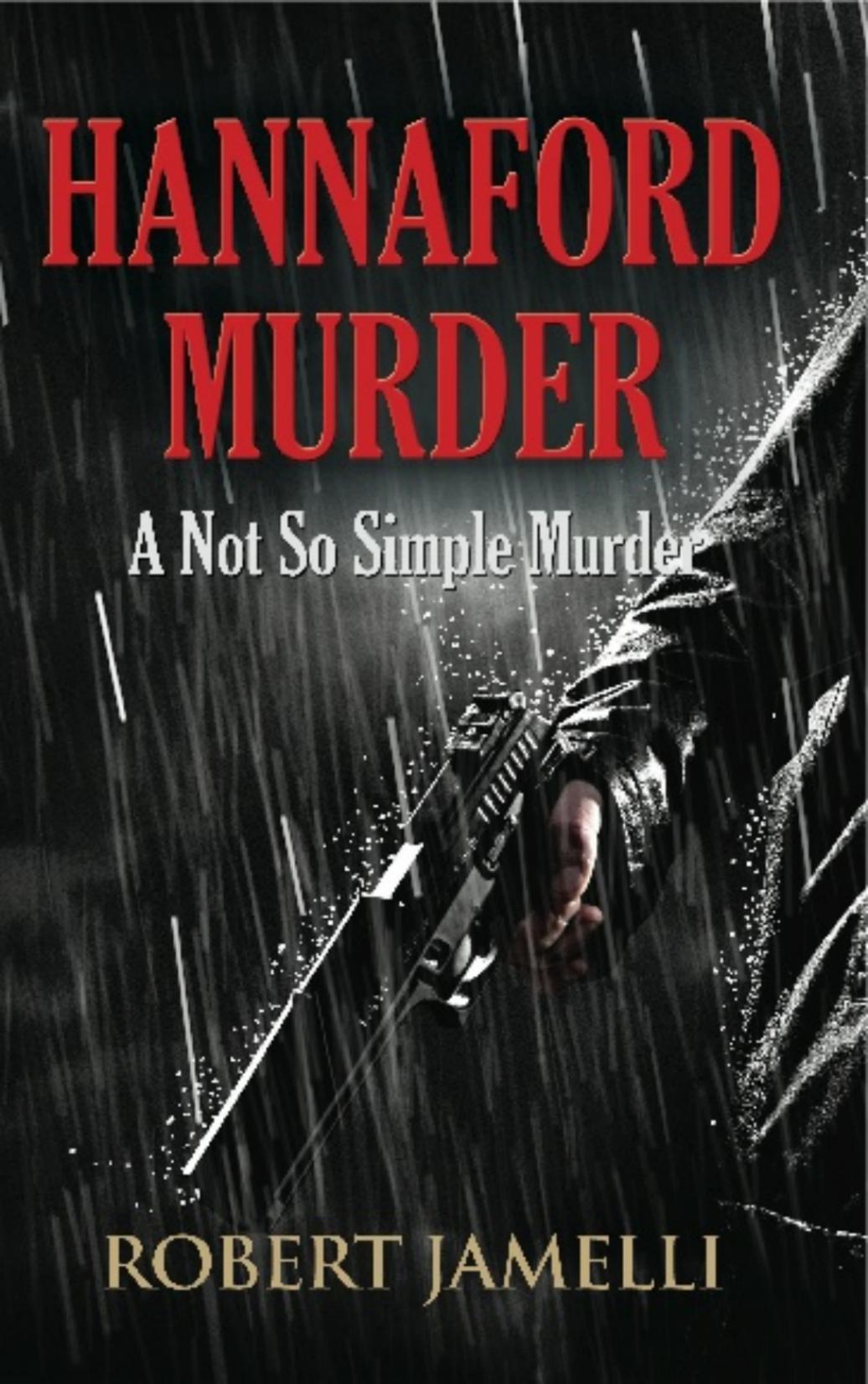


HANNAFORD MURDER



A Not So Simple Murder

ROBERT JAMELLI

The Hannaford

Murder

A Not So Simple Murder

A Novel

Robert Jamelli

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Chapter 1

The Big Six

Pittsburgh - 2012

The Big Six stood in an alley off of Thirty Street. Inside this quaint bar, years of smoke and beer gave it that stale smell, and it had that overworked, used look. Many steelworkers would stop off on the way home, where they'd have a few beers at an old bar. In its day it had been a haven for those steelworkers before going home. The spittoon trough ran around the bar to a drain; although it hadn't worked in years it was still in the floor. The picture on the back wall was of the "Big Six," baseball great Christy Mathewson. Mathewson seemed out of place there, since he had pitched for the Giants, not the Pirates. But Mathewson's smoke-covered picture hung there because this had been his hometown, and he'd been the hero of Jacob Smulligan, formerly of Factoryville. Smulligan had sold the place and was now long gone, but Mathewson stayed on. The Big Six had only a few patrons and had seen better days. The pool table was still in use, and the jukebox still sat in the corner and still could be played.

