

# POLICE BLOTTER®

## Clue Book

NOTE: When playing with 1 or more detectives, you must each read your own clues. Extra clue books are available from Avalon Hill.  
DO NOT READ THE CLUES OUT LOUD.

**1**—When you walk into Keats' apartment, you find Freddy Scarpelli, Queensport's leading Forensic Lab man, already there.

"Hey, Freddy!" Mark says giving him a friendly punch on the arm, "What's cooking?"

"What's cooking?" Scarpelli snorts. "That's very sick, Mark. No wonder you work with the rookie all the time. Nobody else wants to be seen with you."

You say, "How're you doing, Freddy?"

"Not bad, kid," Scarpelli answers giving you a friendly smile. "Keeping busy. How about you? Fed up with working with this big lummoX yet?"

"I'm getting there," you answer. "Find anything?"

"Too soon to tell. Look around if you want. If anything interesting comes up, I'll let you know."

**2**—Along the museum's rear wall, there is a small lawn. Above it is a second-story window which is missing most of its bottom pane of glass. There are no glass shards on the lawn. The ground in the area is soft, but there are no indentations to indicate that a ladder was used to reach the window.

**3**—"Can you describe a typical day around here?" you ask.

"Sure," Tudor says looking around. "As long as that mess is in front of my stall, people won't be buying. They'll be too busy hanging around like ghoulS in a graveyard."

"You said this place opens at 4:00 a.m."

"Yeah. That's when the first shift comes in. The first trucks don't start arriving until 4:15 a.m. Of course, the guys on the morning shift hang out for a while and don't really begin unloading the trucks until 4:30. Then, at 5:00, the buyers begin coming in. By 10:30 or so, things are pretty quiet. The second shift arrives at 1:00 p.m. and quits at 10:00 p.m."

"What kind of men work these shifts?" you ask. "Any regulars who might know the routine?"

"About 15% are regulars. The rest are temps. They'd all slit your throat for a nickel."

**4**—Look, I know this is going to sound screwy, but I'm sure I saw this guy Friday night. Rocky and I answered an emergency call at Parkside Arms (Cn). When we got there, there was a dead man on the floor. He looked just like this guy, right Rock?

**5**—Erika Lynn called the Precinct House and asked to speak to you. She wants you to stop by her parent's house at 631 Five Oak Ave. (Af). She says she has some information about the Tracys.

**6**—Frank Tolland looks every inch the big city lawyer. What he says, he says with sincerity and conviction. "This city has lost 10% of its affordable, middle class housing in the last three years. It cannot afford to keep losing apartments.

Particularly rent-stabilized apartments." Unfortunately, Frank Tolland's voice keeps breaking and squeaking. You wonder if that's why, despite his success as a corporate lawyer, he keeps losing in court. "Sanford Peterson will never see this place go co-op!" Tolland exclaims. "As long as I can keep going to court, I can get extensions."

"Sooner or later you've got to run out of appeals," you observe. "What happens then?"

Tolland looks annoyed. "Why assume I'm going to lose? Peterson doesn't. That's why he tried to burn us out last night."

"Can you prove that he did?" Mark asks.

7—"Birdie called," the dispatcher tells you when you get on the radio. "He wants you to call him back."

Two minutes later you're on a pay phone to Birdie. "What do you have?"

"Nothing on Williams that you don't already know. Thompson's a mechanic on alternate weekends at the James Street Exxon Station (Ac). He also has a hack license. He drives at night. When he needs extra cash, he does odd jobs around. He gambles a little, but strictly small potatoes."

"That's not worth fifty."

"You'll pay up and smile, or next time you need info you can whistle for it."

"O.K., Birdie, you stop by the Precinct House and Shecky will have \$30 for you." You hang up in the middle of an outraged obscenity.

8—You find Patrick, not so lucky, Lucas sprawled out in front of the TV set. He's been shot to death.

9—The gun you found in the boiler room is the gun that was used to kill the Reverend Mortimer Slade. There is only one set of prints on it. Karl Lupis'. The bullets in the gun all have his prints on them, as well.

11—Listen, partner, this MacLeod guy is a close personal friend of the mayor. I don't know if he has anything to say worth hearing, but if we don't talk to him soon, he's going to get insulted. I figure, I really don't need to insult a close personal friend of the mayor. I say we talk to him next.

12—No clue

13—I spoke to Russo on the way in. He wants to talk to us when we get a chance. But it has to be fairly soon. He and Gale have to get back on patrol.

14—Mrs. Froth is a frail, silver-haired senior citizen. As you look around her apartment, you see a lifetime of memories collected on shelves and tables. Her apartment was not damaged by either the fire or the fire department, but the smell of smoke lingers.

"I was coming home from my weekly card game," she begins, her voice quivering slightly with age. "We play canasta every Tuesday night and last night we were playing at Tillie's. I left her house a little after eleven. I must have been coming into the lobby around 11:30. I probably smelled smoke when I first came in, but it didn't register. Anyway, I was waiting for the elevator when I saw smoke curling out from under the door of apartment 1A. Naturally I called the Fire Department."

15—This theft is giving me ulcers. It's all my fault. After Angus acquired Lincoln's Acorn, he wasn't at all interested in exhibiting it. But, I felt it would be a coup for the museum if I could talk Angus into letting us show it. After all, it is important both as a beautiful antique and as a piece of American history.

16—At 5'2", Tudor is a small, muscular man with a bass rumble for a voice. "This is just what I need. They could at least let me clean up in front of my stall."

"I'm sure they will as soon as they finish with the lab work," you assure him. "What's this place like at night? Are there people around?"

"That depends on the time," Tudor says. "We got people working here from 4:00 a.m. 'til ten at night. After ten, this place is a ghost town."

"What about security?"

Tudor snorts. "What's that? Supposedly, all the doors leading to the streets are locked. Except, most of the locks are busted".

"No security guards?"

"What's the point? What around here is worth stealing?"

17—Our records indicate that the man whose body you found was living in Queensport in the Parkside Arms (Cn) under the assumed name of Ted Hecker. His actual name was Richard Kelly and he was placed in Queensport as part of our F.W.P.P. (Federal Witness Protection Program).

18—A call just came into the 13th (Bm). Lauryn Tracy asked us to tell you a letter from her father arrived in today's mail. She would like you to stop by her house as soon as possible.

19—Tolland looks at Mark as if he were an idiot. "This fire was too convenient," he says, his voice breaking twice. "It had to be arson. And Peterson is not above trying to get us to leave through intimidation. He's tried to scare us out before."

"I was never able to prove that Mr. Peterson had anything to do with those punks hanging around your lobby," Mark states. "At the time, it was suggested that you might have hired them yourself in order to generate sympathy for your case."

"That doesn't surprise me," Tolland says, "That's the level of slime I'm dealing with here."

20—The only file we have on Jamie Thompson comes from the Motor Vehicles Bureau. In June, he applied for and passed the test for his hack license. His fingerprints were taken as part of that process. Thompson listed the Hotel National (Bn) as his home address. He has no criminal record with the state or Queensport. We sent his prints off to the F.B.I. and to the armed forces. We want to see if any of them have him on record.

21—What's Lincoln's Acorn? Oh, it's a beautiful little Acorn clock that was once owned by Abraham Lincoln. Anyway, since I became director of the Adams Museum eight years ago, I've never been able to initiate a major exhibit. The museum just couldn't afford it. Getting Angus to let us exhibit Lincoln's Acorn was a real coup for me. It was going to be the highlight of my tenure as director. But, getting Angus to agree to show the clock wasn't easy. I badgered him and played on our friendship until he finally said yes, provided I could ensure the clock's safety.

22—I can positively state that the Colt Trooper .357 Magnum you received from Mrs. Micheaux was not the gun used to kill Reverend Slade.

24—I'd be happy to share my impressions of this case with you. First, the lab report made it clear this was an inside job. That limited my suspects to people with access to the workshop key. Those would be the fifteen guards, Angus and Dirk MacLeod, Lee Marsh and Dr. Chance. While the museum's security system is not very good, it should keep a thief from walking out with a good-sized clock tucked under his arm. I'm convinced Lincoln's Acorn is still somewhere in the building.

25—No clue

26—As you and Mark start to look around the apartment, you notice that the worst of the damage occurred in the living room. More damage was caused

by the fire department's water than by the fire itself. As you look in the bedroom, you see that Keats slept in a waterbed. There's not much damage in here.

"Hey, Mark," you call from the bedroom, "where was the body found?"  
"On the living room couch."

You go back to the living room. The water-soaked rug squishes with every step you take. There's a bottle of something on the coffee table, along with a glass. The bottle looks like it might have contained some type of whiskey.

"Hey, Mark. Look at this."

Mark joins you. "You figure he was dead drunk on the couch when the fire broke out?"

"That's the way I read it."

"You're probably right."

**27**—"Piers Nelson, arson squad. Glad to meet you." Nelson shakes your hand while he continues talking. "No doubt about it. It was arson all right. Didn't try to hide it either. Just piled up everything he could lay his hands on, added several gallons of gasoline and lit it up. When the boys got here, the smell of gas was still very heavy. Didn't make any provisions to help the fire spread, though. The storeroom door was closed."

"Was it locked?" you ask.

"Nope. The lock was smashed. Looks like it was kicked in."

**28**—I'm sorry, Dirk has left for the day. I believe he went home. He lives with his parents at Marlston Manor (Cs).

**29**—Cool Man takes off. By the time Mark joins you, Cool Man has disappeared.

"Where's Cool Man?" Mark asks looking around.

"He got away," you reply heading back to the car.

**30**—There's no identification on the body, so I'll be sending his prints off to the F.B.I. and the armed forces. With luck, someone might be able to tell us who he was.

**31**—As you and Mark start to look around the apartment, you notice that the worst of the damage occurred in the living room. More damage was caused by the fire department's water than by the fire itself. As you look in the bedroom, you see that Keats slept in a waterbed. There's not much damage in here.

"Hey, Mark," you call from the bedroom, "where was the body found?"

"On the living room couch."

You go back to the living room. The water-soaked rug squishes with every step you take. There's a bottle of something on the coffee table, along with a glass. The bottle looks like it might have contained some type of whiskey.

**32**—"I'm 85 years old," Mrs. Froth says looking around the room. "My husband was an honest man. He worked for the Queensport Parks Department. He never earned that much. How in the world can that Mr. Peterson expect me to come up with \$250,000 to buy an apartment here?" She sighs, then goes on. "I suppose I'll have to be moving." Mrs. Froth picks up an old family photograph. "I've lived here 47 years. Raised three children in this apartment. Never missed a month's rent. That ought to count for something."

**33**—The F.B.I. does not have these prints on record. The Army does. They say these prints belong to a Theodore Juno. They can't give us any further information because Juno's records are sealed.

**34**—Of course, our crook may have had more in mind than misleading us when he bypassed the alarm and cut out the window. He could have used a rope to

lower the clock down to the sculptured garden below. Because of this, my company has decided to comply with the ransom note.

**35**—I found a scrape on the Reverend's left lower arm. There were traces of concrete embedded in the skin. There is a good chance that when he was shot, the force of the bullet threw the Reverend against a concrete wall.

**37**—As you and Mark start to look around the apartment, you notice that the worst of the damage occurred in the living room. More damage was caused by the fire department's water than by the fire itself. As you look in the bedroom, you see that Keats slept in a waterbed. There's not much damage in here.

"Hey, Freddy," you call from the bedroom, "where was the body found?"

"On the living room couch. There's a bottle of something on the coffee table, along with a glass. It looks like the bottle might have contained whiskey. I'll have to analyze it back in the lab to be sure."

"So, you figure he was dead drunk on the couch when the fire broke out?"

"You're the detective. You tell me."

**38**—No clue

**39**—I've got the feeling we're going nowhere following this Alex Lyons guy.

**40**—Hector Cervo is cleaning up the basement storeroom when you find him. He is not happy. "Damn fire department comes in here, pours water all over everything, breaks down doors, makes a mess, then they waltz out and leave it to me to clean up after them!" He spews out a torrent of angry Spanish.

"Well, I'm sure you're relieved that they kept the fire contained to just this storeroom and the art studio above."

"Why should I give a damn?" Cervo gives you a pitying look. "You think Peterson is going to keep a Puerto Rican on as super here? Once this place goes co-op, I'm out of work."

**41**—I see great investigative minds work alike. First, the guy from the insurance company questions us, and now you. Well, I suppose Chuck Landsly's a legitimate suspect. He's a certified electronics genius and would have no trouble at all cracking the most sophisticated security system. Or, maybe you're interested in Clara Fonte. At 62, she is not the person most likely to go breaking into museums, but her late husband had Mafia connections. Clara knows all the right people. I, of course, do not have Clara's connections or Chuck's brains. And, like Willie Balens, I just don't have the nerve.

**42**—You look at Cool Man and say, "You could be next. A war on the streets is no good for anyone. Tell us who's making the move and we'll stop him. We might even save your territory for you at the same time."

Cool Man laughs, again. "Man, I don't know what you're talking about. Besides, who says I want to stop anyone. Hey, for all you know, I'm the new man." Still laughing, Cool Man walks away.

**43**—Oh yes, we know who's responsible for taking the cadaver. Gary White and Chad Nelson. But they refuse to tell us where they put it. Apparently, they watched four hours of M★A★S★H reruns last night and got roaring drunk. Now, every time we ask them where the body is, they just laugh hysterically.

**44**—You are at the Tracy house when the mail arrives. There is a letter addressed to Mr. Walter Tracy. At the bottom of the envelope it says, "Lauryn and Wes, please open this in the event mother and I are not home to do so." Lauryn reads the letter first, then gives it to Wesley.

**45**—"We'll be talking to Mr. Peterson later today," you say.

"Then you'll need this," Frank Tolland interrupts, his voice ranging from

nasal to atonal. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out an electronic note pad. He pushes a few buttons. "Sanford Peterson owns Archway Realtors, at 290 Norton St. (Bc), suite 1520. His lawyer, Francis Copolo, is a partner in the firm of Sharon, Morris, Copolo and Ash, 276 James St. (Bk)."

"Uh, thank you."

"My pleasure."

"Now, could you tell us where you were last night?"

Tolland fixes you with an icy stare. "That's none of your business."

**46**—Carol Williams received a ticket two years ago for running a red light. Steve Williams has no priors. However, he was involved in a shooting four years ago. Two young punks tried to stick up the liquor store he owned at the time. He shot and killed them. The guns the punks threatened him with were plastic models. No charges were pressed against Williams. The parents of the dead kids sued him and were awarded \$500,000. Williams had insurance, but not enough. He lost the store.

**47**—Cool Man gives Mark a nasty look. "Don't try to pin that stuff on me. I'm cool, man."

You shrug. "You're going to spend a long time in the cooler unless you give us a name."

Cool Man stares at you for a long moment. "The name I hear is Nicky the Shooter."

Mark looks at you and says, "Nice name."

"Yeah. It's got a real ring to it. O.K., Cool Man, move it."

"Hey, I gave you the name. I thought we had a deal."

"I lied."

"Yeah, well, so did I!"

You and Mark bring Cool Man back to the Station House (Bm) and book him.

**48**—Lupis' prints are all over the items found in the storeroom. Cauthin, down in Robbery, positively identified 37 items in that room as being stolen. You'll have no trouble making the fencing charge stick. As for the Reverend, the spot of grease on the floor held a print made by the Reverend's left foot. The blood on the wall was the same type as the Reverend's. I compared the concrete in the scrape on his arm to the concrete used for the wall and they are identical. I went over the wall below the blood stain and found a small patch of skin embedded in the concrete. The skin came from the Reverend. There can be no doubt that the Reverend was killed in that storeroom. I examined the lock and doorjamb thoroughly. Only a person with a key ever opened that door.

**50**—You head into the kitchen and find a packet of mail on the kitchen table. It consists of bills wrapped in a supermarket flier. Next to the mail are two business cards. One is from Martin Storch, Private Investigator—270 Norton St. (Bd). The second card is from "Horace Quenton—First Security and Savings Bank—253 Market St. (Bf)". Written on a small blackboard next to the phone, is "Call Sally . . . or else." The "or else" is underlined three times. Beneath the phone, on the kitchen counter, is a Rolodex.

**51**—No clue

**52**—"Are you that sure this place is going to go co-op?"

"Of course," Cervo snaps, piling a fire-eaten trunk on the garbage pile. "Peterson's money. Money does what it wants."

"What about Frank Tolland. He's a lawyer. Can't he stop Peterson?" Mark asks.

"No, man. He's been trying to fight this thing for two years. Me, I never liked Tolland much, but I hear he's a good lawyer. Too bad he sounds like Mickey Mouse. With a Mickey Mouse lawyer on our side, we may as well get ready to leave now."

"So, it's all settled?" you say, "Everybody either has to buy in or get out now?"

"Not yet. All the leases have run out, but Tolland keeps getting extensions. That don't change nothing. Sooner or later, they all got to go. When they're gone, I'm gone." Cervo kicks at a pile of dissolved newspapers. "Damn fire department!" He stalks away cursing in Spanish.

**53**—Mark meets Tolland's stare with a bland smile. "A man died in this fire. I'm surprised you don't want to help."

"Wasting time questioning me won't help you. Giving you Peterson's address did."

A little steel forms behind Mark's smile. "This is a murder investigation, Mr. Tolland. We expect your full cooperation."

"Ah-ha! Then it was arson," Tolland squeals with satisfaction. "Arson is a felony and, in this state, any felonious act that results in death is Felony Murder."

"So," you interrupt, "now that we've established just what it is we're investigating, where were you last night?"

"As a matter of fact, I was at my club, the Barton Club. It's located on the second floor of the Windham Hotel (Ag). Check with Charles. He's the major-domo. I'm sure he can inform you as to my whereabouts for the entire evening."

As you and Mark leave, you hear Tolland muttering happily to himself. "Well, well, well. Peterson in jail for arson and felony murder. Won't that look nice in a court of law?"

**54**—I'll tell you what I told that guy from the insurance company: I'm working on it. My report will be ready in a couple of hours. It'll be at the Precinct House (Bm). By the way, my instructions are to cooperate fully with Patterson, that's the insurance guy's name. As soon as my report is ready, I have to send a copy over to the Tontine Guarantor Insurance Company. No, I don't remember their address. Look it up in the phone book.

**55**—Cool Man sees you watching him. He ambles over to your car and knocks on your window. "Hey, can I do somethin' for you?"

You roll down your window. "Maybe we can do something for you. We heard you might be in a little trouble."

"I ain't got no trouble, I'm a Cooooool Man." He laughs.

"Crazy Sammy and Ink Blot ain't laughing and they're even cooler than you are. They're dead."

Cool Man shakes his head. "Never heard of them."

**56**—What did Teddy do on Friday? As I remember, he spent the day at Collier's Furs (Cq).

**57**—When he sees you approaching, Officer Teller steps out of his patrol car. His face is so pale, his freckles stand out in sharp contrast.

"How bad is it?" Mark asks.

"Bad!" Teller answers with a grimace. "I wasn't in there 30 seconds, before I began to gag. I ran out for some fresh air, but I still ended up puking behind the front door bushes." You feel your stomach roll. Teller goes on. "The lab guys been in there over 15 minutes. How the hell does he do that?"

Mark doesn't answer. You would, but you're too busy wondering how you'll manage.

**58**—"What kind of ceiling does the storeroom have?" Mark asks.

"Lath and plaster. Old, but solid," Nelson replies. "All of the heating pipes for the apartment go through the ceiling. The pipes got heated from the fire and the fire itself probably used the pipe holes to get into the lath work up there. The walls of the storage room are made from cinder block which concentrated the fire's heat. I'd say enough heat got through the holes to start a secondary fire in the apartment above."

"A secondary fire?"

"The fire in the apartment was burning independently of the fire in the basement. When we finish tearing down the ceiling, we'll probably find a small area that funneled the fire upstairs without causing a major connection between the two."

"Do us a favor," you say. "When your report is ready, send a copy over to the Thirteenth Precinct (Bm)."

"No problem. Expect my preliminary report sometime late this morning."

**59**—Richard Pyatt has no arrest record, but the Organized Crime Unit (O.C.U.) flagged his name. Pyatt served in the Army's Special Forces from 1975—1980. When he was discharged, he came back to Queensport and was contacted by Sal Tuney who tried to recruit him. Their information indicates that Pyatt turned Tuney down, then went into private contracting. He hasn't committed any crimes in Queensport, but the O.C.U. is sure he's killed between 11 and 19 people for pay around the state since his return. Our sources indicate he operates under the name of "The Pope."

**60**—No one answers the door, but you hear the television on inside. You ring again and listen carefully, but no one answers.

**61**—Don't worry, Sarge, we made sure nothing was disturbed. We did find a door in back of the altar area. It leads to a short hall which empties onto the Buffet. Russo spoke to Joshua Tornquist, he's the manager. He says both doors were kept locked all the time. When we got here, they were both unlocked and the door behind the altar was opened. The killer probably got out that way.

**63**—I'm impressed. Not everyone would have thought to talk to this Dr. Chance guy first.

**64**—No clue

**65**—"I don't think much of Tolland's alibi," Mark says. "He is only covered until 10:45. He had almost a full hour between the time he left his club and the time the fire was reported." You nod in agreement. "If he's our firebug and if he'd prepared everything in advance, he had more than enough time to do it."

**66**—Looking through the Rolodex, you notice that Dudley Keats did not have too many entries for friends. There are two Art Galleries listed. The first is The Metro located in Silver Springs, Florida. The other is Elana's Fine Art Studio here in Queensport. You remember seeing it. It rents a part of the ground floor of Van Lear's Department Store (Ad). It has its own entrance on Five Oak Avenue, opposite Elm Street.

**67**—Lincoln's Acorn has been stolen? Well, good. It just goes to show there is justice in this world. That clock, by rights, should have been mine! I'd heard it was coming on the market and asked Julian Bayot to acquire it for me. Well, Julian acquired it, all right, but, he kept the clock for himself. Julian then had the nerve to sell off MY clock at auction. Julian made a killing, Angus

got the clock and I was left out in the cold. Julian is lucky my husband isn't alive, or he'd be trying to walk without kneecaps.

**68**—Just then Mark catches up to you. He has his gun drawn. "I heard shots. Did he shoot at you?" You nod. Mark's face breaks into a huge smile as he handcuffs Cool Man.

"Hey, man, I only shot at him 'cause he was chasing me!"

Mark's smile just gets wider. "That's real tough. Want me to read you your rights?"

Cool Man shakes his head. "I know my rights. All I did was try to defend myself."

Mark laughs. "Stop, you're breaking my heart."

"We want names, Cool Man."

Cool Man turns to you. "I don't know no names."

Mark breaks in, "How come you're back on the streets? Word is your crowd was laying low. You make a deal with the new man? Or maybe, you're the new man. You going around killing people, Cool Man?"

**69**—I can't tell you much yet. Judging by the amount of water in the boat, I'd say he's been out here in the rain since 2 a.m. Anything else will have to wait for my report. When it's ready, I'll send it over to the Station House (Bm).

**70**—As the three of you stand talking, the sleet starts to mix with rain and small hail stones.

"Who called it in?"

"Carol Williams, the old lady's niece. She told me she'd been trying to reach her aunt since last Saturday. She was worried, so came over. When she opened the door and the smell hit her, she couldn't go in. Instead, she went to Mrs. Del Ray's house," Teller nods toward 12 Berol St. (Aq), "and called 911. She's there now."

"Del Ray?" Mark says in surprise. "The widow of Butcher Del Ray?"

"Presumed widow," you say. "Elmore was never found." You nod towards the Williams' house. "Is the door open?"

"Yeah," Teller says, "you can walk right in." You are interrupted by Teller's partner calling from the patrol car, "We've got a call, Jason. Bad accident on North and Green."

Teller looks relieved. "Got to go." He climbs in. The car skids into a U-turn and heads towards Buffet Avenue.

**71**—The Rolodex also has an entry for a Mr. and Mrs. Morton Keats. Their address is given as 1600 North Ave. After a moment's thought, you realize that is the address of the estate just north of Green Street—Glenrock Estate (Ct). You find an entry for Sally Westal. She lives in the Parkside Arms (Cn). When you see her work phone number, you realize it is the same as the number for Elana's Fine Art Studio (Ad).

