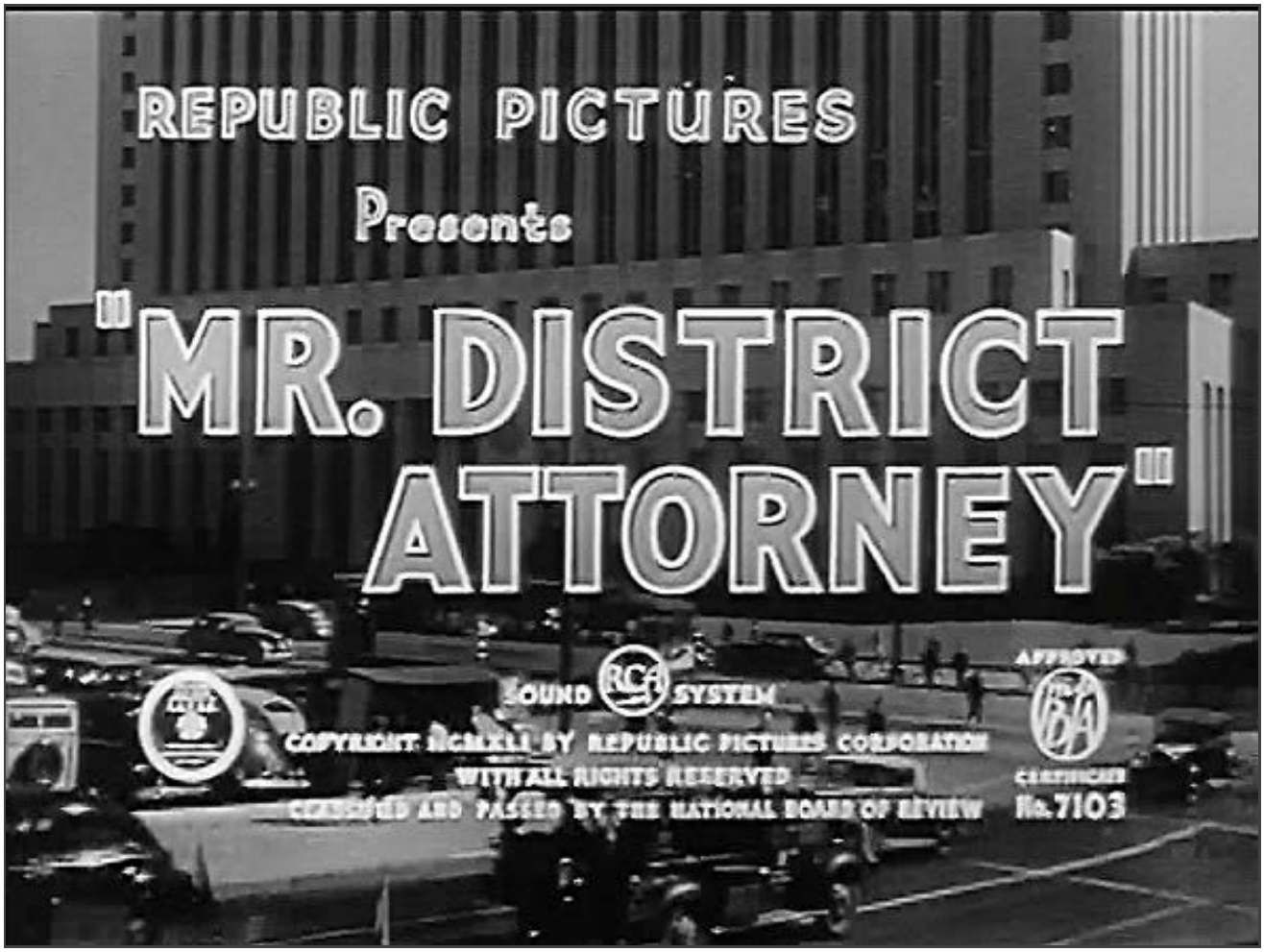
Record +1 reputation in your case log if you have already found this item.

If you have not yet found this item, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **6pm**.

As soon as you have found this item, you must proceed to: Day 6 - End of Day Briefing (p.51).

1-2476

86 Nassau St, FD-4
Time: 30 minutes



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

I've heard an episode of Mr. District Attorney, on the radio but I don't remember it being so charming. Florence Rice plays a sassy reporter and reminds me of Charlie Morris at the *Times*. I laugh during a scene where a hat salesman recommends a hat to Dennis O'Keefe, praising it as being "neither here nor there."

1-3248

165 Allen St, BO-25
Time: 30 minutes

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

At the Allen Street boarding house, I learn more about the incident that occurred early Wednesday evening.

Two well-dressed middle-aged men showed up at the boarding house saying they were immigration welfare officers, and were asking about any new lodgers who had taken rooms in the last 48 hours.

They were questioning one such man, who was described by boarding house employees as a traveling musician who had checked in on Tuesday afternoon, when all hell broke loose. Two, or possibly three shots rang out, and the man was seen fleeing towards Delancey Street carrying a guitar case.

The fleeing man was described as a white male in his mid 30s, tall and muscular, clean-shaven with sharp facial features, and wearing a baseball cap. Additional immigration employees soon arrived and collected everything left in the man's room.

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

1-3312

209 E. 81st St, YV-53
Time: 30 minutes

I show the receipt to the proprietor and he remembers the sale.

“Brown leather guitar case,” he says, “no guitar.”

1-3394

129 Sherman Ave, IW-63
Time: ***90 minutes***

The drive up to Inwood is a long one. I can't remember ever actually being in Inwood – it's so far north it feels like I've left the city. I guess some folks enjoy the peace and quiet, but it feels like a wilderness to me.

Abbott Labs is a sprawling single-story building, full of chemicals and lab technicians. I get lucky and find Guy Abbott working in his office, where he explains to me that the company rents a small furnished office in the U.S. Realty building for business meetings. "It's got a beautiful view of Broadway and all of downtown," he says, beaming with pride. "Never ceases to impress."

1-3578

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Miguel Estrada Valenzuela is 25 years old and lives in Hudson Yards with his wife of 6 years. He's a 2nd-generation beat cop, and has no criminal record.

Prints are available from NYPD Fingerprint Directory **#3-4915**

1-3759

6-2668 (p.266) contd.

"Why didn't you take that cat home with you from the tailor shop? A cat would do you good Jack – keep you from getting lonely living all alone."

"I'm not lonely, Jewel – I have my books to keep me company at home. And I have you to keep me company at work."

"I suppose," she says, somewhat skeptically.

1-3917

4-8111 (6-0741 on p.258) contd.
Time: ***60 minutes***

It won't kill me to wait a few hours and fill out some extra paperwork to do this by the book. We'll get into that apartment soon enough.

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

1-4001

6-2668 (p.266) contd.

"Jack, can I ask you a question? Don't you ever get scared chasing after someone who might try to kill you?"

I put my chopsticks down and sit back. "There's not really time to get scared when you're chasing someone, Jewel. You're sort of on automatic pilot."

"And what about afterwards?"

"Well, yeah, you get scared after... But by then it's all over. I try not to think about it too much. It's nice to get my mind off it."

"I'll take your mind off it," she says, and makes a funny face.

1-4151

2-8014 (p.117) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

The windowless entrance to the Bankers Club of America is surrounded by heavy stone slabs of granite the size of mattresses, giving the impression of a mausoleum or an underground vault protecting a king's treasure.

The first thing I see when I enter is a burly armed guard standing off to the side in front of a large set of double doors. He seems a bit on edge, and his hand fidgets with his gun holster when he sees me.

I approach a tall middle-aged man with coiffed hair sitting behind a desk facing the entrance, with a nametag that reads "Paolo", who starts talking before I can open my mouth. "Are you here about the break-in?"

"What break-in?" I ask, flashing him my badge. I flash it at the security guard too.

"The break-in on Monday night. Mr Marler – he's the manager of the club – he came in and found that someone had broken into the office. Mr. Marler says we're replacing the front door and all the locks, just to be safe."

"What was taken?" I ask.

"Mr Marler said he wasn't sure. But they got most of the petty cash. There was at least a hundred dollars in a small metal lock box we keep in the office, but there was less than twenty in there when we checked it."

"So you're saying the robber took half the money and left the rest, is that right?"

"That's what Mr. Marler said, then he told me to have all the locks replaced."

"Is Mr. Marler in?" I ask.

"He's working from home today, getting ready for the big event on Saturday."

1-4170

118 3rd Ave, EV-2
Time: 30 minutes

If it's before 2pm on Tuesday, December 2nd, then there's nothing for me here, and I leave.

- otherwise -

"Arson. 100% it was arson," says Captain Esther, his cheeks still black with smoke. "Fire started in the back room – they poured gasoline under the door and then stuffed a rag under the door frame. From there it spread to the front. Whole building is made of exposed wood and packed to the brim with fabric. Didn't take much to set it going."

As I head out the door, Captain Esther calls out to me: "*Canvas* the block! Especially in the trash cans. See if you can find any accelerants – arsonists rarely want to get caught with the evidence on them."

1-4189

165 E. 90th St, CM-24
Time: 30 minutes

At the bar I ask around hoping to find someone who has seen one of my persons of interest, but don't get any information I can act on.

1-4344

127 E. 108th St, SH-32
Time: 30 minutes

They have nothing helpful for my case.

1-4382

Time: 30 minutes

Stefan Walz has no criminal history on file with the NYPD, but I locate his immigration records.

He immigrated 3 years ago from Berlin, Germany, arriving at Ellis Island on September 3, 1938. He's 36 years old and has no criminal record. His fingerprints match those lifted by the Medical Examiner.

1-4461

Introduction (p.36) - Evening Event for day 4

It's **6pm** on **Thursday, December 4th, 1941**, and day #**4** is ending.

The following **2** items must be found before you may move on:
- **Marker Z1**
- **Document 14**

Record +1 reputation in your case log for each of these items that you have already found, and an additional +2 reputation in your case log if you have already found **both** items.

If you have not yet found **both** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **6pm**.

As soon as you have found **both** items, you must proceed to: Late Night on Day 4 (p.39).

1-4638

Bowery & Delancey St, BO-30
Time: 30 minutes

The subway attendant does not remember anyone unusual coming into or out of his subway station lately.

1-4761

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (7-8022 on p.324) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

I pace around the park, unable to clear my thoughts, and finally sit down on the bench to try to calm my nerves.

1-4937

Lexington Ave & 103rd St, SH-66
Time: 30 minutes

The station attendant says no one matching my suspect's description came into (or out of) the station.

1-5104

Hint for Document 12 (p.403) contd.

Something in today's paper maybe...

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

1-5866

8-1410 (p.333) contd.

"Well, have you found Buttercup?" asks Captain Dobrin before I have a chance to take off my hat.

"What, you too? Everyone in this city is losing their minds over that horse."

"It's not a horse, Jack, it's a metaphor."

"Yeah, a metaphor named Buttercup."

Dobrin tries to help me think through how I might locate the elusive killer whom I've been tracking for the last couple of days. "He's out of his element and he doesn't know the language. See if you can retrace his steps – revisit the places where he was staying – maybe he's holding up someplace nearby, where he feels comfortable. But Jack, don't sleep on this guy – everything you've told me suggests he's dangerous and cold-blooded, and he's not likely to hesitate if he feels cornered."

"Yeah, I'm starting to feel like this guy is some sort of professional."

"Well look, if you can't find the guy, or where he's putting his head down at night, you can always try chasing down leads from where he's been or where you think he's planning to be."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

1-6040

118 Broadway, FD-28
Time: 30 minutes

There's no line of sight from the Equitable Life Building into the Bankers Club because the buildings are almost side-by-side with a small gap between the walls – which remains intact. Both buildings are about the same height, maybe 100 feet tall.

1-6870

145 Stanton St, EV-72
Time: 30 minutes

The doctor has never heard of Stefan Walz and doesn't have a patient matching his description.

1-7607

725 Broadway, GV-70
Time: 30 minutes

I describe the logo on the gas canisters to the attendant on duty, and ask if he remembers selling any loose gas to anyone lately.

"Not lately, no. It does sound like it was our logo though. This isn't related to the fire on Tuesday morning, is it?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out, kid," I say.

"Hmm... Maybe try our other stations." he says.

1-7684

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"And actually, it looks like you did find the start of the key."

"I did?" I ask.

"Yeah, that **EGL** note you found at your bus victim's house… It corresponds to the first 3 letters of the alphabet."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **4** demerit boxes in your case log.

1-8138

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Forensic analysis of the hat yielded no fingerprints. 0.5-inch-long cotton navy fiber found embedded in hatband. Red feather identified as a high-quality synthetic most commonly used in expensive artificial flower arrangements.

1-8317

Hint for Marker G1 (p.417) contd.

I remind myself that sometimes the best approach is to be methodical and track down a lead like a bloodhound, jumping from one scent to the next until I catch my rabbit. So the only question is what's the next place for me to go to find someone to point me in the right direction.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

1-8364

138 E. 98th St, SH-91
Time: 30 minutes

At the bar I ask around hoping to find someone who has seen one of my persons of interest, but don't get any information I can act on.

1-8497

322 Grand St, EV-87
Time: 30 minutes

The doctor has never heard of Stefan Walz and doesn't have a patient matching his description.

1-8786

366 W. 31st St, CS-12

- If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 3-6577 on p.157.
- Otherwise, go to 1-9195 on p.86.

1-8927

Introduction (p.25) - Evening Event for day 2

It's **11pm** on **Tuesday, December 2nd, 1941**, and day #**2** is ending.

The following ***5*** items must be found before you may move on:

- **Marker F1**
- **Marker G1**
- **Marker H1**
- **Marker J1**
- **Document 9**

Record +1 reputation in your case log for each of these items that you have already found, and an additional +5 reputation in your case log if you have already found all ***5*** items.

If you have not yet found all ***5*** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **11pm**.

As soon as you have found all ***5*** items, you must proceed to: Late Night on Day 2 (p.28).

1-9195

1-8786 (p.84) contd.
Time: ***60 minutes***

At the Department of Motor Vehicles I head upstairs to the NYPD liaison and hand him a sheet with the license plate Jewel took down. It only takes a few minutes before he comes back with the news. The license plate comes back as one of several dozen diplomatically classified cars. When I ask for more specific information, I'm told that's all they have.

1-9281

Introduction (p.20) - Evening Event for day 1

It's **7pm** on **Monday, December 1st, 1941**, and day #**1** is ending.

The following ***5*** items must be found before you may move on:

- **Marker A1**
- **Marker B1**
- **Marker C1**
- **Marker D1**
- **Marker E1**

Record +1 reputation in your case log for each of these items that you have already found, and an additional +5 reputation in your case log if you have already found all ***5*** items.

If you have not yet found all ***5*** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **7pm**.

As soon as you have found all ***5*** items, you must proceed to: Late Night on Day 1 (p.23).

2

2-0747

2-1267 (p.93) contd.

I look through the big glass window of the D'Anna bar to see if I recognize any of the *New York Times* writers or editors that hang out there, but don't spot anyone I know.

2-0984

Hint for Marker B1 (p.408) contd.

When I get into my office I close the door behind me then flip through my contact list and Detective's Research Guide to find the street address of the Medical Examiner.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

2-1031

House at 1849 2nd Ave. - Day 3 (contd. from 7-6229 on p.319)
Time: ***90 minutes***

A strange sight greets me at 1849 2nd Avenue. The windows of the building have all been blown out – glass and debris still litter the sidewalk. The second floor window frames are twisted and hanging off the side of the building, with large holes in the brick facade. Wooden barricades have been set up around the perimeter, manned by uniformed officers.

I approach the wooden barricade closest to me, on 95th street, and grab hold of the police tape to lift up and duck under.

"I'm sorry sir, there's no one allowed inside at this time," says the uniformed officer.

Kid must be new. I flash him my detective's badge as I walk past.

I take a slow tour of the building.

The ground floor is mostly empty, but there's a little kitchenette that you can't see from the front door. A pantry door has been blown off its hinges, and loose nails and screws litter the floor in front of it. I open the refrigerator. Mostly empty, just some random foodstuffs – cheese, milk, sandwich bread, water. I open the cabinets. Again mostly empty, a box of crackers and a bag of nuts. I open the box and shake it to make sure there's nothing else inside.

At the top of the stairs there's a large bedroom to the left, a small bedroom to the right, and a bathroom between them.

The bedroom on the left looks like the center of a blast zone. There's a charred black hole in the floorboards near a closet door, and a smokey black outline on the floor shows where the main explosion must have taken place. They've cleaned up the two bodies but there's still little bits of blood and viscera on the wall. There's a dresser on one wall which has been damaged by the blast, whose drawers are open and have already been searched through. I rifle through them anyway – just nondescript men's and women's clothing, and a stack of union organizing pamphlets.

The smaller bedroom is mostly untouched and smells strongly of cleaning solution. There's a small bed, very neatly made up. I know the bomb squad must have gone through the drawers, but I still open them up gingerly. The bottom two are filled with union organizing posters and pamphlets for the dockworkers' union and the Communist party. The rest are empty, except for a fountain pen and a small thin piece of what looks like rolling paper.

I give the paper a sniff – tobacco of some sort, not a brand I recognize. I get on my knees and look under the bed. There I find a pair of dress shoes whose heels have been removed and are nowhere to be seen. I put the shoes in a bag to take back to the precinct, and move on.

The bathroom looks lived-in. A hand mirror. Two bars of soap, two containers of shampoo, three toothbrushes. I open up the medicine cabinet above the sink: bandaids, aspirin, tweezers, and a half-empty bottle of black hair dye.

I head back into the master bedroom and slowly take in the scene again, looking for something I might have missed. I pull the dresser cabinet back from the wall: nothing behind it. I take the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

drawers out and empty their contents on the floor in a pile. Nothing. But then my finger catches something on the bottom of the top drawer – there's a folder taped to the bottom.

In the folder I find a torn and folded-up airmail letter with a strange coded note inside, as well as several hundred dollars in twenty-dollar bills. The airmail envelope is made out to Stefan Walz.

With that found, I go back to the clothing that I've dumped on the floor and do a careful check. In the pocket of a shirt I find a tiny glass vial, no more than an inch long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, and mostly empty, with maybe a half ounce of clear liquid inside it. Someone has written a big "X" on it with a black marker, and there's tape around the cap holding it in place. I'm careful not to touch the vial with my bare hands, but wrap it up in the shirt to bring it back to the precinct.

Circle **Document 11** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 11** (Coded message recovered from house), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 367.

2-1267

1472 Broadway, TS-94
Time: 30 minutes

- If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 2-0747 on p.89.
- If it is **on or after day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 6-6741 on p.280, and then return here.
- If it is **on or after day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, go to 4-7702 on p.205, and then return here.

2-1926

94 Thompson St, LW-16
Time: 30 minutes

The door at number 94 Thompson is painted powder blue, and has a large dog-shaped knocker above a small silver crucifix. No one answers the door. When I ask around about the occupants a little old lady tells me that she's heard the couple talking about a church on Mulberry street. When I ask for more details about the church, she just shrugs her shoulders and points South.

2-2046

Hint for Marker A1 (p.407) contd.

One of your witnesses should know where the bus was taken.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

2-2264

301 Park Ave, TB-51
Time: ***60 minutes***

At the Waldorf Astoria, I ask the desk clerk for room numbers for the Bankers Club guests, but I'm referred to the security office of the hotel. The security manager is a retired military officer. He insists on seeing my ID and calling the station to get confirmation on my business. Then he writes down the room numbers of the guests I'm interested in and escorts me as I make my rounds to check in with them.

In room 401, Sir Richard Beneton has seemingly just woken up from a nap. He berates the security manager for disturbing him and complains that he left instructions to not be disturbed. After he calms down, he confirms that he still has his invitation. When I ask to see his ID he says that he doesn't have any photo identification, and tells me in no certain terms that the conversation is over.

In room 408, there's no answer to my knocks on the door where Sebastian Papadopoulos is staying. And I get no answer to my knocks on the door of John Wagner, in room 414.

When we get downstairs I ask the security manager if he could check if any of the guests have gotten any calls or messages over the last few days. He checks the records and finds that all of them have, though he can't tell me from whom, and in any case all messages left would be strictly confidential, even for the NYPD.

2-2545

327 E. 94th St, YV-4
Time: 30 minutes

At the Liggett's drug store on 94th St I do my best to describe the young couple I've been tracking all day.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah. That guy is in here twice a week buying Lucky Strikes, and airmail envelopes. Matter of fact, they were in here Tuesday morning, all in a fuss. His hand was all burned up. I told 'em to go see Doc Walch, he's right down the street, but all they wanted was bandages and ointment for the pain."

2-2986

100 E. 77th St, UE-11
Time: 30 minutes

If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

"I was on the ground floor, just taking photos of the scene," says officer Mackelroy from his hospital bed. He's got bandages on his head and right hand, and his leg is in a sling.

"I remember opening a closet door, then the next thing I knew I was on the other side of the room. The doctor said I might lose the eye." He points to the bandages covering his right eye. "I guess the whole place was booby-trapped," he adds.

2-3057

Hint for Marker E1 (p.413) contd.

I guess the first task would be to talk to all the witnesseses I can locate from the bus. Bus drivers often know their passengers, but if he doesn't know my victim, maybe one of his regulars does? It's just a matter of tracking them down using their names, neighborhoods, or other identifying details.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

2-3383

Broadway & 54th St, TS-31
Time: ***60 minutes***

The desk clerk at the Cumberland Hotel is new to the job, and is happy to provide the room numbers of the guests I ask about, and I head off to knock on doors.

In room 214, I interrupt Mr. and Mrs. Highsmith in the middle of a game of Gin Rummy with their daughter Emily, who will be staying at the hotel while her parents attend the Bankers Club dinner. Emily fetches their invitations from an envelope and shows them to me while the couple continue to play.

In Room 306, Alexi Petrovich answers the door in the middle of my knocking. He's a bear of a man, wide and stocky like a football linebacker, with a big red beard that obscures much of his face and a resonant baritone voice. "What is problem?" he asks.

I explain that I'm a police detective and just need to check his ID and his invitation. He rifles through his suitcase and assembles a stack of items that include his invitation, his Russian driver's license, and his return airplane ticket. He makes to hand it to me, then pauses and produces a pile of colorful Russian currency from his back pocket, which he adds to the stack before handing it over. I check his ID and invitation, then hand him back his pile of items.

There' s no answer to my knocks on the door of Bernard Glaser, in room 402.

When I get downstairs, I ask the clerk if any of these guests on my list have gotten any calls or messages over the last few days. He says he has no way of knowing. I ask if he noticed whether Bernard Glaser went out this evening; he can't remember.

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

2-3676

29 E. 33rd St, TL-51
Time: 30 minutes

I describe the logo on the gas canisters to the attendant on duty, and get a knowing nod. "Yeah, that sounds like one of our canisters. If you bring it back to us you'll get your nickel back." I ask him if he remembers selling any loose gas to anyone suspicious lately, but he tells me they haven't sold any loose gas for at least a week.

2-4012

118 E. 1st St, EV-60
Time: 30 minutes

I find Jausz the freelance janitor sweeping the stoop outside his 1st Avenue apartment. He's smoothing down his thinning white hair absentmindedly as he answers my questions.

"He seemed so young and healthy. I guess you never know, do you?" he frets.

"I don't suppose you know his name?"

"I'm afraid not."

"And you didn't notice anything else unusual on the bus that morning?"

"I can't say that I did, officer."

"Well, thank you for your time anyway."

"Have you talked to his sister yet?"

"Excuse me?"

"Well, after I walked home from the bus, I realized that I recognized the man from the neighborhood. He was renting a room at the back of the tailor shop across the way on Orchard Street. So I went over to tell them what had happened, and ran into his sister. She was pretty broken up about it."

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

2-4242

407 E. 91st St, YV-14
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

2-4243

4-5365 (p.189) contd.

I spend a good chunk of time looking up information on different forms of explosives and how they might be triggered. I find some intriguing information about a new kind of experimental malleable explosive that might not be recognized as explosive material, but you'd need a hand cart to carry enough of it to blow up a room of people. I also find some discussion about new methods of radio detonation, but it doesn't look like it's very practical yet, requiring a large hatbox-sized controller and operating over a 20 to 30-foot range. Much more practical is the use of a trip wire or manual switch to mechanically trigger the explosion. Return to 4-5365 (p.189).

2-4323

Hint for Marker Q1 (p.421) contd.

Maybe it's worth revisiting the places he's stayed in the past and see if he might have tried to sneak back in..

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

2-4559

1850 2nd Ave., 2nd floor duplex
Time: ***60 minutes***

Whoever has been staying in the small studio apartment above 1850 2nd Avenue is living an ascetic lifestyle. There's a small mattress in the center of the floor, made up neatly, and a cluttered table on the south wall with a single chair pulled up under it.

There's a strong smell of chemical solvents in the air, and on the table I notice a small empty box – perhaps only three inches to a side – containing a sheet of greasy wax paper. Also on the table is a mostly full box of .25 caliber ammunition and some loose cartridges of a much larger caliber. I pick up the wax paper sheet to take back with me. There's also an unplugged soldering iron, a roll of insulated wire, various smaller-sized pieces of cut wire, some screws, and a few small random electric parts.

The bathroom is sparse. A small shower and two white towels hanging from a rack. In the medicine cabinet are a bottle of aspirin, a tube of toothpaste, a single toothbrush, and a full bottle of black hair dye.

There's a small reading chair and lamp over by the window. Next to it, on a tall stack of magazines, is a small notebook which is empty but has some pages torn out of it, and a pair of binoculars. I pull back the curtains covering the window and I can see it faces number 1849.

I dump the kitchen trash can out in the backyard and spot a crumbled receipt from the Timeless Trade pawn shop, as well as an empty garment bag with a label from Flawless Finery in the East Village for a Brooks Brothers blue tuxedo, an empty size 13 shoe box from the same shop, and some and some old copies of Life magazine.

Pinned to the wall leading from the kitchen to the back yard are two small notes.

Circle **Document 17** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 17** (Items found at 1850 2nd Avenue), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 374.

2-4834

Canvas area around Yorkville Pier
Time: ***60 minutes***

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

Walking around the pier I spot an odd wooded area filled with debris.

- Go to 6-0330 (p.256)

2-4900

Hint for Document 13 (p.404) contd.

"The guy who drowned at the pier, Jack. From the paper? You aren't curious about that?"

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

2-4954

401 E. 29th St, GD-4
Time: 30 minutes

I describe the logo on the gas canisters to the attendant on duty, and ask if he remembers selling any loose gas to anyone lately.

"Not lately, no. It does sound like it was our logo though. I think they still sell loose gas in our stations uptown."

2-5260

100 Bank St, HY-32
Time: 30 minutes

Police officer Valenzuela is not at home, but his wife tells me he works out of the Hudson Yards precinct.

2-5407

312 E. 93rd St, YV-11
Time: ***60 minutes***

In the small waiting room of Doctor Dan Walch, M.D., specialist in skin ailments and dermatology, I'm told by the secretary that she can't give out any personal client information. But I can tell by her look when I mention a burned hand that my suspects were here.

"Get your doctor out here right now – I don't have time for this."

She protests a bit, but when I raise my voice she becomes concerned about the other patients getting spooked. She gets up from her seat behind the counter and goes to the back to get the doctor, and I can see she's giving him a little rundown of the situation as the two of them emerge.

"I'm sorry," he says, "but it's a matter of client- patient confidentiality. I simply cannot give out personal information about my patients."

To the shock of the secretary and doctor both, I walk around the counter and open the door to the back room where the two of them are standing, then lay my right hand heavily on Walch's chest and speak through gritted teeth.

"Let me explain something to you, Dr. Walch. I've got a dead body and a burned-down building, and that's just the start of it. Now you can tell your little missy here to open up her books and give me the name and address of my guy, or I can tear this fucking office apart and find it myself."

He takes in a short fast breath of air and then looks over at his secretary.

"Ida, let the detective see the patient list." She's still staring at me, so he tries to get her attention. "Ida! Tell him the name of the man who came in with the burned hand."

Ida returns to her counter, and finds the name of the man who came in Tuesday morning with a burned hand: Maximilian Rehm, 1849 2nd Avenue.

I write down the name and address in my notepad. "Thank you. That wasn't so hard now, was it?"

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

2-6862

111 Broadway, FD-43
Time: 30 minutes

Steinway Hall is less than 100 feet from the Bankers Club building, and is of a similar height. I'm told that there will be a large performance and reception on Saturday night, late into the evening. The top two floors of the building are laid out in an open design with the entire east-facing facade unobscured by interior walls or furniture, providing a panoramic view of Broadway. The lower floors of the building are currently unoccupied, and have a clear view of the Bankers Club entrance through their giant floor-to-ceiling windows.

I ask a Ms. Margarite, the woman supervising the venue, if I can see the private rooms with a view of the upper floors of the Bankers Club, but I'm told that there aren't really any private rooms on this side of the building. "It's an open concept design, very modern."

