WHAT IS UNSOLVED CASE FILES?

Unsolved Case Files is a game that lets you solve a fictional crime using the evidence and documentation from the cold case file.

CASE No: 003-07222000

YOUR OBJECTIVE:
Figure Out Who Whacked Jack

When you think you know who killed Jack Lumberski and can prove it, visit this webpage to verify your solution:

UnsolvedCaseFiles.com/jack-1

This is a Free Mini Version of Unsolved Case Files. For full cases to solve please visit:

UnsolvedCaseFiles.com
Hugganum Greenskeeper Murdered With a 5-Iron

By Cameron Daly
Staff Reporter at the Hugganum Herald

A 68-year-old Hugganum man was found murdered in his own backyard early Saturday morning. Officials say Jack Lumberski, of 29 Maple Street, was discovered by police while responding to a 911 call he placed. He was apparently beaten to death with a 5-iron golf club. Mr. Lumberski has been the head greenskeeper for the Hugganum Country Club for the past eleven years.

Sources say Lumberski, who moved into the neighborhood just a few months ago, had been in a heated dispute with some of his neighbors over a tree he recently had cut down.

Although new to the neighborhood, Lumberski had developed a reputation as both a meticulous landowner and a bit of a curmudgeon, often heard yelling at neighborhood kids to get off of his “luscious carpet of Kentucky Bluegrass.”

When Karl Spackler, who worked for Lumberski at the golf course, was asked about his late boss he said, “Lumberski was arrogant, condescending and hard-nosed, but he sure knew how to keep the course in great shape. I'm sure the fairways will miss him.”

“The man knew his way around a golf course but Jack's people skills were well below par. He’d been divorced four times and was estranged from all six of his children,” said Pam Chatterly, front desk manager at the Hugganum Country Club.

Detective Louis Sprauer is currently questioning three suspects, all of whom are Lumberski’s neighbors. If anyone in the vicinity of Maple and Spruce Streets has any information regarding the case, please call Detective Sprauer at (503) 555-4321. Your identity will be kept strictly confidential.
1. **DISPATCHER**: 911, What's your emergency?

2. **CALLER**: I was just getting dressed for work and I hear this loud bang on the side of my house. So I look out the window into my backyard and... now it's dark out but I can see some... some moron out there pitching golf balls at my house!

3. **DISPATCHER**: Did you say he's hitting golf balls against your house?

4. **CALLER**: Yeah that's right. I can see him right now, can't tell who it is... I think he's got... I think that's my 5-iron?

5. **DISPATCHER**: We'll send someone right out. It's 29 Maple Street, right? I have an officer nearby.

6. **CALLER**: Yeah that's... (Loud crashing sound) What the?

7. **DISPATCHER**: Sir, is everything okay?

8. **CALLER**: That bastard just sent one through the window I'm standing at!

9. **DISPATCHER**: Are you okay sir? Are you injured?

10. **CALLER**: Don't think so... but there's broken glass everywhere!

11. **DISPATCHER**: Sir, please back away from the window.

12. **CALLER**: What the... I don't believe it... He's teeing up again!

13. **DISPATCHER**: Sir! Please back away from the window, I have a squad car in the area and it should be there in just a few minutes.

14. **CALLER**: I can't. I've gotta take another look... I think I know who... Well slap me silly, it's that dingleberry neighbor of mine! And now he's yelling something.... What the...

15. **DISPATCHER**: It's your neighbor? What's he saying?

16. **CALLER**: Not sure. Hang on. I'm gonna holler at him... What in the Sam Hill's wrong with you?... What?... No!

17. **DISPATCHER**: Sir? Are you...

18. **CALLER**: That's not my problem, dipstick!... What?... Look, I don't care that you planted that tree when it was a seed—get over it!... Look nimrod, it was half on my property so I was well within my... oh forget it. Dispatcher, are you still there?

19. **DISPATCHER**: I'm still here.

20. **CALLER**: I'm going out there to straighten this out. I should've known it was him.

21. **DISPATCHER**: Sir, I'm not so sure that's a good idea. If you can just wait until the officer...

22. **CALLER**: Lumberski doesn't wait for nobody! I may be an old duffer but I can take him on any day. You might want to send an ambulance for the butt sniffer putting divots in my Kentucky Bluegrass though.

23. **DISPATCHER**: Sir, I... Can you tell me who it is? Sir?

(Caller hangs up)
June 6, 2000

Dear Mr. Lumberski,

Pursuant to the request of Martin Park, Sam Williams, and Jerry Andersen, this letter hereby prohibits removal of the maple tree which, according to the surveyor’s report, is the joint property of you and the three aforementioned parties.

As of the writing of this letter, said tree is not diseased, nor does it currently pose a threat to life or property. You are within your legal rights to remove whatever branches hang over your property line, however the tree must remain in place and unharmed.

According to Mr. Park, when he expressed all three property owners' objection to you removing the tree you replied that you "didn't give a rat's patootey" and promised to "bring a few branches to his next gazebo party and shove 'em where the sun don't shine."