**72**—An analysis comparing the yarn found on the victim and the yarn from a sweater owned by Jamie Thompson shows that the two are identical.

**73**—Horace Quenton is young and energetic. He waits until you and Mark are comfortably settled at his desk then asks, "So, how can I help Queensport's finest?"

"We were hoping you could give us some information about Dudley Keats," you say. "Does he have an account here?"

Quenton laughs dryly "Up until a couple of days ago, Dudley didn't have two dimes to rub together."

"You know Dudley Keats personally?" you ask in surprise.

"Sure. We went to prep school together. It's a shame about his father. I think Dudley was kind of shook up. He and his father hadn't gotten along ever since his mother died. Now that his father is dead, I think Dud's upset that he hadn't made more of an effort to be close. That's probably why he asked to borrow my cabin to go skiing for the weekend."

**74**—Then the Reverend said that as soon as he found out where the Santori and her partner were hiding the stolen goods, he would call the cops. He said the Church was just beginning to pay off. He wasn't about to let all his hard work go down the drain because a couple of bozos used his Church as a front for their crooked little game. No, I'm sorry, I have no idea who her partner might be.

**76**—Mark Silber frowns at you for a moment then says, "How come we haven't read the arson report? It's been at the Precinct House (Bm) for over an hour. I think we'd better make reading it our next order of business."

**77**—No clue

**78**—You and Mark look at each other. "Skiing?"

"Yep. Dud always skied when he had things on his mind. Yesterday morning, he called me right after he spoke to his lawyer. Apparently Dud's father threw him some sort of a curve in his will and Dud wanted time away to think about it. The bank was closed for Veteran's Day so I was home all day. Dud stopped by to pick up the keys. We talked for a while, he stayed for a quick lunch, then he left."

"Are you sure he went to your cabin?" you ask.

"Yes. I spoke to him this morning, around 7:30. I called him at my cabin right after breakfast. I realized I'd forgotten to tell him how to turn on the water for the house. I always keep it off when I'm not there. I don't want my pipes freezing up."

**79**—The first thing, you notice is the lingering smell of gasoline in the air. Hector Cervo, the super, is cleaning up a pile of soggy, burnt rubbish piled in the center of the floor. Members of the Arson Investigation Team are probing the ceiling and ripping at the plaster and flashing adjacent to the pipes which lead to the Keats' apartment above.

**80**—Dr. Sanford Chance, director and curator of the Adams Museum (Bq) called at 10:33. There had been a burglary at the Museum and a very valuable piece had been stolen. At 10:42, there was a follow up call from the Mayor. The Mayor said that his close friend, Angus MacLeod, was the owner of the stolen piece. The Mayor told Capt. Reddick he had personally guaranteed that the police would recover the piece by eight o'clock tonight.

**81**—You point your gun at Cool man. "You're under arrest. Put down your gun."

Cool Man lays a Beretta 950 automatic on the ground. "I didn't do nothing. What are you arresting me for?"

You pick up his gun and pull out the magazine. It's loaded with .25-caliber explosive-tip bullets. "Attempted murder of a police officer." You ram the magazine back into the handle. "Unless, you'd rather talk about this street war."

"I'm just a guy who likes to hang out in fun parks, you know? I don't know nothing about nothing."

"Too bad." You signal with your gun. "Let's go, Cool Man."

"Uh, you know, I did hear that maybe Tuney is behind this whole street war. The word on the street is Tuney heard bad things about people he'd been

trusting. Things leaked out of the D.A.'s office. So Tuney's picked somebody new to trust."

**82**—On Friday, April 18th, at 10:15 p.m. we received a call from dispatch. A man had called the operator and told her he thought he was having a heart attack. When we arrived at Parkside Arms (Cn), we found that the Emergency Medical Service had already arrived.

**83**—Freddy Scarpelli looks up as you and Mark enter the room. "Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas, Mark." Freddy turns to you and says, "You're white as a sheet, kid. If you have to be sick, do it outside."

You swallow hard and try to grin at Freddy. "No problem. I'm fine. What do you have?"

Freddy shakes his head. "This is going to be a tough one. She's been dead 8, maybe 10 days. She kept the heat turned up in here. Combine that with the humidity, both from the weather and her humidifier, and you can see why she's a mess."

Your stomach heaves but you fight it down. You ask, "Was she murdered?"

"I have no idea. Ask the M.E. after he does the autopsy."

**84**—You call Mark over and show him what you found. He calls to Scarpelli, "Hey Freddy, send us a preliminary report as soon as you can, O.K.?"

"No problem," Freddy says without looking up. "You still on for bowling tomorrow night?"

Mark grins. "Can't wait to be humiliated, hey?"

Freddy laughs. "Just bring your checkbook, sucker. This report will be ready for you in about two hours. It'll be over at the Precinct House (Bm)."

"Thanks," Mark waves as the two of you leave the apartment.

**85**—Douglas Clinton called. His friend from the agency came through. He has the new name of Sarah Williams' little boy, if you're still interested.

**86**—No, I don't know where Patterson is now. He talked with Angus MacLeod, spoke to Sanford Chance, the director of the museum, checked out the workshop and discussed security with Lee Marsh, head of Museum security. Last I saw of Patterson, he was on his way out.

**87**—Yes, I knew that Gloria was keeping company with Reverend Slade. Of course, it was no concern of mine. They're both adults. Oh, I see. You've heard rumors about the Reverend and myself? Well, yes, before Gloria joined us, Reverend Slade and I enjoyed each other's company. I didn't love him, and he certainly didn't love me. As for Gloria, she is a sweet girl. And over the last three months, she has been extremely generous in her support of the Church.

**89**—"The M.E. report," Mark says sternly.

"I didn't forget," you say defensively.

"Do you expect to solve this case without reading it?"

"We'll get to it."

"When?"

"Soon," you say. "You know, you're beginning to sound like my mother."

**90**—No clue

**91**—Listen, Russo and Gale have to get back on patrol. Russo has something he wants to tell us. If we're going to talk to him, we'd better do it soon.

**92**—Charles is very proper in a classic black tuxedo. He greets you in impeccable English at the door to the Barton Club. After you identify yourself, he gives you a dry smile and says, "We are very proud of our facilities here at the Barton Club. We are here to serve our members and their guests in the best traditions of the old British clubs."

**93**—First of all, let me tell you what I told that insurance man. Our security system may be old, but as long as the museum did not host any important shows, with expensive pieces, it was adequate. Each window is crisscrossed with electrically-wired tape. There are bars and tape on all the ground-floor windows. If a window is opened, or the glass broken, an alarm goes off and our security room is advised of which window has been interfered with. We have men stationed at all the exits during the day and three people who patrol the place at night. Before we lock up at night, we go through the entire museum and make sure no one is staying behind. Up until this morning, our security was judged to be satisfactory by our insurance company, the Tontine Guarantor.

**94**—There are eight names on the girl's list. They are: Eva Ettlinger, 153 James St. (Cj); Joan Fricke, 110 Market St. (Cf); Michelle Grosz, 140 Market St. (Ce); Adel Iskandar, 159 Laurel St. (Bo); Meryl Rodik, 187 James St. (Ci); Jean Tabron, 1409 North Ave. (Co); Maria Uchal, 1385 North Ave. (Ck); Sharon Yaari, 140 Market St. (Ce).

**95**—Look, what can I tell you? When I got here to open this morning, I saw a boat out on the lake. I could see there was a guy in it, but when I yelled to him, he didn't answer. Finally, I decided to go out there myself and talk to the guy. Believe me, it was a shock finding him dead like that.

**96**—"So, you've been here over 15 minutes and you can't tell us a thing," Mark says with a glint in his eye. "You're losing your touch, Freddy."

"Don't you wish," Freddy answers cheerfully. "It just so happens, I ran a print I found in the kitchen through the new AFIS the department got for Christmas. I even got a match."

"What the hell is AFIS?" Mark demands.

You smile. "Automatic Fingerprint Identification System," you answer. "Mark, you've got to keep up if you ever want to make lieutenant."

"Just what I need, a wise guy for a partner." Mark turns back to Freddy. "So, who did you come up with?"

"Jamie Thompson."

"Who is he?"

"I have no idea. Check with records when you go back to the Precinct House (Bm). All I can tell you is I found his prints on a glass in the kitchen."

**97**—Francis Copolo is a rather ordinary dark-haired woman in her thirties. As soon as you are seated, she begins. "I understand you are investigating the fire at 153 James St." You nod and she continues. "That building has been the center of quite a lot of controversy over the past year."

"Not to mention a number of legal cases," Mark adds.

"Yes. And the man who has been the key opponent of our proposed change, Frank Tolland, has been under psychiatric care for two years."

"For what?" you ask.

She shrugs. "How would I know. He sees a Doctor Porter at Queensport Hospital (Bi). They have a free clinic there."

**98**—Clinton hasn't changed since you saw him last. He still knew how to fill up a room. "Nice to see you again," he says standing to shake hands.

"Thanks for calling."

"My spook friend came through. Sarah Williams' little boy, Seth, a.k.a. Theodore Juno, is now called Jamie Thompson."

"Jamie Thompson!"

"Yep. None other than the guy who's been working for Miss Williams all

summer for next to nothing."

"I don't believe it," Mark says shaking his head.

"I talked to Teddy Kolpek . . ."

"Her lawyer."

"The guy who recommended me. Guess what he told me."

"Jamie suggested Sarah find her little boy and leave him all her money," you say without straining your imagination.

"Close enough. It was more like, 'Too bad you never had any kids.' Then, 'It's a shame you never had a chance to see your son as a man.'"

**99**—You turn back to Andy. He says, "It was all MY fault. I knew Nicky was doing drugs. I figured, Mrs. Gale had helped me so much, maybe she could help Nick too, you know?"

You sit down. "Sure. You loved your brother. There's nothing wrong with that."

"But, that's not what happened. When I told Nick I had talked to Mrs. Gale he got real mad. He told me she was a cop. Then he told me he wasn't just doing drugs no more. He was dealing, too. He started to yell, then suddenly he calmed down. Like he threw a switch. He told me it was O.K. He said he would talk to her. So, I called her and set up a meet at the Farmer's Co-op. What Nick didn't know was that I was watching him when he got ready to leave. I saw him take out a gun! I didn't know what to do. I called 911, but before I could explain what was going on, my mom came in. I hung up. I didn't want her to know what was happening."

**100**—I dusted all the doors on the first floor for prints. The only anomaly was finding a set of the Reverend's prints on the knob of a door leading to the basement. This would be the door down the hall from the room Miss Mischeaux is using. There were no other prints anywhere on this door. The Reverend was the first and only person to touch that knob since it was cleaned last. Within the Church itself, I came up with 11 prints which I couldn't identify.

**102**—Jeez, this case goes off in ten directions at once. We could check the phone book for addresses, then run over to Securiguard and see what they can tell us about this Jonas Quail who was fired. Or, we might want to see if the Tontine Guarantor has anything useful to say. We could head over to Toolmaster (Bk) and talk to Dirk MacLeod. That should be useful. Or, once we finish up here, I'd say our best bet would be to go either to the MacLeod house (Cs) and talk to Julian Bayot, or hit the Windham Hotel (Ag) and talk to the other collectors.

**103**—No clue

**104**—"That's strange," Mark comments to himself.

"What?" you ask.

"If the dead man is Storch, where is Keats? Why is Storch dead in Keats' apartment? Who killed him? Did whoever kill him want to kill Storch, or Keats?"

"In short," you take over, "what the hell is going on?"

**105**—Sanford Peterson is short and stout. His voice is warm and friendly. "I wouldn't put too much stock in anything you heard from Frank Tolland. I've got my court order and he's out of legal tricks. In a month, everyone will be out of that building. "Peterson's look of pleasure makes you glad you don't live in his building.

"Mr. Tolland claims that he isn't finished yet," you remind Peterson. "In fact, he claims you set the fire last night."

**106**—Dirk's agreed to let me follow him in my car. He was against it, until I told him my company would not turn over any money until we ensured his safety. Dirk agreed to let me tag along, as long as I stay in my own car. He also agreed to come directly home after he's paid the ransom. In return, I promised that we would not mark the money, use bills in sequential order or do anything else that might cause the thief to come after him later.

**107**—Rod Gale looks at the list, then says, "That's it! The kid said his name was Andy Schot."

**108**—The car is a gray Mercedes with a black interior. It is unlocked. The registration in the glove compartment shows that it was owned by Alex Lyons of 8 Berol St. (Ar).

**109**—Wes stares at the letter. "My father was a radical in the Sixties. He bombed draft boards! That's crazy."

"People change as they grow up," you point out.

"That much?!" Then, another thought strikes Wes. "They are still wanted by the F.B.I. What will happen to them if you do find them?"

"We'll worry about that when we find them," Mark says. "Right now, the important thing is to find them."

**110**—You say, "We'd like to verify that Frank Tolland was here last night."

Charles gives you a frosty smile and says, "Yes, Mr. Tolland was here last night. He arrived in time for his 5:00 tennis match with Mr. Tucker. They played 3 sets which Mr. Tucker won 4-6, 7-5, 6-2. After a shower, Mr. Tolland relaxed in the jacuzzi until 7:00. He then had two pre-dinner Manhattans at our bar and enjoyed a late dinner. At 8:00, Mr. Tolland retired to the card room where he played bridge until 10:30. He left at 10:45."

**111**—"You!" Birdie exclaims when he recognizes your voice. "Whatta you want?"

"You still mad about the time we roused you?"

"Yeah, I didn't like the way your partner almost got me killed. For all his talk, I don't see Sal in prison nowhere. He iced Del Ray and O.K.'d the hit on Lucas. How come he walked?"

"That's the way it goes in the real world, Birdie. Most guys over the age of ten know that." Birdie interjects a simple obscenity.

"Birdie, forget about Sal. You looking for some easy money?"

"Whatta you want to know?"

"Steve Williams, Rick Pyatt and Jamie Thompson. See what you can find out."

**112**—Tears fill Andy's eyes. "I don't know what to do." Mr. Phelps looks uncomfortable and says, "Maybe it would be best if we ended the interview now."

You look at Andy. "Is that what you want, Andy?" Andy nods. "O.K. Champ." You pat him on his leg. "Of course, we already know Nicky's the guy who shot her. We were just hoping you'd be able to tell us why. We wanted to prove Mrs. Gale wasn't involved with drugs." You stand up and Mark follows your lead. "I guess Mrs. Gale was trying to buy drugs from Nicky when something went wrong. Well, she'll just have to go to jail along with him. So long, Champ."

As you turn to leave, Andy says, "Wait!"

**113**—How would Morty feel about a fencing operation being run out of his church? That's easy. Morty was the most honest guy you ever met. Of course, if some mark was looking to make a fast buck, Morty was always ready to

set him up. But that's a con, a piece of art. Morty loved the con, hated crime. If someone was using his church as a front, Morty would get them out. That church was his living. He wouldn't want anybody jeopardizing that.

**114**—"You!" Birdie exclaims when he recognizes your voice. "Whatta you want?"

"You still mad about the time we roused you?"

"Yeah, I didn't like the way your partner almost got me killed. For all his talk, I don't see Sal in prison nowhere. He iced Del Ray and O.K.'d the hit on Lucas. How come he walked?"

"That's the way it goes in the real world, Birdie. Most guys over the age of ten know that." Birdie interjects a simple obscenity.

"Birdie, forget about Sal. You looking for some easy money?"

"Whatta you want to know?"

"Steve Williams and Jamie Thompson. See what you can find out."

**115**—Mark Silber turns to you and says, "How come we haven't spoken to Frank Tolland yet? He should know a lot about what's going on."

**116**—No clue

**117**—Kid, so far, we haven't exactly sparked in this case. We haven't been able to identify the dead man or come up with any kind of physical evidence. We're just not getting anywhere.

**118**—"Obviously, I'm not familiar with Tolland's problems," Ms. Copolo continues, "However, it seems to me they merit looking into. Particularly where a death is involved."

"Who said anything about a death?" Mark asks.

With a patronizing smile, Ms. Copolo hands him the morning edition of the Queensport Courier. "First page. Bottom left. I believe the headline is 'Tragic Fire Claims Artist.' Not only is a man dead, but if the fire was deliberately set, then by law, Mr. Keats was the victim of the felony murder of a non-participant."

**119**—Lee Marsh, head of museum security, gave a tour of our security system to Angus, his wife, Winifred, his son, Dirk and Chuck Landsly. Chuck is an electronics genius. He served as Angus' out-of-town security consultant. Chuck was not satisfied. We went to my office where Chuck explained in great detail the shortcomings of our security system. I kept minimizing them, expressing complete confidence in Lee, his men and Securiguard. That's the company that designed our system. Finally, Angus' son, Dirk, agreed that Lincoln's Acorn would be safe here. Chuck pointed out that he was installing Angus' home security system and it would be far superior to the 'Mickey Mouse' system we had here. In the end, however, Dirk and I talked Angus around. Now, a priceless American treasure is gone.

**120**—Mr. Phelps only agrees to let you talk to Andy if he is present. When you ask Andy how he knew that someone was going to be shot at the Farmer's Co-op last night, Andy looks very scared and says, "I didn't know anybody was going to be shot."

Mark smiles at him and says, "All calls to 911 are taped, so we know you called. How did you know Janet was going to be shot?"

"You know Mrs. Gale?"

"Yes. We've worked with her a lot. Our boss thinks she was shot because she was involved with drugs. We don't. But until we can find out who shot her and why, we won't be able to clear her name."

You take over. "Mrs. Gale helped you a lot, didn't she?" Andy nods. "Well,

now she needs your help. What do you say?"

**121**—There is one entry for Friday, April 18th. It reads, "9:00 p.m.—Meet at E.C.'s".

**122**—The Tracy's have a two-car garage. There is a sporty red Firebird with black decals parked on the left side. The right side has space for a large car. The space is delineated by folding beach chairs, storage boxes, garden tools and a gas lawn mower/snow blower. There are two bicycles hanging upside down from the rafters. In one corner, there is a set of metal shelves loaded with junk. In another, there is a big white upright freezer. You open it. You find packages of frozen vegetables, ice cream, two large turkeys and a roast beef.

**123**—After a series of twists, turns and cut-backs, you finally locate Dr. Porter's office. "I'm not sure how much help I will be able to give you gentlemen," he says, thoughtfully drawing on a large bulbous pipe. "It's a question of confidentially, you understand."

Mark gives Dr. Porter one of his best smiles. "We have no intention of asking you to violate your professional ethics."

"I appreciate that," Dr. Porter replies from behind a screen of blue-grey smoke.

"We would, however, like your opinion of Frank Tolland. We're investigating an arson case in which an artist died."

"Is Frank a suspect?"

"Yes."

Dr. Porter gazes at Mark through the pipe smoke for a long minute. "I'm sorry," he finally says, "Frank does have personal problems which relate to your question. However, I do not feel it would be proper for me to discuss these with you at this time. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave. I have a patient waiting."

**124**—"I never heard of Williams or Thompson, but I know Pyatt."

"So, tell me."

"It'll cost you half a C note."

"But, you'll settle for a double sawbuck, right?"

"You want me to tell you about Pyatt?"

"Yeah."

"Fifty bucks. Take it or leave it."

You sigh. "O.K. But, this better be worth it."

"It's a Christmas present. Pyatt is a hitter. He does freelance contract work all over the state. Never in Queensport, though."

"You sure you got the right guy?"

"My guy works at Queensport Mazda (Ab) over on Adrienne. They call him the Pope, Pope Pyatt. He specialized in accidents. Doesn't use a gun or nothing like that. He mostly likes to use a car. Does hit and runs. But, he's also been known to work with his hands."

**125**—"Ms. A. Dennison" is engraved on a small name plaque sitting next to a larger plaque which reads, "Information". Ms. Dennison is a pert black woman in her early twenties. She gives you a polite smile and says, "Can I help you?"

"We're detectives with the Thirteenth Precinct." You show her your badge.

"We understand there is a psychiatric clinic which operates here in the hospital."

"There is the Frick Clinic run by Dr. Walters."

"Is he in?"

"Of course. East Wing, room 1006."

**126**—Was I having an affair with Reverend Slade? Don't be ridiculous! The man was old enough to be my father. I don't care what you were told, nobody saw him leaving my room at 11:30 last night because he wasn't in my room last night. Or any other night for that matter.

**127**—"You!" Birdie exclaims when he recognizes your voice. "Whatta you want?"

"You still mad about the time we roused you?"

"Yeah, I didn't like the way your partner almost got me killed. For all his talk, I don't see Sal in prison nowhere. He iced Del Ray and O.K. 'd the hit on Lucas. How come he walked?"

"That's the way it goes in the real world, Birdie. Most guys over the age of ten know that." You pause while Birdie interjects a simple obscenity. "Birdie, forget about Sal. You looking for some easy money?"

"Whatta you want to know?"

"Rick Pyatt and Steve Williams. See what you can find out."

**128**—"It's gonna cost you half a C note." Birdie says.

"You're overpriced, Birdie."

"Welcome to the real world, chum."

"You got to be careful of the real world, Birdie. It can roll over and crush you."

"You want the info?"

"Yeah, but it better be worth the price."

**129**—No clue

**130**—You have wasted one minute of time and have not made a choice yet! Decide what you want to do, then do it!

**131**—"That is slander," Peterson says with grim satisfaction. "It is also nonsense. That building is too valuable to burn."

"Tolland claims that it is the only way you're going to get the tenants out."

"Hah!"

"Would you mind telling us where you were last night?"

"I will not discuss this matter with you any further," Peterson says decisively. "At least, not unless my lawyer is present. Shall I call her?"

"That's not necessary," you assure him. "However, talking to us now can help ensure it won't become necessary in the future."

**132**—Along the back wall of the workshop, you see nine wooden boxes of differing sizes. Some are open and you can see that each is lined with foam that has been cut to the shape of the clock it has been designed to house. The clocks are standing around the shop on tables. A quick count shows you that each clock has its own casing. There is one case for which there is no clock.

**133**—There are 14 names on the boy's list. They are: Yasin Aena, 159 Laurel St. (Bo); Stanley Asofsky, 187 James St. (Ci); Turgut Balokci, 110 Market St. (Cf); Emanuel Coan, 153 James St. (Cj); Neal Furie, 1385 North Ave. (Ck); Hector Jurado, 140 Market St. (Ce); Mathew Jumel, 1409 North Ave. (Co); Phil Lanigan, 631 Five Oak Ave. (Af); Steven Machado, 140 Market St. (Ce); Leslie Newson, 153 James St. (Cj); George Panariello, 110 Market St. (Cf); Andrew Schot, 187 James St. (Ci); Wesley Tracy, 590 Adrienne Blvd. (Ae); Felix Zdanow, 140 Market St. (Ce).

**134**—Alex? He's one of our best young financial analysts. He's not in today. Believe it or not, he went fishing. He loves fishing in the rain. He goes to Riverside Park (Cr). No, I'm pretty sure he doesn't fish in the lake. He's always talking about how good the fish are in the river.

**135**—You head up the front walk. At the door, you turn to Mark and ask, "Should we cover our faces with a wet handkerchief or something?"

"It won't help," he answers grimly.

You take one last breath of fresh air and turn the doorknob. The stench in the house is appalling. It makes your eyes water. "Can't we open some windows and air out the place?"

"Not until Scarpelli says it's O.K.," Mark replies trying not to breathe deeply.

**136**—Peterson gives you a long thoughtful look then says, "I was at the Electric Spoon (Cd). It's a disco on North Avenue between Market and James. I was not there with my wife."

"Can anybody verify that?"

"Yes. But, I won't say who unless it becomes absolutely necessary. Now, what has that proved? That lunatic, Tolland, would just say I hired somebody to torch the building for me. Tolland is a lunatic, you know."

**137**—"Got it," you say. "You check Williams and Thompson."

"It'll cost you another half a C note."

You sigh. "You're getting too independent, Birdie."

"Welcome to the real world, chump."

"You'd better come up with something worth the dough."

"When do I get paid?"

"Stop by the Precinct House (Bm). Shecky will pay you for Pyatt. Merry Christmas, Birdie."

"Drop dead, you . . ." you hang up before Birdie can finish his thought.