"And what can you tell me about the Regency Diamond?" I ask.

"Isn't it beautiful? You know, they say that 1 out of every 100 women that see it in person will faint dead away."

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

2-7196

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

It's the opinion of the analyst that the shoe heels have been removed and reattached several times.

In addition, three fingerprints were lifted:

2-7677

Flawless Finery Tailor - Day 1
Time: ***90 minutes***

If you have *not* circled **Marker D1** in your case log, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

- otherwise -

At the tailor shop I meet the shop's owner, a tall thin man with a mustache, and learn the name of the man that died on the bus: Stefan Walz.

"He's been renting the room about a year. I don't see him very often because his room has its own entrance around back. I think he's a recent immigrant. From Germany maybe? He always pays the rent on time, and he's a good tenant too, normally very quiet. Though on Friday afternoon as I was closing up, I could hear he had a whole bunch of people over."

"What does he do for a living?" I ask.

"I don't know," says the owner. "Sometimes he asks me about clothing, and how it's cut, and how I like owning a business. Sometimes he helps me unload boxes or stack the shelves when I need someone to hold the ladder. He always seems interested in the shop. He said one day he'd like to own a business of his own in America."

"I heard that a lady came by to see him today, is that right?"

"Yes – his sister came by around 9am, saying that Mr. Walz had been in a minor car accident and had sent her over to get some important papers to bring to the hospital. She and her husband looked around his room all over for them. Practically tore the place apart."

"Can you describe what they looked like?"

"He was well-dressed, with a tie and new shoes. About medium height. Jet-black hair, parted to the side, and clean-shaven."

"And the girl?"

"Hmm… Well, she was young and pretty. With brown hair… brown or dark blond."

"Can you remember if they called each other by name?"

"I don't think so… I don't remember."

"OK, what else can you tell me?"

"Well they were searching the place real seriously – she said she needed to find his insurance papers or something for the hospital. Then the broomsweep across the street came by to tell me about Mr. Walz being hurt. I told him I already knew and that his sister was in the back looking for his insurance papers. We both walked back and he told the sister he was sorry for her loss and asked her what she was looking for. She was so upset she could hardly speak, and she and her husband said they had to leave to go back to the hospital, and then they just left."

"I see. I'd like to have a look around, if you don't mind."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

As we walk down the hallway I pass a bathroom and turn on the light. Toilet, sink, and tiny bathtub. "Who's that?" I ask, pointing to a small tabby cat sitting under the sink next to a bowl of food.

"That's Otto," says the tailor. "Mr. Walz found him in the alley the other day and was taking care of him. I guess I'll have to find someone else who wants him now." I turn off the light and we move on.

The room where Stefan Walz was staying is about 10ft by 15ft. There's a small bed on one wall, and the bedding is all jumbled up. On another wall is a small wooden desk and chair sitting on a navy-blue rug. In the corner is a rolled-up army mat with an olive-colored wool blanket folded neatly on top of it.

There's a calendar taped to the wall, with some writing in the boxes for Nov 29 and Dec 2nd.

On the desk is a Swiss-English dictionary and a pamphlet about becoming an American citizen. They're laid out haphazardly on the desk face, as if someone has already rifled through them before me. I fan them out to see if anything falls out, but nothing does. To the left of the desk is a small trash can with an empty crumpled-up pack of Chesterfield cigarettes, a book of crossword puzzles, and a wilted daisy. I pull out the cigarette packet and look inside it. Nothing. I pick up the daisy and smell it. It doesn't have much of a smell. I fan out and scan through the crossword puzzle book – it looks like it's been finished, but there's nothing out of the ordinary about it. I glance over at the tailor and he forces an uneasy smile. "He was always scribbling in those word puzzle books," he adds.

I lift up the mattress. Nothing underneath. I pull off the blankets and the fitted sheet comes with it. I run my hands around the edge of the mattress and discover a hollowed-out cavity big enough to fit my hand in.

The tailor watches curiously as I pull the mattress away from the wall so I can get a better look. Peering into the hole I can see there's something green squirreled away in there. I reach deep in and fumble around until I put my hands on something, then pull it out. It's an old weathered tennis ball.

The tailor and I both stare at it in disbelief. "Maybe an old Chinese trick for getting a good sleep?" I ask, but he doesn't reply. Then I squeeze the tennis ball and a little slit opens up and reveals itself. Inside I see a small folded piece of paper which I remove. On it are a few sentences, all crossed out except the last:

> I demand $300.. Pay me $200 now... The price is $300...

Various other books and papers are scattered about the room. I collect all the papers into a neat pile and sit down at the desk to go through them. It's all just routine immigration papers and handwritten receipts from rent payments. I turn around in the chair to face the bed and ask the tailor if anything appears to be out of place. He looks around carefully, then replies, "No, I don't think so. Not really."

I think for a minute, then go back to the bin to retrieve the cigarette pack, rip it open and examine it. Still nothing. I toss it back into the bin once more.

"Mr Walz was a smoker, was he?"

"Yes, he was," says the tailor.

I think for a long minute, then look around the room. "There's no ashtray."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I asked him not to smoke in the room. The smell, you know, it drifts back into the shop. He smoked out back, in the alley." He points to the back door off the hallway.

The two of us go out the back door, a single flickering light illuminating the long alley behind the shop. It takes me a minute to spot the glass ashtray sitting on the ground, and the metal pail full of sand sitting next to it. There's a couple of cigarette butts in the ashtray – one with a Chesterfield logo, one that I recognize as being a Lucky Strike, and one that looks hand rolled without any filter at all. But when I dump out the pail I see some strange items: the corner of a burned airmail envelope, and the charred remains of a small folded-up piece of paper with a partial sequence of letters.

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

Circle **Document 8** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 8** (Items found in and around room rented by Stefan Walz), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 364.

2-8014

120 Broadway, FD-28

- If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 6-7472 on p.284.
- Otherwise, if it is **before day 6 (Sat Dec 6)**, go to 1-4151 on p.65.
- Otherwise, if it is **day 6 (Sat Dec 6)**, go to 6-1848 on p.263.

2-8594

Chief Medical Examiner - After Day 3
Time: 30 minutes

"Have you had a chance to examine the bodies of the couple who died on 2nd Avenue yet, H.M.?"

"They were just in pieces, my boy, there's nothing to examine. I **can** confirm that they're dead, if that's what's troubling you, and the remains are consistent with the young married couple that lived there."

"Well, what about the body found at the Yorkville pier?" I ask.

Dr. Michels folds down the sheet covering a corpse on a rolling cart to reveal the body of a short, balding white male, maybe 45-50 years old and approximately 5ft tall. He points to some marks around both sides of his neck. "Strangled," he says.

"Not drowned?"

"Strangled."

"Got an ID?"

"I'm afraid not. He was found fully dressed, but there was nothing in his pockets."

I notice the man is still wearing a watch and it's still running. "Time of death?" I ask.

"Hmm... I'd say somewhere around 4am, give or take 90 minutes. He was probably dumped in the water shortly after he was killed." Then he reaches over to the corpse's mouth and opens the man's lips with his fingers to reveal that his two upper front teeth are gold.

"What do you make of this, my boy?" he asks.

"Interesting," I say.

Circle **Document 13** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 13** (Medical examiner fingerprints from pier victim), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 370.

2-9401

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

The bus driver says he gets off in the Hudson Yards (HY) neighborhood, so try to find somewhere he might be working as a Janitor in that neighborhood.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

2-9418

60 E. End Ave, YV-51
Time: ***60 minutes***

If you have *not* circled **Marker G1** in your case log, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

- otherwise -

The Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage company occupies half the block. On the left is a large stable of fancy horse-drawn black carriages where men in classic suits and top hats carry on the tradition of horse-drawn cabs. On the right is a newer and smaller depot of large yellow taxicab cars. The manager's office is just inside the depot entrance, with floor-to-ceiling windows on three sides. The office wall that doesn't have a window is completely covered in newspaper articles, stock certificates, and letters from celebrities.

I'm introduced to the manager, Peter Harrington Jr, who gives me a hearty handshake. "Can I have a minute of your time?" I ask, and he gestures for me to have a seat.

"I need to speak to a cabbie who was waiting for passengers at the Standard Gas Station on Tuesday morning."

"I can't really give out that information," he says.

"It's important. A man was killed and his store burned down on Tuesday morning. You may have read about it in the paper. Your cabbie may have driven them to the scene."

He looks me in the eyes for a good long time, then finally grabs the large ledger on his desk and I follow his hand as it moves down the page. He gets up from his chair and walks over to the door.

"HEATHCLIFF!" he bellows, and then turns to me with a thin smile.

A few minutes later the three of us are sitting together in the manager's office and Heathcliff, a tall stiff man with precise mannerisms and a slow deliberate voice, is recounting his Tuesday morning client.

"They flagged me down on 94th and 2nd Ave. A couple. Young lady and gentleman. I didn't ask their names, but I think he once called her 'Millicent' or 'Millie'... something like that. They told me to take them down to the East Village. But then as we passed the gas station on 83rd Street, they insisted I pull over and wait for them. They said their car ran out of gas downtown and they were on their way to fill it up. I asked them what they were doing all the way up town if their car was stuck downtown, but they never answered. "

"And where did you end up dropping them off?"

"Delancey and Allen."

"And they didn't ask you to wait for them?"

"No, They just got out and stood on the corner as I drove away."

"OK, thanks for your information, Heathcliff." I say.

As I'm leaving, Mr. Harrington pulls me aside. "Jack – can I call you Jack? I wonder if you could do me a favor. Can you keep an eye out for my missing driver and horse? His name is Marko Eggers."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Is that the name of the driver or the name of the horse?”

“The driver. The horse’s name is Buttercup.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” I say.

2-9835

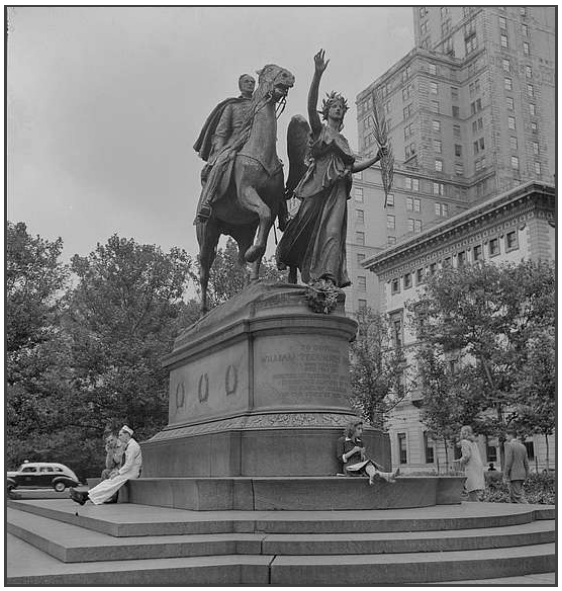
Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"Actually, this is the most fun kind of cipher," he smiles. "You just try to look for frequent letters that might be common vowels, and other patterns like repeated words, or words that you can guess based on the context or circumstances of your case."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

2-9864

Near 2 E. 60th St, CP-83
Time: 30 minutes



The Sherman Monument, erected in 1903, depicts controversial Civil War general William Tecumseh Sherman, who fought for the Union. The life-sized statue shows him riding on horseback, guided by a gilded, winged figure who strides ahead with a raised palm frond.

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

What would Buttercup make of this military horse, who saw more death and destruction than most soldiers, and had a front-row seat to the most brutal turning point in our nation's history? I fear she would not understand. Here, standing in front of me, Sherman looks calm, but his horse does not – it seems to be frozen in a state of perpetual panic.

But then I have a different thought. Maybe Buttercup is more like me – curious about the affairs of man and horse, but from a kind of detached emotional perspective. Or maybe she was just trying to learn a little history.

"Hey, mister."

I feel a tug on my sleeve. It's the little girl with the red beret. "Are you still trying to catch Buttercup?"

I look down at her and think about it for a moment. "Kid, I don't think there is a Buttercup." Then I push my hat back and head out of the park to grab a beer.

3

3-0054

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

A two-man team briefs you on the results of their search of Stefan Walz's room:

- Cotton navy fibers retrieved from rug under desk.
- Olive-green wool fibers retrieved from army bedding.
- White cotton fibers retrieved from main bedding.
- Hairs retrieved from hairbrush in bathroom.
- Hairs retrieved from tabby cat living in bathroom.

Fingerprints in room and bathroom too numerous to collect, but the following were lifted from items on the desk:

3-0112

Hint for Marker Y1 (p.425) contd.

Sometimes this is what police work is all about, following up the leads one hotel room at a time.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-0510

419 E. 93rd St, YV-5
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

3-0586

Hint for Marker A1 (p.407) contd.

The bus driver would know where they would have taken the bus. You can find his name on the police report,

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

3-0864

143 W. 43rd St, TS-88
Time: 30 minutes

When I get to the midtown bus depot I spot my bus right away – it's parked on the corner and still has police tape on the doors. I flash my badge to the manager on duty and make my way to the bus, and then slit the police tape with the flip knife I keep in my back pocket.

I give the driver's seat a quick look-over and then slowly work my way to the back of the bus, looking left and right as I go. The seats are all empty. When I reach the very back of the bus I smooth down my long jacket so it protects my pants and then lie down prone to see if there's anything under any of the seats. There's a brown bowler hat under the driver's side seat three rows from the back, which I retrieve as I head towards the fifth row driver side where my victim should have been sitting. I take a look at the hat – could be from my victim, hard to say. There's a little red feather in the brim.

I slide my hand between the seat cushions and come up with a small white button. Could have been there a year for all I know.

I spend another few minutes looking around the bus for clues and then head out. I'll put the hat and button into evidence when I get back to the station

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

3-0911

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

You might start by checking any janitorial or cleaning company in the neighborhood; if that fails, try searching for other large businesses or structures that might employ one… There are certain kinds of buildings and public places with lots of people in them that make frequent use of janitors.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

3-1322

Late Night on Day 2 (p.28) contd.

"How are you holding up, anyway?" asks Jewel, handing me my coat.

I tell her all about the excitement at the house in Yorkville, and how my life flashed before my eyes.

She reaches over and picks a tiny piece of glass out of my hair.

"Try not to die uptown, Jack. It would be inconvenient for me."

"It would be inconvenient for both of us," I say. Return to Late Night on Day 2 (p.28).

3-1339

239 W. 123rd St, CH-13
Time: 30 minutes

Paolo Hernandez recognizes me from the Bankers Club and welcomes me into his small apartment. He seems somewhat nervous, but perhaps not more than one would expect from someone sitting across from a police detective. I ask him if he can remember anyone unusual coming around the Bankers Club recently, but he says they've been closed to the public for the last week and he can't remember anyone suspicious coming by. I ask him about his job at the Club and he tells me Mr Marler is a good man, and generally quite meticulous. He confirms he wasn't the one who went into the club on Monday night.

3-1598

100 Broadway, FD-44
Time: 30 minutes

The American Surety building is an impressive granite structure, perhaps 150 feet tall, with large windows facing both Broadway and Pine Street. The windows facing Pine Street do look into the Bankers Club building, which is less than 100 feet away, but only into the small corner offices of the Bankers Club that face Pine Street.

3-2120

Hint for Marker E2 (p.414) contd.

"Yeah I already tried that, it didn't help."

Jewel gets an exasperated look on her face. "Well, maybe you should walk around the block where the Bankers Club is, check out nearby buildings... Maybe something will come to you."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-2424

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Stuart Marx is 45 years old, and immigrated from Germany in 1930. He was arrested a handful of times in the 1930s for lewd and immoral behavior, suspicion of homosexual activity, and solicitation of a prostitute. His last arrest was in March 1940 but has been redacted, which suggests some higher-level law enforcement intervention. His fingerprints match those lifted by the Medical Examiner.

Prints are available from NYPD Fingerprint Directory #**8-9104**

3-2790

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Winston James, 52 y.o. black male. Lives in Central Harlem with wife. Native-born American, moved to NYC from Mississippi with parents in 1901. Has a handful of arrests as a juvenile.

Prints are available from NYPD Fingerprint Directory **#7-5563**

3-2896

Hint for Marker H1 (p.419) contd.

At the Ligget's drugstore in Yorkville they tell me the name of a nearby doctor who probably knows my suspect.

- Go to 2-2545 (p.97)

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-3259

Hint for Marker R1 (p.422) contd.

I'm talking to myself now, pacing the hallway back and forth with briar pipe in hand, pointing to imaginary places as I play back my earlier actions…

"I was heading toward the doorway to the 2nd Avenue house. He was sitting on the stoop across the way. Reading the paper, drinking coffee out of a ceramic cup.. I call out, he waves me off.. Then the chase is on…."

Down to the end of the hallway, then turn around, and head back the other way. There's something here, I can almost feel it.

"I head toward the doorway to the 2nd Avenue house. I see him out of the corner of my eye, sitting on the stoop across the way. He's reading the paper. He's drinking coffee out of a ceramic cup."

Wait… What is he doing on the stoop of the house across the way?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-3562

Call for backup to rush the door at 1849 2nd Ave. (contd. from 5-9114 on p.248)
Time: ***2 hours***

I head to a call box on the corner and convince the chief that we don't have time to waste in getting access to the house. Twenty minutes later two squad cars pull up silently with a handful of men in riot gear.

You'd think with a team of heavily armoured and heavily armed policemen, they could afford to take a little more risk when it comes to apprehending folks. But you'd be wrong if you thought that. They line up at the front door and one of them smashes it in with a battering ram, then they're heading up the stairs single file. I wait in the street for them to do their thing.

I hear a single shot from the second floor as the officers reach the top of the stairs, followed by a fusillade of shotgun blasts and small arms fire that seems to go on for minutes, but probably only lasts for a few seconds. The shotguns blow out the 2nd-story windows and the glass comes raining down on me as I step back into the building.

Then all goes quiet and the riot squad comes silently down the stairs single file just like they went up, trailed by a cloud of smoke.

The squad leader walks over to me and explains the situation as if he had to pay for each word: "Two dead in the living room."

I go out to the street to call it in. I'll head back to the station to fill out paperwork and get some rest, and come back in the morning after they clear out the bodies.

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

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

3-3926

887 Saint Nicholas Ave, HH-3
Time: 30 minutes

I find the German consulate on the northern edge of Hamilton Heights. The office is busy and everyone seems somewhat on edge. At first I'm told to have a seat and that someone will be with me shortly, but after an hour of waiting, a young blonde *Fräulein* comes out and tells me that the earliest appointment they can make for me would be late next week.

3-4426

114 Stanton St, EV-64
Time: 30 minutes

- If you have circled **Marker F1** in your case log, go to 7-6087 on p.317.
- Otherwise, go to 5-8411 on p.244.

3-4571

232 E. 83rd St, YV-48
Time: 30 minutes

The old Yorkville Standard Gas station attendant has no trouble remembering the young couple who bought gas early Tuesday morning. He wipes his hands down on this apron as he walks me outside to show me where he keeps the empty canisters.

"Oh yeah, pretty young girl buying a canister of gas, you don't forget that. Never seen her before though. She was with a tough looking guy, with a moustache and oily black hair kinda hanging over his right eye. They bought two gallons of loose gas. I told them we could send a boy to go fill up their car for 25 cents if they let me know where it was stalled out, but they just wanted the gas, and just what they could carry with them. Never brought the canisters back for their nickel neither."

"You didn't happen to see which way they went when they left, did you?"

"Sure I did – they went right over there to the corner of 83rd and 3rd, and got into a waiting taxicab."

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

3-4696

Bowery & Delancey St, BO-37
Time: 30 minutes

"I'm not at liberty to discuss the case," says the duty officer. "Have your chief call my chief."

3-4876

264 Mulberry St, LI-6
Time: 30 minutes

At the Old Saint Patrick's Cathedral on Mulberry street, I learn from a deacon that Mr. and Mrs. Heath, the caretakers, have left town yesterday with Mr. Waffles to visit family in Long Island. He points to a small dog bed in the corner, filled with hats and gloves of various shapes and colors. "Mr. Waffles is quite the collector," he adds conspiratorially.

3-4915

Time: 30 minutes

Miguel Estrada Valenzuela is 25 years old and lives in Hudson Yards with his wife of 6 years. He's a 2nd-generation beat cop, and has no criminal record.

3-4943

141 Reade St, CC-29
Time: 30 minutes

- If it is **on or after day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 4-5490 on p.190, and then return here.
- If you have circled **Document 17** in your case log, go to 7-5552 on p.313, and then return here.
- Otherwise there's no reason for me to be here.

3-4955

511 E. 61st St, LH-68
Time: ***60 minutes***

Pier 8 is bustling with dockerworker activity. Dozens of men packing and unpacking crates, as well as loading and unloading them from ships. There's also a small group of union picketers carrying signs and marching in a circle singing.

I start at the dock manager's office and ask about recent troubles at the pier.

"Hrumph… It's the damn communists and socialists. They'll never be satisfied. Give 'em a dime and they demand a dollar. They're trying to take down the whole damn system, aren't they? These good-for-nothing immigrants, they have no respect for the American way. Not all of 'em, of course… some are alright. But the rest of 'em are lazy. They don't want to work, do they? They just want to join a union and get paid to stand around on break."

I ask about the most recent fight, about anyone sent to the hospital. He smiles. "Wasn't mine that went to the hospital, was it? It was their lot over there."

I head over to the singing picketers, who are pumping their signs up and down. Most of the signs just say things like "UNION STRONG", but there's one that says "The Communist Party is a Friend of the Worker" and another that just says "SOCIALISM NOW." I approach a woman sitting on a giant piece of timber next to a pile of union organizing pamphlets.

"I've heard there's been some fighting and even bombings around here lately. What can you tell me about that?"

She looks me up and down skeptically. "I suppose you'll want to arrest them, will you?"

"I promise you I haven't the slightest interest in arresting them – I'm just trying to figure out what's going on."

"They're at Cornell, up the street."

3-4966

175 Park Row, CT-43
Time: 30 minutes

Technically I may be in Chinatown, but you wouldn't know it from all the Italian faces loitering around the Maranzo Import-Export warehouse. I pass through the loading dock doors and head to the back office, braving a gauntlet of cold stares, even though I'm in plain clothes. Carmine shuts the door behind me and pours us each a tiny glass of Amaro from a tall green bottle. It's a bittersweet liquor that tastes like flowers.

Our conversation is brief. He doesn't know anything about my case or anyone involved in it, and he doesn't see an organized crime angle.

"Well, what about a robbery – have you heard anything about a possible robbery?" I ask.

He freezes, with the glass almost at his lips, and gives me a long serious look.

Then he breaks out laughing.

"Have I heard about a *robbery*?? Ahahahahaha! Jack, all I hear about all day is robberies. Ahahahahahahaahaha!!!!"

Then I start laughing too, and we both finish our glasses.

3-5408

Hint for Marker Z1 (p.426) contd.

I scan the paper – he must be talking about this boarding house thing. Something doesn't seem right about it.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

3-5452

77 Canal St, BO-56
Time: 30 minutes

At the Bowery firehouse I get a lecture from a junior fireman about how, unless it's a city emergency, it doesn't matter which firehouse is closest to a fire – each neighborhood handles its own fires.

3-5502

8-1410 (p.333) contd.

"Sit down, Jack," says Captain Alexander Dobrin, "I've been following your case in the paper."

I brief him on the strange turns of the case and ask his advice.

"Well, I'd say your first order of business would be to go back to the house on 2nd Avenue. And then maybe with your case all over the news, you might want to chase down any unusual newspaper articles."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-5512

Hint for Marker H1 (p.419) contd.

"The cab driver told me where he picked them up, but I lost the trail from there."

"I don't suppose you could knock on every door in the neighborhood and ask folks if they've seen anyone suspicious?" she says sarcastically.

"No, not really, Jewel."

"Well, what else do you have to go on? Any other evidence connect to your suspects?"

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-5594

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

At the Department of Motor Vehicles I head upstairs to the NYPD liaison and hand him a sheet with the license plate Jewel took down. It only takes a few minutes before he comes back with the news. The license plate comes back as one of several dozen diplomatically classified cars. When I ask for more specific information, I'm told that's all they have.

3-6240

434 E. 92nd St, YV-14
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

3-6260

Hint for Document 12 (p.403) contd.

I'm going to have to track down the manager of the Bankers Club and see if he has any information that could be useful to me.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-6354

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

After I talk to the bus driver I should try to speak with anyone on the bus who might have information that's useful to me.. Assuming I can figure out how to track them down.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-6577

1-8786 (p.84) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

I drop by the Department of Motor Vehicles and admire what a well-oiled machine it is. A dozen separate little offices and seating areas for a dozen different processes revolving around car ownership in the city, all humming efficiently.

3-6830

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (7-8022 on p.324) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

- If it's between 6pm and 7pm go to 4-7247 on p.200.
- Otherwise, I walk around the park for a bit but spot nothing interesting.

Advance time **1 hour**.

3-6861

1 Centre St (Municipal Building), CC-38 (apt. 2nd floor)
Time: 30 minutes

At the Municipal Building, I find Betsy Lonn leaning invitingly over her counter, popping bubblegum. "Hiya, Jack," she says, with a big wide smile.

For some reason, Betsy always brings to my mind Veronica Bonner, the Country Law Clerk, over on Chambers Street, though the contrast could not be greater. I can't help but wonder if the two of them, both in their early thirties, ever get together for drinks after work and talk shop.

"Hiya, Betsy. How's life treatin' ya?"

"Can't complain," she smiles, and runs a hand through her curly blond hair. "What can I do for you today, Jack? Come to ask me on a date?"

"Sorry Bets, I'm on a case. I was just passin' through. But I'll take a rain check, OK?"

"OK, Jack, you know where to find me."

3-6984

Stakeout 1849 2nd Ave. (6-0282 on p.255) contd.

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

Now trigger the scheduled end of day event.

3-7401

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Fingerprint analysis of wallet returned 2 usable prints:

3-7707

142 West St, CC-60
Time: 30 minutes

At the Office of Signals Oversight, I find John "Speedy" Bell hammering away on a device that looks like a typewriter, except that it's connected to a giant printer almost as large as he is.

"Heya, Speedy, how goes it?" I ask.

"Hold… [TAP]… that… [TAP]… thought… [TAP]…" he says, seeking out a single key between each word. Then he rolls his metal chair back from the device and looks up at me with a smile. "Good to see you, Jack!" He puts the cigarette that's been dangling from his mouth into an ashtray which is filled with a dozen butts, and loosens his tie. "Look at this damn thing," he says, pointing to the printer. "This is the future, Jack. It's going to be all machines, as far as the eye can see. I can't wait."

"Can you ask that machine to look up some people for me?"

"What? No."

3-7978

Canvas around the tailor shop (5-8194 on p.243) contd.
Time: ***60 minutes***

I spend some time walking around the block where the tailor shop is located, and searching the alley, but don't find anything of interest.

3-8087

Essex St & Delancey St, EV-76
Time: 30 minutes

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

The subway attendant on duty remembers a tall man wearing an olive-colored jacket and a baseball hat, mid-30s, carrying a guitar case, who ran onto the uptown platform late Wednesday evening and hopped on an uptown train.

3-8642

Hint for Marker H1 (p.419) contd.

"You tracked down where they bought the gas cans?"

"Yeah, gas station up in Yorkville, they got into a waiting cab."

"And you talked to the cab driver?"

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

3-8689

Introduction (p.42) - Evening Event for day 5

It's **10pm** on **Friday, December 5th, 1941**, and day #**5** is ending.

The following **11** items must be found before you may move on:

- **Marker C2**
- **Marker D2**
- **Marker E2**
- **Marker F2**
- **Marker G2**
- **Marker Q1**
- **Marker R1**
- **Marker W1**
- **Marker X1**
- **Marker Y1**
- **Document 13**

Record +1 reputation in your case log for each of these items that you have already found, and an additional +11 reputation in your case log if you have already found all **11** items.

If you have not yet found all **11** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **10pm**.

As soon as you have found all **11** items, you must proceed to: Late Night on Day 5 (p.45).

3-8980

House at 1849 2nd Ave. - After Day 3 (contd. from 7-6229 on p.319)
Time: ***60 minutes***

I decide to pay another visit to the house on 2nd Avenue to see if maybe there wasn't something I might have overlooked – perhaps some debris that might have gotten blown into the street.

I flip open the knife I carry in my back pocket to cut the tape across the door, when I suddenly get the feeling I'm being watched.

I don't stop walking towards the house, but I look behind me and notice the man sitting on the stoop across 2nd Avenue, in front of number 1850. He's reading a newspaper and drinking coffee out of a ceramic cup. I recognize him as the same man I saw watching the kids play stickball on Tuesday, only now I notice he's tall and muscular, looks to be in his mid-30s, and has blond hair peeking out of his baseball cap.

I fold the knife closed but palm it in my right hand as I turn around to face him.

"Excuse me, buddy," I call out, trying to keep my voice friendly, "did you happen to know the people who were staying in this house?"

He looks up at me, angular face, crooked hand-rolled cigarette in his mouth, and waves his hand back and forth as if to say "I know nothing".

