

The Keeper's Companion 2

Prohibition, Firearms, Tomes, & Creatures

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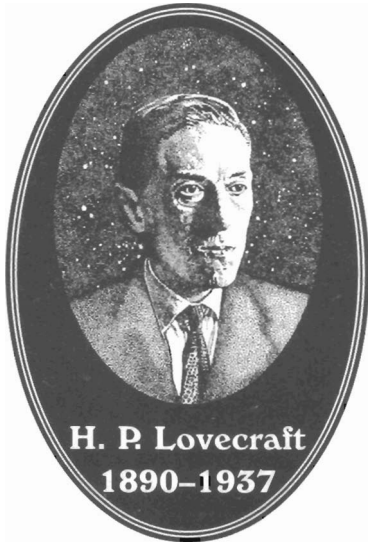


The Keeper's Companion 2

More Blasphemous Knowledge,
Forbidden Secrets, and Handy Information

A Core Book for Keepers





H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937

The Keeper's Companion 2

More Blasphemous Knowledge,
Forbidden Secrets, and Handy Information

A Core Book for Keepers

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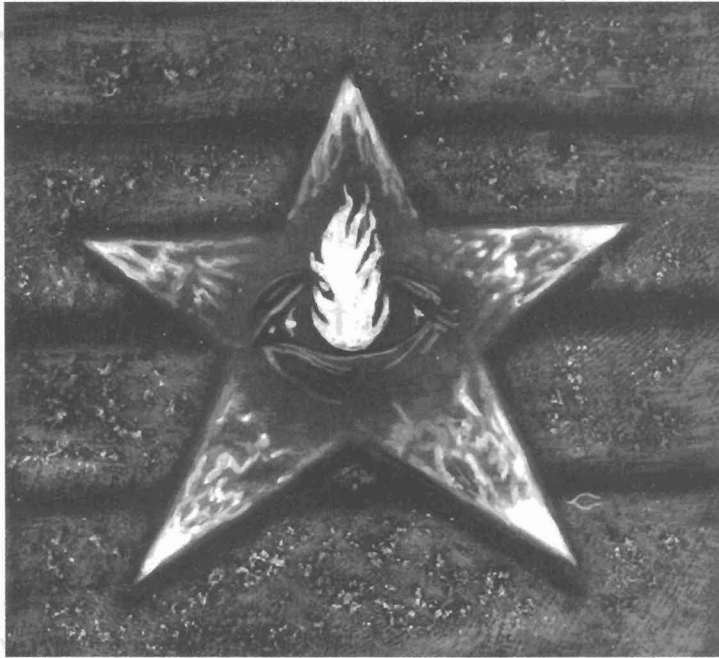
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Pre-Prohibition America: Wet and Dry States





PROHIBITION

*The birth, life, and demise
of the Noble Experiment.*

by Adam Gauntlett.



1. The History Behind Prohibition

*If you think this country ain't dry, just watch 'em vote;
If you think this country ain't wet, just watch 'em drink.
You see, when they vote, it's counted. but when they
drink, it ain't.*

- Will Rogers.

Hindsight can sometimes distort our view of historical events. Looking back, it may seem obvious that America's attempt to prohibit the sale of alcohol was doomed to failure. Yet in the early part of the twentieth century, trends in religion, society, and politics created the conditions under which a permanent ban on the sale and consumption of alcohol was considered an achievable and even a necessary goal.

The prohibitionist, or temperance, movement in the United States was not unique to the twentieth century. Its roots go back to the beginning of the country. As early as 1785 Dr. Benjamin Rush, surgeon-general to the Continental Army and a signatory to the Declaration of Independence, had spoken out against the intemperate consumption of liquor. Dr. Rush, and many teetotaling physicians to follow, linked intemperance to a wide variety of ills such as epilepsy, jaundice, and madness. Other less scientific critics linked alcohol abuse with spontaneous human combustion.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, enough people had been attracted to the temperance cause to produce a steady stream of literature on the subject. Pamphlets relentlessly portrayed the mildest drinker as headed towards certain physical, financial, and emotional ruin. A typical temperance leaflet pictured an innocent man with an appealing, masculine face. As he began to drink, he was transmogrified into a pox-ridden, disfigured wreck. His beautiful and innocent wife and children meanwhile suffered the consequences of his folly, and died in the gutter. The complete prohibition of alcohol, the temperance movement said, would eradicate many social ills, and bring about a more prosperous and vigorous America.

Many organizations carried the banner of prohibition forward in the nineteenth century. By far the most prominent of these was the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Established in 1874, the WCTU crusaded against a

spectrum of social ills, and promoted such ideas such as legal equality of the sexes, education on hygiene, and total abstinence from alcohol. Because the WCTU took on so many worthy causes, its efforts against alcohol were limited and ineffective.

For more than half a century before national prohibition, individual states had been banning the sale and transportation of consumable alcohol. Maine was the first "dry" state, which passed its mandatory temperance law in 1858. Kansas followed suit in 1880, then North Dakota in 1889. Both Oklahoma and Georgia went dry in 1907, followed the next year by Mississippi and North Carolina, then Tennessee in 1909. After a brief lull, states began piling onto the temperance bandwagon. Washington, Oregon, Arizona, Colorado and Virginia went dry in 1914, and Idaho, Iowa, Arkansas, Alabama, and South Carolina followed suit the next year. In 1916, Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Michigan outlawed booze, and 1917 saw the last state temperance laws enacted in Utah, New Mexico, Indiana, and New Hampshire before federal legislation made the point moot.

The Anti-Saloon League

For some, the state laws simply weren't enough, and the organization that provided the impetus for the national prohibition of alcohol was the Anti-Saloon League. Begun in 1893 to drive the Demon Rum out of Ohio, the ASL only achieved a partial success. Ohio allowed individual counties to decide whether to make consumption of alcohol illegal. Perceiving this as a defeat, the ASL decided to take itself onto the national stage.

The ASL had an advantage that previous anti-liquor organizations, such as the WCTU, lacked. It restricted itself to one goal only: the abolition of liquor. The WCTU had diluted its effectiveness by fighting many battles on many fronts. The ASL concentrated its forces on a single issue. It had generous backers, such as the DuPont and Rockefeller families, which enabled it to accumulate a substantial campaign war chest. The ASL also avoided becoming linked with anyone political party or religious denomination. This meant that it could attract supporters from all over the country. It also meant that its goal and core beliefs were not swamped by the ambitions of another group or political organization.

The ASL also had Wayne Wheeler. Wheeler, the organization's lawyer and most famous representative, became

the public face of the ASL. More than any other individual, it was Wheeler who made Prohibition possible.

There was a strong racial element to the Prohibitionist cause. Many of the ASL's supporters were upper- and middle-class men and women of Anglo-Saxon descent, who believed that alcohol was consumed primarily by inferior peoples. Beer was linked to the Irish and Germans, while wine was portrayed as peculiar to the Italians, French, and other European undesirables. Many of the late nineteenth century European immigrants were fleeing political persecution, and they brought with them socialist and other revolutionary ideals. ASL supporters saw people like these as dangerous germs, capable of fatally infecting the United States' social and political order. They pointed to the growing organized labor movement as evidence for their claim, believing that beer halls and wine cellars were gathering places for communists and socialists. Break the saloons, the ASL argument ran, and the dangerous political elements would be broken as well.

It might all have come to nothing, were it not for the Great War. World War One inspired a great deal of animosity toward Germans and German immigrants, particularly after the sinking of the Cunard liner *Lusitania*. The *Lusitania* incident brought America into the war, and was used to propagandize the Germans as baby-butcher-

barbarians. The German brewers, well-known businesses like Pabst, Schlitz, and Anheuser-Busch, were therefore seen as anti-American. The ASL capitalized on this popular belief, arguing that the grain used by the brewers could be better used in feeding American soldiers. They suggested that the laborers employed by the breweries would be more useful in uniform, fighting on the Western Front. At the same time, the ASL kept up its efforts to portray saloons as the root of all domestic and social evil. Prohibition would save America from degradation and despair, Wheeler claimed. Meanwhile he did his best, behind the scenes, to get the German American owners of the breweries deported.

Aggressive and energetic, the ASL developed some of the most effective lobbying techniques that Congress had yet seen. In 1913, during the League's fifteenth annual convention, Wheeler announced that the League would seek national constitutional prohibition. The measure was introduced to Congress, but did not come to a vote. A second try in 1915 languished similarly. In 1917, thanks to the war sentiment, Congress finally adopted a measure to prohibit the sale, transportation, or importation of alcoholic beverages within the United States, and the amendment was passed to the states for ratification. Congressional supporters of the breweries and saloons congratulated themselves on their cunning. They rea-

Wayne Wheeler, the "Dry Boss"

The only son of an Ohio cattle dealer, Wheeler (1870-1927) was a talented and ambitious young man. His father was unable to pay for his education, so the young man worked to support himself through college. He wanted to be a lawyer, and intended to go into business. That all changed when Reverend Russell, the founder of the ASL, persuaded young Wayne to join him in the fight against alcohol. Russell appealed to Wheeler's sense of Christian duty as well as his ambition. As the ASL's lawyer, Wheeler reasoned, he would have the chance to enter into the political arena. It was the best decision, from a career point of view, that he ever made. Eventually, Wheeler dominated two presidents, six Congresses, and, without any kind of authorization, the Prohibition Bureau. His unauthorized biographer and former secretary, Justin Steuart, called Wheeler a tireless opportunist, who constantly dramatized himself as the champion of Prohibition.

The ASL and its ready-made voting bloc of prohibitionists fulfilled all of Wheeler's hopes for back-stage power brokering. Time and again Wheeler and the ASL influenced state and federal elections, opposing those candidates who were unsympathetic to the ASL's cause. Wheeler's goal was to elect politicians who would support dry legislation. It didn't matter to Wheeler that the politician in question might be insincere or dishonest. The only thing that mattered to him was that the politician voted dry.

Wheeler himself wrote what came to be known as the Volstead Act, which defined the government's ability to enforce the prohibition on the sale and transportation of liquors. Congressman Volstead of Minnesota merely altered the order of a few paragraphs and then presented it to Congress.

After the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, Wheeler kept a firm grip on Congress, and constantly pushed for stronger measures against alcohol. Wheeler himself prosecuted more than two thousand prohibition cases. He was tireless, convincing, and powerful. However, even Wheeler's power could n't last forever.

By 1926 Wheeler was facing strong opposition by some members of Congress who questioned the League's spending in certain elections. At the same time, Wheeler's health was failing. He was working himself to death. With this congressional opposition putting him under even more pressure, Wheeler decided to take a sabbatical and recoup his strength. In 1927 Wheeler went to his vacation home in Little Point Sable, Michigan, only to be struck with tragedy. His wife, unfamiliar with the gasoline stove of the Michigan home, accidentally caused an explosion. Her dress caught fire and she panicked, running through the house. Her father suffered a fatal heart attack attempting to aid her, and she died the following day. This emotional double-blow was too much for Wheeler. He died a few weeks afterward.

soned that it would take many years before Wheeler could gather together the necessary votes for ratification. The War wouldn't last forever, and when it was over the anti-German rhetoric would fade away, killing Prohibition.

The wets were wrong about what Wheeler could do. With the help of the ASL and Wheeler's legions of supporters, the amendment was passed by the requisite thirty-six states in an astoundingly rapid one year and eight days. The Volstead Act, which described how to enforce the new amendment, ushered in not only national Prohibition but also Wheeler's domination of Congress, which was to last until 1926.

One year later, on 16 January 1920, the nation mourned the loss of John Barleycorn, the symbolic personification of alcohol. Elaborate wakes were held all over the country. Many of the establishments that held the wakes were also celebrating their own demise. The death of John Barley-corn meant the death of their profit margin. They couldn't hope to keep operating without the revenue from alcohol sales. At the Park Avenue Hotel in New York, a farewell party was thrown in which the walls were draped in black cloth, the tablecloths, napkins, utensils, and glasses were black, and an orchestra played funeral dirges through the night. The Café de Paris held a successful Cinderella Ball after which "there wasn't enough salable alcohol left in the place to jingle a six-year-old child." Many other places simply gave away what they couldn't sell, and shut their doors, apparently for good. When the clock struck midnight, Prohibition became law. America was officially dry.

Repercussions of the Volstead Act

The Volstead Act was intended primarily to prevent the manufacture, sale, and transport of intoxicating liquor. First offenders were subject to a fine of not more than \$1,000 or a prison term of no more than six months duration. Persistent offenders were fined not less than \$200 or more than \$2,000, and could be imprisoned for at least one month but no more than five years. However, because the double jeopardy clause was suspended for liquor trials, both state and federal prosecutors could get involved in the same case, and punish the offender twice for the one crime. Local laws and punishments varied from state to state, and so people convicted of breaches of the Volstead Act could spend considerably more than five years in jail, if they were unlucky or lacked bribe money.

It was legal to drink alcohol. People could drink in their own homes or, as a bona fide guest, in their friends' houses. It was legal for people to store alcohol in their own homes, and many did so, spending the last few months before 16 January 1920 buying up stocks of pre-Volstead liquor for their own use. The slang term for this kind of liquor was pre-war, harking back to the genesis of the Volstead Act in the Great War anti-German hysteria. However, since it was illegal to transport liquor, people could not take alcohol out of their homes for any reason. If they were to move house, they would have to get a per-

mit to transport their liquor stocks. The ASL's intention was to let people drink up their remaining alcohol supply, but prevent them from buying any more. It is important to note that the Volstead Act did not ban the consumption of alcohol.

Doctors could prescribe liquor for medicinal purposes. They could prescribe up to one pint of distilled alcohol per person. That pint could be bought once every ten days. This quickly made doctors very popular.

Wine could be used for religious and sacramental purposes. Priests and rabbis had to get permits to purchase or make wine, and these permits were inspected and regulated by the Prohibition Bureau.

Industrial alcohol was also legal. American industry needed alcohol in many of its chemical and pharmaceutical processes. However, in order to prevent people drinking the stuff, the ASL convinced Congress to poison industrial alcohol stocks. Called denaturing, the process involved doctoring the industrial alcohol with toxic substances, usually methanol.

Finally, *near beer* was legal. It was permissible for people to brew alcohol in their own homes, provided its potency was less than one half of one percent. It was also legal for breweries to manufacture beer that was less than one half of one percent potent. This near beer, as it was called, could legally be sold, and was the one alcoholic beverage that was commonly available.

2. A Dangerous Indulgence

They would kick about the bill, when they expected to be robbed in the first place; they would try to drink up the town's booze supply in one night; they would drink too much and then try to lead the band; they would lose their rolls and then blame the wrong people for it; they would get reeling blind drunk and then try to steal their neighbor's girls; they would tip so much that they were ridiculous or so little that they would be snubbed; they would raise a terrible ruckus in a futile attempt to get ringside seats at a place that already was full; they had, some of them, no more sense than to listen to the siren call of the taxi-cab driver who said "Want to meet some nice girls, buddy?" ... The wonder of it is was that there were not more killings, beatings, stabbings, and robberies. The life and property of most drunks appears to be protected by Providence; surely the police can't protect them all.

- Stanley Walker.

Not everybody was brewing or drinking alcohol in the Roaring Twenties. There are some estimates that suggest that alcohol consumption in the very early 1920s (1920- 1921) was a third of what it had been a decade before. These estimates are based largely on the

probability being that it was worth much more to many policemen to break the law rather than keep it.

The most famous, or notorious, lawmen of the twenties were the men and women of the Prohibition Bureau. When Prohibition began, the bureau tried to enforce it by eliminating the demand for alcohol. They thought that the best way to achieve this was to break into speakeasies, smash up the furnishings as well as the whiskey, and prosecute the servers of the alcohol while shaming the patrons. This led to peculiar injustices, particularly since both the state and the federal government could prosecute offenders. Later in the decade, the dry agents would strike at the source and distribution centers of the trade, and stop concentrating on the speakeasies. Speakeasy patrons ran a significantly reduced risk of arrest, but their alcohol supply lines became more likely to be interrupted.

Some overnight jail time with the fellow patrons of a speakeasy is a good time to introduce new characters, or to plant seeds for future adventures. Extended jail time is another matter entirely. Unless the keeper has planned an adventure in prison, investigators who manage to get sent to the Big House should be removed from play until their jail time has been served. The specific effects of a prison term are left up to the keeper, who may consider writing a summary of the character's experience for the player's use. It gives the player something to plug an otherwise gaping hole in the character's history, and the keeper a chance to plant future plot hooks. Who knows when they might run into former cellmates?

Criminals

Most bootleggers are unstable, and ready to become hijackers, Government spies, or to swindle their friends if they think it is going to put a few immediate dollars in their pockets.

—James Barbican, *Confessions of a Rumrunner*.

Speakeasies tended to attract an array of criminals. Even the patrons were technically aiding and abetting a criminal act. Most criminals in the booze business tended to believe that, once one law was broken, there was no point in keeping to any of the others. This led to a variety of offenses.

Speakeasies were costly to run. The rent was triple that of any other business, and there was the booze to buy, bribes to cover, all kinds of incidental expenses. The larger speakeasies developed concessions to defray costs. These concessions included such activities as the sale of cigarettes, the sale of flowers and other toys, the hat check facility, and taxi access rental. These concessions could be rented to outside entrepreneurs, thus providing the speak with income. However, there was a danger that the concession owners could turn out to be criminals themselves, or be in the control of criminals. This meant that even an honest saloon owner could find his place overrun with unsavory types.

In addition to these innocuous concessions, there were more sleazy delights on offer. A speakeasy could earn a great deal of extra money by renting out its back rooms to

gamblers. Con men often had the same idea, and haunted cheap speaks looking for suckers to hustle, giving the speak owner his cut of the profits later. Prostitutes operated on the same principle, using the speak as a means of meeting Johns and paying the speak owner for the privilege.

One notorious feature of Prohibition was the clip joint. These criminal establishments looked like speakeasies and acted like speakeasies. However, their main income came not from liquor, but from robbery. The prospective mark would be made drunk, or drugged. Usually called a Mickey Finn, drugged drinks were common during Prohibition. Honest speaks used Finns to silence unruly patrons, but clip joints used them to render marks insensible. Once dead to the world, the mark could be robbed, rolled, and thrown out of the joint by the grifters, pickpockets, and muggers who claimed the clip joint as their territory.

Concessions

The cigarette girls must be (In their feet the whole night long. They are under orders to keep moving from table to table, laying a package of nuts here and there before the customers and keeping after them to see that they buy. The girls' ceaseless cry of "Cigarettes! Cigarettes!" angers many patrons. . . . But the girl can't stop. If she does, she's fired.

—Jimmy Durante, *Nightclubs*.

Cigarette girls, and other concession employees, are speakeasy fixtures. They are bar girls. Their main function is to sell. They are usually young and usually pretty. Suckers are more likely to pay up if the seller is an attractive woman. However, anyone who looks closely can see the *fatigue* in their eyes. They may also notice that the girls' dresses have no pockets. This is for the concession owner's benefit. Foolish young men have been known to tip well, thinking to impress girls that way. What happens instead is that the concession owner takes the tip. If the girl had pockets, she might be tempted to squirrel away a dime or two. Hence the lack of pockets in her dress.

Here are some sample concession products and prices:

- Ten Camel cigarettes in a specially made package: \$1.
- Rag doll (or any other cheap toy liable to appeal to a drunk): \$6.
- Paper gardenia flower: \$1.
- Four roses (as a boutonniere): \$4.50.

The keeper should bear in mind that the simplest way to convert a 1920s price to present day purchasing power is to multiply by ten. Thus that packet of ten Camels goes for the equivalent of \$10 in today's money.

From the keeper's point of view, the Mickey Finn should be treated like any other poison. There was no fixed recipe, nor was there a standard outcome. Though most Finns weren't designed to kill, many were designed to make the recipient sick. Others provoked powerful diarrhea. The POT of any Mickey Finn should be no greater than 10 nor less than 4. The specific effect of the drink is up to the keeper, bearing in mind that the intent is to incapacitate the target.

Speakeasies were often run and frequented by genuine gangsters. The saloons, since they were illegal, no longer had the protection of the police, and that meant that they were easy marks for criminals looking for new markets. During Prohibition, alcohol sales were second only to loan sharking and extortion as sources of illegal income, which made speakeasies tempting targets for the criminal underworld. Associating with the criminal element brought its own risks. One attempt on the life of Al Capone riddled the restaurant he was in with more than a thousand bullets. Four customers of Legs Diamond's Hotsy Totsy Club were assassinated because they might have testified against Legs in court about a shooting incident. One of the men killed in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre was an ordinary citizen, an ophthalmologist, who just happened to get his thrills by associating with gangsters. Individuals who associate with gangsters may not be identified as innocents until after the shooting stops.

The Booze

At Indiana [University] they picked me to find some good liquor for a visitor from Wabash College, a Phi Gamma Delta man no less and a millionaire, coming to a weekend football game. This was Ed Ball, later chairman of the board of his family's Ball-Mason jar company in Muncie. We wanted to wine and dine him royally, impress him, so he'd remember us after he'd got to head the company. I went down to the pool hall to see my favorite bootlegger, but damned if he hadn't been knocked off in a gang shoot. So I had to pinch around and find what I could. It turned out to be the vilest gin ever made. I was amazed. We damn near killed Ed Ball. He lay around for hours, green and groaning. We all got deathly sick.

- John Arthur Hendricks, from Kobler's *Ardent Spirits*.

Quite apart from alcoholism, Prohibition presented the very real danger of alcohol poisoning. The people who brewed and supplied the liquor had their eye on the profits, not the safety of their customers. The New York *Daily News* published "The Hands of Death," a barometer which registered the daily fatalities that the city's chief medical examiner attributed to guns, automobiles, and poisoned alcohol. The barometer started fresh on January 1 each year, and continued adding up the deceased until year's end. The edition for 8 December 1927 recorded that alcohol had outstripped the gun by more than two corpses to one. Booze was responsible for 652 deaths while the gun only got 278. The same paper that recorded that statistic

had a bad booze story on page two: "POISON RUM KILLS LOVERS. 'My God, I'm terribly sick, and Mrs. Murphy has died, and her husband is dying,' the husband-to-be managed to say, while calling for the ambulance. He died moments later, but by the time of his phone call his fiancée was already dead."

The wealthy had significantly less to worry about. The alcohol smuggled to them was either genuine Canadian manufacture, or from Europe via the Caribbean. Even then, they took no chances. Most people who could afford it kept a chemist on the payroll, to make sure that their bootlegger's brandy wasn't poisonous. Those paying top dollar (and prices could range up to \$50 or more per bottle), would probably get their booze unadulterated. Those who went for bargains, or dealt with the more unscrupulous dealers, would receive the same bottles. Although the bottles' seals looked genuine, the alcohol within had been cut.

The middle classes and the drinking poor had to take what they could get. Since booze was illegal, no government organization inspected it for safety. Since hundreds of thousands of people were making their own hooch with their own recipes, a number of unhealthy ingredients found their way into the public's alcohol supply.

The Wages of Sin: Poisoning

METHANOL

*Ethyl
And Methyl'
Like Ike
And Mike
Strangely you look alike.
Like sisters I have met
You're very hard to tell apart - and yet
The one consoles more gently than a wife;
The other turns and cripples you for life.*
- Wallace Irwin, "Owed to Volstead."

The most prevalent ingredient of Prohibition alky was methanol, or wood alcohol. Though wood alcohol is cheaper to make than ethanol, it is a deadly poison even in small doses. Unscrupulous moonshiners would spike their brew with a shot of methanol for the necessary kick. Spiking could be done at any stage in the operation: by the original moonshiner, the wholesaler, or the actual seller of the alcohol.

Methanol shot to fame in 1927 with the Methanol Poisoning Scandal. Methanol had offered a solution to the difficult problem of industrial alcohol: American industry needed alcohol for many things, from pharmaceuticals to hair tonic. However, the Anti-Saloon League's members realized that although industrial alcohol had to be kept legal, its existence threatened their dry utopia. To dissuade drinkers from consuming industrial alcohol, the ASL arranged for it to be denatured (made undrinkable), by adding poisonous substances to it. That substance was usually methanol. Since the ASL made no provision for labeling the denatured industrial alcohol as poisonous, many unsuspecting drinkers ended up crippled or dead as

a result of drinking methanol-spiked industrial alcohol. This fact first came to the public's attention after New Year's 1927, when scores of poisoned drinkers were admitted to New York's Bellevue Hospital. Forty-one of them died, killed for celebrating the New Year. There are no accurate statistics, but it is likely that by 1927 upward of 50,000 people had died as a result of methanol poisoning, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands more who were crippled by it.

The cheaper the drink, the more likely it was to contain methanol. "Smoke" (slang for cheap garbage that drunks consumed when nothing else was available), at 10 cents a glass, could be up to 50% methanol. The amount of methanol cutting would depend on the financial security of the local cutters. When there was money to spare, the cutters could afford safe ethanol and didn't need methanol. If money was scarce, possibly because a gang war had emptied the cutters' war chest, the syndicate might need every dollar it could muster to hire soldiers and keep up with the competition. This meant that cheap methanol became the cutters' choice. Formerly trustworthy speaks might end up distributing more methanol than they knew.

The effects of methanol poisoning are greatly delayed. Symptoms manifest twelve to twenty-four hours after the dose has been ingested. This makes methanol poisoning very difficult to deal with medically. The most common and mildest symptom is decreased vision, or possibly complete loss of sight. Given time, vision will return naturally, provided that the dose wasn't too strong. This may take one to three days to happen. Heavier doses of methanol can produce dizziness, headache, vomiting, abdominal pain, seizures, coma, and death.

Pure methanol has POT 5 per pure shot glass or fluid ounce. Most drinks will contain 5% methanol at most, but cheaper ones may contain up to 50%. Carefully count how many contaminated drinks the character downs, and only roll on the Resistance Table after all the drinks have been consumed. With a failed POT roll, the character loses vision in 12 + 1D12 hours. A fumbled POT roll results in any of the more severe symptoms described above.

LEAD POISONING

Lead acetate, also known as sugar of lead, a finely ground, crystalline, sweet-tasting derivative of lead, was sometimes used to sweeten cheap sour wines. Frequent consumers of this toxic stuff suffered severe lead poisoning. Mild symptoms include fatigue, irritability, and headache. Larger doses induced cramps, delirium, seizures, coma, and death from brain swelling.

No system is provided for lead poisoning. The enterprising keeper could simulate slow alcohol poisoning with the above symptoms and a slow drain of sanity. In the *Call*

of *Cthulhu* game, the player may not even notice. However, the increasing dementia brought on by progressive lead poisoning could be very interesting if it is inflicted on a trusted non-player character.

JAKE PARALYSIS

As a case study, consider the following. In 1930, a paralytic epidemic began sweeping across the nation. Tens of thousands were eventually afflicted, each with the same essential symptoms. The epidemic was reported by *Collier's Magazine*:

The victim of 'jake paralysis' practically loses control of his fingers. He is able to press the tips of his little fingers and his third fingers to the palm of his hand. But the other two fingers on each hand, and his thumbs, are nerveless and useless. . . . The feet of the paralyzed ones drop forward from the ankle so that the toes point downward. The victim has no control over the muscles that normally point the toes upward. When he tries to walk his dangling feet touch the pavement first at the toes, then his heels settle down jarringly. That's how he moves. 'Tap-click, tap-click, tap-click' . . . The calves of his legs, after two or three weeks, begin to soften and hang down; the muscles between the thumbs and index fingers shrivel away. This is 'jake paralysis.'



The culprit was discovered to be a Jamaican ginger extract, about 70% alcohol, that was being sold as a headache remedy and general digestion aide. Further investigation pointed to a distributor in Boston, who had sold it to literally dozens of companies. The alcohol used by the Boston distributor had been denatured with tricresyl phosphate, a common chemical used to help varnish and lacquer set. It was soluble in alcohol, miscible with ginger, and cheap. Astonishingly, it was not listed as a poison in most standard reference works of the time. Although some of the victims of Jake Paralysis eventually recovered, more than thirty-five thousand victims suffered permanent nerve damage. The FDA discovered and eliminated the contaminated extract by 1932, but the victims of Jake Paralysis lived on.

Although there was no cure for Jake Paralysis, there was a macabre sequel. Chemical analysis showed that the tricresyl phosphate destroyed nerve transmission in humans, hence the crippling nature of Jake Paralysis. This information was used by German chemists later in the 1930s, to create nerve gases such as tabun, soman, and sarin.

POISONED ALCOHOL AND PLAYER CHARACTERS

The keeper is reminded that deaths or permanent disabilities brought about by poisoned alcohol were by and large rare. Use such events to frighten characters and dismay players—that is, heighten tension rather than randomly incapacitate characters. Even the best role-players are distressed if a character falls victim to a mundane illness. Far

better, or at any rate more interesting, to be consumed by a shoggoth than struck down by Jake Paralysis.

IF IT TASTES LIKE *e* AT'S URINE, WHY DRINK IT?

*If it tastes like eat's urine, why drink it?
If it tastes like eat's urine, why drink it?
Then my sullen and sinister tummy
Rose slowly and spoke to my brain;
"Say, boss, what's the stuff you've been drinking
That fills me with nothing but pain?"*
- Wallace Irwin, "Owed to Volstead."

Players and keepers may wonder why, given the nature of the drink available during Prohibition, people drank at all. They may naturally suppose that, if the alcohol tasted horrible, people wouldn't imbibe. Truly, the foul taste of some of the alcohol did not put drinkers off.

The first casualty of Prohibition was the taste bud. It didn't take long for people's senses to be deadened. Soon, only those who could afford to go on holiday to Europe or other wet havens could remember what real, genuine alcohol tasted like. Many drinkers became used to the kick of methanol-spiked hooch, and actually came to like it.

People drank more quickly than they used to. Booze was illegal, and speakeasies could be raided. Knowing this, people tended to swallow their liquor hurriedly, in case the law decided to descend upon the speakeasy and arrest all present. Further, slamming down one's booze gave the drinker a certain fashionable hipness or cachet. Consequently, an unpleasant taste might be ignored or might register too late to do the drinker any good.

After a while, people grew wise, and began mixing their drinks. The cocktail attracted an almost religious following in America during the 1920s and 1930s. People were desperate to dilute their alcohol, to kill off the foul taste of the hooch. Therefore they would mix their gin or scotch with ginger ale, or fruit juice, or tonic water- anything at all, in fact, so long as it had a more pleasant taste than the booze did. Though alcohol has long been safe again, and its various tastes acceptable, the tradition of the cocktail now seems unshakeable.

3. Where Did It Come From?

Her mother, Myrtle, and my mother almost went into business together but when they learned the local gangsters frowned on ladies selling home-made gin, even though it was direct from their own bathtubs, they went into the panache fudge business instead.

- Gypsy Rose Lee, *Gypsy, Memoirs of America's Most Celebrated Stripper.*

The manufacture and distillation of alcohol is a fairly simple process. Human civilization has been making alcohol for more than five thousand years, and Prohibition forces quickly found it was virtually impossible to ban the home production of high potency alcohol simply because it is so easy. The ingredients of alcohol are yeast, sugar, and water, all of which could be obtained legally and without any fuss. The production process of specific alcohols is sometimes more complex, and requires different variations on that theme (the difference between lager beer and ale, for example, is in the type of yeast used), but as a rule Prohibition alky cooks were satisfied with plain bread yeast, sugar, and tap water.

The process of fermentation, simplified, is that yeast will produce alcohol if placed in a solution of sugar and water, called mash, given the correct acidity, kept at 90 degrees, and left alone. The yeast will convert starches or sugars into ethyl alcohol, and die when the concoction reaches between 14 and 18% alcohol. This process generally takes about two days. If the yeast is fed grain starches the product is beer. If it is fed fruit, the product is wine. Although beer and wine are manufactured in different ways, the processes were virtually the same during Prohibition. Fine wines and rare beers were not the point of Prohibition-era alcohol production, but rather something that could be produced quickly and that included alcohol. Time, an ingredient that legitimate distillers and brewers favor, was ignored. Most moonshiners hadn't the patience to wait more than a few days before selling their product.

Ardent Spirits

To achieve an alcohol content higher than 18%, a process called distillation has to take place. Rather than using grain or fruit as a base, Prohibition's distilled liquors were generally made directly from sugar. Com sugar, production of which increased sixfold between 1919 and 1926, gave off little odor when cooking, and had little residue. A full gallon of 50% alcohol could be brewed and distilled from a ten pound bag of com sugar. Making mash directly out of sugar minimized the alcohol's taste, allowing flavors to be added when it was cut. To distil a liquor, the alcohol mash was boiled, and the resulting steam, which had a much higher alcohol percentage due to alcohol's lower boiling point, was captured and recondensed into a much more potent liqueur.

Again, the legitimate production of a specific distilled alcohol, whether whiskey, vermouth, or bourbon, involves a lot of time and effort. The spirits need time to mellow and mature, and the exact process by which the spirits are given their distinctive flavor can be closely guarded secrets. Moonshiners weren't interested in complicated recipes or allowing time for the booze to mellow. Instead, they flavored the raw alcohol with whatever came to hand, and sold the hooch as quickly as possible.

Home Brew and Manufacture

In America, alcohol could be brewed at home, or it might be created in one of many large plants across the country.

Based on the sale of hops and malt, the Prohibition Bureau estimated that seven hundred million gallons of home beer were brewed in 1929. The process was not complex, but it could be dangerous. Careless shiners could be scalded, blown up, or smothered. Even so, there were plenty of people willing to take the risk.

Domestically produced alcohol was what the common man drank. The average blind pig drink was a shot of raw but diluted ethanol given some sort of inexpensive flavor. This could be highly dangerous, particularly if methanol or something equally toxic replaced the ethanol. Since no one would ever cut their own alcohol with poisonous methanol or iodine, home brew was generally much safer than a speakeasy's brew. However, there were risks to home manufacture. The room that the liquor was brewed in had to be well ventilated, or explosive and poisonous gases could build up, with disastrous consequences. The cooking equipment had to be carefully cleaned and maintained, or the resulting liquor could be unpleasant, or even mildly toxic. A distillery had to be carefully watched during the cooking process, to make sure that it didn't get too hot or build up too much pressure. Care also had to be taken when closing down the still to drain off the liquor, since the mash was scalding hot and the pressure inside the still was tremendous. More than one careless shiner got a face full of hot mash and steam. Experienced moonshiners recommended that a shiner not smoke (for fear of explosion) or drink (for fear of drunken carelessness) while cooking alcohol.

Not everyone made their home-brew for themselves. In some larger cities, such as Detroit and Chicago, families were pressed into a work force of illegal alcohol production, and provided with stills and materials. In some cases, entire tenement buildings full of people would be press-ganged into service by the local mobs. These often ill trained and poorly equipped people handled the manufacturing and bottling of the alcohol, and had it ready to ship at designated pick up times. Some of these families earned a share of the profits, others \$15 a week, and still others gained nothing but the continued well-being of their loved ones.

In 1928, a Chicago policeman estimated that his city housed about a hundred stills per city block. This did not include the thousands of people who were making their own home brew beer or wine. And as the years went by, the purchase of beer and wine making ingredients became easier. One New York vintner sold bricks of compressed grape concentrate. The concentrate could be used to make grape juice, but each brick came with a stern "WARNING! If the contents of this package are added to five gallons of water, five pounds of sugar and one cake of yeast, the result will be an intoxicating beverage which is illegal in the United States."

Manufactured Alcohol

Banning the manufacture of drinking alcohol didn't result in the elimination of all alcohol in American borders. Hundreds of industrial processes required alcohol. Congressional dries developed a complex system for rendering manufactured alcohol undrinkable before it was shipped. Nearly eighty recipes were developed to adulterate industrial alcohol, each in a way that would not affect the manufacturing process it was involved in. Each company that used alcohol in its manufacturing process was issued a license to purchase the alcohol, and then went to alcohol manufacturers in order to purchase it.

This complex system left a great many loopholes through which bootleggers slipped in and out. Forged permits were easy to obtain, and the bootleggers very quickly learned which recipes were easiest to clean. Some enterprising alcohol smugglers simply had the manufacturing companies increase their production and took the excess. Others set up dummy companies that manufactured products that necessitated alcohol, and purchased it with legitimate papers.

Sometimes, the plants simply overproduced and knowingly sold directly to the bootleggers. Prohibition enforcement was very thin, and not every agent was interested in making sure an alcohol plant's books were entirely "by the numbers."

The majority of speakeasy alcohol came from industrial plants. Skilled chemists could clean the majority of the poisons out of the alcohol, or the industrial stuff might be diluted with enough home brew that the poison wouldn't affect the drinkers too much. Industrial alcohol was a plentiful, reliable supply.

Some breweries simply never shut down, and indeed continued to operate throughout Prohibition. The Prohibition Bureau's method of declaring a brewery officially closed was to take a single, specific pipe, and post some paper stating that the location was shut down. Many people whose livelihoods depended on those breweries ignored the telltale noises and smells that emanated from supposedly closed premises. A few well-connected breweries didn't even bother to operate clandestinely. The enforcement of Prohibition varied radically from district to district, from agent to agent, and police chief to police chief. If a manufacturer of alcohol could count on the support of the local police force, its chances of being detected and shut down were pretty slim.

Stills ran from five-gallon-per-day stills that fit into a single room to large distilleries the size of legitimate alcohol producers. In New York, dry agents closed down a distillery with 34 vats filled with 2,000 gallons of mash each, capable of producing 15,000 gallons of whiskey per day. It had been caught because it had been stealing electricity from its neighbors.

Cutting Plants

Home brew and industrial alcohol provided America with the vast majority of the alcohol it craved. In 1925, the state of Minnesota tested three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of seized alcohol. Of these, only three gallons had come from a legitimate distillery. Wealthy investigators paying exorbitant amounts for authentic Canadian whiskey may simply be fooling themselves. However, after the hooch was produced it then had to be bottled for sale. This is where the cutting plants entered the equation.

Cutting plants were central warehouses where the home brewed and industrial alcohols would go to be adulterated and placed into bottles. Estimates indicate that about a hundred and fifty of these plants operated in each of the cities of Detroit, Cleveland, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Buffalo, San Francisco, and St. Louis. New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia were likely home to five hundred to a thousand cutting plants at any time.

Cutting plants were fairly simple operations—a recipe was decided on, the ingredients added, and the resulting product would be placed in bottles, then shipped to various warehouses. Often cutting plants ran three shifts, around the clock, to keep up with the demand for booze.

Unadulterated moonshine is colorless and flavorless. While some drinkers were used to that, most preferred that their liquor at least look like the brandy and whiskey that they remembered. Therefore the cutting plants developed tricks designed to make their shine mimic the real pre-war stuff.

By far the most forged distilled liquor of the Prohibition period was whiskey. The raw shine needed to be doctored to give it the characteristic mellow brown look. A bit of tobacco, for example, was put in to give the hooch the illusion of having been aged in a barrel. Unscrupulous manufacturers sometimes cut their alcohol with iodine, which is poisonous in large doses, to give their whiskey a more authentic color and more kick. More despicable were those who cut whiskey with embalming fluid. Ingredients that were put into the alcohol had to dissolve in water and alcohol, to be undetected. And while few gangsters deliberately set out to poison their customers, their primary goal was to stretch the alcohol as far as possible, maximizing their profits. Despite alarming symptoms such as intestinal pains, and even internal bleeding, people in speakeasies downed millions of gallons of dubious liquor.

Connoisseurs thought they could tell truly aged whiskey from week-old moonshine by looking at the "bead" of the liquor. When true, aged whiskey is turned to the side, little iridescent bubbles will rise to the surface. Unfortunately, the distributors discovered that glycerin or fusel oil would create a reasonable imitation of bead. Less contentious cutters would use a compound of sulfuric acid to give the desired effect. While this noxious stuff had plenty of kick, chemists also noted that it ate the enamel off their sinks.

Another popular forged drink was gin, commonly known as bathtub gin. Domestically produced alcohol was diluted thirty to fifty percent, then a few drops of glycerin and juniper juice added to simulate the flavor of gin. This went into bottles too tall to fill with water from a sink tap, but fit quite nicely under bathtub taps, and thus earned its moniker.

4. Transportation

Most of the bootleggers considered that it was an unfair law and a law that had been foisted on us, which had no validity. We knew that the general public didn't support it, that it was disliked, and that we didn't feel that we were lawbreakers,

—Francis (Sam) Racicot, bootlegger.

In any commercial enterprise, transportation is an important aspect of the business. In the alcohol trade, moving the alcohol from one point to another was vitally important. America had a lot of alcohol, after all. Large stores of pre-Prohibition alcohol, and all the legally produced industrial alcohol produced during the Great Dry, was stored in bonded and secured government warehouses. There was also plenty of alcohol in Canada, America's largest land neighbor. The problem was moving the booze from these locations to the drinkers.

Bootleggers quickly became heroes in the early twenties, lionized by their friends and the newspapers alike as daring Robin Hoods who broke an unfair law for the good of the people. The first bootleg operations were mainly raids on existing alcohol stocks. The federally bonded warehouses were raided either at gunpoint or with guile and fake permits. The government responded to these early raids by strengthening the defenses of the warehouses. The bootleggers next struck at the stocks that had been built up by private citizens. Many a sober citizen woke up to find a gun in his face and robbers stripping his wine cellar. People became cautious, and started building false rooms and hideaways for their liquor. Then, once this initial outbreak of robbery subsided, the bootleggers settled down to the serious business of smuggling. There couldn't be enough liquor in either the storehouses or private stocks to supply everyone's needs indefinitely. In order to keep the liquor flowing, the bootleggers had to go abroad and buy it, or brew it themselves.