The clientele changed very little over the years. On any given day you'd find Pete Stravinsky playing pool and trying to hustle a few bucks, Old Charlie at the end of the bar sipping his beer with the shot of whiskey in it, and Babe Slowitski sitting in the background at his table, reading the race forms with his cigar and bottle of beer. Behind the bar was Rocky Treslsky. He had owned the Big Six for twenty years, since he bought it from Smulligan. The rest of the regulars were Slip Handy and JoJo Bettly, both African-Americans, and Little Pepe, a Mexican. The old Polish crowd dwindled as the neighborhood changed, but they all came to the Big Six.

The half-dozen regulars at the bar would hang in there all day talking about what used to be. Eight ball was still played by a few. One of the regular players was Peter Stravinsky. He was tall and slightly heavy, and had an oval face that didn't strike you one-way or the other. Generally, he seemed to be out of work. He usually shot pool in the afternoon, trying to make a few bucks, or was out doing small-time hustling. He had come to Pittsburgh a few years before. He was a regular but few people really knew much about him. And in the Big Six people didn't ask about your past. The one thing about Peter was that he always seemed to have money.

The patrons of the Big Six did not wear fancy suits or work in high-rise offices. So one day, when Jonathan Hannaford walked in in a three-piece suit, all eyes clicked on him. Rocky, the bartender, came over, eyeballed him, and asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I'll have a beer—make that a bottle—and make it an Old Iron City."

As Rocky pulled out a bottle from the refrigerated case and gave it to Hannaford, he said, "You seem a little lost. We don't usually get business types in here, but you are welcome. Kitchen opens at six."

"I just wanted to get away from all the hustle. This part of town I can just relax and think," Hannaford said. As he took a drink, I-just-want-to-think Hannaford stood about five feet eleven and weighed about 180. He was twenty-nine years old. He had deep-set blue eyes, and would be one you'd seen once and would remember because of his good looks. He sat and watched the bar as he sipped the bottle of beer. The bar regulars stared a bit, but then went back to their normal activities. The wear of tough living wore on some of the men like on old overcoat. But one guy at the pool table did not have that over-used look. Still, he had that look of being tough enough to fit in at the Big Six.

As Hannaford drank his beer, he watched Stravinsky shoot pool. He walked over to the pool table and asked for a game. "You shoot eight?" Hannaford asked, not raising his eyes from the table.

"I shot some pool in my day. I can shoot eight ball," Peter responded, as he walked over to the cues on the wall and found one, after giving it the eye. He took the cue and chalked it up. Hannaford took off his coat and looked for a place to hang it up. He had to settle for a chair. He chalked up the cue again.

"How much you want to shoot for...How about twenty bucks?" Peter asked.

Hannaford answered, "That will be fine." He opened up his wallet, took out a twenty-dollar bill, and placed it on the rail. Stravinsky did the same. "You can break."

Hannaford drew the cue and broke the balls. The six ball went in and Hannaford started a run of low balls. Hannaford had one ball left when he missed. Stravinsky ran the table and knocked in the eight ball. He picked up the twenty-dollar bill. "Do you want to play again?"

Hannaford took out his wallet and placed another twenty on the rail. "Let's try that again," he said. "You can break this time." He chalked his cue.

Stravinsky broke the balls. He had two balls go in, a high and a low. "I will shoot the low balls," he said. He ran all the balls, but missed the eight. Hannaford looked over the table and started a run. He ran all the balls but missed the last one.

"That's going to cost you, mister," Stravinsky said. He eyeballed the eight ball and put into a side pocket. He picked up the twenty and looked at Hannaford. "Do you want to try again?"

"I think I'm done, but I'll be back. I really enjoyed this. My name is Jonathan."

"I'm Peter Stravinsky." He put out his hand and Hannaford shook it. He offered to buy Stravinsky a drink. They walked to the bar, sat down, and talked for about half an hour. They talked about baseball and football. After about thirty minutes, Hannaford said he had to go but would be back for the rematch. He left.

Rocky asked, "What do you make of him? A cop or a Fed? "

"Nah, they would try to look like they fit in. I am not sure. Maybe he's just looking to unwind and not be noticed."

Old Max down at the end of the bar chimed in. "I think he is one of them Hannaford's, with the big building downtown. You know, the Hannaford building. He lost forty bucks and that is chump change to him. Yep, he's Hannaford. They're loaded."

"So, why come here?" Rocky asked.

Peter answered, "Maybe he wants to be unnoticed. Or he heard you have the best pretzels on the bar. You know, Stale and Salt-less," he said, as he started out the door.

"Fuck you, Stra!" Rocky yelled.

Stravinsky was happy to have forty bucks, and he headed for his room. He had a small apartment a couple of blocks from the bar. He had been in Pittsburgh going on six years, his longest stretch in any one place in the past nineteen years. Before that, he had moved around a lot. He hoped to keep his past hidden and remain off the grid.

Hannaford became a semi-regular at the bar, dropping in every couple of days for about a month. He and Peter hit it off and shot pool often. They also met at the diner down from the Big Six. One day at the diner, Hannaford talked about his work and how stressful it was running his business. The business, Hannaford Enterprises, was an old company. Hannaford and his brother, Joseph, had taken it over after their father had decided to semi-retire.