**138**—After asking directions from three orderlies and taking two wrong turns, you finally locate the east wing, room 1006. You knock and go in. A matronly Mrs. Mier looks up from her computer as you stand in front of her desk. "May I help you?"

"We're police officers," you say, showing your badge. "We'd like to speak with Dr. Walters."

"I'm sorry, Doctor Walters is in a meeting."

"We're trying to get some information on Frank Tolland. He's a patient here."

Mrs. Mier smiles brightly. "I should be able to get that for you." Mrs. Mier types a few words. "Mr. Frank Tolland works with Doctor Porter, North Wing, room 1058."

**139**—Jeez, the longer I know you, the cheaper you're getting . . . All right, all right, I'm talking. I hear there's a major fencing operation going down at the hotel. Only, the Reverend, he don't know nothing about it. No, I don't know the name of the fence and for \$10 I ain't going to waste my time finding out, neither, wiso guy.

**140**—"It's gonna cost you half a C note," Birdie says.

"But, you'll settle for a double sawbuck, right?"

"You want me to tell you about Pyatt?"

"Yeah."

"Fifty bucks. Take it or leave it."

You sigh. "O.K., I'll take it. But, this had better be worth it."

"It's a Christmas present. Pyatt is a hitter. He does contract work all over the state. Never in Queensport, though."

"You sure you got the right guy?"

"My guy works at Queensport Mazda (Ab), over on Adrienne. They call him

the Pope, Pope Pyatt. He specializes in accidents. Doesn't like to use a gun or nothing like that. He mostly likes to use a car. Does hit and runs. But, he's also been known to work with his hands." Birdie pauses to let you absorb what you heard. "When do I get paid?"

"Stop by the Precinct House (Bm). Shecky will have it for you. Merry Christmas, Birdie."

"Drop dead, you . . ." you hang up before Birdie can finish his thought.

**141**—As soon as we finish up here, I think we should go to Toolmaster (Bk). I don't think we'll find that clock until we discover what makes Angus and Dirk MacLeod tick.

**142**—No clue

**143**—EC; Edgar Chadwick. When we finish here, I think we should pay Chadwick a visit.

**144**—On the sink of the master bath you see two tooth brushes, and a razor. The medicine cabinet contains all the things you'd expect to find there. In the cabinet under the sink, you find more of the same.

**145**—As I told that gentleman from the insurance company, I'll be happy to help you any way I can. First, Toolmaster has never been as strong as it is today. Angus took a small machine tool company and turned it into a multi-million dollar, multinational corporation using good business sense while avoiding high-risk ventures. When the company finally passes on to Dirk, it will be in excellent shape. And Angus has done everything he could to help prepare Dirk for that day.

**146**—At the end of Market Street is a beat up old dock. Next to it is Prism Paints (Cb). Sitting between the paint factory and the market is a large dumpster. All the garbage from the market is thrown here to be picked up twice a week. This little corner of Queensport is defined by the smell of rotting produce, the acrid smell of chemical wastes and the squalor of decaying buildings.

**147**—On the rug, next to a leg of Chadwick's desk, you find a temporary crown for a molar.

**148**—The smell grows worse as you approach the bedroom door. Sarah Williams is lying on her neatly-made bed, her head lying on the center of a pillow. If the blankets had been disturbed more, you might have believed that she had lain down to nap and died in her sleep. But everything is too neat.

There are bottles of toilet water and perfume sitting on her dresser. You take out your handkerchief and spray some cologne on it. You try breathing through it. It helps a little.

**149**—Peterson's voice drips sincerity, "My lawyer, Francis Copolo, at 276 James St. (Bk), checked up on Tolland. He's been seeing a psychologist over at Queensport Hospital (Bi) for the past two years. Talk to her. She'll tell you all about it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some widows and orphans I have to evict."

**150**—Scarpelli sent us our Christmas present. He perfected a new technique that positively identifies a person's DNA code from a sample of hair. Using a laser, Scarpelli located close to a 100 hairs from the pillow case, bedspread, sheet and Sarah Williams' clothes. Most of them came from Williams, but he has one that didn't. He found it on the bedspread. We're assuming it was shed by the murderer as he put Sarah on the bed. Scarpelli wants you to collect hair samples from your suspects. He can nail the murderer if you do.

**151**—Our primary conclusion is the apartment fire was both deliberately and independently set. It was not derived from the fire in the basement. We dug

into each of the pipe holes leading from the storeroom to the apartment above. After an exhaustive examination of the entire ceiling we could not find one place which showed evidence of serving as a conduit for the fire. This, in spite of every effort on the part of the arsonist to cause the fire to spread upward, including using several gallons of gasoline in starting the fire and concentrating the heat in the storeroom by keeping the door closed.

**152**—Hey, give me a break. I just got here. It'll take me a few minutes to set up and a few more to look around. With luck, I'll have something for you in a little while, O.K.?

**154**—Peterson's voice drips sincerity, "My lawyer, Francis Copolo, at 276 James St. (Bk), checked up on Tolland. He's been seeing a psychologist over at Queensport Hospital (Bi) for the past two years. Talk to her. She'll tell you all about it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some widows and orphans I have to evict."

**155**—No clue

**156**—"We ought to make it a point to see Teddy Kolpek (Bk), Sarah Williams' lawyer."

"Why?" you ask.

"Routine," Mark says sagely. "Who knows what it'll turn up?"

**157**—The breakfront has a china closet with glass doors on the top half. The bottom half has four drawers. When you try to open the top drawer you find the front pulls down and forms a desk top while inside there are cubbyholes filled with papers. One contains bills, while another has a check book. The checks have "Queensport National Bank, 275 Market St. (Be)" printed on them. A monthly statement shows a balance of \$5,748.81 as of November 12th.

"Do you have a search warrant?" Wes asks standing in the doorway.

"Am I going to need one?"

"Only if you insist on going through personal papers,"

You close the desk top. "It can wait."

**158**—There are guards stationed at each exit. They check all packages as people leave.

**159**—"Would your other son, Andy, be home?" Mark asks.

"Andrew!" Mrs. Schot glares at Mark. "He is only 13, what can the police think he's done?"

"Nothing. We'd like to talk to him. We're hoping he can help us."

"No, I won't have it! Besides, he is not here. He's at school where he should be. You can ask at school. They'll tell you he is a good boy. Ask that guidance counselor, Mr. Phelps, or that woman from the youth program."

**160**—There he was, leaning back in the boat, his eyes staring at the sky. I'm lucky I didn't lose my breakfast. Anyway, I towed the boat back to shore. There were no oars in the boat and none are missing from the boathouse, I checked. Yes, I keep the boats chained up at night. Whoever took the boat used a chain cutter.

**161**—Next to the bottles on the dresser is a jewelry box. You open it with the tip of your pen. There is a watch, three rings, some gold chains and a piece made from a loop of silver set with a good-sized picture jasper. Nothing in the box strikes you as being particularly expensive. There's no way you can tell if anything is missing.

**162**—"I'm not sure," Lauryn replies. She goes to the kitchen breakfront. She opens the top drawer which folds down to form a desk. There are several cubbyholes inside. Lauryn reaches into one and takes out her parent's check

book. The checks have "Queensport National Bank, 275 Market St. (Be)" printed on them.

**163**—"You want a sample of my hair?!" Pyatt says in disbelief. "You're out of your mind!"

"We can do it two ways," you say quietly. "We can arrest you and then take the sample of your hair, or we can take the sample here and wait for the lab report before we arrest you."

"This is the stupidest thing I've ever heard, but," Pyatt reaches into his pocket and pulls out a comb. "Here. Take all you want. Enough comes out every time I comb it."

You put the comb, along with the hair, in an envelope, then turn to Mark. "I think we'd better get this right back to the station house."

**164**—You turn to the other big man sitting at the table. "You Dinky?" The big man nods. "What do you do?"

"I work the afternoon shift over at the Farmer's Market," he says pointing over his shoulder.

"They pay much?"

Dinky shrugs his massive shoulders. "It's a living."

"They say your brother sells dope to school kids."

Dinky's face creases into an angry scowl as his neck muscles swell. "You saying my brother does?"

"Maybe. What's it to you?"

Dinky stands up. He towers over you. You notice that the muscles in his arms are like knotted ropes. He picks up a steel napkin holder from the table. He crushes it in his left hand as he looks you over from top to bottom. "You say that," he rumbles, tossing the twisted metal back onto the table, "and we'll sue you for every penny you got."

You eye the napkin holder and force yourself to laugh. "You'll never find a lawyer who'll work that cheap." You turn to Mark and say, "Let's get out of here." Looking pointedly at Big Jimmy you say, "This place stinks."

**165**—The Reverend told Mary he knew all about her fencing operation. She told him she didn't know what he was talking about. He fired her, told her she wasn't the Santori any longer.

**167**—I'm sorry, my husband is not home now. When he returns, I'll have him contact you.

**168**—No clue

**169**—I've got the feeling that we're on the wrong track here. Maybe we should head back to the Precinct House (Bm). I know I'd like to see what the M.E. and Scarpelli have to say. Also, Scarpelli mentioned he was going to see if the F.B.I. or the military has anything on this guy. If their response has come back, I'd like to see that, too. What do you say?

**170**—You start by looking in the master bedroom. There are two closets. One is full of women's clothes, the other is full of men's. On the shelf of one closet is a large suitcase. When you take it down, it is heavy. You unzip it and find a second, smaller suitcase in it. The second has a third in it, and the third has a fourth.

There are no empty hangers and both closets have a row of shoes neatly lined up.

You are looking in the entrance way closet when Wes passes by. "Does anything seem to be missing?" you ask him.

He stops and briefly looks in. "Just mom's heavy wool coat and dad's ski jacket."

"What colors are they?"

"Mom's coat is dark grey and dad's is black with red panels on each side."

**171**—You watch Dr. Chance get the exhibition hall ready for the opening. You notice that he holds all his tools in his left hand.

**172**—You phone all over town, but you can't locate Birdie at any of his usual hangouts.

**173**—My husband, Ted, died Friday night. He had a heart attack while I was downstairs playing bridge. No, he wasn't buried. I had him cremated at the Sunnydale Crematory (Bp).

**174**—You find Carol Williams sitting in Mrs. Del Ray's kitchen drinking a cup of coffee.

"Dear, you mustn't blame yourself," you hear Mrs. Del Ray say as you enter. "She was simply called back to Him."

"But, if I'd only come over sooner, or more often."

"It wouldn't have changed a thing," Mrs. Del Ray says with conviction. "If you'd like, I'll have Father O'Conner come over. I've found him to be a great comfort when I'm troubled."

"Thank you, Lavinia. But, no. I don't think so."

Mrs. Del Ray turns to you. "You must be the detectives."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Would you like some coffee?" she asks reaching for the pot. Before you can answer, she pours two cups and puts them on the table.

"Well, sit down."

"Thank you."

**175**—"Oh, by the way," Mark says turning back to the Lynns. "You wouldn't happen to know which bank the Tracys used, would you?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't," Denny replies. He turns to his wife and says, "How about you, Syl?"

"No. I don't. But I'm sure Lauryn or Wes would know."

"O.K. Well, thanks again."

**176**—"Don't you guys ever stop?" Jamie asks. "It's Christmas Eve."

"We'll finish soon," Mark replies. "If you'll give us a small sample of your hair, possibly from your hair brush, we can drop it off at the lab and go home."

"I don't know that I like this," Jamie declares.

Mark shrugs. "If you'd prefer we'll arrest you. We can take samples downtown just as easily as we can get them here."

"This is stupid," Jamie says, not budging. "Nothing was stolen. You said so yourself. What reason would I have for killing Sarah?"

"I can think of 5.8 million reasons," you reply.

Jamie shakes his head. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about." He heads for the bathroom. "But, I'll get the hair."

**177**—Focusing on the apartment, we found that the upholstery covering the couch had been soaked with alcohol, then set on fire. An examination of the couch stuffing indicates that the liquid had time to penetrate deeply into the stuffing. This means the arsonist waited a considerable amount of time before lighting the fire. The timetable was as follows:

- 1) Soak the couch with alcohol.
- 2) Fetch the gasoline, probably from a nearby car.
- 3) Set fire to the couch.
- 4) Set fire to the storeroom.

From this we concluded that whoever set the fire in the apartment, wanted to make it appear as if it was a by-product of a larger, more general fire.

**178**—You need the names and addresses of the acolytes who were here last night? First, there was Wayne Groves. He lives with his parents in the Parkside Arms (Cn). Paula Rutkoff was also here. She lives with a roommate at 1409 North Ave. (Co). The last was Gloria Micheaux. She's staying here, in one of the ground floor rooms the hotel has made available to us.

**180**—Queensport's Securiguard Systems designed and installed our security system. We get our security personnel from them as well. As a matter of fact, I did have to fire one of the guards recently. I pulled a surprise nighttime inspection and caught him dead drunk. That was 3 weeks ago. His name was Jonas Quail. No, I don't know where he lives. Although, I seem to remember he didn't live in Queensport. I'm sure Securiguard would have all that information in their records. No, I don't remember their address, either.

**181**—No clue

**182**—Jamie returns in less than a minute. "Here," he says. As Mark reaches out his hand, Jamie spins and kicks Mark in the ribs. You hear at least one crack. Jamie grabs Mark's hand and pulls him in. He takes Mark's gun from its holster and shoves Mark at you. You catch Mark as Jamie heads out the door.

"I'm all right," Mark says in a strangled whisper.

"Don't breathe too deeply," you say gently lowering him to a sitting position on the bed. "I heard something crack. I don't want you puncturing a lung."

"Just get him," Mark says gritting his teeth.

You give him the telephone. "Call for an ambulance, then call for a back up." You head out the door. "I'll get Jamie."

From the door, you hear Jamie running down the hall. As you come out of the room, you see him dash into the stairwell.

**183**—"Oh dear. You don't suppose they ran off, do you?" Sylvia asks her husband.

"Don't be silly," Denny chides her gently. "They wouldn't leave without saying something to Lauryn and Wes and good-bye to us. Besides, the banks were closed yesterday. I know Walt. He wouldn't run off without taking money."

You thank the Lynns for their help.

**184**—I was at Toolmaster, that's at 276 James St. (Bk), when I got a phone call on my private line. A man, whose voice I didn't recognize, told me that he had Lincoln's Acorn and if we wanted to see it again, I should go home and check the mail box for a ransom note. As I told my father, I want to see him get his clock back, but I really don't like the idea of getting personally involved. Frankly, I didn't trust the insurance company not to slip a homing device or something into the suitcase, so I've insisted on using my own. Even so, I only agreed to deliver the ransom after I was assured that the insurance company would comply with all the instructions in the note.

**185**—The building containing the Market has dozens of doors, most of which have broken locks. From the corner of Market and North you look around, seeing Burger Heaven (Bg), Kirchner's Candy Store (Bh), the Middle School (Bj), and Lancer's Bar and Grill (Cc). Next to Lancer's are two run-down six-story walk-up tenements.

**186**—Yes, I'm Alex Lyons. What can I do for you? My car? It's a gray Mercedes. It's parked in the Jackson Boulevard lot. Why?

**187**—The ringing in your ears is so loud you can't hear anything else. The shotgun blast hit the ceiling and wall peppering your face with chips of brick and splinters of wood. You can feel the blood trickling across your cheeks. Exhausted, you collapse on the steps, blotting at your face with your sleeve. You sense motion and look up. Georgie has stepped around the corner. He is holding a revolver. In slow motion, he brings it up and aims at your chest. Before you have a chance to react, he is flung back against the basement wall. You look behind you. Mark is standing near the top of the stairs holding a smoking gun. The ringing in your ears is so loud, you can't hear yourself thank Mark.

**188**—You manage to scramble out of sight just as Justin lets go with a shotgun blast. The pellets carve out a chunk from the corner brick work. You realize that if Justin has a pump-action shotgun, sticking your head out for a quick peek would be a good way to get it blown off. You decide to slowly back up the basement stairs while you cover the corner that Justin has to come around if he wants to get you. You're on the fourth step when Justin charges around the corner. His shotgun is coming up on track as you start pulling the trigger of your gun as quickly and often as you can. You see your first shot snap Justin's head back and the next two slam into his chest. The barrel of his shotgun is thrown upwards just as Justin shoots. The blast is deafening. Through the smoke you see Justin lying at the foot of the stairs and you are convulsively squeezing the trigger of an empty gun.

**189**—When you get to the stairwell, you hear Jamie running on the stairs above you. You start climbing after him. You figure he has about a 15 second lead on you. When you reach the fifth floor landing, you hear Jamie kicking against something above you. You realize that the door to the roof must be locked. You pick up your speed hoping to reach Jamie before he can get onto the roof. You are halfway to the last landing when you hear the door crash open. A swirl of cold air spills over you. You're standing just inside the open doorway.

**190**—When you walk into Burger Heaven you see Big Jimmy sitting at a table with another big man. You and Mark sit down on either side of him. Mark says, "We heard you were hiding out."

Big Jimmy doesn't even look up. "Don't know what you're talking about."  
"You don't happen to be going around shooting people, eh?"

Big Jim smiles, showing broken teeth. "I don't never have to shoot people." He holds up a pair of gigantic hands. You notice they are baby smooth, and spotlessly clean. The nails are perfectly manicured. "All I need are these."

You stand up, "Maybe. But it wouldn't hurt to wash them before you eat, you know?"

**191**—As a matter of fact, yes. My husband does own a gun. No, I don't know where he keeps it, or what kind it is. You'll have to ask him. Right now, you'll find him at work. We own Prism Paints (Cb). There's no need to thank me. I can't say I approved of that Reverend, but I do hope you find whoever killed him. By the way, when you spoke to Gloria, did she mention what she intends to do now that he's dead? No? I see. Well, thank you.

**194**—No clue

**195**—In the hallway, by your feet, there is a pile of empty beer cans. You draw your gun, push yourself against one edge of the doorway and peer out onto the roof. The temperature dropped as the day wore on, turning the driving rain into a soft white snow gently drifting out of the darkening sky. The roof has an eerie light. Puddles have turned to ice, the slush frozen into tiny sculp-

tures throwing multiple miniature shadows where they're lit by street lights reflecting off the overhead clouds. The thin crust of snow overlaying the ice glows softly. You can see Jamie's footprints dark against the white snow.

**196**—"Why don't you tell us about it?" you suggest.

"There's not much to tell," Denny replies. "Last Sunday, in the Queensport Courier, I saw an article about a sixties retrospective the paper was sponsoring at the museum. We were having Walt and Crys over for dinner that night and as a joke, I showed them the article. One of the pictures from the exhibit was printed in the paper. It showed two people who looked like a young Walter and Crystal. They were part of a group wanted in connection with a draft board fire bombing. It was funny because Walt's the most conservative person I know. Well, they almost jumped out of their skins. According to the caption, three gang members were at large and still wanted by the F.B.I. It seems Walt and Crys were two of the three."

**197**—Well, no, Lincoln's Acorn isn't literally priceless. Actually, it's only worth what someone is willing to pay for it. About 3 months ago, Julian Bayot, the top dealer in Early American clocks, announced that he had acquired a beautiful little Acorn clock that had been owned by Abraham Lincoln. Bayot decided to hold a small private auction. He only invited the five most interested collectors. Angus decided he had to have that clock. The bidding was furious. Angus ended up with the clock, but the price he paid was outrageous.

**198**—Mrs. Schot answers the door. She is prematurely old, worn down by all the things that have gone wrong in her life. "So, you're trying to cause more trouble for my son, Nicholas. Why can't you leave us alone? He's a good boy. Why are the police always trying to hurt him?"

"Is Nicholas here? We'd like to talk to him."

"No," Mrs. Schot replies slumping against the wall in resignation, "he is not here. He hasn't been home in days."

**199**—No, I don't know the names of all Ted's accounts. You have to check his records on that.

**200**—You stir sugar into the coffee and take a sip. It is scalding hot and sweet. "Mrs. Williams," you begin, "can you tell us a little bit about your aunt?"

"Well, first of all, Sarah wasn't my aunt. She was my husband's aunt, his father's sister. Sarah was never married. When Steve's parents moved to Florida, they asked us to keep an eye on her. We called her every week or so. The last few times I called, I got no answer. Aunt Sarah always kept herself busy, so I just assumed she was out. But, Aunt Sarah always spends Christmas Day at our house. When I couldn't reach her, and she hadn't called us, I decided to drive over and make sure she was all right."

**201**—As you step into Georgie, you grab and spin him so he is between Justin and yourself.

"Are you crazy? No . . . Don't!" Georgie screams as Justin pumps the shotgun. You shove Georgie towards Justin just as you're deafened by the blast of the shot. Georgie absorbs most of the blast and is nearly blown in half. He also protected you from most of the flying lead. You can feel blood trickling down your right arm. Your clothing is pockmarked from the scattering of pellets that got through Georgie. You manage to raise your gun just as Justin disengages himself from the gory remains.

"Freeze!"

With a manic grin, Justin pumps the shotgun again. You methodically squeeze three shots into Justin's chest. He staggers back against the basement

wall, then slowly slides down, leaving a smear of blood, bright red against the grey brick work. You collapse into a chair by the table as Mark comes clattering down the stairs.

**202**—Mark blows on his coffee then asks, “Does she have any other relatives?”

“Just Steve’s cousin, Rick, Richard Pyatt. He’s a salesman at Queensport Mazda (Ab). He never had the time of day for Aunt Sarah until she won 5.8 million dollars in the lottery five years ago.” Carol sniffs disdainfully. “Since then, he constantly sucked up to her.”

“Who is Jamie Thompson?” you ask.

Carol replies, “I have no idea.”

Lavinia Del Ray interrupts. He’s a handy man. Last summer, he started doing gardening work around Sarah’s house. She’s had him back periodically to do other odd jobs. The weekend before last, I noticed he was helping Sarah again. He mowed both the front lawn and the back, then raked up the leaves all around the house.”

“Do you know his address, or phone number?”

“No, I’m sorry, I don’t,” Lavinia answers.

**203**—I have extrapolated two theories from this information. 1: Both fires were set by an amateur. He waited too long before setting fire to the couch. A professional torch would have had everything he needed on hand. 2: The apartment fire was set in order to hide some other crime, possibly the murder of Dudley Keats.

**204**—Mary Cavanaugh? Never heard of her. Check with Wanda in records. She might be able to dig something up.

**207**—No clue

**208**—Partner, I know we should follow up on what we know. But, I’ve got the feeling that we’re not getting anywhere. If you’re finished here, let’s head back to the Precinct House (Bm) and see what reports are ready. Both the M.E. and the lab should have something by now. Hey, maybe, by some miracle, the F.B.I. has gotten around to sending back a response to Scarpelli’s request for information on the stiff.

**209**—Before you can continue Denny Lynn stomps down the stairs and comes into the living room. “Are Walt and Crys all right?”

Mark says, “They appear to be missing.”

“Missing!?” Sylvia gasps. “Then, they weren’t arrested?”

“Sylvia!”

Sylvia puts her hand in front of her mouth. “Oh, dear.”

“Why did you expect the Tracys to be arrested, Mrs. Lynn?” Mark asks.

“I didn’t. I mean . . .” Her face flushes and she can’t think of anything to say.

“What she means,” Denny Lynn says ruefully, “is that we discovered that our best friends have been wanted by the F.B.I. for twenty years.”

**210**—I see Clara told you how I stole Lincoln’s Acorn from her. The truth of the matter is, she heard a rumor about an Acorn clock that had belonged to President Lincoln. She passed the rumor along to me. That’s all. She had no idea where the clock was, or whether it might be coming on the market, or how to go about proving that the clock was genuine. She most certainly did not ask me to try to acquire the clock for her.

**211**—Warren Fish is unmarried. An only child, he lives with his upper middle-class parents at 3 Paul Pl. (At). He left medical school in his third year, after a scandal involving the school’s pharmacy. He is dating Bambi Rothstein who

lives with her parents at 22 Bell St. (Bt).

Nicky Schot is unmarried. He lives at home with his mother, a sister, Carol, and a brother, Andrew. His father skipped on the family years ago. Schot has a girl friend, Maria Aquino, who lives at 1409 North Ave. (Co). She works for Van Lear’s Department Store (Ad).