I smile and keep heading towards him, keeping a steady pace, and I'm off the curb and into the street when he tosses his coffee and bolts across 96th street at full speed, his mug shattering as it hits the pavement.

He's fast and he's in good shape – better shape than me. He increases his lead and makes it to 99th and 2nd Ave., and then takes a left and I lose sight of him. When I round 99th street I hear the crack and feel something hot cut into my lower lip. I try to stop my momentum but I end up just tumbling forward into the street. At first I think I'm shot and put my hand on my mouth expecting the worst, then I realize it's just a piece of brick shrapnel from a ricochet.

Ahead I see him dash across 99th Street and head towards 3rd Avenue, and I manage to get back on my feet and give chase. I'm determined not to lose him. He glances back at me briefly, and I get a better look at his sharp, angular, face, emotionless and cold. He turns right onto 3rd Avenue, picks up speed, and without skipping a beat shoves an old lady waiting at the crosswalk into a passing car. There's a loud bang, a horn, a screech of wheels, and a sickening sound of sticks breaking, as the lady is tossed over the roof of the car. Then the car swerves, jumps the sidewalk and runs through a storefront window. Christ, who is this fucking guy?

I slow down to a jog and make my way over to the crashed car to see if I can help.

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

3-9430

12 Wall St, FD-44
Time: 30 minutes

The building does not have windows facing the Bankers Club.

3-9524

1601 3rd Ave, YV-15
Time: 30 minutes

At the bar I ask around hoping to find someone who has seen one of my persons of interest, but don't get any information I can act on.

3-9785

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Two fingerprints have been found on the note found at the pier:

3-9839

6-5810 (p.278) contd.

I spend some time researching property records for Flawless Finery Tailor. The owner is Almid Torianetti, a 34-year-old Italian immigrant who has been in the country for 11 years. He lives in Little Italy and has no criminal record, other than a charge of disorderly conduct from his first year in the city for fighting in the street. Return to 6-5810 (p.278).

4

4-0133

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

In the basement of 245 Greenwich Street in the Civic Center, the Chief Medical Examiner, Heinrich Michels, is talking in dire tones with an assistant in a white lab coat. Next to them on the lab desk are two cages, with a mouse in each: one dead, and one alive. He swivels on his chair to face me and holds up the tiny vial, marveling at it.

"Well, my boy, it's a sure match for the poison that killed Stefan Walz. It's clear, has no odor, and we can't find any known poison that matches it. There was also some sticky rubbery residue on the outside of it. Oh, and one more thing – we lifted two good prints from the vial."

4-1055

Near 42 South St, FD-76
Time: 30 minutes

I walk around Pier 11 and Wall Street Ferry Landing, but don't see anything unusual – just the normal assortment of random boats and ferries.

4-1129

7 E. 7th St, EV-37
Time: 30 minutes

I ask if they know my guy with the broom, but they give me a familiar answer – it's a union shop, they wouldn't just hire a random floor sweeper.

4-1482

Flawless Finery Tailor - Day 2
Time: ***60 minutes***

There are flames leaping out the windows of the tailor shop on Orchard Street where Stefan Walz rented a room, and the street outside is a scene of chaos. Two firemen are wrestling a hose, pouring water through the holes where the two large front windows used to be. A handful of firemen carry pails of water through the alley to the back entrance. Dark black smoke pours out of the building and up into the sky.

The smell of burning fabric and chemicals fills my nostrils and burns my throat, so I step back across the street.

I take a moment to scan the crowd for anyone that looks out of place – anyone that looks too excited, or not excited enough. No one jumps out at me. Then I spot the owner across the street, sitting on the curb looking like his life is over. I walk over and have a seat next to him.

"What happened?" I ask.

"I don't know… I heard the sirens and came running over from my apartment. It's been like this for 20 minutes. They can't seem to put out the fire. I tried to get in the back but there's too much smoke."

"You have insurance?"

"Insurance?! Who can afford insurance. I can barely keep the lights on."

We both watch the black smoke billowing out of the windows for a bit, then he says what's on both of our minds. "You don't think this had anything to do with my Mr. Walz, do you?"

"That's a *very* good question," I say. Then I give him a pat on the back as I stand up, as if to say "hang in there, buddy, it's going be alright". Of course he and I both know it's not going to be alright, is it? His dreams of the American life are going up in smoke right along with his Italian linen.

I see the East Village fire captain on horseback, directing his men to start dousing the neighboring storefronts with water. I guess they've given up on saving the tailor's shop, and now it's just about stopping the flames from spreading. I walk slowly over and catch him when he takes a breath.

"Captain, I'm Detective Jack Deverell, from Robbery-Homicide. You got a minute?"

"Not really, Detective. We've got a fire going on here, in case you haven't noticed."

"Yeah, I see that. Flames and everything."

He looks me up and down slowly. He's one of those old-school Irish firemen who doesn't understand sarcasm. "What's the NYPD have to do with this?" he asks.

"Well, a guy I'm investigating rents a room at the back of this shop."

"His room's gone now, detective. Along with the rest of the block if we can't get it under control."

"Any idea what started the fire?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“I’ll know more when they put the fire out and I can get inside. Come see me at the firehouse after 2pm and I’ll let you know what I find.”

I look at the pitch-black smoke billowing out of the broken windows at the front of the shop and from the back alley, and a crazy thought occurs to me. I’m not sure I’d survive it, but if I do want to get in there before the entire place is burned to ashes, I’ll have to go now.

You must decide now. If you wish to rush into the burning building, go to 8-8789 (p.347) (or else leave).

4-1812

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (7-8022 on p.324) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

I take a leisurely walk around the park and clear my mind. I keep my eye open for anyone suspicious, but leave after a few minutes.

4-2633

6-5810 (p.278) contd.

The duplex at 1849 2nd Avenue is owned by the Manhattan Realty Corporation, which owns rental apartments all over the city. Return to 6-5810 (p.278).

4-2668

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"An experienced person could memorize an arbitrary substitution cipher without writing down the key, but it would take some effort. Without the key the best we can do is just try to recover the mapping between letters through deduction, which shouldn't be too difficult."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

4-3550

525 E. 68th St, LH-43
Time: 30 minutes

At the Cornell Medical Center I find two union men who were pretty badly beaten up during a scuffle at Pier 8 between dockworkers and management men. The fight occurred on Sunday morning, but the two men are unable, or unwilling, to give me a description of the men that beat them up.

"And what do you know about the explosives that went off by the Pier?" I ask.

"No comment."

4-3783

5-1254 (7-1086 on p.300) contd.

"What about this?" I ask, showing him the encrypted note found at the 2nd Street house.

He squints at it, then asks me where I found it.

"Hidden under a drawer in the house that exploded in Yorkville."

"Well, I could have my guys in Codes and Ciphers take a look at it if you want... Doesn't look too hard."

I tell him I'll try to figure it out myself, but reach out if I get stuck. Return to 7-1086 (p.300).

4-3923

Chief Medical Examiner - Day 1
Time: ***60 minutes***

Downstairs in the cold basement of the Medical Examiner's office, the smell of antiseptic and iron thick in the air, I find Dr. Heinrich Michels. He's sitting alone at his desk, facing away from me, a half-eaten sandwich resting precariously on the edge of the desk. He's humming vigorously as he reads off a blue sheet of paper, darting his pen in wide arcs along with the tune, and occasionally touching it down to scribble a word or two on the margin.

"H.M.? You got a minute?" He doesn't turn around to look at me, but reaches his hand back and motions for me to sit down on the chair next to his desk. His humming seems to reach a crescendo as I sit down at the desk and wait for him to finish what he's doing. When he does, he slams the pen down on the table, picks up his sandwich, and leans back. "Do you know Vagner, Mr. Deverell?"

"Is that the dead guy?" I ask, pointing to the body lying on the table a few feet away.

"No no... Never mind... What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I'm here about the heart attack on the bus this morning."

"Is that right?"

"I understand you think it looks a little fishy."

He takes a quick glance down at the sandwich in his hand, then puts it down on its wrapper and brushes the crumbs off his shirt. He stands and heads over to the body. "Come here, my boy, have a look at this."

I join him on the opposite side of the naked cadaver. It's a white male who appears to be in his late thirties, thin graying hair, a little pudgy. The top of his chest has been cut open and his rib cage has been pulled apart, exposing an empty cavity. My mind goes blank as I stare at the body.

"Look here," he says, and points to the area on the man's side, about halfway between his waist and his armpit. I come over to his side of the body and look. It's a deep purple mark – a bruise presumably, about 2 inches in diameter, with a black spot in the middle and a purple trail heading slightly up towards his armpit.

"What is it?" I ask.

"I'm not certain yet. I'd say it's from this morning, certainly no older than that. A puncture wound, no doubt. Very odd... I'm not sure what could have caused it."

"Could it be from the hospital when they brought him in? A needle or something?"

"No, an injection wouldn't do that unless something was horribly wrong with the nurse. It's also a little large for a normal injection, and it's not a likely injection site. Besides that, they didn't bring him to the hospital, my boy, they brought him straight here."

"A sharp piece of metal maybe – like an ice pick?"

"Hmm..." He considers. "I don't think so. The hole is too small, you see? And there would be more blood."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Huh,” I say, and we both stare at the wound for a long moment in silence.

Finally I break the silence. “What else can you tell me?”

“Well, he certainly seems to have had a severe heart attack. His heart wasn’t enlarged but there was some discoloration, and a tear in two of the arteries. Pretty severe damage. I would think he would have gone quickly once it happened. I’ll know more after I examine the heart muscle in more detail.”

“And his possessions?”

Michels consults the paper on his desk. “The only item he had on him was a wallet, which is over there on the counter with his clothing. The wallet was empty except for two five-dollar bills.”

I walk over to the counter and open up the brown wallet carefully, holding it by the edges. The leather still has some shine to it, and I tilt it in the fluorescent light to see if I can find any fingerprints. Nothing obvious jumps out at me, but you never know. I can’t find anything other than the cash.

Then I move on to the guy’s clothing. I check the button-down shirt for missing buttons, but they’re all there. The pants look to be in good shape – not expensive, but well cared for. I check the pockets but they’re empty. The back left pocket is unbuttoned and the back right pocket is missing its little white button.

The two of us return to have another look at the purple bruise. “So what do you think, doc, heart attack or foul play?”

“Oh he had a heart attack, I’m fairly certain of that. I just don’t like this little rätse…” He strains for the word, pointing at the bruise: “…um… puzzle.”

“Yeah I know what you mean, doc. You and me both.”

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

4-4201

Hint for Marker R1 (p.422) contd.

Head back out and check out the apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue in Yorkville, the house across the street from the bombed out house.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

4-4389

8-1410 (p.333) contd.

I sit down with my old captain and bring him up to speed on my case so far.

"I'm feeling a little rusty these days. I can't help but feel like I'm missing something," I say.

"You're a big-shot homicide cop, Jack. You don't need my help on something like this, just work the case. You're overthinking it. You've got a guy who keeled over in front of a bus full of witnesses. It's a shoe-leather thing – track down the witnesses and ID your victim, simple as that."

"Yeah, maybe you're right," I say, and thank him for his time. I can't help but feel like I've come across as a bit of a rookie in his eyes.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

4-4588

Hint for Marker G1 (p.417) contd.

I can't be sure where the gas containers are from, but most people don't have gallons of gasoline in their pantries.. Now I need to figure out where they got it from..

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

4-5096

CP-71
Time: 30 minutes

The life-size bronze statue of William Shakespeare looks down on me judgmentally, as if to say: "What have you created?"

"If you're here looking for Buttercup, you missed her," says the black man sweeping up around the statue, without looking up. "Oh yep, she was here. Looked right up at him, just like you're doing right now. Had the same sad look on her face too."

"You didn't happen to see which way she headed off, did you?" I ask.

"Hrm.. Well I reckon that's between horse and driver, it ain't got nothing to do with me."

Fair enough, I think to myself.

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

4-5365

476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. 7th fl. north)
Time: 30 minutes

If you have circled **Marker C2** in your case log, go to 7-5846 on p.316, and then return here.

If it is **on or after day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 2-4243 on p.104, and then return here.

4-5490

3-4943 (p.146) contd.

I sit down with the head of the NYPD bomb squad, a small stocky dark-skinned man in overalls.

"Gelignite," he says.

"Come again?"

"It's a kind of putty. They had rigged it up in a couple of places. They called us in after the first explosion, and we found a couple small devices downstairs that they hadn't finished assembling yet. The one upstairs was the big one. Took out most of the second floor."

"And where would someone get this Gelatin stuff?"

"Gelignite. Well, you can't just go buy it. It's military. I suppose if you were a skilled enough chemist you could try to make it yourself, but it wouldn't be easy." Return to 3-4943 (p.146).

4-5557

47 E. 1st St, BO-18
Time: 30 minutes

"Did you catch those scoundrels?" asks Mrs. Lilli Lenderink as she opens the door just wide enough to get a look at me.

"Excuse me?" I say

"Those two no-goodniks on the bus who scared that poor old man to death."

I pull out my notepad. "Do you mind if I come in for a minute? I'd like to ask you a few questions about that."

The elderly lady shows me to the kitchen table and pours me a cup of tea, dropping in two cubes of sugar without asking.

"What do you remember about the bus ride this morning?"

"Oh I remember everything – I'm 70 years old. but my memory is as sharp as ever. Almost every morning at 8am, I take the bus across town to visit my sister-in-law. I was sitting near the front, minding my own business, when I noticed the young lady across the way from me get up while the bus was moving. Now that's against the law, isn't it?"

"Well... I suppose it is, in a way."

"Yes, well she got up while the bus was moving, which you shouldn't do, and walked towards the back like she was planning to get off, and then the bus hit a big bump and she sat right down again, right next to that poor old man – she practically fell on him."

"I see. And you didn't happen to recognize the man, did you?"

"Which man?"

"The man who had the heart attack on the bus, whom she fell into."

"Never seen him before in my life."

"But he was on the bus already by the time you got on?"

"Yes, I believe so, otherwise I would have noticed when he got on."

"OK, what else do you remember?"

"Well, that old janitor was on the bus too, you might want to have a word with him.. Carries his broom with him everywhere. I don't know where he lives now but he used to live in Hudson Yards on Christopher street."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. If you let me continue. There was this snooty old rich couple that got on with a little jack terrier. And sat right in front of me, with the dog right on their laps. It's against the law to bring a dog on the bus now, isn't it?"

"In a way, I suppose it is."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

“Anyway, that’s when I looked back and saw that the pretty young lady was getting all friendly with that man at the back. I don’t think his heart could take it, if you know what I mean. But it’s none of my business so I went back to my knitting. Then I think we passed Broadway and I started hearing some commotion in the back, near where that poor man was sitting, and people were pointing at him and shaking him and yelling to the bus driver to stop.”

“And did you notice if that young lady was still sitting next to him?”

“Well, that’s the odd thing, you see. Because she was already by the back door, trying to get off the bus before it had even stopped. There was a young man with her too. He was holding her arm or pushing her in front of him or trying to grab her purse or something. They were out the door as soon as the bus pulled over. And they didn’t even go to get help – I had to go find a police officer myself.”

“That’s very interesting… Can you describe what they looked like?”

“She was young and pretty. With brown hair tied in the back, and wearing a black dress with a big white collar, and she had a big black purse. He was about the same age – maybe 26 or 27? With black hair parted to the side.”

“Anything else out of the ordinary you can think of?”

“Well.. When I got back from fetching the police officer, my scarf was gone. You know, it used to be safe on the bus when I was growing up.”

“I know what you mean,” I say.

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

4-6025

Introduction (p.42) contd.

The chief tosses something on my desk.

"Your search warrant for 1850 2nd Ave (2-4559 (p.106)) has been approved."

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

Return to Introduction (p.42).

4-6350

4-8111 (6-0741 on p.258) contd.

Normally I'd wait for a warrant, but my patience has run out and my adrenaline is too high. I spend an agonizingly long minute waiting for Mr. Froehlich to go back into his apartment downstairs, but he isn't in any hurry. When he finally does, I shoulder open the door with a loud crack. Before I have a chance to go in I see Froehlich quickly stick his head out of his downstairs door and give me an angry look.

"It's an emergency," I yell down to him as I draw my pistol and enter the apartment, which turns out to be unoccupied.

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

- Go to 2-4559 (p.106)

4-6503

Jimmy the door at 1849 2nd Ave. (contd. from 5-9114 on p.248)
Time: ***90 minutes***

Of course it's not strictly legal, but I have a kind of sliding scale for rules, and once I've got a dead body I don't sweat the small stuff. No one is going to lose sleep over a jimmied door. I can see there's no deadbolt, so I retrieve the thin metal bar from my flashlight pouch and slip it between the door jamb and the door knob and push. The door rocks away from the frame far enough that I can push it open without any sound other than slight creaking of the wood.

Then the metal bar goes back into the pouch and I unlatch my holster. The real problem with breaking and entering is that it increases the likelihood you're going to get shot by a surprised homeowner.

I approach the stairs as quietly as I can, and I can hear a faint conversation from upstairs. I plant myself at the bottom to listen, only I can't quite make out what they are saying. It's a young man and a woman, I can hear that – and the voices are full of stress.

I hear the woman's voice say something like "burn it all" or "you burned it all." Then the man's voice asks a question – "where will he stay?" or "where is he staying?" or possibly even "where are *we* staying?"

I gingerly take a step up the stairs to try to hear a little better, but there's a loud creak from where I step. I stop dead in my tracks and freeze. Then I notice that the talking has stopped too. Fuck. I hold my breath. Then there's running across the floorboards upstairs, then "BLAM!" – a bullet hits the stair in front of me and kicks up splinters. Another hits a picture frame on the staircase wall, and I feel small glass shards strike the side of my face as I turn away.

I back off the stairs and step out of the line of fire and draw my gun.

"NYPD Police!" I shout. "POLICE DEPARTMENT! Come out with your hands up!"

A flurry of shots down the stairs, and then they're shouting at each other but I can't make out what they're saying. "Put down your gun, we're coming up" I shout. Of course I have no intention of heading up the stairs, and I'm all alone, but they don't know that.

I hear some panicked words exchanged, and then nothing. After what seems like an eternity but is probably closer to 30 seconds, there's a single shot, from what feels like far away, followed by another a few seconds later. Then silence.

I can guess what's happened, but I wait a few minutes before heading upstairs.

He's got a bullet wound to the left temple, and she's laid out next to him with the gun by her brown hair and her jaw blown off. She might have been pretty once, but not anymore. I kick the gun away from her out of habit and head out to the street to call it in. After that I'll head back to the station to fill out paperwork and get some rest, then come back in the morning after they clear out the bodies.

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

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

4-6542

801 8th Ave, HK-37
Time: 30 minutes

The proprietor of Philco Radio Parts seems more sad than angry about the break-in.

“Hell, if he had just come in and asked to borrow a soldering iron, I would have let him use the workshop. I’m looking for an apprentice myself.”

“What exactly did he take?” I ask.

He turns around and gestures with both hands towards two large tables covered with an uncountable variety of electric and radio parts. “Who can be sure… A condenser microphone or two, some spools of wire, an expensive soldering iron, some vacuum tubes… and God knows what else.”

4-6547

82 Ave B, EV-52
Time: 30 minutes

The doctor has never heard of Stefan Walz and doesn't have a patient matching his description.

4-7076

6-8219 (p.286) contd.

There's an exceedingly long minute before I hear the door buzz open and I walk in. The scene is somewhat unexpected. The lobby of the building is elegantly furnished, with a gold leaf coffee table and two gold-painted claw-foot chairs with plush red velvet cushions. Gold-painted wainscotting surrounds what is probably only a 15x15 foot square room.

There's something about the place that reminds me of a jewelry shop. There's no glass counters full of expensive jewelry, but there is a desk on the far wall where a simply-dressed middle-aged woman with a small red rose lapel pin sits in front of a typewriter. The only other thing on the desk is a tall gold vase, holding an ostentatious fake flower arrangement full of exotic silk tulips and feathers of every color. Behind her is a simple gold -painted door.

I walk up to the lady at the desk. "Interesting color scheme you got going on here," I say.

She doesn't say hello or extend her hand, but just smiles up at me and clasps her hands together, waiting for me to get on with it.

"I'm Detective Jack Deverell. I'm looking for a Mr. Charles Oglevee." Then I add, "He's expecting me," which is just one of those little tricks I picked up from my father.

"Have a seat," she says, and motions to one of the claw-foot chairs – the one furthest from her.

I sit down as she picks up a phone from someplace I can't see and begins talking with someone in a quiet voice. I can't make out the entirety of the conversation, but it goes back and forth for 30 seconds and then she says "very good" into the phone.

She hangs up the phone and turns to face me. "He's not in," she says, catching me off guard.

"He's not - sorry, did you say he's *not* in?"

"Yes, but he said that if you come back tomorrow at 3pm, he'll see you then."

Record the following (*optional*) event in your schedule:

- **What**: Meeting with Charles Oglevee
- **When**: Tomorrow
- **Time**: 3:00pm
- **Where**: 8-2102 (p.335)
- **Mandatory**: No.

Note that this is **not** a mandatory event, so you are **not** required to visit this lead.

4-7247

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (3-6830 on p.158) contd.
Time: ***60 minutes***

I arrive at the park in plainclothes and wearing the bus victim's hat on my head, with the red feather prominently displayed, pretending to read the paper. A little while later I spot a tall man with a cane and hat enter the far side of the park. He's walking oddly enough to catch my attention, though in the fading light I can't make out any details at this distance.

I watch him as he heads further into the park, gazing around as he does. There's a brief instant where I think he notices me, but I'm not sure. After a bit he kneels down to tie his shoe, and suddenly I hear a commotion to my left, as a young girl is shoved to the ground screaming and a young boy begins to run off with her purse. I'm off the bench and a few feet towards the boy before I catch myself.

When I turn back to where the man with the cane was, he's gone, and I can't see him anywhere. The young girl has brushed herself off and is being helped out of the park by some civilians.

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

4-7250

23 W. 10th St, GV-25
Time: 30 minutes

No one at the Marshall Chess club knows Stefan Walz or Erol Gleave.

4-7384

245 Greenwich St, CC-54

If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)** Go to 4-3923 (p.183)

If it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)** Go to 7-5122 (p.312)

If it is **day 3 (Wed Dec 3)** Go to 6-0216 (p.254)

If it is **on or after day 4 (Thu Dec 4)** Go to 2-8594 (p.118)

4-7524

Hint for Marker C2 (p.410) contd.

There's a story in Monday that's worth checking out.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

4-7664

134 Orchard St, EV-75
Time: 30 minutes

I ask if they know my guy with the broom, but they give me a familiar answer – it's a union shop, they wouldn't just hire a random floor sweeper.

4-7702

2-1267 (p.93) contd.

"Did you see the letter we got about the bombing? Kinda strange, if you ask me. But it's definitely caused some excitement in the newsroom. They'll all say how terrible it is to have some crazed terrorist organization threatening to bomb out schools and bridges, but you have to know deep down they can't help but be excited about the idea."

"What do you think, Charlie? Is it just another hoax?"

"You're the police, you tell me. Your commissioner sure seems to think it's serious – I heard he just detailed a half-dozen officers to guard the Brooklyn Bridge." Return to 2-1267 (p.93).

4-7710

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Jewel comes into my office and lays a sheet of paper on my desk. At the top left it says **Background check on Charles Oglevee**. The rest of the page is blank except for a single line in the center of the page that says "Held by State Department."

I flip the page over to make sure there's nothing on the back.

"What the hell is this?" I say, holding the paper up to Jewel.

She shrugs her shoulders. "That's what they sent over."

"Is this a joke? Can you call Sinclair and find out what's going on?"

"I already tried that. His office told me he had a busy schedule and would try to get back to me next week."

"Oh, good grief. Call him back now and let them know I'm on my way down."

Circle **Marker O1** in your case log.

4-7981

476 5th Ave, TL-6 (apt. 7th fl. east)
Time: 30 minutes

If you have circled **Marker B2** in your case log, go to 5-6352 on p.242, and then return here.

4-7986

Hint for Marker X1 (p.424) contd.

I can't help but feel like I haven't tried hard enough to locate witnesses on the night the guy at the dock supposedly drowned.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

4-8111

1850 2nd Ave, YV-2 (apt. upper)
Time: 30 minutes

- If you have circled **Marker U1** in your case log, go to 2-4559 (p.106).
- Otherwise, if you have circled **Marker Q1** in your case log, go to 6-0741 on p.258.
- Otherwise, there's no answer to my knocking.

4-8375

Knock on the door at 1849 2nd Ave. (contd. from 5-9114 on p.248)
Time: ***2 hours***

I have a good view of the inside of the ground floor and the stairs going to the 2nd floor, so I'm not too concerned for my safety. I knock loudly on the door. No answer. A long pair of legs starts down the stairs, seems to catch a glimpse of me before I can see her face, and quickly turns around and runs back upstairs. I hear a commotion – yelling and running across the wooden floor. I knock even more loudly on the door.

"NYPD, come down and open the door!"

More running and shouting. I knock again, then step back to look for activity in the 2nd floor window. A young man with black hair has pulled back the curtain and is looking down at me.

"Come down and open the door!" I yell out. The curtain closes. I wait a few more seconds then I've had enough, and I knock out the glass of the front door window with my baton and reach in and unlock the door.

I unlatch my revolver from the holster and put my hand on it, leaving it in the holster as I make my way to the stairs and start up.

And then something happens. There's a wave of pressure slamming me backwards down the stairs and through the front door frame. Then there's the sound of the explosion so impossibly loud that I can't wrap my head around it – it's enormous for a fraction of a second and then the world is entirely silent. The next thing I know, I'm on my back and all I can feel is the blood in my eardrums pulsing. I look down and see the gun in my right hand, though I can't quite move my arm. I raise my left hand to my eyes – fingers all still there. I check my face – my hand comes away with a few drops of blood but nothing major. I look up to the staircase to make sure no one's coming down after me, but then I realize the blast came from upstairs and it's unlikely anything survived the blast up there.

Then my eyes roll back in my head and I pass out.

The responding officers give me a little water and sit me up. After a little bit they help me up and escort me back to my precinct office.

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

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

4-8789

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"Well, based on the circumstances of your case, I looked for some words I expected to find, and got a hit on 'December' and 'Grand Central' (since that was written on the calendar). From there the rest was easy."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

4-9002

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (7-8022 on p.324) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

I pace around the park, unable to clear my thoughts, then sit down on the bench and close my eyes. A minute later I'm startled awake with the impression that a horse is nipping at my shoe. I look down – just a pigeon.

4-9738

Hint for Document 13 (p.404) contd.

"Yeah but I already looked at the dead body on Monday." I say, wounded.

"Jack, you got a whole bunch of dead bodies, now."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5

5-0331

Hint for Marker C1 (p.409) contd.

The bus driver mentioned a miss 'Lilly'. Could be a first name or a last name, and if he only knows her by name he may not know the correct spelling. But he also told me where she boards the bus, so I might try to identify someone with a similar name in that neighborhood, or even living in a nearby block.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-0407

5-1254 (p.220) contd.

I'm told that George Sinclair is not in his office, but the rest of the building seems as busy as an ant colony.

5-0886

1938 2nd Ave, SH-83
Time: 30 minutes

There's hardly any sign that the Subterranean bar exists… just a small plaque that says "The SUBTERRANEAN" on a brick wall, and some dark steps leading downwards. The bar is open but empty when I get there, and the lone bartender doesn't seem happy to see me. I describe the gold-toothed man to him, and he admits that he's been a regular for the last couple of weeks.

"He wasn't very popular… He kind of gave off an air of desperation, if you know what I mean." I told him I thought I did. "But a couple of nights ago… Wednesday night, I think… there was a very handsome foreign man who took quite a liking to him. They were drinking together all night, and I got the impression they went home together."

5-0893

430 E. 92nd St, YV-14
Time: 30 minutes

The middle-aged black lady who runs the Yorkville Flower Shop puts down the red roses she's pruning to try to remember what she may have seen early Thursday morning.

"You know, now that you mention it, there was a funny-looking fellow who was pacing up and down East River Drive. It was about 5:45am, or maybe a tiny bit after? Didn't seem in a hurry. I couldn't really say what he looked like. White fella. Older. Hat. Fairly tall. Swinging a fancy-looking cane."

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

5-1108

Late Night on Day 4 (p.39) contd.

The chief disappears back to his office for a few minutes but then comes storming back in.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You just kicked in a door. On what grounds? You didn't even call it in. What the hell are you thinking? You want to lose your badge?"

"I was shot at, and the guy who shot at me had come from that apartment – for all I knew he was back in there, or was holding someone in there."

"Give me a break. The guy downstairs – Froelich? He wants to file a complaint against you; says you were trying to get in there without him seeing you do it."

"Well..." I say, and raise my eyebrows, as if to say "come on chief, let's be real."

"God damn it," he says, and storms out.

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

Return to Late Night on Day 4 (p.39).