Hannaford also told Peter he was married and had no children. He discussed his concerns about the future of the business if he was gone.

Stravinsky told Hannaford his life was not that easy. He was unemployed and was doing handiwork. He also mentioned he collected for a local bookkeeper, did odd jobs, and picked up a couple of bucks shooting pool. They both laughed. Hannaford checked his watch and said he had to get going.

Hannaford left the diner and felt he had found what he was looking for. Yup—this big guy might be just the guy he was looking for to do the job. He got into his car and drove back to his apartment.

Chapter 2

The Story

It was a typical meeting for Hannaford and Peter. They shot some pool at the Big Six, and then went for coffee at the diner. That's when Hannaford told his story.

"Okay, Peter, I need help. I have a major problem," Hannaford began. Peter was still wondering, after a month, why Hannaford had come into the Big Six and into his life. Hannaford continued, "I'm not well. That's the reason I need a favor. I have terminal cancer, the Big C. If I pass away in the Hannaford building, my insurance will pay my wife one million dollars, plus another million to keep her interest in the company. But if I die outside of the building or outside of work, she gets a hundred thousand dollars and that's it." He gave Peter a forlorn look and continued. "I want to give you a contract to eliminate me."

Peter did not say anything. He looked at Hannaford with a blank face. Hannaford became a little fearful and said, "You aren't a cop or ...". But before he could finish, Peter cut him off and said, "No, I am just trying to figure this out."

“There is nothing to figure out. You meet me in the garage and take me out. I will be carrying a briefcase with fifty thousand dollars in it. After you’re done, take the briefcase. No one will know any better, and off you go.”

“I know I can do that,” Peter said. Looking at Hannaford, he wondered what was really up.

“You make it sound too simple. I am not sure if...”

“Peter, let me explain this terminal cancer I have. They give me two months before hospice. So, you see, if I die in hospice my wife is financially injured.”

“Okay, I see what we are talking about. I can do it, but I am sure the building has a good security system. How do I get away? And when do you want it done?”

“Yes, it is secure, but I can help you get in and get out. I’d like to do this next Thursday. What do you think?” Hannaford looked at Peter and put out his hand. Peter shook it.

“How exactly do you want me to fulfill the contract?” Peter asked. “I’m sure you want to make it look like a mugging—I get that—but where do I find you? You know the building’s layout, and I have never been there.”

“You do know where the Hannaford building is located?”

“I have been downtown a couple of times. I think I’ve seen it once, maybe twice, but never paid attention to it.”

“The building sits on a corner,” Hannaford said. “There are two garage entrances. The one on the

main street is for customers and employees. The one on a side street—that's Fourth Street—is the private garage for my father, brother, and me. There are cameras inside both garages but none on the outside. I arrive usually around 9 a.m.; my father and brother usually arrive at eight o'clock. I drive a small, red compact. Stay around the outside of the building near the garage around nine o'clock, and, when you see my car, move to the right side of the garage. When I open the door to the garage, you step in and keep to the wall on the right side. The cameras won't pick you up if you stay in that area. When you're in the garage, you will notice three elevators."

"You sure about the cameras?"

"Yes. I have tried it and checked the footage. It's a blind spot. Now, the elevator on the right is my brother's, the one in the middle is my father's, and the one to the left of that one is my elevator. You must stay in the garage all day. No one will bother you if you stay to the right, in that one area. Then, look across to your left. You will see an exit door with a code box next to it. That is the access to the main garage. In my inside left coat pocket will be a swipe card. Use that to access the exit door. Understand so far?"

"Yeah I...I think I see what you want me to do, to hang in the garage all day. What about the cameras at the end of the day? They will see me as I leave. Fifty grand does me no good in prison."

"On Thursday, around four o'clock when I'm leaving, I will put the cameras on clean and store.

What that does, for about fifteen minutes, is put the digital information for the week in a mainframe for storage. The system then turns itself back on. So for about fifteen minutes, there are no cameras.”

“Two questions. First, wouldn’t security wonder why you are turning off the system at that time of day? And what’s up with the three elevators?”

Hannaford replied, “I am in charge of doing the reset. I do it on different days at different times, so there are no patterns. Security would not be interested. The elevators have to do with how the offices are laid out on the third floor. Also, after you do...” He paused and continued. “You must move quickly. The elevators are very fast and, after I leave, security will come down to check the garage. You will have about two minutes to get the swipe card and get out the door.”

“Let me think about it. I will let you know tomorrow at the Big Six. Is that okay with you?”

“Yes. I can wait until tomorrow. Please think of my wife.”

Peter left and walked to his room. It had been awhile since he had a contract. And it wasn’t easy the first time. *It is never easy*, he thought to himself. *It is business, just like any business. Do I really need the cash? Not really, but it could be interesting. It can’t hurt to add fifty grand.* Peter went back to his room and opened up an old case. In the case were a .22 and a Glock.