Approximately two thirds of the alcohol smuggled into America was brought in from Canada, with the remainder coming from seafaring rumrunners off the eastern seaboard. While there was some smuggling from Mexico and to the Western seaboard, this was but a drop in a rising tide of hooch. Canada is America's largest land neighbor, sharing approximately six thousand miles of border. In the early twenties, customs houses were few and far between, and only a hundred customs agents were available to patrol the border. Considering that there were about

four hundred good roads out of Canada, a hundred and fifty passable ones, and any number of trails, the bootlegger's dilemma was not how to get the booze to its destination, but which route to take.

Off the Eastern seaboard, waterborne smugglers needed staging areas where they could refuel, repair, and load their cargoes. The Caribbean islands to the southeast had traditionally filled this role. Only scant generations before Prohibition those same islands had been involved in the lucrative Confederate blockade-running trade. For vessels coming from the north, the Canadian island of St. Pierre et Miquelon performed a similar role. No naturally occurring islands could be made into staging areas on the West Coast, so the West's alcohol tended to come in by land.

One if by Land: Bootleggers

*Twas on a Sunday morning I headed for the north-
The road I often traveled while riding back and forth;
I crossed the old St. Lawrence, going straight to
Montreal*

With Bert La Fontaine's Packard for a load of alcohol.
- Ballad composed in celebration of a
bootlegger, author unknown. From
Everest's *RUM Across the Border*.

Land-based rumrunners used all kinds of tricks to get liquor to their thirsty customers. The first and easiest trick was to simply slip a bottle of whiskey into one's boot, and it was from this practice that the term "bootleg" came from. Customs agents quickly caught onto the trick, but ingenious smugglers always came up with new places to hide their illegal cargoes. They'd put bottles in the baby's carriage, hang hooch-filled hot water bottles from their necks hidden under their clothes, hide hip flasks and bottles in pockets, aprons, and garters. One enterprising soul was caught with two boxes of eggs, each one of which had been emptied of yolk and filled with hard liquor. Another chose to hide his booze in coconuts. These were the smallest sort of operations, providing a bottle or two of illegal alcohol, but not enough to sell in bulk.

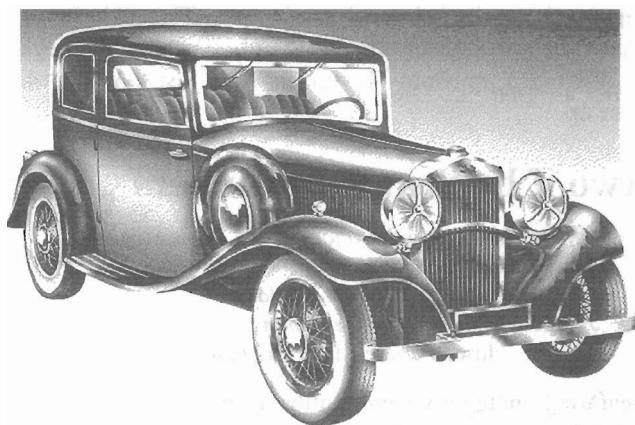
Initially, it was the automobile that supplied the most alcohol to America. Whether in packs or as lone wolves, many young men and women chose to defy the law for kicks, and earn some money while they were at it. The money was good, and initially the job was easy. These lawbreakers could be divided into two groups. The first was made up of solo artists, who owned their own cars and made their own arrangements, sharing the profits with no one. While these runners gossiped among themselves, sharing information about the road and its hazards, they made their border crossings alone.

The second group consisted of hired drivers. Local racketeers would raise cash for the venture and supply the automobile, leaving the driver to take the risk of getting caught. The local syndicate would fill the driver's belly with good food and drink, and fill his ears with flattery, and send him on his way. A driver could make up to \$60 per

run, payable on the safe delivery of fifteen to twenty cases of alcohol, all that could be shoe-horned into a car. Women and children often accompanied rumrunners, adding to the illusion of innocence. Women were popular drivers, since they were considered less likely to smuggle. More ambitious syndicates would hire as many as a dozen individuals, creating a convoy of illegal smugglers who traveled in a loose pack. If the convoy was detected, it would scatter, and any losses incurred would be compensated for by the enormous profits of the remaining carloads. Some packs would defend themselves by having one or two empty vehicles at the rear of the convoy whose sole purpose was to deliberately delay pursuers in a chase.

The preferred vehicles were speedy, rugged and had plenty of trunk space. Cadillacs, Packards, Pierce-Arrows and Marmons were particular favorites. While wild stories were told about 80-mile-per-hour chases, these cars usually couldn't average better than 60 mph. The conditions of the roads, which were primarily unpaved, unmarked tracks, muddy in the summer and icy during winter, certainly didn't lend themselves to reckless driving. In the earliest days of the trade the booze was stuffed in the trunk or hidden under the car seat, but as time went on, the rumrunners showed surprising ingenuity. Clever smugglers built false floors for their cars, filling the space thus created with Canada's most lucrative export. Divided gas tanks were also popular, and cars with convertible fabric tops could have false roof spaces similar to the false floor described above. This last trick required that the top be up all of the time, a dead giveaway to an alert customs official.

Defensive options usually involved smoke screens, which could be generated by pumping oil into the exhaust, bolting a prepared fire extinguisher to the side of the car with the nozzle pointing backwards, or by strategically placing air compression machines that could stir up dirt roads into clouds of choking dust. At least one runner was able to emit mustard gas from the rear of his car. Broken bottles or nails were sometimes dropped to burst the tires of pursuing vehicles. In addition, the suspension and bodywork were strengthened, since the heavy alcohol load put great stress on the car. So did the hazardous nature of the driving. A brand new set of tires



would last two or three weeks, no more, while the car itself might be broken down or crashed within a few months. However, the rumrunners' cars were so well built and maintained that seized cars were occasionally appropriated for work on the side of law.

The early days of the smuggling trade were almost lighthearted, as the daring young speed demons competed among themselves for the title of King or Queen of the Bootleggers. The penalties for smuggling were so light that they weren't taken seriously: a maximum of two years in jail and a fine up to \$1,000, and smuggling convictions were rare. A rumrunner wasn't considered a seasoned smuggler unless he'd been caught at least once. In this romantic period, it was a point of honor not to abandon the vehicle if caught. But once the penalties were upgraded, these niceties were ignored, and bootleggers on the point of capture would abandon their cars and hightail it into the woods. This was seldom necessary since much of the rural countryside hadn't voted dry in the first place. A farmer could make a tidy sum renting his bam to a bootlegger who had the law on his tail.

As the game became more serious, bootleggers learned to fear and mistrust law enforcement officers, largely because of the lawmen's allegedly indiscriminate use of firearms. While the media favored the bootlegger in shooting cases, more or less, the courts came down decidedly in favor of the police. Judges might not approve of the Volstead Act, but they had every sympathy for lawmen who faced armed smugglers. As a result, the bootleggers' original lighthearted attitude changed to an intense dislike for the men who were trying to enforce the law.

Not all border guards scrupulously tried to maintain the cordon. Customs agents and border town police officers could make excellent money by turning a blind eye to the traffic. Some went so far as to demand fees for safe passage, sometimes as much as \$30 per carload of alcohol.

Virtually all Prohibition enforcement took place on the American side of the border. Canada had little reason to help the United States to control the flood of alcohol. Legal purchases of alcohol gave the Canadian government \$30 million a year in tax revenue, which only increased as Prohibition went on. The Canadians' friendly attitude to the smugglers continued even when the smugglers started carrying contraband from America to Canada, thus making money on both legs of the journey. The majority of Canadian government officials simply turned a blind eye to America's problem. The profits were just too good to pass up.

Two if by Sea: Rumrunners

*Oh, we don't give a damn for our old Uncle Sam,
Way-a, whiskey and gill!*

*Lend us a hand as we stand into land
Just give us time to run the rum in.*

Joseph Chase Allen. *The Black Ships*. 1921.

Seafaring smugglers were similar in many ways to their landlubber brethren. Most were not career criminals, but

they saw a chance to make money and took it gratefully. These were small operators: ex-fishermen or ex-merchant seamen, often with military experience, working together to beat a law they perceived as unfair. Virtually every kind of vessel was used for rumrunning, from battered fishing trawlers and venerable three-masted schooners to more modern cargo ships and steamers. However, a smuggler would never use an American-registered ship, since an American ship could be impounded and its crew arrested anywhere in the world if it was found to be smuggling alcohol. Ships of foreign registry were not subject to this, provided that they remained more than three miles off the American coast. This meant that many American boats switched to a foreign registry—British was a favorite—to avoid legal complications.

It soon became the custom for alcohol-laden ships to loiter just outside of the three-mile limit. Bill McCoy, a notorious and extremely successful smuggler (see the sidebar on page 21), claimed to have established the first of what became known as "Rum Rows," off of the New York coast. Rum Rows were vast congregations of smuggling ships that anchored together outside of the limit and waited patiently for their land-based connections to make contact. The largest and best-known Rum Row was that for New York City, but there were similar rows off Boston, Florida, and New Orleans. Liquor supplied by the Rum Rows was considered superior to any other kind, since the alcohol hadn't been on land to be cut, and it had come straight from the source, so it couldn't be forged. Good liquor was said to be "just off the boat," or "the real McCoy," referring to Bill McCoy's reputation for fair dealing in quality merchandise.

The operation of these Rows was extremely simple. Anyone who wanted to buy liquor went out to the row in their own boats and bought what they pleased. The ships on the Row hung signs from their rigging, advertising their wares and prices. Since their cargoes were primarily filled with booze, the ships were seldom well supplied with anything else, and boats had to ferry out any other goods that were needed. Floating communities were created that would remain at anchor for months on end. Tourists came out to gawk. Wild parties were thrown.

It's worth noting that the Rum Row smugglers, like the landlubber speedsters, smuggled only alcohol as a rule. While they were also known to carry more mundane items, such as French perfume, Swiss watches, and contraceptives, these cargoes were uncommon. Other cargoes, such as narcotics, while valuable, were considered distasteful. Many of the early smugglers considered themselves public benefactors, defying an unjust law by providing what people wanted. Alcohol was harmless enough, but dope and illegal aliens were reprehensible. The occasional rumrunner might smuggle guns and ammunition to a rebellion brewing in the Caribbean, but the vast majority of the smugglers transported nothing but alcohol.

The life of the alcohol smuggler wasn't entirely care-free. A new breed of pirate began to prowl the eastern seaboard, looking to pick off smugglers. A common pirate trick was to board the smuggler posing as customers, then slaughter the smuggler's crew, dump the bodies overboard, and strip the smuggler of everything valuable. From the pirates' point of view, it didn't matter if they caught the runner coming or going. They would end up with a shipload of booze they could sell, or they'd get the money the smuggler had just made off the sale. Either way, the pirates made a good haul.

Smugglers were also the targets of scams. One group of unscrupulous alcohol distributors paid off the Icelandic fishing vessel *Kormak* with \$600,000 in Confederate money for its cargo of booze. The family that had owned

Kormak, having sunk their life savings into a single massive shipment of alcohol, were left stone-broke.

Seafaring smugglers also had to watch out for the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard went into Prohibition enforcement without much in the way of prestige, funding, or supervision. Many smugglers accused the Coast Guard of using illegal tactics to make their own profit from rum smuggling. Smuggler captains complained that the men of the Coast Guard were little more than government pirates, stealing everything movable as they held boats without cause.

Naturally, rumrunners began to defend themselves. War surplus provided machine guns and other arms. By his own account, McCoy kept at least two Lewis machine guns, several Thompson submachine guns, half a dozen Winchester

William "Bill" McCoy

McCoy, the son of a bricklayer, was fascinated by the sea all his life. McCoy, his father, and his brother Ben started a boatyard in Jacksonville, Florida. The yard thrived, and attracted clients like the Vanderbilts and Carnegie, but the family incurred many debts when they tried to set up a water taxi service. When they started their business they had no land competitors, but soon land-based taxi and bus companies cut into their trade. When Prohibition arrived, the brothers were almost broke.

McCoy, now middle aged, started smuggling to reduce his debts. He felt that the Prohibition law was an unfair one. He compared himself to John Hancock, a signatory to the Declaration of Independence, who had turned to smuggling to defy unjust tariffs. In 1921 he sold the motorboat taxi business, and bought a ninety-foot fishing schooner, the *Henry I. Marshall*, with the proceeds. He then set off for Nassau, and fame and fortune.

His first few trips were so successful that he was soon able to buy his dream ship, the *Arethusa*, He hired another crew to sail the *Marshall*, and ran the *Arethusa* himself. He established himself in Nassau and tried to register the *Arethusa* there, but had to change the name of his boat to the *Tomoka* because there was already an *Arethusa* on the Nassau registry. McCoy began to see himself as an admiral of the smuggling fleet, but was swiftly brought down to earth again when the *Marshall* was captured. The disaster was compounded by McCoy's indiscretion. He had left detailed written instructions to the captain aboard the *Marshall*, and these orders proved that McCoy was the owner of the smuggler ship. McCoy was forced to go into hiding. He sailed first for Nova Scotia, and when Nova Scotia proved dry and inhospitable McCoy went to St. Pierre et Miquelon. It was the first time any of the alcohol smugglers had stopped there, and McCoy made friends who would prove useful in his later career.

Now McCoy armed his ship and kept a crew of tough ruffians on board. He was able to carry on for a few trips more, but his love of the *Tomoka* was his undoing. On 26

November 1923 the Coast Guard apprehended him outside the three-mile limit after a brief sea fight. McCoy, seeing that his *Tomoka* was in danger of being destroyed, surrendered. Technically the Coast Guard was in the wrong, in that they shouldn't have acted outside the limit. However, the guard may have been encouraged by the negotiations then under way to extend the limit from three to twelve miles. In any event, McCoy was an American citizen, though his ship was British registered, which meant that McCoy was fair game. McCoy was charged with the *Marshall's* crimes. On 30 May, 1925, McCoy went to prison for nine months.

McCoy was released from prison just before Christmas, 1925. He then announced his retirement. "This is not repentance," he told the world. "If the racket today promised half the fun I've had out of it in the past, I'd jump into it tomorrow. But the game has altered. . . . Modern efficiency does away with individual enterprise, and the spirit of adventure. Big business wants safety and results, and present-day rumrunning is big business." He made some judicious investments in Florida real estate, and lived quietly. He died of a heart attack aboard his motor cruiser *Blue Lagoon* on December 30, 1948.

William "Bill" McCoy, 1875?-1948

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 65 HPI 5

Damage Bonus: +ID4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75% damage ID3 + db
Kick 48%, damage 1D6 + db

.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10 + 2

12-Gauge Shotgun 55%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Thompson Submachine Gun 45%, damage IDW + 2

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 48%, Conceal 60%,

Fast Talk 55%, Listen 60%, Navigate 80%, Pilot Small

Sailing Craft 70%, Pilot Large Sailing Craft 85%,

Persuade 65%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 80%.

rifles, and several sawed-off shotguns aboard his ship, as well as a Colt .45 for each crewman. When dealing with customers, the Lewis guns were aimed at the customer's ship at all times, while the Thompsons were discreetly hidden in furlled sails. The smugglers also changed their business practices. Rather than sell to just anyone, they often contracted to sell to specific people before their ship left harbor, reducing the risk of being attacked or swindled.

The End of the Independents

By the end of 1924 the game was getting too rough for many independents. The Coast Guard was becoming more efficient and aggressive. In addition, the guard had a bigger budget, was able to hire more men, and was bringing Navy surplus destroyers into their fleet. Some smugglers complained that the guard was in league with the criminal syndicates, acting to force the small businessman out of the market. At the same time the criminal syndicates were beginning to take over the trade. Bill McCoy, the preeminent independent smuggler, dramatically announced his retirement after his release from prison. A new era of the hooch trade was beginning.

The syndicates wanted to realize greater profits by running every aspect of the booze trade, so in the middle twenties they started forcing the smaller independents out of business. Smuggling became less civil disobedience, more an aspect of the alcohol racket. On land, this meant that the truck or the train usually replaced the car. These vehicles carried more cargo, and their protection was guaranteed not by tricky driving or odd mechanical toys but by extensive bribes to law enforcement officials. Large convoys of liquor began moving around the country.

By 1925 the ships that waited in the Rum Rows were custom-built for the smugglers' trade. Shells had replaced the independents' rag-tag collection of steamers and sailing ships, ships stripped down almost to the hull and the engine to maximize cargo space. These more modern vessels were equipped with radio and direction finders, much like the Coast Guard's own equipment. No longer did they deal with all comers, but instead had syndicate contacts ashore who told them when and where to expect delivery. The cigarette boats that brought booze to and from this new Rum Row were themselves innovations of the boat builders' craft, being built for speed and cargo space and nothing else. Once again, war surplus helped the smugglers and hindered law enforcement. Surplus Liberty airplane engines, sometimes four to a boat, made the smugglers' boats faster than anything the Coast Guard had. Piracy was almost dead. No one wanted to risk annoying a syndicate boss by hijacking his alcohol shipment. Even so, the rumrunners now went about in heavily armed convoys, virtually immune to attack.

The new syndicate men had fewer scruples about carrying cargoes other than alcohol. Cleo Lythgoe (see the sidebar on page 23) claimed that narcotics and illegal aliens sometimes found their way aboard syndicate ships. However, this was a relatively rare occurrence, since

booze was far and away the most profitable cargo to carry. Narcotic smuggling was difficult, since the ambivalently booze-friendly authorities were much harsher where drugs were concerned. Lythgoe was once incarcerated and strip-searched while her luggage was cut apart-upon the mere accusation of narcotics smuggling.

The romance of the small smuggler had been replaced by the reality of the syndicate shipper. As with virtually every aspect of the illegal alcohol trade, the big boys had come and pushed everyone else out of the sandbox. Independent smuggling struggled on all the way to the end of Prohibition, but they were no match for the well-funded syndicate shippers.

5. Distribution

Examine your bill when the waiter presents it. Remember even they are human beings and liable to err- intentionally or otherwise.

- Barney Gallant, proprietor of Club Gallant.

Most customers didn't buy their booze directly from Bill McCoy or Al Capone, or even get it straight off the boat. Layers of middlemen, most notably local distributors and the operators of speakeasies, stood between the customer and the alcohol. All of them made a tidy profit from America's best-known illegal vice.

Speakeasies weren't the only place where people could get liquor. Many drinkers found loopholes in the law to get the alcohol they wanted. For instance, medicinal alcohol was allowable under the act. Millions of people promptly fell ill and acquired prescriptions for it. Approximately one million barrels of medicinal alcohol were sold per year, netting doctors an estimated profit of forty million dollars in 1928 alone. Since wine was allowable for religious purposes, that too produced vast amounts of false claims. The demand for sanctified wine increased by nearly a million gallons a year throughout Prohibition. This affected people's judgment, as they stopped assuming that religious people were necessarily honest or devout. Prohibition Agent Izzy Einstein, himself originally an Austrian Jew, had an odd experience while attempting to infiltrate a suspected speakeasy. Izzy, clean, dressed in an expensive suit and accompanied by an attractive woman, was asked for identification. He reached into his wallet and pulled out the first card he found, which happened to be that of a rabbi. The waiter accepted it deferentially and served Izzy, whereupon Izzy pinched the joint. "Imagine," said Izzy later to the press, "A rabbi with a blonde and no beard!"

Some distributors had no prior experience with illegal activity, but were successful regardless. George Remus, for one, found his own legal loophole and exploited it handsomely, keeping five states supplied with alcohol through two clever scams. First, he would forge prescriptions for alcohol and boldly withdraw large amounts

of liquor from government warehouses. Second, he would purchase distilleries that had been closed in 1920, along with their warehouses and unsold stocks of alcohol. He would then drain the warehouse's alcohol from the barrels and fill them with water. Often he left a single barrel of untouched alcohol near the door in case an honest prohibition agent should come to check the stocks. Remus used the alcohol thus gained to keep his chain of pharmacies well supplied with liquor, as well as selling to third parties. Remus was so successful that he made close to three million dollars in his first year of operation. He distributed the alcohol to various syndi-

cates, but never cut the alcohol himself. (See also the sidebar on page 25.)

The colorful names given to Prohibition hooch reflected its unique heritage. Bottled in a Bam, Tiger Spit, Forty-Rod Lightning, Panther Pizen, Strike Me Dead, Golden Wedding, Echo Spring, Tea Kettle, Yack Yack Bourbon, Happy Sally, and Brannigan Brandy were all available for sale. The idea was to use an evocative name, something that would appeal to the consumer, while at the same time not connecting it in any way with a legitimate brand. Despite this, liquor was always ruinously expensive for the consumer. The champagne that cost \$3 per bottle in the Bahamas could cost as much as \$20 in New York.

Gertrude "Cleopatra" Lythgoe

Gertrude Lythgoe was rumored to be a gypsy, an American Indian, an Indian, Russian, French, and Spanish, among many other things. In fact, she was the daughter of British immigrants, and was born in Bowling Green, Ohio, the tenth of eleven children.

While touring England on a singing engagement, Gertrude became friendly with an English magnate who offered her a position at his company. This company (Lythgoe's autobiography doesn't mention the name, although McCoy is on record as believing that it was Haig & Haig), employed her in London for a short *while*, just after the armistice. Then it sent her to New York as the company's representative. Prohibition had just come into force, and the company was very interested in the idea of smuggling alcohol. However, they were reluctant to proceed without having an agent on the ground. Lythgoe volunteered, and chose Nassau as her base of operations. She was provided with a budget and put to work.

She had a lot of trouble at first. The competition was successfully boycotting her, on the grounds that she was a woman and smuggling wasn't woman's work. In addition, at the time Nassau was a very wild town, and Lythgoe, as a woman on her own, was a target for male abuse. It wasn't until Bill McCoy offered to take her with him on a trip to Rum Row, so that she could sell her booze herself, that her fortunes improved. That trip was so successful that she went back to London with the profits and was the star of the special directors' meeting. The company awarded her five hundred common stock certificates in addition to the share of the profits that she had been promised. She even achieved unintended fame when a British agent, de Winton Wigley, featured her in a special newspaper article, "Whiskey Smugglers - Cleopatra, Queen of the Bootleggers," complete with photographs.

Why was Nassau was so eager to encourage smuggling? As with Canada, the prospect of unlimited money turned the Bahamians' heads. Prior to 1920, the Bahamas could expect no more than a thousand British pounds from the liquor tariff. The financial year ending 31 March 1920 saw that figure leap to a whopping 95,000 pounds,

wiping out all public debt. Profits increased by leaps and bounds until 1926. That year, and every year thereafter, the colony earned over 1 million pounds per annum until Repeal. The tourist trade also grew, with new hotels being built almost every year.

Although smuggling made a fortune for the Bahamian government, the British government was less happy about the situation. The activities of the British colonies were sabotaging Britain's relationship with the United States. The British signed a treaty extending the limit from three miles to twelve in 1924, and talked about allowing further search-and-seizure privileges to the U.S. Coast Guard. British smugglers like Lythgoe were being squeezed out of the trade. At the same time Nassau was facing competition, as other Caribbean islands vied to get into the smuggling game. Cleo Lythgoe all but liquidated her Nassau business, and set sail on the *Venturer* on a combined business and pleasure cruise. Unfortunately, the *Venturer* was wrecked off of Bimini, and Cleo's cargo was lost. This ended her career. When she left Nassau, the British colors dipped in salute as she sailed out of the harbor.

In her autobiography, Cleo Lythgoe says that she and McCoy were in love, and planned to sail off on a cruise together. Her story ends at that point, and I have been unable to confirm what happened to her afterwards.

Gertrude "Cleopatra" Lythgoe, ?-?

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 75 HPI 3

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .32 Revolver 65%, damage ID8

Skills: Accounting 60%, Art (Sing) 48%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 60%, Conceal 55%, Fast Talk 78%, French 40%, German 60%, Listen 45%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 85%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 54%.

Similarly, home brewed alcohol was sold by the manufacturer for \$6 per gallon, but sold in the speakeasy for \$40 per gallon, or \$0.60 per glass.

Speak soft. speak easy.

Herman's bar. where hoodlums met

With parasites of the sporting set;

A ceffar Speak.

Grimy;

Clammy. dark,

Slimy.

Stale beer.

Dead butts,

The place stank to turn your guts.

-Joseph Moncure March, "The Set-Up."

The social drinker went to the speakeasy and downed a beer or a cocktail with his friends. Speakeasies and unlicensed saloons had been around for a long time before Prohibition. They served the underclass, and what was served at these speakeasies was barely drinkable. Prohibition made all saloons unlicensed, driving the citizens to places where they could be more easily poisoned.

The smallest speakeasies catered to the client's basic need: alcohol, and a place to drink it. These were dumps, often called blind pigs or blind tigers. Hygiene was ignored, as was any pretense of service. The only purpose of the blind pig was to get people drunk as quickly as possible. Many blind pigs were also clip joints, places where the customer was robbed as well as poisoned.

Other speakeasies were just as basic, but not as unpleasant to be in. These small enterprises could take almost any form. An olive oil firm could have something more potent stored in special tins. A bird store or a florist could hide illegal enterprise behind the counter. Tailors might serve you liquor while they pressed your pants. Pawnbrokers could allow you to pawn your coat and then redeem it, wrapped around a whiskey bottle. Some shoeshine boys kept small bottles in their cash boxes. The Half-Past-Nine Club in New York kept booze in a stuffed grizzly bear, while other speaks had sophisticated hidden panels and other devices suggestive of dime-store mystery novels.

There were several characteristics that were common to all speakeasies. First, the furniture and decoration was very basic and cheap. Many used cheap silk awnings and wall hangings to look more attractive, or to cover up any stains on the walls. The aim was to make sure that if the speak closed down or was smashed up, the owner didn't lose much.

In addition, the service provided by the speakeasy was minimal at best. Sometimes there was a toilet, but just as often there wasn't. Nor was there much chance of food service, unless the speakeasy had started life as a restaurant. The only function of the speakeasy was to sell liquor at a profit. The rooms used might not have been intended for commercial use, and the average speak owner certainly wasn't about to invest in any serious property upgrades.

The staff was often roughnecks of one kind or another. In many Coney Island beer joints, the waiters were also

the bouncers. They used a special technique, known as the flying wedge, to eject unruly customers. The waiters would gather together in a group and rush the customer, using their combined force to push the customer out the front door. Staff also tended to be transient, often disappearing without giving notice.

Many speakeasies had a short life span. Sooner or later, most places got raided, and a raid was a kiss of death to a speakeasy. The alcohol was confiscated or destroyed, and often ax-waving prohibition agents hacked the bar apart. Although conviction rates on speakeasy patrons were generally low, the newspapers took a special delight in printing the names of prominent citizens who were caught up in speakeasy raids. Even without a raid, it was common for a speakeasy to go out of business. The speakeasies operated on a knife-edge, with very little difference between profit and loss. While profits could be substantial, outlay could be even greater. Speakeasy owners spoke in terms of "good days," saying that all they needed was one or two good days in a week to stay in business. If a week went by without any good days, it was likely that the speakeasy would not be open the following week.

Finally, nearly every speakeasy had to reach some kind of agreement with the police or the local gangsters. The police were often willing to live and let live so long as the speakeasy owner was agreeable. Although this often involved bribery, the police were sometimes willing to ignore Prohibition violations without the benefit of additional money. Many policemen believed that speakeasies provided a necessary public service, and were willing to ignore them so long as they were without vice or scams, and served drinkable liquor. In other cases, a speakeasy owner could obtain official goodwill simply by being a "stand-up guy"- a man who contributed to the community and helped out fellow citizens when things were rough. A box of cigars given to the local patrolman might do as much as a cash bribe would. The idea was to make friends with the police, since the bonds of friendship were usually more powerful than bought loyalty.

The gangsters were often less amiable, and insisted on being paid. Many were bootleggers who wanted to get into the speakeasy game, thus earning both from alcohol distribution and retail. Usually they wanted what they called "a piece" of the speakeasy. Ownership rights, either partial or complete, were the gangsters' objective. In exchange they provided protection from other mobsters and the law. This was easier to do in the speakeasy culture of the twenties, since it was rare for anything to be written down or contractually finalized. To the businessmen of that era, a handshake deal was as ironclad as any written contract. Besides, there was always a chance that contracts would find their way into the hands of the law. Gangsters were usually good to speakeasies in which they had an interest. It was part of their image to look generous and play the big shot, so some would scatter thousand dollar bills like seed corn. It was also part of their image to help out people that they considered friends, so if a friendly speakeasy owner

had troubles, say with his supplier or a nosy temperance advocate, the gangsters would move in to settle the issue. However, the continued presence of gangsters in a speakeasy could mean long-term trouble. If one syndicate had an interest in a speakeasy then members of that syndicate would keep the peace, but other, rival syndicates were likely to consider the speakeasy a target. In some cases, the speakeasy was nothing more than a deathtrap. Legs Diamond, a New York crime boss, is known to have used his Hotsy Totsy Club as a meeting place where he could settle disputes with his rivals. If Legs didn't get the result

he wanted, he could always kill his rival and dump the body elsewhere. Nobody in the club would dare testify against him. It was simply too dangerous.

Speakeasies could be anywhere, in any form. Their numbers increased rapidly. For every speak that closed, it seemed as though another two would open. The New York *Telegram* said in 1929:

Where on Manhattan Island can you buy liquor?

ANSWER: In open saloons. restaurants. night clubs, bars behind a peephole, dancing academies. drug-

George Remus

George Remus was the fourth of eight children born to German immigrants. The owner of two pharmacies at the age of twenty, Remus was admitted to the Illinois bar at the age of twenty-four. Specializing in criminal law, he was as successful at law as he had been in the drugstore business, and was soon being asked if he would like to run for public office.

When Chicago went dry in 1918, Remus had gathered criminal contacts through his legal practice. These included Johnny Torrio. They began hiring him to keep their bootlegging businesses clear of the law. Remus was attracted to the bootlegging game by the promise of easy profits for minimal investment.

He sank his savings into alcohol, buying up as much booze as possible before the whole country went dry. In the first few months of Prohibition, Remus had set up a chain of drugstores to sell his booze. Unlike other distributors, Remus refused to cut his liquor, a trait that made his customers very loyal.

Remus soon bought a \$750,000 mansion, equipped with a \$100,000 Olympic-sized indoor swimming pool. His lavish parties are reputed to have inspired Fitzgerald's fictional bootleg baron, Gatsby.

Remus kept his alcohol stocks in a fortified farmhouse called Death Valley Farm. The Farm was heavily armed, primarily against other criminals who might try to raid Remus' supplies. He employed over a thousand salesmen and had twenty armor-plated trucks.

Remus' downfall began with the Teapot Dome scandal. The Harding Presidency had encouraged unprecedented corruption and vice. The president's closest friends, known collectively as the Ohio Gang, had fleeced the country to the tune of millions of dollars. Remus' business had brought him into contact with the Ohio Gang, and when the scandal broke, he was called in as a witness. His testimony blew the lid off of the gang's acceptance of bribes for alcohol permits. At the same time, Remus was being investigated by Indiana Prohibition Director Burt Morgan, and Kentucky Prohibition Director Sam Collins. Both of these men were incorruptible and vigilant. Before long they arranged for the Death Valley Farm to be raided, and soon after that Remus went to jail. His underlings tried to run the

operation themselves, but were so inept, and so eager to cut the booze they were selling, that they soon ended up in jail.

Remus lived in prison much as he had on the outside: in the lap of luxury. This was not to last. His wife, Imogene, fell in love with Franklin Dodge, a Justice Department agent working on Remus' case. Dodge resigned from the department soon after he met Imogene, and the two of them proceeded to steal Remus blind. Dodge even went so far as to wear Remus' hats, tiepins and cufflinks. The only reason Dodge didn't also use Remus' suits and shoes was because they didn't fit. By the time Remus got out of jail, his beloved mansion was an empty shell, stripped of everything valuable. The only thing they left him was the water in the swimming pool. Soon afterward, Dodge arranged for Remus to go to jail a second time, and this time he lived there as an ordinary inmate. Remus only got out by promising to give evidence against his former associates. In the meantime, Imogene and Dodge had been busy arranging for Remus' deportation back to Germany. "We have it all arranged," said Imogene, "He'll go back the same as he came, with a little bundle."

Remus learned on his release that Imogene had put out a contract on his life. This seems to have been the last straw. On 6 October 1927, Remus ambushed Imogene and shot her dead. He had the sympathy of the jury at his trial (Imogene's adultery guaranteed that), and was found not guilty by reason of insanity. The prosecution attempted to have him put in an asylum, but Remus fought this, and eventually was declared sane on appeal.

Remus, much the poorer, sold his mansion, and attempted to build another fortune. This time, he had no brilliant success. He died on 20 January, 1952.

George Remus (1875-1952)

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 14
DEX II APP 13 EDU 19 SAN 59 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .32 Revolver 50%, damage ID8

Skills: Accounting 60%. Bargain 70%. Chemistry 54%,
Credit Rating 75%. Library Use 49%. Fast Talk 75%,
German 45%, Law 80%. Medicine 35%, Persuade 65%,
Pharmacy 59%, Psychology 55%, Swim 65%.

stores, delicatessens, cigar stores, confectioneries, soda fountains, behind partitions of shoeshine parlors, back rooms of barbershops, from hotel bellhops, from hotel headwaiters, from hotel day clerks, night clerks, in express offices, in motorcycle delivery agencies, paint stores . . . importing firms, tearooms, moving van companies, spaghetti houses, boardinghouses, Republican clubs, Democratic clubs, laundries. . . .

In Detroit in 1918, before Prohibition, there were a total of 2,334 liquor establishments operating. In 1925, five years after the start of Prohibition, at least 15,000 speakeasies were doing business. Grover Whalen, the police commissioner of New York City, said "all you need is two bottles and a room and you have a speakeasy." The illegal act of selling alcoholic beverages had become common, small-scale, widespread, and impossible to snuff out.

The U.S. bootlegger went everywhere. George Cassidy boldly delivered alcohol to the House of Representatives itself. Police started a search for him after he dropped his suitcase full of booze. They eventually caught him, three years later, and once again at the House of Representatives.

Clip Joints

"A cab driver came along and said, 'Well, gents, out for a good time?' We said we sure were and asked him where a fellow could have some fun in this town . . . Then he said, 'Ever see a girl take a bath in a milk bottle?'"

- Victim of a clip joint telling his tale, from Cornelius Willemse, *A Cop Remembers*.

More than a few speakeasies of the lowest class were clip joints, frequented by prostitutes and con artists whose main income came from robbing the customer once his faculties were impaired. As often as not, the bartender either turned a blind eye or actively participated in the con artist's scams. If a clip joint began to have a bad reputation, it could always be closed down and opened in another location.

A common clip joint con was the check scam. When a mark had become drunk and incapable, either as a result of a Mickey Finn or bootleg liquor, he was presented with an inflated bill. Since the mark almost certainly didn't have enough cash on him, he would offer to write a check. The bartender agreed to this, but on receiving the check he would claim that it was illegible, rip it up, and ask for another. Several checks might be written in this way. Eventually the mark was allowed to leave, only to discover later that none of the checks had been ripped up, and all had been cashed.

Female shills would sometimes work in concert with the bartender, cozying up to a male patron. Every drink ordered for her was placed on the mark's tab, but the lady was only served colored water. After as many drinks as she could cozen, the shill would leave for the ladies' room and not come out until the mark was gone.

All sorts of underhandedness came out of clip joints. The bill might be padded with phony charges. If the mark complained, there were bouncers ready to apply strong-arm

tactics. Or perhaps the mark would be knocked out by a Mickey Finn, and then his wallet could be searched at leisure. Such tricks didn't encourage repeat custom, but that didn't matter. The clip joint thrived on short term profits.

The police, who normally didn't care to get involved in Prohibition enforcement, were eager to break up clip joints. They saw the clip joint as a genuine social evil, unlike the speakeasy, which served a public need. However, as soon as a clip joint was broken up, it would reopen somewhere else, under a new name but playing the same old tricks.

The Clubs

"Ladies and gentlemen, please finish your drinks and keep calm. We might have a few visitors. In other words, bottoms up. it's a raid."

- Jack Kriendler of the 21 Club,
from Marilyn Kaytor's 21.

More sophisticated clubs served the better class of customer. Not just anyone could get into a club. The customer had to be a member, and have a card to show the lookout man before being allowed in. Some clubs used a special code on their cards to identify specific customers. The 21 Club, for one, used the number 31 as a tip off to the doorman to "keep this bum out of the 21." Alternatively there might be a special password to give the doorman that would allow entry. The door guard was the first line of defense against police raids. In the better class of place the doorman was merely intimidating. In lesser establishments, he went armed.

Inside, the club could be anything from a secret saloon to a restaurant with a live band and dance floor that openly served alcohol. Many clubs also ran games of chance, sometimes rigged, sometimes not. In a small establishment, this could be anything from craps to poker. If a bigger game was run, then the club might conceal an entire gaming room stocked in the same style as Monte Carlo.

Any club with an ounce of class was exorbitantly expensive, since their running costs were staggering. The price of alcohol was outrageous. Everyone who was involved in the manufacturing or distribution process had to be well paid for their involvement in an illegal operation. From the workers in manufacturing plants to chemists who cleaned the alcohol to the truck drivers and their guards and the employees of the speak itself, everyone got a cut of the final sale price. Although alcohol was the club's primary expense, there were other costs that added up to considerable sums. Landlords often charged speaks three times the normal rate for commercial space. The police, the health inspector, the fire inspector, and any nosy prohibition agents had to be bought off. The local beat cop often got a \$50 bonus every time a booze delivery was made. All this soon added up, and the expense was passed on to the customer. In addition, if the local syndicate got involved, that meant a sharp increase in the prices, and sometimes a decline in the quality of the alcohol.

Of course, bribery was optional. Some police units were virtuous, and did not take bribes. Others would not stay bought, and raided the speakeasies that had bribed them the week before. Others raised their prices as far as the market would bear. Most cities had at least one officer who was susceptible to graft. Generally if bribes were accepted, the officers would keep their mouths shut. If a club wanted a quiet life it was best to pay the officials off. The Blue Fox, a highly successful San Francisco speakeasy, operated directly across the street from the building that housed the Hall of Justice and the City Jail. The Blue Fox was never raided, and never experienced an interruption in service.

Still, some clubs did business without the benefit of widely distributed graft. Jack & Charlie's 21 Club of New York was famous for its elaborate security, but not everyone could afford camouflaged, cement-reinforced steel vault doors. Even the 21 couldn't avoid trouble all of the time. The 21 was raided once by the police, and Legs Diamond, a notorious mobster, made it very clear that he wanted a piece of the 21. Legs was assassinated by another gangster before he could move in on the 21.

Private clubs developed many ways of defraying expenses. Cover charges were quickly settled on as a way to make money. Even if the client wasn't there to drink, the club got some cash out of the deal by charging an entry fee. Beyond this, speakeasy owners discovered that all kinds of concessions could be milked, such as pretty young women selling cigarettes or paper flowers. Gambling was frequently incorporated into the club's business practices, from which the house took a generous cut. Taxi films paid top dollar for exclusive rights to a popular club, partially because inebriated passengers didn't watch the fare. If the illegal saloon didn't serve food, they usually kept menus from nearby restaurants to give to the clients, often in return for reciprocal business.

Despite this relentless push to separate the customer from his cash, respectable clubs were often packed nightly. The new children of the night wanted a good show, no curfew, and room to dance. Tens of thousands of clubs appeared all over the country, giving the people what they wanted.



One way most club owners increased their sales was to broaden their client base by welcoming women into their establishments. Before Prohibition, respectable women refused to go anywhere near a saloon. During Prohibition, women refused to be respectable, and the uninhibited flapper happily went to the speakeasy. Socially, women made great gains during the twenties. One of the rights they demanded for themselves was the right to drink and be drunk, just like men.

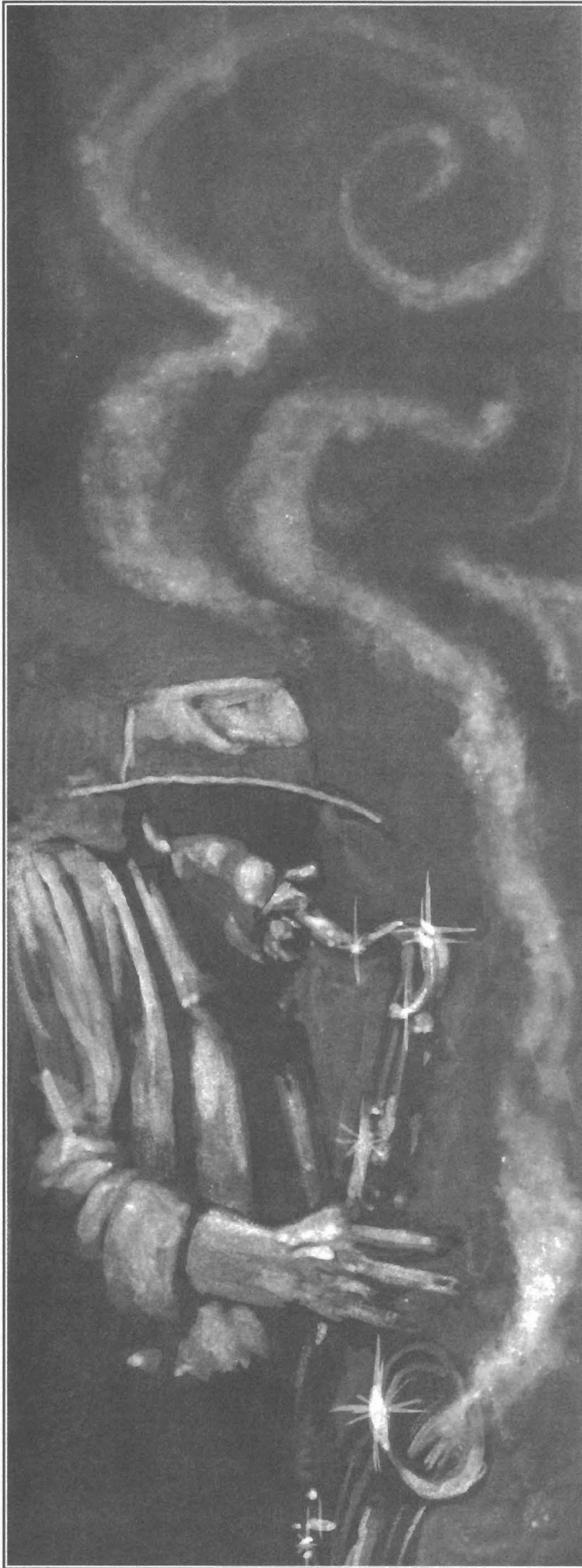
Glitter Palaces

"Since the place was ablaze with light, and music and laughter poured from the door whenever the beautifully dressed women and their escorts streamed in or alii, I should have known there would eventually be a visit from the police."