**212**—The back of the body is leaning against a backrest built into the boat. It’s staring up into the rain. There’s a bullet hole in the middle of his forehead and a small smile on his face. Any blood that might have been around the wound has been washed away by the rain.

**213**—Mark blows on his coffee then asks, “Does she have any other relatives?”

“Just Steve’s cousin, Rick, Richard Pyatt. He’s a salesman at Queensport Mazda (Ab). He never had the time of day for Aunt Sarah until she won 5.8 million dollars in the lottery five years ago.” Carol sniffs disdainfully. “Since then, he constantly sucked up to her.”

“Would you happen to know who her lawyer was?”

“No, I’m sorry. I don’t.”

You finish up your coffee and ask, “Are you up to driving? Can we drop you somewhere?”

Carol shakes her head. “No, thank you. Lavinia,” Carol nods towards Mrs. Del Ray, “called Steve. He’ll drive me home.”

“If we need you, can we contact you there?”

“Yes. I should be home the rest of the day.”

“Can we have your home address?”

Carol looks abashed. “I’m sorry. I never got around to telling you, did I? Steve and I live at the Parkside Arms (Cn).”

**214**—Thinking about the pump-action shotgun, you decide it would be too dangerous to peek around the corner. You strain your ears. After a moment, you hear someone take a gun off the table. You listen as if your life depended on it. There is a light scraping sound. You jump around the corner hoping to gain the element of surprise. Justin is standing in front of you holding the shotgun. He swings it, knocking your gun from your hand with the stock. As he swings the business end back towards you, you kick him in the groin and grab for the gun barrel. He doubles over. You manage to twist the shotgun from his grasp.

“Hold it!” You look past the writhing Justin. Georgie has you covered. “Put the shotgun down and step away from it.”

You dive for the safety of the corner. Georgie’s quick shot plucks at the sleeve of your shirt, leaving you untouched. You pump the shotgun, then take a quick peek around the corner. Georgie shoots, chipping some bricks. You take a deep breath, then roll out from behind the corner, shooting where Georgie had been standing a split-second ago. The blast nearly blows Georgie in half. Justin had managed to stand and stagger away from you, but part of your blast catches him in his back. He is thrown to the floor where he lies on his belly, one arm flung over his head.

**215**—“Would you happen to know who her lawyer was?” you ask.

“No, I’m sorry. I don’t,” Carol replies.

You finish your coffee and ask, “Are you up to driving? Can we drop you somewhere?”

Carol shakes her head. “No, thank you. Lavinia called Steve. He’ll drive me home.”

“If we need you, can we contact you there?”

"Yes. I should be home the rest of the day."

"Can we have your home address?"

Carol looks abashed. "I'm sorry. I never got around to telling you, did I? Steve and I live at the Parkside Arms (Cn)."

**216**—Between two stalls, one carrying melons imported from Spain and one carrying local acorn squash, there is a roped-off area with blood stains on the concrete. There are three bullet holes, widely spaced, in the wood of the squash stall.

**217**—I used to live with my parents at 28 Bell St. (Bs). I live here because they can't understand my need to base my life on something other than money. Reverend Slade gave me a new philosophy. What we are today is not important. People change. Did you know he used to be a con man until he found a better way to use his life? I understand the Santori was also constantly getting into trouble with the law until she met the Reverend. He straightened out her life. He was a great man.

**219**—The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that Lincoln's Acorn never left the museum (Bq).

**220**—No clue

**221**—As you run out onto the roof, you slip on the ice lying beneath the thin patina of snow. You go down, smacking your head on the frozen tar. Your gun skids across the rooftop. You hear the flat sound of a shot muffled by the falling snow. A bullet whizzes over your head. Staying down, you roll onto your belly and scramble for cover behind a corner of the parapet. There is a second shot. You feel as if your left ear has been ripped away. As you stare at your gun, sitting in the middle of the roof, six feet from where you lay, the blood trickles down your neck and drips onto the snow.

**222**—A short, chubby, cheerful woman answers the door. "Can I help you?"

You show her your badge. "May we come in. We'd like to discuss the Tracys with you."

"Oh dear. After all these years!" she shakes her head dolefully. "Well, come in, come in. Denny!" she calls up the stairs as she leads you into the living room. "Denny!"

"Yeah?"

"Please come down to the living room. The police are here. It's about Walt and Crys."

"Be right there."

Sylvia Lynn sits primly on a straight back chair while you and Mark sink into the couch. "Has anyone arranged bail yet?"

**223**—Personally, I think you're barking up the wrong tree. Angus paid Julian Bayot a fortune for the privilege of owning a piece of American history. However, at the auction, none of us had a chance to study the documentation. What if the whole thing was a fraud? Then, when Julian heard Angus was going to exhibit the clock, he realized experts from all over the country would have a chance to expose him. He would be my prime suspect. Angus would be my second suspect. What if he discovered the clock was a fraud after he had agreed to show it? He wouldn't want it known that he was duped into buying the world's most expensive fake.

**224**—The market is composed of rows of stalls from which the entire city gets its produce. There are concrete walkways between the stalls and awnings over most of them. In back, between the market and Prism Paints (Cb), there is a loading dock.

**225**—We went up to apartment 16T. The E.M.S. paramedics had been let in by the super. Ted Hecker was lying face up, dead, on the living room floor. The super was able to identify him. There was an open pill box lying on the floor next to the body. The paramedics identified the pills scattered on the rug as nitroglycerin, commonly taken by people with heart conditions.

**226**—The ringing in your ears drowns out everything else. The shotgun blast hit the wall peppering your face with chips of brick. You feel the blood trickling across your cheeks. Justin is lying in the middle of the room. You realize you are convulsively pulling the trigger of your empty gun. Exhausted, you collapse on a chair, blotting at your face with your sleeve. You sense motion and look up. Mark is staring at the room. It looks like a slaughterhouse. He says something, but you can't hear him.

**227**—You hear Justin pumping the shotgun. You squeeze off two quick shots, trying to shoot past Georgie. A shotgun blast reverberates. Georgie's body disintegrates into a mass of blood and muscles. Your ears are ringing as Georgie crumples at your feet. Justin quickly pumps the shotgun and brings it up, tracking your chest. You pull your trigger as quickly and as often as you can. You see your first shot snap Justin's head back and the next two smash into his chest. The barrel of his shotgun swings up, over your head, just as Justin squeezes the trigger. There is a deafening explosion and a swarm of hot death screams over your head.

**228**—As you run out onto the roof, you slip on the ice lying beneath the thin patina of snow. You go down, smacking your head on the frozen tar. You hear the flat sound of a shot muffled by the falling snow. A bullet whizzes over your head. Staying down, you roll onto your belly and scramble for cover behind a corner of the parapet. There is a second shot. You feel as if your left ear has been ripped away. You clutch your gun as the blood trickles down your neck and drips onto the snow.

**229**—Officer Gale was shot next to a stall selling Spanish melons. We are certain that the assailant got there before she did and waited for her behind a pile of crates. The shot left a flash burn in the wood of one of the crates. There was a small mound of red pistachio nut shells on the floor where the assailant waited.

**230**—Yes, my husband did indeed write a letter to that dreadful man. Threats? Well, I suppose you could say that the letter contained a threat. I believe my husband gave that scoundrel one week to send our daughter home, or else we'd take legal action.

**231**—Jamie fires a third shot and makes a break for the fire escape. You scramble out from behind your cover and grab your gun. You snap off a quick shot. You miss. Jamie leaps behind the large brick structure of the elevator shaft. You scoop up a handful of snow and press it against your bleeding left ear, then scramble to the elevator shaft before Jamie can spot you. You press your back against the brick and don't move. On the other side of the shaft, you hear Jamie kicking at something, followed by the sound of breaking glass. You slip around the first corner separating you from Jamie. You saddle up to the next corner, take a deep breath and dive around it. Jamie is gone. It takes you a moment to realize that he broke into the elevator shaft through the skylight. You climb up and pause. On the one hand, you know you've got to try and spot him. On the other, if you stick your face over the hole, you'll be an easy target if Jamie looks up.

**232**—The parapet you are huddled behind follows the roof line at the rear of the hotel. The building has a cut back allowing for a small courtyard between the Hotel National and the building it backs against. You realize that the parapet runs straight from you, to the corner Jamie is squatting behind. Directly between your corner and Jamie's, is nothing but a five-story drop to the courtyard below. The stairwell you came up is behind you to your left. Next to the wall, 5 feet from you, are three narrow cast-iron smoke stacks. The only real cover between your position and Jamie's is some kind of brick structure in the center of the roof. It's about 20 feet from both you and Jamie. After a moment, you realize it is the top of the elevator shaft. If you could get there, it would offer you a good shot into Jamie's position. On the far side of the roof, there is the top of a fire escape leading down to Buffet Ave. The fire escape and the stairwell are the only two safe exits from the roof. Behind Jamie is a blank wall from what should be 276 James St. (Bk). There is no way the wall can be climbed and all the windows in the wall are at least 10 feet above the roof level. To your right and on Jamie's left, the roof of the Hotel National is separated from another roof by a 6 foot space and a 4 foot drop in height. You decide it probably belongs to 159 Laurel St. (Bo). The wind picks up and the snow falls more heavily, cutting down the visibility.

**233**—No clue

**234**—"While we're here, let's give your friend Birdie a call. It will only take a minute and he might know something about Steve Williams and Rick Pyatt. Ask him about Jamie Thompson too, while you're at it."

**235**"Gentlemen," Horace says shaking first your hand, then Mark's. "Good to see you again. What brings you back?"

"Martin Storch is dead."

"The detective who's been looking into the missing money?"

"Yes. From what we heard, it seems that he had only three possible suspects."

"That's unfortunate, but true," Horace agrees. "I'm told Stephanie Wong, Joel Bothwistle and myself are the only people who could have stolen the money. I'm not a computer whiz and I didn't do the audit, so I'm forced to take other people's word for that."

**236**—Whoever broke in here last night understood our security system and how to bypass it. Not that bypassing our system is hard. It is not sophisticated. But, as long as the museum wasn't involved in any major exhibits, it was adequate. Have I discussed upgrading our system with anyone? Yes, I did. Yesterday at about 5:55 p.m. I was talking to Dirk MacLeod when Dr. Chance came over with a Mr. Landsly. Landsly explained some of his ideas for a new system, gave me a price range for each item and asked me if I thought it would be worth the cost. I said that if Dr. Chance intended to host major exhibits in the future, it would not only be worth the cost, but necessary.

**237**—Fred Coolar is unmarried. He lives at 159 Laurel St. (Bo). In the last 4 months, he's been seen with Madeline Frazer, 92 Jackson Blvd. (An).

Big Jimmy Dincus is divorced. He lives at the Hotel National (Bn). Big Jim's younger brother, Dennis "Dinky" Dincus, is even bigger than he is. Dinky seems to be clean. The brothers hang out together at Burger Heaven (Bg).

**238**—The victim was killed by a blow to the back of his head. Judging by the angle, the victim was seated while the murderer was standing behind him. The killer is right-handed and around 5'6" tall. The murder weapon was a hard, blunt object.

**239**—The ringing in your ears drowns out everything else. The shotgun blast hit the wall peppering your face with chips of brick. The blood trickles down your cheeks. Justin is lying at the foot of the stairs. You are convulsively pulling the trigger of your empty gun. Exhausted, you collapse on the steps, blotting at your face with your sleeve. You sense motion and look up. Georgie steps around the corner holding a revolver. In the silence of the ringing, Georgie brings it up and aims at your chest. Before you can react, he shoots. A giant hand punches you in the chest, flinging you backwards into the stairs. After a moment, you realize you're lying on your back, staring up at the ceiling. You can't hear anything through the ringing in your ears. Your world slowly fades to black.

**240**—"Shut up," Justin snarls. You hear him take something off the table. You strain your ears listening for the sound of his approach. After a moment, you catch a faint scraping sound from around the corner. Suddenly, Justin is there, swinging a pump action shotgun towards you. You shoot as fast as you can pull the trigger. Your first shot snaps Justin's head back; the next two smash into his chest. The barrel of his shotgun swings up, over your head, as Justin squeezes the trigger. There is a deafening explosion and a swarm of hot death screams over your head.

**241**—The can sparkles as it catches some of the reflected light. It falls softly on the snow-covered roof. Jamie laughs. "Did you really think I'd fall for that old trick?" Jamie is crouched behind a corner of the roof parapet. The snow begins to fall heavily and is swirled by a stronger wind. On the far side of the roof, across from Jamie's position, you can barely make out the top of a fire escape.

**242**—You walk into Elana's. A statuesque redhead asks, "Can I help you?" Mark shows her his badge. "Yes. We'd like to talk to Sally Westal."

"I'm Sally Westal."

"You're a friend of Dudley Keats?"

"Yes. Is something wrong?"

"I'm afraid he's dead."

"Dead!" Sally is clearly stunned. "I don't believe it."

"There was a fire in his apartment last night. I'm sorry."

"What in the world is there in his bedroom that would burn? His waterbed wouldn't burn, would it?"

**243**—That wasn't the only trouble this Micheaux kid tracked in here. Last week, there was this private dick snooping around. Sure I remember his name. I even have his card . . . Here it is, Martin Storch, 270 Norton St. (Bd). He was asking all sorts of questions about the Church and the Reverend. He was particularly interested in anything I could tell him about Gloria.

**245**—You ease your head over the hole. It takes a full minute for your eyes to adjust to the gloom in the shaft. Down near the bottom, light leaks out of an ancient elevator car. A floor below you, a black figure moves in the shadows. You realize there is a ladder running down the shaft. You begin to climb down just as Jamie glances up. He raises his gun and you push off to the right, holding onto the ladder with only your left hand and foot. The shot misses, shattering more glass in the skylight. A large shard breaks loose and falls, slicing your pants leg as it passes. Your foot slips off the rung. You dangle over the chasm, holding on with only your left hand. You feel the strength seeping out of your grip as your feet scramble desperately for a rung. A frantic moment later, your foot finds the ladder. You pull yourself tight against it,

wrapping yourself around it and wait for your breathing to return to something resembling normal.

**246**—No clue

**247**—All right, champ, now we're cooking. What do you say we finish up here, then head over to 290 Norton St. (Bc). Five will get you ten we'll find out who EC is if we check out the files at his office.

**248**—Horace Quenton is young and energetic. He waits until you are comfortably settled then asks, "So, what can I do to help Queensport's finest?"

"Martin Storch is dead."

"Wasn't he the detective looking into the theft at the bank?"

"Yes. From what we heard, it seems that he had only three possible suspects."

"That's unfortunate, but true," Horace agrees. "I'm told Stephanie Wong, Joel Bothwistle and myself are the only people who could have stolen the money. I'm not a computer whiz and I didn't do the audit, so I'm forced to take other people's word for that."

**249**—Yes, I did call on Mr. Balens last night. The desk had a call from him at 9:00. He was complaining of stomach cramps and nausea. I saw him at 9:30. I gave him Lomotil. Between his stomach problem and the Lomotil, you can be sure he didn't go anywhere afterwards.

**250**—Elmore Del Ray is married with two children, a boy, 9, and a girl, 6. The Del Ray's live at 12 Berol St. (Aq). The kids go to Our Mother of Comfort Catholic school. His wife is a deeply religious woman.

Patrick Lucas is not married, but he has often been seen with a Cynthia Hamada. He lives at 110 Market St. (Cf). Ms. Hamada lives at 1385 North Ave. (Ck). If I was looking for Lucas, I'd check her place first.

**251**—Yes, Alex Lyons works here, but he's not in today. I believe he called in sick. Why don't you check with Paul Kroler, he's our office manager.

**252**—You stand on the stairs where you fell listening to the sound of someone coming. Without warning, Justin steps around the corner holding a pump-action shotgun. He swings it up towards you. You fling yourself down as he pulls the trigger. The shot is deafening. Your back explodes in pain as you're smashed into the stairs by the blast. After a moment you realize that you are lying on your back, staring up at the ceiling. You can't hear anything through the ringing in your ears. Slowly, the world fades to black.

**253**—Mark doesn't answer. You stand at the foot of the stairs with your gun pointed at the corner. "Hey, Mark!" you yell again. Again, there is no answer. Before you can call a third time, Justin steps around the corner holding a pump-action shotgun. He swings it up towards you. You fling yourself down as he pulls the trigger. The shot is deafening. Your back explodes in pain as you're smashed into the stairs by the blast. After a moment you realize that you are lying on your back, staring up at the ceiling. You can't hear anything through the ringing in your ears. Slowly, the world fades to black.

**254**—Jamie makes a break for the fire escape. You snap off a quick shot, but miss. He scrambles over the parapet and starts down the steel ladder. You dash for the fire escape. Before you've gone three steps, you slip on a patch of ice and smack the back of your head on the frozen tar. By the time you stand and get to the fire escape, Jamie is lost in the darkness below you. You descend as quickly as you can, but by the time you hit Buffet Street, Jamie is long gone.

**255**—"Andy Schot. Now, we have a name we can work with." Mark grins happily, "This is the break we needed on this case."

**256**—Mary Cavanaugh—born 9/10/49—History of juvenile arrests for petty theft. Last arrested 1/29/81. She was convicted of receiving stolen goods and spent two years in Everette State Prison. Paroled 6/15/84. At the time of her arrest, it was believed she was working with Karl Lupis. His case was dismissed due to lack of evidence. Lupis is still considered an active fence. His present whereabouts are not known. We have no record of Mary Cavanaugh after her last meeting with her parole officer.

**258**—Hey, partner, we'd better not forget to go back to the 13th (Bm) and read Scarpelli's report.

**259**—No clue

**260**—Three long minutes pass before you decide you're ready to look down again. Jamie is by a shaft door leading back into the hotel. His left arm is wrapped around the ladder while he leans out to open the door with his right hand. There's a creak, then a hum as the elevator starts to ascend. Vibrations shake the entire shaft. There's a cracking sound and another shard of glass breaks off. It drops past you with a rush of wind, but Jamie isn't so lucky. It slices deeply into his left arm, causing him to lose his grip on the ladder. He falls down the shaft in silence until he crashes through the roof of the elevator car.

**261**—"You sound like you don't want to do that," you note.

"I don't," Horace admits. "After all, I've known Stephanie and Joel a long time. Stephanie is a tech freak; laser discs, CDs, computers, all that stuff. She's probably the only person around here with the expertise to steal the money. She's a little strange, but I can't see her as a thief. As for Joel, he's a terrific guy. He's a family man who worked his way up from teller. I can't see him stealing anything, either. I know I'm innocent. so all I can suggest is either someone else took the money, despite what the computer and the accountants say, or that no money was stolen."

**262**—Yeah, I was at the Electric Spoon (Cd) last night. I go there because it's close. Yeah, I met a couple of guys there. A white guy and a big black dude. About 11:30, I left with the black dude. He told me to call him Chuck. He left here about 9:30 this morning. He told me he was a rich dude from out of town. I figured he was jiving me, you know, trying to impress the dumb white chick.

**263**—"Jesus!" Cool Man says, lowering his gun. "You a cop? What the hell you chasing me for? This ain't no time to be playing games on the streets. You trying to get killed or something?"

**264**—Carmine Delveccio? Let me check my records. Ah, yes. Here it is. As you can see, everything is in order. We delivered him to the Queensport Medical School as per his request.

**265**—As you step around Georgie, Justin is tracking you with a pump-action shotgun. You shoot him as your world explodes in a horrendous blast. Your whole body is numb. You can't move. After a moment you realize that you are lying on your back, staring up at the ceiling. The ringing in your ears drowns out everything else. Slowly the world fades to black.

**266**—You scramble up the steps, the blood pounding in your ears. You are halfway to the top when you hear Justin at the foot of the stairs. He is aiming a pump-action shotgun at your back. You fling yourself down as he pulls the trigger. The sound is deafening. Your back explodes in pain as you're smashed into the stairs by the blast. After a moment you realize you are lying on your back, staring up at the ceiling. The ringing in your ears drowns out everything else. Slowly the world fades to black.

**267**—You hear the flat sound of a shot. You don't know where the bullet went, but it missed you. In the half second your head was exposed, you saw Jamie crouched behind a corner of the roof parapet. The snow begins to fall heavily and the wind picks up. On the far side of the roof, across from Jamie's position, you see a fire escape. Jamie is facing the stairwell door and is holding Mark's revolver in a two-handed grip. He's ready to snap off a shot the moment you expose yourself.

**268**—The last I've heard, Al's gone semi-straight. He's working at the Crystal Fun Park (Aa), running the softball-in-the-milk-can booth on the midway. As for Morty, I've often wondered if he really did see the light or if he was just moving up to a bigger and better scam. Now, I guess I'll never know.

**269**—Yes, I was asking questions at the World Fusion Church a couple of weeks ago. No, I'm not going to tell you who I was working for. I'll tell you this though. Reverend Mortimer Slade was a con man who worked Queensport for more than 30 years. Two years ago, he bought himself a Doctor of Divinity degree from some southern college. Check with your bunco squad. They can tell you all about him. Check out Mary Cavanaugh, too, while you're at it.

**272**—No clue

**273**—"I'm impressed," Mark says patting you on the back. "I didn't want to say anything, but I figured coming to the bank was a waste of time. Now, I think it is going to pay off. Good work."

**274**—Lauryn looks uncertain and asks, "Is that necessary?"

"It could be very helpful."

Wes, passing in the hallway calls, "Don't do it, Sis."

"Why do you want it?"

"It'll help us locate your parent's friends."

Wes leans against the doorway, "If you want to know about their friends, ask us." Wes walks away.

Lauryn thinks a moment. "Why don't we wait. If you really need it, I can always let you read it here."

**275**—I'm a lover of beautiful, functional machines. As a result, I collect antique clocks. I specialize in clocks ranging from Pre-Revolutionary War America up through the Civil War. Two months ago, I went to an auction where I acquired a lovely little Acorn clock made by J.C. Brown sometime around 1850. Its case was made from laminated wood with arched walls. There is a dainty floral pattern painted on the bottom tablet. The clock is in beautiful working order with much of the original clockwork still intact. What makes this clock unique is the fact that it was owned by Abraham Lincoln. When I acquired it, I also received a detailed documentation of its history.

**276**—Captain Quint is a big, good-natured black cop with an encyclopedic knowledge of Queensport's drug scene. "Good to see you and Silber again." Quint leans back in his overstuffed executive chair. "We all know Sal Tuney runs the drug scene in north Queensport. He spends his days at his bar, Lancer's (Cc), over on Market Street. What you may not know is he also owns a co-op over at the Parkside Arms (Cn). It's a beautiful apartment on the 24th floor, overlooking the river.

**277**—Of course I knew Ted Hecker. No, he's never been to my house. I don't socialize with people who work for me.

**278**—The ringing in your ears drowns out everything else. The shotgun blast hit the wall peppering your face with chips of brick. You feel the blood trickling across your cheeks. Justin is lying in the middle of the room. You are con-

vulsively pulling the trigger of your empty gun. Exhausted, you collapse on the stairs blotting at your face with your sleeve. You sense motion and look up. Georgie has stepped around the corner. He is holding a revolver. In slow motion, he brings it up and aims at your chest. Before you have a chance to react, he is flung against the basement wall. You look behind you. Mark is standing near the top of the stairs holding a smoking gun. The ringing in your ears is so loud, you can't hear yourself thank Mark.

**279**—Mark doesn't answer. You stand at the foot of the stairs with your gun out. "Hey, Mark!" you yell again. Again, there is no answer. Before you can call a third time, Justin steps around the corner holding a pump-action shotgun. He swings it towards you. You shoot as fast as you can pull the trigger. Your first shot snaps Justin's head back. The next two smash into his chest. The barrel of his shotgun swings up, over your head, as Justin squeezes the trigger. There's a deafening explosion. A swarm of hot death screams over your head.

**280**—"O.K.," Jamie calls back to you from behind a corner of the roof parapet. "There's no point in going on. Come on out and take me in." The snow begins to fall heavily and the wind picks up. On the far side of the roof, across from Jamie's position, there's a fire escape.

"Throw down your gun and come to me," you shout back.

There's no answer.