Chapter 3

The Garage

Thursday was a warm summer day. Peter arrived at the Hannaford building at 8:45 a.m. and walked around the front and to the side. He then walked up the side street and tried not to look suspicious. As it got closer to nine o'clock, he walked back down to the garage. He was waiting for Jonathan Hannaford to arrive. He padded his left side, feeling for the gun, feeling confident it was there. At 9:02 a.m., Jonathan Hannaford arrived and Peter moved to the right side of the garage door. On this side street there are no people around, at least not since he had been there. Hannaford opened the garage door and drove in. Peter then slid in as planned.

As Hannaford's car drove in, the garage door shut and Peter clung to the wall, finding a corner, and sat down. Jonathan moved to the elevator to the left and went upstairs.

The Hannaford building had three stories. The first floor had a financial center that included a private bank. The second floor operated the import and export of fine gems and diamonds. The third

floor contained the offices of Jonathan and Joseph Hannaford, and their father, Hagen Hagan.

Peter sat on the floor and took out the .22, spinning the cylinder to make sure it was loaded. From his sitting position he often heard the faint sound of cars on the other side of the wall. He pulled out a paperback and started to read. It was going to be a long day.

Between reading the book and just thinking, Peter checked the area for the cameras. Some security cameras have a light that reveals they are on. Those cameras are little more sophisticated and don't have a green light. Peter hoped Hannaford remembered to turn them off at four.

The day moved slowly but finally the hour was arriving. Checking his watch, Peter readied himself as four o'clock came. The elevator on the left was engaged. The door opened and a man carrying a briefcase came out. Peter moved quickly from his position, confronted the man, and shot three times. Peter was a good shot, and all three bullets were tight and on target. The man fell over. Peter grabbed the briefcase and started to look for the access card. "Where is the fucking card?" he grunted, as he rifled through the left inside coat pocket and the other pockets. Almost immediately, the elevator on the right opened its doors.

A man with a pistol got out and opened fire on Peter. Hitting Peter in the chest with three shots, he killed him almost instantly. As life left his body, Peter said, "You" in a short breathe. The man who had just fired ran over to the Hannaford lying on the parking garage floor. As he did, the other elevator,

which had gone back upstairs, came down and two security men got out. By this time, the other Hannaford was between the security men and two dead men. He replaced the wallet in Peter's hand with his.

The chaos shooting of Joseph Hannaford and this other man caused one of the security men to secure Jonathan Hannaford's gun. Not knowing who was dead, the security man said, "Come on, Mr. Hannaford," and led Jonathan to the side. The other security man called 911 and then, checking the pulse of the downed Hannaford, concluded he was dead. The unknown assailant also was dead.

Jonathan Hannaford said, "I can't believe Jonny is dead."

The Day Before

As Jonathan Hannaford reached his office on Wednesday, he was ready to talk to his brother. He and Joseph had not talked in the past three years. They had met only to conduct business, and had not talked about anything on personal level.

"Joe, it's me, Jonny. Don't hang up. I have to talk to you, and don't let the old man know about it."

"Jonny, I'm not sure about talking. And if..."

"Joe, just hear me out. Use the secret passage to come to my office. It's important."

"Okay, Jonny, I'll tell my secretary to hold my calls and I'll lock the door."

Joseph Hannaford made his way down to a secret passage that connected the two offices. The

boys had found this passage when they were in their teens. No one, not even their father, knew about the passage. It went back to the roaring '20s and to sneaking liquor into speakeasies their grandfather ran. When Prohibition ended, everyone thought Old Fergus Faolan Hannaford had closed off the passage. But he always thought it could come in handy someday, and told no one, not even his son, Hagan Hogan Hannaford, about it.

As Joseph opened the closet and clicked the one hanger to open the secret door, he wondered what Jonathan wanted that was so important. He made his way into Jonathan's office.

"Thanks for coming, Joe," Jonathan said. He opened a canister of whiskey. "Would you like a drink?"

"Okay. What do you need?"

"Joe, we really haven't talked in years. The old man has kept us at odds for these years. Let's go over the years. You know how the company is run. You have forty percent, I have forty percent, Mary Ann has five percent, and Dad has the other fifteen. He has Mary Ann's proxy and the rules of voting in his favor. The rules cannot let us vote together. Unless Mary Ann votes with one of us, our votes automatically go to Dad. And he has her proxy. In essence, he decides who runs the business. It's crazy; we have eighty percent of the stock but no voting rights."

"Yeah, Jonny, I know. I'm in charge as long as I go along with it. You also know how he controls us."

"Joe, I have a chance to get out from this. Remember last month I was in Florida?"

“Yes...so what does that have to do with me?”

“I've got a chance to buy a business and get out of here. I talked to a lawyer and showed him the agreement of how voting works, to see who runs the company. It is clear that we can't vote without Mary Ann, but I can sell you enough shares to make you the boss without the old man and his votes. And that would break the contract he set up. And allow you to run the company.”

“You want to sell all your shares?”

“Not all of them. I want to share in the profits, so I will sell you twenty percent of my share. That gives you sixty percent, and control. Dad can force me to vote with him, but not both of us, and you can vote first, as you usually do, and take control. I need the cash to buy this business.”

“What kind of business? What are you going to do?”