5-1254

641 Washington St, HY-50
Time: 30 minutes

- If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 5-0407 on p.216.
- Otherwise, go to 7-1086 on p.300.

5-2314

8-1410 (p.333) contd.

Captain Dobrin seems like he's been expecting me. He's eating a donut and his bushy moustache is filled with crumbs. I used to roll my eyes, but now I find it kind of charming.

"So," he says, "what's the latest?"

I fill him in on the bad feeling I'm starting to get about my case – how it seems like there might be bigger forces at work that I don't quite understand.

He gives me his advice: "It seems to me you've found yourself hunting down a wild animal, and not one to be taken lightly. Feels like he or she or they are leaving a trail of bodies in their wake. Maybe you follow the bodies, you find the animal."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-2521

988 1st Ave, TB-29
Time: ***60 minutes***

I find Gregory Marler at home with his wife and son in an elegant but small brownstone in Turtle Bay.

He fills me in on the supposed robbery. Apparently when he got in on Tuesday morning, he didn't even notice anything out of place. But then a friend of his who owns the diner across the street, a Mr. Davis, stopped in to tell him that he noticed someone entering the club building after midnight. He thought it was odd at the time, though I guess not odd enough to call the police.

"I told him it was impossible, that no one works that late at the club, and that I had been at home all evening. That's when I checked through the office and noticed the money missing from the petty cash box."

"But they didn't take *all* the money, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right. There was probably a hundred dollars in there, and they took less than half."

"Could you be mistaken about the missing money? Maybe you forgot you took some out at some point? Or maybe someone else in the office used it for something?"

"I suppose it's possible," he says, "but I highly doubt it."

"And what are the chances that the person who was seen entering the building on Monday night was someone who works in the club, maybe someone with a spare key who knows about the petty cash box?"

"Mr. Davis said it didn't look like anyone who works at the club, and the only other person with a key is Mr. Hernandez, whom you already met. He's worked the lobby desk for the last 10 years. He's absolutely above reproach."

He confirms that nothing else seemed to be missing, other than possibly a small silver medallion of Saint Mathew that he couldn't find, which he thinks was in his top desk drawer. There *were* some valuable items in the office that were untouched, most notably a set of three gold coins framed on the wall above his desk.

I ask him to recount his actions on the night before the break-in, and whether he thinks anyone could have been looking for sensitive documents.

"It's just a social club," he says. "It's not like we have any sensitive financial documents on site. This entire week, all we've been doing is planning for the big dinner. I've been making calls from home for the most part, but I came in Tuesday morning to do a final check of the new security plan. The Secret Service has been making us jump through all kinds of hoops. Of course I can't completely rule out the possibility that some documents were stolen, because I haven't had time to do a comprehensive search of the entire building yet."

"I'm sure it's just local kids looking for easy money," he continues, "but to be safe, we're having the front doors replaced and we're putting in police locks. We've also hired an armed guard for the lobby. And of course there will be a **lot** of security on Saturday night."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I ask if he has a copy of the security plan he could share with me. “I’m sorry, no. I’ve been told not to share it with anyone. But, uh…” He thinks for a second. “I could give you this – it’s the letter from the Secret Service and the response I was working on the night before the break-in.”

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to get back to making phone calls,” he says, waving a list at me. “It’s a big event and I have a lot of guests to confirm.”

Circle **Document 12** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 12** (Reply from Bankers Club to Secret Service (2 pages)), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 368.

5-2542

158 Christopher St, HY-50
Time: 30 minutes

At Hudson Yards High School the custodian on duty knows exactly who I'm talking about.

"That's Janusz – Janusz Nawrot. He's normally in by now, but he never showed up this morning. He's sort of a freelance janitor. I hope nothing's happened to him."

A freelance janitor – that's a new one on me.

5-2786

Late Night on Day 2 (p.28) contd.

"It never ceases to amaze me how you manage to find trouble, Jack."

"It's not like I go looking for it," I say.

"Jack, all you do is look for trouble."

"Well, it's New York City, Jewel. It's all trouble." Return to Late Night on Day 2 (p.28).

5-2980

Hint for Document 14 (p.405) contd.

I think I better head back out to the pier and see if I can dig up any evidence.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-3552

Hint for Marker F1 (p.415) contd.

I could always try canvasing the block around the tailor shop, looking for witnesses and clues. It's a time consuming job but sometimes it's called for [See Reverse Directory to perform a 'Canvas' search of a block].

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-3712

Hint for Marker E1 (p.413) contd.

The janitor, Janusz Nawrot, he seems to know where my victim lives; it's just a matter of finding the tailor shop he mentions. Should be easy enough to do using the Reverse directory.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-3739

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

The bus driver mentioned an old Janitor with a broom. I don't know his name but since I have a clue about what he does for a living I might be able to find someone who knows him where he works.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-4588

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards (7-8022 on p.324) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

I leave my police jacket at the office and take a long tour of the Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards. It's a small park, full of colorful flowers. I sit down at the only benches in the park and take a hard look at the other people around me. If our guy was planning on meeting someone at the park this morning, that person is no doubt long gone.

5-4840

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

Try finding schools in Hudson Yards, there's a good chance he works in one of those.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

5-4863

Time: 30 minutes

- If it is **on or after day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 5-6049 on p.240.
- Otherwise, I'm told the fingerprint division is having trouble finding the records for this person, and that I should return on Wednesday for the records [at no cost].

5-4927

Hint for Marker C1 (p.409) contd.

After I talk to the bus driver I should try to speak with anyone on the bus who might have information that's useful to me... Assuming I can figure out how to track them down.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-5365

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"You know, a substitution cipher, where each letter maps to another. I can see that it's not a simple Caesar shift cipher, so it's probably an arbitrary substitution cipher, where each letter maps arbitrarily to another, without any underlying principle."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

5-5662

Hint for Marker D2 (p.412) contd.

"Yeah I already tried that, it didn't help."

Jewel gets an exasperated look on her face. "Well, maybe you should walk around the block where the Bankers Club is, check out nearby buildings... Maybe something will come to you."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-5899

Hint for Marker A1 (p.407) contd.

I guess I should visit the bus where it happened.. But where is the bus now?

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-5998

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

The owner of Flawless Finery is Almid Torianetti, a 34-year-old Italian immigrant who has been in the country for 11 years. He lives in Little Italy and has no criminal record, other than a charge of disorderly conduct from his first year in the city for fighting in the street.

No fingerprints on file.

5-6023

119 E. 101st St, SH-71 (apt. 1a)
Time: 30 minutes

There's a small and somber crowd of people gathered on the ground floor of the Stonegate Apartments, carrying flowers and waiting to pay their condolences to the family of Blanche Long. I lean up against a lamp post across the street and light my briar pipe, then spend a minute watching the scene, hat in hand.

5-6025

1 Coenties Slip, FD-87
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told by his wife that Mr. Alamin is working at his clothing store on Cortlandt street today.

5-6049

5-4863 (p.232) contd.

Maximilian Rehm is 25 years old and immigrated 3 years ago from Berlin, Germany, arriving with his wife Millicent at Ellis Island on September 3, 1938. He has been arrested several times over the last few years on suspicion of un-American activities and unlawful political interference during labor and union rallies.

5-6205

Hint for Document 12 (p.403) contd.

On a hunch I decide to head down to the Bankers Club.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

5-6352

4-7981 (p.207) contd.

I hunt around for books on exotic poisons, but don't find anything useful. Maybe I'll leave this to the professionals. Return to 4-7981 (p.207).

5-8194

Canvas around the tailor shop

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)**, go to 3-7978 on p.163.
- If it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)** before 3pm, go to 7-9369 on p.328.
- Otherwise, go to 7-0491 on p.299.

5-8411

3-4426 (p.141) contd.

I ask the young gas station attendant if they can recall anyone suspicious from Monday night or Tuesday morning and I'm told that everyone seems suspicious in this neighborhood, but no one stood out from the last couple of days.

5-8619

Hint for Document 14 (p.405) contd.

I know it's boring work but this may be one of those situations where I just have to canvas the entire block staring at my feet and looking for needles in a haystack. Either that or find a witness.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

5-8658

122 Broadway, FD-28
Time: 30 minutes

There's no line of sight from the Marine Midland Trust Company into the Bankers Club, but the two buildings are about the same height, maybe 100 feet tall. A small gap separates the walls of the building – which appear sturdy and intact.

5-8758

Time: 30 minutes

A search of the NYPD fingerprint database does not turn up any inmate or suspect records.

This person has had no prior contact with the NYPD.

5-9114

House at 1849 2nd Ave. - Day 2 (contd. from 7-6229 on p.319)
Time: 30 minutes

1849 2nd Ave is a two-story red brick building in a quiet neighborhood. Down the block there's a group of kids playing stickball, being watched by a young girl on a bicycle and a tall man in a baseball cap leaning against a lamp post.

I can see from looking inside the front door window that the ground floor was once used as shop space, and is empty now. Facing the door is a narrow set of stairs leading up to the second floor. I step back into the street and can see lights on behind the curtains on the second floor, though no obvious movement. I step back to the front door and try it – it's locked.

Now I have a choice to make:

- Knock on the front door: Go to 4-8375 (p.210).
- Try to jimmy the front door and make my way up the stairs quietly: Go to 4-6503 (p.195).
- Hunker down and try to look inconspicuous while staking out the place from down the block: Go to 6-0282 (p.255).
- Call for backup and go in heavy: Go to 3-3562 (p.139).
- Leave and come back later: [Close casebook and head elsewhere.]

5-9192

Canvas around 1849 2nd Avenue (7-9495 on p.329) contd.

I spend an hour searching the yard around the house. There's pieces of wood strewn everywhere, some large and some tiny. I spot something unusual and pick it up, only to discover it's a small piece of bone with some cartilage stuck to it.

5-9333

Canvas area around Bankers Club
Time: ***90 minutes***

If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

I walk around the block and take a good look at the buildings surrounding the Bankers Club. The Marine Midland Trust Company and the Equitable Life building directly abut the Bankers Club on either side, and are about the same height. The American Surety building is across Pine Street to the south. The Edison Electric Company and Thomson & McKinnon Investment face onto Wall Street and don't have a view of the Bankers Club. Steinway Hall, the U.S. Realty Building, and the building housing the Photostat Service are across Broadway to the west. To the North lies the Financial District Diner on the ground floor. The Trinity Church sits catty-corner to the southwest.

Circle **Marker D2** in your case log.

5-9641

6-9681 (p.293) contd.

Millicent Rehm is 24 years old and immigrated 3 years ago from Berlin, Germany, arriving with her husband Maximillian Rehm at Ellis Island on September 3, 1938. She has been arrested twice over the last few years for distributing un-American political propaganda.

6

6-0154

240 E. 90th St, YV-15
Time: 30 minutes

At the bar I ask around hoping to find someone who has seen one of my persons of interest, but don't get any information I can act on.

6-0216

Chief Medical Examiner - Day 3
Time: 30 minutes

"Come have a seat, my boy," says H.M. when he sees me come down the stairs to his lab. "I won't have a report on the bodies from Yorkville until tomorrow. But in the meantime I've done a little digging regarding our mystery poison. It's quite special. It seems to be some kind of nerve agent. Similar to sarin, if you are familiar with that. Odorless and quite deadly. I have no idea where one would find something so exotic, other than perhaps at a military laboratory. Certainly not something you could buy in a store or whip up in a bathtub still. I suppose the only good news is that it has to be administered into the bloodstream, so it wouldn't have much of an effect if ingested."

"And if I got stuck with a needle of this stuff while trying to catch my bad guy? What should I do? Suck the poison out like a snake bite?"

"Oh, I'd think your best bet would be to sit down and have a cigarette."

"And that would slow down the poison?"

"Oh, dear God no, not at all."

We both sit in silence for a minute, then H.M. takes a bite of his sandwich.

Circle **Marker B2** in your case log.

6-0282

Stakeout 1849 2nd Ave. (contd. from 5-9114 on p.248)
Time: 30 minutes

I head across the street and try to blend in. After 30 minutes I start to get a little antsy. I look around for a place to get a cup of coffee but don't see anything. Time to move on.

If you wish to end the day now and deal with the house tomorrow, go to 3-6984 on p.160.

- Otherwise, go to 7-6229 (p.319).

6-0330

Wooded area near Pier on East River Drive

Directly across the street from the Yorkville Firehouse is a wooded area near the pier on East River Drive. It looks like someplace derelicts might hang out to smoke and drink. The smell of urine mixes in the air with the smell of dirty river water. I shudder to think of what this place is like in the Summer. Several old empty bottles and rusted cans litter the ground. I see what looks like a couple of more recent cigarette butts, including a hand-rolled one. It also looks a bit like the dirt nearby has been somewhat disturbed, though I can't tell how long ago that might have happened, or whether it was due to a scuffle or a large object being dragged – or just someone aimlessly kicking dirt around to pass the time. Then I spot a small crumpled note on the ground.

Circle **Document 14** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 14** (Note found on east river drive near pier), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 371.

6-0359

8-1410 (p.333) contd.

"Knock knock, remember me?"

Captain Dobrin smiles wide under his bushy mustache. "Come in, Jack, tell me what you're working on."

I bring him up to date on my case and ask his advice.

"Well, it certainly does seem like your case is more than it first appeared. Still, it seems pretty clear that your first order of business is to track down the suspicious couple on the bus and try to connect them with the tailor shop fire."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

6-0741

4-8111 (p.209) contd.

There's no answer to my knocks on the door to the upstairs duplex. I ask Mr. Froehlich, the downstairs neighbor, what he knows about the occupant, and he tells me about the short balding man with the gold front tooth who has been renting an apartment downstairs for the past week.

"Have you ever seen him fraternizing with the couple from the house across the way?" I ask, pointing at the burned-out building.

"No, but he does sometimes sit on the stoop with his coffee and paper and stare over there. And then earlier this week he came home from a night out drinking with a tall handsome man… They were both drunk as skunks," he adds, with a disgusted look on his face.

I ask him when the last time was that he saw his upstairs neighbor, and he tells me he heard someone in the apartment just an hour ago.

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

Now I have a choice to make…

- Break down the door: Go to 4-6350 on p.194.
- Get a search warrant for the building, go to 1-3917 on p.63.

6-0873

Essex St & Delancey St, EV-77
Time: 30 minutes

The subway attendant does not remember anyone unusual coming into or out of his subway station lately.

6-1041

Near 4646 Broadway, FT-24
Time: ***60 minutes***

I trek all the way up to Fort Tryon Park, where police presence is high. My badge gets me past a uniformed officer, and I approach a pair of familiar-looking detectives talking to each other in hushed tones. They stop talking when they see me.

"Jack Deverell, you're a long way from home. To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"I saw the article in the paper, just thought I'd stop by and see what's up. He's back, huh?"

"I think we have it under control, Jack. But thanks for stopping by."

"Alright, I get it, I get it." I put my hands up. "I'm not trying to step on anyone's toes. But… you don't *really* though, do you? Have it under control, I mean."

"Thanks for stopping by, Jack."

6-1075

Hint for Marker D1 (p.411) contd.

If he was on a morning bus it's like he was headed to work (rather than coming from work), so maybe I should look in the neighborhood where he normally gets off to see if I can identify a nearby business that might employ a janitor.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

6-1813

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

You may now read the entire chain of hints regarding decrypting the cipher note; see Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427), ignoring all instructions to receive demerits while doing so.

6-1848

2-8014 (p.117) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

It's the day of the Bankers Club dinner. Several uniformed officers stand idly in front of the building, chatting with plain-clothes Secret Service agents. They intercept me as I head towards the door.

My detective's coat doesn't impress them and my badge barely fazes them when they check my name and find out that I'm not on their list.

"Hey fellas, take it easy, I'm one of the good guys."

After a quick pat-down I'm escorted into the lobby, where I take a look around at the security measures. There I see Paolo Hernandez checking invitations, and Gregory Marler glad-handing guests.

I ask the two of them if they've noticed anything out of the ordinary today, and I'm told by Mr. Marler that everything is proceeding as planned. Apparently when the secret service heard about the break-in earlier in the week they called in more men and then did a 2 hour walkthrough of the entire building with dogs to make sure there was no way anyone could be hiding out in the building.

I ask Mr. Marler to give me a tour of where the President will be speaking, but he tells me he's not feeling it. "The Secret Service agents have everything under control – I've had quite enough of your paranoia."

6-2237

115 Broadway, FD-27
Time: 30 minutes

The U.S. Realty building looks like it's seen better days. It's about 120 feet tall, with windows facing Broadway. A locked door prevents entrance to the building without a key, and I can see through the glass door that there's no desk for a doorman. I also see a large hand-painted directory on the wall listing two dozen different companies renting space in the building.

I cup my hands to the glass and squint to try to make out the company names, which are arrayed in two columns with a hand-drawn divider down the middle, but all I can make out is two entries with oversized red hand-lettering: one at the top of the right column that says "1R - Alamin", and one at the bottom of the left column that says "12F - Abbott Labs". I knock but get no answer; then I try pulling on the door a few times, but it feels solid.

Circle **Marker E2** in your case log.

6-2636

170 Christopher St, HY-49
Time: 30 minutes

We ask around the school about a janitor who brings his own broom to work, but it doesn't ring a bell. "Try the high school down the block," says the principal.

6-2668

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

I straighten the notes on my desk, take a deep breath, and push on the intercom at my desk. I can hear it buzz in Jewel's office across the hall.

"I didn't think you knew how to use the intercom, Jack," comes back the reply from the box. Then, before I have a chance to answer her, "What can I do for you?"

I hold down the button. "I was thinking about heading to Chinatown for dinner, and thought you might want to join me – help me think through this case?"

There's a painfully long pause before she clicks on to reply. "I can't Jack, I have to finish this paperwork."

"Okay, no problem," I say.

But then a minute later Jewel raps on the door and walks in. She tosses a Chinese takeout menu on the desk. "Circle what you want and I'll call in the order."

Thirty minutes later the two of us are opening cartons on my desk, Jewel sitting across from me, one leg folded under her on the chair she's brought in from her office.

Over dumplings I tell her about the evidence I've gathered so far, and she asks an occasional question to clarify something I've said, or offers an opinion that a certain witness seems "awfully" suspicious.

I fumble my chopsticks picking up a piece of oily scallion pancake and can feel her eyebrow raise.

"Jewel, stop making me nervous."

"You're nervous eating Chinese food, but not chasing murderers?"

"You could be a murderer for all I know."

"Jack, even if I *was* a murderer, I wouldn't hurt you, now, would I?"

"So you'd let me catch you?"

"Well... I didn't say that."

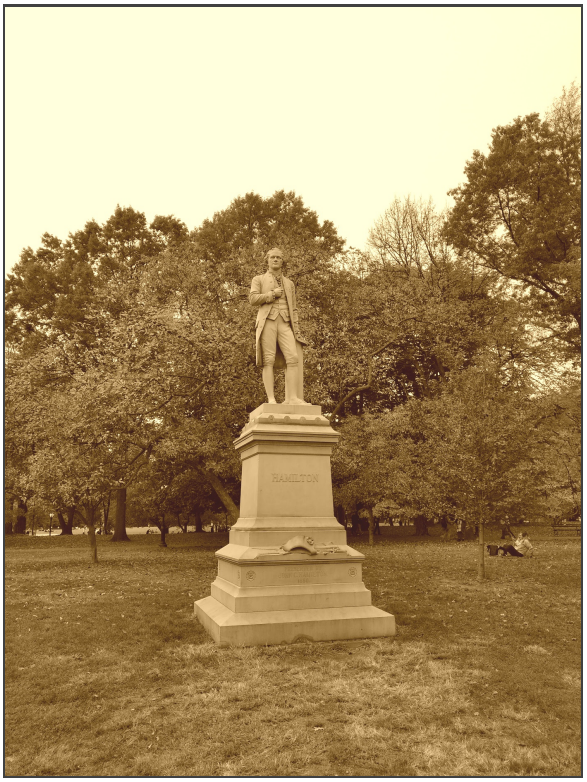
Circle **Marker A2** in your case log.

Then:

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)**, go to 1-3759 on p.62.
- Otherwise, go to 1-4001 on p.64.

6-2679

Near 1000 5th Ave, CP-33
Time: 30 minutes



The granite statue of Alexander Hamilton stands larger than life before me, the simple word "HAMILTON" carved into its pedestal. Hamilton was one of the founding fathers of the country, and a revolutionary leader, but he was also a young immigrant to New York City, arriving in 1772 from the Danish West Indies. I know he had deep ties to New York, and attended Columbia University just like me, founding the Bank of New York.

As I'm staring up at the statue, a little girl tugs on my sleeve.

"Hey mister, are you looking for Buttercup?" She's wearing a little red beret and a checkered skirt, and holding a stuffed horse in her arms – can't be more than six or seven years old.

"Why yes, I am," I say, kneeling down to talk at her level. "Have you seen her?"

"Oh yes, my mommy and me saw her yesterday, right here, and she gave Mister Horsey a big kiss. Right HERE." And she points to the snout of her stuffed horse.

"I don't suppose you would know where Buttercup went after that?"

"My mommy says not to tell anyone, because Buttercup wants to be free. And to learn about history, just like me."

"Yes, well I'm the police, so you can tell me."

"My mommy says I *especially* shouldn't tell the police."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

6-3267

407 E. 93rd St, YV-5
Time: 30 minutes

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

"I saw him," says the brawny fireman standing over a frying-pan of eggs in the firehouse kitchen. "A little bit before 5 am. I had stepped outside to toss the garbage, and it was still pretty dark out, but I could see someone right over there," and he points to a slightly wooded area on East River Drive close to 96th street. "He lit up a cigarette – that's the only reason I noticed him."

I walk over to the area he pointed to and look around.

- Go to 6-0330 (p.256)

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

6-3546

108 Orchard St, EV-81
Time: 30 minutes

The doctor has never heard of Stefan Walz and doesn't have a patient matching his description.

6-4055

47 W. 31st St, TL-59
Time: ***60 minutes***

The security manager at the Hotel Imperial writes down the room numbers for guests of the Bankers Club and hands it to me.

Simon Emerenfeld, in room 110, has a thick Irish accent. His wife is in the shower when he lets me in. He shows me their invitations and I confirm his passport ID.

In room 503, Christophe Argente and his wife are happily drawing on a tourist map of the city planning an expedition for the days following the Bankers Club dinner. I confirm they both have their invitations and confirm their IDs.

I find Dame Sarah Hennesy, in room 701, in the middle of a martini, and leafing through the morning's *Wall Street Journal*. She doesn't have a picture ID and can't find her invitation. She points to the luggage on the bed, and rolls her fingers in a tight loop: "It's in there somewhere, darling."

I ask her to find it and she makes an initial attempt, but then simply gives up and says "Oh, I'll find it later," sipping her martini. She says she's heading to bed in a few minutes, and will be staying in all night to get her beauty sleep, but will be at the dinner on time. When I tell her that she'll need to find her invitation or they won't let her in, she chuckles: "Oh, don't you worry, darling, they'll let me in."

When we get downstairs, I ask the security manager if he could check whether any of the guests have gotten any calls or messages over the last few days. He says they don't keep track of that kind of information.

6-4126

Introduction (p.48) contd.

The chief tosses something on my desk.

"Your search warrant for 1850 2nd Ave (2-4559 (p.106)) has been approved."

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

Return to Introduction (p.48).

6-4162

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

Stefan Walz has no criminal history on file with the NYPD, but I locate his immigration records.

He immigrated 3 years ago from Berlin, Germany, arriving at Ellis Island on September 3, 1938. He's 36 years old and has no criminal record. His fingerprints match those lifted by the Medical Examiner.

Prints are available from NYPD Fingerprint Directory **#1-4382**

6-4910

Late Night on Day 5 (p.45) contd.

The chief disappears back to his office for a few minutes but then comes storming back in.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You just kicked in a door. On what grounds? You didn't even call it in. What the hell are you thinking? You want to lose your badge?"

"I was shot at, and the guy who shot at me had come from that apartment – for all I knew he was back in there, or was holding someone in there."

"Give me a break. The guy downstairs – Froelich? He wants to file a complaint against you; says you were trying to get in there without him seeing you do it."

"Well..." I say, and raise my eyebrows, as if to say "come on chief, let's be real."

"God damn it," he says, and storms out.

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

Return to Late Night on Day 5 (p.45).

6-5014

439 E. 92nd St, YV-5
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

6-5175

121 Broadway, FD-27
Time: 30 minutes

It's a short building across from the Bankers Club, and has no windows facing the street.

6-5583

273 E. Houston St, EV-67
Time: 30 minutes

The doctor has never heard of Stefan Walz and doesn't have a patient matching his description.

6-5810

52 Centre St, CC-17
Time: 30 minutes

- If you have circled **Marker E1** in your case log, go to 3-9839 on p.171, and then return here.
- If you have circled **Marker H1** in your case log, go to 7-6416 on p.321, and then return here.
- If you have circled **Marker R1** in your case log, go to 4-2633 on p.179, and then return here.

6-5983

Hint for Document 11 (p.402) contd.

Jewel seems dumbfounded. “The house where your suspects lived exploded last night.. You’re not curious to have a look?”

☑ If this hadn’t already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

6-6741

2-1267 (p.93) contd.

I spot Charlie Morris sitting at the bar of the D'Anna bar, drinking her usual martini and deep in thought.

"Charlie!" I call out as I come through the front door, my hand in the air.

She waves me over. "Jack, old buddy, pull up a seat. Got a story for me?"

"Actually I was hoping you could give *me* some information."

"Oh? Regarding what?"

"What can you tell me about the Gas Leak story?"

"I don't know what to tell you, it's not my story. But, ah... well, to tell you the truth, we sent someone down to check it out but the whole block was closed off. The police press office sent us a few paragraphs and we just printed what they sent. It's not that unusual when we're on deadline. Why? You think there's something more to it?"

"It wasn't a gas leak, I can tell you that."

"And what about the tailor shop fire?"

"Well, that's my story, it's all in the article. Something I missed?"

"I got a murder victim that rented a room at the back of that tailor shop. Seems like an awfully big coincidence."

"Oh yeah, you don't say?"

"Yeah, but you can't write that up, Charlie. At least not yet."

"Alright, I'll sit on it for now. Just keep me in the loop, Jack."

I ask Charlie about the Regency Diamond, but she doesn't seem to have any interest in the story.

"I don't care for diamonds," she says. "I'm more of the eloping type."

"What about Buttercup? Are you the horse type?"

"Jack, I've got a Martini to finish here, if you don't have more important things to ask about." Return to 2-1267 (p.93).

6-6783

Introduction (p.30) - Evening Event for day 3

It's **8pm** on **Wednesday, December 3rd, 1941**, and day #**3** is ending.

The following **2** items must be found before you may move on:
- **Document 11**
- **Document 12**

Record +1 reputation in your case log for each of these items that you have already found, and an additional +2 reputation in your case log if you have already found **both** items.

If you have not yet found **both** items, resume searching for leads now until you have (using hints if needed), and consider yourself in "**overtime**" for the rest of the day; in overtime, time does not advance past **8pm**.

As soon as you have found **both** items, you must proceed to: Late Night on Day 3 (p.33).

6-7096

7 Charles Ln, HY-39
Time: 30 minutes

"That's our logo, but we don't sell loose gas on the west side. Try the Upper East side or even further north."

6-7401

476 5th Ave, TL-6
Time: 30 minutes

On 5th Avenue at 42nd Street stands the New York Public Library – white marble as far as the eye can see. White marble stairs, not less than 200 feet across and 15 feet tall, pass under 50-foot Roman columns, guarded on both sides by a pair of iconic white marble lions. Here, in the center of the heart of the greatest city in the world, lie her most secret and sacred books, protected not just by these lions but by the sheer magnitude of her collection.

In her office off the main corridor, at a desk surrounded by 12-foot-tall bookshelves in an even larger room, sits **Emiliana Alesica**, the middle-aged, brown-haired, deadly serious head librarian – who is, unsurprisingly, reading. Her fingers move rapidly across the pages of a large tome, her lips moving silently as they do so.

"How is my favorite librarian?" I ask, smiling.

"How is my favorite policeman?" she says, without looking up and without cracking a smile.

"I think maybe I could use your help," I say, and tell her what I'm thinking.

"Information on weapons will be in the Military section, poisons in the Science section. Both are on the second floor. If you're looking for building records and such, you'll have to visit the county clerk for that stuff."

Emiliana asks me if there is a specific section of the library I am interested in (See the Detective's Research Guide or Yellow Pages).

6-7472

2-8014 (p.117) contd.
Time: 30 minutes

The Bankers Club office is closed for the day, but there's a flyer in the window for some big event coming up on the weekend.

6-7660

140 Broadway, FD-20
Time: 30 minutes

Mr. Davis, who lives upstairs from the ground floor diner that he owns, tells me a story consistent with what I heard from Gregory Marler.

He was having trouble sleeping and decided to make himself something to eat sometime shortly after 11pm. From his window he saw a man entering the Bankers Club.