- Belle Livingstone, from *Belle Out of Order*.

The big palaces were a variation or a specialization of the club theme. Often extravagantly decorated and host to numerous shows, dances, and orchestras, these attracted the wealthiest and most prestigious. They offered more diverse entertainment. The Century Theatre in New York, for example, had a small circus, complete with calliope, shooting gallery, and fishpond. Places like these were often run by people like Texas Guinan, whose cheerful "Hello, sucker!" often heralded the separation of a customer from his money. (See the sidebar on page 29.)

Another famous Prohibition club owner, and Guinan's closest rival for the title of Queen of the New York Speakeasies, was Belle Livingstone. Belle, also known as the Girl with the Poetic Legs as a result of her days as a chorus girl on Broadway, was one of life's drifters. Often married, often wealthy, just as often broke, she was a friend of princes and paupers, and she lived life on her own terms. When, after a financial reversal, she returned to the U.S. from Europe, she decided to open what she called a salon. No vulgar speak, her place was to be a gathering of friends. She brought together "an association of intellectual and affable spirits," as she put it, each of them able to contribute \$200 per year. For that fee, they had eating and drinking privileges at her club. That club didn't last too long, but it was only the first of many. Livingstone's Country Club, the last of her attempts, was a grand five-story building, capable of holding four hundred people. The bar was a streamlined paragon of Art Deco, complete with odd from-the-ground-up lighting that illuminated the women who stood there, allowing the men a chance to see what they were made of. The upper rooms boasted a miniature golf course, complete with a running river, into which boisterous Yalies once slipped a few eels. The main salon was decorated with classical scenes, but the two rooms overlooking the ballroom were decorated with monkeys. Monkeys, Belle decided, were the only creatures she'd seen with the same uninhibited enthusiasm for life as the youth of the Roaring Twenties. The club ended badly. Gangsters moved in. One set of bootleggers went so far as to build a bar of their own at the end of Belle's bar, and did their business right in the



heart of her Country Club. The prohibition agents were after Belle as well, and just after New Year's of 1931, the Country Club was raided. Belle was taken into custody after a daring rooftop chase (Belle, in her red pajamas, was in no shape for running), and spent thirty days in jail. On release, Belle tried to make a life for herself outside New York, but never again was successful in the speakeasy game.

Glitter palaces like Belle's Country Club were often short-lived, and sometimes lost money. These clubs were expensive to set up and maintain, and usually attracted so much attention that they were shut down by the prohibition agents if they didn't have protection. The customers could be as bad an enemy to these clubs as the bureau men, since their excesses could wreck the club. Belle remembered the opening of one of her clubs as a pleasant but exhausting experience. "By dawn the next day wrecks were piled high, and the bodies had to be carried out and deposited in limousines convened in front of the house. My beautiful velvet carpets were covered deep in cigarette ash." (From *Belle Out of Order*.)

Belle relied on sophistication, but other palaces preferred imagination. The Pirate's Den of Greenwich Village, NYC, was once evocatively described by the painter N.C. Wyeth. Wyeth was met at the door by Blackbeard himself, complete with cutlass and flintlock pistols. After being admitted, Wyeth went down a corridor lit only by candles in ship's lanterns. Ahead, Wyeth heard the sounds of a fight, the clash of steel on steel, and a pistol shot or two. Continuing towards the noise, Wyeth eventually emerged in an Aladdin's cave of maritime splendor, piled high with cutlasses, flintlocks, rope and tackle, brass cannons, monkeys, and a parrot in a cage. By this point Wyeth's imagination was working overtime, his nerves were fizzing, and he was ready to spend like there was no tomorrow. Yet, viewed dispassionately, it's unlikely that the Den was very expensive to set up. A doorman in costume, candlelit darkness (good for atmosphere, better for saving on decoration costs), and a truckload of ship's junk that the owner could have picked up in a flea market. If Wyeth had seen the Den in daylight it's unlikely that he would have recognized it. That was the Den's selling point- not that it was a triumph of extravagant decoration, but that it used what it had intelligently, creatively, and to good purpose.

For those who wanted to add some real spice to their evening, there was always Harlem. Everyone wanted to hear the new jazz sound, and learn how to dance the Black Bottom. Middle class whites went on junkets to places like the Cotton Club, whose ambiance and entertainment were black though the management and the owner were white. The twenties were a time when black culture was fashionable in white social circles. Whites admired black entertainers, copied their dances, even made themselves up in black face and sang in black and white minstrel shows. Despite this, whites were very unlikely to accept any notion of black social equality.

Mary "Texas" Guinan

"I like noise, rhinestone heels, customers, plenty of attention, and red velvet bathing suits. / smoke like a fi ve-alarm fire. / eat a n aspirin eve/) 'night l(l0re / go to bed. / call everv man / don't know 'Fred, 'and they love it. / have six ;llcles, / sleep on lly right side. lind / like carrots. / have a dozen oranges every day lind once / took off thirty-five pounds in two weeks. / guess that settles my personality."

—From Louise Berliner, *Texas Guinan*.
Queen of the Nightdubs,

Guinan came out of Waco, Texas determined to be a star. She was briefly a stage actress as well as a star of the silver screen, specializing in silent Westerns. She was unique among female actors of the period in that she could actually do her own stunts. Texas was praised as "the female Bill Hart," but her acting career never really took off. In 1923 she was at the low end of her career, holding down a minor role at New York's Winter Garden. One night, she went with friends to a very dull restaurant. "Someone suggested that I sing. I didn't need much coaxing, so I sang all I knew; my entire repertoire. First thing you know, we were all doing things. Everybody had a great time." This experience and the encouragement of friends decided her. She would go into the nightclub business as a hostess.

At least, that was the story as Tex told it. She had a habit of dressing the truth in borrowed jewelry. She was born the daughter of a grocer in Waco, Texas, for example, and yet somehow in the telling of it her father became a cattle baron, the first white settler in Waco, and a friend of Wild Bill Hickock. "Exaggerate the world," as Tex put it, "Dress up your lives with imagination . . . don't lose that purple mantle of illusion. It's worth more than the price of entry to Prohibition."

Guinan ran a string of clubs specializing in pretty girls and thrilling cabarets. Texas Guinan never sold booze. She let the head waiter do that, on his sole responsibility. It was largely because of this that, although she was arrested many times, she never spent a day in jail. She came close to a prison term in 1928, after Assistant Attorney General Mabel Walker Willebrandt made it her special project to "get" Guinan. The attempt fizzled, and Texas Guinan walked out of court free and clear. When a club was closed down (and they frequently were), she cheerfully opened another one, and the party went on.

Naturally her occupation brought her into contact with the syndicates, but at this late date it's impossible to know exactly how deeply she was entangled. Her first partner in the nightclub game was Larry Fay, a former cabdriver turned bootlegger who happened to be a good friend of mobster Owney Madden, from Madden's "labor-relations" days. However, Texas didn't really become closely involved with gangsters until she moved to Chicago briefly in 1929. She made a joke about it: "I heard of a fellow who was arrested in Chicago on the charge of vagrancy. He was carrying a machine-gun, and it had no bullets." Secretly she was desperate to get away from the

mobsters. and ended her contract early to go back to New York. Even there, she had some sinister connections. Thanks to Fay she was friendly with Madden, and thanks to an unfortunate incident at one of her clubs she was on bad terms with mobster Dutch Shultz.

Her charm lay in her easy, rough-and-ready candor. She'd greet incoming guests with the insouciant "Hello, sucker!" that they had come to expect. Rather than be insulted by her cutting comments, the customers laughed. Texas was the kind of person capable of turning a possible insult into a cheerful jest. A guest singled out for such attention loved the experience. It was a moment in the spotlight that they could boast about later. Texas Guinan is supposed to have coined the phrase 'butter-and-egg men' to describe the well-heeled customers that she attracted. According to the story, one of her guests got a little tight, and began handing out \$50 bills to all and sundry. Texas, pleased to meet such a free spender, grabbed his arm and dragged him to the center stage. The drunk refused to give his name, simply saying that he was in the dairy produce business. Texas announced to the room, "here's one of the city's biggest butter-and-egg men!" The phrase stuck.

At one time, her clubs were so successful that she generously persuaded her friend Walter Winchell to advertise her competitor's clubs in his newspaper column. It couldn't last. When the Depression began to cut down splashy clubs like hers, Texas gathered together some of her prettiest girls, known to New York as Guinan Graduates, and went on a tour of France in 1931. The French didn't like her, mainly because Texas' act was all-American. The French actors and artists demanded that she not be allowed to perform. There was also the problem of Guinan's reputation. By now she was a Prohibition icon, and rumors about her mob connections had tainted her. England refused entry to her. Texas took her team home, but the Depression was still there waiting for her. She drifted to Chicago, and later to Vancouver, but her exhausting work schedule caught up with her. She went into hospital for surgery, and died under anesthetic on 5 November 1933. Her body was brought back to New York, where she was buried by her devoted admirers.

"Listen, suckers . . . why take life so seriously?- in a hundred years we will all be gone or in some stuffy book . . . give me plenty of laughs and you can take all the rest."

Mary Louise Cecilia "Texas" Guinan, 1884-1933
STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: .38 Revolver 55%, damage IDIO

Skills: Art (Acting) 55%, Art (Sing) 65%, Art (Dance) 65%, Art (Choreography) 55%, Accounting 70%, Bargain 58%, Credit Rating 70%, Disguise 55%, Fast Talk 90%, Listen 48%. Persuade 65%. Psychology 65%. Ride Horse 70%.

Blacks were frequently not let into white-run clubs, so they made their own entertainment. Rent parties were very popular, so called because they paid the rent. Homeowners rolled up the rug, pushed the furniture to the wall, then brought in a band and sold food and drink to all comers. Other, black-owned clubs had their own color bar. Whites were not admitted to those clubs. Often, they didn't even know that those clubs existed.

The Party's Over

"A cigar stock at the time was selling for \$115 a share. The market collapsed. I got a call from the company president. Could I loan him \$200 million? I refused, because at the time I had to protect my own fences, including those of my closest friends. His \$115 stock dropped to \$2 and he jumped out of the window of his Wall Street office."

- Arthur A. Robinson, from Studs Terkel's *Hard Times*.

On 29 October, 1929, the world came to an end. The stock market crash wiped out many personal fortunes. During the twenties, the market absorbed a lot of money from millionaires and hotel bellhops alike. When the market vaporized, it took the money with it. Credit evaporated, and many people who had been wealthy on paper suddenly found that, in practice, they were dead broke. Without that money, the speakeasies and clubs found it difficult to operate. They couldn't justify their high cover charges and \$30 per quart champagne, or ginger ale that called itself champagne. Many went out of business. Others adopted innovative survival tactics. The 21 Club of New York issued scrip to favored customers, effectively offering credit to people who couldn't afford to pay their bills. The management of the 21 was planning for the long term. They thought that the bad times wouldn't last forever, and that the people who had money before would have it again. They were correct, and the 21 Club is still open today.

Although the Crash and the Depression that followed it were a death knell for many clubs and speaks, new ones continued to open. There were still plenty of customers. People who drank to celebrate before the Depression, drank to console themselves afterwards.

6. Flapperese

The slang of the 1920s was pungent and evocative. Use of these terms by non-player characters and player characters might spice up your campaign, or at least startle your players. The terms in this section derive primarily from two sources:

- Dalzell, Tom. *Flappers 2 Rappers: American Youth Slang*, Merriam-Webster, 1996.

- Dalzell, Tom. *The Slang of Sin*, Merriam-Webster, 1998.

Selected Terms and Phrases

ab-so-lute-ly (drawn out): Yes.

air-tight: Very attractive.

alibi: Flowers or a box of candy.

all wet: Wrong.

apple sauce: Flattery.

Banana oil!: I doubt that!

Bank's closed: I will engage in no kissing or petting.

bathub gin: Homemade liquor, in this case alcohol mixed with oil of juniper.

berries: (1) Great. (2) Money.

big timer: A charming and romantic man.

billboard: A flashy man or woman.

blaaah: No good.

blow: (1) A wild party. (2) To leave.

boiler: A moonshiner's still. Variant terms with the same meaning include "kitchen," "kitchen boiler," "mess," "rig." Variant terms with a similar meaning include "submarine" (a still with large tubs), "coffin still" (a small rig that fits over two oven burners), and "groundhog" (a still that has been dug into the side of a hill).

bookkeeping: The act of making a date.

bootlegger: A supplier of illegal liquor. "Bootleg" has come to refer to products that have been illegally produced or distributed. During the 1920s, the following items could be bootlegged: babies, books (also known as "booklegging"), cattle, immigrants, produce and wheat. Smugglers of alcohol could also be referred to by the following terms: "booter," "bootician," "bootie," "booze heister," "booze legger," "duck," "embalmer," "legger," "moonlighter," "pint peddler," "puller," "shell." Some variant words or phrases that have meanings similar to bootlegger include "gob" (applied especially to a smuggler), "porter" (he who carries the booze ashore), "rat" (a small-time retailer who carries the booze on his or her person), "rumrunner" (a term which also applied to the boat, car or truck involved in smuggling liquor), and "batman" (the armed guard who kept the smuggling operation safe).

brillo: Someone who lives fast and spends money freely.

butt me: Please give me a cigarette.

canceled stamp: A shy girl at a dance or party.

Cash or check?: Will you kiss me now or later?

cellar smeller: A young man with a knack of showing up where liquor is being served.

Check your hat: Call me later.

cherry smashes: Feeble kisses.

chips: Money. Variant terms with the same meaning include "dough," "green glorious," "greens," "jack," "kale," "mazuma," "plunks," "shekels," "sugar."

clothesline: Gossip.

crape or crape hanger: A zealous reformer. Also spelled as "crepe" or "crepe hanger."

dapper: A flapper's father.

declaration of independence: Divorce.

dewdropper: A young man who does not work and who sleeps all day.

drop the pilot: To divorce.

drugstore cowboy: A fashionably dressed layabout who loiters in public places trying to pick up girls.

dry: A Prohibitionist. Variant terms with the same meaning include "bone dry," "cracker dry," "drynedary."

dud: A studious boy or girl who does not socialize. Regrettably, most *CaC* investigators fit this description.

earful: Enough, too much.

Edisoned: Questioned.

egg: A big timer.

eye opener: Marriage.

face stretcher: An older woman trying to look young.

false alarm: A cheapskate, one who spends little money. Variants include "gum-drop," "one-way kid," "pocket cleaner," "pocket twister," "slimp," "slumper," "strangler," "twister," "wallet-clutcher."

Father Time: Any man over the age of thirty.

feathers: Light conversation.

finagler: One who disappears when the check arrives. Variants with a similar meaning include "finale hopper" (one who arrives after everything has been paid for), and to "step off a wharf" (to order drinks and then not pay for them).

fire alarm: A divorced woman.

fire bell: A married woman.

fire extinguisher: A chaperone.

flapper: A modern and fashionable young girl. Variant terms with the same meaning include "barlow," "beasel," "chicken," "flap," "harmonica," "hot mama," "jazz baby," "jolappy," "mama," "whoopee mama." Variant terms with a similar meaning include "beaut" (a cute flapper), "biscuit" (a pettable flapper), "bookie" (a flapper who was easy to date), "pocket twister" (a flapper with expensive tastes), "sheba" (a sexy flapper), and "weed" (a risk-taking flapper).

flipper: The male version of the flapper. Variant terms with the same meaning include "goof," "jazzbo," "sharp-shooter," "sheik," "slicker," "stroller." Variant terms with a similar meaning include "lounge lizard" (an attractive ladies' man), "brooksy boy" (a classy dresser, possibly one who is over-dressed). There were many terms used to

describe men who tried but failed to be flippers. Special disdain was reserved for the cake-eater (definitely not a he-man; a sissy), and variant terms with a similar meaning to cake-eater include "angel child," "ballroom golfer," "Eskimo pie eater," "parlor bolshevik," "pastry snake," "sponge cake," "tea-crasher," "wallie."

floater: A person who makes trouble and then vanishes.

four-flusher: One who fails to keep a promise or pay a debt.

freight: A supply of illegal liquor. Variant terms with the same meaning include "goods," "hardware," "run goods."

Get hot! Get hot!: Encouragement shouted to a flapper who is giving her all to the Charleston.

giggle water: Alcohol. Variants with the same meaning include "hooch," "booze."

give the air: To break a date.

give the knee: To dance cheek-to-cheek and toe-to-toe.

glorious regalia: The flamboyant and chic clothes of a flapper.

gold mine: A rich man.

goof: Boyfriend.

Great Drought: Prohibition. Variant terms with the same meaning include "Lost Cause," "Prohibition Error." The repeal movement that flourished in the late 1920s and early 1930s was called the "Newer Freedom."

handcuff: An engagement ring.

hard-boiled: Tough. Variants with the same or similar meaning include "eight minutes" (a tough egg), and "ten minutes" (an exceptionally tough egg).

hardware merchant: A man who mixes keys with his change to give the impression that he has a lot of money.

heebie-jeebies: Physical manifestations of anxiety.

hokum: Nonsense.

hope chest: A pack of cigarettes.

hotsy-totsy: Pleasing.

I should hope to kill you!: I emphatically agree with what you said!

insured: Engaged.

It's the bunk!: I doubt that!

jay-bird: A man who takes risks.

kippy: Anything that's nice.

lip stick: A cigarette.

manacle: A wedding ring.

munitions: Face powder.

mustard plaster: An unwelcome boy who loiters around.

noodle juice: Tea.

Not so good!: I don't approve!

obituary notice: An eviction notice.

once in a dirty while: From time to time.
ostrich: Person who knows everything.
out on parole: Divorced.
overdose of shellac: Too much make-up.
owl: Person who stays up late.
pillow-case: A young man who is full of "feathers," which see.
Produce the cash: Kiss me now.
prune pit: Anything that is old-fashioned.
quilt: A drink that warms one up.
real McCoy: The genuine article. People who lived during the 1920s assumed that this referred to McCoy the alcohol smuggler.
Rhartz!: How disappointing!
Rock of Ages: A woman over the age of thirty.
seetie: Anything a flapper hates.
speakeasy: An illegal bar. Variant terms with the same meaning include "barbecue," "barrel house," "blind pig," "blind tiger," "creep joint," "dive," "half-way house," "moonlight inn," "red nugget," "red onion," "sample room," "speak."
slapper: A reformer, antagonist of the flapper.
Smith Brother: A young man who never pays.
smoke-eater: A cigarette smoker.
snake charmer: A woman involved in bootlegging.
stutter tub: A motor boat.
take the air: To leave, or to be asked to leave.
the nuts: Anything good.
umbrella: A young man that any girl can borrow for an evening.
unreal: Special.
upchuck: To vomit.
wet-blanket: Kill-joy.
whangdoodle: Jazz.
Woof! Woof!: An expression denoting ridicule.
Zowie!: An interjection after a bump in the road.

7. Life in the Syndicates

Capone was as cunning as ajax, but he didn't have the balls of the Irish gangsters like Deanie O'Banion, not the kind it takes to walk into a bank and make an unsecured loan at the end of a .38 pistol.

- "Barefoot" Rafer Dooley, former member of Chicago's North Side Mob.

Prohibition caused a revolution in American crime. Before the 1920s, criminal activity tended to be disorganized. The main urban criminal unit was the street gang, which existed as much for reasons of personal honor and love of violence as for businesslike motives. Gangs like the Plug Uglies, Dead Rabbits, and Gophers of New York organized themselves on territorial lines. If you were born on a certain block or lived in a certain neighborhood, then you belonged to the gang that controlled that neighborhood. The main function of a gang was to fight other gangs. Though some of these gangs did engage in extortion and contract assault or killing, these were the exception, not the rule.

Many of these urban gangs were organized along ethnic lines, because new immigrants were often pushed into neighborhoods with other immigrants of the same background. The Irish lived with the Irish, Italians with the Italians, and so on. This meant that the bullying gangs that arose from those neighborhoods reflected the ethnic makeup of those neighborhoods. This tendency was compounded by the inherent racism of each group. The Irish and the Italians, for example, were notorious for their dislike of each other, and this mutual hatred inflamed gang conflict. Many middle-class Americans assumed that the genetic inheritance of the ghetto was what made ghetto criminals.

Prohibition gave crime a cash infusion that allowed it to grow explosively while demanding an alternative to the old-style gang methods. Liquor smuggling required a level of organization that ethnic gangs could not provide. A lot of work went into getting a convoy of beer trucks from Canada to New York, and a significant amount of coordination to get the beer out to the speaks. If the gangs wanted a shot at the big money, they could no longer afford to waste resources on pointless warfare, and neither could they remain tied to neighborhoods. They needed to be where the booze was, and if that meant sending a representative to Nassau or St. Pierre et Miquelon, then that was what they had to do. In the early years of Prohibition, places like Nassau became lunatic war zones, as unsophisticated killers with little or no business sense or appreciation for diplomacy descended upon the island. These gang representatives turned the island upside down, but, so long as they had money, they were tolerated. Later, as the syndicates became more sophisticated, the roughnecks were replaced by the accountants, and Nassau quieted down.

Prohibition also demanded a change in skills. The ghetto gang only required strength from its members. There was rigid hierarchy and no promotion as such, but members could become important in the gang hierarchy simply by being outstanding fighters. However, as the gangs became more sophisticated they began to appreciate a broader range of skills. A forger was needed to make labels for the liquor bottles, and that forger needed printing machinery and a work force if labels were to be produced in any quantity. A brewery needed a master brewer, as well as the necessary equipment, plant, and so on.

Accountants were needed to keep track of all the money. Diplomats, or fixers, were needed to liaise with other gangs, the police, and anyone else who the syndicate might have to deal with. Expert drivers and sailors were needed to get the liquor from Canada or Nassau or wherever else it might be. Finally, since violence was always an option, new thugs were needed. The old gangs could get by with a few brawny, courageous types, since their clashes were usually gang to gang in a brawl. The new syndicates preferred surgical strikes to all-out warfare, and ambush tactics required a new kind of hit-and-run killer. Weapons like the Thompson submachine gun and the grenade became prevalent in gang warfare, since those weapons were perfect for ambush, assassination, and terror tactics. Since it takes a certain amount of skill to use a Tommy gun effectively, a new kind of killer was needed. Luckily for crime, many criminals had trained with such weapons in the Great War.

The well-run criminal syndicate aped the well-run business. At the top of the pyramid was the boss, the chairman of the board, who made all of the significant decisions. Directly below the boss were his lieutenants or board members, each of whom were senior members of the syndicate who would have a voice in syndicate affairs. They couldn't actually overrule the boss, but they advised the boss on everything he did and voted on issues that affected the organization. These top levels of the pyramid never dealt with alcohol directly. That was left to subordinates. Instead, the bosses arranged other issues: protecting the syndicate politically, negotiating with the higher levels of local law, dealing with any legal complications that might arise, and contracting with alcohol suppliers to make deliveries.

In all probability the top levels of any syndicate pyramid got to their high position through mundane means. They didn't sacrifice black goats to Satan, or Shub-Niggurath; they saw demand for a service and supplied it. Capone himself said as much: "All I ever did was to sell beer and whiskey to our best people. All I ever did was to supply a demand that was pretty popular." Many of the syndicate heads may not have been criminals before they got into booze smuggling, although it certainly helped to have a criminal background. The fledgling organization went through the usual struggle that accompanies every small business as it tries to survive and grow. If the venture was successful, the financial rewards were great, and the top levels of the syndicate could afford to hire other people to do their dirty work. If the syndicate was unsuccessful, then its top levels ended up out of work, in prison, absorbed by more successful coalitions, or dead.

Below the top levels of the syndicate pyramid everything ran on a franchise system. People would be given or sold the rights to work in certain areas. It was their responsibility to make sure that their bootlegging made a profit, since a healthy slice of it went to the syndicate, and that their territory was defended against outside aggression. "Barefoot" Rafer Dooley was one such franchisee.

He was given a slice of Chicago, five blocks square, to run for the North Side Gang. He had previously been a dishwasher, a boxer, a bootlegger, a hijacker and a gang leader, and was well known to the Egan Rats gang of St. Louis, Missouri. It was thanks to the Egan Rats connection that the North Side Gang trusted Dooley with a franchise. Dooley was nineteen years old when he and his twenty-five "constituents" took over their territory.

This was our reward for faithful service in the past. With it went the right to distribute beer and whiskey. Of course, you had to protect your territory. You couldn't call for help. If you couldn't handle it you lost it. That was the law. So when you were infringed upon, you had to retaliate immediately, or you didn't have nothing left. It was a nightclub district, full of bars, handbooks, crap games, gambling joints. It seemed as though every wise-guy heist artist, mechanic, con-man, and burglar gravitated to our district. We worked hard for their patronage, and we reached some affluence, but easy come easy go and all that. . . .

Dooley managed to avoid prosecution under the Prohibition laws. However, he slipped up and was arrested in California for robbing a rodeo cash box, spending a year in jail. After he was released, he went back to Chicago, but the strain of his high-pressure life was beginning to tell on him, and he quit the rackets.

They say crime don't pay. You tell that to the real hierarchy of crime and they'll laugh themselves into a nervous hysteria. It don't pay only if you're apprehended. . . . If the venture succeeds, like when me and my constituents were distributing liquor on the North Side, it pays fine, very fine indeed.

Players who want to run these powerful criminal characters should understand that they cannot afford to take time off from their syndicate business to chase the agents of the Mythos. If they do, they should expect to lose their territory. If they protest, they can expect to lose their lives.

Contemporary outside observers of the syndicate system didn't call it a franchise system. They called it a monarchy or autocracy, with the boss taking the place of the king. The barons would be the boss' immediate subordinates, the board members. Below them would be the knights and minor nobility of the mob kingdom, each of whom ruled a fief given them by the king. This galled the ordinary citizen, who thought he had a vote and lived in a democracy. When election time came round in Chicago, King Capone showed who was really in charge, and sent round muscle with baseball bats and guns to make sure that the citizens voted as they were told to. Capone needed to be sure that the right politician was in charge, so that his syndicate could operate without interruption. If that meant bombing the houses and businesses of his political enemies, then so be it.

Although violence is the most memorable attribute of the syndicate man, the keeper should remember that overt violence was organized crime's last resort. Wholesale murder and assassination upset people, and made them

call for new laws, harsher sentences for offenders, and a clean sweep of crime. Overt violence was bad for business- customers wouldn't come to a nightclub where they thought they might get shot. Syndicates preferred covert violence wherever possible. Some criminals made a good living out of the kidnapping racket, and perfected the art of snatching someone right off of a crowded street without notice. Someone who was bundled into a waiting Packard in this way might never be seen again. Every city had its dumping ground, a place where corpses could be ditched without the authorities noticing. Or, if there was a convenient river or seafront nearby, the body might be given cement boots and dumped into the deepest that could be found.

Despite a general reluctance to commit violence, it wasn't difficult to get into a syndicate leader's bad graces. Hijacking syndicate booze was a sure-fire way of upsetting a crime boss. A syndicate franchisee who skimmed off too much of the profits would vanish one day, never to be seen again. Alternatively, the offense might be of a social nature. Jazzmen in Chicago never knew who was in the audience, but the fear was that the swell who was flashing hundred dollar bills around and demanding to be played his favorite song was a syndicate killer. It didn't do to upset those people. One story was told about a jazzman who turned down a trip to the Orient, saying that he wanted to stay in Chicago. The same night that he turned the trip down, there was a shooting in the club that the jazzman worked in. The next day he sent a telegram to the band leader who had offered him the tour:

HAVE CHANGED MY MIND. WILL GO.

Doing Business

The liquor that arrived in America from Europe had to arrive by sea, as there was no heavy air transport available. Some of the illegal liquor would arrive by mundane means, *via* cruise liner or other passenger ship. The 1920s and 1930s were the age of the luxury liner, and many cruise lines used the liquor laws to their advantage. Before World War One, the cruise lines would make the bulk of their money from the immigrant trade. After the war, American anti-immigration laws cut down significantly on the cruise lines' profits. In order to remain competitive, companies like the White Star Line and Cunard advertised their cruises as wet paradises, with well-stocked bars and all the comforts that any thirsty American could wish for. Naturally, while in an American port the cruise ships had to keep the liquor under lock and key. However, there were plenty of passengers willing to smuggle liquor ashore in their bags, and, it was rumored, plenty of cruise ship employees and customs officials also willing to make a few bucks by bootlegging. However, this source of liquor was relatively small, and didn't supply a great deal of the liquor market.

The biggest players in the liquor game were the syndicates. Prior to 1924, the smuggling game had been dis-

organized. While European distilleries and vineyards were more than willing to smuggle their product into America, they only had the sketchiest idea of how to do it. Quite often, this meant that otherwise sensible businessmen would listen to the fairy tales of any disreputable American who swore blind that he knew just how to get past the Coast Guard. This haphazard means of doing business meant that a liquor operation could as easily fail as succeed, but since the profits were completely out of proportion to the risk, one successful operation could more than make up for three failures. As the decade wore on, the professionals replaced the amateurs. After 1924, the criminal syndicates controlled Rum Row.

The criminal syndicate found it necessary to have offices both in Europe and in the Caribbean. The European office was in charge of making orders and arranging for transport of the liquor to the Caribbean. These offices were perfectly respectable businesses, not "Capone Incorporated." Quite often they would not be staffed by Americans but by Europeans, who were more familiar with European markets and laws. They obeyed the laws of the land scrupulously, even going so far as to insure their cargoes like any ordinary shipping firm. The cargoes would be shipped to a drop-off point in the Caribbean, perhaps Nassau or Bermuda, or further north, at St. Pierre et Miquelon. Then the local office would take over.

There was a practical consideration to the local office that had nothing to do with deniability. Sea voyages were more difficult in the 1920s than they are in the present day. Most of the available vessels needed coal or fuel oil to keep their engines firing. The journey across the Atlantic was long and used up a lot of fuel. The Caribbean islands had served as a refueling point for cargo ships for generations, and were used to dealing with large numbers of ships. In fact, they were grateful for the trade, since the U-boat menace during the Great War had severely cut into their business. Prohibition gave the seagoing trade a shot in the arm.

The local office would store the liquor in one of the syndicate's warehouses, or possibly on the dock with the other trade goods. Pictures of Nassau's docks and Bermuda's Front Street from this period show great mounds of liquor cases piled high, much as cotton had been piled high on those same docks during the Confederate blockade-running years. Then, when a syndicate ship was available, the liquor would be stowed on board and sent off to the American coast.

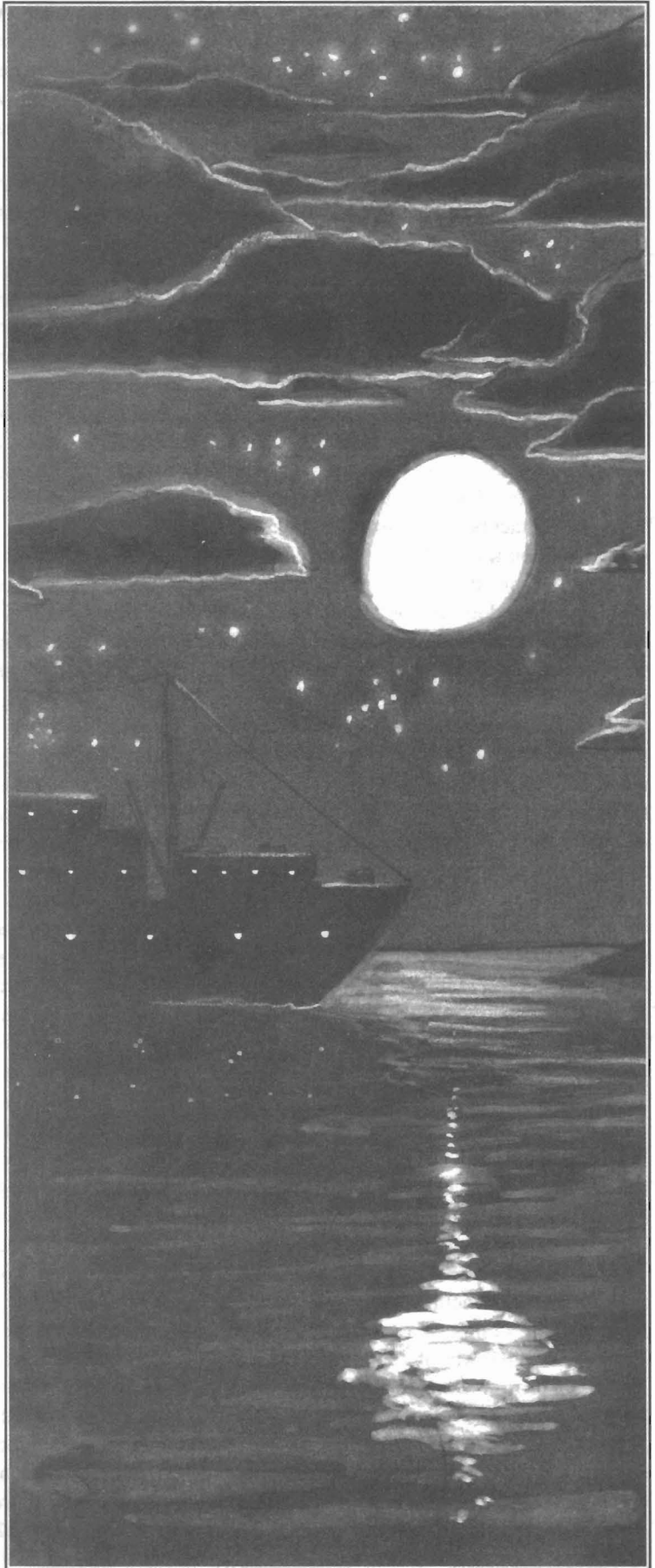
The people who crewed the syndicate ships on this leg of the journey were not usually professional sailors. The syndicates found it easier to hire roughnecks, people used to violence who could, if needed, defend the ship. They could also be counted on to keep their mouths shut. Careless talk in the bars of Nassau or Bermuda could lead to a Coast Guard welcoming committee when the smuggler reached the American coast.

The ships used by the syndicates were very different from the rag-tag collection of steamers and sailing ships

used by the independents. The new rum runners were custom-built by the gangsters for the trade. These boats were little more than shells, stripped down almost to the hull and the engine to maximize cargo space. They were also equipped with radio and direction finders equal to the Coast Guard's own. Once these ships got to the American coast, they made sure to stay twelve miles off shore. The legal limit had changed from three miles to twelve miles in 1924, and the alcohol-laden ships wanted to avoid Coast Guard interference. Once the mother ships were in position, they would alert their contacts on shore to their presence via radio. They would then receive encoded messages which gave them a final contact point. Once the mother ships were in the right place at the right time, their contact boats would arrive to relieve them of their cargo.

The smaller boats that brought booze to and from the shore for this new Rum Row were themselves innovations of the boat builder's craft. Built for little more than speed and cargo space, they were powered by war surplus Liberty airplane engines which made them faster than anything that the Coast Guard possessed. They were flat-bottomed, low-lying boats, with a wheelhouse, usually armor plated, at the bow. A bucket on deck for use as a latrine was the only concession to human frailty on board. The power of these boats was incredible. The Coast Guard once tested a captured contact boat, and found that even fully laden the contact boat could make a speed of thirty-two knots. The Rum Row piracy of previous years became almost nonexistent. Hijacking a syndicate bosses' alcohol shipment earned an automatic death sentence. Even with this presumed protection, the rum runners still sailed together in heavily armed convoys, virtually immune to assault.

The Coast Guard was the only significant threat to the syndicate operation at this stage in the game. In some cases bribery must have secured the guard's cooperation, but as a general rule, the guard was honest. However, even dedicatedly honest men couldn't watch every single inch of coastline twenty four hours a day. A syndicate would go to a great deal of trouble to learn the guard's patrol routine, in order to work out the gaps in the guard's cover and exploit them. The syndicate would also go to a great deal of trouble to protect their ships against guard interference. A story is told of one guard destroyer captain, who made a nuisance of himself by harassing Big Bill Dwyer's shipments. The guard ship would illegally raid outside the twelve mile limit, reasoning that the syndicate couldn't retaliate against him or complain to the authorities.



Dwyer arranged for a high seas ambush. One day, while in pursuit of a liquor ship, the destroyer was buzzed by an aircraft which sprayed a concealing gas cloud everywhere. Blinded, the destroyer halted, reasoning that the liquor ship would use the cloud cover to change its course and so it was pointless to go charging ahead. When the smoke cleared, the destroyer saw a submarine sitting only a few hundred yards away. The destroyer tried to take evasive action, but was neatly torpedoed in the stem next to the propeller and crippled. The sub then submerged and escaped. Dwyer had made his point.

The contact boats would get the booze ashore. The usual location for a booze drop-off was a secluded cove or quiet bit of headland, not too near civilization, but with good road access. Any potential witnesses who lived nearby were bribed to be reasonable. The liquor would be loaded onto trucks and quickly moved inland to the syndicate's warehouses and cutting factories. The whole process, properly handled, would take only a few minutes. Then the contact boats would make their way back to their docks, mission accomplished.

Once ashore, the liquor would usually be cut by the syndicate, thus doubling or tripling their profit. After this cutting, the liquor would be stored briefly in a syndicate warehouse, but the demand was such that illicit booze never remained in the warehouse very long. Fleets of trucks, usually moving in groups of two or three and usually protected by an armed guard, shifted the liquor from warehouse to speakeasy. The armed guard was to protect the load against hijackers, and the truck drivers were of above average skill, trained in the art of the speedy getaway. The speakeasies were often either owned outright by the syndicate, or the speakeasy's owner was persuaded by the syndicate to stock only syndicate booze. Once in the speakeasy's possession, the liquor might be cut yet again before being sold to the customer.

The Liquor Wars

I'm gonna take you for a n easy ride.

Drop you off by the riverside.

- Peetie Wheatstraw, "Gangster Blues."

Prohibition sparked off a series of quick and dirty wars over liquor and the right to distribute it. Whole books could be dedicated to the liquor wars of Chicago alone. The keeper who wishes to know more should read *Under the Clock* and Kenneth Allsop's *Bootleggers* in particular. For a bloody example of a gang war, let's take a look at the Torrio/O'Donnell war of 1923.

Johnny Torrio was a relative newcomer to Chicago, having arrived in 1910. He had been hired by Diamond Jim Colosimo, to help defend Colosimo's rackets against the Black Hand terrorists. Torrio was successful, but grew dissatisfied with his lot. Torrio was convinced that liquor could be a big thing in Chicago, but Colosimo was satisfied with his warehouses and political pull. Torrio arranged for Colosimo to be assassinated by a New York

gangster, Frankie Yale, in 1920. Then Torrio, in partnership with his lieutenant Al Capone, took over all of Colosimo's rackets, and moved quickly into bootlegging. Before long, Torrio controlled almost all of the South and Southwest Sides of Chicago, along with a small section of the North Side. Torrio also had significant political clout through an alliance with the mayor of Chicago, Big Bill Thompson. This kept Torrio's businesses clear of the law, and also helped him rule his subordinates through the dispensation of political patronage.

However, in 1923 Thompson was kicked out of office and replaced by a law-and-order candidate, William E. Dwyer. This upset everyone. No one knew whom to bribe, or if anyone could be bribed at all. This created an atmosphere of unrest and distrust, which Spike O'Donnell exploited. Spike was a career criminal who had been in Joliet Prison while Torrio had been carving up Chicago. By 1923 Spike was out on parole, and eager to take his share of the bootlegging racket. Spike and his brothers, Steve, Walter, and Tommy, gathered together a tough crowd of ex-convicts to act as bodyguards, liquor salesmen, and hijackers, and imported ace New York gunman Henry Hasmiller as their chief enforcer. Then the O'Donnells went to work.

They immediately began hijacking Torrio booze and selling it as their own. Moreover, the O'Donnells didn't water their beer as much as Torrio did, which made O'Donnell booze more attractive. The O'Donnells claimed a huge slice of the South Side as their own, and beat or shot speakeasy owners who refused to stock O'Donnell booze. Torrio, ever the businessman, responded by cutting the price of his beer by ten dollars a barrel. O'Donnell, more of a thug than an entrepreneur, laughed. O'Donnell went on a spree, knocking off Torrio speakeasies in rapid succession. On the night of September 7, 1923 O'Donnell and his gang raided five speakeasies one after the other and then went to a bar of their own to celebrate.