“It's a wholesale business dealing with meats, fish, and produce. I have about two hundred fifty thousand dollars, and I need another two hundred fifty thousand. So my shares now are valued at about six hundred thousand. You can have my twenty percent for three hundred thousand. That would give me some working capital, and I'd be out of here.”

Joseph looked at his brother and realized this was his chance to take over the Hannaford Company. He wouldn't have to put up with his father's ranting any more, and he could move the company into a better situation. The past six years had cost him his wife, Carol, and kept him enslaved

to the old man. He and Carol had talked, and she would come back if the old man and Jonathan were out of the picture. *Maybe*, he thought to himself, *just maybe*.

"I think I can raise that money. When do you want to do this?"

"I'd like to move by tomorrow, or at least start the paperwork. Tomorrow is Thursday; the old man is usually gone by twelve. If you leave at, say, four o'clock, and meet with my lawyer, we can get it started."

"Tomorrow is a good idea. But why wait until four clock?"

"That's when my lawyer can meet. We can meet at his office on Forbes."

"Who is this lawyer? You're not using someone from our attorney's office?"

"No, his name is William Rizvi and he is not in any partnerships. I thought that would be the best type of lawyer to handle this transfer. Only you, Rizvi, and I know about this. Keep the old man in the dark."

"Yes, that makes sense. He would try to stop this somehow."

"Tomorrow use the passage to come to my office. We will swap access cards and you go down my elevator. Use my car to drive to 2431 Forbes Avenue. His office is on the third floor. He has all my paperwork ready. Look it over until I get there. I'll come out at about four forty-five. People will think you're leaving around the same time, and that I had left early, like I usually do. Using the passageway, the secretaries won't know who is who."

"That sounds good. This should work. Okay, tomorrow I'll be over and we'll do this," Joseph said as he headed into the passage, back to his office. *Yes, Carol, I have a plan*, he thought. He would call her that night.

Jonathan did not tell his brother he had already signed the papers twice. Once previously as himself, and the other day as Joseph he saw Rizvi. Rizvi was concerned about the sale because the old man had control over all sales; it was built into the bylaws. He wanted a notary-signed agreement paper with the old man's signature. Jonathan said he and Joseph would confront the old man and get a notarized agreement, Okaying the sale.

Chapter 4

The Investigation

“What is your emergency?”

“This is Samuels at the Hannaford building. We have two gunshot victims. We need police and an ambulance.”

“Are the victims breathing?”

“I don’t know. Please hurry. Use the side garage door. It will be open.”

At Stationhouse 7 the call went in to the dispatcher, and was then switched to homicide. Captain Holloman took the call and called Latia Lee and her partner, Bill Hancock.

“Lee will take the lead on this homicide. Go to the Hannaford building and set up a perimeter. Seems there are two victims and it’s going to be a high-profile case. Hancock, you act as backup. I’ll call crime scene and get good people from CSI to assist.”

Latia Lee was a coffee-colored African-American police officer that had been on the force seven years. She was five-feet seven and very attractive. She wore her hair in a tight Afro, and usually wore slacks and a jacket on the job. She tried to hide her attractive legs and shapely body. Coming over from narcotics to homicide five months before, she had

covered and backed up other homicides. This was her first homicide as the lead investigator.

Bill Hancock was a white veteran of the police force. He had been in homicide for seven years and on the force for more than fifteen. He was six feet tall and about 200 pounds. He had salt-and-pepper hair, a rugged face almost like a Shari Pei, and was considered one of the top investigators. He had been Lee's partner since she had come over. They had had a good working relationship.

"You both realize this is going to be a high-profile case," Captain Holloman told Lee and Hancock. "The Hannaford's have a lot of money and influence. Lee, you're getting this because you're smart, a solid investigator, and you have good communication skills. But, remember, use Hancock for his knowledge, too."

Lee looked at Holloman and said, "I get it. I communicate, Hancock investigates."

Holloman answered, "No, you investigate also, but I don't want Hancock talking to the press. His face and this case is a bad mix. He tends to bark at the press. So Hancock talks only if necessary. You, Lee, have that look and you communicate with a kind of elegance." Holloman pointed to the door and said, "Now you two get going."

Latia Lee's father had worked on the police force eighteen years before he was killed in action. Lee dedicated herself to her father's memory and became a police officer. Striving to be the best cop in Pittsburgh, she had moved through the various

sections of the police department and had done well in every area.

“Do you believe Holloman?” Hancock said. “I can’t communicate? What bullshit.”

“Bill, I don’t know what to tell you. You do bark at the press. Remember our first case when you were the lead and the woman reporter...”

Hancock cut her off. “Okay, I get it. I can be rough.” After a moment he said, “This is going to be a tough case. It will depend on figuring out what went down there.”

In the garage, Jonathan—now Joseph—was acting very emotional. One of the security guards, Josh McBride, was trying to preserve the crime area. Joseph was trying to get to his brother again. The sound of sirens came from the street as the police arrived.

As Lee and Hancock got out of the car, they saw two dead bodies. The first body was in the middle of the garage area and was being cared for by EMTs. Lee and Hancock looked around the garage for cameras and to see how the garage was laid out. The other body lay near the elevators. There seemed to be three elevators.