Mr. Davis did not recognize the man as any of the regular workers at the Club, whom he knows by sight. The man was tall and slender, or perhaps muscular, but it was too dark to see the color of his hair and what he was wearing, or judge his age other than to say he looked to be between twenty and fifty. He thinks that he was probably clean-shaven, but couldn't be sure. The man was carrying a briefcase, so he assumed he was an office worker. He seemed to have some initial trouble getting his key to work but did eventually make his way in. Mr. Davis was concerned enough by the unusual activity to eat his meal by the window and watch for the man's exit, but by 1am the man had still not left, and Mr. Davis went to sleep at that time.

6-8219

495 West St, HY-24
Time: 30 minutes

There's a small but elegant sign above the door to Creative Renovations, but no windows on the ground floor level and no window on the small white door. I try the handle. It's locked. I see the buzzer and press it.

If it's before Wednesday, December 3rd, no one answers the door.

- Otherwise, go to 4-7076 on p.199.

6-8666

1475 Broadway, TS-93
Time: ***60 minutes***

I've got a contact who works at the Times, C.M. Morris, who can usually be found at D'Annas bar. But I decide to head directly to the New York Times building.

If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

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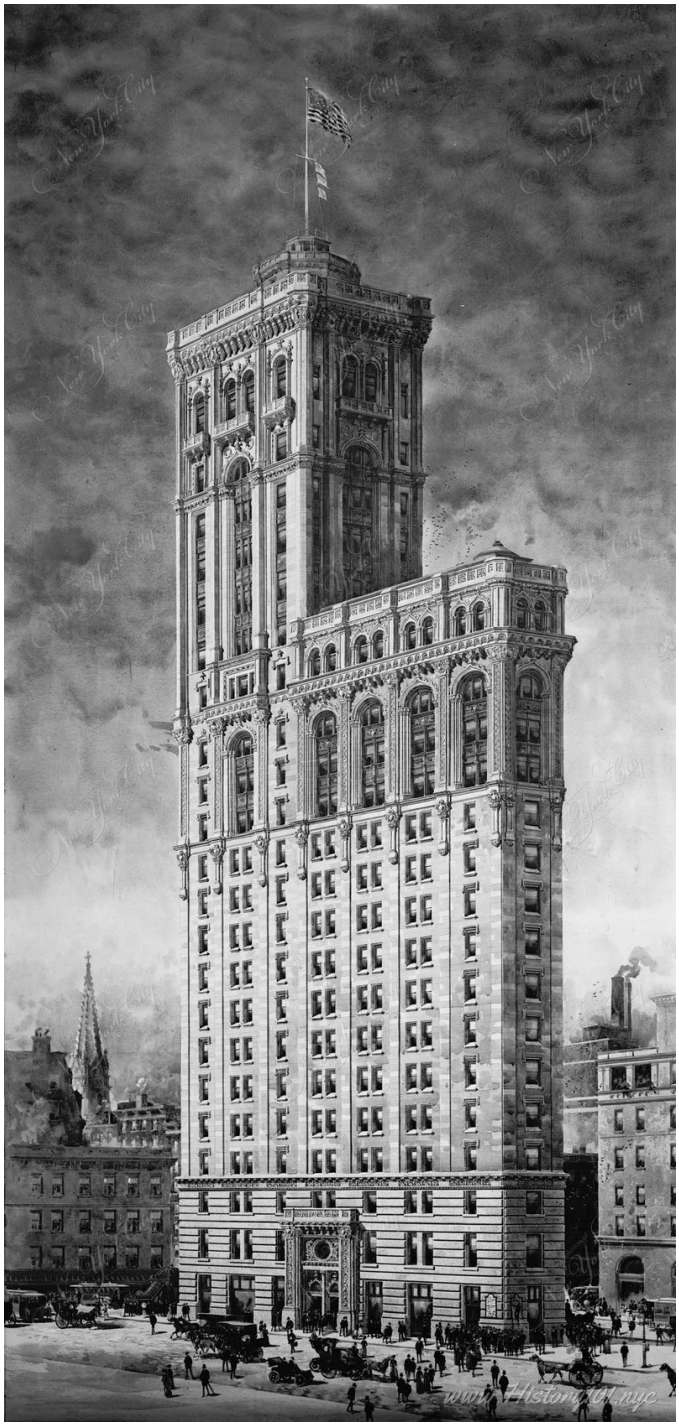


The *Times* tower, aka The New York Times Building, aka One Times Square, was built in 1903 to serve as the headquarters of what's arguably the most influential newspaper in the world. It's a 25-story, 360-foot-tall structure that occupies the entirety of a small, triangular city block. It's an unusual-looking building that seems like it was assembled in layers with a different architect responsible for each one.

I'm shown into the offices of the paper's editor, Carr Van Anda, just as someone I know well – C.M. Morris – is on her way out. There I meet Van Anda and another man who introduces himself as the publisher of the *Times*, Arthur Sulzberger. The two of them are seated around a small table, looking

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

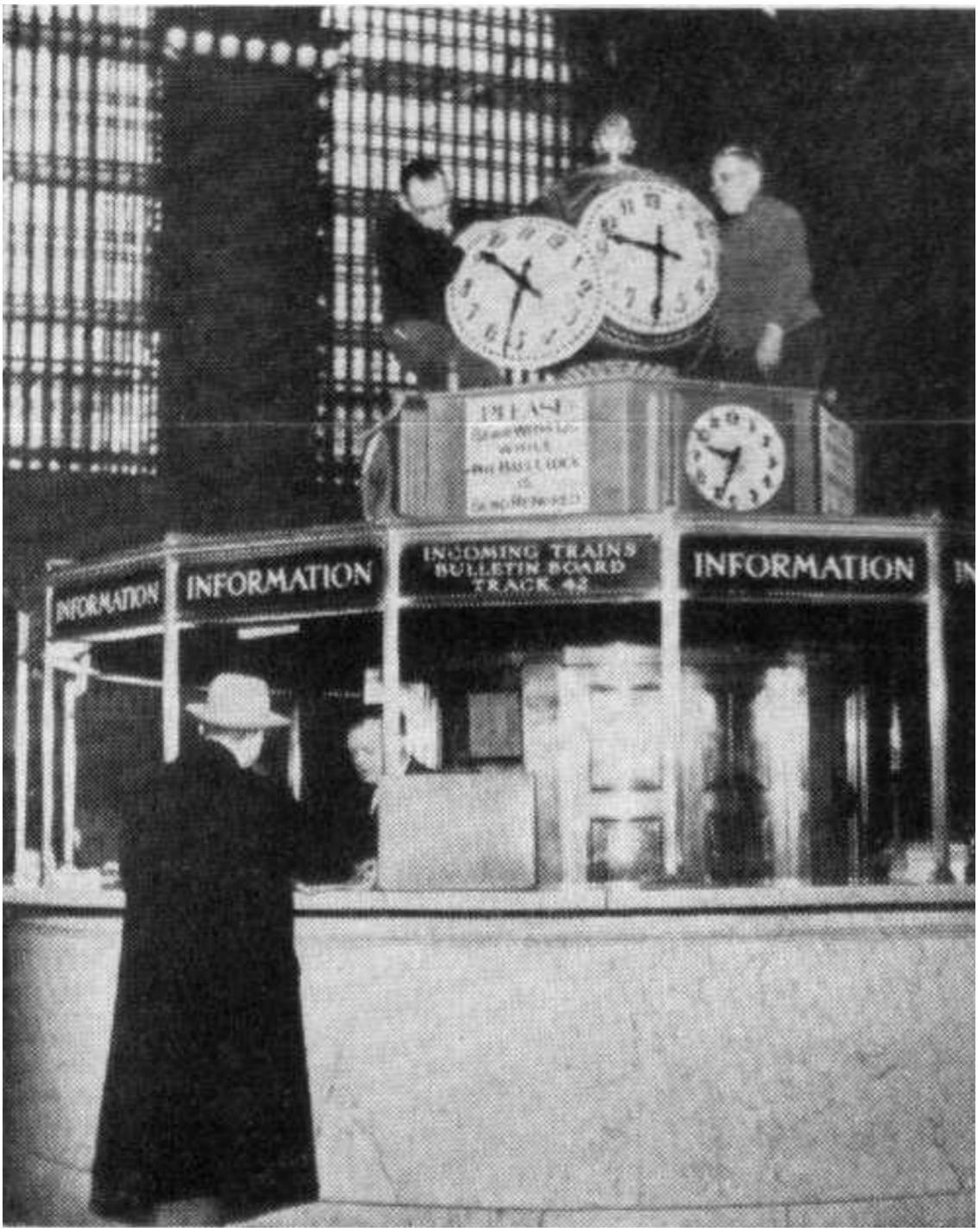
at a strange letter that has been assembled from cut out magazine headline letters, like a ransom note.

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

Circle **Document 15** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 15** (Letter sent to the NY Times), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 372.

6-9109

89 E. 42nd St, TB-78
Time: ***60 minutes***



42nd Street is dominated by the massive Grand Central Terminal, which opened in 1913, and is now one of the grandest and busiest train stations in the world. Over the years it's been home to many galleries and museums, an art school, and even a movie theater.

I head over to the information booth, which sits under an iconic four-faced clock, one of the build-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ing's most recognizable features.

"Let me get this right," says the woman behind the window. "You want to know the names of the people who arrived at gate 12 on Friday, November 28th, is that it? You do understand this is a train station, don't you? We don't keep track of passenger names."

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

6-9565

31 Chambers St, CC-34
Time: 30 minutes

Veronica Bonner, the County Law Clerk head secretary, is not really the kind of gal you just stop by to shoot the breeze with. There's a reason they call her "by-the-book." She's all business. When she sees me walk through her door I see her check her watch and make a little shake of her head, as if she's already anticipating an argument, her straight black hair moving in a slow wave. She's pretty and bookish, with black plastic cat-eye glasses that seem out of place on a girl that can't be far from twenty five.

"How's my favorite law clerk?" I ask, putting my hat on the counter.

"Hmph," she says, not looking up from the paperwork she's filling out.

"You seen 'Mr. District Attorney' yet? I heard it's pretty good."

"No, Jack, I can't say that I have." Still not looking up.

"They're playing it over on Nassau Street," I add.

She stops writing and shifts her eyes up to me. Dark, brown, suspicious eyes. Then they go back down to the paper in front of her and she resumes writing.

"Well," I add, "I was just in the neighborhood… Working a pretty big case, so I should probably get back to it."

"Uh huh… well, good luck with that, Jack. Let me know if you need me to pull any court records."

I pick up my hat and head back out the door.

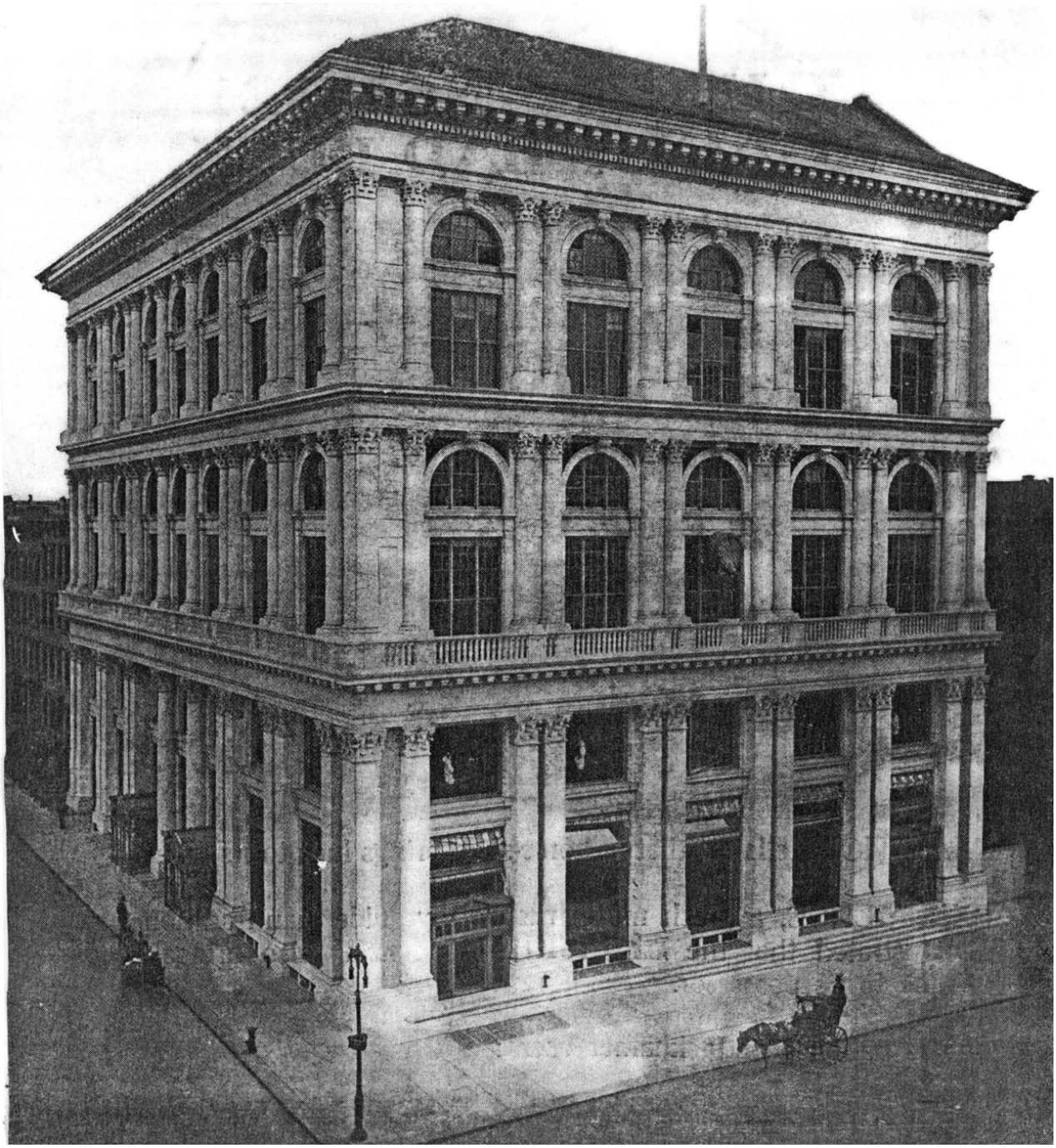
6-9681

Time: 30 minutes

- If it is **on or after day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 5-9641 on p.251.
- Otherwise, I'm told the fingerprint division is having trouble finding the records for this person, and that I should return on Wednesday for the records [at no cost].

6-9843

405 5th Ave, TL-34
Time: 30 minutes



On the corner of 37th Street and 5th Avenue sits the Tiffany building, flagship home to one of the world's most prestigious jewelry empires and luxury brands. The design of the building is inspired by Renaissance Italian architecture: stacked levels of elaborate arches and cornices in white marble, six stories high, not counting the famed underground vault level.

When I stop in unannounced I'm surprised to find Charles Cook, current president of the company,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

on the scene and directing workers.

"We're moving, you know – busy week! You're lucky you caught me. Everything is heading to our new building on 57th Street."

I take a look around the impossibly large showroom and tall ceilings. "Running out of space, are you?"

He smiles and stretches out his arms wide. "Tiffany is the crown that sits at the heart of New York City, and our new building will be the jewel in its crown."

I don't tell him that New York City was never much of a fan of kings and crowns.

"I was hoping I could ask you a few questions about the Regency Diamond."

"Yes, what about it? It's in the vault downstairs."

"It's downstairs right now? You aren't concerned about someone trying to steal it?"

"Hah! The vault downstairs is impenetrable. You couldn't even get into it with those million dollar machines they use to dig out the subway tunnels. And of course, we have our own private security force down there that could turn back a Latin American coup. No one would be foolish enough to try to steal it."

Then he leans over to me, brings his hand up to his mouth, and whispers conspiratorially, "Honestly, I'd like to see them try – it'd be great publicity."

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

6-9947

Hint for Marker Q1 (p.421) contd.

"How is that my answer, Jewel?" I say, betraying some frustration. Who's the detective here anyway?

"Well, if he has no friends, and he's a foreigner in a foreign land, maybe he'll try to stay close to what he's familiar with."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

7

7-0489

Near 74-01 E. Dr, CP-56
Time: 30 minutes

The Bethesda Fountain is one of New York City's most iconic landmarks. It was part of the original plan for Central Park, and was designed by Emma Stebbins, the first woman to receive a major public art commission in New York. At its center is a majestic eight-foot-tall angel, commemorating the 1842 opening of the Croton Aqueduct, which brought fresh water to the city for the first time and drastically improved public health.

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

I try to imagine what a horse – even a particularly smart horse – could possibly make of this eight-foot winged angel of the water, its arm outstretched, a stone flower in its hand. I wonder if she might have been trying to smell that stone flower… Or maybe she just wanted to get a closer look at the wings.

7-0491

Canvas around the tailor shop (5-8194 on p.243) contd.
Time: ***90 minutes***

I take a long walk around the block where the tailor shop is located. The stench of smoke is everywhere, and there's a layer of black soot on everything. The alley behind the tailor shop is particularly grimy. Just when I'm about to give up on finding anything useful, I find two gallon-sized tins for transporting gasoline inside a trash can. Both feature a very faded image of what looks like it might have originally been a big blue and red circle. Nearby I see a partially burned matchbook, whose cover has what looks like a spoon and bowl, or maybe a mortar and pestle, on top of a large black letter L. I check the canisters for fingerprints and don't see any, but I decide to take everything with me just in case.

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

7-1086

5-1254 (p.220) contd.

George Sinclair invites me into his marble-floored office on Washington street with a view of the Hudson River.

"I'm rather busy, Jack – what can I do for you?"

I take the business card from Charles Oglevee out of my wallet and lay it on his desk. "Do you know who this is?"

He picks it up and holds it at arm's length, squinting at it. I can see him thinking, then see his eyes scrunch up as if it's causing him some pain. Then he pushes it back to me and takes a deep breath. "Well… he doesn't work for me, if that's what you were thinking. More than that I can't really say."

"You can't say, George, or you *won't* say?"

He just looks at me stone-faced.

"George, I need to know if he's a good guy or a bad guy."

"Yes, well… In my line of work, Jack, there's very little difference."

If you have circled **Marker O1** in your case log, go to 7-4026 on p.308, and then return here.

If you have circled **Document 11** in your case log, go to 4-3783 on p.182, and then return here.

7-1343

House at 1849 2nd Ave. - Day 1 (contd. from 7-6229 on p.319)
Time: 30 minutes

I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later]..

7-1615

Hint for Marker H1 (p.419) contd.

"Hmm.. I do have a matchbook found near the gas cans... What do you make of this?"

"Kinda looks like the Ligget's logo, doesn't it?"

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

7-1774

West St & Bank St, HY-31
Time: 30 minutes

The Hudson Yards precinct is a dusty single-level building that looks more like a warehouse than a police precinct. I find Officer Valenzuela in a corner filing paperwork.

"I read your statement. Anything you can add now that you've had time to think about it? Anything seem odd?"

Valenzuela pauses for a minute, looking down at the paper in front of him. "Not really. Everything's in my statement."

"You see anyone suspicious-looking on the bus?"

"They were all mostly gone by the time I got there, other than the lady that flagged me down and the bus driver who was trying to wake him up. He still had money in his pocket so I don't think it was a robbery, unless he had a heart attack before they could get the cash."

"He had the cash in his pocket, or in his wallet?"

"In his wallet. Two five-dollar bills."

"OK. Thanks for talking to me – I just wanted to make sure there was nothing we missed."

"You know…" he says, a little unsure of himself, "now that you mention it, there was something a little strange about his wallet."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. Well it's probably nothing, but I remember thinking that it was kind of folded in a weird way when I took it out of his pocket."

"How do you mean?"

He reaches in his back pocket and takes out his wallet. "I keep my wallet in my back pocket like this," he says, opening his wallet and then folding it closed and miming putting it back in his pocket, holding it at the top by the crease. "But this guy's wallet was in his front pocket, like this –" and he flips the wallet around and mimes putting it in his front pocket, with the crease closer to the floor and the fold facing up. "Is that normal? Maybe that's just how folks do it in the front pocket, I don't know."

I reach into my front pocket and pull out my wallet. Crease facing up, fold facing down. I think about it for a long second. "Yeah, I see what you mean, that is a little odd."

"You think that means something?" he asks.

"I'm not sure. But that's a good observation, officer."

"Yeah?" he asks, a little too eager.

"Yeah, only make sure you add that to the report before you go off duty. If it's not in the report, it didn't happen – you understand?" I say, tapping the paper in front of him.

"Yes sir, sorry sir," he says.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

7-2508

Time: 30 minutes

A search of the NYPD fingerprint database for this entry is flagged as redacted by request of the State Department.

7-2748

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"Oh, all right, let me just write it out for you. You're no fun."

Circle **Document 18** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 18** (Decoded message recovered from house), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 375.

If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

7-3329

Flawless Finery Tailor
152 Orchard St, EV-69

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)** Go to 2-7677 (p.114)
- If it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)** Go to 4-1482 (p.176)
- Otherwise, there's nothing new to see here.

7-4026

5-1254 (7-1086 on p.300) contd.

"I'm afraid that's not going to be good enough today, George. There's something very heavy going on, and I'm going to have to call in a favor. I know that your people have put a hold on his files – I've already tried to pull them. But I'm not going to let this go, and if the shit hits the fan they're going to come looking for someone to blame – and that person's going to be you."

"Alright, alright… let's not get all worked up. I'll tell you what: I can't make any promises, but give me 24 hours and I'll see what I can do."

Record the following (*optional*) event in your schedule:

- **What**: Sir George Sinclair will see what he can do re: Charles Oglevee
- **When**: 24 hours from today
- **Where**: 7-6809 (p.323)
- **Mandatory**: No.

Note that this is **not** a mandatory event, so you are **not** required to visit this lead.

Return to 7-1086 (p.300).

7-4430

Hint for Marker F2 (p.416) contd.

"Yeah I already tried that, it didn't help."

Jewel gets an exasperated look on her face. "Well, maybe you should walk around the block where the Bankers Club is, check out nearby buildings... Maybe something will come to you."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

7-4552

Hint for Marker F1 (p.415) contd.

I should start by talking to the fire chief at the scene of the fire, and following up with him to see what advice he has.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

7-4849

Canvas area around block YV-17
Time: 30 minutes

I slowly walk around the area looking for clues, but find none.

7-5122

Chief Medical Examiner - Day 2
Time: 30 minutes

If it's before 2pm on Tuesday, December 2nd, then there's nothing for you here; advance time 60 minutes and then come back.

- otherwise -

"What do you have for me, H.M.? Did my guy die of a heart attack or what?"

"Well my boy, he most definitely did die of a heart attack."

"That's a relief."

"But it's not that straightforward."

"Oh, how's that?"

He motions for me to join him at the cadaver table and pulls the cover down from the body of Stefan Walz.

"His heart practically exploded… the arteries are torn all over. Just exactly what you would expect from a massive coronary. The thing is, when I cut into the area in his side where that puncture mark was, there's severe necrosis leaching up into the veins and weakening all of the arteries it feeds into. I've never seen anything like it. It's a heart attack, but it's also a poisoning. I've simply never seen anything like it."

"So it's a homicide, then?"

"Oh, it's definitely a homicide."

"And the poison?"

"Well, I'll keep researching it. Check back with me tomorrow."

"Thanks, Doc."

"Oh, and there's one other thing that you might be interested in, Jack – I found this business card under the lining of your victim's shoe."

Circle **Document 9** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 9** (Medical examiner items found on bus victim), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 365.

Circle **Document 10** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 10** (Medical examiner fingerprints of bus victim), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 366.

7-5552

3-4943 (p.146) contd.

I pull out the folded wax paper I took from 1850 2nd avenue and show it to the four bomb squad technicians who are huddled around a small table eating lunch… They pass it around, smelling it, rubbing their fingers on it, and one guy even tastes it.

"Nitroglycerin or Gelignite." says the last guy, "Or something similar, Definitely some kind of explosive." Return to 3-4943 (p.146).

7-5563

Time: 30 minutes

Winston James, 52 y.o. black male. Lives in Central Harlem with wife. Native-born American, moved to NYC from Mississippi with parents in 1901. Has a handful of arrests as a juvenile.

7-5832

Hint for Marker G2 (p.418) contd.

"Yeah I already tried that, it didn't help."

Jewel gets an exasperated look on her face. "Well, maybe you should walk around the block where the Bankers Club is, check out nearby buildings... Maybe something will come to you."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

7-5846

4-5365 (p.189) contd.

I start by looking up the Springfield 1903. Seems like a trained shooter with a scope could comfortably hit a target at 1,000 yards. That's far enough to shoot from a couple blocks away. Yikes.

Return to 4-5365 (p.189).

7-6087

3-4426 (p.141) contd.

The young gas station attendant on duty was working early Tuesday morning.

“Do you remember anyone buying two gallon-sized canisters of gas from you?”

“Not that I can recall,” he says. “We don’t really sell loose gasoline.”

“It would have been in a rectangular tin, with a sticker of a blue and red circle maybe?”

“Definitely not.”

“Ok, I appreciate your cooperation.”

Then as I’m walking away he calls out to me: “Hey mister, you know that kind of sounds like the Standard Oil logo. I think they still sell loose gas.”

7-6098

Help Deciphering Coded Note (p.427) contd.

"With a substitution cipher, there are a few ways you could try to find correspondences between letters: you can try to guess the most frequent English letters ('e' or 'a'), or look for common letter doubles, or even common English words. And if there are certain longer words you expect to find in the message, those can be especially helpful – names, subject matter, dates, etc. Of course there's always the possibility of foreign words, abbreviations etc., so you have to watch out that those don't trip you up."

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

7-6229

1849 2nd Ave, YV-1

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)** Go to 7-1343 (p.301)
- Otherwise, if it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)** Go to 5-9114 (p.248)
- Otherwise, if it is **day 3 (Wed Dec 3)** Go to 2-1031 (p.91)
- Otherwise, if it is **on or after day 4 (Thu Dec 4)** Go to 3-8980 (p.167)

7-6315

Brooklyn, N.Y.
Time: 30 minutes

From the precinct office I call my sister Penny's apartment in Canarsie, but there's no answer. She's probably on the road with the new band she's been playing with recently.

7-6416

6-5810 (p.278) contd.

Property records for 1849 2nd Avenue show that the house was purchased in May of 1938 by an international holding company named "East Coast Bundesbank", for which I can find no other information. Return to 6-5810 (p.278).

7-6523

16 Wall St, FD-44
Time: 30 minutes

The building does not have windows facing the Bankers Club.

7-6809

You should only read this entry **when a scheduled event has triggered**.

I'm back at Creative Renovations for a meeting brokered by Sir George Sinclair. Sitting across from me is Charles Oglevee, who seems a bit chagrined that I've managed to pull this off.

Oglevee brings his briefcase up to his lap and opens it. He puts a manilla folder on the coffee table, and then closes the briefcase and puts it down again by his foot.

He puts his hand on top of the folder and looks at me.

"What I'm about to tell you cannot leave this room, do you understand?"

I just look at him. I'm not in the business of making promises to people I don't know.

Eventually he seems to take my silence as an implicit agreement, and he opens up the folder. He slides out a black-and-white photo of my bus victim. "You know who this is?" he asks.

"Stefan Walz," I say.

"And what do you know about him?"

"Well, I know he died Monday morning on a crosstown bus."

He gives me a long look as if trying to decide how much to tell me.

Write down what you think Oglevee is going to tell you about Stefan Walz and then go to **1-1442 (p.54)**

7-8022

Jane Street Garden in Hudson Yards
Near 42 Jane St, HY-19

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)**, go to 5-4588 on p.230.
- If it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)**, go to 4-1812 on p.178.
- If it is **day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 3-6830 on p.158.
- If it is **day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, go to 1-4761 on p.72.
- If it is **on or after day 5 (Fri Dec 5)**, go to 4-9002 on p.212.

7-8159

200 Madison St, CT-32 (apt. 3c)
Time: 30 minutes

I find myself in Chinatown walking past the apartment building where Jewel lives. I know she's probably in the precinct office, but I see her name on the buzzer and ring 3c. No one answers.

7-8718

111 Leroy St, HY-56
Time: 30 minutes

At New York City Window Solutions, I enquire if they might have a janitor matching the description given by the bus driver.

"Not a chance. We only employ union men here, and they don't bring their own brooms. Maybe try Christopher street – there are a couple of big places down there always looking for janitors and cleaners."

7-8880

110 Columbia St, LE-45
Time: 30 minutes

Conrad Henry, the owner of the Sharpshooter's Depot gun store, is happy to walk me through the break-in on Sunday night.

"At first I didn't even know there had been a break-in. I have an expensive alarm system that covers the front and back of the store, with separate circuits for the walk-in gun safe. And when I opened up Monday morning nothing seemed out of the ordinary. But as luck would have it, I was doing the monthly inventory that morning and I came up short. I was missing a brand new Colt pocket .25, a box of .25 caliber ammunition, and a box of thirty-aught-six cartridges."