Torrio's men caught them there. One of O'Donnell's men was caught and killed. Ten days later, two more of O'Donnell's men were ambushed while driving down Laflin Street. They had stopped at an intersection, when a touring car pulled up alongside and blasted them with shotguns at close range. This was the essential difference between Torrio and O'Donnell: O'Donnell hit targets, like the booze shipments and the speakeasies, which Torrio either didn't own directly or could afford to lose, while Torrio hit O'Donnell's men, and O'Donnell couldn't afford to lose even one.

The Laflin Street ambush provoked a storm of public protest, and, for a while, things calmed down. Then the war began again in earnest. Killing after killing eroded O'Donnell's manpower. Al Capone, Torrio's lieutenant, was prominent among the Torrio assassins, and engaged in several gunfights. Spike lost seven more men before the end of the year. In December 1923 an O'Donnell beer truck was hijacked and another of O'Donnell's men was

killed. Early in 1924 another O'Donnell man was murdered while driving a beer truck into town. Walter O'Donnell and Henry Hasmyler, Spike O'Donnell's ace gunman, were trapped in a roadhouse in Evergreen Park and shot to death.

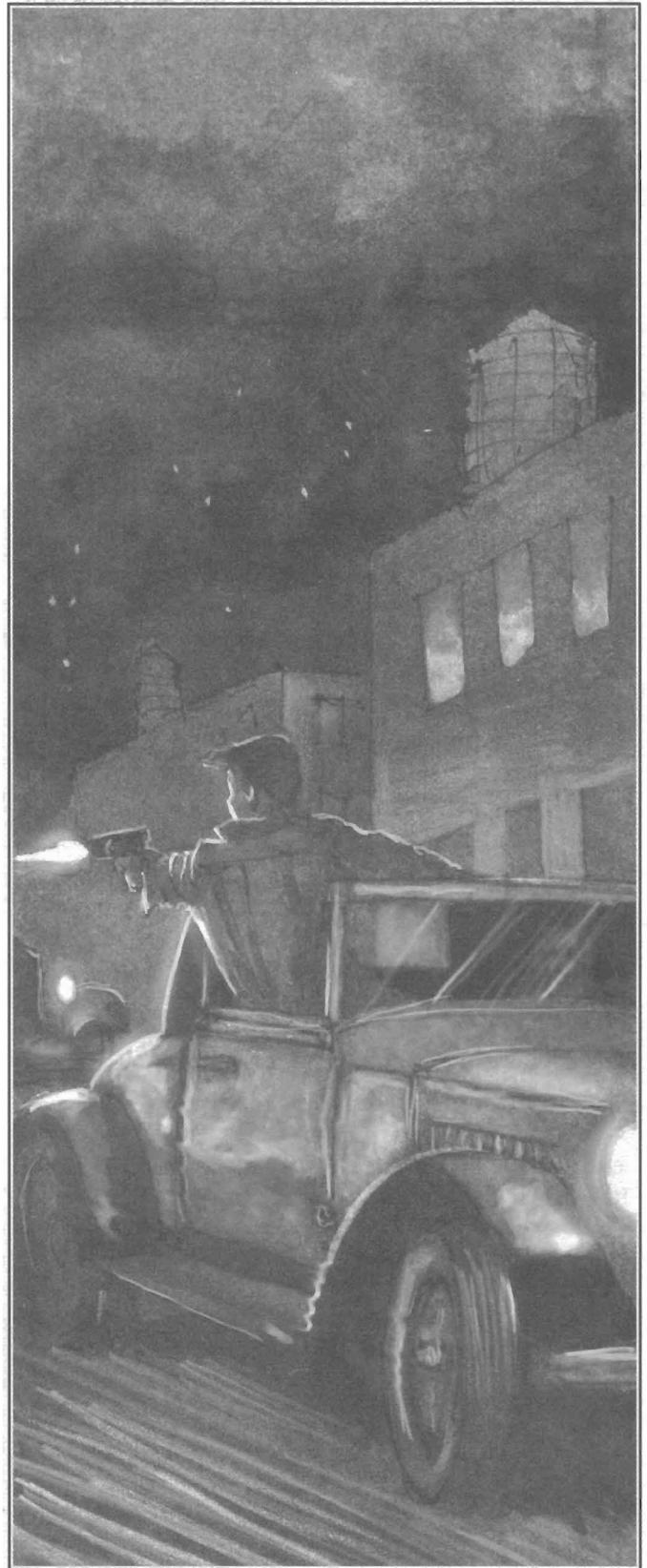
Meanwhile, Spike was a moving target. Ten separate attempts were made on his life, but, astonishingly, he survived. Spike was aggrieved. He came from a world in which personal strength and muscle mattered. "I can whip this bird Capone with my bare fists any time he wants to step in the open and fight like a man." The trouble was that Torrio's men had no intention of fighting fair. Ambush was murder, and murder was fun. Spike eventually renounced all claim to his South Side territory and left Chicago a wiser man. A year later Spike returned, this time as one of Capone's subordinates. Spike later went into bootlegging again on a vastly reduced scale, and never threatened Capone's business.

Torrio went on from strength to strength. Spike O'Donnell was the last of the independent bootleggers to trouble Torrio. After O'Donnell was pushed out of the South Side, Torrio only had to worry about outside aggression, not internal troubles. Torrio eventually bowed out of the Chicago rackets after an attempt on his life in January 1925, leaving Capone in charge of his rackets. It was the start of the reign of Chicago's violent king.

The liquor wars were unlike anything that urban America had seen before. Cities like New York and Chicago became open war zones. Among the classic post-war arms were the sawed-off shotgun; the "Chicago Typewriter," the Thompson SMG; and the "pineapple," the hand grenade. Other modern inventions played their part in the liquor wars. The automobile was to the gangster what the horse was to the cavalryman: a cheap, fast and easily obtainable means of being the first with the most. Sometimes these cars would be equipped like weapons of war. Capone's custom-built V8 Cadillac was armor plated with bulletproof glass, and a storage compartment for firearms in the back seat. A custom-designed hinged rear window allowed a gunman to quickly flip it open to fire on pursuers. These alterations weren't bravado on Capone's part. An open gun battle on the streets of Chicago was quite likely, if the war was heating up.

The initial upheaval began to resolve itself by the mid-twenties. In October of 1923 an Italian named Alterri assassinated Wild Bill Lovett (see the sidebar on page 40). Pegleg Lonergan stepped in as Lovett's successor, but lacked the ability to lead the White Hand gang effectively. Lonergan himself was killed Christmas Eve in 1925 and his death broke the power of the Irish gangs in New York. Frankie Yale took over command of criminal activities in both Brooklyn and New York City. He maintained control until his own assassination on Capone's orders in 1928. Capone, for his part, had knocked out most of his opponents by

1925 and was head of the syndicate when Torrio retired. Capone's main antagonists were the remnants of the North Side's O'Banion gang. Each of O'Banion's successors were assassinated in turn, until finally George "Bugs" Moran took up the leadership in 1927. Moran retained control of the gang, but the St. Valentine's Day



Massacre of 1929 broke the gang's spirit. Moran himself was supposed to have been a target, but by pure luck he avoided death. Throughout it all, Capone was sanguine and sympathetic. "Forty times I've tried to arrange things so that we'd have peace in Chicago and life would be worth living. Who wants to be tagged around night and day by guards? I don't, for one. There was, and there is, plenty of business for us all, and competition needn't be a matter of murder, anyway. . . ."

Once territorial lines were established and a code of conduct agreed on by all parties, the syndicates could get down to the serious business of bootlegging. Only obsolete hotheads like Wild Bill Lovett liked fighting, and consequently tended to be early casualties of the liquor wars.

Men like Capone preferred peace, since it was in times of peace that they could make their greatest profits.

The Bootlegger's Lifestyle

The Americans are certainly great hero-worshippers, and always take heroes from the criminal classes.

—Oscar Wilde.

Al Capone, Johnny Torrio, Frankie Yale, and others like them milked the alcohol trade for all it was worth. Alcohol, unlike other criminal operations, was practically legitimate. Supplying alcohol brought gangsters public acclaim, a previously unattainable respectability, and an almost folk-hero status. Some cultivated this image, as a public

The Thompson Submachine Gun

BY JOHN GOODRICH

SPECIAL THANKS TO GREG HENRIKSON

For years, the Thompson submachine gun has been the investigator's dream. Powerful, automatic, and known to be legally obtainable before 1934, the Thompson has proved to be a historical nightmare for keepers who want to emphasize investigation over gunplay in their Prohibition-era campaigns. However, even though there was no legislation prohibiting ownership of automatic weapons before 1934, several historical barriers to the weapon also existed that can legitimately keep this automatic weapon out of investigators' hands.

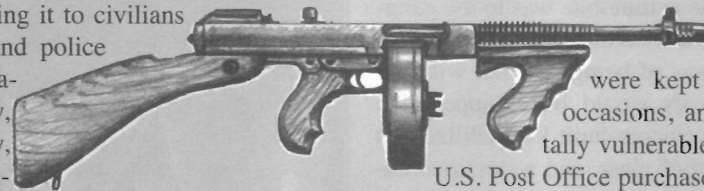
While it was legal for any person to own a submachine gun before 1934, Auto-Ordinance made the gun primarily for military use, only offering it to civilians when hoped-for military and police sales fell far short of expectations. Even so, the company, not wanting bad publicity, forced gun dealers to investigate would-be purchasers of their machine guns. Any sign of previous criminal activity, insanity, radical political activity, or union organization resulted in a denial. Very few dealers wanted to sell weapons to criminals, and Auto-Ordinance feared that the Thompson would become associated with criminal activity by the public. Similarly Browning, manufacturers of Clyde Barrow's favorite weapon, the Browning Automatic Rifle, flatly refused to sell that weapon to civilians.

Investigators should not worry that they will be out-gunned by gangsters. The Hollywood image of every rum-runner and bank-robber packing a Thompson is grossly misleading. Historically in Chicago, which had some of the bloodiest and most infamous gang fighting of the period, research has uncovered only four incidents that involved Thompson submachine guns—and these fights often resulted in many more misses than hits. One, a daylight raid on Capone's headquarters on 20 September

1926, involved eleven touring cars and more than a thousand rounds fired. The results were disappointing: one bystander injured, no gunshot wounds, and no deaths. Across the nation, however, every incident involving a machine gun was front-page material. One, the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, remains infamous to this day. The many other gunfights were less spectacular, less reported, and less remembered.

Gangland Thompsons were most often stolen from police armories. The first non-military organization to purchase Thompsons was the New York Police Department. Other police departments quickly followed. But these guns were not sent out with cops on the beat. They were kept in armories for special occasions, and thus became incidentally vulnerable to theft. Over time, the U.S. Post Office purchased the largest quantity of Thompsons. Later the Marines used the weapon during the Nicaraguan insurrection of 1928–1932, and then in World War II.

Still, it is not up to keepers to decide if they want investigators to have access to Thompson submachine guns. Investigators are their own worst enemies in this regard. They need good reason to purchase a machine gun, and any black mark on their reputations or those of known associates will result in a rejection. No respectable dealer will sell a Thompson to someone he does not know, and shady dealers charge ten times the \$225 asking price of the weapon. Thus the weapon is available to investigators, but only to those with sterling reputations. Those with low morals and high ready cash can get the gun, but only if they can find that extremely rare dealer willing to ensure his own safety by grinding the serial number off the weapon.



relations exercise to offset the outcry against the growing body count. Al Capone provided soup kitchens during the Depression to bolster the public's opinion of his character. Frankie Yale financed the building of a church.

The money flowing into the criminals' pockets from the public's defiance of Prohibition changed these men from low-class thugs to prominent, respectable businessmen. This was particularly important for those bootleggers who, like Capone, came from immigrant stock. Their newfound wealth gave them spending power previously unknown to immigrants. This was particularly impressive since often the first lesson an immigrant learned was that honesty was a thing of the past. Nobody believed in it. "If you're gonna be straight you're gonna be poor," was the new credo. In this atmosphere, bootleggers were socially acceptable. They were social heroes, people who'd beaten the system and lived the kind of life that was the immigrant's dream. The more expensive an object was, the more it represented how far from his poor origins a man had come. Lavish conspicuous consumption, much of it in poor taste, was the yardstick measuring the booze barons' social success.

Even funerals were important indicators of a gangster's social standing. When Frankie Yale was assassinated in 1928, he went to his grave in a silver alloy coffin worth \$15,000 in 1920s money, or approximately \$150,000 in modern currency (see also the sidebar below). He was followed to the cemetery by two hundred and fifty carloads of mourners and twenty-eight cars full of flowers. After Yale's assassination, a *New York Times* reporter paraded an inventory of Yale's wealth. Special mention was made of his twenty-five pairs of shoes, his fifty suits (at \$200 apiece), his diamond stickpin and two diamond rings, his belt studded with brilliants, and a new automobile. Yale had followed the traditional rite of passage for criminals of his background. He might have started off wearing cloth caps, eating cheap spaghetti and playing pinochle, but by the end of his career he was wearing expensive suits, eating at the best restaurants, and associating with the so-called best people. Any gangster movie of the era followed exactly the same pattern. Spencer Tracy or Jimmy Cagney might start off as a roughneck, but before long the tailors

Frankie Yale

Yale, like Johnny Torrio and Al Capone, was an alumnus of the Five Points Gang of New York. Yale and Torrio were the leading lights of the gang, and when Torrio left for Chicago, Yale took up more sedate pursuits. He owned a bar and a brothel, and employed a young Capone as a bouncer. It was in this capacity that Capone took the wound that gave him his nickname, Scarface. When Torrio asked Yale if Yale knew of any useful hoods that Torrio could have, Yale recommended Capone, thus starting the real career of Prohibition's most famous gangster. In the early 1920s Yale got into the tobacco business, forcing dealers to buy his brand of cigar. As a result, "Frankie Yale" became slang for anything that was worthless and overpriced.

By this time, Yale was running a gang known as the Black Hand mob. The name dated back to the turn of the century, when extortionists using the Black Hand pseudonym terrorized the Italian community. Yale was the head of the Unione Siciliana in the United States, a position that gave Yale considerable social clout in the Italian community. The Black Hand controlled most of the booze operations in Brooklyn, and clashed regularly with the Irish White Hand gang who wanted in on the bootlegging rackets.

Yale kept in touch with his old pals, and was often asked to do them favors. Yale murdered Diamond Jim Colosimo, the gangster who at that time controlled the Italians in Chicago, on 11th May 1920 at Terrio's request. This allowed Torrio to take over. Yale also helped kill Dion O'Banion at Capone's request on 10th November 1924. Yale is supposed to have been the man who held

O'Banion's hand, thus keeping him from getting to his guns, while the other assassins shot him.

Yale's biggest quarrel was with the White Hand Gang. Pegleg Lonergan, the leader of the White Hands, is supposed to have tried to end the impasse by raiding the Adonis Club on Christmas 1925. Lonergan knew that the Italians would be holding their Christmas party there, and hoped to kill many of them with a frontal assault. Yale was forewarned by a White Hand traitor, and, with Capone in attendance, arranged to ambush Lonergan's hit team at the Adonis. The ambush was a complete success, and Yale was left in control of the booze business.

Yale got too cocky. He began to think he was as good as his old pal Al, and could afford to muscle in on Capone's alcohol shipments. Capone had him murdered on July 1st, 1928. Yale, who had envied O'Banion's funeral, had arranged for a particularly elaborate send-off for himself, described in the text nearby. He got his wish; his funeral outshone O'Banion's. However, this display, along with a few others, birthed a new catch-phrase. Anything done in shockingly bad taste was said to be "as bad as a gangster's funeral."

Frankie Yale (Iosle, or Vale), 1885-1928

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 13 EDUI2 SAN 47 HPI4

Damage Bonus: +ID4.

Weapons: .38 Revolver 60%, damage IDIO
Knife 55%, damage ID4 + 2 + db

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 85%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 40%, Dodge 52%, Italian 38%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 25% Shotgun 70%.

were called in, and the street brawler mutated into a slightly gaudy social butterfly.

This social transformation terrified people who had preferred to believe that criminal tendencies were genetic in origin. Suddenly the lowbrow Greasy Jimmies were turning into urbane Jay Gatsbys, and the only catalyst was money. Once crime acquired the capital necessary to break into society, the best of the criminals stopped resembling street corner thugs and started looking just like everyone else. In fact, bootleggers could just as easily be from the social elite as the ghetto. A senator's son could be a bootlegger just as easily as an immigrant's son. Moreover, the gangsters weren't confined to the beer halls any more. Instead, like Big Bill Dwyer of New York, they built the city. Dwyer financed the construction of Madison Square Gardens, bought the Brooklyn Dodgers, and introduced professional hockey to New York. Petty thugs just couldn't do that kind of thing. This social transformation challenged people's assumptions, and forced them to change their views on the genetic origin of crime.

The End of an Era of Crime

Waiting by the window

Ily fe et enwrapped with the dead bootleggers of Chicago

I am the last bootlegger, safe at last, waiting by a bullet-proof window.

-Gregory Corso, "Gasoline."

The most imaginative of the syndicate bosses knew that it was simply a matter of time before Prohibition was repealed. Some, when repeal became a probability rather than a possibility, decided to stay in the liquor business as legitimate entrepreneurs. Many simply expanded from exclusively handling alcohol to include narcotics, prostitution, and gambling. While not as profitable as liquor, these still represented the sort of easy money the gangs were accustomed to. It was the ease and amount of profit that was the deciding factor. Owney Madden said, "I'd like to get out of it [racketeering]. I like an investment where you can put your money in this week and pull it out double

William "Wild Bill" Lovett

Lovett was one of the original founders of the Irish White Hand Gang of Brooklyn, New York. He was not a prepossessing man (five foot seven, and 145 pounds soaking wet), but made up for this with his savage lust for violence. He served with distinction during the Great War, and won the Distinguished Service Cross. The White Hand had been formed specifically to counter the Italian Black Hand gang that was asserting itself during the early part of the century. When the White Hand leader's position became vacant, Lovett competed with another gangster named Timmy Quilty for the post. It was agreed that they would dice for it, the first to throw seven being the winner. Quilty threw first, and rolled a seven. Jubilant, Quilty declared, "I'm the boss!" Lovett immediately shot him dead. "Now I'm the boss."

It's generally agreed that Lovett was the best leader that the White Hand ever had. He was certainly aggressive. Other gangsters intruding on White Hand turf were punished with a bullet in the leg for a first offense, and killed if they came back. The Hand's specialty was extortion. They ran the Brooklyn docks with an iron fist. However, when Prohibition came in they were slow to change to booze running. By the time they did, Frankie Yale and his Italian gang had already established dominance. Lovett attempted to muscle in on the action by stealing Yale's liquor, and that led to a war which left gangsters on both sides dead. The Irish took the worst of it, mainly because Yale could ask Capone and the other Italians for help if he had to, but the Irish had no allies to turn to. Lovett himself was nearly killed by an unknown assassin on 12th May 1923. Feeling that it was time to retire, Lovett married the sister of Pegleg Lonergan, Lovett's second in command. Lonergan now took control

of the White Hands, while Lovett took a cushy job as a welder in Jersey. Lovett wasn't cut out for domestic life. One night, he pulled a gun on his wife Anna, and shot off one of her toes. "I want to see if you can take it," he told her. Her response is not recorded.

On 31 October 1923, Lovett went back to Brooklyn to see his old pals. He got roaring drunk, and decided to sleep it off in the speakeasy where he'd been drinking. The Italians were tipped off, and ambushed him there. The Italians were as drunk as Lovett, and although they fired several shots, Lovett was not seriously wounded. Lovett was about to return fire when a killer named Two Knives ("Du Cuttedi") Altieri split Lovett's skull in two with a meat cleaver.

Lonergan remained in control of the White Hands, but was not as efficient as Lovett had been. After suffering many losses, Lonergan was shot dead by the Italians at the Adonis Club on Christmas Night, 1925. Capone himself is supposed to have been the one who killed Lonergan. With him dead, the White Hands were broken, leaving Yale in control.

William "Wild Bill" Lovett, 1892-1923

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 11 TNT 14 POW 13
DEX II APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 35 HP13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D4 + db

45 Revolver 75%, damage 1D10 + 2

Kick 55%, damage 1D6 + db

Knife 45%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db

Skills: Bargain 45%, Drive Auto 40%, Dodge 42%, Machine Gun 65%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 30%, Shotgun 60%.

next week or the next. But these legitimate rackets, you've got to wait for your money."

The need for change was also made more immediate by the focus of the Internal Revenue Service. In order to pay income tax and avoid going to jail, as Al Capone eventually did, income had to come from a source that the IRS could verify. Smuggled alcohol was slowly phased out, and the tremendous profits the organized crime had reaped were moved into legitimate ventures. Many areas of the economy, including garbage disposal, the garment industry, Hollywood movies, trucking, and especially the labor unions, became targets for syndicate investment and eventual control.

Prohibition directly contributed to the origins of the modern Mafia. The influx of money from illegal alcohol financed a massive expansion in organized crime. It bought guns where before there were only brickbats. It bought political allies, new social status, and a certain amount of protection from the law. Guaranteeing a continued flow of profits also required the restructuring of the gangs themselves. Managing and maintaining such an empire required the ability to ship, store, and distribute a product across many states and even countries. The rowdy rag-tag street bullies of the 1890s evolved into large, efficient organizations, with their own internal systems of patronage. They became as entrenched as any legitimate corporation, with similar layers of owners, managers, and employees. Many mobsters died by bullet or bomb, like Yale, or were arrested and jailed like Capone and Remus. There were also others who, like Owney Madden, survived to retire, and lived the good life to the end of their days.

8. The Local Law

Anyone who believed that men employable at thirty five or forty or fifty dollars a week would surely have the expert technical knowledge and the diligence to supervise successfully the complicated chemical operations of industrial alcohol plants or to outwit the craftiest devices of smugglers and bootleggers and that they would surely have the force of character to resist corruption by men whose pockets were already bulging with money, would be ready to believe also in Santa Claus, perpetual motion and pixies.

- Frederick Lewis Allen, *Only Yesterday*.

On land, the police and the Prohibition Bureau were the two agencies assigned to detect and catch bootleggers. This chapter deals with the local law. For further information about the Prohibition Bureau, see the next chapter.

The local police force was, before Prohibition, usually well-liked and trusted. The public, when they thought about the police at all, thought of them as courageous and loyal friends. The only people who disliked the police were the ones who, like many immigrants, were condi-

tioned by their backgrounds not to trust any authority figure. For most citizens, the police were trustworthy, decent, and hard working, if a little rough and uneducated.

The truth was slightly different, but not much. Graft was well known to the police long before Prohibition. Usually the fix was small potatoes, a free drink, say, or a few dollars for playing bouncer at a public event. On other occasions it was more serious. Men had been known to pay money to crooked politicians to be appointed to the force, just for the extortion opportunities that the uniform offered. Some, like Lt. Charles Becker of the New York City force, were little better than the criminals they policed. Becker, head of the city's gambling squad, made his fortune by extorting protection money from gamblers and owners of gambling houses. Falling out with bookmaker Herman Rosenthal in 1912, Becker had Rosenthal murdered. Becker's gunmen were caught, and they and Becker were executed for Rosenthal's murder. Men like Becker were the exception, not the rule. The policemen were human, and were as honest and decent as most humans would be, given the conditions they worked in and the pay they received.

As a general rule, most policemen in the years before Prohibition were hired on the basis of size and muscle. It wasn't necessary to pass a psychological examination, nor was it important that a cop know how to read or write. This situation changed as the years passed, and by the 1930s every state had some kind of minimal qualifications for their lawmen. As far as Prohibition was concerned, officially the police had the same opinion about it as politics or religion: they had no official opinion at all. Unofficially, Prohibition was just as divisive a topic for policemen as for anyone else. Some were in favor, since they'd seen first hand the damage that alcohol could do. Others were against, because they felt that beer in particular was a relatively harmless pleasure. They also knew that many of the people they policed, particularly the immigrant population, could never be convinced that beer or wine was bad for them. When Prohibition became law, the police waited uneasily to see what would happen next.

They were right to be concerned. Although the police were expected to contribute manpower and resources to Prohibition work, they were not given any concrete assistance. Most state legislatures firmly believed that Prohibition enforcement was the job of the federal government, not the local one. Therefore they allocated very little money to Prohibition enforcement. In 1927, for example, Utah spent only \$160 on Prohibition work, while Nevada and Missouri each spent less than \$1,000. Even the most conscientious states spent only \$25,000, while some didn't spend any money at all. Moreover, the state legislatures began striking the anti-liquor laws off the record books. Again, this was because the state government believed that Prohibition was a matter of federal law, not state law. However, there was also political capital to be made by repealing anti-liquor laws. As Prohibition became more unpopular, local politicians found that they

could generate a great deal of voter support by campaigning against state liquor laws. Organizations like the Anti-Saloon League didn't protest too loudly, since state law didn't matter much to them. So long as they retained control of the federal government Prohibition would remain law.

I Fought the Law-The Law Won

"Sure he had a gun; but what's the use of a gun when there's six fellows with badges up against you? It's just what they want you to do, then they'll kill you in self defense and get a promotion for it, while if you shoot any of them like as not you'll find yourself on the way to the chair."

- Anonymous bootlegger, from James Barbican's *Confessions of a Rumrunner*.

The use of force by the police to keep the peace is a contentious issue. Many criminals felt that the police were far too eager to resort to deadly force when dealing with bootleggers. For their part, the police complained that although the law backed them in shooting cases, quite often the public did not. The press in particular jumped on any Prohibition case if there was a killing involved, and invariably the police were portrayed as the villains while the bootleggers were poor victims of killer policemen.

The keeper should remember that the police of the period did not have to read suspects their Miranda rights, and often felt no compunction about beating confessions out of individuals they believed were guilty of a serious crime. However, the keeper should also keep in mind that every police officer is human, and refrain from making every cop look and act like another. Keepers should consider watching *L. A. Confidential* for some solid and complex character motivations for police officers.

Although it is illegal to hold anyone for more than twenty-four hours without a charge, this was not common knowledge. Investigators should make a Law roll to know this. Even if the characters are aware of this or a variety of other laws, it may be difficult to get the officers to listen to any argument. As far as the average officer of the period is concerned, anyone in a jail cell is automatically a criminal and therefore unworthy of serious attention. Although American citizens had the same rights as they do now, the police were not required to tell individuals about those rights. Police were also known to play fast and loose with the laws governing their powers, and individuals' rights. Officers would sometimes tell foreign suspects that they had no rights under American law, especially if they were being detained on vague or illegal charges. People would be held in excess of the twenty-four hour limit without charging them. Most police officers and police forces preferred to appear virtuous in the eyes of their constituency, and acted accordingly. Since the public was generally not as interested in the ethical violations of the police force as

they are today, the police could get away with what they considered minor violations.

Beatings inside jail were relatively common. Deaths were less common, since most policemen were unwilling to commit, or cover up for, jailhouse murder. The third degree, as it was sometimes known, was intended to cause pain and suffering but leave few visible marks. A bar of soap in a sock, a rubber hose, or (as in California or Florida), a few oranges in a bag were the policeman's weapon of choice. The victims of the third degree could come from any background, but often came from a poor one. "Undesirable" people were often rounded up to see if any of them would confess to a crime. Psychology was in its infancy, and its bearing on criminal behavior was poorly understood. Sometimes, evidence contradicting an officer's case theory would be lost or altered to fit the theory. Citizen watchdog groups were virtually nonexistent. The American Civil Liberties Union was only established in 1920. The controls placed on most officers came from the departments themselves.

The local law could have been the most effective force for Prohibition. The police knew their neighborhoods well. No speakeasy could have remained in operation for any length of time without the police knowing about it. However, police inaction meant that the speakeasies operated without serious interruption. In some cases the police preferred to do nothing because the speak in question had powerful friends, political or otherwise. However, even when a speakeasy had no official protection the police weren't keen to raid it. The police knew that the public sentiment, particularly in urban areas, was against Prohibition. That meant that if the police were to raid the speakeasies they would be condemned, not praised, for doing so. The police knew that many speakeasies had been respectable saloons before Prohibition. These places had served good food and drink then, and were still doing so during Prohibition. Why, the police argued: should they be punished for doing that? It probably helped that those same speakeasies, restaurants, and hotels often gave the patrolmen free food and drink. People prefer to help friends over strangers, and in any age it has always been helpful to be friendly to the law.

The police preferred to go after clear-cut social evils. Speakeasies that served poison booze were acceptable targets. So were clip joints, the illegal bars where robbing the customer was more important than serving liquor. In an age when homosexuality was frowned on, bars where homosexuals gathered and female impersonators performed were also acceptable police targets. Jimmy Durante, later famous as the Schnozzola, once played piano in a homosexual bar which was raided by the law. Durante was fourteen years old at the time.

They began smashing the place up and smacking the patrons around. I looked for a place to hide. This wasn't any of my business. A big cop named Mullaney colared me. He knew who I was all right, for he had been shaved in my father's barber shop. "Oh, M-M-Mr.

Mullaney," I chattered, "I ain't done nothing, honest, I ain't. P-please let me go." "Sure, I'll let you go, Jimmy," said the patrolman, "But if I ever find you in a dump like this again, I'll fan you wit' me club. Imagine, a kid of your age. . . ."

The Graft

People often ask, "Just how honest is the average cop?" It's a good question, but I don't think the answer is written down in the back of the book. I usually begin by saying that the average cop's rating in honesty is just about the same as that of any other group of men. Everybody's honest in this country until he's proved dishonest.

- Captain Cornelius W. Willemse, *A Cop Remembers.*

The public became paranoid during Prohibition. They wanted to believe that the police were honest, and never took bribes. However, the press told them otherwise. Scandal after scandal broke, about the police, the Prohibition Bureau, the Coast Guard. The amount of money being flung around was staggering. It almost became a public joke. One prohibition force captain is supposed to have decimated his squad, weeding out the bribe takers, with a simple stratagem. He ordered his men to put their hands out where he could see them, and then said, "Everyone of you sons-o-bitches with a diamond ring is fired!"

The police knew of two kinds of money: dirty, and clean. Dirty money was the proceeds from prostitution, larceny, robbery, and similar rackets. Good policemen didn't take dirty money. Clean money was gratuities. Money received from businessmen or respectable citizens for services rendered, such as overlooking minor violations, recovery of lost or stolen property, and similar things. Every policeman, good or otherwise, took clean money. The policeman's pay was ridiculously low, sometimes as little as \$800 a year. The policeman's expenses were quite high, since in the first few years of employment he was expected to pay for everything himself. That included his uniform, his equipment, and even the precinct house bed that he slept in. Under those circumstances, it is unsurprising that a policeman who refused to take clean money was regarded as an idiot. Investigators who offer policemen clean money will probably be thanked for it.

Keepers and players should remember that no police force is monolithic, that there is bound to be a split of opinion in the ranks on Prohibition and on bribery. Honest patrolmen can be held back by a dishonest precinct captain. Alternatively, the captain could be honest, but vehemently opposed to Prohibition, and therefore could prevent his men from tackling Volstead cases. Honest lawmen could also be hindered by the actions of the local judge. If the judge isn't interested in prosecuting Volstead cases, then the investigation is dead in the water. A story is told of one trial judge who asked what a law enforcement agent had found on a rumrunner's boat. "One hundred cases,"

was the reply. "I thought this was a matter of liquor," the judge said, "There is no law against carrying cases. Case dismissed!"

Keepers and players should also remember that, since the people distributing the bribes are criminals, their relations with the law can be unpredictable. Once, in Chicago, one of Dion O'Banion's liquor shipments was stopped by two policemen who demanded a huge bribe before they would let the trucks go. The truck drivers called O'Banion to ask what he wanted them to do. As luck would have it, the Prohibition Bureau had tapped O'Banion's phone, and heard the whole conversation. O'Banion was outraged. "Three hundred dollars! To them bums? Why, I can get them knocked off for half that much!" Alarmed, the bureau immediately called for police assistance to prevent bloodshed. However, this was at a time when O'Banion was cooperating, uneasily, with Capone, and Capone was able to persuade O'Banion to hold off his gunmen for the sake of peace. Policemen who demanded too high a bribe, or who failed to live up to their end of the bargain, could end up dead. The syndicate men were often people like O'Banion, men who thought nothing of violence and who acted before thinking things through.

The End Result

[Prohibition enforcement] is not a job for the cop on the beat; that brave fellow will go on getting his free shot of rye, eventually a bullet in his belly and his name on the tablet of heroes at Police Headquarters.

- Stanley Walker, *The Night Club Era.*

Prohibition ruined the reputation of the police force. The police have always been easy targets for reformers, since there is usually something to criticize the police about. It might be minor graft, unsolved crimes, alcohol connections, or more sinister things, but there is always something. The police lost the respect of the public. Partly it was because some policemen were known to take bribes, since the public didn't make any distinction between dirty or clean money. Partly it was because the police were obviously incapable of upholding the law. The public might not have liked the Eighteenth Amendment, but it was part of the Constitution. Every time the Amendment was disregarded, it brought the Constitution into disrepute. The police were the scapegoats for the public's shame, that such a fundamental social insult could take place.

Most of all, the police lost respect because they were human, and seen to be so. The police were susceptible to flattery, willing to take what they considered to be clean money, willing to lie for their friends. It was possible to ignore that before Prohibition, when the stakes were low and the bribe money small. Nobody was ever going to complain about a free meal or two for the patrolman on the beat. However, Prohibition raised the stakes. Just as beer barons were making millions by supplying illegal liquor, so too were the police making money by letting the bootleggers go about their business. More importantly, the apparent dishonesty of the police in Volstead

cases made the public worry that other, even more significant violations were taking place. Once trust is lost, it is sometimes lost for good. In the case of the police, they were Prohibition's biggest losers. Their reputation was permanently tarnished.

9. The Prohibition Bureau

*Now I lay me down to sleep-
My life and limb may Hoover keep,
And may no Coast Guard cutter shell
This little home I love so well.
May no dry agent, shooting wild,
Molest mine wife and infant child,
Or searching out some secret still,
Bombard my home to maim and kill.
When dawn succeeds the gleaming stars,
May we be devoid of wounds and scars,
Give thanks we didn't fall before
The shots in Prohibition's War.
-Arthur Lippman, "The Patriot's Prayer."*

The Prohibition Bureau was, in its own right, as noble an experiment as Prohibition itself. The bureau was the first federal police force, assigned to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. The bureau was established in 1919, when the amendment was signed. In fact, the bureau was the reason why Prohibition became law in 1920 rather than 1919. The extra year was needed to establish the bureau and hire staff.

The ASL (Anti-Saloon League), and its mouthpiece Wayne Wheeler, created the bureau. It was Wheeler who made sure that the Department of the Treasury managed the Prohibition Bureau rather than the Department of Justice, as might have been expected. There was a practical reason for this. If the bureau had been controlled by Justice it would have been subject to civil service rules and regulations, but under the Treasury the regulations were different. That meant that politicians could interfere in bureau appointments, or make appointments of their own. Many politicians used this power to reward their supporters, by appointing them or their relatives to what was seen as a lucrative government job. In addition, it was Wheeler and the ASL who fixed the bureau's budget at \$5 million per annum. This ludicrously low figure was the very most that the ASL was willing to allow the bureau. In fact, the ASL hoped that after the first few years of Prohibition the bureau's budget could be cut. This budgetary fantasy meant that the bureau could never hope to hire enough men to adequately enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. At its best, the bureau never had more than 3,000 agents available to police the entire United States. Incredibly, in 1927 things got worse. In that year, the bureau decided to test their agents, to see if they were

competent and capable of handling their jobs. Most of the agents failed this test. Thereafter, the bureau's manpower was reduced, and only 1,600 agents were available to keep the Volstead law.

The keeper may wonder what the Bureau of Investigation, later known as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was doing during Prohibition. The answer is this: nothing.

The Bureau of Investigation was set up in 1908, and was tasked with making investigations on behalf of the Attorney General's office. However, its beginnings had been just as unpromising as those of the Prohibition Bureau. The Bureau of Investigation was riddled with corruption and incompetence, and remained inconsequential until 1924. In 1924, J. Edgar Hoover took over the Bureau of Investigation (renamed the Federal Bureau of Investigation in 1935), and started his lengthy campaign of rehabilitation of the BI. However, throughout his tenure Hoover made certain that his bureau never got involved in Prohibition enforcement. In any case, the BI at that time was ill equipped to handle Prohibition cases. The BI then had no power of arrest, nor were its agents allowed to carry weapons of any kind. The FBI did not obtain these powers until after Prohibition was repealed.

Throughout this section, whenever the bureau is mentioned, the Prohibition Bureau is referred to, not the Bureau of Investigation or FBI.

Organization of the Bureau

It is little short of a tragedy for any ambitious young man with promising future prospects, to enter into Prohibition Bureau work.

-Colonel Ira L. Reeves, former Prohibition Bureau District Administrator for New Jersey.

The agents of the Prohibition Bureau were not hampered by fiddling details such as training or rules of conduct. In fact, they were offered no assistance of any kind. New agents were not trained in investigative techniques, forensic procedures, or even standard police procedures. Nor were they trained in the chemistry of brewing and distilling. Although armed, they were given no firearms training, and were expected to educate themselves in the safe use of their guns. Those agents who had some wartime experience or previous police experience had a genuine advantage over their colleagues.

It was quite possible that a neophyte agent had no idea what to do with his gun, but that didn't prevent him from using it. Some agents, knowing their limits, refused to use firearms. Ace agents Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith were issued revolvers, but Izzy kept his in his desk drawer, unloaded. Moe was willing to carry his gun, but never used it on a human being, and only fired it twice during his entire career. Other agents did the best that they could with the materials at hand. "They gave me a .45 caliber revolver from the Mexican War," said former agent William Connors of Chicago. "It had a lanyard that you tied around your leg, and it took three sets of .45s on a clip that you

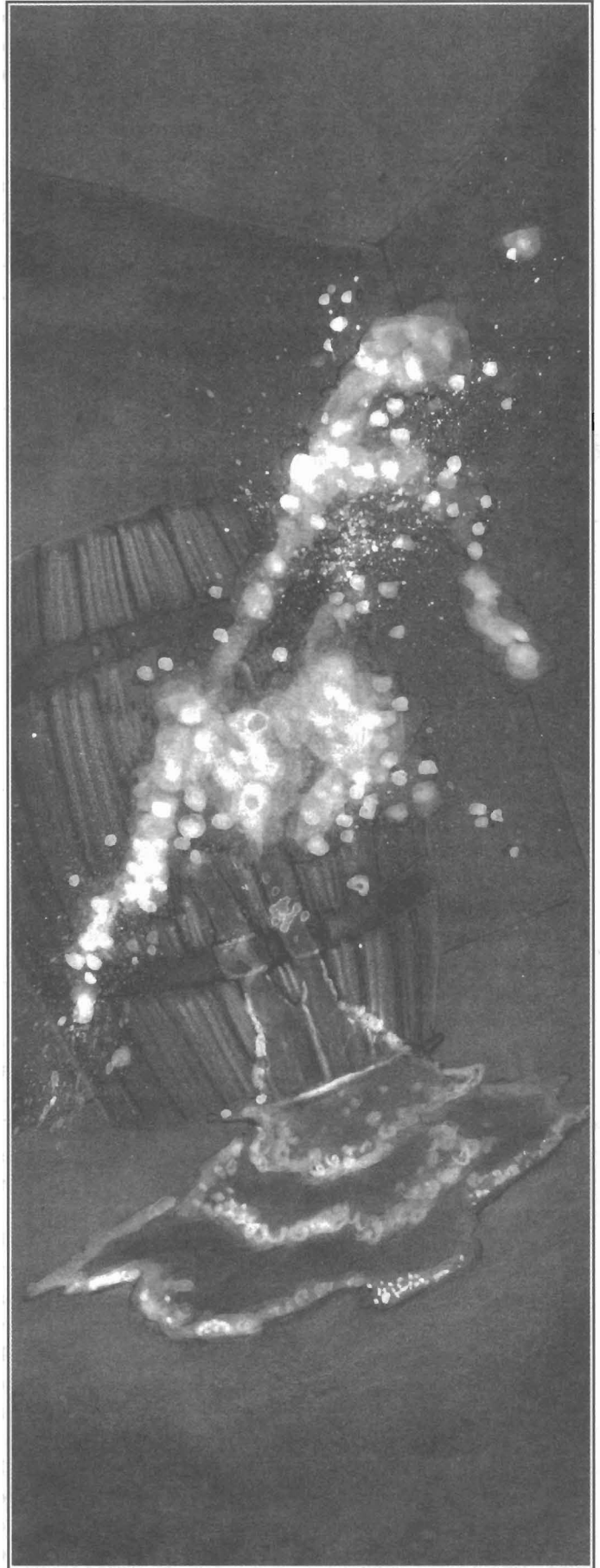
shoved into the chamber. Nobody showed me how to handle the thing. It was up to me to find out. Luckily, I'd fired guns in the Great War. They put me on a case right away. No training, no nothing. You were supposed to learn by experience."

Many agents took emotional comfort from their status as federal operatives. Many agents felt that because they represented the government they were above the local law. They believed that they were entitled to do more or less as they pleased. Some of them abused their position, demanding free food and drink from restaurants, bullying the citizens, and throwing their weight around. The bureau's relations with the local police suffered as a result. Although the bureau sometimes called on the local police force to provide manpower for important raids, as a rule the local force preferred to avoid having anything to do with the bureau. This was the case regardless of whether the police force in question was honest or crooked.