Mr. Park, Mr. Williams and Mr. Andersen have retained my firm for legal counsel regarding this matter. We are prepared to file a lawsuit against you should you ignore or deviate from the prohibitions mentioned within this letter.

Consequently, we hereby request a good faith response to this letter as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

Elmer P. Havisham

Elmer P. Havisham, Esq.
Suspects

Sam Williams

Jerry Andersen

Martin Park
**PERSON OF INTEREST FORM**

**CASE#: 003-07222000**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Name</th>
<th>First Name</th>
<th>Middle Name</th>
<th>Alias / Maiden Name / Nickname / Prior Names</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td>Sam</td>
<td>Edward</td>
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<tr>
<th>Home Address</th>
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<tr>
<td>32 Spruce Street</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Home Phone</th>
<th>Driver's License/ID Number</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Marital Status</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(503) 555-9710</td>
<td>2649721</td>
<td>OR</td>
<td>Divorced</td>
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<th>Sex</th>
<th>Race</th>
<th>Ethnicity</th>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Weight</th>
<th>Hair</th>
<th>Eye</th>
<th>Shoe Size</th>
<th>Dominant Hand</th>
<th>Disability</th>
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<tr>
<td>06/07/1964</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>B</td>
<td></td>
<td>6'</td>
<td>174</td>
<td>Bl</td>
<td>Br</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Portland, OR</td>
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| Scars - Marks    | Prior Military Experience | Martial Arts/Combat Experience | Do you own a firearm? | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| Knife thru Heart on chest | N/A                       | N/A                           | Yes                    | |

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<tr>
<th>Prior Arrests?</th>
<th>Prior Felonies</th>
<th>Outstanding Warrants</th>
<th>Currently Under Investigation?</th>
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<tr>
<th>Employer</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
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<th>Length of Employment</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shasta Jeep</td>
<td>General Manager</td>
<td>(503) 555-2843</td>
<td>6 Years</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Make</th>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Color</th>
<th>License Plate</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>Chevy</td>
<td>Corvette</td>
<td>Silver</td>
<td>797BD</td>
<td>1G1AY8768B5303150</td>
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**Individual Statement**

I grew up in this neighborhood and everyone always got along before Jack moved in.

The first week Jack “the Jerk” Lumberski got here, he decided my above ground pool—which had been there for a decade—was too close to his property. He actually had a guy from the town come out to measure. It was about a foot too close and Lumberski had the audacity to make me take it down. And when I went to move it, it fell apart. I only get the kids every other weekend since my wife left, and now when it’s hot they’d rather stay at Mom’s and swim in her pool.

Also, I had just finished restoring my dad’s old 1964 Mustang. His 80th birthday was coming up and I wanted to surprise him by pulling up in it at the assisted living facility he’s at and take him on a little road trip. But that’s not gonna happen now because when Lumberski had the tree chopped down, a huge limb fell on top of the Mustang and flattened it. When I asked what he was going to do about it, he said it wasn’t his problem but he thought it looked better as a convertible anyway.

I definitely had a beef with the guy but I didn’t want him dead. Not really.

**Individual who can confirm your whereabouts at the date and time of the incident.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Relationship</th>
<th>Phone Number</th>
<th>Home Address</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I was asleep by myself. Hopefully that doesn’t make me guilty considering it was 4 am.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
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</table>

**DEPARTMENT USE ONLY BELOW THIS LINE**

**Signature of the Person Receiving**

Det. Louis Spaul

**Agency Name & Address**

Hugganum PD 644 Sycamore Hugganum, OR

**Agency Telephone Number**

(503) 555-4321
I was sound asleep when that crusty old man got himself killed in his own backyard. Ever since he moved in, he acted like everyone else's property belonged to him. Before he had even unpacked all his boxes, Lumberski had one of his guys from the country club take down my wife's Azalea bushes while we were at work. Said he had every right as he was allergic to the bees they attract. The only thing he was allergic to was displaying common decency. She was in tears for days.

Also, my wife's been battling skin cancer on and off for the past few years, and having all the shade in our backyard from that big maple tree—the one he just had chopped down—meant so much to her. So once again, at Jack Lumberski's hands, my wife is beside herself.

I was fast asleep last night at 4:00 am. Sorry I can't be of more help. What happened to him wasn't right, but as nasty as that man is to everyone, I can almost see how someone could lose it and want to whack that miserable bastard.
Our 11-year-old son Toby had been away at camp the past couple of weeks, and while he was gone I built him a treehouse as a birthday surprise in that very maple tree Lumberski wanted to chop down. I, along with a couple of my neighbors, had a lawyer prohibit him from doing so, so we figured that took care of that. But we were so wrong.

When my wife and I brought Toby back from camp on his birthday, we drove into the driveway to see the tree, along with Toby's new treehouse, torn down and strewn all over the ground. You cannot even begin to imagine how upsetting that was for all of us—especially Toby.

Lumberski was a cold, heartless man, and I know I shouldn’t say this but I’m almost glad he’s gone.

We don’t recall hearing anything out of the ordinary last night.