"That's when I walked the entire store and checked all the alarms, and I noticed that someone had jimmied open the back door. And when I got out my ladder and opened up the alarm box above the back door, I could see someone had been monkeying around in there. The wires weren't cut, mind you – it's just that there were some new wires in there that looked different. And sure enough, when I tried to trigger the alarm it never sounded. The security company came by and said it was the damnedest thing. Said only two people in the world would have the knowledge to do that – though it sounded like horseshit to me."

"So anyway, I got on the phone to report the robbery, and that's when the significance of the thirty-aught-six cartridges hit me. I went into the back room and saw the really bad news. He took the Springfield too. I don't care about the pocket Colt, but the Springfield 1903 was my pride and joy. It's a long rifle with a precision scope. Not really a city gun, but it sure was a looker. And it cost a fortune too."

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

7-9369

Canvas around the tailor shop (5-8194 on p.243) contd.
Time: ***60 minutes***

I spend some time looking around the storefronts but can't get into the back alley – there's just too much smoke.

7-9495

Canvas around 1849 2nd Avenue
Time: ***60 minutes***

- If it is **before day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, I find nothing of interest.
- Otherwise, go to 5-9192 on p.249.

7-9671

330 W. 85th St, UW-31
Time: 30 minutes

At Walter & Taylor Insurance, I speak to the lead underwriter.

"Do you have any concerns that someone might try to steal the diamond while it's on display to the public?"

"Do you want the truth, or do you want the company line?"

"Let's hear both," I say.

"The company line is that our security services are foolproof and there's not a chance in a million that someone could steal the diamond while we're protecting it."

"And the truth?"

"Well, anything's possible. Of course, the biggest problem isn't stealing it – it's how you would offload it once the whole world knows that it's been stolen."

8

8-1111

On my desk is a report on the greasy wax paper. Traces of nitroglycerin were found – the lab thinks the boxes contained some kind of exotic explosive material.

8-1410

Nassau St & Liberty St, FD-70

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log if it's before noon or after 1pm since you'll have to disturb Captain Dobrin to talk to him, or else leave.

There's nothing glamorous about the Financial District police precinct – but it was my first real assignment when I got out of the academy, and in many ways it still feels like home. The discolored old wooden staircase creaks under my weight, and the worn wooden balusters up to Captain Alexander Dobrin's office feel warm and comforting.

- If it is **day 1 (Mon Dec 1)**, go to 4-4389 on p.186.
- Otherwise, if it is **day 2 (Tue Dec 2)**, go to 6-0359 on p.257.
- Otherwise, if it is **day 3 (Wed Dec 3)**, go to 3-5502 on p.151.
- Otherwise, if it is **day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, go to 5-2314 on p.221.
- Otherwise, if it is **on or after day 5 (Fri Dec 5)**, go to 1-5866 on p.75.

Chief Dobrin reminds me to consult my Detective's Research Guide if I want to do further research.

8-1699

Near 200 E. End Ave, YV-34
Time: 30 minutes

At the East 90th Street Ferry Landing, I'm told by the guy on duty that he spotted the body of a gentleman drifting down past the landing when he got into work this morning at 6am, and how it was bobbing against the side of the ferry making a rhythmic clunking sound. Police were called and fished the body of a middle-aged white male out of the water; he was pronounced dead and taken to the medical examiner for autopsy.

"I don't suppose you saw anyone suspicious around the area that morning?" I ask.

"Not really, but we had a late start – maybe someone else did. There's usually a couple of folks starting work early around here."

8-2102

Time: 30 minutes

[If you're not within an hour of your scheduled appointment, reschedule for tomorrow at the same time and leave.]

- otherwise -

I'm sitting in a gold claw foot chair in the lobby of Creative Renovations, waiting for Charles Oglevee.

A few minutes later a tall, regal man walks in the front door, wearing a long overcoat and a top hat, with a briefcase in his left hand and a silver cane in his right. He takes his time hanging his coat on a hook by the door and his cane on the hook next to it. Then he pulls the other claw-foot chair over to face mine, and sits down in front of me, reaching out his hand as he does. "Chares Oglevee" he says.

"Call me Jack" I say, and lean over to shake his hand.

"What can I do for you, Jack?"

"What can you do for me? Well, you can start by telling me what the hell your business card is doing in the shoe of my murder victim."

There's a long silence between us and I can feel his eyes fixed on mine, as if taking my measure.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I can't help you with that. I do wish you the best of luck on your case, but, well, you know how these things go."

"No... actually I don't know how these things go. Why don't you explain it to me, before I have you hauled in for obstruction."

A big smile comes over his face, and he reclines back as if taking pride in a toddler who's managed to put a square block into a square hole. "Well," he says, getting up, "I wish you the best of luck with that too." And then he's off, and I'm left alone with the lady at the desk and her vase of flowers and feathers. She doesn't even bother to look up at me in sympathy.

8-2147

Lexington Ave & 86th St, CM-39
Time: 30 minutes

The subway attendant at the 86th street IRT does not remember anyone unusual coming into or out of his subway station lately.

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, I can't think of a reason for me to be here at this time, so I leave [stop reading now; you may come back later].

- otherwise -

The subway attendant on duty remembers a tall man wearing an olive-colored jacket and a baseball hat, mid-30s, carrying a guitar case, who ran onto the uptown platform late Wednesday evening and hopped on an uptown train.

8-3779

80 Edgecombe Ave, NH-50
Time: 30 minutes

Winston James is a middle-aged black man with salt-and-pepper hair. He's sitting at a small table in his kitchen, holding a bottle of bourbon in his right hand, and looking more than a little shaken. His wife is in a robe sitting quietly next to him, her hand on his. "Never seen a dead body before?" I ask.

"No, sir," he says, and takes a swig to calm his nerves. His wife gets up and heads into the bedroom.

"I read your statement. I just have a few questions. Was he still breathing when you got to him or did it seem like he was already dead?"

"I tried to wake him up… I thought maybe he had passed out or something. But he never moved or opened his eyes… I think he was already dead. I even pushed on his chest like they taught us at the depot, and well… I slapped him in the face a few times, but he didn't react."

"You opened his shirt and pressed on his chest?"

"Did I? I don't think I opened his shirt… but maybe I did. It's all a blur."

"In your statement you said that you noticed a disturbance at the back of the bus and then pulled over to try to help him. What exactly was the disturbance? Did you see someone messing with the guy?"

"Oh no, it was nothing like that – it's just that everyone started hollering and screaming to stop the bus. Eventually the cop came and said he was dead from a heart attack. He cleared out the bus and they took it over to the midtown bus depot, and the company sent me home for the day."

"I see. And I don't suppose you can remember where the man got on or where he was going?"

"Well, he wasn't a regular, I can tell you that – I remember all of my regulars. I think he probably got on somewhere on the Lower East Side or the East Village. As for where he was going, I can't rightly say."

"And you didn't notice whether anyone was sitting next to him?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't really pay attention to where people sit."

"Do you remember anything unusual about him, maybe the way he was dressed?"

"I'm sorry, I don't remember… I'm not very good with clothing."

"Can you remind me about your bus route? And you said you do recognize your regulars. Can you remember any of the regulars who might have been on the bus with you this morning – on the bus at the same time as the guy who died?"

"My morning route is Houston Street. East to West. Starts in the Lower East Side and ends in Hudson Yards. As for my regulars.. Let me think… The little old lady who went and flagged down the cop, she's a regular. I don't know her last name, but her first name is Lilly or Lillith, or something like that. She boards at 2nd Avenue in the Bowery and gets off on 6th Avenue. There's also the old janitor who gets on with his broom in the East Village and gets off in Hudson Yards. I don't know

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

his name, but I sometimes hear him complaining about his kids making his life miserable, if that helps. He has white hair and glasses and he's about 70. And Mr. and Mrs. Heath and their dog, from that old church in Little Italy. I think that's all of my regulars."

I make some notes about the regulars and then thank him for his time and head to the door.

8-3882

7 E. 85th St, CM-41
Time: 30 minutes

I ask the well-dressed man in the back of the clothing store if he remembers a tall blond man who might have come in recently. He describes a man matching my description, who spoke little English and came into the shop on Tuesday afternoon. "He was Swiss, I believe." He tells me that the man wanted some alterations to an expensive dark blue double-breasted tuxedo that he had purchased from another store. Mostly for fit, but he also requested a small hidden pocket be sewn into the jacket. The in-store tailor was able to do the alterations on the spot.

"Didn't that strike you as unusual, that he wanted a hidden pocket sewn into his jacket?"

"Well… Unusual, yes. But not so unusual that I'd call the police on him, if that's what you're suggesting."

8-4969

24 Cortlandt St, FD-3
Time: 30 minutes

Mr. Alamin is haggling with a customer when I walk in the door. The handwritten sign on the awning said Vintage Clothing, but the showroom floor of the small shop is packed with rolling racks of odd suits and dresses that seem out of place and out of time. I ask him about his office in the U.S. Realty building, and he tells me he uses the ground floor unit to store extra merchandise and records. "It's packed floor to ceiling," he says.

I can see he has a large keyring hanging from his belt, and I ask him if he has the keys to the place on him now. He picks up the keyring and searches through it, then quickly holds up two keys for me to see. "Yep, here we go, lobby door and door to 1R." I think about asking to borrow them, but I really don't have the time for what seems like a wild goose chase.

8-5191

Wall St & Nassau St, FD-55
Time: 30 minutes

I don't find any recent travel records for any of the persons of interest in my case.

8-5424

602 E. 84th St, YV-47
Time: 30 minutes

"No idea what you're talking about, pal – I work inside all day."

8-6477

Introduction (p.30) contd.

Just as I'm taking my first sip of coffee the chief is at my door, leaning his head in.

"We need to talk. What the hell is going on with your case? Have you seen the paper?" he asks. "A bomb went off at your house on 2nd Avenue overnight. Blew the entire second story to hell."

"Oh, good grief."

"Some poor cop is laid up in the hospital missing an eye. I need to talk to you about how you're handling this case, Jack."

"Let me just check out the building first, " I say, as I grab my coat and head out the door.

I give Jewel a long look on my way out of the building. "What's up?" she asks.

"A bomb just took out my primary suspect's house."

"Oh, good grief," she says.

Return to Introduction (p.30).

8-6778

89 Broadway, FD-43
Time: 30 minutes

Trinity Church was built on this site in 1839, and was the tallest building in the United States until 1869, and the tallest in New York City until 1890. George Washington attended occasionally, and Alexander Hamilton practically lived here. He was even buried in the church graveyard. It now occupies most of a large block catty-corner to the Bankers Club. It has a 280-foot steeple, but there are no rooms with a view of Broadway that are over 60 feet off the ground.

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

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

8-8076

85 4th Ave, EV-19
Time: 30 minutes

I ask if they know my guy with the broom, but they give me a familiar answer – it's a union shop, they wouldn't just hire a random floor sweeper.

8-8345

401 E. 90th St, YV-17
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

8-8789

Contd. from 4-1482 on p.176
Time: ***3 hours***

There's no time to waste – the fire is only getting worse. I put on my leather police gloves, then grab a pail of water from one of the firemen near the truck and start jogging towards the back of the building. I take a deep breath as I head into the alley and try to remember how far to go along the wall until I get to the back door. I pass another fireman passing the other way and he shouts something at me and tries to block my way – but it's too late, I'm on automatic, and I just step out of his way and keep going.

I can't make out anything but basic shapes in the alley, but I can see there's smoke pouring out of the open doorway. The door itself has been smashed off its hinges and doused by water, I pause for a second to try to get my bearings and then plunge through, sloshing water out of the pail as I go. I rush through to the room where Walz stayed, and see his bed is a raging inferno.

Then I'm into the hallway trying to estimate the steps until I get to the bathroom. The bathroom door is closed, and I throw my pail of water at the handle, then grab it with my gloved hand and push it open. The bathroom was clear of smoke and fire before I opened the door, but now it rushes in over my head, and I desperately get down on my knees to try to take in a quick gasp of clear air.

There's a loud "MEOW!" from under the sink, and that's all I needed to hear. I reach out and grab the cat and pull him tight into my chest. At first I'm afraid he'll make a run for it, but he digs his claws into me to hold on for dear life.

There's a problem when I hit the hallway though – I'm disoriented and I can't remember which way is out. I can't see anything through the smoke, and the only sound I hear besides the cat wailing is the fluttering roar of flames. Then thankfully two big hands grab my shoulders and start pulling me toward the exit. I clamp down hard on the cat in my arms, desperate not to lose my grip.

I'm guided out of the building and then out of the alley and around to the front. When I can see clear air I try to take a deep breath but end up taking in a lungful of smoke, which causes my stomach to cramp up, and I fall down on my knees coughing.

I set the cat down on the ground next to me and take my first real look at him. He looks like he's going to be alright, aside from a singed tail. Then I roll over onto my back and pull off my police gloves and see that I've mostly escaped being burned myself, other than an angry wet-looking area of my left wrist where the flames must have gotten to my unprotected skin. I close my eyes and try to steady my breathing, then feel the cat walk up onto my chest and lie down.

"Did you see who did this?" I ask, eyes still closed.

"Meow," says Otto, as if to say he might have.

Then I pass out.

☑ Tick *5* reputation boxes in your case log.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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

8-9097

1806 1st Ave, YV-5
Time: 30 minutes

I'm told they don't open up until well past 6am, so no one would have seen anything early Thursday morning.

8-9104

Time: 30 minutes

Stuart Marx is 45 years old, and immigrated from Germany in 1930. He was arrested a handful of times in the 1930s for lewd and immoral behavior, suspicion of homosexual activity, and solicitation of a prostitute. His last arrest was in March 1940 but has been redacted, which suggests some higher-level law enforcement intervention. His fingerprints match those lifted by the Medical Examiner.

8-9235

Hint for Marker R1 (p.422) contd.

The chief doesn't say anything, he's watched me go through this too many times before. He knows I'm just grousing and letting off steam while the gears in my head go through their motions.

After a few minutes I can almost feel something in the back of my head trying to get my attention. I stand up, fondling the briar pipe in my pocket, as I walk slowly out the door, head down, going back over my steps at the house on 2nd Avenue before the chase began...

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

8-9257

Hint for Marker W1 (p.423) contd.

I can't help but feel like I haven't tried hard enough to locate witnesses on the night the guy at the dock supposedly drowned.

☑ If this hadn't already occurred to you, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

8-9400

555 E. 90th St, YV-9
Time: 30 minutes

Sam Reitz tells me that he and his brother may have actually seen the body in the water when they got into work a little before 6am.

"My brother, he said he saw something in the water, and called me over. But we were loading stuff from the truck and I didn't get a good look. It was drifting down towards the ferry landing and I just figured it was a log or something."

8-9489

86th St & E. End Ave, YV-34
Time: 30 minutes

I scan the park but I can't see anything that could help me. Nice view of the water, though.

8-9767

1850 2nd Ave, YV-2 (apt. lower)
Time: 30 minutes

Phillipp Froehlich, who lives on the ground floor of the duplex apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue, tells me about the nice German couple across the way, and about how nice and quiet they were, other than the massive explosion that nearly blew his windows out.

DOCUMENTS

STOP!

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

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,447. MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1941 3 cents

TITANS OF INDUSTRY TO GATHER ON SATURDAY

Some of the country's largest industry and banking leaders will meet on Saturday for an annual meeting known as the "Gathering of Insiders". There, top executives will discuss plans to support the country's increasing need for finance and weapons manufacturing. The event will be attended by top US diplomats and war planners, and possibly even President Roosevelt himself, who intends to press for hard commitments for financial and manufacturing support. Should the country find itself embroiled further in the European conflict, she will need all the help she can get.

ROOSEVELT APPEALS TO HIROHITO

President Roosevelt – convinced on the basis of intelligence reports that the Japanese fleet is headed for Thailand, not the United States – telegrams Emperor Hirohito with the request that "for the sake of humanity," the emperor intervene "to prevent further death and destruction in the world."

UNION TROUBLE AT THE DOCKS

Union-related violence at city piers shows no sign of abating. And in a sign of escalating tensions, last week a small incendiary explosive device was tossed onto the deck of a docked ship. Calls for the mayor to get involved have grown louder.

CHURCHILL WORKS ON 67TH BIRTHDAY

LONDON (AP) – Deep in war problems, including preparation of a major speech to be given soon in the Commons on all-out conscription of men and women, Prime Minister Winston Churchill took little part today in a worldwide observance of his sixty-seventh birthday.

BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER OBSERVES BIRTHDAY WITH UNITED STATES CONGRESSMEN

BRITISH SOURCE: Winston Churchill, who was 67 yesterday, is shown in London with Representatives who are visiting England. Left to right: W. Sterling Cole, Melvin J. Maas, Henry Munson, secretary to the American party; William S. Hill, Mr. Churchill, Richard P. Gale and Joseph Clark Baldwin. New York Times Cablephoto, passed yesterday by British censor

ANOTHER GUN STORE BREAK-IN

Police say there are no suspects yet in the overnight break-in at Sharpshooter's Depot in the Lower East Side. This marks the third gun store robbery in the city this year, in what appears to be a growing trend. Police say the break-in last night appears unconnected to previous robberies.

NAZI 'BEST SELLER' GIVES NEW RELIGION

BERLIN (AP) — The outline of a religious "new order" for Nazidom, replacing Catholic and Protestant churches with a national "German faith," is contained in an anonymous book circulating widely in Germany called "*Gott und Volk*" – God and the People.

LEPKE'S FATE IN DOUBT

The possibility arose last night that President Roosevelt might have to intervene to permit the State to execute Louis (Lepke) Buchalter for the first-degree murder of which he was convicted at 2:45 am yesterday morning, as reported in late editions of yesterday's *New York Times*.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,448. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1941 3 cents

PETAIN ON WAY TO MEET HITLER

Far-reaching developments in Franco-German collaboration are expected tomorrow morning, when Marshal Henri Philippe Petain, the French Chief of State, and Adolf Hitler are scheduled to meet near Orleans in occupied France for "final discussions" on Franco-German relations.

THEY MEET AGAIN TODAY

Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain being welcomed by Adolf Hitler somewhere in France in October, 1940. In the center is Dr. Paul Schmidt, interpreter. Yesterday, it was reported in Switzerland, Marshal Pétain left Vichy for Orleans to meet the German Reichsfuehrer.

The New York Times, passed by German censor

HEART ATTACK ON THE BUS

Passengers on the crosstown Houston Street bus were shocked to discover yesterday that they had shared their ride with a dead body. The victim was Stefan Walz, local resident of the East Village, whose severe heart attack went unnoticed by fellow passengers until it was too late. The city medical examiner is still trying to identify whether the heart attack was due to natural causes, or whether he may have been the victim of foul play.

ROBBERY CREW STRIKES AGAIN

An armoured car was robbed yesterday in the Bronx. Police say they suspect it to be the work of a professional crew they have been tracking for years. No one was injured, but the robbers are believed to have made off with nearly fifty thousand dollars in untraceable bearer bonds.

DESPERATE FOR SPARE PARTS

Someone smashed the windows of Philco Radio Parts in Hell's Kitchen last night, and made off with a box of electric and appliance repair parts and tools. Police have asked the public to report any suspicious electricians.

THE REGENCY DIAMOND ARRIVES IN NEW YORK

The Regency diamond, one of the world's most valuable natural diamonds, insured by Walter & Taylor for over two millions dollars, arrived under close armoured guard yesterday through Penn Station and from there to locations unknown. Charles T. Cook, president of the Tiffany Jewelry Company, organized the diamond's international tour, and has been tight-lipped about specific plans for the diamond during its stay in the Big Apple. Expectations are that high-profile public events will be announced in the coming days, and that the diamond will be made available for small private group viewings over the course of the next week. With a full complement of security, no doubt.

MISSING HORSE

A horse and her driver have apparently gone missing and are rumored to be touring the city in search of greener pastures. Last seen admiring the statue of the Bard in Central Park, this itinerant horse, known as Buttercup, apparently has a history of taking unauthorized tours of the city.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,449. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1941 3 cents

PRESIDENT TO SPEAK AT THE GATHERING OF INSIDERS DINNER

C.M. MORRIS

President Roosevelt will be in New York City on Saturday to brush shoulders and speak with titans of industry and banking at the annual Gathering of Insiders dinner. The black-tie event, which is traditionally held in Carnegie Mansion, will be held this evening at the Bankers Club in the Financial District. It's strictly invite-only, and security is expected to be high. The President's speech will be broadcast live on the radio, but the speaking schedule has not been released, and no press have been invited to attend the event.

GAS LEAK IN YORKVILLE DUPLEX

A young married couple died in a gas leak on 95th Street last night, and a responding officer, Derrick Mackelroy, was injured in a secondary explosion. Police have closed off most of the block while city maintenance workers work to fix the leak. Workers at the scene say there is no danger to neighboring buildings, but have closed off the area out of an abundance of caution. Officer Mackelroy is recovering at Lenox Hill hospital in the Upper East Side.

ARSON SUSPECTED IN EAST VILLAGE FIRE

BY C.M. MORRIS

A fire broke out yesterday morning at the Flawless Finery tailor in the East Village. An investigation is underway, but early signs are that foul play was involved.

MORE UNION TROUBLE AT THE DOCKS

Two men were hospitalized during a fight that broke out between union organizers and non-union company security yesterday afternoon at Pier 8. Competing marches have frequently led to fisticuffs over the last months, during hard-fought battles over unionizing the city's dockworkers and ship stewards.

O'DWYER BREAKS WITH CITY POLICE OVER HIS RECORDS

District Attorney William O'Dwyer of Brooklyn, who began his public career as a uniformed patrolman on beat and was defeated last month as the Democratic candidate for Mayor by Fiorello H. La Guardia, split completely with the city administration last night, and flatly refused to permit his confidential records to be made the subject of a report demanded by the Police Department.

BUTTERCUP STILL ON THE RUN?

Still missing and absent without leave is carriage driver Marko Eggers and his horse Buttercup. Readers continue to write in reporting sightings of the duo touring the city, most recently paying tribute to Alexander Hamilton in Central Park, after reportedly being seen riding the ferris wheel at Coney Island. The entire city seems enraptured with the idea of a horse who refuses to work for a living.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,450. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1941 3 cents

RUMBLINGS OF WAR

America remains on edge today as rumors of war continue to spread throughout the Americas. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, remains steadfast that if the country is dragged into war it will do so with righteous anger and unceasing violence.

TERRORISM RESPONSIBLE FOR BOMBINGS?

BY C.M. MORRIS

A letter was received by the *Times* this morning, claiming responsibility for the explosion of a Yorkville building on Tuesday evening. Police originally said that the house at 1849 2nd Avenue was damaged in a gas leak, but a credible letter was received at the New York Times Building, taking credit for the explosion on behalf of a terrorist group which calls itself Cell Green.

Police are refusing to comment on the claim, but our sources suggest that the letter writer knew details that have not been made public, and raise doubt about the official story of a gas leak.

BODY FOUND BY YORKVILLE PIER

A body washed ashore this morning in the water off East End Avenue. Maintenance workers at the East 90th Street Ferry Landing discovered the body when they opened up the marina. The corpse has been transported to the medical examiner, but cause of death has not yet been established.

THE MUSIC OF GUNSHOTS

Two men were killed yesterday evening in a hail of gunfire on Allen Street. Details remain scanty, but employees of a Bowery boarding house tell the paper that the two men were last seen questioning a guitar player on the corner of Allen and Stanton when shots rang out.

There were no other reported injuries, and no word on the identity of any of those involved. The Bowery police precinct has refused to comment about the ongoing investigation.

SAVE THE INSURED WAY

Accounts up to $5,000 insured by an agency of the United States Government. Accounts opened to January 10th draw dividends from January 1. You can open an account with $5.00 or more.

A Dividend at the rate of 2½% per annum has just been declared for the six months ending December 31, 1941.

NINTH FEDERAL

SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

RESOURCES OVER $13,000,000

Member Federal Home Loan Bank System

1457 BROADWAY, between 41st and 42nd Streets, NEW YORK CITY

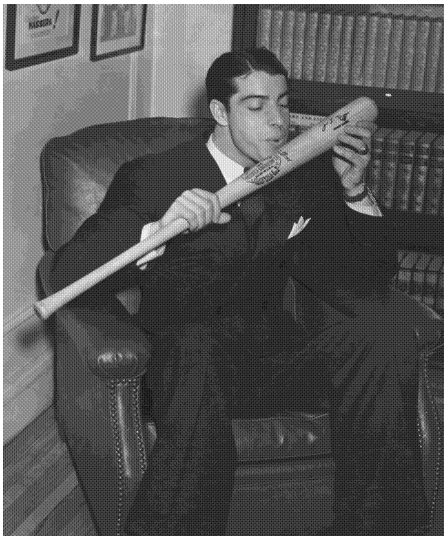
HOURS:—Mon. thru Thurs., 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.—Fri. 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Sat. 9 A.M. to 12 Noon

BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS HERE

BUTTERCUP WANTS A BATH!

Word on the street is that Buttercup wants a bath. She was spotted inside the Bethesda Fountain yesterday, despite the fact that the water has been turned off for winter.

JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGIO



Pictured above, Joe DiMaggio, kissing his bat and celebrating his 56th consecutive game with a hit. His newest teammate Phil "The Scooter" Rizzuto, who joined the team this year, possibly said it best: "Holy Cow!"

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,451. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1941 3 cents

BAUBLES AND BACH

C.M. MORRIS

On Saturday evening Steinway Hall will play host to the Regency Diamond, estimated to be worth in excess of two million dollars. The diamond will be sat on stage surrounded by armoured guards as well as the British Bach Quartet, who will be playing all evening to an audience of fellow musicians, alumni of the Steinway Hall music school.

HAND OF GOD KILLER RESURFACES

In the early morning hours on Friday, in a little-used gazebo at Fort Tryon Park, a man out walking his dog stumbled upon a grisly scene. A young woman, as yet unidentified, was found decapitated and bound naked to a picnic table, her left hand missing. The scene bears all the signs of marking the return of the so-called "Hand of God Killer", who went silent 2 years ago.

The entirety of Tryon Park remains closed to the public today as police continue to comb the area looking for evidence. Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine has scheduled a press conference for Monday morning to address the public.

Until today there had been no sign that the killer was still in New York City. Many speculated two years ago, when the killings stopped, that he had fled the city to avoid capture. There is no word yet on whether the newspapers have received any letters from the killer, as they did two years ago. Those letters, which were never fully released to the public, were the best clues to the identity of the killer, but they ultimately proved insufficient to catch him.

BUTTERCUP MAKES A FRIEND?

Buttercup the horse was spotted yesterday trying to make the acquaintance of the equine companion of General Tecumseh Sherman. No word yet on whether the two are just friends or whether romance is in the air, but should you see this mottled-yellow-and-brown pony out and about, be sure to point her in the direction of the Harrington-Whitcombe Carriage Company.

WOMAN DIES IN CAR ACCIDENT

New York City native and homeless advocate Blanche Long, 62, succumbed this morning to injuries sustained when a car jumped the curb and hit her in Spanish Harlem. She is survived by her husband, Alejandro, and two children.

SALE

of beautiful exclusive fashions for North or South at great reductions

DRESSES day, evening From $25
COATS without fur . From $45
COATS with fur . . From $85
SPORTSWEAR . . From $15
SUITS . . . . . From $45
TEA-GOWNS . . . From $10
LINGERIE . . . . From $5
CORSETS . . . . From $5
HATS . . . . . From $5

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

This shop will be open until 5 P.M. every Saturday until Christmas

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

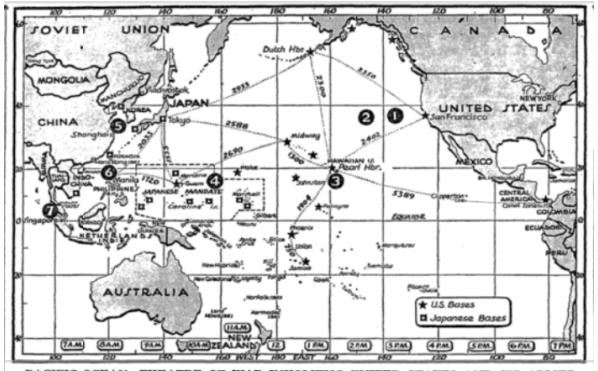
The New York Times

VOL. XC... No. 31,453. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941 3 cents

JAPAN DECLARES WAR ON U.S. AND BRITAIN; SURPRISE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR; HEAVY FIGHTING AT SEA REPORTED

SUDDEN ATTACK BY JAPAN

TOKYO ACTS FIRST



PACIFIC OCEAN: THEATRE OF WAR INVOLVING UNITED STATES AND ITS ALLIES

Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities an American ship sent a distress call from (1) and a United States Army transport carrying lumber was torpedoed at (2). The most important action was at Hawaii (3), where Japanese planes bombed the great Pearl Harbor base. Also attacked was Guam (4). From Manila (6) United States bombers roared northward, while some parts of the Philippines were raided, as was Hong Kong, to the northwest. At Shanghai (5) a British gunboat was sunk and an American gunboat seized. To the south, in the Malaya area (7), the British bombed Japanese ships, Tokyo forces attempted landings on British territory and Singapore underwent an air raid. Distances between key Pacific points are shown on the map in statute miles.