**281**—Officer Gale's car was found parked on North Avenue. It was clean. When her husband came for the car, he checked his wife's purse to see if anything was missing. Her badge was. Her gun was still in her shoulder holster. It had not been fired.

**282**—The way I heard it, Morty got religion and opened his own church. Al didn't want any part of it. The last time I ran into Al, he was doing the old rare coin scam. He'd buy a bunch of cheap foreign coins for a buck and put them in holders marked 'Rare Coin'. Next day, Al would dress like a wino. He'd stumble up to a guy and tell him he'd just found this rare coin. Al would tell the sucker that he needed a drink real bad, then let the sucker have the coin for five bucks.

**285**—No clue

**286**—Partner, let's finish up and move out. We're not going to get anywhere on this case until we hit the Parkside Arms (Cn).

**287**—"We're taking a different approach," you say.

"What do you mean?" Horace asks.

"We're asking where everyone was yesterday."

"Why? Do you think there's some tie in between the stolen money and Storch's murder?"

"It's possible. So, where were you from 4:00 p.m. on?"

"Unfortunately, I was with Stephanie."

"Why's that unfortunate?"

"Steph's cute, but she's the brainy type. She's more interested in her computers than men. She came with me while I did a couple of chores, then we went out for dinner. We stayed late and afterwards, I stopped by Joel's house to drop off his Jeep before going home."

**288**—Lincoln's Acorn was in the workshop when my father and I locked up yesterday, around 4:00 p.m. My father went home, but I stayed until the museum closed. I had to write to Historic Collectibles and The Magazine of American Antiques about the clock and the exhibit.

**289**—Ignoring your warning shot, Cool Man disappears behind the Ferris wheel control room. As you come around the Ferris wheel, you see Cool Man pressing his body against the wall of a cotton candy stand, aiming a gun at you. You dive behind a tree as the head of a plywood clown explodes in a shower of splinters behind you. Cursing under your breath, you squeeze off a shot. A splash of plaster powders Cool Man's head. You yell, "Police, Cool Man. Throw it down, now!"

**290**—Don't waste your time working this one. Your man has been dead for days and shows all the evidence of being prepared for dissection. I'd check the medical school at Queensport Hospital (Bi), and see if one of their cadavers is missing.

**291**—"Shut your face," Justin snarls. You don't dare breathe as you hear him grab something off the table.

"I'm telling you, there's nothing there," Georgie insists.

Suddenly, Justin is standing in front of you holding the pump-action shotgun. It swings towards you. You throw yourself down as he pulls the trigger. The noise is deafening. Your back explodes in pain as the blast smashes you into the steps. After a moment, you realize you are staring up at the ceiling. You can't hear anything through the ringing in your ears. The world fades to black.

**292**—You trip on the eighth step, falling with a loud thud. "What the hell was that?" Justin demands. You stand and try to regain your balance. You hear Justin grab a gun off the table.

**293**—The snow has picked up intensity making it hard to see. Peering through the snow, you see a faint shadow as a hunched over Jamie runs along his parapet. You follow suit, running parallel to Jamie, ten feet behind him and separated by a five-story drop. Jamie reaches the edge of the roof and slides to a halt. He turns and takes a quick shot at you. You bring up your gun and go into a two handed stance. He clambers up the low wall. There is a six-foot chasm separating the two buildings. The jump from the hotel is made easier by the fact that the other roof is lower. Jamie balances a moment, gathering his strength for the jump. His body tenses.

**294**—"He wasn't in his bedroom last night," you say, watching the color drain from her face. "He was sleeping on his couch."

"That's ridiculous!" Sally says in a ragged voice. "Dudley would never sleep on a couch."

"He had been drinking."

"Dudley never drank. He was a health nut."

**295**—The Reverend is lying face down in front of the altar. He's wearing blue pajamas with a wine-colored robe. His feet are bare. A bullet entered his face below the nose. There's no exit wound. There's no blood on the floor.

**297**—We've developed a lot of information on Lincoln's Acorn. All we have to do now is sift through it.

**298**—No clue

**299**—"Pyatt is a hit man!" Mark says in astonishment. "Birdie really came through."

**300**—"You knew Dudley well?"

"No one did," Sally says. "After six months, I knew more about Dudley's friend, Horace Quenton, than I knew about Duds. Quenton is so addicted to spending money his parents had to cut him off. I couldn't tell you the names of Dudley's parents."

**301**—It is packed with piles of boxes, cartons and paintings. As you look around, you realize it would take ten men days to sort through the mess. You decide to leave it for now.

**302**—Janet Gale was shot with a .38-caliber bullet. Three of them were embedded in a stall across from where she was shot. One of them was the bullet that hit her. The other two were shot from the same gun, but missed her.

**303**—There's a new scam Sal Tuney (Cc) is running out of Sunnydale Crematorium (Bp). Any time Tuney has someone hit, he burns 'em. Nothing to look at but ashes. He also gets fees from legit customers. They pay for a cremation. He burns an empty box, then sells the dearly beloved to a medical school for \$200.

**304**—Alex Lyons is seated when you enter. His handshake is firm. "What can I do for you?"

"We'd like some information about Sarah Williams."

"Certainly, but first I'll have to check with Sarah." Alex reaches for his phone.

"Miss Williams is dead."

Alex sits back in his chair. "I'm sorry to hear it."

"How did you come to be her investment counselor?" you ask.

"Steve Williams recommended me after she won the lottery."

"How did he know about you?"

"Steve's one of my original clients."

**305**—You freeze. You listen to the chess game.

**306**—Slowly, you squeeze the trigger. Your bullet punches into Jamie's back just as he leaps. His arms windmill. He floats across the yawning gap. He lands on his face, sliding across the snow and ice. He lies on the rooftop, arms splayed, without moving. A black stain spreads around his body wherever his blood meets the glowing snow.

**307**—"He wasn't in his bedroom last night," you say, watching the color drain from her face. "He was on his couch."

"That's ridiculous!" Sally says in a ragged voice. "Dudley would never sleep on a couch."

"He was murdered."

"That's crazy! Who'd want to murder Dudley? Why would anyone want to murder Dudley?"

**308**—You working that killing over at the Hotel National? For a double sawbuck, I'll tell you what I heard. You won't go for more than a sawbuck?! Hey, I've got bills to pay too, pal!

**310**—"I don't know where my mind's been," Mark says slapping his head. "Or yours."

"Why? What did we forget?"

"Scarpelli's report!"

"I didn't forget," you say with a smile. "I just wanted to make sure it would be ready for us at the 13th (Bm)."

**311**—No clue

**312**—It's about time we got a fix on who the dead man was.

**313**—"How good an artist was Dudley?" Mark asks.

Sally points to a dark street scene. "That's his."

"Did he sell?"

"Not very well." Sally's eyes suddenly fill with tears. "He was just beginning to build his reputation," she sobs. "Can we continue this later?" She rushes off to the ladies room.

**314**—Tontine Guarantor and Insurance Co. is located at 253 Market St. (Bf).

**315**—A patrol has spotted Freddy Coolar in the parking lot of the Crystal Fun Park (Aa).

**316**—Kelly was a crooked New York C.P.A. working for local 1176, a garment union. After three years work, we got enough on him to put him away for 40 years. Kelly turned state's evidence and testified against Archie Spike, the president of the local. When Spike put a contract out on Kelly, we agreed to relocate him in Queensport.

**317**—"What did Miss Williams do with her money?" you ask.

"She invested it. She's been getting a yearly check for a little over \$290,000. In the last five years, she's received a total of close to \$1,500,000. Her portfolio is easily worth over two million."

"What did she spend her money on?" Mark queried.

"I have no idea, although, a couple of times, she asked me to write checks for her nephew, Steve Williams."

"Why didn't she write the checks herself?"

"They were too big. She didn't keep that kind of money in her personal account."

"How big were they?"

"\$15,000 the first time," Lyons answers. "That was two years ago. Six months later, she gave him \$10,000. Finally, this past June she gave him \$18,000."

**318**—"What kind of stories?"

"Murder mysteries," Erika answers. "Last week he asked me to read his latest story. It was about a kid who kills his father after a violent argument."

You and Mark look at each other.

"When I heard his folks were missing, I thought, I ought to tell you about it."

**319**—The snow has picked up intensity making it hard to see. You see a faint shadow and snap off a shot just as Jamie shoots at you. You're spun to the ground by a .357 slug smashing into your left arm. The pain hasn't registered as you struggle to stand. Across from you, Jamie is running along his parapet. You raise your gun, but it weighs a ton. You stumble forward. Jamie clammers up onto the wall. You manage to get your gun up, but you can't hold it steady. Jamie gathers his strength. A six-foot chasm separates him from freedom. You pull the trigger.

**320**—Borrowing that video was a clever idea. If our 911 caller is one of the kids, the lab will be able to give us a positive I.D. by matching voice patterns.

**321**—Both the Reverend and I live here in the church. Our rooms are in the back. The last time I saw him was 9:00 p.m. We finished the evening meditation and wished our newest acolytes godspeed. Then, I retired to my room to watch TV. No, I didn't hear shots, although I should have. My room is down the hall and the walls here are thin.

**323**—"Did she ever tell you what the money was for?"

"Steve wanted to open a health spa. He talked Sarah into helping him out. After that, the money kept the spa going."

"How's it doing now?"

"Not well. Steve came around again last month. He said if he didn't get \$12,000 by Dec. 31, he would have to close up."

"What did Sarah say?"

"She told him, if the spa can't support itself after two years, she'd be crazy to sink more money into it."

"Can Steve get the money from another source?" you ask.

"No. He's already borrowed up to his limit."

"Did she ever give money to Rick?" Mark asks.

"Not that I'm aware of," Lyons says shaking his head.

**324**—No clue

**325**—"We've been here, what, an hour maybe?"

You sigh because you know Mark is going to make another of his tactful suggestions. "So?"

"I think we should talk to Scarpelli before he leaves."

"Do you think he knows anything yet?"

"Won't know until we try."

**326**—Mark sighs, his patience wearing thin. "Son, we're looking into the disappearance of your parents."

"They aren't missing."

"Then where are they?"

"I told you, they're with a friend. Everything's fine."

"The friend with no name who's more important than your Thanksgiving dinner."

"That's right."

"If they're visiting a sick friend, they'd have come home last night," you point out. "They didn't."

"Wednesday night, when did you come home?" Mark asks again.

After a pause, Wes says, "I didn't. I came home 8:00 a.m."

"Were your parents home?"

"I don't know."

"Was their car here?"

"I didn't notice."

You and Mark get up. "Don't disappear. We may need to talk to you again."

**327**—Angus made sure that Dirk went to Harvard. Angus wanted Dirk to develop business sense and cultivate the right people. Since he's joined Toolmaster, Dirk has shown a firm grasp of the business. Of course, he's also advocated some pretty far-out schemes.

**328**—Gordon Phelps sent his list of kids involved with Janet Gale. It's at the 13th (Bm).

**329**—The man in this picture does look a lot like Ted. But, it can't be him. I have Ted's ashes here in this urn.

**330**—"I was wrong," Wes says, sulking. "I can't believe my father was a radical in the sixties."

**331**—"Mom told me that Mr. and Mrs. Tracy are missing," Erika explains sitting at the kitchen table. "That's why I called."

"Do you have some idea of where they might be?" you ask.

"No, but Lauryn and I grew up together and I know a lot about her family. Did you know Wes works at the James Street Exxon (Ac)? His father was real disappointed when he refused to go to college."

"College isn't for everyone," you observe.

"I know. But, Wes is smart. Real smart. Anyway, the reason I called is because he's always making up weird stories."

**332**—Your bullet missed. Jamie turns to you, barely visible through the swirling snow. Waves of blackness beat against your mind. Jamie gives you a mocking salute then turns to leap. As he pushes off, his foot slips on the ice. He windmills his arms, but can't regain his balance. You stumble forward,

your left arm dangling uselessly at your side. As you look down, you see Jamie sprawled out on a ledge, one floor down. He doesn't move as you slowly pass out.

**333**—Because Kelly was in our F.W.P.P. we must determine how he died. Did a local kill him to collect on the contract? Please forward your report to us as soon as possible.

**334**—That gun ain't mine. Why would I need a gun? I'm a handyman, not a gunslinger.

**336**—Knowing this was an inside job narrows our list of suspects to the security guards, Lee Marsh, Dr. Chance and the MacLeods, Sr. and Jr. I wonder if any of them are right-handed?

**337**—No clue

**339**—Sally sits heavily in one of the chairs scattered around the salon.

"You knew Dudley well?"

"Nobody did," Sally says. "After six months, I knew more about Dudley's friend, Horace Quenton, than I knew about Duds. Quenton is so addicted to spending money his parents had to cut him off. I couldn't tell you the names of Dudley's parents."

**340**—The other collectors? Willard Balens, Clara Fonte, Bartley Hamsford and Chuck Landsly. After Angus decided to show Lincoln's Acorn, he invited them to a formal dinner at his house tonight, at eight. He also invited them to a special preview of the exhibit tomorrow, before the official opening.

**341**—Patrick Lucas was killed with a .38-caliber bullet fired from the same gun that was used to kill Gerald Blot and Samuel Czalf, and to shoot Officer Gale.

**342**—There is a spiral notebook containing notes. The last entry reads "E.C. is manipulating the Flootation stock. If I sign the audit, E.C. makes millions. If not, E.C. goes to jail."

**343**—"Take the letter," Lauryn says holding it out. "My father wants you to read it."

**344**—"We hear you wrote one where a kid killed his father."

"Who told you that?" Wes demands angrily. "What do you think I did? Sneak back home and chop them up?"

"It's been known to happen," Mark says cheerfully.

**345**—You stay low as you slip and slide back to the doorway. You can feel his gun tracking a spot on your back. By the time you reach safety, sweat has soaked your shirt. Scanning the roof, you see Jamie running in a crouch. You go into a two-handed shooter's stance as he clambers up the parapet. There is a six-foot jump between the hotel and another building, with a five-story drop if he misses. The jump is made a little easier because the other roof is flat. Jamie's body tenses. You squeeze off a shot as he jumps.

**346**—If we're finished here, I think the time has come to track down Nicky the Shooter. My guess is he's holed up at his girl friend's place (Co). If he's not, we'll talk to her. Maria works at Van Lear's (Ad).

**347**—Last night I stayed after the evening meditation ended. I was reading in Reverend Slade's study when I heard him arguing with the Santori. The walls are so thin, I couldn't help hearing what was said.

**350**—No clue

**351**—E.C.! We're on the right track now.

**352**—Captain Reddick calls you and Mark into his office. "I want to know who killed this guy. I want a name and I want it today. I also want a motive and supporting evidence. Stuff that will hold up in court. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Capt. Reddick nods. "Good, now beat it."

**353**—Marsh fired Jonas Quail to protect his own fanny. The day before, Jonas was filling in for one of our regulars at Crystal Fun Park (Aa). As he was passing through the parking lot, he saw Marsh making a buy from a well-known drug dealer. The next day Jonas was fired. I transferred him to our West Coast division. He's working for a high-tech firm and doing well.

**354**—You holster your gun, as you head back to the car. Mark runs up. "What happened?"

You shrug. "He got away. I pulled out my gun and told him to freeze. He didn't. I wasn't going to shoot an unarmed man in the back."

"It's a damn good thing you didn't," Mark agrees. "If you had, the Captain would have busted you right off the force."

**355**—Ha, Ha, Ha!! The body . . . hee, hee, The BODY!! . . . ha,ha, Ha, Ha, HA! HA!! HA!!! . . . What did we, hee, do with the . . . ha, ha . . . BODY?! HA, HA, HA, HA!!

**356**—The kitchen has a complete set of modern appliances. An expensive pocketbook sits on the stool next to a wall phone. You dump the contents onto the counter. Using your pen, you separate the various items. There is a set of house keys, a wallet with \$300 and eight credit cards, car keys, tissues, a hair brush, cigarettes, a gold lighter and a smaller bag. You unzip the small bag. It's stuffed with assorted makeup items.

**357**—"I understand you're a writer," Mark says with a smile.

"I want to be." Wes agrees.

"What do you write on?" Mark asks. "A typewriter?"

"A word processor. My dad bought me one for my birthday."

"He doesn't mind you being a writer?"

"It doesn't thrill him. He wanted me to go to college. I tried to explain to him, the only way to become a writer, is to write."

"What do you write?"

"Short stories."

**358**—Jamie seems to float over the chasm. When he lands, his feet slid out from under him. He skids on his face and lays there, arms askew. For one wild moment you're convinced your shot hit him. Then, he stands and turns towards you. Laughing, he swaggers to the stairwell, shoots the lock off the door and disappears. You run down your own stairs as fast as you can. But, by the time you get to the street, he's gone.

**359**—"Did he have any enemies?"

"For heaven's sake," Sally replies in a tight voice, "he was an artist, not a gangster."

"Was he a good artist?"

"His work sold." Sally says, tears filling her eyes. "He had a flair for movement and color, but," she says, sobbing while she speaks, "today, people aren't interested in buying art. They come in with swatches of their furniture and look for something that will match." Her sobbing becomes so heavy you can barely understand her. She says something about "junk for interior decorators," then dissolved totally into tears, Sally rushes off to the ladies room.

**360**—The last time I saw the Reverend was at last night's evening meditation. It ended at 9:00. Afterwards, I came back to my room to read. I went to bed around midnight. No, I didn't hear any shots. I did hear an argument between

the Reverend and the Santori. No, I don't know what it was about. I didn't pay attention to it.

**362**—Of course I know who did it. No, I won't tell you. Until I can prove my case, that would be slander. However, if all goes well, I should have my proof by 7:30 tonight. Then, I will fulfill my promise to Mr. MacLeod and reveal all. I certainly wouldn't want anything to ruin his dinner plans. If you haven't solved the case by then, stop by and I'll be happy to explain the whole thing to you.

**363**—No clue

**364**—"I'm a great believer in basics."

"What didn't we do yet?" you ask in a resigned voice.

"The niece."

"Carol Williams."

"Right."

"She never got into the house."

"She can fill us in on the family. Background information is basic to any investigation. I think we should make it a point to go over to the Del Ray house (Aq) and interview her."

**365**—"When was the last time you saw your parents?" you ask.

Wes shrugs. "I don't know. Around 5:30 Wednesday afternoon. Me and my father had another fight. I got fed up and left."

"What was the fight about?"

"The usual. The man is like Hitler."

"Where did you go?"

"Out."

"Out where?"

"Just out."

"What time did you get home?"

"I don't remember."

**366**—Yes, I heard Lincoln's Acorn was stolen last night. Me? I was in my room. I had eaten something that didn't agree with me. I was so sick, I had the hotel send up a physician. After he left, I went to sleep.

**367**—Mark finds you leaning against the tree, pressing a wad of tissues against your left arm. He goes to where Cool Man had been standing. He stoops and picks something up. "You're one lucky rookie. Look at this." He shows you the ammo clip from a 25 automatic that Cool Man must have dropped. He thumbs out a round and says, "Explosive tip bullets. If his aim was better he'd have ripped your arm off."

You don't feel lucky. Your arm hurts like hell and Mark keeps telling you what an idiot you are as he drives you to Queensport Hospital (Bi).

**368**—The victim had a temporary crown on his left upper molar, second from the end. It is not there now. I'd say when the victim was hit on the head, the crown was knocked off the tooth and out of his mouth.

**369**—Along one wall, there is a 19" color TV. Across from it, there's a beat up couch and a recliner. The wall above the couch is covered with photographic portraits. Some are old black & whites browned with age. Some are faded color prints. The rest are recent, including a little girl's school picture. On one side of the window, there is a well used rocking chair with a thick cushion on the seat and a cushion tied to the back posts. On the floor, near the rocker, is a knitting bag with 2 needles sticking through a skein of yellow cashmere. On the other side of the window, there is a small desk. The top is dark wood with

an inset of maroon leather. There are three drawers on the left and one thin center drawer.

**370**—You find yourself behind the counter along with three photocopy machines and a cash register. Behind you, are more machines used in a printing and graphics business.

**371**—Before you go 3 steps, you realize Jamie is also moving. He's in a crouch, running along side the parapet. You cross the roof and chase after him. He is 20 yards ahead of you when he reaches the 4' high protective wall. He tries to clamber up, but is hampered by the ice and snow. You're 5 yards away when he succeeds in getting to the top. He leaps just as you reach for his ankle. He floats across the 6' gap between the buildings. Fortunately for him, the roof of the other building is 4' lower than the hotel's. He clears the wall with inches to spare. You watch as Jamie's feet slip out from under him. He snow plows 4 yards across the roof on his face. With a quick prayer you gather your strength and leap.

**372**—"I got a license," Nicky says fishing it out. "Sal hired me as a security guard. It's all legit." Nicky takes out his gun and rubs it gently. It's a snub-nosed Colt Agent.

"What does a toy like that shoot?" Mark sneers, "BB's?"

Nick's eyes flare in anger. "It shoots 38 specials, wise guy. You tough enough to stop a couple of those?" He slams the door, leaving you and Mark alone in the hallway.

**373**—Now that Reverend Slade is dead, I can admit I was never really an acolyte of his church. Actually, I'm working towards my Master's degree in Sociology. I'm studying the influence of religious cults on mainstream populations. I joined the church as a research project.

**375**—You draw your gun and aim at Cool Man's back. "Freeze!" He ignores you.

**376**—No clue

**377**—"We're getting nowhere."

"Who are you hinting we should see, now?" you ask.

"Rick Pyatt. The nephew who works at Queensport Mazda (Ab). He should be our next stop."

**378**—You feel as if you walked into a 1940s pulp magazine. The office looks tired and smells of lost dreams. Gwen Drury is a leggy blond with hard eyes. "What can I do for you?"

You show her your badge. "We'd like to talk to Storch."

"You and half of Queensport."

"Any idea where he is?"

"No. People have been trying to reach him all day. But, he hasn't called in yet."

"Is that unusual?"

Gwen looks scornful. "Who do you think he is, some cheap, hard-boiled dick you read about in pulp fiction? Mr. Storch is a businessman and taking care of business is his first priority."

**379**—When Dr. Chance heard I had acquired Lincoln's Acorn, he asked me to allow the museum to exhibit it. Initially, I had my reservations, but Dr. Chance is a personal friend and in the end he prevailed. In addition to the Lincoln Acorn, I agreed to show eight other clocks. The museum rounded out the exhibit with six clocks from other collections, including its own very valuable Eddystone Lighthouse clock.

**380**—Mark comes up behind you. Without a word, he pats Cool Man down finding a Beretta 950 automatic. Mark relaxes slightly. He takes out the gun and hands it to you. “Shoot.” The gun shakes as you pull the trigger. The head of a plywood clown explodes in a shower of splinters. The ejected shell lays on the ground near Cool Man. Mark takes the gun back and pulls out the magazine. “.25-caliber explosive-tip bullets. Nasty stuff.” He shoves the clip back into the handle and puts the gun in Cool Man’s hand. He squeezes off a second shot. “It’s a simple case of self-defense. He took two shots at you. You returned fire just as he turned to run. It’s open and shut.” You don’t hear him, being busy throwing up your guts on the ground next to the body.

**381**—Leave me out of this. I admit this guy looks a lot like that other guy, but that other guy was dead. And not from a bullet, either. He had a heart attack. It’s all in our report. Listen guys, it’s been fun but we have to get back on patrol.

**382**—There’s an envelope from Hanover Securities, 275 Market St. (Be) on top of the desk. Inside is a letter from Alex Lyons. In it, Lyons suggests if Ms. Williams wants to update her portfolio, she should call for an appointment. In the center drawer you find a small red Queensport National Bank (Bd), envelope with a key in it. 7134 is neatly written on the inside flap. You also find a checkbook and a savings account passbook from the same bank.

**383**—You see a side door with “Speedprint service entrance” on it. It isn’t locked and opens easily. You look inside. There is a short, dark hallway. On one side, is the main Speedprint Graphics selling area. On the other, a door leads into an office area. At the end of the hall, a set of stairs lead down to the basement storage area.