The bureau was divided into many separate districts, each of which had jurisdiction over an area roughly the size of a state. The Washington branch was the head office. Washington decided policy, and appointed district administrators to their positions. The district administrators were the heads of the local bureau office, and had theoretical control over all the agents in their district. In practice, because the bureau agents operated autonomously, the district administrators had little or no control over their agents. Wheeler was Washington based, and used his position to exert control over the Washington branch. Each of the other districts was more or less independent of the others, and operated in uneasy cooperation with their neighboring districts.

Each district had three bureau offices. Although terminology varied from district to district, the offices usually were divided into the legal section, clerical section, and investigative section. The legal section was the smallest of the three. The bureau's lawyers were tasked with keeping up with changes in bureau policy and changes in the laws, as well as prosecuting Volstead cases. Often the legal section was swamped with work and undermanned. The clerical section had more staff, and was usually the largest of the three sections of any district.

The clerical section was in charge of permits, and processed all of the requests for licenses to transport, store or brew industrial alcohol and near-beer. The clerical section was the one that bootleggers concentrated on, since the clerks could, through manipulation of their paperwork, cover up any illegality. It didn't help that the sheer volume of paperwork prevented any district administrator from knowing any more than a fraction about the cases outstanding in his district. The investigative section was the section that investigated Volstead cases, gathered evidence, and made arrests. It



was the most visible section of any branch, and the most hated.

Although the ASL had a great deal of control over the bureau through the Washington branch, the ASL also attempted to gain control over the local branches of the bureau. Every state had its own ASL chapter, and every chapter tried its best to influence the policy and activities of the state branches of the bureau. The ASL met with varied success. A great deal depended on the strength of character of the district administrator. If the district administrator was weak-willed or inclined to vacillate, the ASL could obtain a great deal of control over the local branch of the bureau.

Hatchets and Notebooks

They'd all been sleeping in the ranch house. The first to appear and see us let out a yell. I spoke a few well-chosen words to the effect that they were all under arrest. Only one of them chose to argue enough to chance death. He grabbed for a rifle and was swinging it towards me when a bullet from Red's Colt entered his head just under his right eye. We had no more trouble after that.

—Bureau Agent Charles Pickering of Detroit.

In the early years of Prohibition, bureau agents were overeager, ill trained, and prone to violence. The agents' brutal methods of enforcing the law earned them no respect. They would bust into any old gin joint, rip it apart with hatchets, close it for a few days, and that would be that. After a brief interval the bar would be repaired and reopened, and the agents would have to do it all over again. More than anything else, the agents' lack of social graces contributed to their bad reputation. Unlike the local law, the bureau men never learned that it was bad form to break up a party at the Ritz-Carlton. The agents would close the nice places that served good food and drink and were run by decent people as well as the clip joints and the syndicate fronts. In short, the bureau men arrested people whose only crime was that they were breaking the law. As a result the bureau was publicly condemned. Izzy Einstein and his partner Moe Smith earned the respect and admiration of the public precisely because they did not bust places open and hack the bar apart. Izzy made a point of treating his prisoners respectfully, and criticized those agents whom he felt acted as though they were above the law and ordinary civility.

Bureau investigative teams were usually small, perhaps no more than two men strong. This was because the bureau had very few men to spare. In New York, for example, there were only three hundred agents available to police the entire state. Fiorello La Guardia, local politician and eventual mayoral candidate, asserted that it would have taken at least 250,000 agents to adequately police New York City alone, and that it would take another force of 250,000 men to watch the first 250,000 agents. The bureau agents operated almost independently of the bureau hierarchy. Often the only guidance the agents

would be given was a memorandum from their head office, saying that liquor criminals had been reported to be operating in such-and-such an area. They had no backup of any kind, and had to rely on the local law if they needed more manpower than usual. Agents paid for all of their investigative expenses themselves, and worked their own hours. Einstein used this to his advantage in his investigations. Reasoning that most people believed that the bureau agents were nine-to-five men, he conducted many of his investigations at unusual hours of the morning or night. That way, he would be more easily mistaken for a customer and not a bureau man.

Bureau agents came from all walks of life. It was not unusual for a senator's son to be a bureau man, nor was it unusual for an ex-army drifter to gravitate to the bureau. The bureau had an exceptionally high turnover of agents, many of whom later crossed over to the other side of the law. This prompted some critics to accuse the bureau of being a training ground for bootleggers. From 16 January 1920 to 30 June 1930, the bureau employed a total of 17,816 agents, 13,513 of whom were either fired or dismissed. The higher echelons were just as bad. In the first five years of Prohibition, there were four national administrators. New York State had six different bureau directors in three and a half years. New York City hired and fired four city administrators in thirteen and a half months. With such a high turnover, even if all the bureau men were honest and efficient it would have been difficult for the bureau to do its job.

Naturally, not all of the bureau agents were honest or efficient. Low wages were a key factor. The average salary of a bureau man in 1920 was \$1,200 to \$2,000 per year, more than a policeman but not nearly enough to make bootlegger bribes look unappetizing. Although the scale of pay did change after 1920, at no point was any agent ever paid more than \$3,000 per year.

The scale of the Volstead problem was important. One of the duties of the bureau was border patrol. That meant that the bureau had to cover a vast area of coastal land, creeks, rivers, and so on, approximately 18,700 miles. Therefore, with an available task force of 1,512 enforcement agents, the bureau men would have had to stretch themselves to one agent per twelve miles of border.

Border patrol was not the bureau's only concern. The bureau also had to police the industrial alcohol producers, who made 170,000,000 gallons of alcohol a year. They also had to make sure that the nation's 11,000,000 doctors weren't selling alcohol prescriptions illegally. Finally, the bureau had to make sure that home brew wasn't being made in America's 22,000,000 households. The task was impossible, and the bureau men knew it.

Keepers and players may wonder what happened to the liquor that the bureau men seized. Usually, it was destroyed on the spot. Beer barrels would be rolled out onto the sidewalk and smashed with hatchets, spilling the contents into the gutter. Bottles would be broken. In some cases the bureau maintained a special dumping ground for

Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith

Dry agents in New York have the chance to meet the most famous and successful bureau team, Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith. Izzy and Moe, through clever use of disguises and Izzy's gift of the gab- "Would you like to sell a pint of whiskey to a deserving Prohibition agent?" was one of his lines, and it worked -accounted for 20% of all of the arrests for violations of the Volstead Act in Manhattan from 1920 to 1925. They became so successful that imitators sprang up, who would claim to be Izzy in order to shake down a speakeasy proprietor. In November 1925, Izzy and Moe were fired, under the pretext of an administrative reorganization. The message was clear. The bureau wasn't supposed to be too successful in its struggle against the alcohol suppliers.

Izzy didn't fit the profile of a typical prohibition agent. He was already in his forties when he applied for the job, and was a family man, the father of four children. He wasn't particularly muscular. He stood 5 foot 5, and weighed about 225 pounds. Nor was Izzy a dedicated Prohibition-ist. He joined the New York bureau because he heard the pay was good.

Izzy swiftly became New York's best and most visible Prohibition agent. His first innovation was to sew a small funnel into his coat, attached to a tube that went to a bottle in his pocket. Typically, the bartender would serve Izzy, and then turn his back to put Izzy's money in the cash register. Izzy quickly poured the alcohol into his evidence collector, and then made the arrest. This technique was widely copied throughout the bureau.

Flying in the face of the stereotyped grim, hatchet-wielding prohibition agent, Izzy Einstein was charming and polite to virtually everyone he met, even the people he arrested. Izzy frequently employed disguises, appearing as a gravedigger, a musician, a Texas rancher, a coal cart driver. His plan was to meet the expectations of the people he dealt with. He couldn't get into a Musician's Union speakeasy as anything other than a musician, so out came his trombone. He couldn't hang around a graveyard as an ordinary citizen, so he disguised himself as a gravedigger. His methods worked. Izzy Einstein had the bureau's best conviction record, approximately 95%. He became a household name, and the bootlegger's worst nightmare. "Why," Douglas Fairbanks joked when he met Izzy, "when mothers tuck their little ones in their cradles they say, 'Now you be good and go right to sleep, or Izzy Einstein will get you!'"

Izzy persuaded his pal Moe Smith to join up so that they could be partners. Moe, a cigar store owner and a former prizefighter, was the same age as Izzy and had much the same kind of build. However, he was taller and so the poundage spread over his frame a little more elegantly. Izzy refused to carry a gun, and Moe only reluctantly used one. Moe fired it only twice in his whole career, and never at a human being.

Izzy and Moe's busts attracted attention wherever they went, and this was not to their superiors' liking. Izzy was repeatedly ordered to stay out of the newspapers, but he was too newsworthy for reporters to ignore. Izzy's fame never affected his investigations, thanks to his everyman looks. Even when bartenders posted his picture above their bar, Izzy

could still walk in and, unsuspected, get the evidence necessary to make an arrest.

Their success rate was extremely high. It is estimated that their efforts led to the confiscation of five million bottles of booze, a \$15 million value, not including the thousands of gallons of keg beer, stills, or breweries that they broke up. However, Izzy's success was his own undoing, and under the pretext of an administrative organization the bureau dismissed him and Moe in 1925. "The service must be dignified," was the official statement, "Izzy and Moe belong on the vaudeville stage."

They both had several job offers, including at least one six-figure theatrical contract, which Izzy turned down. Moe applied for a job on the police force, but was rejected. The police weren't fond of Izzy and Moe, since the bureau men had too often interfered in police business. Moe and Izzy went to work for New York Life Insurance. Izzy was still working there when he wrote his book, *Prohibition Agent* #1. Izzy died on 17 February 1938, at the age of 57, of complications following surgery. Moe outlived him by over twenty years, dying on 14 December 1960.

Isidor "Izzy" Einstein , 1800-1938

STR II CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 12 APP II EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 45%, damage special

FistJPunch 60%, damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Art (Acting) 75%, Art (Violin) 45%, Art (Trombone) 50%, Art (Harmonica) 48%, Art (Sing) 48%, Bargain 55%, Disguise 70%, Drive Auto 30%, Fast Talk 85%, Hide 45%, Law 55%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 80%.

Languages: Chinese (Mandarin) 20%, English 75%, French 45%, German 50%, Hungarian 55%, Italian 35%, Polish 60%, Russian 45%, Yiddish 75%.

Moe Smith, ?-1960

STR 17 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 65 HPI6

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Grapple 55%, damage special

FistJPunch 75%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+db

Head Butt 30%, damage 1D4+db

Small Club 45%, damage 1D6+db

.38 revolver 45%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 45%, Art (Acting) 65%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge 38%, Drive Auto 40%, Drive Horse & Cart 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Forensics (Liquor Detection Only) 45%, Hide 40%, Law 45%, Library Use 30%, Locksmith 30%, Persuade 55%, Pharmacy (Bad Alcohol Detection & Mickey Finn Making) 40%, Photography 15%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 55%, Yiddish 60%.

the liquor they took. However, as a rule, and particularly in rural areas, if the lawmen couldn't take the liquor for themselves (either to drink or to sell), then it was destroyed as soon as it was taken.

The agents' use of firearms was the most contentious issue of Prohibition. Often, a firearm and a badge were the only two items of equipment issued to new bureau agents, and few agents were shy about using their weaponry. The public believed that many agents were little better than federally sanctioned murderers, who shot whoever they pleased whenever they pleased. There was plenty of evidence to back up this claim, and the press eagerly reported Volstead deaths. One such killing occurred in International Falls, Minnesota, in 1929. A husband and father of two daughters was shot to death by dry agents when his car

failed to stop on being challenged by the agents. The agents were manning a checkpoint, and when the car did not immediately stop, Emil Sevine, the agent in charge, ordered "Let 'em have it!" Sevine fired at the car's tires, but his companion Emmet White aimed higher, and White was armed with a riot shotgun. White's shells blasted holes in the back of the car, and the driver, G. H. Virkkula, was instantly killed. His daughters were asleep on the seat behind him. Had they not been lying prone, probably at least one of them would have been hit. After the tragedy became public, Sevine, on being asked for his side of the story, said, "I didn't know who he was, but as his car passed I could see that he was mentally against the federal government and actually disrespectful of it."

Elliot Ness

Ness, the son of a Chicago baker, was remembered as a good child, helpful and hard working. He loved books, particularly Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. He grew to be a soft-spoken man, well educated and clean cut, the perfect image of a bureau agent.

His superiors thought much of him. They remarked on his cool head, and his aggressive and fearless attitude when on a raid. Unlike other agents, Ness never shirked an assignment or complained. His career was already in the ascendant when his superiors earmarked him for a very special task: the Capone Squad.

Ness immediately recruited nine men for his new unit. Knowing that Chicago men might already be corrupt, he recruited four of his squad from outside Chicago. Although their first few raids on Capone's breweries were successful, they didn't hurt Capone. Capone's men always escaped before the raiders could break in, because the brewery defenses were extremely strong. Ness realized that while Capone could always buy more breweries, he couldn't easily replace the skilled labor that made the brewery run. Ness attached a steel ram to the front of a truck, and used this war wagon to bash down the brewery doors quickly, catching the workers red-handed.

Although Ness was a capable agent, his main talent was self-promotion. Ness made sure that the press was on hand to record his successes, and thus became one of the most famous bureau agents. Ness' campaign against Capone so caught the public eye that, when Capone was convicted of tax evasion, Ness was given the job of escorting Capone to the train station. However, although Ness had little to do with Capone's conviction for tax evasion, Ness wasn't ineffectual. The efforts of Ness' Untouchables were so damaging to the Capone organization that Capone's lieutenant Guzik was forced to cut back on his bribes to the police. "We just ain't making any dough, and if we ain't got it, we can't pay it."

Capone tried, and failed, to buy Ness and his men off. "I may be a poor baker's son," Ness said. "But I don't

need that kind of money." His squad got their nickname, the Untouchables, because they would not be bought. Capone watched helplessly as Ness reduced his alcohol empire by 80%. So desperate was Capone that he actually ordered the assassination of Ness. This was incredibly risky. Few gangsters dared kill lawmen, because the public outrage that followed such a killing made it almost impossible to do business. The assassinations were a mark of Capone's desperation. Despite the assassins' best efforts, Ness survived.

Ultimately, Ness was cheated of the final victory over Capone. The IRS brought Capone down, albeit with help from Ness. With Capone out of the picture, the Untouchables were disbanded. Ness worked for the treasury until 1935, and then left to become Cleveland's director of public safety. His career in Cleveland ended badly. Ness botched his investigation of the Torso Killings (the work of America's first known serial killer), and his marriage disintegrated publicly and messily. Ness left Cleveland with a bad reputation, and by the 1950s was a \$150 a week salesman with a drinking problem. He died in poverty on 16 December 1957.

Elliot Ness, 1903-1957

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 12
OEX 13 APP 14 EOU 17 SAN 60 HP14

Damage Bonus: +104.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + db

.38 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10

12-gauge Shotgun 60%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Grapple 45%, damage special

Skills: Bargain 45%, Club 48%, Credit Rating 45%,

Drive Auto 60%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 65%, Forensics

45%, Hide 60%, Law 55%, Operate Heavy Machine

45%, Persuade 60%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 48%,

Track 45%.

Official estimates put the number of bureau victims at 1,500 people, but the actual number is probably higher. That figure does not include the wounded, only the dead. Clarence Pickering, the agent quoted at the beginning of this section, claimed to have killed forty-two people during his career, at least one of them by accident. "When we finally boarded her [a suspected rumrunning ship] we found a woman's body lying on top of the cargo with a machine gun bullet in her back and two live men. They were all aliens. It seemed she'd been on the tramp, got acquainted with these two and went along for the joy-ride. It was a hell of a mess to explain, but we were exonerated, and the two foreigners went to jail."

The state of Michigan was the worst hit by bureau violence. Michigan was the Washington bureau's pet state. Washington decided to test all of its enforcement ideas in Michigan first and, beginning in 1920, the state became the beneficiary of wave after wave of vigorous law enforcement. At one point, in the late 1920s, the bureau spent as much as 27% of its yearly budget in Michigan. The southeastern section of the state was nicknamed "The Detroit Front," and orders for men, guns, and ammunition for the front were filled with few or no questions asked. Michigan had been the first state to enact state Prohibition. In 1933, it was the first state to ratify the Twenty-First Amendment to the Constitution, the amendment that repealed Prohibition.

The bureau's methods did at least evolve from the crude hatchet-swinging that marked its earliest exploits. Assistant Attorney-General Mabel Walker Willebrandt, appointed in 1920 during the Harding Administration, was the driving force behind this transformation. In the late 1920s the bureau agents changed their style and their tactics. Becoming urbane, polite, and discreet, they put away their hatchets and took out their notebooks, investigating and closing down the suppliers of the alcohol rather than the speakeasy distributors. However, even then they obtained very few convictions. Instead, they lost some of their most high-profile cases. Willebrandt authorized an extensive investigation of Texas Guinan, New York's Queen of the Speakeasies, hoping to prove by convicting Guinan that nobody could ignore the law. However, in 1929, Tex beat the rap. "And say," said Guinan, "On Mabel Willebrandt, you must give Mabel my love. And tell her that this is the home of the brave and land of the free, and I represent the FREE." Soon after President Hoover's election, and a month after the disappointing close of the Guinan case, Willebrandt resigned.

The bureau was a trailblazing agency. It was the first to use wiretapping to gather evidence, and, in 1927 (*Olmstead v. United States*), established the wiretap as a lawful means of gaining evidence. It also was the first federal agency to use a sting operation. Small examples of the sting took place all the time. An agent would pose as a drinker, buy alcohol, and then arrest the person who sold it. However, the bureau was ambitious. The Bridge Whist Club in New York City's Mayflower Hotel was created in 1925 as a listening post. The club was wired, and the bureau intended to listen to the

bootleggers' conversations in the hopes of gaining information. However, the club wasn't successful as an information-gathering tool, and the bureau backed out in 1926. Even so, the club remained in operation, this time as a genuine speakeasy, for several more months. A similar effort in Norfolk, Virginia (this time as a black, rather than a white, speakeasy), had the same result. The public, when the press informed them of all this, was outraged. The idea that the federal government might stoop to such immoral (even illegal), methods, revolted them. The news only made the bureau more loathed than before.

Ultimately, the bureau could not solve the Volstead problem. The scale of the job was too large. The bureau's final tally was 577,000 arrests, two thirds of which resulted in convictions. The bureau seized 9 million gallons of spirits, 1 billion gallons of malt liquor, 1 billion gallons of wine, hard cider, and mash, and \$49,000,000 worth of property, including bootleggers' boats and cars. Even so, this probably represents only five to ten percent of the total Volstead violations in America during Prohibition. The workload not only overwhelmed the bureau. It also swamped the justice system. The judges could not cope with the sheer volume of potential jury trial cases that Prohibition violations caused. The judges began offering bargains, settling cases without benefit of jury by promising light sentences to those who pleaded guilty. While this helped ease the case backlog, it did nothing to encourage faith in the Eighteenth Amendment. By the 1930s, it became clear to most people, including the bureau agents, that Prohibition was on the way out. The bureau agents lost all hope. Even if they wanted to, they couldn't enforce the law, since they hadn't the budget to continue their investigations. The bureau became all but extinct.

However, it wasn't completely dead. Even after Repeal, the federal government still needed an agency to oversee industrial alcohol production. The prohibition Bureau was reformed and renamed several times. Eventually, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms took over, and still enforces the laws that govern production and distribution of alcohol in the present day.

10. The Coast Guard

This thing really isn't a boat; it's a pair of powerful engines surrounded by a shell of wood to keep the engines afloat.

- William G. Shepherd, "The Rum-Runner's New Enemy," *Collier's Magazine*, May 1925.

Approximately one third of the United States' smuggled liquor supply came by sea. The rumrunners took advantage of the international water laws and anchored just outside the legal limit, waiting for

their customers or land-based partners to come to them. It was the Coast Guard's duty to prevent this.

The Coast Guard was a newly created organization with some history behind it. There had been a Revenue Cutter service dedicated to upholding the tariff laws on all goods, not just liquor, since 1790, and a life saving service of one kind or another since the founding of the Massachusetts Humane Society in 1785. The two branches of service merged in 1915 to form the Coast Guard. This caused public perception problems, which would dog the Coast Guard for its entire Prohibition career. The American people loved heroes and they admired the lifeboat services for their dedication and professionalism. However they feared and distrusted the law-enforcement side of the guard.

At the start of Prohibition the Coast Guard did not have much going for it. The pre-war service operated on a shoestring budget. The job was difficult, demanding and poorly paid, which meant that only people desperate for money or adventure took it on. As a result the guard became a polyglot organization. First or second generation immigrants joined the guard because it was the best of a limited set of choices available to them, while the college graduates that the guard needed for its officer corps stayed ashore in more lucrative jobs. This caused all kinds of problems at every level, especially operational ones, since there was no training and no guarantee that the guardsmen were of any particular standard or even spoke the same language. Harold Waters, a former guardsman, said that during his early career it was not unusual for a deck officer to have to order "Anyone who can speak English, lay up on the quarter-deck!"

When it became obvious that seagoing smugglers were going to cause problems, President Harding's government considered using the Navy to deal with them. Attorney General Dougherty thought that without a state of emergency it would be imprudent to use a military organization to enforce federal law and the president concurred. Instead the Coast Guard was given the job.

This ruined the guard's public reputation and caused considerable internal upheaval in the Coast Guard. The guard was made up of immigrants who liked their beer and wine and who had not been in favor of the Prohibition laws from the start, so they had no incentive to enforce them. Esprit de corps might have saved the situation but thanks to budget cuts and lackluster internal organization the morale of the guard was low. Even if they had wanted to enforce the law they were constrained by their equipment. Their rag-tag collection of dories and sailboats was no match for the smugglers who could afford a better class of ship. Sometimes the Coast Guard got lucky and captured a smuggler's vessel, which they hastily converted to their own use, but more often the smugglers escaped.

The American public didn't think much of this performance. People who didn't like the liquor laws were never going to support the men tasked with enforcing them, but even people who supported the law didn't support the

guard since it was seen to be incompetent and possibly tainted with government patronage and graft as the Prohibition Bureau had been. Letters of protest flooded in, many of them from outraged conservatives who felt that the guard was useless and corrupt. One correspondent suggested that he be given a Coast Guard commission.

[I] know a crew I could take. They are not stuffed shirts like you Washington politicians, but men. I'll clean the seas of graft as Forrest [presumably Major-General Forrest of the Confederate Army] cleaned the woods of [racial slur], part of. If you won't do this, give me a job on the Prohibition Force. I need the money.

As a result the guard was given more money, over thirteen and a half million dollars, and government support. By 1924 the additional funding allowed the guard to hire five thousand more men, all of them native-born Americans and English speakers and many of them educated. That solved the language problem and increased the efficiency and morale of the service. In addition the guard obtained more and better ships. Twenty war surplus destroyers and over three hundred other vessels were bought by the guard. This massive increase in strength allowed the guard to carry out more missions and increase the pressure on smugglers. Extra funding was available throughout Prohibition, which allowed the guard to experiment with new techniques such as aerial surveillance and cryptography, useful for decoding messages sent by smuggler ships to their contacts ashore.

1924 was also important for one other reason. It was the year that the offshore limits changed. Before 1924 a country's legal authority stopped at three miles offshore, which distance was based on the extreme range of an 1812-vintage cannon. Since this distance was so short it was easy for anyone, even a man in a dinghy, to get out to Rum Row. Not only did that mean that smuggling liquor was simple, it also meant that the mother ships that supplied the liquor could stay out at sea for months at a time since they could get supplies of food, drink and anything else they wanted from ashore. In 1924 the limit was increased to twelve miles. Now nothing short of a powerboat could get out to Rum Row, and there was more chance that on the way the contact boat would be intercepted by the Coast Guard. The flow of liquor was reduced, and at the same time Rum Row's food supply was cut. As a result many of the smaller or independent smugglers, like Bill McCoy, left the business.

Dispatches from the War Zone

I heard the rattling of machine guns and I saw things at Rum Row more amazing, I think, than I ever saw before, even in war.

- William G. Seabrook,
The Rum-Runner's New Enemy.

The Coast Guard's success was based on the principle of starving out the liquor ships and on keeping tabs on the ships known to smuggle liquor. That way whenever a ship

appeared that was known to be a rumrunner the guard would converge on its position and loiter just a short distance away, ready to intercept any contact boat that came near. Sometimes the guard was even prepared to bend the rules to get their target, as in the case of Bill McCoy who was captured outside what was then the three mile limit. The guard gambled that since discussions were already underway to increase the limit they could afford to breach it to capture the notorious King of Rum Row, and they were correct. Although McCoy's ship was Nassau-registered and most of his crewmen were English McCoy was American and so the English government didn't exert itself on his behalf. Similar events took place throughout Prohibition, as the Coast Guard used the old argument that "hot, continuous and unbroken pursuit" allowed them to go outside the twelve mile limit in search of prey.

That wasn't the only rule that the guard was prepared to bend in order to get their way. One smuggler's remi-

niscences were recorded by James Barbican, an English rumrunner:

In this business it isn't what the Government guys can do, but what they do do, that counts. If they picked us up now they'd hold me if there was the least thing wrong with the boat's papers, and if there wasn't anything wrong they'd make them wrong. They would be liable to keep you [Barbican] for examination as to how you came into this country, and would hold onto my dory; by the time I got her back she would be worth about \$350 and not the \$3500 I paid for her, for they would knock her about, run her without oil in the engine, and pinch everything movable.

The guardsman's answer to this was that they were just as liable to extra-legal shenanigans as the smugglers. It was a common trick for a captured smuggler to complain that his personal possessions, such as his compass or sex-

Life on a Six-Bitter

"We eat well here." said the captain, "Leon, the cook"- only the crew called him "Kewpie"- "was cook in a fine club in Manila" "Kewpie" grinned. Soup. big steaks, a huge tray of Frenchfried potatoes, coffee in thick cups with condensed cream and, to top all, apple pie -that was supper.

- William G. Shepherd,
The Rum-Runner's New Enemy

The most common Coast Guard patrol craft was a seventy-five foot chaser, also known as a six-bitter for its six cylinder engines. It was fast, durable and reliable and became a guard favorite.

They were designed in response to the guard's need for a small picket ship that could stay out at sea for several days, so seaworthiness and habitability were the prime considerations. They were added to the guard fleet in 1924, and soon became the workhorse of the service.

The six-bitter could ship up to eight crewmen. The basic design was simple, almost Spartan, and deceptively small. William Shepherd described a six-bitter as "slender as a weaver's needle and seemingly as fragile as a fiddle." The cruiser was divided up into three compartments. The captain and chief mate's quarters were in the aft compartment, as was the ship's galley. The cook was always on call, and when he wasn't preparing a meal he was cleaning up after one. No matter what, there was always a pot of hot coffee on the go. The rest of the crew slept in the bow compartment, described by Seabrook as "a deep, long slender box, with six bunks hung from its sides." The middle compartment was devoted to the engines, and when they were going all out the whole ship shook. No compartment was linked to any other compartment by an internal door. Instead, the crew had to go up on deck to get to one section from another section. That meant that it was very difficult for the cruiser to sink through flooding in bad

weather, since the worst that could happen was that one of the three compartments would be swamped while the other two kept the six-bitter afloat. Throughout the career of the six-biters only one was ever abandoned because of bad weather. It was found still afloat five days later. Not only had it survived two gales before it was found, it survived two more gales on the slow journey back to port. After a quick refit it was back on duty.

The pilot house was up on deck. This eight foot square room was positioned towards the bow, just over the middle and bow compartments. Doors to either side of the pilot house opened onto the deck, while two trap doors inside the pilot house connected it to the bow and middle compartments.

The six-bitter was armed with a Lewis machine gun and a one-pound cannon. The Lewis gun was kept in the pilot house and brought out when needed. The cannon was positioned towards the bow. The six-bitter tactic was to fire one warning shot, and after that to shoot to hit. "That first shot is an order from the United States Government," said one guard captain to Seabrook, "The second shot is the United States Government taking action."

Although the six-biters were invaluable, their existence and that of ships like them contributed to public unease. The Coast Guard to them was primarily a lifeguard service, and secondarily a law enforcement arm. Yet the six-bitter clearly had only one purpose, to hunt and catch liquor smugglers.

When the Prohibition laws were repealed, the six-bitter fleet was gradually reduced. Many of them were sold to the Navy, which used them throughout World War Two. Others were sold to foreign, particularly South American, governments. Some became research vessels and private yachts. Most were still plying the seas decades after Prohibition's end.

tant, were stolen when his liquor was seized. The smuggler's lawyer would request a federal venue since the local courts couldn't cope with the case. Then followed months of delays, accusations and counter-accusations, at the end of which the guardsman's career was probably ruined. Meanwhile, the case against the smuggler was quietly dropped and he was free to go about his business.

What no one liked to talk about was the cost in human life of the Rum Row blockade. "This is a war," Admiral Billard of the Coast Guard declared, and that was how the guardsmen behaved. When challenged the Coast Guard shot to kill, knowing that their prey would shoot back if given half a chance. As a result people died, but the Coast Guard was as close-mouthed as the Prohibition Bureau when it came to calculating the tally of the dead. In the end the Coast Guard admitted to killing thirty-six people in liquor smuggling actions, but the actual figure is probably higher. When considering this issue it is worth remembering that the Coast Guard was much more restrained than the trigger-happy Prohibition Bureau, which admitted to one hundred thirty seven victims, and that the Coast Guard deaths were self-defense actions. Coast Guardsmen were just as liable to be killed as smugglers. It is also worth remembering that no matter how many smugglers were killed by Coast Guardsmen many more were killed by brother smugglers, hijackers and go-through men. The actual total of the dead will never be known. Often the Coast Guard arrived too late, finding only a burnt-out hulk or abandoned ship, a few bloodstains and bullet holes the only sign of what had happened.

Of more concern to the public was the possibility that the Coast Guard was neglecting its lifesaving duties to chase liquor smugglers. It was rumored that given the choice between making a capture and saving a sinking ship's crew a Coast Guard ship would choose to make the capture every time, leaving the other men to drown. Slurs of this kind could never be proved one way or the other, which made things that much worse for the Coast Guard since the public preferred to believe that the Coast Guard was in the wrong rather than spend time puzzling out a complicated case.

Equally complicated is the bribery issue. Although the Coast Guard was less prone to corruption than the Prohibition Bureau it is nevertheless true that some Coast Guard sailors and captains took bribes. When Big Bill Dwyer, a New York booze baron, was finally arrested the case against him revealed unsuspected depths of corruption in the New York Coast Guard. Thanks to a Coast Guard petty officer named Olsen who acted as Dwyer's intermediary, Dwyer was able to suborn four Coast Guard ships and their crews, a total of almost fifty guardsmen. The prosecution revealed that Coast Guard ships actually escorted Dwyer's rumrunners to safe harbor and helped them unload their liquor. Dwyer's syndicate was the most infamous example of Coast Guard corruption, but it is likely that other Coast Guard ships and their crews were corruptible.

On the whole, the Coast Guard managed to survive Prohibition with only a slightly tarnished reputation. This was due mainly to the service's commitment to professionalism and high standards of conduct. The service was also innovative and pioneered aerial surveillance techniques, cryptography methods and direction-finding devices that predated similar World War Two efforts. However repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment ended the service's glory days. Without Prohibition there was no justification for the Coast Guard budget. Much of its fleet and skilled personnel were let go, and the service remained under-funded and under-supplied until World War Two.

11. The End is Nigh: Repeal

It's food, not drink, is our problem now. We were so afraid that the poor might drink - now we fixed it so they can't eat.

- Will Rogers, humorist.

Prohibition's killer was death's grim counterpart: taxes. The stock market crash of 1929, and the Depression that followed it, upset everyone's preconceived ideas of how life should be lived and of what the future held. The Americans of the 1920s had grown used to credit and easy money. When the easy money went and the credit dried up, they were left high and dry. Nobody had firm ideas of what to do or how the Depression years would end. It was easy for some people to believe that the Depression would never be dealt with, and that the good times would never come back.

The Americans were willing to clutch at any straw. One such straw was the reintroduction of the liquor tariff. Liquor, although a luxury, was constantly in demand. The Roaring Twenties had proved that people were willing to pay any amount of money to get the liquor they wanted. Canada, Nassau, and other wet havens had proved that taxes on liquor could raise a staggering amount of money. More importantly, the liquor tax was a tax that no one could object to, since it was essentially voluntary. If people didn't want to pay it then all they had to do was stop buying liquor. It wasn't in most people's nature to stop buying, but then that was the beauty of the scheme. Millionaires like the Du Ponts and the Rockefellers were the first to endorse the repeal of Prohibition for the sake of the liquor tax, because they believed that the liquor tax revenue would eliminate the need for income tax. In hindsight, the expectation that a liquor tax alone would provide enough revenue to end the Depression, let alone the income tax, was hopelessly unrealistic. However, at the time it seemed that anything was possible. People believed officials like Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit when he said, "We cannot avoid the fact that a reasonable tax on

beer alone would bring \$700 million a year into the public treasury." Where the Du Ponts led ordinary Americans followed, and soon the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment (AAPA), was proving itself a serious challenger to the Anti-Saloon League.

Meanwhile, the ASL was having problems of its own. The death of Wayne Wheeler had left it without a visible figurehead. The defection of many of their wealthiest supporters to the AAPA meant that their financial war chest was severely depleted. Finally, scandals within the ASL (most notably that of Bishop James Cannon, an ASL leader whose shady financial dealings and secret mistress became front-page news), tarnished the League's reputation. The ASL did its best to defend itself, but, in 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt won the presidential election with a promise to, among other things, repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition was as good as dead.

On December 6, 1932, Senator John Blaine of Wisconsin submitted a resolution to Congress proposing the submission to the states of the Twenty-First Amendment, which would annul the Eighteenth. Two months later, on February 21, 1933, the amendment was sent to the state governors for ratification. Meanwhile, the newly elected President Roosevelt asked Congress to modify the Volstead Act to provide for the sale of 3.2 percent beer. In nine days, Congress complied and legalized 3.2 beer, much to the delight of the American public. In St. Louis, at the Anheuser-Busch Brewery, 30,000 people stormed a motorcade of beer-laden trucks twenty blocks long. Later, less than a year after the Twenty-First Amendment was submitted for ratification, the necessary thirty-sixth state ratified the amendment at 5:32 P.M. on December 5, 1933. At 7 P.M., President Roosevelt signed the proclamation ending Prohibition.

Not every state wanted to become wet again. Some areas retained a strong sentiment in favor of Prohibition. However, in many cases states which had been dry by law prior to 1920 had dropped their anti-liquor laws when federal prohibition became law. It had seemed pointless to keep local laws on the books when federal law superceded those laws. This meant that, after repeal, many states that would otherwise have been dry became wet. Only Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Florida, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia kept any dry laws on their statute books after 1933.

The social damage had already been done. Crime, which had been a collection of ethnic gangs at the beginning of the century, had been organized into a well-oiled machine that operated on a national level. The former liquor barons moved their assets into gambling (slot

machines as well as casinos), union racketeering, legitimate liquor interests, and other lucrative schemes. In addition, the public's trust in their lawmen and government officials had been shaken. Before Prohibition, it would have been unusual to find anyone who believed that their local or federal government was corrupt or that their police force took bribes. After Prohibition, many simply assumed that the opposite was true, that no public official could be trusted.

Meanwhile there was the drinking problem to consider. The intemperate twenties had created a nation of drunks. Rotgut liquor had injured the health of hundreds of thousands of people. Even the so-called good liquor was ultimately both poisonous and addictive. In 1935, two years after repeal, the Alcoholics Anonymous organization was founded.

Repeal didn't put an end to liquor smuggling. Although there was a sharp dip in the level of smuggling after repeal, bootlegging was still profitable. The high liquor tariff meant that many people were willing to break the law to get cheaper booze. Within only a few years of repeal, liquor smuggling was on the increase again. By that time agencies like the Coast Guard had undergone major budget cuts and had lost assets like their war surplus destroyers, which meant that their anti-smuggling activities were curtailed. Ashore, the Prohibition Bureau was all but dead. It was briefly replaced by the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, and later the Federal Alcohol Administration. Once again, the Treasury Department found itself in charge of regulating the liquor industry. Its activities weren't as flamboyant or as disastrous as those of the old bureau. However, there were still people on the payroll whose job it was to follow in Izzy Einstein's footsteps as federal investigators tasked with finding and arresting violators of the liquor laws.

The ASL wasn't dead, but it was sickly. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment had dealt it a body blow from which it would not recover. It attempted to re-institute national prohibition during the 1940s, but failed dismally. The ASL still exists today under a new name, the National Council on Alcohol Problems.

Finally, although the liquor tariff didn't end the Depression it did raise a great deal of money. The government's \$2.60 per gallon tax on distilled liquor raised an estimated \$500 million per year after repeal. This money funded Roosevelt's New Deal depression relief programs, under the National Recovery Act. Even now, the liquor tariff is an important source of federal funding. After personal and corporate income taxes, the liquor tax is the largest single source of federal revenue to date. •





LAVEY, SATANISM, AND THE BIG SQUID



Being a Brief Consideration of Anton LaVey, Aleister Crowley, the Golden Dawn, Horatio Bottomley, A. E. Waite, H. P. Lovecraft, the Necronomicon, "Left Hand- Cults, and Other Dancers with Good and Evil.

by J. Gordon Olmstead-Dean

If you run roleplaying games, particularly Lovecraftian games, for long enough, the subject of Satanism is bound to come up. The big questions that tend to emerge are "Is Satanism real? Is it dangerous? Do people really worship Cthulhu (or other Mythos deities) and is there really something to it?"

It is no coincidence that the works of H. P. Lovecraft, an apparently agnostic writer with a strong feel for the macabre, are sometimes associated with Satanism. In *The Satanic Bible*, a book written by Anton Szandor LaVey, the "father of modern Satanism," there are references to the Cthulhu Mythos, which was developed by Lovecraft and his fellow writers and correspondents, including Robert E. Howard and August Derleth. The inclusion of Cthulhu Mythos elements in LaVey's *Satanic Bible* is often taken as evidence that there is "really something to" the Cthulhu Mythos, but might better be taken as evidence of the relatively shallow nature of LaVey's theological work.

With all that in mind, this article is intended as a quick rundown on modern Satanism, Cthulhu worship, and so on. This is by no means an exhaustive overview, but it should contain enough information and facts to provide a working understanding and allow you to research the subject on your own. The fine points of Setian/Satanist history, etc., have been widely debated both in print and on the internet.

Anton Szandor LaVey (1930-1997) was one of a sea of ne'er-do-well occultist writers in the period after the Second World War. Michael Cavendish, whose research is generally reliable and sober, notes in his *History of Magic* that LaVey was an early associate of L. Ron Hubbard, a ne'er-do-well science fiction author who became the founder of the Church of Scientology. Apparently the two were members of a California group which conducted some experiments along the lines of Aleister Crowley's novel *Moonchild*, Hubbard and LaVey eventually fell out, seemingly, but both went on to establish large bogus religious cults.

The fact that Lovecraftian deities are referred to in LaVey's *Satanic Bible* then would indicate that they must be real. Of course the converse is true. LaVey founded his

Church of Satan around 1966. H. P. Lovecraft began writing fiction in 1905, and published his stories in magazines from 1917 to 1937. They were edited by August Derleth and first issued as a collection from Arkham House in 1939. They were widely reprinted thereafter. Obviously, LaVey had access to the work of Lovecraft and other Mythos writers.

LaVey borrowed readily from any source he could get his hands on, to the extent that a considerable amount of his material is badly reproduced and watered down philosophy of Nietzsche combined with the occult methods of Aleister Crowley. Ultimately, "Satanism" in LaVey's definition differs little from Gnostic Christianity, which seeks union with the omnipresent. Beneath a good bit of adrenaline-pumping excitement generated by identification with the traditional Christian Devil, which is especially appealing to teenagers, Satanist theology is a fairly tepid orthodox combination of Gnosticism and secularism, and borders on the prosaic. Young Satanists are left to get a cheery thrill out of identifying the true creative principle with the traditional enemy of the Christian Church, which they see as stifling.

Setians and Satanists

Today, there are roughly two main branches of Satanist observance. One calls itself "Setian" and the other, for lack of a better term, can be called "Traditional Satanist." Traditionalists tend to call themselves Satanists, and like LaVey are more or less showmen and thrill seekers, who conduct occasional black masses to get press attention and sometimes a bit of money. There aren't a lot of these people around, and they tend to spring up spontaneously when somebody picks up a copy of LaVey's book at a chain bookstore in a shopping mall. Most of them eventually graduate, get real jobs, and forget about it. Some youths who have adopted Satanist trappings are anti-social and dangerous, though most are harmless rebels rejecting their parents' beliefs and value systems.