“Bill, I think you should talk to security. I’ll check the bodies,” Lee said. Hancock headed for the security people and Joseph. Lee walked to the bodies as the EMT lifted the covering off of Peter Stravinsky’s body.

“He took four shots to the body. Probably died within a couple of minutes.” The EMT moved to the next body, by the elevators, and uncovered it. “Three shots, one to the head and two to the chest. It looks

like professional hit. The ME should be here shortly. This body has been identified as Jonathan Hannaford. The other guy—no one knows who he is.”

“The man over there with security—who is he?” Lee asked. She looked closely at the second body and back at Joseph. The EMT said, “Joseph Hannaford, the twin brother of the victim.” The ME arrived and started looking at the bodies, then told Lee she could search the bodies of the deceased. Lee went over to Peter’s body and looked for any identification materials. She found a house or apartment key and nothing else. The gun next to Peter was a .22-caliber pistol.

Hancock came over to Lee and gave her the information concerning the shooting. “It seems that this fellow here,” he said, pointing at Peter’s body, “was hiding in the garage at some time, and ambushed Jonathan Hannaford. Looks like a homicide and robbery, or attempted robbery. He was trying to get something out of Hannaford’s pockets when the other Hannaford came into the garage and shot this guy.”

“Why did he...,” Lee said, pointing at Joseph Hannaford, “come out of the elevator shooting?”

“It seems he was coming down and heard gunshots or something like that, and saw on the screen in the elevator his brother get shot. He drew his gun and came out shooting. Both Hannaford’s have concealed-carry permits.”

Lee asked, “Does that DB have a weapon on him?” The ME patted around the body and shook his

head no. Lee wondered why one brother had a weapon and the other didn't. She went over to Joseph to ask why.

"We both carry large sums of money or jewelry at times," he told her. "If we are not carrying those items, we leave the weapons in the gun case in each of our offices. I was carrying five thousand dollars in the inside of my coat." He opened his jacket and showed her his money belt. "And that's why I had a weapon."

"What was your brother carrying in the case?" Lee asked, as she looked around and noticed three elevators. "And why three elevators?"

"Our offices are on opposite sides of the building and are divided by walls. I have one with an access card, Jonathan has—or had—one, and Father has his own elevator. Each access card operates that person's elevator. The only way we can access each other's offices is by going through a complicated elevator procedure. Our father worries about access to the company."

"I hate to ask," Hancock said, "but I have to. Do you and your brother and father all get along?"

"You will find this out anyway. My brother and I haven't spoken in three years. It's a family argument that developed after a New Year's party. We were involved in the business, and both of us had different ideas on how to improve the business. It's complicated."

"We're going to have to ask you about this at some time. Right now we do not know who the other fellow is, and if he has anything to do with your

company. Is he a former employee or a client or whatever?"

Joseph Hannaford told them he had never seen the perpetrator before. That he was definitely not an employee, and he didn't think he was a client. He then said security cameras were throughout the garage area, and he offered the video recordings to the police. He asked if he could try to reach his father, who was not in the building at this time. Lee told a security guard to give Hannaford's weapon to one of the officers securing the scene. She also told Joseph to take care of his father. "We'll get back to you," she said.

Lee and Hancock asked the head security officer, Josh McBride, to take them to the viewing area for the camera recordings. They asked if they could use the middle elevator. McBride told them they would have to use the secure stairway. He used an access card to open the door, and they climbed fifteen stairs to the first floor. McBride's office was right next to the elevator. A nearby door led to the first floor financial offices, and another access area to three sets of stairs. They asked McBride how security works in the building.

He explained to them that there are two garage areas. "The one we were just in is for the two Hannaford brothers and their father," McBride said. "No one else has access to that area. There is a door leading to the other garage area, but you need an access card to open that door. The security guards sign for access cards. The other garage is for all the employees or customers that come to the building.

There are no doors from street level except through the garage area. The two brothers and their father hold the only permanent security access cards; security officers come to the building as employees. The night shift lets the day shift in, and we gain an access card by signing in the security book, and code the access card for the day. When we sign out, we swipe the card and sign the book. The two brothers and father usually carry their cards all the time. The access cards are watched very carefully.”

Lee and Hancock asked him about the brothers and father. McBride replied that he had worked for the Hannaford’s for fifteen years, but really didn’t know much about their relationships. “Except they are a little crazy or odd in how they deal with each other,” McBride said. “This was especially true regarding Mrs. Hannaford, or at least that’s what I was told. She died just about three years after the boys came to the business. I remember because that was the year I started here. Can’t say much about her, only that people said she was really nice.”

The security footage started to roll for the day. McBride explained the four screens they were looking at. “Screen One is the garage area for the employees,” he said. “Screen Two is for the garage area for the Hannaford’s. Screen Three takes care of the halls on the various floors and Screen Four takes care of the elevators. As a security officer in this room, you continually monitor all the areas. Using the computers, you can zoom in on any area in the halls with Screen Three, and check the elevators with four. At the same time, you can monitor the garage areas from various angles.”

