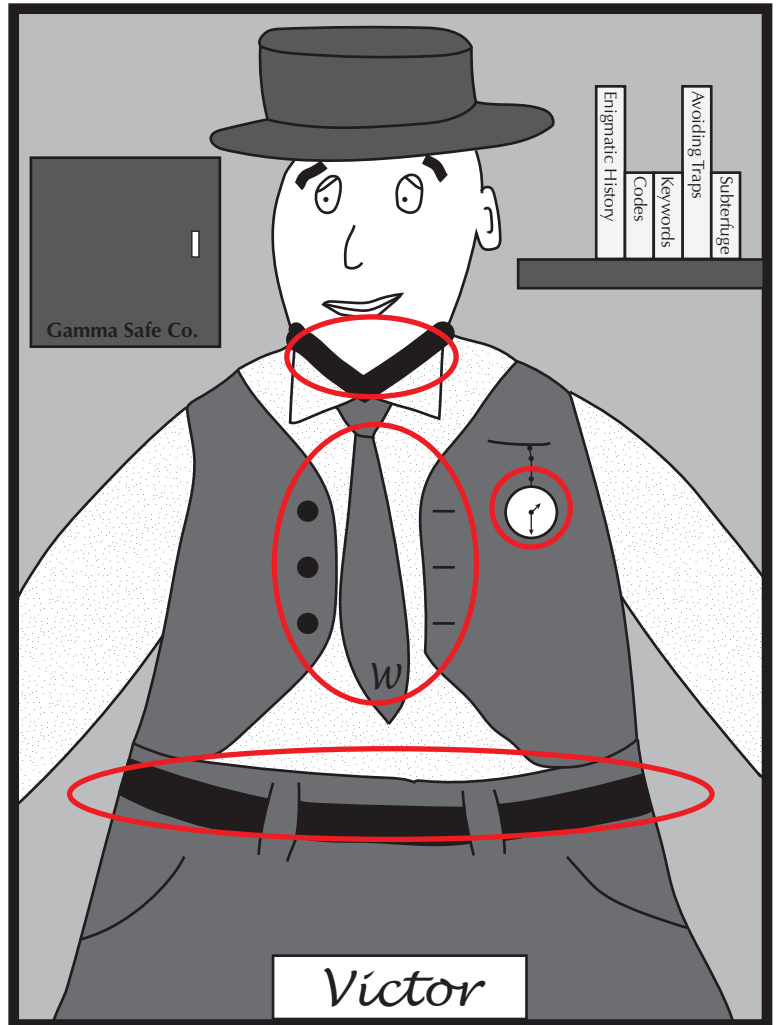


Spades

The dame's eyes were blood-shot and she obviously hadn't slept in days. She told me her husband (see photo) had been bludgeoned and left for dead. When I went to look at his office, it had been ransacked - turns out he had been working on an important coding mission for the feds, and counter-agents desperately wanted the cipher key. He was visited by several suspicious characters the week before. The first was an absolutely filthy criminal who ran with the Goober Gang. Then the bartender at Samuel's Tap came by to settle an outstanding tab (he still hadn't upgraded to a phone). Next "Lights-out" Louis laid himself out of the couch, sharing how he felt. The last known visitor was one of the guy's old sailing buddies, who was asking about the local pennant race. I'm not sure which of the *four* the perp is, but one thing's for sure, I've got to find the code key (ignoring the many red herrings in the office) before the crooks do!

Each suspect clues a cipher from the PP code sheet, and a letter encoded in that cipher is hidden in the photo.

In order of the suspects, there is a pigpen "S" for the beard, morse "O" for the belt, Braille "L" as the buttons and button holes, and semaphore "E" on the pocketwatch.



SOLE