**384**—For a moment, you’re over the yawning black pit. When you realize you’re not going to make it, your heart stops. Then your feet hit the frozen roof tar. They skid out from under you leaving you careening across the icy rooftop on your back. Your feet smash into Jamie’s head. You lay struggling to catch your breath. Jamie groans and tries to get up. You reach for your gun, then realize it’s gone. Jamie struggles to his knees, locks his hands together and falls on you, trying to crush your larynx. He hits your chin instead. You grab his neck. He butts your left ear with his head. Stars explode in your head. Through a red haze, you sense movement and roll out of the way. You keep scrambling until your vision clears. Jamie is above you, his foot poised to stomp your ribs. You grab it and twist. He falls, hitting his head against a metal stanchion. You struggle to your feet. Jamie is shaking his head, trying to clear it. You kick him in the temple. He falls in a heap with a satisfying thud.

**385**—“What can you tell us about Dudley Keats?” you ask.

Elana frowns thoughtfully. “He was just starting out. He wasn’t well known and didn’t sell. Either here, or in The Metro, my Florida gallery. Sally dated him, but I don’t think either of them were serious.”

**386**—Mortimer Slade, born 4/15/38. Arrested by the Bunco squad 23 times between 1957 and 1983. No convictions. He worked with Alan Wallace. We have no recent record of his activities.

**388**—Partner, I’d say we’re getting close to whoever stole Lincoln’s Acorn.

**389**—No clue

**390**—I’m tingling! It’s going to be quick and easy now.

**391**—“You have no idea where Storch is now?” you persist.

“The last time I saw him was quitting time yesterday. I’d picked him up a burger with the works from Burger Heaven (Bg). He was slurping a strawberry shake when I left.”

**392**—As a matter of fact, I do know where they are staying. Chuck Landsly told me yesterday when he stopped by the museum to discuss updating our security system. They’re all staying at the Windham Hotel (Ag). Except for Julian Bayot. He’s a guest at Angus’ house, Marlston Manor (Cs). Yes, I’m invited to the dinner as well, as is the Mayor.

**393**—When you come around the Ferris wheel, Cool Man has his back against a hot dog stand. He has his gun out. He shoots. You feel a shock in your left arm as you dive for cover behind a tree. Behind you, a plywood clown’s head explodes in a shower of splinters. There’s blood running down your arm, but you don’t feel much pain. When you look out from behind the tree, Cool Man is gone.

**394**—The victim was 5’10”; 153 lbs.; and in his mid-50s. He was clean-shaven and manicured, yet wore clothing that did not fit him properly. The shirt was too large and the pants were so small they could not close. The socks didn’t match. The ring finger of his left hand has a light band of skin around it showing he wore a ring, probably a wedding ring. He wore a pinkie ring on his right hand as well. No rings were found on the body.

**395**—Next, you check out the closet. Way in the back, there’s an old cardboard box. You open it gingerly. The first thing you find is a poetry book with a pressed corsage. Beneath that, you find a birth certificate for Seth Williams dated February 9, 1936. Sarah Williams was the mother; Charles Whattle was the father. In the same envelope, is a letter from The Sister’s of Our Savior which assures Miss Williams that a good home would be found for her baby.

**396**—The front door is locked. A sign reads: “Closed” next to a nicely printed flyer which says, “We wish our customers all the best during this Thanksgiving Holiday. We will reopen for business Monday, December 1.”

**397**—Nobody answers. You don’t hear a thing when you put your ear to the door.

**398**—Nicky the Shooter answers the door. He is not wearing a shirt. You hear a woman laughing in the bedroom. “What do you want?” Nicky snarls.

“We want to talk about the big takeover.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Beat it.”

“That’s not very gracious of you, Shooter,” Mark says. “Mind if we come in?” Mark starts to enter. Nick holds a hand against Mark’s chest.

“You don’t come in without a warrant.” Mark looks down at Nick’s hand. It’s grimy, with blackened nails and red stained fingers. Mark’s eyes narrow dangerously.

“You got a license for that thing?” you ask pointing to the revolver tucked in Nick’s waistband. “If you don’t, you’re under arrest.”

**399**—I don’t know nothing about that Reverend Slade. I live here in the basement. I ain’t got nothing to do with them people upstairs. My room is next to the boiler. I didn’t hear nothing last night. All the walls down here are concrete. I don’t hear nothing from them up there, and they hear nothing from me.

**401**—Marsh makes all his gestures with his right hand. As he talks, he points with his right hand. He signs a security sheet right-handed.

**402**—No clue

**403**—“I was shocked when I heard about Aunt Sarah,” Steve Williams says sitting on the couch in his living room.

“What do you do for a living, Mr. Williams?” you ask.

“I own Radiant Health Spa.”

"Is that a good living?"

"So far, knock wood."

"But, spas are expensive to get off the ground."

"True."

"Your aunt helped out?"

"She was very generous."

"Lately?"

Steve frowns. "What are you driving at?"

"What's your current financial status?"

"I have a big note coming due December, 31," Steve says stiffly, "But, I'll pay it."

"May we ask how? You've exhausted your credit."

"As a matter of fact, I got an extension."

"And now that your aunt is dead, you'll have no trouble meeting that obligation."

"I resent that question."

**404**—You find Wesley upstairs in his bedroom. His walls are covered with posters. Mark smiles at Wes and says, "Nice room."

"What do you want?"

"We'd like to talk to you about your parents."

"What about them?"

"Do you know where they are?"

"How would I know?"

"Didn't you speak to your father yesterday?"

"Yeah. He told me they were visiting a sick friend. He didn't say who and I didn't ask."

**405**—Angus MacLeod, 54, weight 153; height 5'10"; right-handed; blood type O negative; subject to high blood pressure.

Dirk MacLeod, 22, weight 162; height 6'2"; appendix scar; right-handed; blood type A negative; no history of chronic illness.

**406**—Using a two-handed grip, you squeeze off a shot as Cool Man disappears around a corner. You hear him stumble. When you turn the corner, you see Cool Man lying face down on the ground, one hand flung out over his head, a bullet hole high in his back. He isn't breathing. You check his neck for a pulse. You can't find one.

**407**—You find a .22 caliber pistol in a bureau drawer, wrapped in an old undershirt. You find a plastic bag filled with marijuana in the medicine cabinet. On the shelf, next to the toothpaste, there is a large chocolate bar, half-eaten. On the floor of the closet, a chain cutter of the type favored by bicycle thieves.

**408**—Next, you find a small packet of letters tied together with a red satin ribbon. They all start "Somewhere in Spain" and end "your adoring Charles". The last combines love, pride, and bewilderment. "If you had told me, I would have done the honorable thing. Fighting the fascists could have waited. You and Seth will always come first!" The letter closes with the promise to come home as soon as possible. There is one final letter at the bottom of the box:

"I regret to inform you that Lt. Charles Whattle died fighting for freedom. I assure you Charles did his duty to the end and earned the respect of all who knew him. Please accept my profound condolence."

**409**—"You guys back again?" Gwen asks as you open the door.

"It's bad news."

"About Mr. Storch?"

"He's dead."

Gwen's face stiffens. "What happened?"

"He was murdered. Can you answer a few questions?"

There's an angry gleam in Gwen's eyes. "You ask your questions, I'll answer them."

**410**—Dana was playing bridge with us the night Ted died. What a horrible thing to go home to.

**411**—"My father handled all the Keat's legal work. When he retired, I took over." Lowell is sitting in the middle of his office in a wonderful old barber chair. "They were a happy family until Dudley decided to become an artist. His mother thought it was wonderful. His father didn't see any future in it. After his mother died, Dudley and Morton started fighting regularly about Dudley's art. Before long, they were fighting about everything. Finally, Dudley moved out, leaving no forwarding address. When his father died Saturday, I hired a detective, Martin Storch, to find him to acquaint him with the terms of his father's will."

"Did he find him?"

"Yes. Storch called me from his office (Bd) yesterday afternoon. He told me he had found Dudley and was meeting him at Dudley's apartment at 9:30. He didn't say why."

"Did Storch meet him?"

"I have no idea. I haven't heard from Storch at all today."

**412**—An attractive woman in her early 40s opens the door. When you ask to speak to Mr. or Mrs. Micheaux, she tells you she is Phyllis Micheaux. You tell her you are investigating the death of Reverend Slade and she invites you in.

**414**—What's the easiest way to check blood types on our prime suspects? Doing it through their doctors would take too long. I bet there are medical records we can check where they work.

**415**—No clue

**416**—"We ran you both through records," you say. "We found an entry on Mr. Williams."

"I'd rather see Steve kill ten robbers with fake guns than take a chance on being killed." Carol says with some asperity. "I don't look good in black."

"Carol," Steve says. "I'll handle this." he turns to you. "I wasn't going to be robbed again. Three times was enough. As for the law suit, if my child was killed, I might do the same. However, all this has nothing to do with my aunt."

"It shows you'll kill for money."

"Was my aunt killed?" Steve asks in surprise.

"Murdered," Mark replies. "Someone broke her neck."

**417**—You feel as if you walked into a 1940s pulp magazine. The office looks tired and smells of lost dreams. Gwen Drury is a leggy blond with hard eyes.

"What can I do for you?"

You show her your badge. "I'm afraid it's bad news."

"About Mr. Storch?"

"He's dead."

Gwen's face stiffens. "What happened?"

"He was murdered. Can you answer a few questions?"

There's an angry gleam in Gwen's eyes. "You ask your questions, I'll answer them."

"When was the last time you saw Mr. Storch?"

**418**—Where was I last night? Don't be ridiculous! I'm nearly 58. Can you picture me sneaking around in the middle of the night breaking into museums? If you must know, I checked into the hotel at six. I met Bartley Hamsford for dinner at 6:30. We finished near 8:00 and I went back upstairs to my room where I stayed until this morning.

**419**—You take off after Cool Man. You follow him as he climbs up a garbage dumpster and drops over the fence into the park. He runs towards the Ferris wheel with you a couple of seconds behind. You realize that you're not in the kind of shape you should be and if this keeps up much longer, you might lose him.

**420**—I am currently in the process of selling my company. No, I don't anticipate having any trouble over the sale.

**421**—"Did Dudley know the terms of his father's will?" you ask.

"Yes." Lowell replies.

"What was so peculiar about it?" Mark asks.

"Near the end of his life, Morton Keats became obsessed with the fact that Dudley was the last of his line. So, Morton left everything to Dudley provided he marries within 3 months of the execution of the will, and has a child within two years of his marriage."

"And if Dudley refused?"

"Everything goes to his cousin, Crispin Keats. Crispin is the head Chef of Out of the Frying Pan, a fancy L.A. Restaurant."

"Is Crispin aware of the contents of the will?"

"Yes. He flew into town Wednesday evening. He's staying at the Windham Hotel (Ag) until the matter is settled."

**422**—"Did Mr. Storch mention any plans for last night?" you ask.

"He had an appointment to meet a guy named Dudley Keats at Keats' apartment. He had just found Keats for a lawyer. He wanted to clean up the paper work before he left for the meeting."

"Who else knew about this meeting?"

"I have no idea."

"Who set it up?"

"Keats. He called here yesterday afternoon. He said he had some things to take care of and asked if Mr. Storch could meet him at Keats' place at 9:30. I asked the boss, he said yes, so I set it up."

**423**—Yes, it's true I was once involved in illegal activities. But, Reverend Slade changed all that. He showed me the light. He made it possible for me to move into the mainstream of society.

**424**—"Did Dudley know the terms of his father's will?" you ask.

"Yes." Lowell replies.

"What was so peculiar about it?" Mark asks.

"Near the end of his life, Morton Keats became obsessed with the fact that Dudley was the last of his line. So, Morton left everything to Dudley provided he marries within 3 months of the execution of the will, and has a child within two years of his marriage."

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"Is Crispin aware of the contents of the will?"

"Yes. He flew into town Wednesday evening. He's staying at the Windham Hotel (Ag) until the matter is settled."

"And now that Dudley is dead?" Mark asks.

"If Dudley is in fact dead, everything goes to Crispin."

**425**—I can give you a couple of quick things to think about. There's a spot of heavy black grease on the bottom of the Reverend's left foot. Also, he had fresh scrapes near his left wrist and on his lower left arm. Anything else is going to have to wait for my report. I'll have it at the 13th as soon as I can.

**428**—No clue

**429**—There's a good chance this fencing operation is tied in with the Reverend's death.

**430**—"The last time I saw Mr. Storch was quitting time yesterday." Gwen says in a controlled voice. "I'd picked him up a burger with the works from Burger Heaven (Bg). He was slurping a strawberry shake when I left."

"Did he mention any plans for last night?" you ask.

"He had an appointment to meet a guy named Dudley Keats at Keats' apartment. He had just found Keats for a lawyer. He wanted to clean up the paper work before he left for the meeting."

"Who else knew about this meeting?"

"I have no idea."

"Who set it up?"

"Keats. He called here yesterday afternoon. He said he had some things to take care of and asked if Mr. Storch could meet him at Keats' place at 9:30. I asked the boss, he said yes, so I set it up."

**431**—After examining the angle of the cut in the glass and finding glass particles on the inner sill, I can state that the glass was cut by a right-handed person from inside the workroom. I also checked out both the door and its lock. Neither had been forced. Whoever took the Lincoln Acorn was right-handed and used a key to enter the workroom.

**432**—Cool Man ignores you. He's about to run around a corner.

**433**—There is a front door key lying under the doormat. But, as Sgt. Silber points out, you just can't walk into a person's house. Captain Reddick would have your scalp.

**434**—"Yeah, Aunt Sarah was one tough cookie." Rick Pyatt is a flashy dresser. He's wearing two gold chains, a gold Rolex and a pinkie ring with a diamond big enough to choke a horse.

"Did she leave you anything in her will?" you ask.

"She said she was splitting everything 50-50 between Steve and me." He looks around the dealership. "I guess I won't have to do this any more."

"You don't seem particularly broken up about her dying." Mark observes.

"We all got to go sometime."

**435**—"I don't like threats, Justin." Georgie sputters.

"You'll like being buried even less," Justin says. "Now, how about a game of chess?"

"I'm not in the mood."

"Don't sulk, Georgie boy," Justin says in a silky voice. "I don't like it. We've each won a game. We'll play the rubber game while we wait."

You hear the sound of pieces being dumped from a box. Georgie asks, "When did you become such an avid chess player?"

"I developed a lot of new skills in prison. Which hand?"

"Left."

"You're black."

"Look, Justin, I'm really not in the mood . . ."

Justin interrupts. "Georgie boy, I'm a homicidal psychopath, remember? Humor me."

"Sometimes, I wonder," you hear Georgie mutter.

**436**—The maintenance man lets you borrow the ladder. You stop by the 13th Precinct (Bm) to drop it off at the lab.

**437**—Mr. Phelps beams. "Just return them when you're done."

"We will," you assure him.

"If we take them," Mark points out, "we'll have to drop them off at the Precinct (Bm)."

"So, let's do it." You turn back to Mr. Phelps. "Thanks for all the help."

**438**—Yes, I own a gun. A Colt Trooper .357 Magnum. The same model the Queensport police use. No, I can't show it to you. I keep it at my lodge most of the time. No, you may not send someone to find it. I'll bring it in when you show me a search warrant.

**440**—I've got the feeling we could wrap this case up if we go to Marlston Manor (Cs) and . . . well, do something. Something like talk to Dirk, or look under the beds, or go through the closets. Look, when we finish here, if you can't think of anything to do, let's go and see if anything strikes you.

**441**—No clue

**442**—"Whoever killed your aunt was wearing a red sweater."

"Neither of us owns a red sweater," Carol says in relief. On the shelf of their bedroom closet, are five sweaters. The second from the right is brown. You rub your hand over it. "Nice sweater." Carol doesn't notice you pocket the yarn fluff you picked off the sweater.

Mark asks, "Did you get it?" as you get into the car.

"Yep."

"Then let's head back to the Precinct House (Bm)."

"We are," you say easing onto the ice slick road.

**443**—"Did he mention any plans for last night?"

"He had an appointment to meet a guy named Dudley Keats at Keats' apartment," Gwen says. "He had just found Keats for a lawyer. He wanted to clean up the paper work before he left for the meeting."

"Who else knew about this meeting?"

"I have no idea."

"Who set it up?"

"Keats. He called here yesterday afternoon. He said he had some things to take care of and asked if Mr. Storch could meet him at Keats' place at 9:30. I asked the boss, he said yes, so I set it up."

"Did he keep the appointment?"

"I don't know. I told you, I haven't heard from him."

**444**—The workshop window is on the second floor overlooking the museum's small sculpture garden. Across the garden, you see the rear of St. Paul's (Br). A long ladder is standing against the church wall.

**445**—Mark asks you why you didn't chase Cool Man. You don't answer.

**446**—My ballistic test shows the White/Nelson gun was used to shoot the cadaver. Other tests prove their chain cutter was used on the park's boat chain.

**447**—"Was your aunt tight with her money?" Mark asks.

"Don't know. I never asked her for any." Pyatt replies. "I hear she gave Steve some hefty amounts over the last couple of years, though."

"How hefty?"

"Twenty, thirty grand. He used the original money to open his health spa. When he lost that, he took more."

"She gave Steve money, but not you. Did your aunt like Steve better?"

"That's a pretty lame question," Rick asserts. "Who cares? Besides, I don't honestly think she liked anybody."

**448**—Mark interrupts. "Who was this lawyer who hired Mr. Storch to find Dudley Keats?"

"Thomas Lowell. His office is at 276 James St. (Bk). We've done a lot of work for him."

**449**—Taking out your notebook you ask Rick, "Can we have your home address?"

"110 Market St. (Cf)," Rick says with a friendly smile. "I have this super rent-controlled apartment overlooking the river. Only \$800 a month."

"Can we stop by later?"

His smile never falters, but his tone turns cooler. "I won't be home. It's Christmas Eve. I'll be out tonight and I don't know when I'll get home tomorrow."

"Do you own any sweaters with red in them?"

"I own sweaters with all sorts of colors in them."

"Your aunt was killed by someone in a red sweater. We'd like to take samples and run a comparison. The sooner we can eliminate you as a suspect, the happier we'll all be."

Pyatt's tone turns cold. "No. You want a sample, you get a warrant."

"That's your right," you agree slapping your notebook closed against your palm.

**450**—"Mr. Crispin Keats?" the desk clerk checks his computer. "Room 915. He's not in. He's had 3 phone calls today. He wasn't here for any of them." The desk clerk turns to a second clerk. "Jack, didn't Mr. Keats go out last night?"

Jack joins you. "Mr. Keats? Which one is he?"

"The guy from L.A. In his fifties. Not too big. Balding on top. Dressed in a tux when he left at 7:00 last night."

"I remember the guy," Jack says. "I haven't seen him since he left."

**451**—Using your flashlight you see a grease spot on the floor. On the wall, a little above shoulder height, you see blood splatterings. You arrest Lupis, charging him with possession of stolen property. You call Freddy Scarpelli who takes samples back to his lab. He promises to have his report at the Precinct (Bm) A.S.A.P.

**454**—No clue

**455**—Steve answers the door. Mark says, "Sorry to disturb you this late on Christmas Eve."

"You found my aunt's killer?" Steve asks.

"No, but we now have a lock on the killer's DNA pattern."

"What does that mean?"

"It's more individual than fingerprints. We can eliminate you as a suspect after analysing a sample of your hair."

"You're not getting any of my hair."

"We can arrest you and take the sample downtown."

"I'll sue for false arrest if you do," Steve says standing firm. "If you want my hair, get a warrant."

**456**—"What was Mr. Storch currently working on?"

"He'd just finished finding Dudley Keats. He was also working for the First Security and Savings Bank at 253 Market St. (Bf). Someone had stolen \$40,000 off their computer. The only suspects are 3 people from the Loans Department. Julian Basque, the V.P. in charge of the Loan department, contacted us."

**457**—For example, Dirk's trying to convince us to put \$250,000 into what Angus calls "Dirk's Mexican Adventure." If it works, we'll make \$2 million additional profit a year. But, if it fails, we'd still be committed to an additional outlay of \$500,000 a year for the next 3 years. That could put us out of business. Angus and I feel the risk outweighs the potential gain. Dirk disagrees strongly.

**458**—You walk across the empty parking lot to the huge entrance area. Since school started, the park is only open on weekends. Cool Man sees you and takes off.

**459**—Mr. Ted Hecker? I remember him. Lovely wife. He was cremated Saturday. No, there was nothing irregular about it.

**460**—Before the bank will allow you to open the box, they insist upon calling the IRS. You are given permission provided a bank officer is present and you do not remove anything. The box contains five \$100 Savings Bonds from the 1950's. There's a Hanover Securities (Be) envelope with "From the desk of Alex Lyons" typed on the bottom. It contains stock certificates. There's a paper from the Sisters of Our Savior with a complete set of tiny fingerprints and the name "Seth Williams" along the top. There is an envelope containing a Will dated Oct. 19th of this year. The return address reads Teddy Kolpek, Attorney, 276 James St. (Bk).

**461**—You ask to see the phone messages.

"I'm sorry, we don't allow anyone to see private messages."

"Could you tell us who they are from?"

The clerk checks. "They're all from Thomas Lowell."

**462**—"Does the nickname 'The Pope' mean anything to you?"

"No."

"We heard you used it."

Pyatt's eyes turn icy. "I don't know what you're talking about."

**463**—Phelps sighs. "If they'll help, take them. All I ask is, please, handle them gently."

"We'll be very careful."

Down in the car, Mark turns to you. "We can't drive around with these things in the back seat all day. We'll have to drop them off at the Precinct (Bm)."

"That's fine with me," you say buckling your seat belt.

**464**—I found Reverend Slade when I opened the Temple Chamber this morning. He was lying face down, sprawled in front of the altar. It was terrible.

**466**—Sanford Chance; born 4/28/42; 5'10"; 172 lbs.; red hair; blood type O Positive; monitor cholesterol level.

Leonard Marsh; born 2/16/58; 6'3"; 195 lbs.; brown hair; blood type A Negative; confirmed user of cocaine.

**467**—No clue

**468**—So, the Reverend was a bunco artist. Maybe that's why he was killed.

**469**—Gwen continues, "We were also working a case for Teddy Kolpek of 276 James St. (Bk). He's one of our regular lawyer accounts. Mr. Kolpek's client is accused of setting fire to a bum Friday night. The client claims he was at the Electric Spoon. We were looking for witnesses.

**470**—Securiguard Systems is located at 270 Norton St. (Bd).

**471**—At the sound of your warning shot, Cool Man dives for the protection of a Ferris wheel support strut. A moment later, he has his gun out. You shoot again, powdering his head with plaster. He shoots back. You're spun to the ground as his bullet grazes your arm. He takes off.

**472**—Tuney's lawyer draws up papers on all the stiffes so it looks kosher. Pretty weird, huh?

**473**—"Sarah was a yo-yo when it came to wills." Teddy Kolpek has curly black hair and sad eyes. "I drew up eight over the past five years. The last one, in October was a real dilly."

"Why?"

"In 1935, she had an affair with Charles Whattle, a wealthy adventurer from a good family. He went off to fight Franco in the Spanish Civil War, but promised to return and marry her. After he left, Sarah found she was expecting his child. Six months later, their son, Seth, was born. When she learned that Charles had been killed, she gave the child up for adoption."

**474**—There are 3 desks in the office. One is a computer work station. There's a small refrigerator and 7 filing cabinets along one wall.

**475**—You have not made a choice and Cool Man is getting away.

**476**—Nicholas Schot, 187 James St. (Ci), works Riverside Park (Cr); 1 arrest, no convictions. Warren Fish, 3 Paul Pl. (At), operates in the better neighborhoods; no arrests.

**477**—Morty was funny, no matter what scam we were running, he always half-believed it. That's why he was a great con artist. Then, he decided to open our own church. That's when I bailed out. After listening to him for a half-hour, I didn't know if he had really gotten religion or if this was just another con.

**480**—No clue

**481**—The yarn from the Williams sweater does not match the yarn found at the murder scene.

**482**—You're sitting in Julian Basque's office. "Why hire a detective to find your thief? It seems more like a police matter. That's what you pay taxes for."

Basque has the grace to look uncomfortable. "We felt if we involved the police, we'd lose control of the situation."

"Who are the 3 suspects?"

"Joel Bothwistle, my personal assistant. I've known him since he started as a teller here. I personally hand picked him for the job. The other two, also from the Loan Department, are Horace Quenton and Stephanie Wong."