Lee and Hancock wanted to see the angles for the Hannaford's' garage. As they watched from the 8 a.m. time frame on, they saw Joseph and his father arrive in two different cars. Nothing seemed out of ordinary. At 9:02 a.m., the doors opened again and they saw Jonathan Hannaford arrive. Again, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Lee asked to see the same footage from any other angles that exist. As they went through the angles, it became apparent there was a dead spot. They ran the tapes through the rest of the day. At noon they saw Mr. Hannaford senior driving out. Then, at four o'clock, the cameras stopped and the screen went dark.

"What the hell happened? Where's the video?" Hancock yelled out.

McBride explained to them that the system goes through a storage process at various times during the week. The timeframe for that was set by one of the brothers. Each week, one brother had access to the system and randomly picked a time for the storage process. It lasted about ten minutes.

"The brothers take turns each week, and randomly do that?" Hancock asked. "And the other brother has no knowledge of this? Is that what you're saying?"

McBride explained it was part of the security system, so only one person would know when the system was turned off. "I can tell you this week was Jonathan Hannaford's turn," McBride said. "The father was not involved in controlling the system." After about ten minutes of a blank screen, the security cameras started rolling again, and they

could see Joseph Hannaford over his brother's body. They could also see McBride trying to move Joseph Hannaford from the body of his brother.

"We will need copies of these tapes," Lee said, as they left the viewing area. McBride accompanied Lee and Hancock as they took the stairs down to the garage area. By this time forensics had arrived and was processing the scene. Lee told the chief forensics examiner she was the lead investigator and that she wanted a report ASAP. Hancock walked over to the garage door and looked around at the cameras. He called out to Lee. "This is definitely a blind spot. You can slip in the doors and not be seen here. You have to know that, though. We need to know the shooter."

"I agree, Bill. This seems so odd. Like the Hannaford's are so odd," she said. She looked around, hearing something. "The press is out there. I guess I better go out and make a statement." Hancock chuckled and smiled at her, and offered to go out with her. Lee shook her head and went out to address the media.

Lee delivered a brief statement: "Two dead bodies were found in the garage, and there is now an ongoing investigation," she said into a press microphone. "The names of the individuals will be released after next-of-kin is notified." As the media buzzed and shouted out questions at her, Lee thanked them and returned to the garage.

"Bill," she said, calling over to Hancock, "I think we better look at the offices of both the brothers." Going back to security officer McBride, she asked, "Can we access the offices by way of the middle

elevator? The forensics is going to be in both of these elevators.”

“Back to the secure stairway,” McBride directed. They walked up the stairs to the first floor. Hancock asked about the third elevator.

“Sorry,” McBride replied, “that is Mr. Hannaford senior’s elevator and only he can access it. All these elevators access the whole building. There are also three sets of stairs that take you to each of the offices on the third floor, but you need access cards to open the door. You need an access card to go to *any* office. On the other side there are two elevators that only access the first floor and second floor.”

“Where are we in terms of the bank and jewelry sections?” Hancock asked.

“We are in the very back of the investment offices,” McBride responded. “See that door?” he pointed. “That takes you to the front of the offices. Yes, you need an access card. The jewelry area is on the second floor, and there is an elevator in the front that goes from the garage to the first and second floors. The only way to the third floor is this way. To get to Jonathan’s office, we will use the stairs on the left, to go to Joseph’s office we come downstairs and use the stairs to the right, and the middle stairs lead to Mr. Hannaford senior’s office.” McBride used his access card and they moved up another ten steps and came into Jonathan’s secretary’s area. Behind her desk was a door to Jonathan’s office, and to her right was another door. McBride explained that it was her powder room.

“This is fuckin’ crazy,” Hancock said.

"Bill, watch your language. You know I'm a lady," Lee said. They laughed as they moved through the door to Jonathan Hannaford's office.

"How do the secretaries get into the offices?" Lee asked as they looked around. Jonathan office had nothing of value to the investigation. His desk was cleared and very neat. The triple-draw set was locked. They saw a safe, which was closed, two phones, a computer, and various books. At that point, they didn't think anything in the office could be used in the investigation, but told McBride to secure it nonetheless.

"There are three secretaries," McBride said. "They take the elevator to the second floor and are then buzzed into their stairway."

"Buzzed in?" Lee asked.

"Yes. There are buzzers to get security to open the doors from my office. There is always someone in my office. Right now, Bob is there. Since I have an access card for the stairs and the doors, no need to buzz."

"How many people work here?" Lee asked.

"I know there are a total of nine security people besides me, and the three girls upstairs. The jewelry area has three gemologists and an office manager, and the investment offices have four brokers, two commodities representatives, and four secretaries. There is also an office manager."

"We will need a list of all employees—current and, say, in the past year."

"No problem. I have all the names and addresses of all employees. I am head of security and responsible for vetting people who work here."

“Who vetted you?”

“Mr. Hannaford senior himself. I was just out of the Army looking for work, and the employment office sent me here. I had been in in the military police and CID. The old man checked me out. Made me head of security right away.”

“How long were you in the Army?” Hancock asked.