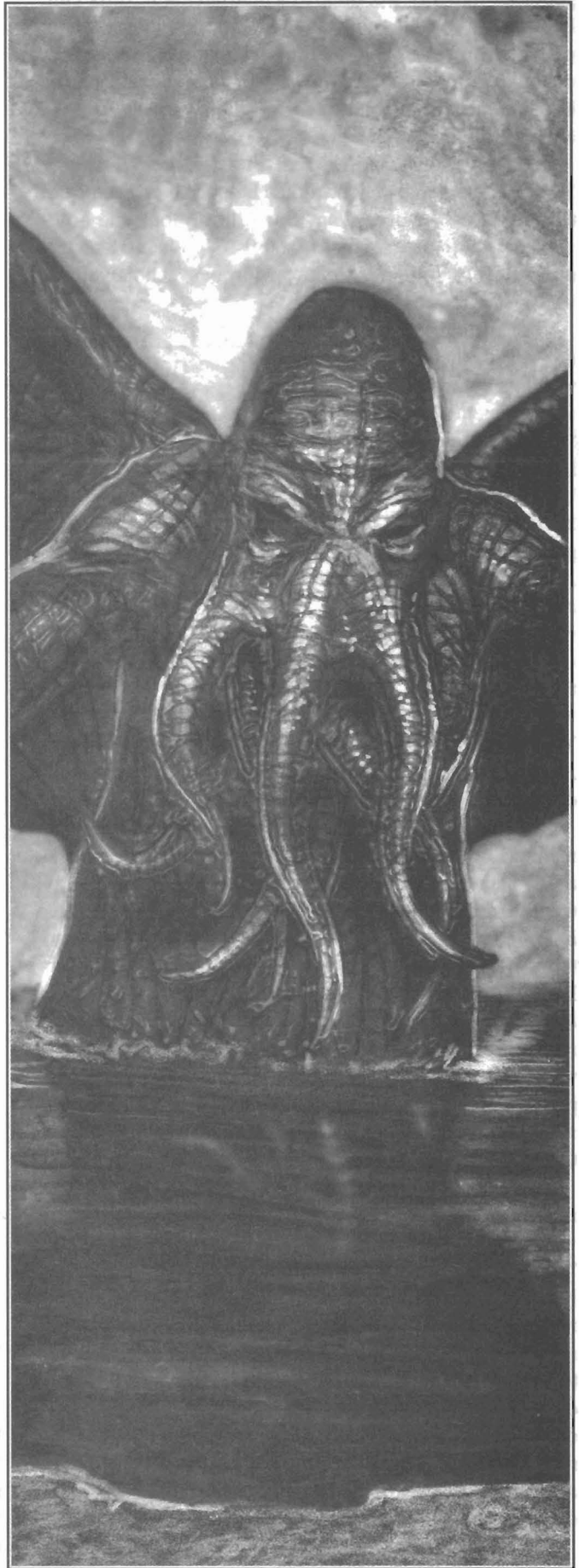
In the 1980s, the U.S. saw a wave of hysteria that suggested there was a widespread "Satanist conspiracy" in America. Fortunately, rational minds have largely pre-

veiled and no one seriously believes this today. For an excellent rational summary, one might seek *Satanic Panic: The Creation of a Contemporary Legend* by Jeffrey S. Victor. In reality, serious and dedicated Satanists tend to be troubled youths with bad family situations, and their deliberate self-affiliation with Satan is an open provocation to society. Invariably this is a social rebellion indicative of deeper motivation. In either case a moment's psychological consideration tells us that Satanism is the symptom, not the cause.

Setians are a group of fairly rationalist Satanists who got tired of being hassled about "Devil worship," and are now the Temple of Set, which is headquartered in California. The group broke off from LaVey under leadership of Michael Aquino in 1975, when the thrill of being socially ostracized by nearly everybody apparently wore off. Setians, and a handful of the more sensible and better-organized "Satanist" groups, are even more similar to Christian Gnostics than LaVeyist Satanists. There are some minor differences between Setian and Satanist theology which are probably only of interest to the enthusiast. The typical bookstore Satanist probably understands these issues about as well as the typical Christmas and Easter Catholic understands Papal Doctrine. Organized Satanist and Setian groups tend to have a concentration of mystics who are interested in "left hand path" workings.

The number of organized groups still maintaining LaVey's traditions are a handful, currently led by LaVey's disciple, Blanche Barton. Fairly little is known about either LaVey's life or the church he organized, because the subject has principally been of interest to himself and his immediate disciple Blanche Barton, who were free to write upon the subject extensively without feeling the hindrance of any obligation toward the actual facts. Their accounts of the church and LaVey's life can best be categorized as fiction or wishful thinking. The official church magazine is *The Black Flame*, which averages about sixty pages and is published twice a year. There is also a smaller irregular publication called *The Cloven Hoof*. Both manage to pull off magazine binding and presumably find a moderate readership among the literate Satanist community. There are probably a dozen other irregularly issued Satanist publications of varying quality, and many moderately serious and mature Satanist practitioners dual identify as SatanistiSetian.

In many ways serious SatanistiSetian beliefs draw on a somewhat older set of philosophical writings, dating back to before the turn of the nineteenth century. Sir James Frazer published *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion* (1890), a survey of ancient religious traditions, which highlighted the pagan roots of many Christian practices. Later, a scholar named Margaret Murray put forward the idea of a prototypical European "homed god" in two influential books: *The Witch Cult in Western Europe* (1921) and *The God of the Witches* (1931). Murray believed that all European



peoples originally worshipped a matriarchal fertility cult. Eventually warlike nomads from the steppes brought paternalistic religion to Europe, beginning a move that culminated in Christianity. The Christians identified the horned and goat-footed god of the Witches as "the enemy," giving us Satan.

Certainly it is obvious that the Christian image of Satan as a horned and goat-footed being is borrowed from the Greek nature-deity Pan. But Murray took the argument too far in an attempt to establish Witchcraft as a traditional folk religion. Today, Murray's scholarship is largely discredited.

The Satanist/Setians pick up the basic theological concept, which is not altogether unreasonable. Ancient religions venerate a "dark" god as well as a god of light- in Egyptian lore, Osiris has his dark rival in Set, and other ancient religions have similar pairings such as Ahriemann and Ahura-Mazda. Modern religions are unbalanced because they only wish to acknowledge the light side, and the Setian would say that there can be no real truth without embracing both Yin and



SET

Yang concepts. Whether one agrees with them or not, the modern Satanist/Setians are not fundamentally much more or less screwball than any other minor esoteric religion.

Moving in esoteric circles one runs into a moderate number of Setians, and anyone with a good general acquaintance with the esoteric community can quickly say that the idea of powerful Setian or Satanist cults recruiting innocents is a good laugh. Like most followers of the esoteric, most Setians are extremely strong-minded and rebellious personalities, who are lucky if they can get their fellow group members to agree on a basic cosmology and meeting date, never mind anything else. The occasional weak-willed girlfriend/boyfriend gets taken along for the ride, breaks up messily (not uncommon when one dates a strong-willed, artistic type), and gets much sympathy when they decide to join a Christian fundamentalist group.

On a theological level, there is nothing particularly interesting about Lavey's theology. What LaVey puts forward as "Satanism" had been put forward as "Secularism" and differs little from the philosophy of Nietzsche and others in the nineteenth century. LaVey restates *Beyond Good and Evil* with his own twists, and makes a good case for self-interest, but then is left having to explain the importance of Satan. A momentary survey of LaVey's theology leaves one wondering "why the hell do we need God or the Devil if this world view is correct?" Enlightened self-interest restated in esoteric terms, and some materials pirated largely from Aleister Crowley, does not a new religion make.

Crowley is deserving of at least a line or two of comment himself, since he is often cited as the "father of Satanism." Crowley was an eccentric raised by an extraordinarily strict religious sect in southern England, called "The Plymouth Brethren." His teenaged rebellion included drugs, women, homosexuality, and the occult, and lasted well into his forties. Crowley delighted in outrageous behavior, and willingly took on the title of "The Great Beast" and "666." In fairness, we have to observe that the deck was stacked against Crowley, and he took refuge in flamboyant rebellion as an alternative to humiliation.

Crowley was famous enough to be publicly mocked by famous novelist Somerset Maugham in his novel *The Magician* in 1908. The book is a novel and a dramatization, but it forms the basis for Crowley's legend. Maugham and Crowley were both homosexual (or at least bisexual) and moved in similar artistic social circles. Maugham didn't like Crowley, whose personality was certainly caustic, and tar-brushed him for the future with a lopsided depiction of a young man who was probably no more or less offensive than any Goth poser of our generation.

In 1910, Crowley watched his best friend, lover, and fellow occultist George Cecil Jones put through a humiliating mockery of a trial for homosexuality, probably because of his association with Crowley. Crowley himself was not summoned, probably because prosecutors feared he would turn the courtroom into a circus. Jones' prosecution was reminiscent of the outrageous trial of luminary Oscar Wilde fifteen years before, and Crowley had enough acquaintances among the artsy intellectual crowd which lived in London's Bedford Park suburb to know firsthand about the outrage done to Wilde.

After his public identification as a homosexual (his name was published in the newspapers in reference to Jones' trial), Crowley was unlikely to be let alone in England. He found a powerful enemy in Horatio Bottomley, an important English publisher, xenophobe, and bigot, who founded the *Financial Times* and later established *John Bull*. Bottomley became a powerful and vitriolic personal detractor of Crowley. It is certainly possible that Crowley created his own problem, but if so it had more to do with his annoying personality and scorching wit than deals with the Devil. Crowley mercilessly lampooned fellow mystic A. E. Waite (of Rider-Waite Tarot fame). Waite was not a particularly important writer, but he was a powerful Freemason, and he'd worked for Bottomley in the past.

Crowley fell into Bottomley's sights because Crowley spent the Great War in New York, propagandizing against the British on behalf of the Irish independence movement. Bottomley found the flamboyant and noisy bisexual an easy target. He became largely responsible for Crowley's virtual exile from England. It might well do to look at the character of the man who is so largely responsible for our perception of Crowley as an outrageous worshipper of

Satan. Bottomley, like William Randolph Hearst, would do anything to sell a paper, and Crowley was an interesting man to make people hate, partially because he rose to the bait so well. In 1922, Bottomley was imprisoned for fraud.

As might be expected of an overeducated artist-poet with no practical financial training, Crowley went through his father's fortune, failed to make a decent living as a writer, and perished in poverty, lacking the means or audience to defend himself. That said, his teachings are widely respected in modern esoteric circles, and form the basis for a great deal of modern occult and neo-pagan practice. His is a very discernible influence on Gerald Gardner, who popularized modern Wicca with his publication of *Witchcraft Today* in 1954.

Anyone who has read a fair amount of Crowley's esoteric material certainly knows that Crowley wasn't a Satanist, or even close to one. The only people who think otherwise are people who have read about Crowley, but have never actually read any of his writing.

His basic world view followed the teachings of a relatively benign and somewhat famous turn-of-the-century British occult group called the Golden Dawn. While he enlarged greatly on the group's teachings, he maintained the fundamental principles. Crowley's cosmology didn't allow for the existence of "Satan" in any meaningful sense, and his writing doesn't refer to Satan, except in an offhanded way. His writing does deal extensively with various dark spirits and beings, but even these are not so much evil as objects of illusion- those forces which mask the hidden world and keep the unworthy from comprehending the infinite. His works deal equally with spirits of light, and for the most part with forces which are simply manifestations of the elemental forces of creation. If anything, Crowley's rival A. E. Waite deals more directly with Satanism by publishing (presumably for scholastic purposes only) reproductions of late medieval instructions for summoning the Devil in true, in his *Book of Black Magic and Pacts*.

Cthulhu Worship

The question that remains, then, is "are there really people who believe in the Cthulhu mythos, and worship Cthulhu?" The answer would have to be "yes." But let's break them into two groups as well.

The first group would be fairly sane eclectic esotericists, who accept the Jungian dictum of a "collective unconscious"- in esoteric teaching, W. B. Yeats' concept of "Spiritus Mundi." These folks reason that the *existence* of Cthulhu is irrelevant. Cthulhu is a *symbol* created by a man for a certain dark presence in our collective racial memory, which emerges with a different name in every religion, etc. They would point out that at some time the name and likeness of Pan was also created by a man, but that makes Pan no more or less real. They reason that if you happen to find Lovecraft's writing intense, then why not use it as a *reference*- all religion in this viewpoint is

merely a reflection of certain things beyond man. The names of every demon/devil/saint/godling/god are simply flailing attempts by man to put a name on dark things that swim below the surface of our unconscious minds. These people would tell you that "certainly Shub-Niggurath exists . . . in no more or less real a fashion than any other fertility deity of any other religion. If you can show me Ceres, I'll show you Shub-Niggurath."

Then there are the folks who aren't thoughtful enough to grasp the concept of something like collective unconscious, and who tend to take things just a bit too literally. Yes, there are people who literally believe in the Cthulhu Mythos. Like the folks who decided to believe literally in the Church of the Sub-Genius, even though they knew Irv Stang made it up, there are people who will take any joke seriously. Some of them are even quite bright- they just lack the ability to use common sense. We've all known people who were blindingly smart, but didn't have the common sense God gave geese.

These folks will put forward research showing that Lovecraft was really hinting at secret mysteries that only he understood. They tend to center on drawing parallels between Babylonian and some other mythology and Lovecraft. What they are able to do is establish that Lovecraft was literate, and in a lengthy career as a pulp horror writer, was exposed to the ideas, and names of some primitive religions. Lovecraft was well educated for a pulp writer, and failed to enter Brown University only because of a nervous breakdown. He enthusiastically devoured *Bullfinch's Mythology* as a child, and as an avid adult reader can reasonably be assumed to have consumed *The Golden Bough*, and Margaret Murray's popular books. Murray influenced so prominent an author as Robert Graves-**it** seems certain she and others influenced Lovecraft. As an enthusiastic amateur antiquarian, he must have been very familiar with mythological sources, and as an accomplished writer and editor was certainly capable of incorporating them into his work in a sophisticated way. All the material necessary to support his Cthulhu Mythos with realistic attributions to historic religions was available to Lovecraft, who began writing in 1905, and whose primary career as a published author spanned the years 1917- 1937. As with any writer of the fantastic he incorporated elements of the real that he found fascinating or colorful, and constructed a reasonably plausible historical background for the infamous *Necronomicon*, a non-existent occult tome he refers to in several of his stories.

That's pretty much where it ends. You can be a conspiracy theorist if you want to, and it is certainly easy to reverse engineer a case for Lovecraft being privy to dark secrets. But the fact remains that the elements of the Cthulhu Mythos that distinguish it from any other mythos are unique to Lovecraft, and they constitute his genius as a writer. Lovecraft himself cited Lord Dunsany's *Pegana* as an influence. Lovecraft made his deities monsters from beyond the gulfs of space, and came up with the great sunken city of R'lyeh (Atlantis certainly, but with a num-

ber of very original twists). And it is the twists that you can't find elsewhere. But the historical facts are just color.

The one great thread of all Lovecraft conspiracy-theorism is the conjecture that there is a "real" *Necronomicon*, sometimes with the assumption that Lovecraft changed the name.

Certainly Lovecraft based it on real books, though in letters to his fans he said that real books on the occult "didn't amount to much." He denied the reality of the *Necronomicon* numerous times, including in letters to his close friend Robert E. Howard (author of the *Conan the Barbarian* stories). Lovecraft certainly would have had access to library editions of A. E. Waite's *Book of Black Magic and Pacts* (by this time nearly forty years old), and plenty of other occult works which were published cheaply in the 1920s and 1930s.

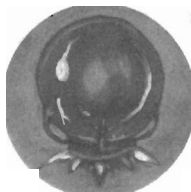
But there is no "real" *Necronomicon*, despite the lovely histories that have been made up for it. If there had been, we can surmise that someone like Golden Dawn founder S. L. MacGregor Mathers might have found it more interesting than *The Sacred Magic of Abra Melin the Mage*, and published a translation. One might believe that in the thousands of pages of material in the Sloane Collection at the British Museum, there might be so much as one fleeting reference to the book, its author, or its topics. As anyone remotely familiar with such writing knows-there isn't. Lovecraft based his "idealized" book

of magic on descriptions of the *Key of Solomon*, *Lemegeton*, *Picatrix*, the *Abra-Melin* manuscript, and other real historical books of magic.

To add an editorial note, if you're looking for source material for a campaign, LaVey was a piker and a bore. Aside from putting together an eclectic mess of other people's ideas mostly for shock value, his book is fairly pathetic. There are plenty of real sources which are, whether made up or not, at least better researched, and which are better starting places for a campaign. For an easily available source with good pictures and descriptions of "real magic," Waite's *Book of Black Magic and Pacts* (also *Book of Ceremonial Magic* in revised form) is available, as is a great deal of Crowley's writing. Virtually any of the earlier authors make better scholars, and give us a lot more pages with a lot less pap than LaVey. There have also been several editions of *The Key of Solomon* in print in recent years, and there is even a web-based copy which a search should turn up. Most grimoires have long since passed their copyright dates. The web is an excellent source for "real" magical and occult resources, including Crowley's magazine, the *Equinox*.

This is of course a very brief summary. One could, and people have, written entire books covering just one of the paragraphs above. But this should provide some starting places for further investigation at the local library, online, and at your local bookstore. •





THE KEEPER'S LIST OF LISTS

*Seven lists concerning Call of Cthulhu scenarios,
each in alphabetical or numerical order.*

by Brian M. Sammons.



Have you ever wanted to run a scenario with Y'gononac in it but didn't know where to find one? Perhaps you've been looking for a specific diabolical tome to introduce to your players? Maybe you just wanted to read up on a certain aspect of the Mythos? With this list, you can easily find some or much of what you might need.

A brief warning: these lists are meant for keepers' eyes only! Players who peruse this list of lists risk spoiling some of the mystery and fun of the scenarios their keeper may run.

A little reminder: this list only draws from published scenarios. Mythos fiction up to about 1998 is analyzed in *A Cthulhu Mythos Bibliography and Concordance*, by Chris Jarocha-Ernst for Armitage House.

A quick clarification: in order for a creature, tome, or other entry to appear on this list, the subject must have been covered in a meaningful fashion by the listed source. Locations and eras are simple: the scenario or campaign is set there. For creatures, people and cults there must be a real chance for the investigators to meet or deal with them. An example of a book not being listed under a specific creature is *Unseen Masters*. In one of its scenarios a star vampire is mentioned guarding a room; however, the likelihood of the investigators ever facing this creature is so remote that the creature's entire appearance is kept to a few lines at most. Since this sheds no new light on the beast, and the investigators are not likely to meet it, *Unseen Masters* will not be found under the star vampire heading. The same can be said for tomes; the investigators must have a chance to find, obtain, or at least read them. The only exceptions to this rule are Great Old Ones and Outer Gods. By their very nature, they can influence an entire campaign but never once make a personal appearance. An example of this is *Walker in the Wastes*, where the entire campaign revolves around Ithaqua, but hopefully the investigators will never see this terrible entity face to face.

A short explanation: if only the title of a book or scenario is listed under a heading it is because that source covers the topic so thoroughly or makes mention of it so many times that giving more specific information is not necessary. An example of this is the book *Realm of Shadows* found under the heading of ghouls. Ghouls appear throughout this book, so listing specific chapters or page numbers would be an exercise in redundancy. In some instances, a source will have a chapter listing to make it easier to find the desired subject, and in extreme

cases, when the subject is covered very briefly, as is the case with most Mythos tomes, a page number will be listed as well. Page numbers always correspond to the latest edition of the material unless otherwise noted. An example of this would be the scenario "The Temple of the Moon," which first appeared in *Terror From the Stars* but was later reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*. Any page numbers listed for this scenario would correspond to the *Cthulhu Classics* book.

As with many serial projects, this list is not complete because it has not ended. *Call of Cthulhu* has been with us for over twenty years and game books continue to appear. That's a lot of stuff to cover. This list covers materials published up to and including late 2002. Source books are, by and large, not included in this list. By definition, they are great sources of information that should be consulted first and foremost. An excellent example of this would be the *Creature Companion*. If you have questions about Mythos monsters, that should be the first book you check out. Placing all of its entries on this list would be superfluous.

Further, while *Call of Cthulhu-teueua* material has appeared in a number of magazines over the years (such as *Dragon*, *White Wolf*, and *Shadisi*, most of the issues relating to *CoC* are long out of print or so hard to find that mentioning them would accomplish little or nothing. Chaosium's own magazine, *Different Worlds*, has been out of print for more than fifteen years—so not even it is included on this list. Three more accessible magazines are mentioned here, Brichester University Press's *The Black Seal*, Pagan Publishing's *The Unspeakable Oath* and Severn Valley Press's *The Whisperer*, as all three are still being published today.

Solo adventures such as *Alone Against the Dark*, *Alone Against the Wendigo*, *Alone on Halloween*, and *Grimrock Isle* are not included on this list because keepers might play through these adventures, and they need some surprises and excitement every once in a while.

Finally, I would like to thank the following people who helped me in this daunting endeavor: Kevin Anderson, Keary Birch, John Fairholton, Andrew John Farrow, Davide Gallorini, John Goodrich, Kevin Hards, Chick Lewis, Gavin Newton, and Philip A. Posehn. Not to mention all the fine folks on the Strange-Aeons Mailing List who helped, over and over again, in various and immeasurable ways.

Era

Here is an easy reference guide for the year *Cthulhu* books are set in. For the sake of brevity, single scenarios may not be listed here individually if they are part of a book that stays completely in one era. An example of this would be the book *Great Old Ones*. While there are six different scenarios collected in it, they all take place in the 1920s, so the book as a whole is listed for that era.

NOT ERA-SPECIFIC

Blood Brothers
Blood Brothers 2
Cthulhu Live: Lost Souls
 "The Osiris Club," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*

THE OLD WEIRD WEST

Adios, A-Mi-go!

1597 A.D.

"Garden of Earthly Delights," *Strange Aeons*

1603

"The King of Shreds and Patches," *Strange Aeons*

1640

"Within You Without You," *The Unspeakable Oath I*

1693

Devil's Children

1890s

"The Adventure of the Curious Curate," *The Whisperer 3*
Cthulhu by Gaslight
Dark Designs
The Golden Dawn
 "A Once and Future King," *The Whisperer 1-2*
Sacraments of Evil
 "Turnabout," *Taint of Madness*

1918

No Man's Land

1920s-1930s

1920s Investigator's Companion
Adventures in Arkham Country
 "Albert Pitier," *The Unspeakable Oath 8-9*
The Arkham Evil
Arkham Unveiled
 "The Beast in the Abbey," *The Unspeakable Oath 5*
Beyond the Mountains of Madness
Before the Fall
 "The Big Score," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*
 "The Blanford Horror," *The Whisperer I*

"Blood on the Tracks," *The Unspeakable Oath 6*
 "Breeding Ground," *End of the World*
The Cairo Guidebook
Call of Cthulhu (core rules book)
 "Call of Duty," *The Unspeakable Oath 14-15*
Coming Full Circle
The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep
The Cthulhu Casebook
Cthulhu Classics
Cthulhu Companion
Cthulhu Live, first edition
 "Curse of Anubis," *Taint of Madness*
Curse of Cthulhu
Curse of the Chthonians
 "Curse of the Tcho-Tcho," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*
 "The Dare," *Dwellers in Shadow*
 "Dark Harvest," *The Unspeakable Oath 8-9*
Day of the Beast
Dead Reckonings
Death in Dunwich
The Dreaming Stone
Escape from Innsmouth
Fatal Experiments
 "Fear of Falling," *The Unspeakable Oath 8-9*
Fearful Passages
Fragments of Fear
Glozel Est Authentique
The Great Old Ones
Green and Pleasant Land
 "Hands of a Living God," *The Unspeakable Oath 13*
The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island
Horror on the Orient Express
Horror's Heart
 "The House on Stratford Lane" *The Unspeakable Oath 3*
 (reprinted in *The Resurrected, Volume Two: Of Keys and Gates*)
In the Shadows
King of Chicago
 "The Lambton Worm," *The Unspeakable Oath 5*
The London Guidebook
Lurking Fears
 "The Magna of Illusion," *Cthulhu Live*, second edition
Mansions of Madness
Minions
Miskatonic University Guidebook
Mortal Coils
New Orleans Guidebook
Nightmare in Norway
 "Punitive Measures," *The Unspeakable Oath 16-17*
Pursuit to Kadatn
 "A Restoration of Evil," *Keeper's Screen* year 2000
Return to Dunwich
 "The Revival," *The Unspeakable Oath 12*
 "Roadkill," *The Unspeakable Oath 12*
Spawn of Azathoth
The Statue of the Sorcerer and The Vanishing Conjuror
Tales of the Miskatonic Valley

Terror Australis

The Thing at the Threshold

"Thunder in the Blood," *End of the World*

Trail of Tsathoggua

"The Travesty," *The Unspeakable Oath* 3 (reprinted in *The Resurrected, Volume Two: Of Keys and Gates*)

"Unhealthy Occupation," *The Unspeakable Oath* 14-15
Walker in the Wastes

"Watcher in the Bayou," *Dwellers in Shadow*

"What Goes Around, Comes Around," *The Unspeakable Oath* 8-9

Whispers from the Abyss and Other Tales

"Whispers out of Mind," *Dwellers in Shadow*

"Within You Without You," *The Unspeakable Oath* 1
(reprinted in *The Resurrected, Volume Two: Of Keys and Gates*)

1940s

"Berlin Black," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*

The Realm of Shadows

1950s

"The Auction," *Cthulhu Live*, second edition

"I Was a Teenage Cthulhu Chaser!" *The Unspeakable Oath* 8-9

"Preacher Man," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*

1980s

Trail of the Loathsome Slime

1990s TO THE PRESENT

1990s Handbook

"All Good Children," *The Unspeakable Oath* 10
At Your Door

"Bad Night at Munz Ridge," *The Whisperer* 2
The Bermuda Triangle

"Cold War," *The Unspeakable Oath* 11

"Configurations of the Flesh," *Dwellers in Shadow*
Cthulhu Now

Delta Green

Delta Green: Countdown

Delta Green Eyes Only, Volume One: Machinations of the Mi-Go

Delta Green Eyes Only, Volume Two: The Fate

Delta Green Eyes Only, Volume Three: Project Rainbow Devil's Children

"Drive Through Carefully," *The Black Seal* 1

"The End of Paradise," *Call of Cthulhu: D20 Version*

"Fuel of the Gods," *The Unspeakable Oath* 14-15

"Grace Under Pressure," *The Resurrected, Volume One*

"In Media Res," *The Unspeakable Oath* 10

Last Rites

"Little Slices of Death," *Call of Cthulhu: D20 Version*

Nocturnum, Book One: Long Shades

Nocturnum, Book Two: Hollow Winds

Nocturnum, Book Three: Deep Secrets

Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood

A Resection of Time

Secrets

"See No Evil," *The Unspeakable Oath* 16-17

"Skinwalker," *Dwellers in Shadow*

The Stars Are Right!

"Think Tank," *End of the World*

"To Wake, Perchance to Dream," *Taint of Madness*

"Two Minutes on High," *The Unspeakable Oath* 11
Unseen Masters

Utatti Asfet

Whispers in the Dark

THE FUTURE

"Blood Moon," *Strange Aeons*

"Grace Under Pressure," *The Unspeakable Oath* 2

The Opposition

(Creatures, Maniacs, and Great Old Ones)

Here you will find adversaries for investigators in *Call of Cthulhu*. Generic enemies such as cultists and criminals are not given here – there are many thugs and wackos, and they lack distinction. Individual enemies from a scenario, such as Jeff Carey from the adventure "A Happy Family," are not listed either, unless they have somehow achieved near legendary status among CoC gamers. Such individuals can be found in the third list "Legendary Heroes and Villains." Finally, this list does contain the occasional oddball, such as "Masked Mexican Wrestlers." While not necessarily adversarial they are nonetheless so cool, unique, or weird that they had to be covered somewhere.

Three books are not covered in this list, although the scenarios that they contain are. Consult these books first when looking for Mythos monsters – each has a large collection. They are the *Call of Cthulhu* core rulebook, the *Creature Companion*, and the *Complete Dreamlands*.

ABHOTH, OUTER GOD

"The Underground" and "Welcome to Dunwich," *Return to Dunwich*

ABHOTH, SPAWN OF, IN VARIOUS FORMS

"The Devourer," *Lurking Fears*

"Mysteria Matris Oblitae," pages 192-195, *Mortal Coils*

"The Underground," *Return to Dunwich*

A LIEN DRONES, MINDLESS PUPPETS TO THE OVERMIND

"Whispers out of Mind," page 51, *Dwellers in Shadow*

ALIENS, VARIOUS, NON-MYTHOS KIND

"An Alien Kicked Sand in My Face!," *Blood Brothers 2*
 "El Tigre, y la Piramede de Destruccion," *Blood Brothers 2*
 "Horror Planet," pages 134-135, *Blood Brothers*
 "A Love In Need," pages 18- 20, *Secrets*

ALIEN DREAMERS, NON-HUMANS WITHIN THE DREAMLANDS

"Beyond the Forbidden Lands," page 22, *The Dreaming Stone*.

ALIEN SLIME CREATURE, LIKE THE BLOB, ONLY BIGGER

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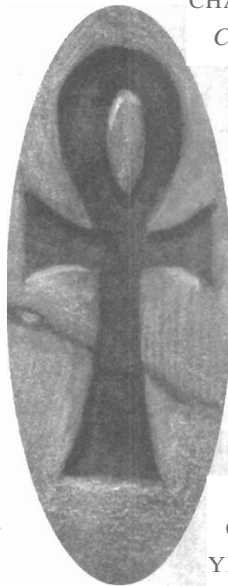
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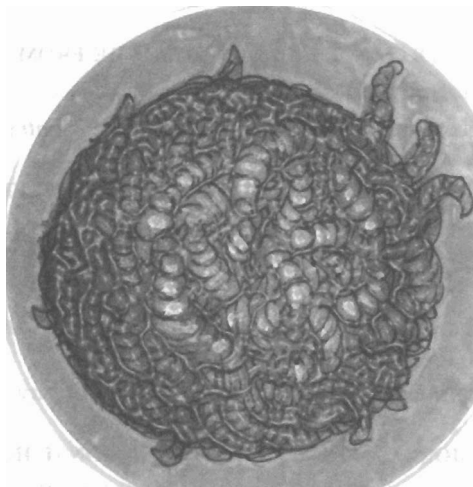
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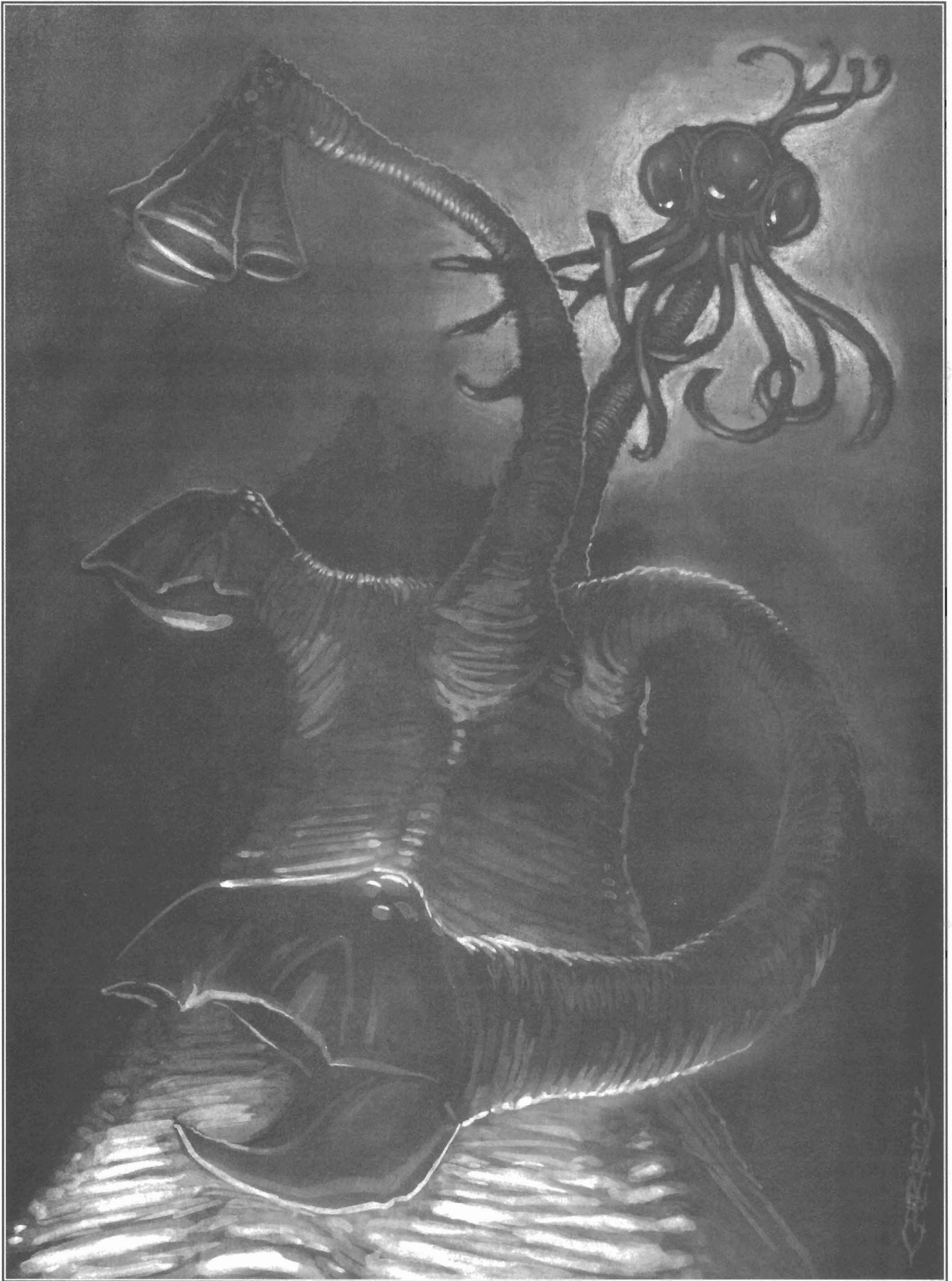
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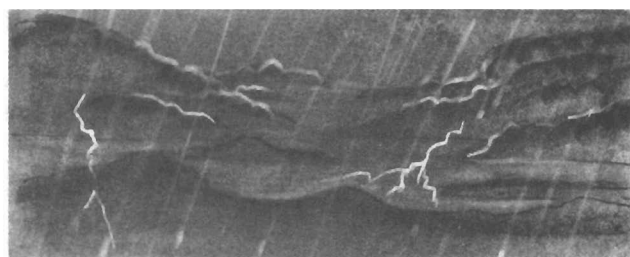
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"Sheela-ria-gig," *The Golden Dawn*

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- "Thoth's Dagger," *Curse of the Chthonians* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

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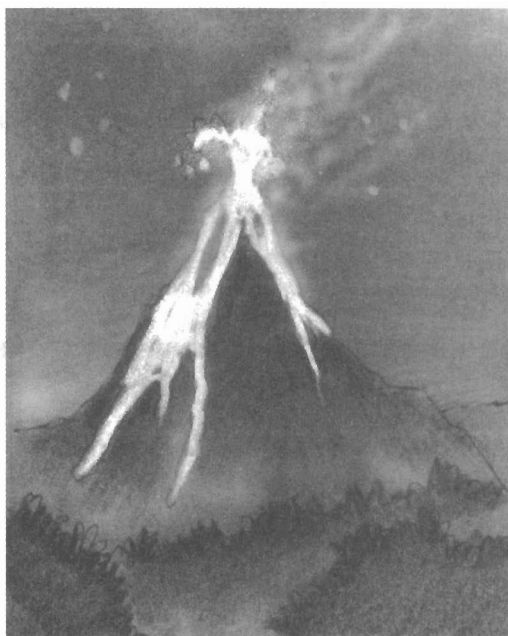
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"Call of Duty," *The Unspeakable Oath* 14/15

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"Book Four: Constantinople and Consequences," *Horror on the Orient Express*

BARON HAUPTMANN, ANCIENT WIZARD AND CO-FOUNDER OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BEAST

"Introduction" and "Castle Dark," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

CAPTAIN RICHARD HOLT, THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM KIDD, NOTORIOUS PIRATE

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CARL STANFORD, VASTLY POWERFUL WIZARD

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DR. HENRY ARMITAGE, LIBRARIAN AND FOE OF THE MYTHOS

"623: University Library" and "The Hills Rise Wild," page 103, *Arkham Unveiled*

"The Pits of Bendal Dolum," page 71, *Terror from the Stars* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

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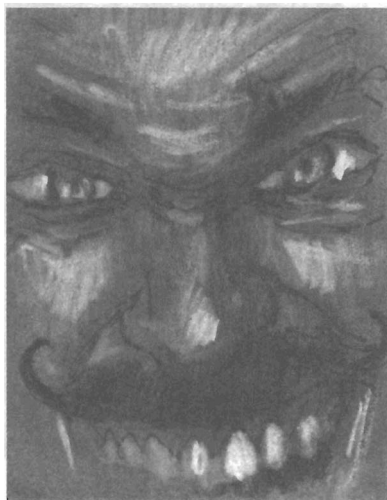
"Coming of Age," pages 176-177, *Unseen Masters*

Legendary Heroes and Villains

Here you will find unique individuals, both real and fictitious. Each person is so noteworthy as to deserve his or her own entry.

ALBERT SHINY, ADVANCED SHOGGOTH

"After the Big One" and "Where A God Shall Tread," *At Your Door*



J. EDGAR HOOVER, INFAMOUS FBI CHIEF

"Raid on Innsmouth: The Marsh Refinery," page 147,
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JACK THE RIPPER, HISTORIC PSYCHOPATH

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DR. JOHN DEE, FAMOUS OCCULTIST

"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 55, *Strange
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PROFESSOR JAMES MORIARTY, CRIMINAL GENIUS

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JOSEPH STALIN, LEADER AND MURDERER OF
MILLIONS

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KEZIAH MASON, UNDYING WITCH

"711: Witch House," *Arkham Unveiled*

DR. LABAN SHREWSBURY, ENEMY OF THE MYTHOS
AND DWELLER OF CELAENO

"The Halls of Celaeno," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and
most recent edition)

LANG-FU, ANCIENT SORCERER AND CO-FOUNDER OF
THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BEAST

"By the Bay, Part One," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and
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NITOCRIS, ANCIENT AND EVIL EGYPTIAN QUEEN

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"La Musique de la Nuit," *The Golden Dawn*

RICHARD PICKMAN, FAMOUS ARTIST NOW IN
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"Pickman's Student," page 167, *H. P. Lovecraft's
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ROBERT MARSH, HIGH PRIEST OF THE ESOTERIC
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"207: Esoteric Order of Dagon," *Escape from Innsmouth*

SHERLOCK HOLMES, INVESTIGATIVE GENIUS

"The Yorkshire Horrors," *Cthulhu By Gaslight*

THOMAS F. MALONE, RED HOOK DETECTIVE

"A Restoration of Evil," page 7, *Keeper's Screen*

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"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 51, *Strange
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WIZARD (NOAH) WHATELEY, UNDEAD SERVANT OF
YOG-SOTHOTH

"Appendix One: The Dunwich Horror" and "M6: The
Old Saw Mill," page 46, *Return to Dunwich*

Cults, Sects, and Secret Societies

Here is a collection of organizations, with numerous faiths and agendas. Following the name of the cult the entry describes who or what is worshiped. "Non-Mythos" in this section means that the cult worships real-world gods, entities, or sometimes individuals drawn from a variety of cultures. If "various" is noted, that means the cult worships or reveres Mythos beings, but no particular deity. An example of this is the Believers of Dunwich cult, a coven of witches who came together to learn arcane secrets from one another; individual cultists worship whatever gods they please.