"You're sure nobody else could have taken the money?"

"Absolutely."

**483**—I heard the Lincoln Acorn was stolen. An insurance fellow came by an hour ago and told me. I'm not surprised. I was at the museum yesterday trying to get them to update their laughably inadequate system. Imagine using electric window tape in this day and age. And magnetic switches! The whole system can be bypassed with wire and 2 alligator clips.

**484**—The remaining 4 pushers have dropped out of sight. They are Frederick "Cool Man" Coolar, "Big" Jimmy Dincus, Nicholas "The Shooter" Schot and Warren Fish. Coolar, 159 Laurel St. (Bo), works the parking lot of the Crystal Fun Park (Aa); 4 arrests, 1 conviction with a suspended sentence. Dincus, 140 Market St. (Ce), hangs out at Burger Heaven (Bg), sells to the school kids; 8 arrests, 2 convictions, served 3 years with time off for good behavior.

**485**—Lusk, pal, we just collect the stiff. Dr. Jacquard is the M.E. (Medical Examiner). As soon as he knows anything, he'll send his report to your office (Bm).

**486**—Kolpek leans back in his chair and cracks his knuckles, one at a time, slowly. "Over the summer, she decided to leave her money to Seth. She drew up the Will in October."

"She knew where he was?"

"No. She asked me to recommend a good detective."

"Who did you recommend?"

"Doug Clinton. His office is down the hall. Then, two weeks ago, she called again. She wanted to cut Seth out. I was seeing her after the holidays."

**487**—You hug the wall as you step around the corner. "Police, freeze!" Justin leaps for the table, shoving Georgie towards you. Georgie stumbles, but stays on his feet. He is between you and Justin. Justin grabs a pump action shotgun from the table.

**489**—Phelps looks surprised. "If you think they'll help, take them all."

"Thanks." You start taking them off the wall.

"If we're taking these," Mark says handing a photo to you, "we'll have to go straight back the 13th (Bm)."

"Well," you say reasonably, "let's get rolling."

**490**—Marks on his buttocks, back, areas of his arms and legs show where blood pooled after he died. They prove he'd spent at least a half hour lying on his back (face up) after he died. He was face down when he was found, proving he was moved sometime after he was killed.

**492**—"That's strange," Mark comments more to himself than to you.

"What?" you ask.

"If the dead man is Storch, why was he in Keats' apartment? Who killed him? Did the killer want to kill Storch, or Keats?"

**493**—No clue

**494**—Lyons brings up a screen, then prints out a hard copy for you. It shows Sarah's holdings. Her assets total \$2,084,293.54.

**495**—At 6'6", Joel Bothwistle is thin as a rail. His shoulders are stooped and he wears thick glasses under coarse black hair.

"I can't believe either Horace or Stephanie is a thief."

"Someone took that money."

"I know. And believe me, I've been thinking about it. There's no question about it, it really had to be one of us. I KNOW it wasn't me, so that only leaves them, but . . ." he shrugs.

**496**—If all your questions revolve around our personnel, why not speak to Elmore Bose, our personnel manager?

**497**—Phelps smiles. "I'd be happy to lend you that tape."

Once you're in the car, you say, "Let's take this tape right over to the Precinct (Bm)."

**498**—It's my job to look after Mr. Chadwick's interests. Even when he doesn't want me to. Friday was a case in point. He received a phone call from Ted Hecker, then gave me the night off. He only does this when he wants me out of the way. I left, but I did hang around outside. A little after nine Ted Hecker arrived. There was nothing else I could learn without going back to the house and being accused of snooping, so I went to a movie.

**499**—"Did she say why she was cutting him out?"

"No. She never explained her changes to me."

"What about the nephews?"

"Rick works at Queensport Mazda (Ab). Steve owns a Health Spa," Kolpek answers, beginning to crack his knuckles again. "Steve and Carol live at the Parkside Arms (Cn)."

"Did any of them know about the October Will?" Mark asks.

"Probably not."

**500**—As your weight comes down on the fifth step, it creaks loudly. "What's that?" Justin demands. You freeze. There's a protracted silence.

Georgie says, "I don't hear anything."

**502**—"What did you discuss last night?" you ask Maria.

"Nicholas asked me if I'd like to live in Parkside Arms (Cn) after we are married." She smiles at the thought. "With his new job we can afford it. He's been spending a lot of time there lately, at Mr. Tuney's apartment. I told him whatever he did would be fine with me. Although, to tell the truth, I've lived in apartments all my life and I've always dreamed of living in my own house."

**503**—While looking through the Reverend's desk, you come across an unsigned letter dated June 13th. "I know all about you. If Gloria isn't home in a week, you'll be sorry."

**506**—No clue

**507**—I'd say things are moving along nicely.

**508**—"This whole thing stinks," Stephanie says emphatically. "I know they say the money had to be stolen by Joel, Horace or me, but I don't believe it!"

"Could they be wrong?"

"No," Stephanie admits, "Actually, if it wasn't me, it had to be Horace. But, damn it, I like Horace! I mean, he's cute, you know. That's why I went out with him last night."

"You were out with him last night?"

"Sure. Why do you sound so surprised? Do you think I can't get a date or something?"

"No, of course not."

"He may be a little weird, but he's nice."

"What's weird about him?"

"Well, he asked me to go out with him Monday night 'cause we were off Tuesday."

**509**—All my clocks were moved to the museum over the weekend. They were stored in a workshop. The other exhibit clocks were in their own room. Yesterday, my son, Dirk and I were in the workshop until four. When we locked up, all the clocks were in their proper place. I went home. Dirk stayed until six. The museum has kindly made an office available to us and Dirk was answering mail. It seems that at the auction, I inadvertently made Lincoln's Acorn the world's most expensive clock.

**510**—Cool Man ignores you. Before you can decide whether or not to shoot, he disappears.

**511**—Yes, one of our cadavers is missing. A fresh one. We can pickle a body for as much as a year before a student sees it. This one was new. Someone broke in last night and stole it.

**512**—Doug Clinton is a very big man, 6'8" and 280 lbs. His office is tastefully decorated. His tailoring is immaculate. "Nice to meet you. Pull up a chair."

"We hear you're looking for Seth Williams."

"That's right."

**513**—"Look, Justin," Georgie says with a touch of uneasiness in his voice, "I set this deal up. So, you owe me."

"Don't remind me of old debts," Justin says with a wild look in his eye.

"I spent 18 years, 9 months and 27 days in federal prison because of them."

"When we set up this deal, you swore that making them break into the museum and the bank would satisfy you."

"If you believed that, you are even crazier than I am."

"They're my friends," Georgie insists.

"You'll be buried with your friends, if you're not careful," Justin says in a quiet voice.

**515**—Maria Aquino is 18 and pretty. Mark gives her his best smile. "Do you know Nick Schot?"

Maria looks surprised "Of course. Nicholas is my fiancee."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"No. But I spoke to him on the phone last night. His new job, working for that nice Mr. Tuney, keeps him very busy. I'll see him Saturday night."

**516**—Of course, he was in no position to pass judgment. He spent plenty of nights with the church Santori. The walls in this dump are paper thin, so I know. Then this new girl, Gloria Micheaux, joins the church. Talk about trouble. The first thing you know, she's sleeping with him. Last night? Yeah, at 11:30, I saw him walking down that hall. It has a door going down to the basement. It also leads to Gloria's room. He was dressed in his bathrobe and pajamas, so you know where he was going.

**518**—Finish up. It's time we checked Storch's office (Bd).

**519**—No clue

**520**—"We rushed it."

"What?" you ask.

"Sarah's House. Clues are sitting there waiting for us."

"Mark, you've gone off the deep end," you say sadly."

"I'm serious."

"So am I."

"We have to go back."

**521**—"The detective the bank hired," Bothwistle goes on, "was checking into all our personal finances."

"Did he find anything?"

"He found what you'd expect him to find. Horace lives way beyond his means. Horace comes from a wealthy family and his parents help him out when he needs it. When Storch checked Stephanie, he found she spends every penny she earns on high tech items. I'm supporting a family while trying to maintain my singles lifestyle."

**522**—What do you mean, Bart wasn't convinced the clock was genuine? His last bid was a million, three. Any doubts he's expressing about Lincoln's Acorn have more to do with sour grapes than with reality.

**523**—Del Ray and Lucas supplied six pushers working the 13th. Sammy "Crazy" Czalf and Jerry "Ink" Blot were killed in the last week. Del Ray and Lucas haven't been seen in days. Tuney hasn't done a thing to help. Del Ray and Lucas have been working for the D.A. since you busted them last April. If Tuney found out, he might set up a takeover.

**524**—Yes, I bought Sunnydale Memorial Park (Bp). Strictly as an investment. What's it to you?

**525**—On the wall above Walter's desk, is a letter thanking him for his "help in designing our security and anti-theft system". It's signed Pam of Collier's Furs, 111 Laurel St. (Cq).

**526**—Mark says, "I want to check the office thoroughly."

"O.K." You head down the stairs. There's a corner at the bottom. You peek around it. 8 feet away, Georgie Minsk is talking to a tall man with a bald head and neat beard. A pump action shotgun and 2 handguns sit on a table. A figure lies on a cot against one wall. On the far side, there's a door. Georgie says, "Brian and Walt will move as soon as the bank closes."

"Good."

"What about her?" Georgie nods towards the figure lying on the cot.

"She comes with me," the bearded man says. His smile sends a shiver down your spine.

**528**—He was Carmine Delveccio, a 50 year old white male. He willed his body to science. We paid Sunnydale Memorial Park (Bp) a \$200 finder's fee. All the required documentation is in the file. Who took the cadaver? Talk to Dean Belzner about that.

**529**—As you look around, you notice the altar curtain moving slightly. When you investigate, you find a door leading to a short hallway ending in another door. It opens onto Buffet Ave.

**531**—We're spinning our wheels! I think I'm getting frustrated.

**532**—No clue

**533**—Finish up here. I want to go back to the Hotel National (Bn) for another look around.

**534**—"What's weird about that? He's a man, you're a woman."

"The date was weird," Stephanie explains. "He wanted to make a quick stop at a friend's house. I figured, hey, why not. When we got there, I saw it wasn't just an apartment, it was an artist's studio, too."

You interrupt her to ask, "Who lived there?"

"I don't know, nobody was home. Anyway, . . ."

You interrupt again and ask, "How did you get in?"

"Horace had a key," She says getting a little testy. "He said he had lent his cabin to an artist friend and had promised to water the plants."

**535**—Last night? I had dinner with Clara. At 8:00 she left and went to her room. I went to the bar. A couple of minutes later, Chuck came in and joined me. We went to the Electric Spoon (Cd) on North Avenue. Chuck left at 11:30 with Cheryl Boyle, a very attractive blond. How should I know where she lives? Maybe she's listed in the phone book. I stayed until 1:30, then came back to the hotel and went straight to my room.

**536**—You ring the bell. Nobody answers. You try again. It's obvious nobody is home.

**537**—The victim is wearing faded jeans and an old work shirt. His socks are mismatched. He isn't wearing shoes. There is no wallet, keys, change, or any form of identification. He seems to be in his 50s. His hair is neatly trimmed. He is heavy set. The face and hands are extremely pale, almost translucent. His skin has a greenish tinge with an unpleasant, cloying smell.

**538**—"Have you gotten anywhere?"

"Some. I checked with the Sisters of Our Savior. Turns out the kid was adopted by a Mr. and Mrs. Mitch Juno of Detroit. They changed his name to

Theodore. I flew out there. Mr. Juno has Alzheimer's Disease. His memory is gone. I did find out that Mrs. Juno died when the kid was 4. Mitch became a wino. When the kid was 6, he entered a foster home. By the time he was 12, he was in trouble with the law. At 18, it was decided he would be better off in the Army."

**539**—On the wall opposite the desk, there's a recent picture of Walter, one arm around another man. Walter's holding a hamburger flipper. The picture is signed, "Thanks for the day, Georgie." Georgie is roly-poly with thin red hair. Next to this picture, is a picture showing a young Georgie standing in front of "Speedprint Graphics". The door to the left of Georgie has 290 Norton St. (Bc) printed neatly on it.

**541**—That red pistachio dye doesn't come off for days.

**542**—Mortimer Slade? A legend! You never met a guy as sincere as old Morty. He worked Queensport over 30 years. No matter what he pulled, people wouldn't press charges. He was slick. He worked with Al Wallace until they had a fight and split up. That was 2 years ago.

**544**—I want to have a long talk with Gwen. Maybe she can explain what Storch was doing in Keats' apartment.

**545**—No clue

**547**—"Let's take this from a different angle," you suggest.

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday, the bank was closed. What did you do?"

"I took my kids skiing. We got home around six."

"Then what?"

"We dropped off our stuff and went to eat. We were home by 7:30 and the kids were in bed by 8:30. My wife and I watched TV the rest of the night."

"When did you go to bed?"

"11:30. I had brought my Jeep in for minor work on Friday and it wasn't ready for the weekend. Horace was nice enough to pick it up for me. He dropped it off about 11:15 last night. I went to bed after he left."

**548**—Each window has tape zigzagging across its surface. If the tape is broken, the alarm goes off. Magnetic switches set in the window frames and sills cause the alarm to go off if they are opened. There are bars on the lower windows. If an alarm sounds, a green light in the security office turns red indicating which window or door has been tampered with.

**549**—Sal Tuney controls all the drugs coming into northern Queensport. He owns Lancer's Bar and Grill (Cc) where he can generally be found. When his nephew Joel "Smity" Tuney was arrested, Sal divided the territory between Elmore "Butcher" Del Ray and Pat "Lucky" Lucas.

**550**—Kid, if you don't know how to run an investigation, you can always get back into uniform. If you don't leave me alone, that's where you'll wake up tomorrow.

**551**—The door is locked. A sign on the door says, "Closed for the holiday."

**552**—Walter Tracy's office is constructed of metal panels topped with frosted glass. The door has no lock. There is a metal desk with a linoleum top. Three green filing cabinets hug one wall.

**554**—Mrs. Fish opens the door.

"Police Officers, ma'am. May we come in?" After you're seated in the living room you continue. "Is Warren home?"

"I'm sorry. He hasn't been here all week. Is something wrong?"

"No ma'am. We just wanted to talk to him." There is a bowl of red pistachio

nuts on the coffee table in front of you.

"Warren left Saturday to visit my brother in Vermont."

**555**—There was a black grease spot on the sole of the victim's left foot.

**558**—No clue

**560**—"Did he now?" you say.

Stephanie frowns at you. "Do you want to hear about the weird part or not?" she demands.

"Uh, sure. Sorry."

"The weird part," she announces, making sure you haven't lost the thread of her story. "We were alone in the artist's studio. I figured, Horace was going to make his move. Ask me to pose nude or something. Do you know what he did?" You shake your head. "Nothing! Not a damn thing!"

Neither you nor Mark say anything as you wait for her to continue.

"That's it! That's the weird part. He moved a packet of mail from the hallway to the kitchen table. Then, he watered some plants and we left." She repeats like a comedienne trying to force the audience to understand her punch line.

**561**—Cheryl Boyle is listed at 187 James St. (Ci).

**562**—The lab has just completed an analysis of the voice prints on the talent show video tape. They compared it to the voice on the 911 tape. The kid who called was Andrew Schot. Phelps gave us Schot's address. It's 187 James St. (Ci).

**563**—Alex Lyons? He works for Hanover Securities, 275 Market St. (Be).

**564**—"One last thing," you say turning back to Lauryn. "What bank do your parents use?"

"I don't know," Lauryn replies. She goes to the kitchen and opens the top drawer of the breakfront. It folds down to form a desk. There are a number of cubby holes inside. There's a check book from the Queensport National Bank, 275 Market St. (Be) in one cubby.

**565**—Using the key Lauryn lent you, you unlock the front door and turn off the alarm system.

**567**—Within 30 seconds, the door is opened by an elegant butler. You show him your badge. "Mr. or Mrs. Keats, please."

"I'm sorry. Mrs. Keats has been dead for years, and Mr. Keats died Saturday morning."

"I see," you say, a little taken aback. "Are any family members at home?"

"I'm afraid not. They only had one son, Dudley, and he is not here at present. In fact, no one is quite sure where he is. I understand this has led to a little confusion because of Mr. Keats' will."

"But, where there's a will, there's a lawyer."

"True, sir. Mr. Lowell."

"Would you know his office address?"

"If you wait a moment, I'll see if I can find it." He closes the door, leaving you standing on the veranda. "Mr. Lowell's office is located at 276 James St. (Bk)."

**568**—We've just received a call from Phyllis Mischeaux. She wants you to stop back at her house (Bs). She's found the gun you'd discussed with her.

**570**—It's back to square one. I had a feeling this case didn't have anything to do with Tolland or Peterson.

**571**—No clue

**572**—If you're finished, I want to check out that acolyte, Paula Rutkoff, (Co).

**573**—"That's late to drop off a car," you observe.

Joel agrees. "He called me at 11:15 and said he wanted to bring my Jeep

right over. I told him it could wait until morning. He insisted. He said he'd had a hot date and was around the corner. Two minutes later he was at the door."

"Then you went to bed?"

"Not immediately."

"Why not?"

"In my building you need a security card to get into the garage. Horace doesn't have one so I had to bring the car in myself. While I was doing that, I noticed that the Jerry Can was strapped in backwards. When I went to move it, it was empty. Someone had stolen the entire 5 gallons of gas! I was furious. Didn't sleep all night."

**574**—Mrs. Fonte received a collect call at 8:23 p.m. from Mr. Joe Cutter of Chicago. There was a second call at 12:15 a.m.

**575**—Phelps smiles like a proud father. "Last month we had a talent show. All of Jan's kids were involved. Some of them have real talent." Phelps points to a shelf. "Two of them sculpt." He turns his chair. "Three of them paint. All were involved in the school's stage production. I have the whole thing on video tape. These kids came a long way thanks to Jan."

**576**—If Hecker wasn't cremated, then a terrible mistake has been made, although, I can't see how.

**577**—Clinton pauses to take off his left shoe and rubs his foot. "They're new. I'm not sure if I'm breaking them in, or they're breaking me in." He takes off his other shoe. "Now the info on the kid gets skimpy. He screwed up royally in the Army. I don't know what he did but he was slated for Leavenworth. He must have done something pretty dirty for the C.I.A. because they bailed him out, gave him a new I.D. and sealed his records."

"So, it's a dead end?"

"No. Teddy's suing under the Freedom of Information Act. I'm trying to do an end run using a friend of mine over at the Agency. Once I convince the spooks that I want to make their man rich, they'll come around."

**578**—"Flare for electronics?"

"Dad's always been a wiz. He owns Riverview Electronics (Cm) on James Street. He started out selling to electricians, but over the years he's expanded. He's added security systems, computers, telephones, answering machines, appliances, audio and video equipment."

**580**—Captain Reddick orders you to return to the 13th Precinct. "What the hell do you think this is, the Wild West? You DO NOT shoot locks off doors without a very, very good reason. Keep this up and I'll suspend you for a week. Is that clear?"

**581**—Reverend Slade bought this hotel two years ago, reserving the first floor for church use. The Reverend, the Santori and an acolyte, Gloria Micheaux, live here. Reverend Slade left the hookers alone. He preached that even the worst sinner would see the light eventually. Besides, the money was good.

**583**—Why haven't you read Walt Tracy's letter, yet?

**584**—No clue

**586**—"He put the mail on the kitchen table?"

"Yes," Stephanie confirms. "Then, he watered the plants. Is that weird or not?"

"Sounds weird to me,"

"I was home by 9:30. Horace didn't even kiss me good night!"

"He had you home by 9:30?"

"Say, do I have bad breath, or something?"

"I don't think so."

"Do I dress funny? Slobber food all over myself when I eat? I mean, what's his problem?"

"Maybe he's shy,"

"He sure doesn't know anything about women!"

**587**—We were told the forensic report proves that someone with a key to the workroom is the thief. We are checking all our people with a lie detector. So far, all the guards tested have passed with flying colors.

**588**—Doctor Wermer continues in his warm, professional voice, "When she fell, she smacked her head on the pavement. She's not in any danger. She should awaken sometime in the next 12 to 48 hours. Of course, when she does, her memory of events leading to the shooting will be fuzzy at best. Given time, it should all come back to her."

**589**—I'm glad you called. Rocky and I talked it over. The body in the park looks a lot like this guy we found dead Friday night. Check our report.

**590**—Jamie has a grizzled beard and graying unkempt hair.

"So," he says waving you into his room. "Sarah's dead," The room is surprisingly neat. There's a fifth of Scotch on his dresser. Jamie grabs the bottle and takes a swig. "You want any?" he asks holding it halfway between you and Mark.

"No, thanks."

"Anything stolen?"

"There didn't seem to be."

"Good," Jamie grunts. "Then there's no reason for you to hassle me is there?"

**591**—"Is there a word processor in the house?" you ask Lauryn.

"Dad bought one for Wes. Wes works at a gas station now, but he's going to be a writer."

"Does anyone else know how to use it?"

"Sure. Dad taught us all."

"Does that letter sound like your father?"

"I guess so."

**592**—In the car, you decide Mrs. Micheaux's gun should go directly to the lab for testing.

**593**—The deceased was a healthy, active man in his early to mid fifties. He was big-boned, 5'7" and weighed 155 lbs. He had hazel eyes, was balding and had dark brown hair. Keats is described as being 28, blond, blue-eyed, tall and slim. I was able to get a set of prints despite the burnt tissue. This should produce a positive I.D.

**594**—Karl Lupis has the only key to this storage room, but he refuses to let you in. Tornquist gives you permission to shoot the lock off. Inside the storage room, you find dozens of color TVs, stereo systems, microwaves and hundreds of assorted items from watches to computers.

**596**—He already said you can't have the gun without a search warrant? Honestly, sometimes I wonder if that man will ever grow up. Here, just take it and return it when you're finished.

**597**—No clue

**599**—"Getting back to the stolen money, you said it had to have been taken by either you or Horace. How did you eliminate Joel Bothwhistle?"

"I checked the computer program," Stephanie answers smugly. "Given the program's parameters, whoever stole the money had to be using either my terminal or Horace's. Joel was home with the flu when the money was stolen."

"Leaving you or Horace."

"Right. The freaky thing is, I never thought Horace was smart enough to pull off something this complicated. I guess, I was wrong."

**600**—When I arrived here this morning, I went to the west hall where we've been busy setting up for the exhibit. The collection is scheduled to open tomorrow. At 11:30, I went to the workshop to begin moving the clocks to the hall. When I unlocked the door, I saw immediately that Lincoln's Acorn was missing.

**601**—Dr. Wermer is tall and thin with a full head of silver hair. He smiles warmly. "Janet Gale is a lucky young lady. The only reason she's not dead is she was turned slightly away from her assailant. The bullet only creased the left side of her head. It chipped the skull, but didn't penetrate. She bled like a stuck pig and collapsed in a heap from the force of the bullet. The assailant must have been convinced she was dead."

**602**—One name leaps out at you. It is Neptune Flotation Valves. The president is Edgar Chadwick of 22 Bell St. (Bt).

**603**—Nobody answers the door. You ring a second time. Nobody seems to be home.

**604**—"We came to Queensport to start a new life. We bought the house and opened the store with the stolen money. A month later, the third group member to avoid arrest walked into our store. We made an agreement. We kept our freedom, he got the money.

"Last week, we learned the leader of the group, a psycho named Justin Thyme, was released from federal prison. He called yesterday. He made some threats and ordered us to meet him.

"If you are reading this, then your mother and I are in trouble. Please show this letter to the police.

"We love you very much,  
Mom & Dad"

**606**—Captain Reddick orders you to return to the 13th Precinct. When you get there he calls Mark into his office. Ten minutes later, the Captain calls you in.

"You're lucky Sgt. Silber verifies that the suspect fired at you, then turned to run just as you returned fire. I won't suspend you until I see the results of our Internal Affairs investigation. However, I will not tolerate a repetition of this. Our job is to arrest criminals, not gun them down in the streets. Is that clear?"