“I graduated from high school in 1977 and went right into the Army. I spent eight years as an MP and moved into CID. You know what CID is?” Hancock and Lee affirmed with a nod. “Did that for twelve years. Got out in '97 and started here within two weeks of discharge. This is my fifteenth year here.”

Lee and Hancock would find out through their investigation that Josh McBride was a top-notch security man. He was six foot-three, African-American, and was born and grown up in Pittsburgh. He had good people skills and could also handle weapons and knew security. His military record was very strong indicator of his ability.

They entered into the area where the secretary would be. Her desk was neatly arranged. “Who is Jonathan’s secretary and where is she?”

“Karla Lucas...and she left about three-thirty.” He looked at his blackberry. “I don’t know why she left early. Usually they leave at four-thirty, sometimes five, and Harriet Thomas also left around four. Maybe they had a girls’ after-work thing.” They entered Hannaford’s office. It was not elegant but looked very functional. Looking around, Lee asked, “Where does that door lead?”

"To the executive bathroom," McBride replied. "Each office has one. The girls have a powder room off the hallway we were just in."

"We will have to talk to both of them," Lee said. "We need their phone numbers and addresses today."

Using a hand-held phone, McBride called to his secretary to make copies of the personnel records of all employees working that day. He told Lee and Hancock the records of previous employees would take a day or two to access.

Next, they entered the stairway, moved down to the second floor, and then went up the right staircase. They did a quick look around Joseph's secretary's area. It was similar to the other. The search continued and they found nothing out of the ordinary. Then they went to Hannaford's senior's office to see his secretary.

"Latia, this place is like a maze. A rat would go nutty in here," Hancock said.

"The old man who built this place, back in the day, was a bootlegger and ran a speakeasy and a cathouse in this building," McBride said. "At least, that's what I was told."

"Bill, I think we seen enough for right now," Lee said. "Let's head to the morgue and find out when the autopsy will be conducted. The records?"

McBride answered, "Absolutely. We can stop at my office." As they entered the second floor again, out of the middle staircase came a woman in her fifties. She scolded, "McBride, what are you doing giving a tour up here?"

“Miss Cranewood, these are police detectives. Are you aware there was a shooting in the garage?”

“No. You know this office is nearly soundproof. And for the last two hours or so I’ve been transcribing notes, letters, and office records. I put that headset on and the world could end. Who was shooting or got shot?” She was short and thin, about four-feet seven, and had short gray hair. You could tell she was the queen of the third floor. Her demeanor said, *I run this place.*

“Sorry to tell you this, but Jonathan Hannaford was killed in the garage at about 4 p.m.,” Lee said.

Miss Cranewood started to lose her balance and McBride caught her. She said, “Oh my God. Mr. Hannaford will be devastated.”

“His son Joseph was going to reach him and give him the news,” Hancock interjected.

They all were on the first floor. Hancock followed McBride to his office for the records. Lee asked Miss Cranewood if she was all right and if she knew where the elder Hannaford might be located. She told them he usually went downtown to a masseur on Forbes.” Hancock returned with the records. They were heading to the morgue.

They arrived at the morgue at 5:45 p.m. Talking to Dr. Michael Walls, they learned the fingerprints and DNA of the shooter had been sent to the lab. Dr. Walls was about to start the full autopsy, and any shell fragments from either victim would be sent to the lab. Hancock and Lee decided to head for the Hannaford homestead. It was located in the Shady Rest area of Pittsburgh.

They arrived at the gated community and announced who they were. The gate opened. The drive to the house was about a quarter-mile. The house was quite large and sat on a hill. The greens and trees were well manicured, and there was a flagpole in the center of the circular driveway. Seeing the flag at half-mast. Hancock quipped, "I wonder if they had a twenty-one-gun salute?"

As they walked to the front door, Lee said, "Bill, please don't give the old man your shit. We need to find out as much as we can." They rang the doorbell and the housekeeper, who said they were expected, opened the door.

They were led into the library, where Mr. Hannaford senior and Joseph (Jonathan) Hannaford were seated. The elder Mr. Hannaford was a fit-looking man of eighty-two years with white hair. He sat in a chair with his hands covering his face, sobbing. Lee asked him if he was up to answering a few questions. She explained they needed all the assistance they could get. Hannaford slowly took his hands from his face and nodded yes.

Lee asked, "Where were you earlier today?" A moment later, she showed Hannaford a photo of the shooter taken at the morgue. "Do you know, or have you ever seen this man? Do you have any idea how he got into the parking garage?"

Hannaford replied that he had been at Mademoiselle Penny's Health and Massage Parlor. He said he had had a standing Thursday 1 p.m. appointment there for the past six months. Looking at the photo, he said he did not know the man and had no idea how he could get into the garage. They

continued, asked Joseph if he had any ideas about the man and how he got into the garage. He said he didn't know.

They thanked the Hannaford's and left. In the car, Lee and Hancock discussed the reaction of Mr. Hannaford senior. They both felt he was deeply hurt and distressed. And that Joseph seemed to have regained his composure from the time in the garage when they first met him. They agreed to call it a night, and to pick things up again in the morning.