TOKYO ACTS FIRST

TOKYO, Monday, Dec. 8 — Japan went to war against the United States and Britain today with air and sea attacks against Hawaii, followed by a formal declaration of hostilities.

Premier-War Minister General Hideki Roho held a twenty-minute Cabinet session at his official residence at 7 a.m. and announced that a state of war existed among the nations in the Western Pacific.

ENTIRE CITY PUT ON WAR FOOTING

The metropolitan district reacted swiftly yesterday to the Japanese attack in the Pacific. All large communities in the area, including New York City, Newark, Jersey City, Bayonne and Paterson, went on immediate war footing. One of the first steps taken here last night was a round-up of Japanese nationals by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, reinforced by squads of city detectives acting under FBI supervision.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

YESTERDAY, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy. The United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that Nation and, at the solicitation of Japan, was still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific...

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya. Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong. Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam. Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands. Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island. And this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island. Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our Nation.

As Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense. But always will our whole Nation remember the character of the onslaught against us. No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory. I believe that I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the utmost, but will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

Document 7

Initial police report on death, from Introduction (p.20)

Monday, December 1st, 1941 at 8:22am

Statement from officer M. Valenzuela, badge #465:

"Boarded bus at corner of Houston and West Broadway. Present on scene were bus driver Winston James, black male apx 45 yo. (statement attached) and deceased, unidentified John Doe, white male, est. late-thirties. No passengers or other witnesses present.

Deceased found slumped back, mouth open, in window seat drivers side, 5th row from back. No sign of foul play. Wallet in right front pocket contained $10 in cash, no ID. Appears to be a small amount of vomit on front of shirt. Medical examiner called to pronounce body."

Statement from bus driver Winston James:

"I am the weekday driver of the Houston street crosstown bus. This morning at around 8am I was driving the bus heading west. Everything was normal and the ride was smooth until I noticed a disturbance at the back of the bus. Passengers were screaming. I pulled the bus over near West Broadway and went back to see what was wrong. There was a man I did not recognize slumped over in his seat, and I could not rouse him. One of the passengers fetched a police officer while I was trying to wake him. The police officer said he was dead and asked me to give this statement."

Document 8

Items found in and around room rented by Stefan Walz, from 2-7677 (p.114)

Note inside tennis ball

~~I demand $300~~

~~Pay me $200 now~~

The price is $300

Calendar on wall:

Friday, November 28th:

Pickup 9 am Grand Central gate 12

Monday, December 1st:

8:30am Chess - Erol Gleave

Found in alley:

The corner of a burned airmail envelope, with no writing or post mark visible:

Remains of small folded strip of paper:

Document 9

Medical examiner items found on bus victim, from 7-5122 (p.312)

Business card found under liner of bus victim's shoe - Front

Charles Oglevee

Creative Renovations

495 West St, 6-8219

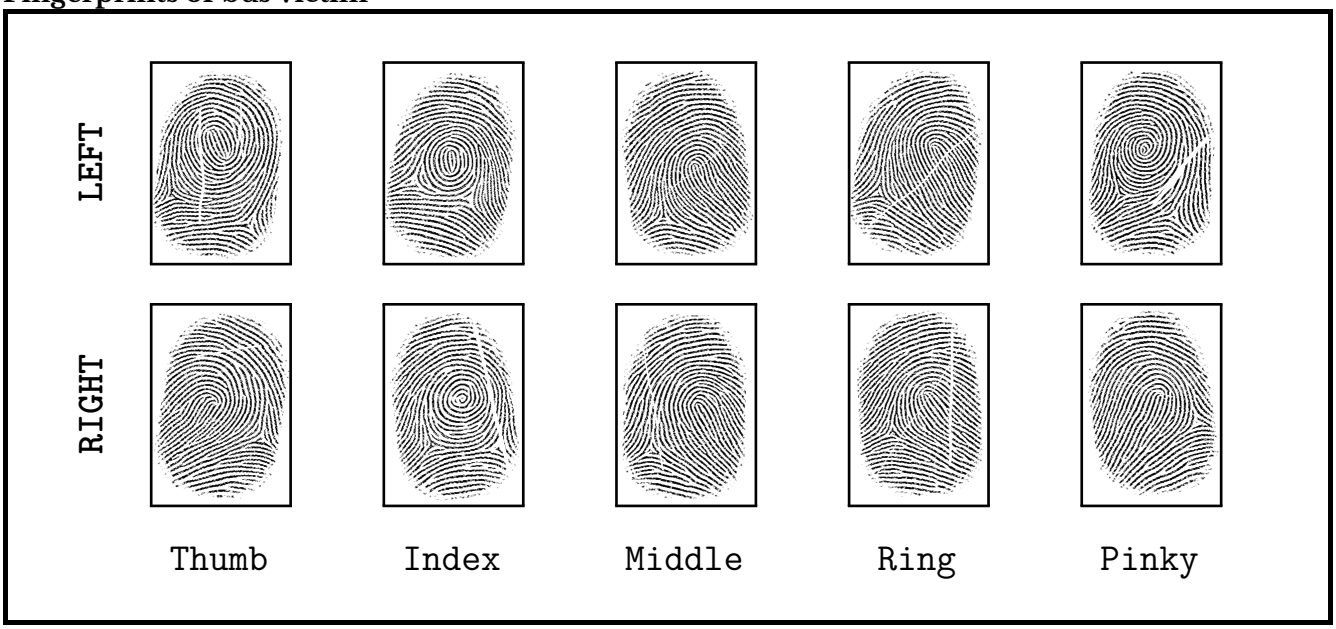
Business card found under liner of bus victim's shoe - Back

Meet Jane Street Garden. Monday, December 1st. 8:30 am. Bring everything you have. Wear this. Look for silver cane. $300 and more to come. Fallback on Wednesday at 10pm.

Document 10

Medical examiner fingerprints of bus victim, from 7-5122 (p.312)

Fingerprints of bus victim



Document 11

Coded message recovered from house, from 2-1031 (p.91)

```
UHRR DAZHRFDAOZ,
WQHREZPWA OWCZRWZ HEMZ PM LWAOPRXHJ. QELFETH ORWX YPHAAE
ERRPYHM JHLHXGHR WAH. GSWAJ UEPR, GSDH HIHM, IHSSWN OSWNHR PA
SHOZ QWLFHZ. HATSPMU FAWNSHJTH XPAPXES. QPLFDQ TREAJ LHAZRES
TEZH ZNHSYH EZ APAH PA XWRAPAT. QRWYPJH SWJTPATM EAJ EMMPMZEALH
EAJ HAMDRH UH THZM NUEZHYHR UH AHHJM. UEQQI LWDQSH UEYH GHHA
EJYPMHJ ESMW EAJ NPSS EMMPMZ EM AHHJHJ. TWWJ SDLF. HAMDRH UPM
MEOHZI EAJ OELPSPZEZH UPM JHQERZDRH EAJ ZUEZ WO HAZPRH ZHEX
EOZHR JHLHXGHR MHYHA.
```

Document 12

Reply from Bankers Club to Secret Service (2 pages), from 5-2521 (p.222)

IMPORTANT NOTE: **THERE ARE TWO PAGES TO THIS DOCUMENT**

From: Secret Service Advance Scouting Team

To: Gregory Marler, Bankers Club President

Subject: Request for confirmation of site preparations

Summary:

Our advance team has identified a number of security concerns that must be addressed at your site. Please reply with the steps you are taking to remediate.

Response requested for the following items:

1. The proposed room for the speech (7th floor banquet room) is acceptable, but the location of the lectern is unacceptable. Because the banquet room is 80 feet above ground level, the lectern must be set back at least 25 feet from window. Please confirm.

2. The time of the President's arrival and speech must be left indeterminate; it will be sometime between 8pm and 10pm. He will need to give his speech within 20 minutes of arrival and will not have time to meet with guests. Please confirm.

3. Secret Service agents will arrive the morning of the dinner and perform a walk through of the entire building. Please confirm someone from your office will be there to show them around and provide access to any locked rooms. These agents will remain in the building from that point until the President departs.

4. You have stated that all guests to the event are known to you personally by sight. Please confirm that physical invitations will be required for all guests, and that someone from your staff will be on site to visually verify the identity of each guest. If there are guests you would not personally recognize by sight, please provide contact information for each.

5. We will have two men and one woman stationed at the entrance to do a physical pat-down of all guests and staff entering the building to check for weapons (guns, knives, etc.) Please confirm there is only one entrance into the building, the front entrance.

6. President Roosevelt will be traveling with his Scottish Terrier Fala; please confirm there is a quiet room where Fala can rest during the speech.

REPLIES

1. Confirmed. Banquet room is on 7th floor. We have set lectern back 30 feet from window.

2. Confirmed.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

3. Confirmed; I will be there to walk agents through. We are only using 7th floor for dinner (and lobby of course); floors 2–6 and the 8th-floor theater will be unoccupied.

4. Confirmed. I or my assistant, Paolo, will personally remain downstairs while guests are arriving to identify all guests. All guests must have a valid invitation and be on the guest list. All guests and workers are known to us by name and by sight, other than the following guests arriving from out of town:

Sir Richard Beneton (Waldorf Astoria); British male; apx. 40yo

John Wagner (Waldorf Astoria); Spanish male; apx. 20yo

Sebastian Papadopoulos (Waldorf Astoria); Greek male; apx. 24 yo

Simon Emerenfeld and Wife (Hotel Imperial); Irish male; short; apx. 38yo

Christophe Argente and Wife (Hotel Imperial); French male; apx. 33yo

Dame Sarah Hennesy (Hotel Imperial); British female; apx. 60yo

Elliot Highsmith and wife Beatrice (Hotel Cumberland); British male; apx. 40yo

Alexi Petrovich (Hotel Cumberland); Russian male; apx. 50yo

Bernard Glaser (Hotel Cumberland); Belgian male; bald; tall; apx. 50yo

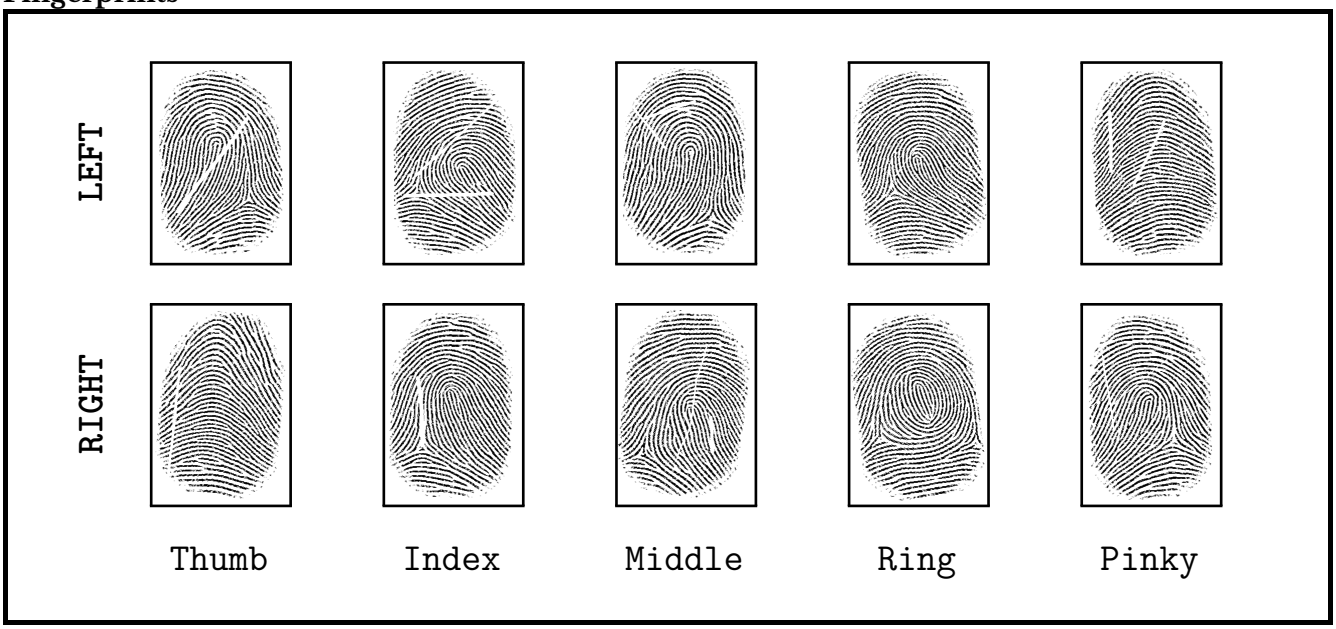
5. Confirmed.

6. Confirmed. Dog can stay in my office.

Document 13

Medical examiner fingerprints from pier victim, from 2-8594 (p.118)

Fingerprints



Document 14

Note found on east river drive near pier, from 6-0330 (p.256)

5:30 am Yorkville Pier Thursday

Document 15

Letter sent to the NY Times, from 6-8666 (p.287)

THE EXPLOSION AT 1840 ON AVENUE 2ND WAS NOT CAUSED BY GAS. IT WAS A BOMB THAT WE PLANTED. THERE WILL BE MORE BOMBS SOON. WE ARE MANY PEOPLE. ON SATURDAY YOU WILL SEE. WE WILL ATTACK YOUR SCHOOLS AND KIDNAP YOUR CHILDREN AND DESTROY YOUR BRIDGES.

SO SAYS CELL GREEN.

Document 16

Translated letter from George Sinclair, from Introduction (p.36)

Jack,

We intercepted a suspicious telegram yesterday sent to a watched house in Germany. We have reason to believe it may be related to your case. Originally in German, but am enclosing the English translation which I believe to be reliable.

Sir George Sinclair

Translated Letter

Sponsor,

My trip to America has been more eventful than expected. Your family members that I planned to stay with have all become ill, either from food poisoning or melancholy, so I am on my own now. I am still planning to visit our old friend and will send him your regards before I head home, but may have to improvise time and place depending on local construction and traffic. Please ensure my SBA is updated as agreed and that transport is ready for me on Saturday at arranged location as I will be anxious to head home.

Document 17

Items found at 1850 2nd Avenue, from 2-4559 (p.106)

Note 1 pinned to wall

P11 WSFL FD 2300

Note 2 pinned to wall

115 8F

Receipt found in trash

Timeless Trade and Pawn

Tuesday, December 2nd

4. Case – $1 no refund

Document 18

Decoded message recovered from house, from 7-2748 (p.306)

```
HERR UNTERKUNFT,
OPERATION FOXTROT EAST IS CONFIRMED. PACKAGE FROM VIENNA
ARRIVES DECEMBER ONE. BLOND HAIR, BLUE EYES, YELLOW FLOWER IN
LEFT POCKET. ENGLISH KNOWLEDGE MINIMAL. PICKUP GRAND CENTRAL
GATE TWELVE AT NINE IN MORNING. PROVIDE LODGINGS AND ASSISTANCE
AND ENSURE HE GETS WHATEVER HE NEEDS. HAPPY COUPLE HAVE BEEN
ADVISED ALSO AND WILL ASSIST AS NEEDED. GOOD LUCK. ENSURE HIS
SAFETY AND FACILITATE HIS DEPARTURE AND THAT OF ENTIRE TEAM
AFTER DECEMBER SEVEN.
```

END

Wrapping Up

The time has come to wrap up this case and make your final recommendations.

WARNING: Do **not** read questions before you are ready to end the case.

Questions

IMMEDIATE ACTION

Q1. Where should we station/send officers on Saturday evening? (**max. 75 points**)

You have the responsibility of assigning up to 5 officers. For each officer, specify the location to station them, and what one specific thing they should be looking for. Be as specific as possible. (For example: "Officer #1: Roof of the Belleville Hospital, search for tall blond woman carrying a briefcase.")

PRIMARY QUESTIONS

Q2. What role did Stefan Walz play? How did Stefan Walz die, who was responsible for his death, to whom was he allied, and where was he going when he was killed? (**max. 10 points**)

Q3. What motivated those responsible for his death, and to whom were they allied? (**max. 10 points**)

Q4. How and why did the gold-tooth man die, to whom was he allied, and do you know his real name? (**max. 15 points**)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Q5. What role does Charles Oglevee play, and to whom was he allied? (**max. 5 points**)

Q6. What is the meaning of the items found outside of Stefan Walz's room? (**max. 5 points**)

Q7. What was the meaning of the translated letter document dropped off for you? (**max. 5 points**)

Q8. What was the meaning of the note found at the Yorkville pier? (**max. 5 points**)

Q9. What was the meaning of the two notes found on the wall at the 1850 2nd Ave apartment? (**max. 20 points**)

Q10. List all of those killed (or gravely injured) by the assassin. (**max. 10 points**)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Q11. To whom is the assassin allied and what is his motivation? (**max. 5 points**)

Q12. To the best of your knowledge, where did the assassin sleep on each night from Sunday, November 30th to Saturday, December 6th? (**max. 12 points**)

SECONDARY QUESTIONS

S1. What's going on with Buttercup? (**max. 5 points**)

S2. What's the name of the individual who stole Mrs. Lilli Lenderink's scarf? (**max. 5 points**)

S3. What's going on with the letter from Cell Green received by the *New York Times*? (**max. 5 points**)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

After you finish answering the questions above, you may, for the very last time, resume searching for new leads in an attempt to improve your answers.

If you you choose resume visiting leads at this point, circle **Marker J2** in your case log.

Then consider yourself on **overtime** at **6pm** on day **6** (**Sat, Dec 6th**).

Afterward, return here to *revise* any of your answers above, scoring the **average** score of your original and revised answer.

The Final Act

As 10 pm rolls around on Saturday night, I'm sitting alone in my patrol car on Liberty Place, a block away from the Bankers Club. It's feeling an awful lot like I've overlooked something. All's quiet on the police band, and all's quiet on the short wave radio I've got sitting on the passenger seat. In my head I'm starting to rehearse how I'm going to explain to the chief that it's better to be safe than sorry. At 10:20 I hear on the radio that the President's motorcar is only just now arriving on scene, having been delayed in transit. His speech is now expected at around 10:30.

I step out of my car and head down Liberty street towards Broadway. There's cops and Secret Service agents all over the place, with heavy artillery no less, so it's not like I'm going to make much of a difference. But still, it can't hurt, right? I turn left on Broadway and head to Cedar Street. When I get to the U.S. Realty building at 115 Broadway, I look in and see a short, stocky uniformed officer standing in the lobby. I think he recognizes me, but but just in case he's a little on edge I slowly pull out my detective's badge and flash it in the window. He unlocks the lobby door for me and lets me in.

He's got bars on his jacket identifying his rank. "All quiet tonight, sergeant?" I ask.

"Yes, sir," he says.

I stare over his shoulder at the building directory that I had only seen through the window previously. The gears in my brain are starting to turn a little faster.

At the top of the directory it says "115 Broadway."

I remember the note pinned to the wall at 1850 2nd Avenue that said "115 / 8F"'.

I scan down the directory till I get to "8F - Eckard Novelties".

I try not to let the stress show in my voice. "Who else is with you in the building today, sergeant?"

"Just a couple more police officers."

"And no one else has been in or out, is that right?"

"Not since we arrived this morning."

I see the radio on the counter next to him. "Can you get those officers on the horn for me?" I ask.

He picks up his radio and pushes the button to talk. "This is Officer Jones at the U.S. Realty front desk. All officers in the building, report your location."

The two of us lock eyes in silence for an excruciatingly long time before I bolt for the stairs and yell back at him to call for backup and send them to the 8th floor.

I've got my Colt .38 unholstered and by my side as I hit the 8th-floor landing, out of breath. If there was the slightest doubt in my mind about what was happening, that's gone when I see the body of a police officer sprawled out on the landing in a pool of blood. There's no time to check his pulse – either he makes it or he doesn't; I have bigger problems to worry about. I take a deep breath and try to slow my breathing.

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I take off my shoes and leave them on the landing. I check the cylinder on my revolver. Then, as slowly and quietly as I can, I open the door to the 8th floor and slip through. I see a sign on the corridor wall pointing left to 8R and right to 8F, so I turn right, gun pointed in front of me.

As I turn the hallway corner, it opens up into a shockingly large, dark, wide-open office. It's hard to make out details because it's so dark, but I can see it's vacant. Mostly.

A handful of chairs and tables lie at odd angles. Then my eyes adjust a bit, and I can see a figure at the other end of the room, lying motionless and prone on a long table that has been moved over to the window facing Broadway and the Bankers Club.

He's maybe a hundred feet from me. Too far away for me to take a sure shot, especially in the dark and with him lying prone. Not to mention my eyes are still adjusting to the dim light.

I stand in silence for what can't be more than 30 seconds, but feels like an hour. I'm trying to slow my breathing. I'm trying to let my eyes adjust to the darkness. Both hands on my gun which is extended in front of me.

Then I will myself to start forward. I move as slowly and quietly as I possibly can, sliding my feet in short movements, scanning the floor in front of me to make sure my feet don't hit anything that could make a noise.

Eighty feet away now. Still too far. If he turns around and sees me, it's over. Deep breath.

Seventy feet… Then sixty… Almost there… Then I see him pull his eye back from the scope, just barely. I freeze in place and hold my breath. He can't have heard me, can he?

And then he reacts, and he's shockingly fast.

When I replay the moment in my head afterward, I still can't figure out what he saw or heard. Before I know it, he's sitting bolt upright and whipping around on the table, bringing the rifle to bear at me and firing, all in one smooth movement. **CRACK!** The sound of the rifle is deafening and he's fired before I even get a chance to pull the trigger on my gun, but he's missed me by an inch and now I'm running at full speed towards him, firing as I go. My first shot misses, but I catch him with the second, then third, then fourth shot, and I don't stop until I'm right on top of him and my gun is empty.

Epilogue

On December 8th, 1941, the day after the Bankers Club Assassination attempt, America was turned upside down. A surprise attack by Japan on the US naval fleet at Pearl Harbor killed 2,000 servicemen and brought the United States roaring into World War 2.

Circle **Document 6** in your case log. You have gained access to **Document 6** (New York Times Sunday, December 7th, 1941), which can be found at the back of this case book on page 362.

In the days and weeks that followed the assassination attempt, Jewel and I established a regular routine. We'd both show up at work a half-hour early and meet in my office to read the paper together. I'd bring two copies of the paper, and Jewel would bring coffee and her folding chair. Most days we'd read in silence, and occasionally I'd catch her looking at me, shaking her head.

There was the war, of course, on all of our minds. But you'd be surprised – even during war, the machinery of New York City and the gears of justice seem to inexorably grind on.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1941

PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT FOILED

By C.M. Morris

Police say they disrupted a planned assassination attempt on President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's life Monday evening, at the Bankers Club of America.

Details remain scanty, but the President did complete his address at the annual Gathering of Insiders dinner, and was then quickly escorted out of the building and into a waiting motorcade. Police presence in the area is high this morning, in particular around the U.S. Realty Building.

It turns out that the Nazis had been running a sleeper cell in Manhattan for years, collecting intelligence and conducting occasional minor operations against the state. Stefan Walz was the welcome committee for this little group, serving as the first stop for any new agents coming into the country.

But I guess he got cold feet, and developed some feelings for his adopted country. Seems like maybe he even had dreams of opening up his own shop and settling in America for good. Then he got a letter from Germany that changed all that – he was to help settle a new visitor, hailing from Switzerland. But this latest newcomer to New York City was not like the rest; he was a professional assassin, hired by the Nazis to sneak into America and decapitate the U.S. government just before Japan hit Pearl Harbor. A sort of two-front blitzkrieg on America meant to destabilize her before

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she had a chance to get her bearings.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1941

ASSASSIN KILLED

By C.M. Morris

New details are emerging concerning the failed assassination attempt on the President's life on Saturday. Our sources have confirmed that the unidentified assassin was killed during an attempt to apprehend him. He was shot while in the possession of a powerful long-range rifle by a member of the NYPD. It's unclear how close he actually came to taking a shot at the President.

It was also announced today that police officers Jordan Emelheart and Patrick Murphy died of wounds sustained in an altercation with the killer. A memorial will be held next Sunday.

A Presidential spokesperson has said that the President's life was never in any actual danger, and that the assassin appears to have been a lone gunman.

Stefan Walz must have decided he wanted out, so shortly after he picked up the assassin and settled him into his room in the East Village, he made contact with a British intelligence agent and offered to sell him information on the plot. Why he reached out to the Brits instead of the Americans is unclear – maybe they reached out to him first. It was while he was on his way to meet with Charles Oglevee, his British handler, to share details about the plot that he was killed by fellow members of his group. Maximillian Rehm and his wife Millicent had lost trust in him and had figured out what he was up to. I'm guessing they used a poison brought by the assassin in the heels of his shoes. They must have been desperate to destroy any evidence of the plot which he might have had on him or left in his room.

After Walz's death the assassin moved in with Maximillian and Millicent, who went by the codename "Happy Couple", up in Yorkville in the house at 1849 2nd Avenue. Unfortunately for them, their happiness didn't last long. They were true believers in the cause, and they must have known time was running out for them. They were prepared to give up their lives for their beliefs and they ultimately did.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1941

ANOTHER DEATH CONNECTED TO FAILED ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

By C.M. Morris

Police say Bernard Glaser, a 65-year-old resident of Belgium, was found dead this morning in his room in the Hotel Cumberland, bludgeoned to death with a blunt object – possibly a large glass ashtray recovered from the room. Glaser was a guest invited to the Gathering of Insiders dinner, and police believe it's possible that he was killed so that someone could impersonate him in order to gain access to the event. This theory is bolstered by the fact that both his invitation and identification were missing from the room and have not yet been recovered.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1941

HERO COP SAVES PRESIDENT

By C.M. Morris

Sources tell the *Times* that storied NYPD detective Jack Deverell was in fact the officer who shot and killed the President's would-be assassin, on Saturday night at the Bankers Club in the Financial District. Jack Deverell's controversial history with the NYPD will be familiar to readers of the *Times*.

Contrary to initial reports, our sources say that the planned assassination may have actually put the President's life in much graver risk than White House spokesmen have so far admitted.

It turns out that Charles Oglevee, the British spymaster, already knew about the happy couple and had their house under surveillance. A man under his employ, Stuart Marx – the man with the conspicuous gold front tooth – was assigned to observe the house and record any unusual activities. In the early hours of Wednesday morning, after the explosion that took out the house at 1849 2nd Avenue, the professional assassin was forced to find new lodgings. Unfamiliar with the city, he returned to the East Village and took a room in a boarding house. But the noose was closing in around him. Charles Oglevee must have had men looking for him, but he managed to get away

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after a brief gunfight.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1941

BOMB AT THE BANKERS CLUB

By C.M. Morris

A shocking development this morning in the ongoing story involving an attempt to take the life of the 32nd President of the United States. The police commissioner revealed today that a small explosive charge was recovered from a microphone used by the President during his speech at the Bankers Club. Police say that the explosive was planted days before the dinner, and wires had been laid under the carpet and to a nearby room, where it could have been detonated by any of the guests. It is not clear at this time whether the person killed by police at the U.S. Realty building had an accomplice, or had originally planned to try to infiltrate the dinner himself and had been dissuaded by the high levels of security.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1941

LONE ASSASSIN AS YET UNIDENTIFIED

By C.M. Morris

The assassin who attempted to take the life of President Roosevelt on Saturday still remains unidentified. Our sources tell us that police have not been able to match fingerprints to any known suspects, domestic or international, but that the suspect did enter the United States from Germany by way of Grand Central terminal. Police believe he was met and assisted by a local German man, Stefan Walz, who apparently was killed in an unrelated accident on Monday, December 1st.

In what must have been a decision of necessity, the assassin returned to the only other area he was familiar with, the house at 1849 2nd Avenue. He then befriended Stuart Marx and talked his way into staying with him at his apartment across the street, at number 1850. Whether he knew at this point that Stuart Marx had been spying on number 1849 is unknown. But at some point he

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must have learned that Stuart Marx was to meet Charles Oglevee at the Yorkville Pier – perhaps to provide information on the strange man whom he had let into his apartment during a moment of weakness, or perhaps just for a routine visit. The assassin followed and ultimately strangled Stuart Marx early Friday morning, leaving his body in the waters off the Yorkville Pier.

The assassin seems to have stayed in the apartment at number 1850 as long as he could, but when I stumbled onto him, he was forced to move again. It turns out that the last place he stayed was where he ultimately met his death: the U.S. Realty Building.