**607**—After you left, I realized I knew where Ian's gun is. He had taken it to the lodge, but I brought it home Sunday. He was going to his gun club Wednesday night and I wanted to make sure he'd have it. I'm sure he won't mind my giving it to you.

**609**—I feel like we're doing a lot of running around, but not getting anywhere. Maybe we should go back and talk to some of these people again.

**610**—No clue

**611**—If you're finished here, I want to talk to Al Wallace, Slade's old partner. He's at the Crystal Fun Park (Aa).

**612**—"Did your folks get any calls last night?" you ask.

"Only one," Lauryn answers. "At 9:30 Georgie Minsk called. He's a friend of my father."

"Do you know his address?"

Lauryn picks up a brown address book. "Here he is. George Minsk; 11 Paul Place (As)."

"What did they talk about?"

"I have no idea."

Mark interrupts to ask, "Do you have any recent pictures of your parents we could have?"

"Of course."

**613**—Last night I had dinner sent up to my suite at 6:30, then at 8:30 I went downstairs to the bar. I ran into Bart Hamsford and he suggested we go to the Electric Spoon (Cd) where I was lucky enough to meet a charming young lady. I left the club with her around 11:30. Her name was Sharon something. Bond? Boyd? I really don't remember. Anyway, we went back to her place, a ratty little studio a couple of blocks from here. I didn't get back to the hotel until ten this morning.

**614**—Mark asks, "How does your program work? Does Jan work with individual kids?"

"Our budget doesn't allow us that kind of luxury," Phelps says sadly. "Jan works with our early teen group, a mixture of boys and girls, ranging in age from 12 to 15."

"Could we get a list of the kids in the program?" you ask.

"Sure."

"When it's ready, call the Precinct. We'll pick it up."

**615**—When Mrs. Hecker got home, she told us she'd been playing bridge downstairs with Nancy Freely, a longtime friend. We verified this. Mrs. Hecker told us her husband had a history of heart problems. Their family doctor, Dr. Jonas, confirmed this as well. No follow-up was deemed necessary. Saturday, the body was released. The death certificate listed the cause of death as a heart attack.

**616**—"What do you mean?"

"It's obvious," Jamie says. "I'm a transient. I worked for her from time to time. If stuff was stolen, I'm the first guy you'd hassle, right?" He pauses to take another swallow. "Somebody knock her off?"

"When someone dies under unusual circumstances, the law says we have to look into it."

Jamie makes a rude noise. "Have it your way, but I'll put my money on her nephew, Rick."

"Why him?"

"He's ex-Special Forces. Knows how to kill. Likes it too, from what I heard. Can't rule out Steve, though. He's killed before. Check your records.

**617**—Both Wes and Lauryn are upset.

"May we read the letter?"

"Certainly," Lauryn says as Wes says "No." It is addressed to Walter Tracy. On the bottom it says, "Lauryn and Wes, open this if mother and I are not home to do so."

"Is this your dad's handwriting?" you ask.

"I think so," Lauryn says.

"Of course it is!" Wes says forcefully.

You open the envelope and take out the letter. It was printed on a dot-matrix printer. The letter is not dated. It says:

"Dear children,

"When your mother and I were in college, we were young, idealistic and damn stupid! We became involved with a radical group which was protesting the Vietnam War by fire bombing draft boards. We financed our guerrilla war by robbing banks. I used my flare for electronics to design the bombs' triggering devices. After five bombings, your mother and I decided to get out. We tipped off the F.B.I. We told them where the group was meeting that evening, then we stole the group's treasury, over \$100,000, and ran off."

**618**—"What do you mean?"

"It's obvious," Jamie says. "I'm a transient. I worked for her from time to time. If stuff was stolen, I'm the first guy you'd hassle, right?" He pauses to take another swallow. "Somebody knock her off?"

"Her neck was broken,"

"I'll put my money on her nephew, Rick."

"Why him?"

"He's ex-Special Forces. Knows how to kill. Likes it too, from what I heard. Can't rule out Steve, though. He's killed before. Check your records."

**619**—There was no searing of lung tissue or smoke in the bronchial passages. Therefore, the victim was dead before being exposed to the fire. There was no alcohol in the blood. The degree of digestion of the stomach contents, and deep body tissue temperatures indicate the victim died sometime between 9:45 and 10:30, Tuesday, the 11th. His final meal was a hamburger with pickle, raw onion, mustard, mayonnaise, and ketchup, fried onion rings and an imitation strawberry milk shake. The cause of death was a fracture on the left side of the skull.

**620**—You find a .357 Magnum Colt Trooper. You send it to Freddy Scarpelli at his lab.

**622**—Just what we need. A new curve!

**623**—No clue

**625**—Mark writes their address in his notebook. "What about Wesley and your father. Did they help?"

"No. They had another fight and Wes stalked out."

"What was it about?"

"Abortion, welfare, the Russians, who remembers? It's always the same. After dinner, we watched TV. Mom and Dad went to bed at 11:00. I watched TV until 1:00 a.m., then I went to bed."

"When did Wes go to sleep?"

"I have no idea. He wasn't home yet when I went to bed. When I woke up at ten, Wes was in his room."

"And your parents?"

"They were gone."

**626**—Using saliva sample off the ransom note envelope, I can tell you the blood type of the person who sealed the envelope is A Negative. The note itself was composed of letters and words cut out of the Queensport Courier. They were glued down with rubber cement. Judging by the sentence structure and the level of vocabulary shown, the note was composed by a well-educated person pretending to be an illiterate. The paper itself is a cheap 16 pound office note paper with no watermarks.

**627**—"I suppose," you say, "that if Tuney found out that Lucas was wearing ears at their next meet, it would explain our little drug war."

"If Tuney knew what we had planned, he'd dump Lucas and Del Ray like hot potatoes. But, how would he find out? There are no leaks out of this office, I guarantee it!"

**628**—You find a business card for Ted Hecker—Locke, Fuller, Sparh & Co. 290 Norton St. (Bc).

**629**—"You seem to know a lot about the family, Thompson."

Jamie scratches under his shirt. "Sarah never did pay me diddly-squat, but she liked to talk." Jamie takes another small sip. "I once made the mistake of mentioning I'd been a mercenary. After that, all she ever wanted to talk about was her Charles. The guy who died in the Spanish Civil War."

"Were you a mercenary?"

"Yeah. I've fought just about everywhere in the world."

"She treated you nicely, then?" you ask.

Jamie gives a sour laugh. "That woman didn't know how to treat anyone nice. She didn't have no use for either of her nephews. She didn't trust her financial guy, or her lawyer." Jamie shakes his head. "Some people are better off without money. She never enjoyed it and always figured people were going to rip her off. Probably figured I was after the money too."

"If she didn't pay you, and you didn't like her, why work for her?" you ask.

"I'm a student of human nature." He takes a final nip from the bottle and sighs. "She sure was something to watch."

**630**—"We understand you called Walter at home, Wednesday night. What did you talk about?"

George has a strange smile. "Wednesday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm sorry. I have no idea what we spoke about."

"None?"

He spreads his hands. "I'm sorry. I don't remember." He pushes himself off the door post. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have things to do." Georgie goes back into the house, gently closing the door behind him.

**631**—"Do you mind if we take a look at your sweaters?" you ask.

"My sweaters?"

"Yes. We're looking for a red sweater."

"I don't own a red one."

"Show us."

Jamie pulls open a drawer. "Help yourself. I only own one."

In the drawer, you see a neatly folded blue sweater with a beige bar across the chest. The bar is bracketed by two thin brown stripes.

"Nice sweater," you say running your hand over it. "Soft." You manage to pull out a small fluff of brown yarn without Jamie noticing.

**632**—"I've noticed that when you get involved, you tend to forget the fundamentals?"

You sigh. "What now?"

"The Farmer's Market (Ca)."

"Don't you think it makes more sense to head over to the school (Bj)?"

Mark shrugs "I don't care when we go, as long as we go."

**633**—My wife called. She told me what happened to that phony Reverend. Did you know he bought his degree? Or that he was a con man in Queensport for 30 years? I hired a detective to check him out. I wanted leverage in case Gloria wasn't home by Saturday. I could have saved my money.

**635**—"What do you think?"

You shrug. "I don't believe Wes killed his folks, but we have to check the possibility."

"Right." Mark agrees.

**636**—No clue

**637**—"What I'd like to know," Mark says leaning on the door jam, "is how come you're still calling yourself Jamie Thompson. By now, I'd think you'd be ready to use your real name."

"What do you mean?"

"Theodore Juno, or better yet, Seth Williams."

"You're crazy."

"You didn't know?"

"You're out of your mind."

Mark smiles. "Tell you what. When the IRS lets us take Seth's prints out of Sarah's safe deposit box, we'll know one way or another."

Jamie puts the bottle down on the dresser. "You're serious. You think I'm her kid." Mark nods. Jamie rubs his scruffy beard, then he asks with a sly look, "Does that mean I'm in line for the money?"

Mark pushes himself off the wall. "Depends on her Will. And whether or not you killed her."

There's a big smile on Thompson's face as you and Mark leave.

**638**—"When did you last see your parents?"

"Wednesday," Lauryn says. "I got home in the afternoon."

"Do you work?" you ask.

"I'm a freshman at Franklin University. I came home for the long weekend. Anyway, after I started my laundry, I helped Mom set the table and get the house ready for Thanksgiving dinner. We were having guests."

"How many people?"

"Eight. The four of us, Father O'Conner, Denny and Sylvia Lynn and their daughter Erika."

"Who are the Lynns?"

"They're neighbors. They live at 631 Five Oak Ave. (Af)."

**639**—The workshop security system consists of a dead bolt on the front door; alarm wires taped to the window glass; and magnetic alarm switches sunk into each of the window frames. If a window is opened, or the glass broken, the circuit is broken and the alarm goes off. The system had been easy to bypass. Holes had been cut in the glass between strips of alarm tape. The thief used alligator clips and wire to connect the window terminals so the current would flow even after he cut out most of the lower window glass.

**640**—"Can you tell us the name of the kid who called."

Rod frowns. "He gave me his name but, I can't remember."

"Tell us about the youth group."

"It operates out of the Peter Mater Middle School (Bj). One of the guidance counselors, Gordon Phelps, places kids into the program." Rod brightens. "If Gordon gave you a list of the kids, I'd recognize the name."

**641**—You hear the soft patter of feet, but no one answers the door. You ring again. A dog begins barking at you, but again there is no answer.

**642**—As I established earlier, Sarah Williams was murdered. Her neck was broken from behind. She was killed either Saturday, Dec. 13th or Sunday, Dec. 14th.

**643**—The man who answers the door is tall and slim. He is also totally bald with a neatly trimmed black beard.

"George Minsk?" Mark asks.

"Yes."

"Police officers." He shows George his badge. "We'd like to talk to you about Walter Tracy."

He crosses his arms and leans against the door frame. "Certainly."

"Have you known him long?"

"Yes," he says laughing. "I've known Walter a long time."

"Does he have any college friends he might have stayed in contact with?"

"We never discussed it."

**645**—The victim was dressed in a grey poly/cotton suit, a white shirt and a wine-colored tie. Pilling on the front left pocket indicates where he carried his wallet. His wallet is missing. He was wearing a digital watch and a gold chain around his neck. The victim died from a blow to his head.

**646**—The victim died from a gunshot wound to his head. I recovered a .357 Magnum bullet. It's identical to those used by Queensport's Police Department. Analysis of the stomach contents indicate the victim was killed between 11:30 and 12 midnight, Tuesday, June 17th.

**648**—After thoroughly searching the office and going through the desk, you move on to the closet. On the floor, tucked far back to the right, you find a large cardboard box. You take it out of the closet and open it. At first glance, the box seems to contain nothing but crumpled, old rags. Then, you notice that the rags all look clean and new. You decide to look under them. Carefully wrapped, you find a small clock with curved sides and a lower tablet painted with a dainty floral pattern. It is the lost Lincoln Acorn!

**649**—No clue

**650**—I've got to take a deep breath and go over what we know. First, we've got a dead Reverend. There's a good chance he was a con artist and he was probably fooling around with both the Santori and Micheaux. There's a mildly threatening letter, probably written by Gloria's father. I'd guess he also hired a private detective to check Reverend Slade out. We know Slade was alive at 11:30 last night. We also know that no one heard any shots which is surprising considering how thin the hotel walls are. If he was shot with a silenced gun, it means whoever killed him came prepared to do the job.

So, what do we do? Check the other acolytes, Wayne Groves (Cn) and Paula Rutkoff (Co)? We're definitely going to have to talk to Martin Storch (Bd). We also need to question Gloria Micheaux' parents (Bs) and see if we can shake anything loose from them. And we can't forget the Precinct House (Bm). Sooner or later the reports are going to be ready. While we're there, it would probably be worthwhile running a records check to see if anything shows. So, what do you want to do next?

**651**—Lauryn leads you to the living room.

"Is your brother always so friendly?" Mark asks.

"Don't mind him," she says seating herself in an arm chair. "Basically, he's a jerk."

"Actually," you say, "we're here to talk about your parents."

"Father O'Conner put you up to coming here, didn't he?"

You nod. "Have you heard from them?"

"Not since Wes spoke to Dad yesterday."

**652**—In the trunk well, in the space normally reserved for the spare tire, you find a suitcase identical to the one used to carry the ransom. It's stuffed with \$250,000.

**653**—It takes a few minutes but you finally get an assistant D.A. on the phone. "Yeah, we worked out a deal with Del Ray and Lucas. We agreed to drop the charges on the drug bust you made last April and they were going to nail Tuney for us. Last week, Lucas finally agreed to let us wire him for sound. Now, with this drug war on, Lucas disappeared."

**654**—Who said I'm using Sunnydale to dump dead bodies? You think I'm stupid? You think I kill somebody, then instead of burning 'em, I sell the evidence to a medical school? Stop wasting my time with this crap.

**655**—You find Adam Suskin, the branch manager, chain smoking in his office. "We handle all of Walt's banking needs," he says, never taking the cigarette from his mouth. "Walt doesn't have a mortgage. When he moved to town, he bought his home for cash. But, he did take a loan for Lauryn's college tuition."

"Have there been any large withdrawals from their accounts over the last week?"

Adam peers at his computer screen through a haze of smoke. "No. The only activity has been the normal traffic you'd expect in the two checking accounts."

**656**—"You're sure of that?"

"Yes, they have no old friends," Father O'Conner affirms, "and no relatives other than their own two children."

"Where do you think they are?" you ask.

"I don't know," he replies with a sigh.

"To be honest," you begin candidly, "I'm not sure there's anything to investigate here."

"But," Mark says standing, "we'll give it a quick look. Where do the Tracys' live?"

"590 Adrienne Blvd. (Ae)," Father O'Conner answers in obvious relief.

**658**—You hear a voice, cracking from puberty, say, "Hello? . . . I . . . uh, You see, I told her . . . uh, I knew about the drugs. Now he's going to kill her . . . At the Farmer's Market . . . He told her to meet him at 11:00, so I guess . . ." In the background, you hear footsteps approaching, then the phone disconnects.

**659**—I'll help in any way I can, but frankly, I'm not sorry, or surprised that evil man is dead. My husband and I were very upset when Gloria ran off to join his so-called church.

**661**—I hate to suggest this, but maybe we should to go back and talk to Lauryn.

**662**—No clue

**664**—"Were the Tracys likely to take off like that?" you wonder.

"No," Father O'Conner says with surety. "It was totally out of character for them. At 11:45 Lauryn called me again to tell me her father had called. She was picking up some last minute items for the meal, but her brother, Wesley, was home. Wes said he was told an old college friend had called Thanksgiving morning. The friend was ill and Crystal insisted they go visit. According to Wesley, everything was fine and his parents wanted the dinner to go ahead. He said his father wasn't sure what time they'd be home and we should start without them."

"So, what's the problem?"

"Walter and Crystal have no old college friends. They have no friends who predate their move to Queensport."

**665**—Yes, I spoke to Joe Cutter last night. He's an old friend from Chicago. What we talked about is none of your business. The call at 12:15 this morning was a wrong number. It was very annoying, too.

**666**—Mark says, "I hate to go into it at a time like this, but what was Jan doing at the Co-op (Ca) so late last night?"

Rod takes his wife's hand and holds it between both of his own. "Jan got a call from one of the kids in the youth program she's active in. She promised the kid she'd meet someone at the market at 11:00 last night. I asked her why it had to be so late and she told me the person she was meeting worked late."

**667**—No, Ted had no plans for Friday night. He told me he was going to stay home and watch TV, then he kissed me and said he'd see me later.

**668**—There was \$107 in Sarah Williams' wallet. She had an expensive emerald ring on the ring finger of her right hand. All her appliances were in place including items easily taken and sold like a 13" color T.V. I found a full-length mink coat hanging in the hall closet.

**669**—"I've shared Thanksgiving dinner with the Tracy family for 15 years." Father O'Conner stops for a moment and smiles at an old memory. "It started one year when Crystal asked what my holiday plans were. Over the years, I've come to know the Tracys well."

"You were invited again this year?" you ask him.

"Yes. But, yesterday I got a call from their daughter, Lauryn. When she woke up, her folks weren't home. They hadn't left a note and their car was gone as well."

"What time was this?"

"11:00 a.m. Lauryn said she was getting the meal ready, but she was worried because she hadn't heard from them. She wondered if she should call the police. I thought she should wait until noon before doing anything."

**671**—A cast-iron frying pan was found on the floor near the kitchen doorway. The murderer stood in the doorway, to the left of the front door. When the victim entered, the murderer hit him on the head with the pan, then dropped it. I've found traces of skin, blood and hair on the back of the pan. All three match the victim. Unfortunately, the pan and its handle have a rough, textured finish which doesn't take prints.

**672**—Yes, both the door at the rear of the altar and the Buffet Avenue door are locked at all times. There are only two keys to the Buffet Avenue door. One is kept in the office. Our handy man, Karl Lupis, has the other.

**674**—"Finally!" Mark sighs with relief. "We'll have this case sewn up before you can say 'Jack Armstrong'."

"Jack Armstrong."

"Nobody likes a wise ass rookie, kid."

**675**—No clue

**677**—"Stinger is a piece of slime," Teddy Kolpek says in a tired voice. "My guess is he probably did set fire to that bum, but my job is to defend him, so what can I say?"

"Is he a fire bug?" you ask. "Do fires get him off?"

"No. He's just one of the many subhumans wandering around Queensport."

"His name came up in connection with an arson, murder investigation," you explain. "Where is he now?"

**678**—The note is letters and words cut out of a newspaper and glued to paper. The note says, "We have the clock. We want \$250,000 in unmarked, randomly-numbered bills. Have MacLeod's son deliver it using the North Avenue entrance of Sunnydale Cemetery (Bp). Another note is in the third vase to the left of the front door. It will contain next set of instructions. He must be alone. We'll be watching." There is a squad car waiting to take the note to Scarpelli's lab. He promised to have his report on your desk before you get back to the precinct house (Bm).

**679**—Gordon Phelps is short but has an athlete's lean, compact body. Phelps leans back in his chair. "Of course I know Janet Gale. She's a group mother for the school's youth program." Leaning forward he says in a confidential voice. "She and her husband can't have kids of their own, and I think this is how she compensates." His voice returns to normal. "She's very good with the kids and they all seem to like her." He points to a cork board covered with pictures of youngsters. "There they are and not a bad kid in the bunch."

**680**—There are no oars in the oar locks. There is ¾" water in the bottom of the boat.

**681**—I was able to identify all the prints I found. In order of frequency they belonged to Sarah Williams, Carol Williams, Lavinia Del Ray, Steve Williams, and Jamie Thompson. There were no prints belonging to Richard Pyatt.

**682**—A dark haired young man of twenty or so answers the door. "Can I help you?"

"Wesley Tracy?"

"Who wants to know?"

You show him your badge. He becomes wary and hostile. "What do you want?"

"We'd like to speak to your parents. Are they home?"

"No." Wesley starts to close the door. Before he can, a pretty girl with long brown hair joins him. "Who is it?"

"Police." You give her your best smile. "May we come in?"

"Certainly." She opens the door before Wesley can object. Wesley gives her a dirty look, then stalks off.

**683**—I was able to identify all the prints I found. In order of frequency they belonged to Sarah Williams, Carol Williams, Lavinia Del Ray, Steve Williams, and Jamie Thompson. Check Records to see what they have on Thompson. I did not find any Richard Pyatt prints.

**684**—Finally, the bottle found on the coffee table contained whiskey. The same whiskey was in the stuffing of the couch. The lock on the basement storeroom has been broken for a long time. According to Hector Cervo, kids broke into that room five years ago. Peterson never asked him to replace or fix the lock, and he saw no reason to do on his own.

**685**—I can't believe anyone would murder Morty. He used to read books on philosophy and religion. One day, he decided to take the best ideas from the major religions and fuse them into a philosophy that would make people feel good about themselves. That's why he started the World Fusion Church.

**687**—When we finish up here, we should check out Georgie Minsk.

**688**—No clue

**689**—I've been on the force a long time, so I hope you won't mind a word of advice. It always pays to talk to the cops on the scene. They have a handle on what's happening. That's why I think we should make it a point to talk to Russo and Gale.

**690**—"That's easy," Teddy says. "He's in the hospital. He's been there since last night when he got drunk, jumped into a bread truck and took off. On North Avenue, he killed some guy being chased by a dog. The truck went on to hit a lamp post. Stinger went on to brake his collar bone, along with his right leg. When did your murder happen?"

"Sometime after 9:30."

Teddy shakes his head. "Stinger was in surgery. He was arrested at 9:00 p.m., charged with stealing a truck, DWI and involuntary manslaughter. There is no way in hell he could have done your arson/murder." Teddy sighs. "Too bad."

"That's no way to talk about a client."

"Stinger's slime. He should spend the rest of his life in jail. How come guys like him never get hit by bread trucks?"

**691**—If you need me, I'll be here until 5:00. If you can't reach me, contact my son, Dirk, at Toolmaster—276 James St. (Bk). If he's not available call my wife, Winifred, at Marlston Manor (Cs)—1500 North Avenue. Tonight we are having a party in honor of my exhibit. The people who will be there are all collectors. Their mouths water every time they think about the Acorn. I expect to announce at dinner that they will have one last chance to see the clock before I permanently store it in my private collection. If I cannot make that announcement, I'll make sure you're as unhappy about it as I am.

**692**—At the hospital you find a wan-looking Rod Gale sitting by his wife's bedside. When he sees you he brightens and says, "Thanks for coming."

Mark shakes off Rod's thanks and asks, "How's Jan?"

"She's unconscious, but Dr. Wermer says she's stable. She lost a lot of blood and had a nasty crack on the head, but she should be all right, thank God."

**693**—I'm sorry, that report isn't available at this time.

**694**—Using the department's new laser, I scanned all the clothes Sarah Williams was wearing when she was killed. I found an acrylic fiber on the back of her blouse which I'd say came off the murderer's sweater when he leaned forward to break Ms. Williams' neck. Look for an acrylic sweater with brown yarn in the pattern. If you find one, I can compare fibers and give a positive I.D.

**695**—Father O'Conner shows you into his office. He is in his fifties, but has kept himself in good shape.

"Thanks for coming," he says as you sit. "After I spoke to Captain Reddick, I realized I didn't know what I expected you to do in this situation."

"Why don't you tell us a little about the Tracys?"

"All right." Father O'Conner settles back into his chair. "I've known Walter and Crystal Tracy for 20 years, since they first moved to Queensport. I helped them resolve a major life crisis in an acceptable way. I'm convinced that is what brought them home to the church.

**697**—"I hate to be a nudge."

"But," you say helping him along.

"I know you're going to say you were going to go there."

"We will get there."

"Where?"

"The school (Bj). To talk to Gordon Phelps and get that list of names."

Mark grins. "I could have saved my breath."

You grin back. "Yep."

## Clues 698-700

**698**—I checked out the two doors Tornquist said were always locked. Both of them, the altar door and the door leading out to Buffet Avenue were in perfect shape. There were no scrapes, no scratches, or any other evidence of the locks being forced. If they had been locked, whoever opened them used a key.

**700**—“This is silly. We’re bouncing back and forth like ping pong balls.”

“I know,” you agree, “but we’re going to have to talk to Erika sooner or later.”

“I vote for later.”



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