It looks like the assassin had planned two possible methods for killing the President, both involving the President's planned speech at the Bankers Club. His first order of business was to break into the Bankers Club on Monday night, to gather information about the event and stage items for later use. This operation was more successful than the assassin could have hoped.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1941

TIMELINE OF AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT

By C.M. Morris

A police spokesman today revealed what the NYPD says is their best estimate of the timeline of the assassination attempt:

Friday, November 28th: Assassin arrives in NYC and is picked up and hosted by Stefan Walz in a back room of the Flawless Finery Tailor.

Monday, December 1st: Stefan Walz is killed, and the assassin moves into the home of a sympathetic couple on 1849 2nd Avenue.

Tuesday, December 2nd: A gas explosion destroys the house at 1849 2nd Avenue, and the killer is forced to find alternative lodgings, namely a boarding house on Allen Street.

Wednesday, December 3rd: Members of an unspecified immigration task force confront the assassin, and he is forced to flee after a brief but violent shootout.

Thursday, December 4th: It is believed that the assassin befriends and then kills a Mr. Stuart Marx in an apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue.

Friday, December 5th: The assassin is forced to flee number 1850 after being discovered, and is believed to have broken into the U.S. Realty building on 115 Broadway where he stayed until the attempted shooting.

At the Bankers Club he found information confirming both the location of the lectern where the President would speak, and information about attending guests who were not known by sight to the

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event organizers. He then planted a small explosive charge in the lectern microphone, and ran a set of wires alongside the existing audio and power cables to an adjacent room.

The problem, of course, was that he would have to be present at the event in order to trigger the device when the President was actually speaking into it. It wouldn't be too hard to step into an adjacent room in order to trigger the explosion, or to escape in the ensuing panic. But that still left the problem of how to get into the event.

From the list of out-of-town guests that he discovered during his break-in at the Bankers Club, he eventually settled on a Belgian national named Bernard Glaser who was staying at the Hotel Cumberland. He was probably chosen for a number of reasons, including the ability of the assassin to alter his appearance to match Glaser's, as well as the lax security at the Cumberland, and the fact that his nationality might serve as a cover for his accent. He did end up killing Bernard Glaser and stealing his identification and invitation, but he must have ultimately decided that it was too risky to try to sneak into the Bankers Club, and switched to a more straightforward backup plan: to shoot the President from an adjacent building using a long rifle that he had earlier stolen from a neighborhood gun shop. Or perhaps that was always his preferred plan, and the Bankers Club infiltration was to be a backup if he was forced to flee the U.S. Realty building, which he had selected and moved into the night before.

Of course, you know how that ended. If I had arrived even a few minutes later, I don't want to think about what would have happened.

We still haven't managed to put a name to the killer, whose operational patterns and discipline suggest a highly-trained professional. This certainly wasn't his first rodeo, so he has to be in the system somewhere.

Meanwhile, at the Wall Street Ferry Landing near Pier 11, we picked up yet more members of the German sleeper cell in a small boat that was to be the killer's way out of the city. They're being questioned as we speak. I'm guessing now that we're officially in a state of war, that questioning won't be so gentle.

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1942

HERO COP TO GET MEDAL

By C.M. Morris

Hero cop Jack Deverell, who is single-handedly credited with saving the President's life by stopping a would-be assassin, will be honored by the New York Police Department on Sunday with the Medal of Valor, the second-highest medal for bravery that is awarded by the NYPD. Sources tell the *Times* that Detective Deverell came under gunfire at least twice while tracking the killer, whom he eventually shot dead in the U.S. Realty building on Saturday, December 6th. Detective Deverell is no stranger to readers of the paper – he has been cited in the past for his role in solving several high-profile cases, but also for controversial police actions. Asked by this reporter for a comment about the high-stakes case, he offered the following reply: "It's just a game. I'm the good guy and it's my job to catch the bad guy. Anything more than that is above my pay grade."

Final Scoring

Calculate your final score by awarding yourself partial credit on each question based on how well you feel you answered the question.

IMMEDIATE ACTION

Q1. Where should we station/send officers on Saturday evening? (**max. 75 points**) ..... _____

- NOTE: You can receive a maximum of **75 points** for this answer. You must use your judgement to assign yourself a maximum score if you maximally match the details below.

The assassin is resourceful and will attempt to circumvent your efforts; he has two main options for his assassination attempt.

Step 1 (max 30 points)

The assassin may attempt to use a sniper rifle from an adjacent building. Identifying the correct building is essential to capturing or deterring him.

If you assigned an officer to the U.S. Realty Building (6-2247 at FD-23), you receive up to **30 points**, as this is the only viable vantage point. Maximum points if you gave them the physical description of a tall man carrying a guitar case, and told them to focus on 8th floor front office (**8F**).

Step 2 (max 20 points)

The assassin has managed to plant an explosive charge in the microphone or at the lectern at the Bankers Club where the President will speak, but he will need to be within the building and nearby in order to trigger it.

If you assigned an officer to the Bankers Club lobby to help check guests, you receive up to **20 points**. Maximum points if you had an officer be on the lookout for a Tall man (size 13 shoe) who speaks broken English, wearing a blue (double-breasted) tuxedo, most likely using an invitation for Bernard Glaser.

Step 3 (max 15 points)

Assign yourself a maximum of **15 points** if you had an officer staking out Pier 11 Wall Street Ferry Landing to catch the assassin trying to escape.

Step 4 (max 5 points)

Assign yourself a maximum of **5 points** if you had an officer search the microphone of the lectern in the Bankers Club for plastic explosives.

Step 5 (max 5 points)

Assign yourself a maximum of **5 points** if you had an officer staking out 1850 2nd Avenue in case he shows back up there.

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ANSWERS TO PRIMARY QUESTIONS

Q2. What role did Stefan Walz play? How did Stefan Walz die, who was responsible for his death, to whom was he allied, and where was he going when he was killed? (**max. 10 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: Stefan Walz was part of a German sleeper cell. He was killed by the young woman seen on the bus near him, along with her husband and partner; they were fellow members of his spy ring. He was killed with a poison that she injected into him (possibly brought into the country by the assassin in his shoe). Walz was on his way to the Jane Street Garden to sell the information about the assassin plot to Mr. Oglevee, who is allied with an intelligence agency friendly to the US.

Q3. What motivated those responsible for his death, and to whom were they allied? (**max. 10 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: The young man and woman, codenamed "Happy Couple", were part of the German sleeper cell spy ring who lived in the house at 1849 2nd Avenue. They were true believers, who were prepared to commit suicide and go to their graves with their secrets. They found out that Stefan Walz had been planning to sell information about the assasination plot and so killed him to prevent that, and then attempted to destroy any incriminating information about the plot that he may have been carrying on his person or left his apartment in the tailor shop.

Q4. How and why did the gold-tooth man die, to whom was he allied, and do you know his real name? (**max. 15 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: The gold-tooth man is Stuart Marx, an agent of British Intelligence spymaster Charles Oglevee. He was installed in the apartment across from the "happy couple" to spy on them and keep notes on their activities. The assassin befriended Stuart Marx in order to have a place to hide out. Early Thursday morning, the assassin followed Stuart Marx, who was going to meet with Mr. Oglevee. The assassin strangled him ahead of the planned meeting and dumped him into the water. He then continued to stay in Stuart's apartment for a short while.

Q5. What role does Charles Oglevee play, and to whom was he allied? (**max. 5 points**) .. _____

- ANSWER: Charles Oglevee is an intelligence agent of a friendly foreign power (Britain). He was trying to penetrate the German spy ring, chiefly by paying to flip Stefan Walz, but also by spying on the "happy couple" house.

Q6. What is the meaning of the items found outside of Stefan Walz's room? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: The partial note with letters **EGL** was the start of the substitution cipher encryption key used to decode the German airmail letter received by Stefan Walz. He received regular airmail letters from German and helped settle other German spies.

Q7. What was the meaning of the translated letter document dropped off for you? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: This is a letter that the assassin is sending back to his handlers in Germany, giving them an update of his plans to proceed, and confirming the date he needs them to arrange

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a boat to leave the city. It also suggests that he is a hired assassin rather than a true believer, because he is referring to the deposit of money in a Swiss bank account (SBA).

Q8. What was the meaning of the note found at the Yorkville pier? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: This was a note that Mr. Oglevee wrote for the gold-tooth man to arrange a meeting at the Yorkville pier to share information.

Q9. What was the meaning of the two notes found on the wall at the 1850 2nd Ave apartment? (**max. 20 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER PART 1 (10 points): The note found in the apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue that says "P11 / WSFL / FD / 2300" contains information about the assassin's getaway plans. He plans to meet a boat that will depart the city at Pier 11 near the Wall Street Ferry Landing in the Financial District, at 11pm.
- ANSWER PART 2 (10 points): The note that says "115 / 8F" refers to the U.S. Realty building at 115 Broadway, office 8F (8th floor front), where the assassin intends to set up his sniper position.

Q10. List all of those killed (or gravely injured) by the assassin. (**max. 10 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: The gold-tooth man, the two immigration officers that confronted him outside the boarding house, Bernard Glaser, a couple of officers patrolling the U.S. Realty Building on Saturday, and Blanche Long, the woman he pushed in front of a car while attempting to evade you. He may have provided the poison used to kill Walz, but he was not directly involved.

Q11. To whom is the assassin allied and what is his motivation? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: He is a hired assassin who likely has no allegiances other than money; he even mentions his Swiss Bank Account (SBA) in his intercepted letter. For the purposes of this job he is *temporarily* allied with his client, the Nazi spymasters in Germany.

Q12. To the best of your knowledge, where did the assassin sleep on each night from Sunday, November 30th to Saturday, December 6th? (**max. 12 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER (score 2 points per night): Sunday, November 30th - Stefan Walz's room; Monday, December 1st - House at 1849 2nd Avenue; Tuesday, December 2nd - Allen St. Boarding House; Wednesday, December 3rd - Apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue; Thursday, December 4th - Apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue; Friday, December 5th - U.S. Realty Building.

ANSWERS TO SECONDARY QUESTIONS

S1. What's going on with Buttercup? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: Buttercup is touring central park monuments/statues. You also score full points if you stated that there is no Buttercup, because that's Jack's philosophical rationalization regarding the horse's behavior.

S2. What's the name of the individual who stole Mrs. Lilli Lenderink's scarf? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- ANSWER: The scarf thief is Mr. Waffles, the dog owned by and brought onto the bus by the Heaths. He likes to collect clothing. The scarf may still be in Mr. Waffles' dog bed in the church, if Mrs. Lenderink wants it back.

S3. What's going on with the letter from Cell Green received by the *New York Times*? (**max. 5 points**) ..... _____

- ANSWER: This letter was written by the assassin to the *Times* in an attempt to mislead the authorities and spread out police forces during his planned attack.

Total score from questions (max. 192): ..... _____

BONUSES

- Tick 3 reputation checkboxes for every IRP that you have not spent.
- Tick 3 reputation checkboxes if you have circled **Marker V1** in your case log.
- Subtract 1 point for each demerit you have ticked ..... _____
- Add 1 point for each reputation you have ticked ..... _____

TOTAL

Final Score ..... _____

Legacy Campaign Updates

Keep the case log sheet for this case with your campaign notes; you will need to keep track of your total score as well as all accumulated checkboxes for each chapter.

Additionally, record in your campaign log sheet the following information for this case:

- ☐ If you have circled **Marker H2** in your case log, record "+1 confident"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker J2** in your case log, record "+1 meticulous"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker L2** in your case log, record "+1 political"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker K2** in your case log, record "+1 righteous"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker A2** in your case log, record "+1 jewel"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker K1** in your case log, record "+1 lawful"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker T1** in your case log, record "+1 lawful"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker S1** in your case log, record "+1 impatient"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker L1** in your case log, record "+1 covert"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker M1** in your case log, record "+1 assertive"
- ☐ If you have circled **Marker V1** in your case log, record "+1 heroic, +1 reckless, and +1 wounded"
- ☐ If you visited all your contacts, record "+1 gregarious", otherwise "+1 efficient"
- ☐ If you visited Captain Alexander Dobrin for advice on most days, "+1 wise"
- ☐ If you identified most fingerprints without hints, "+2 industrious"
- ☐ For every 2 IRP you have left unspent, "+1 prudent"
- ☐ If you were an early playtester for this case, "+1 pioneer and +5 reputation"
- ☐ If you played this case solo, "+1 pioneer and +3 reputation"

Full Walkthrough

Day 1

- Visit medical examiner
- Visit responding officer to bus
- Visit bus driver
- Visit bus
- Track down regular passenger Lilli
- Track down regular passenger Janus
- Visit Flawless Finery Tailor

Day 2

- Revisit tailor
- Revisit medical examiner
- Visit gun shop in paper
- Visit radio parts store in paper
- Visit firehouse captain
- Canvas tailor block
- Track down gas station
- Visit Harrington cab company
- Visit Liggets drugstore
- Visit Doc Walz
- Visit 1849 2nd Ave - house of Max Rehm

Day 3

- Revisist 1849 2nd Ave
- Visit Bankers Club
- Visit Marler (president of Bankers Club)
- Visit FD diner
- Visit Oglevee
- Visit Bankers Club hotels

Day 4

- Visit East 90 Ferry landing from paper
- Find Reitz brothers from ferry landing

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

- Find firehouse witness to pier
- Find flower shop witness to pier
- Find Yorkville pier wooded area
- Visit Allen St. boarding house from paper
- Revisit Medical examiner

Day 5

- Revisit 1849 2nd Ave
- Visit 1850 2nd Ave
- Canvas around Bankers Club
- Visit buildings around Bankers Club

Day 6

- Bonus: Retrace Buttercup's steps from paper
- Bonus: Track down Mr. Waffles at church

Behind the Scenes: Postscript from the Author

In my previous New York Noir case, The Wrong Book, the stakes were low – the case involved a private investigator attempting to track down a missing book. But in Foxtrot East my idea was to tell a story with much higher stakes, a political assasination.

The main inspiration for this case is the 1971 book by Frederick Forsyth, "Day of the Jackal". To be more accurate, the main inspiration is the 1973 movie of the same name, directed by Fred Zinnemann and starring Edward Fox. It's a story about an assassin hired to kill the President of France, and the detective who is trying to stop him.

The overwhelming majority of the movie is told from the perspective of the assassin as we follow his methodical and expert planning. Like a good heist movie, much of what makes the movie compelling is the act of watching a professional criminal devoted to their task.

The main struggle I had writing this case was in converting it from a thriller to a detective story. The early and middle parts were easy enough, but the ending was elusive. In a thriller we expect a dramatic and exciting ending, but for a narrative mystery game, I need to have the player be challenged to *figure out* something important at the end. The finale has to involve solving a deductive puzzle. I found it very hard to come up with a way to end the case in that way, and still have it end on a thrilling cliffhanger that required the player to stop the assasination in a dramatic way at the last moment.

I originally planned to have the player try to identify which building the assassin planned to shoot from as the final question they have to answer. If they choose right, they save the day. If they choose wrong, tragedy. My problem was that I had a hard time figuring out how to make this final question a sufficiently challenging "puzzle".

What I eventually came up with was a workaround. Instead of a singular, perfectly-balanced final question, I settled on the idea of challenging the player to identify an open-ended set of possible ways the assassin would strike. With that change, it eliminated the need for a perfect singular question, and replaced it with the much more interesting mental challenge of trying to anticipate ways that the assassin could strike given all the clues the player has seen. I also felt this was a challenge that matched the resourcefulness of the villain, whom I was keen to portray as ruthless and formidable.

I tried lots of other experiments with this case – particularly when it came to evidence and the use of fingerprints and other "actions" the player can take to choose which evidence to analyze. I also thought it was appropriate in this case to have the player spend much of their time just doing traditional police shoe-leather work of tracking down leads. I do think there is some pleasure in that if the story is compelling enough.

In my previous two cases, I felt I had a very good grasp of the game difficulty and a good feeling about the quality of the game. I feel like I am on much less solid ground with Foxtrot East. I just do not have a good feeling for whether it all works.

The other thing I tried to do in this case was create a couple of small side cases woven into the main storyline. The mysteries of Mr. Waffles and Buttercup were not planned, and are just provided as a little relief from the real work of the case, and a way to experience a little culture and comedic relief

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

if you get stuck during the main case. If it troubles you, Jack's comment about there not being a Buttercup is probably just his way of saying that the issue is outside of his philosophical jurisdiction.

Oh, and if you're interested in writing a case for New York Noir, you might be interested in checking out the "Handbook for Writing Cases" that I worked on while I was writing this case.

Special thanks to:

- Playtesters Nigel Thomas, Delia Herea, Stuart Warner, for suffering through early versions, and all other playtesters who make the cases better for those who come after them.
- Peter, whose online search and map tools made playtesting and refining the case much easier than it would otherwise have been.
- Debbie Levy for editing.
- John Kean, whose Razorhurst cases had an influence on some of my design choices (IRP system, scoring system).
- Marthinus Conradie and others for game design and storytelling discussions.

NEW YORK NOIR GAMEPLAY FEEDBACK FORM

V2.0 (5/27/25)

Name:

Date:

Case played:

Number of players:

Duration of play:

Did you finish the case:

How would you rate the difficulty on a scale of 1-10?

What is your familiarity with the game Sherlock Holmes Consulting Detective (from 1-10)?

Check all that apply:

☐ Not my kind of game
☐ Exactly the game I'm looking for
☐ Rules were confusing / complicated / insufficient
☐ Game took too long to play
☐ Too much bookkeeping
☐ Writing/story needs improvement
☐ I'm interested in writing a case!

Summarize your overall thoughts:

Things you enjoyed:

Things you didn't enjoy:

Additional comments or suggestions (use other side if needed):

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.

Reading a hint will cost you some demerits, which will impact your final score. You should read a hint only when you need to.

Hint for Document 9

(must be found by end of day 2)

I'm startled awake from a nap in my office.

"JACK!"

I make my way to the chief's office.

"You rang?"

"The god damned medical examiner is on the phone. He says you were supposed to come by today. He says he has something for you. You told me you were on top of this case but you're dragging your ass all over it."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-5122 on p.312

Hint for Document 11

(must be found by end of day 3)

"Is there something you're forgetting?" asks Jewel as she sees me packing up my stuff to head home for the day.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 6-5983 on p.279.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-1031 on p.91

Hint for Document 12

(must be found by end of day 3)

The stakes of this case are starting to feel a lot more serious than a dead guy on a bus. I feel like there's something I'm forgetting.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 1-5104 on p.74.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-6205 on p.241.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-6260 on p.155.

Hint for Document 13

(must be found by end of day 5)

"Jack, you're a forensics kind of guy. What's the number one rule of forensic work?" The chief is staring through me.

"Uh.. Watch where you step?"

"How about remembering to look at the dead body?"

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 4-9738 on p.213.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-4900 on p.108.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-8594 on p.118

Hint for Document 14

(must be found by end of day 4)

There's something still nagging at me about the dead guy in the water on Thursday.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-2980 on p.226.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-8619 on p.245.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-0330 on p.256

Hint for Document 17

(must be found by end of day 6)

I need to search the apartment at 1850 2nd Avenue.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-4559 on p.106

Hint for Marker A1

(must be found by end of day 1)

Jewel asks me if I've visited the scene of the crime yet.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-5899 on p.236.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-2046 on p.95.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-0586 on p.128.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-0864 on p.129

Hint for Marker B1

(must be found by end of day 1)

At the precinct, the chief asks me if I've visited the Medical Examiner yet.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-0984 on p.90.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 4-3923 on p.183

Hint for Marker C1

(must be found by end of day 1)

Talking to witnesses is my first priority.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-4927 on p.233.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-0331 on p.215.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 4-5557 on p.191

Hint for Marker C2

(must be found by end of day 5)

I need to make sure I chase down any newspaper stories that could involve my suspects.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 4-7524 on p.203.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-8880 on p.327

Hint for Marker D1

(must be found by end of day 1)

Talking to witnesses is my first priority.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-6354 on p.156.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-3739 on p.229.

If you are still stuck, go to 6-1075 on p.261.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-9401 on p.119.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-0911 on p.130.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-4840 on p.231.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-4012 on p.102

Hint for Marker D2

(must be found by end of day 5)

Jewel walks in with some paperwork for me to sign and sees me doodling abstract shapes on a piece of paper.

"You're doing that thing again, Jack."

"Yeah I keep thinking I'm missing something.. But I can't put my finger on it."

"This have to do with the Bankers Club?"

"Yeah, there's something I'm missing."

"Well, take a walk around the block, that usually clears your head."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-5662 on p.235.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 5-9333 on p.250

Hint for Marker E1

(must be found by end of day 1)

If you have *not* acquired **all** of the following 4 items (**Marker A1**, **Marker B1**, **Marker C1**, and **Marker D1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Jewel and I go over the facts of the case while taking a lunch break. "You always say it's important to get to the victim's house before the bad guys do," says Jewel.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-3057 on p.99.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-3712 on p.228.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-7677 on p.114

Hint for Marker E2

(must be found by end of day 5)

Jewel walks in with some paperwork for me to sign and sees me doodling abstract shapes on a piece of paper.

"You're doing that thing again, Jack."

"Yeah I keep thinking I'm missing something.. But I can't put my finger on it."

"This have to do with the Bankers Club?"

"Yeah, there's something I'm missing."

"Well, take a walk around the block, that usually clears your head."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-2120 on p.134.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-2237 on p.264

Hint for Marker F1

(must be found by end of day 2)

Jewel and I talk through the case over a doughnut.

Jewel muses about the fire: "That fire's too big a coincidence, don't you think?"

"Jewel, in this business, there's no such thing as a coincidence."

"Well then, maybe it's another opportunity to find your bad guy.. Or bad girl, as the case may be."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 7-4552 on p.310.

If you are still stuck, go to 5-3552 on p.227.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 7-0491 on p.299

Hint for Marker F2

(must be found by end of day 5)

Jewel walks in with some paperwork for me to sign and sees me doodling abstract shapes on a piece of paper.

"You're doing that thing again, Jack."

"Yeah I keep thinking I'm missing something.. But I can't put my finger on it."

"This have to do with the Bankers Club?"

"Yeah, there's something I'm missing."

"Well, take a walk around the block, that usually clears your head."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 7-4430 on p.309.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 8-6778 on p.344

Hint for Marker G1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have *not* acquired **Marker F1**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I've got some clues to help me find whoever started the fire, now I just have to chase them down.

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 4-4588 on p.187.

If you are still stuck, go to 1-8317 on p.81.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-4571 on p.142

Hint for Marker G2

(must be found by end of day 5)

Jewel walks in with some paperwork for me to sign and sees me doodling abstract shapes on a piece of paper.

"You're doing that thing again, Jack."

"Yeah I keep thinking I'm missing something.. But I can't put my finger on it."

"This have to do with the Bankers Club?"

"Yeah, there's something I'm missing."

"Well, take a walk around the block, that usually clears your head."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **2** demerit boxes in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 7-5832 on p.315.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-6862 on p.112

Hint for Marker H1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have *not* acquired **both** of the following 2 items (**Marker G1** and **Marker F1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

Feeling a little frustrated, I head across the hallway to talk to Jewel.

"Knock Knock"

"Am I supposed to ask who's there?'"

"No, I'm just waiting for my brain to figure out how to locate my suspects."

"Oh yeah, how long does that usually take?"

"It depends on the weather."

If you are still stuck, go to 3-8642 on p.165.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-5512 on p.152.

If you are still stuck, go to 7-1615 on p.302.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-2896 on p.137.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-5407 on p.111

Hint for Marker J1

(must be found by end of day 2)

If you have *not* acquired **all** of the following 3 items (**Marker H1**, **Marker G1**, and **Marker F1**), stop reading now, and return here after you have.

First off I'll need to visit Dr. Walch's office; go to 2-5407 (p.111).

After that I'm going to have to decide what to do about the house belonging to Maximilian Renhm at 1849 2nd Avenue before I call it a night.

- Go to 7-6229 (p.319).

Hint for Marker Q1

(must be found by end of day 5)

I head into Jewel's office and sit down next to her as she finishes her typing, half talking to myself, half hoping she has an idea.

"I've got a dangerous mystery man loose in the city, and he could be anywhere... Finding him would be like finding a needle in a haystack."

"Does he have any friends he might stay with?" asks Jewel.

"Not that I know of" I say.

"Well maybe that you're answer then."

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 6-9947 on p.296.

If you are still stuck, go to 2-4323 on p.105.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 3-8980 on p.167

Hint for Marker R1

(must be found by end of day 5)

If you have *not* acquired **Marker Q1**, stop reading now, and return here after you have.

I drop myself in the chair in front of the chief's desk, hat in my left hand, and my right hand massaging my forehead.

"I lost him... I was that close... Fuck..."

If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 8-9235 on p.351.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-3259 on p.138.

If you are still stuck, go to 4-4201 on p.185.

If you still need help, as a last resort Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-0741 on p.258

Hint for Marker W1

(must be found by end of day 5)

There's something still nagging at me about the dead guy in the water on Thursday.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 8-9257 on p.352.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 6-3267 on p.269

Hint for Marker X1

(must be found by end of day 5)

There's something still nagging at me about the dead guy in the water on Thursday.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 4-7986 on p.208.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 5-0893 on p.218

Hint for Marker Y1

(must be found by end of day 5)

I walk into the chief's office and ask him to approve some overtime hours.

"I know you think I'm being paranoid about this Bankers Club thing, but I think this is a case of better safe than sorry."

If you are still stuck, go to 3-0112 on p.126.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 2-3383 on p.100

Hint for Marker Z1

(must be found by end of day 4)

The chief walks past my door and holds up his copy of the paper, tapping at a front page article without slowing his walk. “This is you” he says as he heads down the hall.

☑ If this information is helpful, mark **1** demerit box in your case log.

If you are still stuck, go to 3-5408 on p.149.

If you still need help, as a last resort ☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log, then visit the following lead where this item is obtained:

- 1-3248 on p.58

Help Deciphering Coded Note

If it is **before day 4 (Thu Dec 4)**, my pride prevents me from seeking help with the cryptic note [LEAVE]

- otherwise -

I head over to the State Department office of Sir George Sinclair for help deciphering the cryptic note found in the bombed-out house at 1849 2nd Avenue...

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

Sinclair is waiting for me in his office, along with a nervous-looking thin man with a pencil moustache and a notebook on his lap. I show the nervous man the coded note, and he greedily takes it from me, asking me a few questions about the various persons of interest in my case before getting to work scribbling in his notebook, head down. A few minutes later the moustached man looks up at me with a devious grin on his face.

"I suppose you already knew it was a substitution cipher of some sort?" he says.

If you still need more assistance, go to 5-5365 on p.234.

If you still need more assistance, go to 4-2668 on p.180.

If you still need more assistance, go to 7-6098 on p.318.

If you still need more assistance, go to 2-9835 on p.122.

If you still need more assistance, go to 4-8789 on p.211.

If you still need more assistance, go to 1-7684 on p.79.

If you still need more assistance, go to 7-2748 on p.306.

Help I'm Lost

If you're at a loss for what to do, here are some suggestions:

- Visit one of your contacts (see list at start of casebook); your old chief in particular frequently has good advice.
- Check the previous day's introductions, make sure you didn't break the game by forgetting to trigger an evening event.
- Check the previous day's newspapers and look for places to visit.
- Advance the current time to the day's evening event and read about any required markers.
- If you can't figure out how to find a marker, read a hint for that marker (the first hint will just give you a little nudge).
- Remember that you can Canvas blocks to look for evidence; use the Reverse Directory to find the lead# associated with canvassing a block.
- Remember that you can lookup apartment buildings in the Reverse Directory to find neighbors and apartment building doormen.
- Remember to think about transportation: Subway stations are commonplace and generally run North-South; busses run crosstown East-West on a single avenue; each neighborhood has their own cab company.
- Try re-examining documents that you have previously gained access to, maybe there is a clue in one.
- Try re-reading leads to see if you missed something, and to make sure you didn't forget to revisit a lead that has changed between days.
- The rulebook has more FAQ items that may help you.

Help with Fingerprints

If you have trouble locating a fingerprint in the fingerprint directory, you may receive help here from officers in the fingerprint division, at a cost.

IMPORTANT: Before you seek help here, familiarize yourself with the Fingerprint Directory, and remember that a fingerprint you find may differ slightly (in rotation and distortion from its match in the Finderprint Directory. *Only* use this hint section if you cannot (or do not wish to) locate fingerprints yourself in that directory.

Each fingerprint is shown below along with its associated identification #. You can look this number up in this case book to identify and retrieve information about the individual, or look up the # in the Fingerprint directory to find the owner's full print set for all ten fingers.

HOWEVER, for **each** fingerprint you look up in this section:

☑ Tick **3** demerit boxes in your case log.

Advance time **1 hour**.

INDIVIDUAL PRINTS

6-9681

5-4863

1-4382

UNK329

UNK912

UNK697

6-9681

3-4915

1-4382

8-9104

7-2508

FULL SETS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

1-4382

LEFT

RIGHT

Thumb Index Middle Ring Pinky

8-9104

LEFT

RIGHT

Thumb Index Middle Ring Pinky