ANCIENT SCYTHIANS, WORSHIPS NON-MYTHOS

"Common Courtesy," *Mortal Coils*

ARKHAM WITCH CULT; WORSHIPS THE BLACK
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"Dark Rivals," *Dead Reckonings*

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"The All Seeing Eye of the Alskali," *Pursuit to Kadatn*

AZATHOTH WITCH CULT, WORSHIPS AZATHOTH

"Third Time's The Charm," *Ramsey Campbell's
Goatswood*

BELIEVERS OF DUNWICH, WORSHIPS VARIOUS

"Secrets of Dunwich," *Return to Dunwich*

BLACK BROTHERHOOD, WORSHIPS NYARLATHOTEP

"Coming of Age," *Unseen Masters*

BLACK STONE CULT, WORSHIPS GOL-GOROTH

"People of the Monolith," *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*

THE BLOOD OF THE HEART, WORSHIPS CHAUGNAR
FAUGN

"Introduction," *Horror's Heart*

THE BRINGERS OF THE SACRED LIGHT, WORSHIPS DAOLOTH

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," *Unseen Masters*

BROTHERHOOD OF THE BEAST, WORSHIPS NYARLATHOTEP

"Introduction," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

BROTHERHOOD OF THE BLACK PHARAOH, WORSHIPS NYARLATHOTEP

"Cairo" and "London," *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

BROTHERHOOD OF CHRIST, WORSHIPS NON-MYTHOS OR MI-GO

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"Book One: Campaign Book" and "Book Four: Constantinople and Consequences," *Horror on the Orient Express*

BROTHERHOOD OF THE STAR-TREADER, WORSHIPS LLOIGOR THE GREAT OLD ONE

"Cold War," *The Unspeakable Oath* II

BROTHERS OF THE YELLOW SIGN, WORSHIPS HASTUR

A Resection of Time

CABAL OF DULCARNON, WORSHIPS DULCARNON

"Eyes for the Blind," *Dark Designs*

CHAPEL OF CONTEMPLATION, WORSHIPS VARIOUS

"The Haunting" (aka "The Haunted House") *Call of Cthulhu*, edition 1 and later

THE CHILDREN OF SATAN, WORSHIPS SATAN

"Last Rites," *Last Rites*

CHURCH OF THE GLORIOUS RETURN, WORSHIPS VARIOUS

1900s Handbook

CULT OF THE CHARNEL GOD, WORSHIPS MORDIGIAN

Realm of Shadows

CULT OF DAOLOTH, WORSHIPS DAOLOTH

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," *Unseen Masters*

CULT OF GHROTH, WORSHIPS GHROTH

"Gothic," *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*

CULT OF GLAAKI, WORSHIPS GLAAKI

"Of Dreams and Dark Waters," *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*

"Rise of the Sleeper," *Lurking Fears*

CULT OF HASTUR, WORSHIPS HASTUR

"Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign", *The Great Old Ones*

CULT OF HINA, WORSHIPS HINA

"Tonga," *Utatti Asfét*

CULT OF ITHAQUA, WORSHIPS ITHAQUA

Walker in the Wastes

CULT OF KUKULCAN, WORSHIPS YIG

"The Plantation," *Mansions of Madness*

CULT OF LAN-SHI, WORSHIPS A STAR VAMPIRE

"The Vanishing Conjurer," *Statue of the Sorcerer and the Vanishing Conjurer*

CULT OF NE-PANG, WORSHIPS YOG-SOTHOTH

"Call of Duty," *The Unspeakable Oath* 14/15

CULT OF PAZZUZU, WORSHIPS PAZZUZU, AKA NYARLATHOTEP

"The Priestess," *Last Rites*

CULT OF THE BLOODY TONGUE, WORSHIPS NYARLATHOTEP

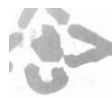
"New York" and "Nairobi," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

CULT OF THE GREEN FLAME, WORSHIPS T ULZSCHA

"A Restoration of Evil," *Keeper's Screen*

CULT OF THE NEW MILLENNIUM, WORSHIPS C THUGHA

1990s Handbook



The Keeper's List of Lists

CULT OF THE SAND BAT, WORSHIPS THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK, AKA THE SAND BAT, AKA NYARLATHOTEP

"The City Beneath the Sands," *Terror Australis* (a somewhat different version is found in *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*)

CULT OF SHUBBE-MIG, WORSHIPS SHUB-NIGGURATH

"A Murder of Crows," *Mortal Coils*

ENOLSI FOUNDATION, WORSHIPS MI-GO

"The New Age," *Delta Green*

ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON, WORSHIPS FATHER DAGON, MOTHER HYDRA, DEEP ONES

Escape from Innsmouth

GOATSWOOD CULT, WORSHIPS SHUB-NIGGURATH AND THE KEEPER OF THE MOON-LENS

"Blessed Be," *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*

THE GREAT DARK, WORSHIPS SHUDDER M'ELL AND CHTHONIANS

"Dark Carnival," *Curse of the Chthonians* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

HERMETIC ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN, WORSHIPS VARIOUS

The Golden Dawn

HERMETIC ORDER OF THE SILVER TWILIGHT, WORSHIPS CTHULHU AND YOG-SOTHOTH

Shadows of Yog-Sothoth (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*), "Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight"

KAROTECHIA, WORSHIPS ADOLF HITLER AND VARIOUS

"Dead Letter," *Delta Green: Countdown*

"See No Evil," *The Unspeakable Oath 16/17*

KINGSPORT CULT, WORSHIPS TULZSCHA

"The Kingsport Cult," *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, WORSHIPS NON-MYTHOS OR YOG-SOTHOTH

Glozel Est Authentique

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," *Unseen Masters*

THE LORDS, WORSHIPS NON-MYTHOS

"Introduction," *Horror's Heart*

MALTBEE COUNTY CULT, WORSHIPS LLOIGORS

"Vigilante Justice," *Mortal Coils*

MATOBICULT, WORSHIPS SHUDDER M'ELL AND CHTHONIANS

"The Blandford Horror," *The Whisperer 1*

MONHEGAN ISLAND CULT, WORSHIPS FATHER DAGON

The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island

NESTARIAN CULT OF CTHUGHA, WORSHIPS CTHUGHA

"This Fire Shall Kill," *The Stars Are Right!*

NEW WORLD INDUSTRIES, INSIDERS WORSHIP NYARLATHOTEP, SHUB-NIGGURATH, VARIOUS

At Your Door

"Coming of Age"; *Unseen Masters*

Day of the Beast (expanded and most recent edition)

OAK VALLEY CULT, WORSHIPS SHUB-NIGGURATH

"Dark Harvest," *The Unspeakable Oath 8/9*

ORDER OF THE BLOATED WOMAN, WORSHIPS THE BLOATED WOMAN, AKA NYARLATHOTEP

"Shanghai," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

ORDER OF THE SWORD OF ST. JEROME, WORSHIPS NON-MYTHOS

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," *Unseen Masters*

SECRET ORDER OF THE WINDWALKER, WORSHIPS ITHAQUA

"Cold War," *The Unspeakable Oath 11*

SKOPTSI, WORSHIPS SHUB-NIGGURATH

"Dream Factory," *Mortal Coils*

SONS OF THE HANDS THAT FEED, WORSHIPS Y'GOLONAC

"Two Minutes on High," *The Unspeakable Oath 11*

SONS OF TERROR, WORSHIPS NO ONE AT ALL

"Introduction" and "London Calling," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

THE SOUND AND LIGHT CLUB, WORSHIPS YOG-SOTHOTH

"The End of Paradise," *Call of Cthulhu: D20 Version*

THE STARRY WISDOM CULT, WORSHIPS NYARLATHOTEP OR VARIOUS

"Coming of Age," *Unseen Masters*

"The Yorkshire Horrors," *Cthulhu By Gaslight*

STONECREST HILL CULT, WORSHIPS ARWASSA
 "The Asylum," *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in
Cthulhu Casebook)

SUMATRAN CANNIBAL CULT, WORSHIPS VIBUR
 "Menace from Sumatra," *Dark Designs*

TEMPHILL CULT, WORSHIPS YOG-SOTHOTH
 "The Watcher out of Time," *Ramsey Campbell's
 Goatswood*

TEMPLES OF RHON-PAKU, WORSHIPS THE PROPHET
 R HON-PAKU
 "Introduction" and "By the Bay: Part One," *Day of the
 Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

THEY OF LIVING-KIND, WORSHIPS THE EMERALD
 STATUETTE
 "The Dead Sea," *The Thing at the Threshold*

THIBIDEAUX JUNCTION CULT, WORSHIPS TURUA
 "Interlude: Turua," *Utatti Asfet*

T HUGGEES, WORSHIP KALI
 "We Have Met the Enemy," *Mortal Coils*

VOODOO CULTS, WORSHIP THE LOA
 "Voodoo," *The New Orleans Guidebook*
 "The Plantation," *Mansions of Madness*
Utatti Asfet, "New Orleans"

WELLINGTON COUNTRY CLUB CULT, WORSHIPS A
 SERVITOR OF THE OUTER GODS
 "Configurations of the Flesh," *Dwellers in Shadow*

WHITEWOOD COVEN, WORSHIPS SATAN
 "The Whitewood Horror," *Coming Full Circle*

Mythos Tomes

This is a list of evil, blasphemous and sanity draining books that investigators are likely to come across. Diaries and journals from individuals, no matter how important the individual, are excluded from this list for the sake of brevity. For most of these tomes the exact page numbers where they can be found in their source material will be listed, as tomes can be covered briefly in a scenario and therefore go easily unfound. However, in some instances, only a chapter or the title of the scenario or campaign will be listed if the tome is easy to find in the scenario, covered extensively, or mentioned numerous times within a book. An example of this would be the tome *Tablets of Destiny*, which is mentioned over thirty times in the campaign, *Walker in the Wastes*.

Particular *Call of Cthulhu* books should be consulted first when looking for Mythos tomes. Each discusses a large number of Mythos titles. They are the *Call of Cthulhu* core rule book, *Call of Cthulhu D20 Version*, *Arkham Unveiled* or the *Compact Arkham Unveiled*, *The Complete Dreamlands* (either the paperbound or hard cover version), *Keeper's Companion* vols. I and II, and *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*.

AFRICA'S DARK SECTS, QUOTED

"Introduction," page 7, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

A LAZIF, AKA KITAB AL-AZIF

"Cairo," pages 84 and 86, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

"Castle Dark," "The Halls of Celaeno," *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

ALCHEMICAL PROPERTIES OF PRECIOUS STONES

"The Wild Hunt," page 58, *Unseen Masters*

ARCTIC CITY THEORIES

"The Revival," *The Unspeakable Oath 12*

AZATHOTH AND OTHERS

"Caller in the Desert," page 34, *Lurking Fears*

"The House on Stratford Lane," *The Unspeakable Oath 3*

THE BISHOP LEGACY

"The Lurker in the Crypt," page 78, *Fatal Experiments*

BLACK-BOOKE

"The Lurker in the Crypt," page 106, *Fatal Experiments*

BLACK RITES OF L UVEH-KERAPH

"Cairo," pages 87-88, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

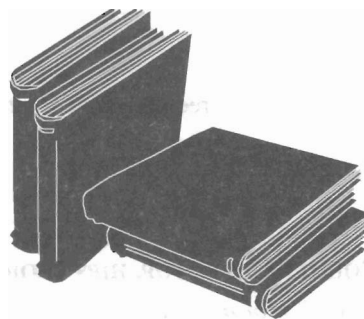
BOOK OF AZATHOTH

Devil's Children, page 23

BOOK OF BLACK STONES

"Mansion on the Moon," page 39, *The Dreaming Stone*

"Season of the Witch," page 47, *H. P. Lovecraft's
 Dreamlands*



B O O K O F C E L E S T I A L P R O V I D E N C E

"In the Shadows of Death," page 33, *In the Shadows*

B O O K O F T H E C L I M B I N G L I G H T A K A H A - S E P H E R S H E L T E E F A Y S O R

"Story Seeds," *1990s Handbook*

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," page 110, *Unseen Masters*

B O O K O F D A E M O N I G R A P H I A

"With Malice Aforethought," Page 76, *Adventures in Arkham Country*

B O O K O F D A G O N

Escape from Innsmouth, pages 54, 86, III

B O O K O F D Z Y A N

"Caller in the Desert," page 34, *Lurking Fears*

'The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn,' page 89, *Curse of the Chthonians* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

"London," page 48, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

"The Sundial of Amen-Tet," page 44, *Lurking Fears*

"The Trail of Tsathoggua,' page 5, *The Compact Trail of Tsathoggua*

B O O K O F E I B O N

"The Blanford Horror," *The Whisperer I*

"Keeper's Information," *The Thing at the Threshold*

"Kingsport Head," page 53, *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*

"Mansions of Madness," page 112, *Mansions of Madness*

"Pickman's Student," page 155, *H. P. Lovecraft's*

Dreamlands (reprinted in *The Complete Dreamlands*)

"Providence, Rhode Island," page 23, *Spawn of Azathoth*

"The Underground," page 117, *Return to Dunwich*

B O O K O F S O U N D A N D L I G H T

"The End of Paradise," page 268, *Call of Cthulhu: D20 Version*

B O O K O F S Y N A R C H O B I B L A R O N

"With Malice Aforethought," page 121, *Adventures in Arkham Country*

B O O K O F T H E D E A D

"Thoth's Dagger," page 108, *Curse of the Chthonians* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

T H E B O O K O F W H I T E M A G I C E X P L A I N E D

"The Yorkshire Horrors," page 98, *Cthulhu By Gaslight*

B O O K S O F D ' H A R S I S

"Mansion on the Moon," page 39, *The Dreaming Stone*

B R O T H E R H O O D O F T H E B E A S T

"Castle Dark," page 66, *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

C A L V I S S O L O M O N I S

"The *Mauretania*," page 62, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

C A S T R O M A N U S C R I P T

"The Sanatorium," page 80, *Mansions of Madness*

C A T E C H I S M O F T H E K N I G H T S O F T H E O U T E R V O I D

"The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

C A T E C H I S M O F T H E K E E P E R S O F T H E S I L V E R G A T E

"The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

C A T E C H I S M O F T H E S O N S O F Y O G - S O T H O T H

"The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

C E L A E N O F R A G M E N T S

Day of the Beast (expanded and most recent edition), page 75

C H I L D R E N O F T H E S E A A N D S T A R S

"Lethal Legacy," page 21, *Last Rites*

L A C H R O N I Q U E D E L ' A B B A Y E D E S T - M I C H E L

"Against the Star-Spawn," page 27, *No Man's Land*

C O L L E C T E D N O T E S , P A P E R S , A N D D I S S E R T A T I O N S O F D R . H E R B E R T W E S T

"Dead Letter," page 299, *Delta Green: Countdown*

"A Little Knowledge," pages 99-100, *Arkham Unveiled*

C O L L E C T E D W O R K S O F C A N O N R I B A U D

"Unhealthy Occupation," *The Unspeakable Oath 14/15*

C O N F E S S I O N S O F T H E M A D M O N K C L I T H A N U S

"The Beast in the Abbey," *The Unspeakable Oath 5*

C O R P U S M O D U S

"Regiment of Dread," page 27, *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*

C T H A A T A Q U A D I N G E N

"Kenya," page 120, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

"Ulthar and Beyond," page 39, *Spawn of Azathoth*

C T H U L H U I N T H E N E C R O N O M I C O N

"The *Mauretania*," page 62, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

"The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

"The Starshrine," page 86, *Lurking Fears*

"The Unsealed Room," page 27, *Secrets*

THE CULT OF KALI IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"We Have Met the Enemy," page 131, *Mortal Coils*

THE CULT OF KUKULCAN

"The Plantation," page 37, *Mansions of Madness*

CULT OF THE WHITE WORM

"The Starshrine," page 86, *Lurking Fears*

CULTES DES GOULES

"Closed Casket," page 8, *Secrets*

"The Curse of Anubis," *Taint of Madness*

"The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

"Optional Player Aids," page 61, *Spawn of Azathoth*

"Resources: Cultes des Goules," *Realm of Shadows*

CULTS OF ROMAN BRITAIN

"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 61, *Strange Aeons*

THE CULTUS MALFECARUM AKA THE SUSSEX MANUSCRIPT

"Call of Duty," page 88, *The Unspeakable Oath 14/15*

"Innsmouth Connection," page 37, *Before the Fall*

"Sorrow's Glen," page 62, *Lurking Fears*

DAEMONIGRAPHIA

"With Malice Aforethought," page 76, *Adventures in Arkham Country*

DARK ANGEL'S KISS

"The Secret of Castronegro," page 133, *Cthulhu Companion* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)

DAS BUCH DER VIELEN LAUFE, THE BOOK OF MANY WAYS

"Call of Duty," page 83, *The Unspeakable Oath 14/15*

DAWN OF THE WINDS

"Cold War," *The Unspeakable Oath 11*

DE VERMIIS MYSTERIIS

"Castle Dark," page 69, *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)

"Edge of Darkness," page 230, *Call of Cthulhu* edition 5.0 and higher

"Garrison, Montana," *Spawn of Arathoth*

The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island, page 67

"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 61, *Strange Aeons*

"The Lurker in the Crypt," page 78, *Fatal Experiments*

"The Madman," page 23, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

"No Pain, No Gain," page 64, *At Your Door*

"Return to Dunwich," page 7, *Return to Dunwich*

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," page 98, *Unseen Masters*

DESERT DWELLERS

"Caller in the Desert," page 34, *Lurking Fears*

THE DHOL CHANTS

"Dead of Night," page 142, *Arkham Unveiled*

DIABOLIS BRITANNIA

"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 57, *Strange Aeons*

DREAMS AND FANCIES

"Dreams and Fancies," page 68, *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*

DREAMS OF THE CIRCLE

"What Goes Around, Comes Around," *The Unspeakable Oath 8/9*

THE DYER TEXT

"An Abduction" and "Balance of Power," *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*

EASTERN LORE

'The Benighted:' page 38, *The Thing at the Threshold*

ELTDOWN SHARDS

"60 1: The Lodger," *Escape from Innsmouth*

"Old Acquaintance," page 30, *Before the Fall*

"The Starshrine," page 86, *Lurking Fears*

"A Time for Decisions" and "The Monolith," *Walker in the Wastes*

"The Windthrope Legacy," page 66, *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*

EXCAVATIONS OF EARLY DYNASTIC EGYPT

"Coming of Age," page 158, *Unseen Masters*

EXTRACTUS ALSOPHOCUS

"Coming of Age," page 158, *Unseen Masters*

THE FALL OF THE GRACES

"The King of Shreds and Patches," page 58, *Strange Aeons*

THE FEASTER FROM THE STARS

"Coming of Age," page 156, *Unseen Masters*

FIELD MANUAL OF THE THERON MARKS SOCIETY

"The Lurker in the Crypt," page 88, *Fatal Experiments*

"Field Manual of the Theron Marks Society," *Terror from the Stars* (for the "real," and too short, manual)

FOODS OF THE TCHO-TCHO

"Dawn Biozyme," page 51, *At Your Door*

FRACTAL GODS #12

"Fractal Gods," page 75, *The Stars Are Right!*

FREE N E-PANG FROM HIS CELESTIAL PRISON

"Call of Duty," page 83, *The Unspeakable Oath 14/15*

G'HARNE FRAGMENTS

"London," page 48, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

"Optional Player Aids," page 61, *Spawn of Azathoth*

GODDESS OF THE BLACK FAN

"Shanghai," page 180, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

GODS OF REALITY

"The City Beneath the Sands," page 166, *Terror Australis* (reprinted in *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*)

HUMANS AND OTHERS

"Roadkill," *The Unspeakable Oath 12*

THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY OF AMERICA

"Night Floors," page 270, *Delta Green: Countdown*

INQUIRY INTO THE HERMETIC MYSTERIES

"The Asylum," page 44, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

KERCEZ FRAGMENTS

"Blood Moon," page 29, *Strange Aeons*



KEY OF WISDOM

"The *Mauretania*," page 62, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

THE KING IN YELLOW

"The Adventure of the Curious Curate," *The Whisperer 3*

"The Auction," *Cthulhu Live* second edition

"The King of Shreds and Patches," *Strange Aeons*

"Mansion on the Moon," page 39, *The Dreaming Stone*

"Night Floors," page 259, *Delta Green: Countdown*

"Tatterdemalion," page 31, *Fatal Experiments*

"Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign?" page 66, *The Great Old Ones*

KINGDOM OF SHADOWS

"Mansions of Madness," pages 103-104, *Mansions of Madness*

LA VERITA SCOPERTA

"The Truth Shall Set You Free," page 84, *Unseen Masters*

LES Lupus HORRIFIQUE

"The Rescue," page 113, *Call of Cthulhu*, fourth edition

LETTERS OF NESTAR

"This Fire Shall Kill," page 46, *The Stars Are Right!*

LIBER IVONIS

"Dunwich Village," page 43, *Return to Dunwich*

"The Haunting," page 222, (aka "The Haunted House") *Call of Cthulhu* edition I to present

"Introduction," *Spawn of Arathoth*

"London," page 48, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

"The Starshrine," page 86, *Lurking Fears*

LIBER TENEBREA, THE BOOK OF DARKNESS

"The Auction," page 19, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

LIVRE D'IVON

"Day Six," page 60, *Horror's Heart*

"Shanghai," page 180, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

LIFE As A GOD

"New York," page 29, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*

LORE OF THE ABYSS

"303: The Ephraim Waite House," *Escape from Innsmouth*

THE MAGUS

"The Auction," page 9, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)

MARVELS OF SCIENCE

"Call of Duty," page 84, *The Unspeakable Oath 14/15*

MASSA DI REQUIEM PER SHUGGAY

"The Auction," *Cthulhu Live* second edition
 "Mansion on the Moon," page 39, *The Dreaming Stone*
 "Fade to Gray," pages 92-93, *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*

MEIN TRIUMPH

"Dead Letter," page 306, *Delta Green: Countdown*
 "See No Evil," *The Unspeakable Oath* 16/17

MONSTERS AND THEIR KYNDE

"60 I: The Lodger," *Escape from Innsmouth*
 "The King of Shreds and Patches," page 61, *Strange Aeons*
 "Old Acquaintance," page 30, *Before the Fall*
 "The Privateer's Diary," page 80, *The Bermuda Triangle*
 "The Rescue," page 113, *Call of Cthulhu*, fourth edition
 "Sacraments of Evil," page 80, *Sacraments of Evil*
 "The Truth Shall Set You Free," page 98, *Unseen Masters*

MONSTRE DE LA MER ET LA ETOILES

"Lethal Legacy," page 21, *Last Rites*

MYSTERIES OF THE WORM

"Signs Writ in Scarlet," page 126, *Sacraments of Evil*

NAMELESS CULTS

"Behold the Mother," page 63, *Dead Reckonings*
 "Dreams and Fancies," page 71, *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*
 "Fade to Gray," page 89, *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*
 "Full Circle," page 126, *Coming Full Circle*
 "The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)
 "Mansions of Madness," page 112, *Mansions of Madness*
 "The *Mauretania*," page 63, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)
 "No Pain, No Gain," page 79, *At Your Door*
 "We Have Met the Enemy," page 131, *Mortal Coils*

THE NECRONOMICON

"The Auction," *Cthulhu Live* second edition
 "Berlin Black," *Cthulhu Live: Shades of Gray*
 "The Blanford Horror," *The Whisperer I Glozel Est Authentique*
 "Inferno," page 23, *Whispers in the Dark*
 "The Inheritor," pages 16-17, *The Thing at the Threshold*
 "The Lurker in the Crypt," page 78, *Fatal Experiments*
 "Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," page 9, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Classics*)
 "Secrets of the Kremlin" *Glozel Est Authentique*
 "The Statue of the Sorcerer," page 27, *The Statue of the Sorcerer and The Vanishing Conjuror*
 "Trail of Yig," pages 101- 102, *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*

"The Yorkshire Horrors," page 100, *Cthulhu By Gaslight*

NECROPHAGIA: EATERS OF THE DEAD

"Closed Casket," page 6, *Secrets*

THE NECROPOLIS AT THE HEART OF TIME

"The Starshrine," page 86, *Lurking Fears*

NOVA MYSTERIA MATRIS OBLITAE

"Mysteria Matris Oblitae," page 189, *Mortal Coils*

NYHARGO CODEX

"Dead of Night," page 142, *Arkham Unveiled*

OBSCURE DEITIES OF THE WORLD

"Into the Realm of the Wind Walker," pages 61-62, *Walker in the Wastes*

OCCULTUS DEUS

The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island, page 67

THE OUTER ONES

"5 12: The Seventh House on the Left," *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*
 "The Watcher out of Time," page 131, *Ramsey Campbell's Goatswood*

PAPA SHAPO

"The Plantation," page 37, *Mansions of Madness*

A PARLAY WITH THE DEMON, BELAPT

"Call of Duty," page 88, *The Unspeakable Oath* 14/15

PEOPLE OF THE MONOLITH

"5 I7: Kingsport Public Library," *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*
 "ew York," page 29, *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*
 "People of the Monolith," page 62, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*

THE PNAKOTIC MANUSCRIPTS

"303: The Ephraim Waite House," *Escape from Innsmouth*
 "The Asylum," page 50, *The Asylum and Other Tales* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)
 "Cold War," *The Unspeakable Oath* II



"The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn," page 89, *Curse of the Chthonians* (reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*)
 "The Dreamer," page 38, *Day of the Beast* (expanded and most recent edition)
 "The Eyes of a Stranger," page 19, *Sacraments of Evil The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island*, pages 9 and 67
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"207: Mother Gamble's Boarding House," *Kingsport: City in the Mists*
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"The Sundial of Amen-Tet," page 44, *Lurking Fears*

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Here is a list of locations of fictitious places created by H. P. Lovecraft. Real world locations, such as Boston or Red Hook, are not included in this list despite the fact that Lovecraft also used such places in his

stories. To include every place ever mentioned by Lovecraft would make for an incredibly long list.

ARKHAM

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 "Bless the Beasts and Children," *Adventures in Arkham Country*
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 "The Devourer," *Lurking Fears*
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CARCOSA

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Realm of Shadows
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Spawn of Azathoth
 "Web of Memory," *Whispers in the Dark*
 "The Whore of Bahama," *Adventures in Arkham Country*
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INNSMOUTH

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IREM (AKA IRAM)

"The City Without a Name," *Curse of the Chthonians*

KADATH

Pursuit to Kadath

KINGSPORT

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MARTIN'S BEACH

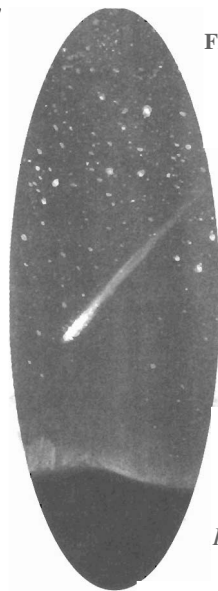
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Adios, A-Mi-Go!

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The Whisperer Magazine

THEATRE OF THE MIND ENTERPRISES (TOME) INC.

The Arkham Evil
Death in Dunwicl
Glozel Est Authentique
Pursuit to Kadath
Whispers From the Abyss, and Other Tales

TRIAD ENTERTAINMENTS

End of the World
Dwellers in Shadow
Lurking Fears
Whispers in the Dark

WIZARDS OF THE COAST

Call of Cthulhu: D20 Version •





IRON

A practical survey and examination of certain civilian small arms in use during the 1890s, 1920s and the present day.



by Greg Henrikson.

Call of Cthulhu is unusual among role playing games for de-emphasizing gunplay. In contrast to the complex systems found in other games, Call of Cthulhu's weapon rules take up only a few pages. There's a good reason for this. Recourse to firearms usually represents failure in this game. Successful characters should be able to keep a low profile, escape detection, and avoid armed resistance. At least in theory.

Unfortunately, the characters inhabit a very dangerous world. Cultists may plot to kill them. Strange and hostile creatures may attack them. Unspeakable horrors may emerge from the outer darkness, rending their sanity. The deeper the investigators delve into the mystery, the more dangerous and unstable the world around them becomes. Though terrestrial weapons are no substitute for a sharp mind in these circumstances, they can be useful tools from time to time. Since firearms are usually the most powerful weapons available, they almost always will play a role in the game one way or the other.

Properly handled, combat encounters are one of the best ways to introduce real terror. Improperly handled, they can degenerate into argument and confusion. The key to making combat encounters more dramatic lies in making them more realistic. Not necessarily with more dice rolls and rules, but with more details. This is really nothing more than the old rule of the dragon in the forest. The more realistic the forest, the more believable the dragon.

Unfortunately, verisimilitude is often threatened when firearms come into play. It's not difficult to see the source of the problem. Some players will outfit their characters with weapons drawn from the rulebook, yet really have no idea what sort of weapon their characters are using. Not knowing the difference between a Winchester '94 and a Springfield 1903, for example, the player can't possibly tell which one would be in keeping with character or how either would perform. Other players will load their characters down with improbable military weapons, from Lewis Guns and Browning Automatic Rifles to H&K G11 bull-pups firing experimental caseless ammunition. What began as a subtle mystery will degenerate into a confused shoot-ern-up at the first sign of trouble.

While this chapter cannot address all the arguments and problems which may arise, it will give keepers a new, more realistic view of what sorts of weapons characters of different periods are likely to own. Readers will not find very many exotic or military weapons in these pages precisely because civilians do not typically own these

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weapons. The characters in *Call of Cthulhu*, after all, are just ordinary people caught up in extraordinary events. Characters may be able to lay their hands on some firepower, but it's far more likely to be a .22 rifle or a single-shot 20-gauge than a Thompson.

If the group survives more than a few scenarios, the characters may decide to follow the old maxim, "that which does not kill us inspires us to buy bigger guns." In the U.S. and other parts of what might be termed the "less civilized" world, it is possible for characters in the 1890s, 1920s, or the present day to increase firepower without running afoul of any express prohibitions. However, a group which totes around automatic weapons, sawed-off shotguns, and other suspicious weapons runs the risk of unwanted attention from law enforcement officers who will assume anyone with such weapons must be a criminal, perhaps a terrorist. A wiser group will increase firepower without increasing suspicion by keeping weapons which can always be attributed to legitimate uses, at least with a Fast Talk or Persuade. In most cases this means big-bore hunting rifles and full-length shotguns. Though not as potent as some military weapons, these more mundane weapons can be made more powerful with handloaded cartridges, and more portable though gunsmithing.

Each profile will include a description of the weapon and its particular strengths and weaknesses, along with a paradigm cartridge. After all, it is impossible to understand a firearm without understanding both the weapon and the cartridge. A Winchester '95 chambered for .405 WCF is a very different animal from a '95 chambered for .30--40 Krag. The profiles will also include some suggestions about what sorts of characters might own the weapon. Keepers should feel free to exercise discretion in dealing with malfunctions, accidental or negligent discharges, and other weapons-related mishaps. To aid them in this endeavor, we will detail a number of typical problems. After all, a trouble-free firearm is a rare thing.

Realities and Practicalities

To help keep the use of firearms realistic and their abuse to a minimum, we will begin by offering a few general considerations for keepers. These are not intended to be hard-and-fast rules, but rather flexible maxims to guide game play.

Deadly Force and the Law

The first rule of firearms use in *Call of Cthulhu* is to avoid using firearms, especially when other people are on the business end. Just as in real life, characters who throw down and start blasting at the first sign of trouble are

almost certain to wind up behind bars or full of law enforcement lead. At the very least, they will be forced away from the investigation to avoid the long arm of the law. Against human opponents, characters should always follow the general self-defense principles of retreating when possible and matching force with force only when there is no other choice. Even then, deadly force must be a last resort. A threat of non-deadly force never justifies the use of deadly force, as characters may discover at their trial after shooting a wild-eyed cultist who rushes them with what turns out to be a rolled-up newspaper. Nor does it matter if the victim was a cultist. As long as the decedent was vaguely human, the law is likely to prosecute for murder. If the responsible character is wealthy, a civil suit brought by surviving relatives is also a possibility.

On the other hand, firearms can play a critical role in scenarios when used properly. The threat of sufficient force can dissuade many attacks, at least long enough to allow escape. And, if the characters really are faced with imminent deadly harm, they should have the means of fighting back. In addition, characters typically need not fear serious legal consequences when fighting genuinely outré creatures. If such entities are classified by the law at all, it's as "deleterious exotic wildlife," with no closed season and no bag limit. Of course, that's also how most of these creatures view the characters.

Nasty, Brutish, and Short

Real-life gunfights are far from the stylized, long-winded affairs portrayed in Hollywood films. They are usually over in a matter of seconds, leaving only ringing ears, reeking powder, the pooling blood of the dead and the screams of the wounded. Sanity loss in *Call of Cthulhu* typically results from seeing Mythos creatures, but it can also result from more earthly horrors. Only the truly psychopathic will be unaffected by the aftermath of a deadly gunfight. There are even more unnerving possibilities for the investigators. The screams of a man with a half-inch hole through his guts are bad enough, but what would the screams of a wounded mi-go, deep one or ghoulish sound like? Characters may bear life-long scars, even if no bullets touch them. If pushed over the edge by a particularly nasty fight, the character may grow terrified by the mere sight of a firearm. On the other hand, the character might grow paranoid, purchase a wide array of weapons and insist on wearing Kevlar at all times.'

What Did You Say?

Centerfire cartridges make noise when fired. The big ones make a lot of noise. Much more than you've ever heard in the loudest, most realistic film. The really big ones can generate in excess of 60,000 psi in the chamber and rend the air with successive sonic booms as the slug crashes

I. For the record, the author does not wear Kevlar all the time.

through the sound barriers. The shock wave from these weapons is so potent it can be felt as well as heard. Most of the time, characters will not be wearing any hearing protection during combat, and will be left with ringing ears at the very least. Of course, this may not matter much. On the other hand, it may prevent them from noticing the creaking of a door behind them after the fight, or from hearing footsteps coming up the basement stairs. The weapons profiled here include a general noise level in their statistics, though perceived noise may increase in closed spaces. Listen skill may be decreased at keeper's discretion. Here are a few notes about the noise ratings in the individual weapon profiles.

Low: Typically small rimfire cartridges or subsonic small handgun cartridges. No immediate deafness results, though prolonged exposure to many shots can result in gradual hearing loss.

Moderate: Typically small to medium size centerfire handgun cartridges or larger handgun cartridges fired from carbines. Characters can tolerate a few shots without any temporary deafness, but ringing is typical.

Loud: Typically large handgun cartridges and small to medium size rifle cartridges. Even one shot without protection will cause ringing and some loss of sensation. Prolonged exposure, as suffered by many war veterans, will result in permanent hearing loss and even tinnitus.

Very Loud: High-pressure magnum rifle and handgun cartridges, from .454 Casull to .600 Nitro Express. Anyone nearby without hearing protection will suffer temporary deafness. Very close exposure or prolonged exposure may permanently damage the eardrums. Can be heard at great distance.

Praise Cthulhu, and Pass the Ammunition

Ammunition runs out fast. In a firefight, even without automatic weapons, characters can go through a surprising amount of ammunition. A good keeper will keep track of it, and players with insufficient foresight may find themselves empty. A standard box of handgun ammo holds fifty rounds and weighs between two to four pounds. A standard box of rifle ammo holds twenty rounds and can weigh several pounds. The math is fairly simple. Unless the characters are willing to lug around fifty pound ammo cases or a very heavy backpack, they're not going to be able to keep very much on hand. They'll be able to keep even less when walking around in street clothes—perhaps enough for one or two reloads at most.

When the characters run off to the ends of the earth, it is equally important to keep a tab on what ammunition they've brought. Thanks to a chaotic, overlapping system of small arms development spanning a century and a half, nearly all cartridges are mutually exclusive. A .45 ACP cannot be used in place of a .45 Colt anymore than a



7.62x5 Imm NATO can be used in place of a 7.62x39mm Kalashnikov. A globetrotting character may discover that nobody in the local area sells his or her cartridges, rendering some beloved firearm totally useless. Any attempt to substitute "close" cartridges probably results in jammed weapons or worse. In the individual profiles, each weapon entry indicates in general terms how common the paradigm cartridge is in each era. This obviously can change, depending on location.

Ubiquitous: Only a few cartridges are common enough to become effectively ubiquitous. These can be found in nearly every corner of the globe, usually for a good price.

Common: The cartridge is easy to find in most stores and supermarkets in the industrialized world, though it may not be as prevalent in less developed regions.

Rare: The cartridge can be found at most gun shops, but not elsewhere.

Very Rare: The cartridge can only be found at collectors' shops (or on the web in present day settings.)

Maintenance

All small arms contain at least several key elements which must be made of some type of hard metal. The overwhelming metal of choice is steel, and all steel is susceptible to rust. When used in a firearm, steel is also susceptible to leading, brass residue, and the usual wear and tear involved in sending bullet after bullet through a steel tube faster than the speed of sound. The amount of maintenance required varies enormously between firearms. A weapon with a higher maintenance rating needs more frequent cleanings and more frequent part replacement.

Firing pins, springs, and other small frequently-moving parts are often the first to go. Characters with some foresight should keep some of these small spare parts with them in a portable kit when traveling. Those without this foresight may need to order new parts from the factory. This can take weeks even using the web. In earlier times it could take months or be outright impossible. In these circumstances, having a gunsmith in the party may be extremely helpful (see the new skills "Gunsmith" and "Handload," further below).

In the long run, the larger parts will also wear out. Barrels eventually become pitted and lose their rifling. Barrel crowns become scratched, damaging accuracy. Anything in contact with the firing cartridge, whether the barrel or revolver cylinder, will eventually fall apart, though the strength of the relevant parts varies enormously between weapons. Keep in mind that novice characters without guidance are often prone to over-oil their weapons, leading to increased malfunction rates. In addition, the use of black powder will increase the corrosion, fouling, and generally cause more problems than smokeless. Here are some notes concerning relative maintenance levels for firearms.

Low Maintenance: The weapon may be maintained by running an occasional brush through the barrel and putting a very little oil on any moving parts. Barrels and other major components should last a lifetime (or, in the case of most CoC characters, several lifetimes).

Moderate Maintenance: The weapon needs a little more care. It should be lightly cleaned and oiled after use and before storage. Leading and/or brass residue will need to be removed after every 1,000 rounds or so. Overhaul cleaning and re-bluing may be necessary every 10,000-20,000 rounds, depending on how hard the usage has been.

High Maintenance: The weapon is either a fragile antique or a highly sophisticated modern weapon with complicated firing systems susceptible to jamming from dirt, grime, or powder residue. It should be thoroughly cleaned and overhauled after 500 rounds or any significant exposure to dust or mud. Characters may ultimately decide such weapons are more trouble than they're worth.

That's Heavy!

Aside from legal and moral consequences for bad decisions about firearms, there are physical consequences. It may seem like a good idea to bring those elephant guns, but after the local guides (always smarter than the investigators) take off, and the characters have started hiking through thick underbrush, they may soon doubt the wisdom of their decision. Even a relatively light eight-pound ritle with a modern padded strap gets very heavy after a few miles. No matter how it is adjusted, there doesn't seem to be a good way to carry it. Experienced investigators will carry something smaller than an elephant gun and rig a scabbard for it. Those without foresight will find themselves lagging behind. If forced to tlee, the gun-loving investigator may even be compelled to leave his beloved iron behind or be overtaken by fleet-footed locals.

As a general rule, each character on a hike into rough terrain might be allowed to carry at most a slung ritle and one handgun in a holster, either belt or shoulder. Even then, characters will be better off taking just one ritle or shotgun and perhaps a small backup handgun.

Where'd That Bullet Go?

In the middle of intense combat, with bullets flying all around, it's easy to lose track of where stray rounds are going. Even small-caliber handgun cartridges can throw bullets with enough power to cut through several layers of sheet rock and glass. Big game ritle cartridges can throw bullets with enough power to smash through several 2x4s or even thin steel. If the fight takes place in the middle of a wilderness, this may not matter. In densely populated areas, however, bullets may go in all sorts of unexpected places, left to the keeper's discretion. "Overpenetration" leads to similar concerns. Bullets which only graze an opponent, or which punch a hole clean through them, may have enough energy left to damage unintended targets.

Windage and Elevation

Keepers are encouraged to note the vintage and background of weapons. A character who buys a brand new rifle or handgun and never sights it in may have an unpleasant surprise. A large percentage of factory-fresh firearms simply don't hit where they're aimed. A rifle may shoot a foot off POA at fifty yards. A brand new handgun may be even less accurate. To remedy this, the windage (horizontal aim) of the weapon will need to be adjusted, preferably on a calm day from a bench rest. Windage on old leverguns with iron sights can be adjusted by bending the rear sight. More modern iron sights and scopes can be adjusted by use of small screws.

Sighting in doesn't stop after the first session at the range. Elevation will need to be adjusted as the distance of targets change. Elevation can be adjusted by notching up the rear sight or adjusting the scope. While default windage need only be set once, experienced riflemen will take care to aim to leeward of their target depending on the strength and direction of the wind. Experience with the particular weapon being used may also be a factor. A character who has hunted with the same Winchester .30-30 for twenty years is likely to know how to aim it accurately. The same may not be true of a character who picks up the weapon of a fallen enemy and attempts to use it. More over, each model of firearm in combination with each particular cartridge will have distinctive quirks. A Winchester Model 70 chambered in .223 Remington is going to aim very differently than the same rifle chambered for .30/06.

Buckshot or Birdshot

As pointed out in the *1920s Investigator Companion*, the *Call of Cthulhu* damage tables assume that shotguns are loaded with the most potent shot available. This typically means .34" lead roundballs, a type of shot known as double-ought buckshot. These can indeed be incredibly devastating at close range. However, shotshells in all gauges are loaded with a wide array of shot sizes and types. It's entirely possible that the box of 12-gauge shells the character grabbed in a hurry isn't loaded with killer buckshot, but rather with No. 6 bird shot (.110") for grouse hunting or even NO.9 shot (.080") for varmints. These types of shot can still be deadly, but they are typically designed to kill small game and simply do not provide the same devastating impact of buckshot.

Safety First!

Experienced shooters will usually know the basic safety rules. Always keep the weapon pointed in a safe direction, never touch the trigger until ready to shoot, never shoot a weapon until you are familiar with its features, always wear eye and ear protection, and so on. These rules are even more important during the confusion of combat than they are at the range. A character with little or no firearm

experience may neglect these safeguards, with potentially tragic results.

Malfunctions

All weapons can malfunction, though some are much more prone to malfunctions than others. *Call of Cthulhu*, being more about creativity than dice rolls, leaves the precise nature of the malfunction to the keeper. To aid in this determination we offer a selection of common and unusual malfunctions in different types of weapons. We have also noted some typical circumstances of accidental and negligent discharges.

REVOLVERS

Revolvers are generally free from malfunctions, but not always. Due to the engineering principles involved, the problems often occur in the cylinder or the zone between the cylinder and the forcing cone of the muzzle.

Cylinder Bulge or Crack: Occurs in old or damaged weapons or weapons firing hot handloads, or a combination of both. No damage is inflicted, but the weapon is rendered effectively useless as a firearm. Repair time could be months, depending on the availability of parts.

Cylinder Explosion: Occurs under the same circumstances as a cylinder bulge or crack, but involves a large explosion often ripping the top strap away and sending small bits of burning powder and shrapnel to the sides. Treat as 1D2 damage to the user and about 1D4 damage to anyone standing in front or within a yard to either side. The weapon is useless afterwards.

Cylinder/Barrel Gap Jam: Can occur in new, clean weapons due to poor engineering or in older weapons when sand or mud gets between the cylinder and the forcing cone and keeps the cylinder from rotating. Repair time is 1-6 rounds to either clean the gap or let the metal cool and shrink. Jams in new weapons will continue to occur after every few shots until taken to a gunsmith.

Negligent Discharge: The classic negligent discharge in revolvers occurs when a live round is left under old-style revolver hammers. If the weapon is dropped or hit hard, there's a small chance the hammer will contact the primer with enough force to set the round off. Revolvers manufactured in the 1980s and beyond typically incorporate the "transfer safety bar" system, which eliminates this hazard.

SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

Pistols are generally more prone to malfunctioning than revolvers, and can malfunction in several different ways. Similar malfunctions can occur in semi-automatic shotguns and rifles. As with all weapons, old and cheap pistols are more prone to malfunction than newer weapons in better condition.

Stovepiping: Occurs when the empty brass fails to clear the bolt when ejected, thereby getting trapped with the

empty side sticking up like a stovepipe. The round can usually be cleared in one to four rounds. If this happens once, chances are it will happen again and again, every few magazines.

Limp Wristing: Occurs when the shooter does not hold a recoil-operated semi-auto firmly enough, causing a portion of the necessary recoil to be lost flipping the weapon back. The weapon does not cycle, causing the loss of a shot in double action weapons and the need to re-cock in single actions. Occurs most frequently in lightweight polymer-framed weapons.

Failure to Feed: Occurs when the next cartridge in line fails to make it into the chamber. In most cases, the cause is a dirty or damaged feed ramp and the weapon can be fixed in a round. If it happens once, chances are it will keep happening every few rounds until the weapon is cleaned or repaired. It can also be caused by using poorly-designed cartridges.

LEVER-ACTION WEAPONS

Most leverguns are reliable, but older or poorly-designed weapons can suffer from problems.

Misfeed: In some lever action weapons, it is possible for a cartridge from the magazine to slip underneath the carrier (the spade-shaped part which brings the cartridge up as the lever is worked). This jams the weapon and prevents it from firing or reloading. The only way to clear the jam is to take the action apart, unload the cartridges, put the action back together, and then reload. This requires a screwdriver and 6-12 rounds.

Catastrophic Magazine Detonation: This malfunction brings to mind Egon's immortal words to Dr. Venckman: "It would be bad." Thankfully, magazine explosions are very rare. In lever-action weapons, they typically occur when a character negligently or accidentally tries to load a cartridge with a jacketed hollow point bullet or jacketed spitzer bullet into the magazine. Most of the time, nothing happens. However, if the character is in a rush and pushes too hard, it is possible that the metal jacketing from the bullet will smack the primer on the round in front of it, setting off a series of explosions as one cartridge after another detonates. Considering that some tube magazines can hold eleven rounds, the results can be very bad, indeed. Depending on the size and number of cartridges, figure 103 to 1010 shrapnel damage to all in a two to four yard radius, with less damage further out. Thankfully, all standard lever-action cartridges are specifically designed with soft, flat points to avoid this problem. Just keep your ammo separated and it should not occur.

ALL WEAPONS

Misfire: A misfire occurs when the primer fails to ignite the powder. When this occurs in revolvers, the shooter can simply move on to the next shot. In semi-automatics, however, a misfire keeps the action from cycling, forcing

the shooter to spend a round re-cocking the weapon. Misfires are more common in rimfire ammunition than centerfire cartridges. They can occur because of a faulty round, or in older weapons with a worn-down hammer or a loose mainspring.

Squib Load: Occurs when a cartridge, typically hand-loaded, has only a small amount of powder or no powder at all. There is usually enough force to get the bullet into the barrel, but not always enough to get it through. It can take a few minutes or hours to get the stuck bullet out. If the character is not paying attention, or if there is a great deal of noise around, he or she may accidentally send a second bullet down the barrel. The resulting explosion will ruin the barrel and, particularly in high velocity weapons, may cause 102-104 shrapnel damage to the shooter's hands and to anyone standing nearby.

Hang Fire: In old cartridges, particularly those loaded with black powder, "hang fires" are possible, though rare. A hang fire appears to be a misfire at first, but the cartridge suddenly goes off a few seconds after the primer has been struck or (in muzzle-loaders) the flint has struck the pan. A cartridge going off after ejection will not throw its bullet very far. Instead, it will throw brass shrapnel and the primer itself at high velocity, inflicting painful if not life-threatening wounds to anyone within a foot or two. Treat as 102 damage. A cartridge in a revolver which goes off after being rotated past the barrel will blow the weapon apart, inflicting 104 damage on anyone in a 2 foot radius.

Chamber Clog: Typically occurs in older, dirty weapons. This is simply when little bits of sand, mud or powder residue physically prevent the cartridge from feeding all the way. Once this occurs, chances are the weapon will need to be cleaned before it can be used again. Characters who force in the cartridge run the risk of causing a failure to extract.

Failure to Extract: Occurs when a fired round does not come out. In revolvers, the empty brass can simply be ignored, reducing capacity by one. In weapons with only one chamber, the empty must be extracted. This can take 1-4 rounds of fussing to fix, or may require taking the weapon to a gunsmith.

Forgetting the Safety: Particularly in pistols or other weapons with toggle safeties, it's not unusual for experienced users to carry the gun "cocked and locked" to allow for a faster first shot. However, if the user forgets about the safety, the first shot will take a little longer. Treat as a missed shot or, with very inexperienced users, 104 rounds of confusion as the character tries to figure out what's wrong. Virtually no revolvers have toggle safeties, though some modern revolvers have key-operated internal trigger locks. These can only be disengaged if the character has remembered to bring the little key.

Mischambering: Occurs when an inexperienced or inattentive user puts the wrong cartridge in the weapon.

Classic mistakes involve putting .44 Mag. or .44-40 ammunition into a .45 Colt. The weapon is rarely damaged, but a failure to extract will usually result.

Pulling a Barney: This occurs when a budding gunsler, a la Andy Griffith's sidekick Barney Fife, shoots his own foot. Not as unusual as you might suspect, particularly among those mall ninjas who insist on going "cocked and locked" before they've taken a beginning safety course. As a result they may be cocked, but not locked.

Two New Skills

HANDLOAD (00%)

Handloading is as old as firearms. However, the advent of paper and brass cartridges during the 1860s and 1870s, coupled with the effect of corrosive mercuric primers, made handloading the exception rather than the rule. By the 1920s only a small percentage of shooters reloaded and handloaded brass, usually out of necessity or economy. In more recent time, handloading has become much more widespread. With modern equipment, it's possible for an individual character to set up a small ammo factory churning out thousands of rounds a day or more.

The basic procedure is fairly simple once the initial skill is learned. Cartridges can be assembled either at a bench or with portable reloading tools. The essential basic tools are a press with the appropriate set of dies, empty brass cartridges, primers, bullets, powder, and an accurate powder measure or scale. Additional equipment may include cartridge resizing tools, bullet molds, lead melting equipment, advanced multi-stage presses, brass tumblers, and countless little gadgets. As movie buffs may recall, it was a brass tumbler which attracted the Chthonianesque horrors to Burt's basement in the Kevin Bacon classic, *Tremors*.

The Handload skill includes knowledge of handloading as well as bullet casting and the basics of ballistics, along with a smattering of practical chemistry and metallurgy. Having a good handloader in the group can save the investigators money and allow them to customize cartridges and bullets for particular purposes. And, as seen throughout this chapter, a handloader can increase the power of many cartridges. Unsuccessful attempts at Handloading can result in underpowered "squib" loads or dangerous exploding bullets. Poorly cast bullets may have hidden defects which result in their disintegration, or may have obvious defects.

Automatic: (For characters with skill over 20%.)

- Handload and reload character's own cartridges.

Easy:

- Handload cartridges unfamiliar to character or using unfamiliar equipment.
- Handload cartridges with portable press.
- Cast simple lead bullets.

Average:

- Cast lead alloy bullets.
- Handload in unusual circumstances (e.g., reloading .45 Colt cartridges with black powder in a remote location with limited tools).

Hard:

- Make jacketed bullets (failure means each bullet in batch has 25% chance of falling apart upon firing, halving damage).
- Cast unusual bullets (silver alloys, unusual metal alloys).
- Create wildcat cartridge-takes 1-6 months (e.g., ".800 Cthulhu Express").
- Make crude black powder.

GUNSMITH (00%)

A gunsmith may draw on a number of disciplines, from mechanical engineering and ballistics to engraving and history. A character with this skill may be a local gun shop owner or famous custom gun maker. A skill of 25% or less indicates that the character modifies and repairs firearms as a hobby. At 50%, the character is able to make a small career as a gunsmith repairing weapons and making some typical modifications such as action jobs and barrel shortening. A skill of 75% or greater means the character has more advanced knowledge than the average local gunsmith. The character may be a gun history expert with an advanced degree or an uneducated farm boy with amazing natural abilities.

Easy:

- Clean and repair neglected weapons.
- Simple action job on single action revolver or levergun.
- Shorten stock.
- Sight in ordinary rifle or handgun.

Average:

- Clean and repair dirty and abused weapon. 3
- Cut and recrown barrel.
- Engrave stock.
- Sight in double rifle.
- Repair common weapon.
- Jerryrig simple part (e.g., mainspring for single action revolver, spring for magazine tube, etc.).

Hard:

-
2. See *1920s Investigator Companion*, p. 113 ("malfunction table").
 3. *Ibid*.

- Repair unusual weapon (military weapon, double rifles, etc.).
- Create custom weapon (e.g., a weapon capable of firing the wildcat .800 Cthulhu Express).¹
- Jerryrig complex part (e.g., very small spring, odd screw, or sundry gewgaw for complex weapon).

A Note on Powders

There are two basic types of powder-black and smokeless. Though both are used to propel projectiles in small arms, they are fundamentally different. Black powder is an ancient explosive combination of sulfur, carbon, and potassium nitrate. Once properly mixed, and so long as it is kept dry and more-or-less pure, it will ignite with great speed. While it can generate tremendous force, black powder also produces smoke, foul smelling gas, and flaming detritus. Its bulk necessitates large-capacity cartridges and physically large and heavy weapons. It becomes ineffective if exposed even to small amounts of moisture. Black powder also induces corrosion in every inch of metal it touches. If this wasn't enough, it is extremely hazardous, especially if stored in large quantities.

Black powder can be produced in small mills with a few basic ingredients. A character with Chemistry or Handload skill and access to charcoal, saltpeter and sulfur can attempt to cobble together a batch of low-quality black powder in a pinch, given about a day and a dry working space. Treat the attempt as "average" for chemists and "hard" for handloaders. A missed roll means the powder doesn't function and the process must begin again. Made in small quantities, the dangers are not excessive. However, a large batch of black powder is a potentially enormous hazard. This is why exposed flames were treated as very serious crimes aboard men of war. Any weapon firing black powder cartridges will need to be cleaned as soon as possible after use. If the weapon is left unclean, treat it as "dirty" for malfunction purposes.

The other type of gunpowder is usually called "smokeless." Smokeless powder is a chemical propellant totally unrelated to black powder. Like dynamite and TNT, smokeless powder is based on nitroglycerin. It generates pressure in the cartridge by changing from solid to gas at a set rate. If set alight outside of a cartridge, it will not ignite with a "fwooop" like black powder, but will simply smolder and give off noxious chemical gases. Smokeless powder is amazingly malleable. By altering its chemical composition, it can be made to bum quickly or slowly, thus changing the rate of pressure gain in the cartridge. It can also be crafted in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. One of the first varieties was called "cordite" because it was made in the shape of thin brown cords. Making smokeless

4. See First Aid skill for what to do in the aftermath.
5. See the *1920s Investigator's Companion*, p. 113.
6. Pvt. Sam Watkins, Co. H, 1stTenn. Vol.

powder is extremely difficult and can be even more hazardous than black powder. Only an experienced chemist with a full lab should even attempt it. In modern times, powder mills produce hundreds of varieties of powder for reloading.

The advent of smokeless powder in the 1890s allowed the development of a new generation of smaller cartridges and consequently made way for the design of lighter, more compact weapons to fire them. The only significant downside to smokeless powder was that it turned out to be, if anything, too efficient at increasing pressure. Older steel simply could not cope with the pressures produced by even a few grains of smokeless powder.

Rifles

Rifles represent the ultimate power available to most civilian shooters. Even a relatively primitive and underpowered rifle such as the Winchester '94 in .30-30 can hit a five-inch target without difficulty out to 50 or even 100 yards, and can deliver more energy than a magnum handgun. At the high end of the spectrum, "nitro express" elephant guns can deliver more power than anything this side of a Browning heavy machine gun, smashing the target with nine or ten times the energy of the mightiest handguns.

The accuracy of rifles is unmatched, as well. Even using primitive rifles with iron sights, average shooters will have little difficulty hitting stationary targets at fifty yards. With modern optics, it's possible to maintain tight groups at 100, 200, or 300 yards or more. With this combination of power and accuracy, a practiced rifleman can exercise absolute control over a very wide radius. This is why infantry, the ones who actually do the fighting, have always carried rifles. Officers, those "generally harmless personages," are left with the handguns.

In addition to their unmatched power and accuracy, rifles, particularly hunting rifles, are among the most popular and common firearms in any era. Consequently, it's not unreasonable to assume at least some of the char-

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acters in a group actually own them. Because hunting rifles are so common in many parts of the world, it may be easier for the characters to explain rifles to local law enforcement. A trunk with a few old rifles in it is likely to inspire different reactions than one full of sawed-off shotguns and automatic weapons.

WINCHESTER '92 CARBINE IN .44-40

"Fill your hands, you spawn of Cthulhu!"
(1890s, 1920s, present day)



Readers may recall the scene from *True Grit* where John Wayne, as the one-eyed marshal Rooster Cogburn, rides down like thunder on Ned Pepper's gang. The carbine he spun around so effortlessly was a Winchester '92. Wayne made the rifle famous in dozens of Westerns, almost all of them set well before 1892. Though its cinematic appearances are typically anachronistic, one can hardly blame the actors. Given a choice between hauling around a heavy Henry or a light, handy '92, the choice is obvious. The choice will be obvious for many characters as well.

For accuracy, cost, and dependability, the '92 is hard to beat in any time period. A wild-eyed gangster might spray the air with bullets from his Thompson, but for all his smoke and fury he's likely to hit nothing but air. In contrast, a practiced rifleman can shoot the wings off a fly with his Winchester. Even in inexperienced hands, the easy-shooting carbine will give nice groups. After one magazine from the standing ("off hand") position, the center of a target at fifty yards is likely to end up a single fist-sized hole. In spite of its light weight, the '92 is extremely strong. It can stand up to heavy use while hunting for small and medium-size game. Characters may even use it as a club when non-deadly force is called for. The Duke delivered some admirable smackdowns with his.

The '92 was state-of-the-art during the 1890s. Its action is butter smooth, and perfectly designed for the handgun cartridges it is chambered for. Nothing else in the period could compete with it. Indeed, many would assert that the design has never been equaled. Not surprisingly, the '92 was quite popular during the 1890s, with over 170,000 manufactured before the turn of the century. The popular mind doesn't often associate lever-action carbines with the Roaring Twenties, yet the '92 remained a hot seller during that period. Close to 100,000 were produced during the decade, on top of the 900,000 already in circulation. In more recent times, the '92 has largely been out of production, though a few specialty manufacturers have continued to produce '92 clones, and Winchester occasionally produces a commemorative model. Any character might conceivably own a '92, though a ranch hand or drifter would be more likely to own one than a CPA.

Although often associated with the .45 Colt today, technical problems with the narrow rim of that cartridge prevented it from being used in most carbines of the 1890s or 1920s. Instead, the .44-40 was the preferred cartridge. Throwing a slightly smaller bullet with less case capacity, the .44-40 can't quite match the power of .45 Colt in handguns. Shot out of a carbine, however, the barrel will easily add a hundred or two hundred feet per second to the muzzle velocity, making it at least as potent as the .45 Colt Peacemaker, and a good deal more accurate. With smokeless powder, the .44-40 can also be cranked up a notch.

A standard-size Winchester '92 holds 11 rounds of .44-40 in its tube magazine, plus one in the barrel if so desired. The recoil is almost negligible, allowing it to be shot comfortably with the stock resting on the bicep, or just hanging in the air. Noise is also minimal. Ordinarily, two hands are required to cock the rifle. However a character with a Rifle skill of 50% or better can spin-cock a big-loop Winchester, allowing it to be shot from one hand. This slows the fire rate to 1/2, however. More experienced users are likely to favor the small loop lever due to its speed.

The '92 can be easily customized for a variety of uses. Under the laws of 1890s and 1920s the '92 could be legally cut down to a 12" or even 8" barrel with a shortened stock. These very short "mare's laig" leverguns might produce lower velocity and more noise, but they could be much more easily concealed than full-length rifles. Modern users of these weapons must obtain permission and register them with the ATF. Several states now outlaw them completely, along with all short rifles and shotguns. A more practical modification for modern users is to simply modify the rifle into a "take down" format. Expect four rounds to reassemble, however.

Winchester '92 in .44-40

Base Chance: 30%

Damage: 1D10 + 2 (standard or black powder)

1D10 + 3 (hot handload)

1D10 (mare's laig or revolver)

Base Range: 50 yards (30 yards mare's laig)

Attacks per Round: big loop: 1 (1/2 spun cocked)

small loop: 1 (2 with 50% or greater skill)

Ammo Capacity: 11 + 1 (20" barrel)

9 + 1 (16" barrel)

8 + 1 (14" barrel)

4 + 1 (8" mare's laig)

Hit Points: 9

Cost by Era: \$20/\$15-\$50/\$300-\$500 or more for collectable '92s

- As with all lever-action rifles, the '92 is ordinarily cocked with the shooting hand by swinging the lever forward to about 90 degrees, then bringing it back. This kicks the spent brass out, brings the new cartridge up from the magazine, and feeds it in. With skill, this can be done very quickly. An action job will help, as well. New cartridges are fed into the tube through a trap door on the side of the frame.

Malfunction Number: 98%
 Noise: moderate (mare's laig is loud)
 Powder: black or smokeless
 Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round
 Ammunition by Era: common/common/rare
 Maintenance: moderate
 Weight: 7- 8 pounds

WINCHESTER '94 IN .30-30

"The Classic Deer Gun"
 (1890s, 1920s, present day)



The Winchester '94 may be the most popular hunting rifle of all time. Since its inception, over six million have been sold to civilians in the U.S. and abroad. Though the classic Model '94 in .30-30 is underpowered compared with modern hunting rifles, and lacks the magazine capacity of smaller carbines, it does have the advantage of being extremely common and relatively inexpensive in all eras. There is virtually no realistic possibility that a character of the twenties would have a Thompson, but there's a fair chance he'd have access to a .30-30 Winchester. In modern times, characters who have no other weapons may be able to dig up grandpa's old '94 from the attic, or pick a used one up for a fraction of the cost of a less accurate and less powerful handgun. The easy-shooting '94 and light recoil of the .30-30 make it ideal for novices.

The venerable .30-30 is by far the most popular cartridge for the Model '94. The cartridge was developed by Winchester along with the '94 as one of the first American smokeless powder cartridges. While it is smaller and less powerful than subsequent smokeless cartridges such as the .30-06, the .30-30 remains perfect for its intended use—hunting medium size game. It has a flatter trajectory and higher speed than its black powder predecessors, and it quickly gained adherents all across North America. Though scorned as moribund for a time, it has lately been gaining adherents once again.

The .30-30 doesn't have the cavernous cartridge of its black powder predecessors. However, it does have more than enough space to allow for a certain amount of additional smokeless powder in reloading. The '94 is a stout rifle, and new models in good condition can generally withstand a range of loads. However, any attempt to tum the .30-30 into a de facto .30-06 is likely to result in disaster. If not now, then later. Perhaps at a very inopportune time.

The Model '94 has been produced in a very wide array of configurations, from shortened models for hunting in thick brush to long-barreled models designed for maximum accuracy. No matter what model the character has, it

is not too difficult to find alternate stocks, levers, sights, and other accessories to modify it. Though it is possible to cut the barrel down, the weapon becomes impractical in an extremely short configuration. The .30-30 is simply too long, and capacity in an ultra-short version will consequently be extremely limited.

Winchester '94 in .30-30

Base Chance: 30%
 Damage: 20 6 + 1 (standard)
 206 + 2 (moderate handload or hot factory)
 206 + 3 (hot handload)
 Base Range: 75 yards
 Attacks per Round: I (3/2 with 50% or greater skill)
 Ammo Capacity: 6 + I (20" barrel)
 5 + I (18" barrel)
 4 + I (16" barrel)

Hit Points: II
 Cost by Era: \$15/\$20-\$50/\$200-\$500
 Malfunction Number: 97%
 Noise: moderate
 Powder: smokeless
 Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round
 Ammunition by Era: common/common/common
 Maintenance: moderate
 Weight: 7-8 pounds

WINCHESTER '95 IN .405 W CF

"Big Medicine"
 (1920s, present day)s



If you're going against something big and mean, you'd better have something even bigger and meaner in your hand. Winchester's big-bore model 1895 fits the bill. As a lever action, it has the advantage of reloading speed over bolt action rifles. John Browning's innovative box magazine, on the other hand, gives it an advantage over traditional tube-fed leverguns when it's time to reload. Nearly half a million model '95s were produced, including many for the military. They saw action in the Spanish-American war and the Great War. Many made their way to armies throughout the world, from Russia to Africa, though these military models were not chambered for anything as big as the 0405 WeF. In modern times the '95s are primarily collectors' items, with some new production for limited editions.

8. Prior to the turn of the century, most '95s were military-issue weapons chambered for the .30-40 Krag, with ballistics roughly comparable to the .30-30.

Teddy Roosevelt, an avid hunter and outdoorsman, loved the Winchester '95. He considered it "Big Medicine" for lions. He took three along on his famous 1909 African safari. Roosevelt's '95s were chambered for the awesome .405 WCF, the state of the art at the time. The .405 can't attain the muzzle velocities of the .30-06, but it throws a larger bullet. It also keeps its speed and elevation better than earlier black powder cartridges such as the .45-70, making it easier to aim at distance. The .405 WCF has more than enough power to bring down a lion or Alaska brownie, and perhaps enough to get through the slimy hide of the more dangerous game hunted on a player character's safari.

The one major drawback of the '95 is its unusual design. As a lever action, the balance point is just in front of the trigger guard. However, John Browning put his new box magazine there, making it impossible to wrap one's hand around the frame. Most practiced users will learn to carry the weapon over the shoulder—either with a strap or by the barrel. Teddy had gun bearers to tote his "big medicine," but it's doubtful that player characters will be so lucky.

Like most large rifles with lots of steel, the '95 can be customized and shortened. However, the .405 WCF is an unforgiving cartridge that kicks like a team of angry mules. The shorter the barrel, the heavier the kick. Porting (holes on the top and sides of the barrel's end) will reduce recoil and muzzle-flip somewhat, but will also make a noisy gun much louder, inflicting temporary deafness on those not wearing ear protection. Considering the recoil, characters will be wise to put pads on the stocks of their '95s.

Winchester itself produced take-down versions of the '95. Broken in half, the rifle is easier to stow and carry, but expect four rounds to reassemble it. The '95's box magazine could carry four rounds of .405 WCF, plus one in the chamber. Although technically possible, creating larger-capacity magazines for the rifle would probably not serve much useful purpose. Anything that can survive five rounds of .405 isn't likely to worry about more.

Table for Winchester '95 in .405 WCF

Base Chance: 25%

Damage: 2D6 + ID4 + 2 (standard)

2D6 + ID4 + 3 (moderate handload)

2D6 + ID4 + 4 (hot handload)

Base Range: 75 yards

Attacks per Round: 1(2)

Ammo Capacity: 4 + 1

Hit Points: 10

Cost by Era: \$100/\$150-\$350/\$800-\$2000

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: smokeless

Noise: loud to very loud

Reloading Rate: one 4-round magazine per round

Ammunition by Era: rare/very rare/uncommon

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 9 pounds

MARLIN 1891M39 IN .22 LONG RIFLE

"From Sharpshooting to Squirrel Hunting"

(1890s, 1920s, present day)



A .22 LR levergun may seem like a strange choice to fight terrors from the outer darkness, but characters aren't always able to choose their weapons. Chances are, an accountant in Boston in any time period won't have a hand howitzer or big-game rifle nearby, but he may have a .22 target rifle. And, as things turn out, it may be the little .22 which saves the day. It will at least limit the amount of damage an armed accountant can do to his fellow investigators.

The 1891M39 was Marlin's flagship rifle for most of the 20th century. Until the recent resurgence in big-bore leverguns, the little .22 probably sold better than any other Marlin. Millions have been produced. The Marlin 1891 is one of the few .22 LR firearms in continuous production from the same manufacturer from the 1890s to the present. Indeed, it's one of the few firearms of any type to make that claim. The standard model can be broken down into muzzle and stock halves, allowing it to be transported easily. It takes about three rounds and a standard screwdriver to reassemble it. For speed at reloading, inventive characters can use the old trick of filling a thin curtain rod with shells, then simply sliding the shells down the end of the magazine. The barrel can, of course, be shortened.

One should never underestimate the humble .22. Annie Oakley was able to fire 25 shots in 27 seconds with her Marlin, a testament both to her shooting prowess and the ease with which the tiny shells can be ejected and reloaded even in a levergun. The .22 LR is also the most common of all cartridges by a wide margin. Billions and billions of .22 LR cartridges have been produced since the nineteenth century, and continue to be churned out in inexpensive bricks containing 500 rounds each. The reasons for this success are clear. Though the .22 LR lacks the penetration and power of larger rifle rounds, it can still throw its earnest little bullet 1,500 feet per second with a minuscule amount of powder. With these ballistics, it stands as one of the most efficient of all cartridges. In a pinch, it can even be used against game quite a bit larger than a squirrel. Though far from ethical, even big game can be brought down with a few little bullets in the right places. There are even tales of native children in the north land bringing down *ursus arctos horribilis* with their little .22 LR plinking rifles.

Marlin 1891M39in .22 LR

Base Chance: 30%

Damage: 1D6 + 2 (no handloading possible)
106 (subsonic)

Base Range: 30 yards

Attacks per Round: 3 (a lot more for Annie Oakley)

Ammo Capacity: 19 + 1

Hit Points: 8

Cost by Era: \$10/\$15/\$150- \$400

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: smokeless or black

Noise: low; subsonic cartridges are very quiet, though not silent

Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round or I speed tube per round

Ammunition by Era: ubiquitous/ubiquitous/ubiquitous

Maintenance: low

Weight: 6-1/2 pounds

MARLIN 1895G IN .45-70 GOVT.

"The Ultimate Bear Gun"
(present day)?



It's easy-handling, powerful, and built like a tank. It only weighs seven pounds, but it can deliver enough force to take out a 1,000 pound charging brown bear. Though the basic design of the weapon goes back to the nineteenth century, the 1895G is actually a modern weapon built with much stronger steel than vintage Marlins. It also incorporates muzzle porting, a recoil pad, and other innovations. Only in this form can the 1895 take full advantage of the .45-70's immense potential power.

The .45-70 Government is a big old lummoX among rifle cartridges. It was one of the very first central-fire cartridges ever designed, way back in 1873. As the name suggests, the cartridge was designed to be loaded with seventy grains of black powder. Though muzzle velocities of these black powder cartridges were not too impressive, the enormous lead slugs they propelled could inflict terrible damage. Fired from "trapdoor" Springfield muskets, they performed extremely well.

In modern times, with the advent of a wide variety of smokeless powders and modern steel capable of withstanding high pressures, the ancient, cavernous .45-70 has been given a new lease on life. Handloaders and a few small-scale manufacturers have cranked up the venerable lummoX, producing .45-70 rounds capable of throwing a 430 grain slug at over 2,000 feet per second. Using hard-cast lead alloys or partially jacketed bullets, these car-

tridges can achieve impressive penetration against the largest game. Their potential as weapons to fight thick-skinned horrors is obvious, particularly when delivered from the portable 1895G.

A cottage industry has grown up customizing 1895Gs. The weapons can be turned into takedown models, with the barrel and magazine separating from the frame for transportation. The barrel can be shortened, at least to the extent the law allows. Characters with enough money and time can install scopes, peep sights, laser sights, or any number of accessories to make the weapon easier to shoot and tote.iv

Marlin 1895G in .45-70

Base Chance: 25%

Damage: 2D8 + 1 (standard "cowboy" smokeless loads or black powder)

2D8 + 2 (moderate hand loads)

2D8 + 1D4 + 2 (hot handloads, high-end factory)

2D8 + 1D6 + 3 (extremely hot handload or specialty factory)

Base Range: 50 yards (100 yards with scope)

Attacks per Round: 1 (3/2 with 50% or higher skill)

Ammo Capacity: 4 + 1

Hit Points: 14

Cost by Era: -/-\$500- \$600

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: black or smokeless

Noise: loud; hot handloads are very loud

Reloading Rate: I cartridge per round (these are really big cartridges)

Ammunition by Era: -/~/common

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 7 pounds

SAVAGE MODEL 99 IN .250-3000

"High-Velocity Hunting Rifle"
(1920s, present day)



9. Comparable weapons could be designed, in theory, by characters in the 1890s or 1920s working off vintage Marlin 1895s, but these weapons would not be able to safely cope with anything more than "moderate handload" pressures.

10. The author, after several failed attempts, has successfully rigged a backpack scabbard for his 18950 and finds that the rifle feels virtually weightless when carried in this fashion. For game purposes, it would take about a round to pull the rifle out.

Designed and introduced by Arthur Savage at the end of the nineteenth century, the hammerless Model 99 may represent the pinnacle of lever-action technology. The weapon used an innovative rotary magazine rather than the traditional tube. This innovation improved the weapon's accuracy and usability considerably, since it kept the point of balance close to the center, rather than strung out along a tube magazine. Its hammerless design made cocking the lever easier, allowing for faster follow-up shots.

Although more sophisticated bolt actions soon surpassed its performance, Savage kept up with the times by chambering the 99 in a number of innovative high-speed cartridges. In 1915, innovative cartridge designer Charles Newton modified a big .30-06 cartridge to take a smaller, more aerodynamic "spitzer" bullet and propel it at as high a speed as possible. The result was the .250-3000 Savage, so named because it was the first commercial cartridge to pass the 3,000 feet per second barrier. Throwing a very small 80-grain bullet, the cartridge was one of the first for modern small-caliber hunting rifles. Typical factory loads increased the bullet weight and decreased the speed, but the "3,000" designation stuck. Its accuracy and range were phenomenal, but as with many other cartridges under .3" in diameter, it inspired controversy in hunting circles for its alleged lack of what might be termed *gravitas*. Then, as now, many hunters prefer to work with larger bullets. While no one can deny that the .250-3000 lacks the power to take down big game, there has long been controversy about whether it is superior to the .30-30 as a deer gun.

For the investigators, the Model 99 offers the speed of a lever action with the flat trajectory and tremendous velocity of the .250-3000. Characters of the 1920s with a passion for hunting with less-traditional weapons might have a '99. In modern times, the Savage 1899 is still popular with a small cadre of hunters. Though the company has recently stopped new production, used '99s can be found for good prices.

Savage Model 99 in .250-3000

Base Chance 25%

Damage: 2D6

2D6 + 1 (hot handload)

Base Range: 100 yards

Attacks per Round: 2 (3 with over 50% base chance)

Ammo Capacity: 5-shot rotary magazine

Hit Points: 9

Cost by Era: -~~\$20~~\$300- \$1,000

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: smokeless

Noise: moderate

Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round

Ammunition by Era: -/unusual/unusual

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 7.5 pounds

MAUSER '98 IN 7.92x57MM

"Father of Modern Bolt Actions. and Still Kicking"

(1890s, 1920s, present day)



The Mauser '98 served as the standard rifle for German infantry in both wars, but its use was not limited to the Germany military. Mausers formed the backbone of many military forces in Europe, South America and elsewhere. Over 100 million have been produced, making it one of the most mass-produced rifles in existence. Yet the Mauser '98's influence is not limited to rifles bearing its name. The simple, sturdy bolt action has inspired countless imitators, from the Springfield 1903 to most modern hunting rifles. Improving on earlier designs, the Mauser '98 cocks the striker when the bullet is being ejected, allowing the next shot to be prepared more quickly. It also holds the cartridge very firmly in place.

Though world militaries quickly adopted Mauser-type actions, civilian hunters were initially more conservative. However, by the 1920s rifles with Mauser-type actions were becoming a favorite, particularly among Dough Boys who had seen what the new rifles could do. In modern times, the overwhelming majority of hunters prefer bolt-action rifles, most of which use the Mauser '98 action or a variant. The Mauser '98 itself is by no means out of reach for ordinary shooters. Surplus Mausers from various nations can be found for a fraction the price of a new hunting rifle. Yugoslavian Mausers still go for as little as \$150, compared with the \$600 or more charged for hunting rifles using essentially the same Mauser action.

The 7.92x57mm, also known as the "Smm Mauser," is roughly equivalent to the .30-30 in low-pressure factory loads. However, when using rifles in good condition produced after the turn of the century, the pressure can usually be increased, delivering performance equal to a low-level .30-06. Several companies now market new barrels with modern steel to replace old, pitted barrels and allow the safe use of handloads. In addition, the rifle can be modified to take more powerful cartridges. Characters who do not err on the side of caution may pay a high price. If too hot a load is used, there is a risk that the small amount of unsupported cartridge which protrudes from the end of the chamber in the '98 action will explode, sending bits of brass, wood, and steel flying out into the eyes of the shooter or anyone standing nearby. Thankfully, this is rare and can be avoided with caution.

Mauser '98 in 7.92x57mm

Base Chance: 25%

Damage: 2D6 (light pressure factory load)

2D6 + 1 (standard load)

2D6 + 2 (moderate handload or military load)
 2D6 + 3 (hot handload)
 Base Range: 100 yards (200 yards with scope)
 Attacks per Round: 1
 Ammo Capacity: 5 + 1 (or 20-round "trench" magazine)
 Hit Points: 10
 Cost by Era: \$30/\$25/\$150-\$2,000
 Malfunction Number: 00
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: loud
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: unusual to common
 Maintenance: low (moderate to high for older rifles in poor condition)
 Weight: 8.5 pounds

M1 "GARAND" IN .30-06

"The Greatest Semi-Automatic Rifle of All Time"
 (present day)



Though Allied troops during the War were equipped with a wide array of weapons, the Garand has become linked with the D-Day landings and subsequent liberation. For many who lived through WWII, the M1 became emblematic of victory. For many who saw Garand-toting soldiers open the gates of a concentration camp or liberate a village, the rifle came to represent nothing short of freedom itself.

The U.S. developed the M1 as a replacement for aging bolt-action Springfields. After many controversies and setbacks, the final design was approved just in time for U.S. entry into the war. During the course of the war various manufacturers produced over four million for the military. The M1 also saw action in Korea and Vietnam, and served as a training rifle for generations of recruits. Unlike subsequent military rifles, the M1 has been widely available to civilians in the U.S. In fact, the military sold surplus M1s directly to the public through the Civilian Marksmanship Program. As a result, old M1s can be found all over the country. Old rifles can still be discovered for relatively low prices, though well-preserved or collectable M1s sell for many thousands of dollars.

Though at one time the design called for use of a smaller cartridge, the M1 was ultimately chambered for the same .30-06 which had been used to great effect in Springfield rifles during the Great War. The .30-06 is far more powerful than modern assault rifle cartridges, and can actually be used to take any North American game from grizzlies to bison. For player characters in a modern setting, the M1 may seem somewhat outdated. However,

with legal limitations making umpteen thousand round-per-minute rates of fire and huge clips moot, the Garand remains highly relevant. In civilian versions, the Garand can best any assault rifle.

The .30-06 can generate a great deal of pressure and recoil. Care must therefore be taken not to tax old parts and pitted steel. It is wise to use slightly less potent loads with old rifles. However, characters with sufficient Gunsmith skill can outfit their Garands with modern steel barrels and components, allowing them to take higher pressures.

M1 Garand in 30-06

Base Chance 25%
 Damage: 2D6 + 2 (light pressure load)
 2D6 + 4 (full pressure load)
 2D6 + 5 (hot handload)
 Base Range: 100 yards
 Attacks per Round: 1 (2 with skill of 50% or more)
 Ammo Capacity: 8
 Hit Points: II
 Cost by Era: -/-\$100- \$5,000
 Malfunction Number: 00
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: loud
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: very common
 Maintenance: low (moderate to high for older rifles in poor condition)
 Weight: 8 pounds

DOUBLE RIFLE IN .577 NITRO EXPRESS

"Serious Power, Serious Pain"
 (1890s, 1920s, present day)



In *Call of Cthulhu*, few weapons rear their heads with the frequency and dramatic effect of the so-called "elephant gun." Yet for all this notoriety, it is difficult to say just what a true "elephant gun" is. Even by the twenties, actual elephant hunters had long been using weapons chambered for smaller, long-range cartridges with a flat trajectory to take down elephants and other dangerous African game at a safe distance. It seems that the term "elephant gun" most often refers to the big-bore "nitro express" cordite cartridges developed in the 1890s and 1900s for English double rifles, and to the even bigger black powder double rifles which preceded them. These rifles were designed to deliver deep penetration and massive tissue damage at short and medium ranges, stopping even the most danger-

ous thick-skinned African game. Readers may recall the Nitro Express double rifle used to combat the chthonian horrors in *Tremors*.

When Fridtjof Nansen took the good ship *Fram* north into the unknown in 1893, he knew he'd be running into walrus and polar bear, but wasn't entirely sure that was all he'd find. To be on the safe side, Dr. Nansen brought along a rifle capable of dealing with pretty much anything. It was a custom "express" double rifle in .577. Sadly, the heavy, awkward rifle tumbled out of Nansen's launch shortly after the expedition had begun. As Nansen noted, "Peter Henriksen and Bentzen, who were rowing me, took it so to heart that they could not speak for some time." It is not clear whether Nansen had a new Nitro Express .577 or an older black powder version. Either way, he felt the loss dearly, both in his pocket book and later, when he had to rely on outdated rifles fed with moisture-prone paper cartridges.

Weighing in at over fifteen pounds and costing upward of \$1,000 even in the 1920s, the double rifle in .577 NE is not for casual shooters. During the 1890s or 1920s, only wealthy, upper class characters, most likely from Europe or the British Empire, will be in a position to have one of these beasts. In modern times, only a few collectors keep them. The ivory trade has largely stopped, and safari guides are more likely to favor high-velocity magnum hunting cartridges from much lighter and more accurate bolt-action rifles.

Big-bore double guns, aside from being expensive, are finicky creatures. Getting both barrels to hit the same point of aim is a fine art, and the accuracy can be decreased by using different loads or simply by shooting the rifle in different climates. Most English doubles were sighted in assuming use with standard loads in humid tropical regions of the British Empire. Changing these default conditions reduces the chance to hit by 5 percentiles, and only a successful Gunsmith roll can properly readjust the weapon. The big weapons are also surprisingly delicate. Though the break-open action appears simple, it is actually as complicated as clockwork. Once broken, only a gunsmith can repair it. Even if Nansen hadn't lost his rifle in the sea, it's likely it would never have survived his harrowing journey farthest north and back.

The .577 Nitro Express, though not the biggest of the elephant gun cartridges, is still one of the most powerful small arms cartridges in existence. It throws an enormous 750 grain slug more than half an inch across at over 2,000 feet per second, generating over 7,000 foot pounds of energy. A weapon chambered for such a cartridge is not for the small or inexperienced. Recoil is not so much like being kicked by a mule as like getting trampled by an angry mule team, then smacked around by two burly

- II. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, *Farthest North: The Incredible Three-Year Voyage to the Frozen Latitudes of the North*. 1999 reprint, page 86. How Nansen could tell the difference between ordinary Norwegian silence and morose Norwegian silence is not revealed.

muleskinners. Firing both barrels at once in a suicide attack will certainly cause shoulder strain and possible dislocation or fracture even with large characters. The beast should never be fired prone, for obvious reasons.

Table for Double Rifle in .577 Nitro Express

Base Chance: 15%

Damage: 2D6 + 1D4 + 3 (black powder load)
3D6 + 6 (Nitro Express load)

Base Range: 50 yards

Attacks per Round: 1/2 per round (1 per round if skill is 50% or more). Two per round "kamikaze" attack inflicts 1D4 damage to the shooter and halves his or her Rifle skill for seven days. In addition, a second skill roll of 50% or higher indicates the shooter has dropped the rifle.

Ammo Capacity: 2

Hit Points: 8

Cost by Era: \$100-\$500/\$500-\$1,000/\$7,000-\$25,000+

Malfunction Number: 96

Powder: black powder or smokeless (cordite)

Noise: very loud

Reloading Rate: two cartridges per round

Ammunition by Era: all eras very rare

Maintenance: high

Weight: 17-25 pounds

WINCHESTER MODEL 70 IN .458 WINCHESTER
MAGNUM

"Latter Day Elephant Gun for the Cash Impaired"
(present day)



When Winchester introduced the Model 70 in 1936, it established the standard for modern bolt-action hunting rifles. The 70 has since become one of the most popular hunting rifles in North America. Several million have sold, and any character in North America who hunts might have a Model 70. The Model 70 has been chambered for nearly every popular rifle cartridge. For variety, however, we turn to the heaviest of the Model 70's standard chamberings, the .458 Winchester Magnum.

Winchester introduced the .458 in 1956 as a more affordable and convenient alternative to the enormous turn-of-the-century Nitro Express cartridges. The cartridge can indeed produce some impressive ballistics, throwing a 400 or 500-grain slug at over 2,000 feet per second, generating 5,000 or more foot pounds of energy. While not quite up to the level of the biggest hunting cartridges, this is more than enough power to drop dangerous African game. The .458 is also an extremely adaptable

cartridge. It can be handloaded to the level of everything from the .45-70 to the level of the smaller Nitro Express cartridges.

The Model 70 Safari Express retails for over \$1,000, but this is small potatoes compared with the mortgage-size price tags of the English double guns.

Two general types of characters might have a rifle in .458 Win. Mag. The first group might be called "wannabes." These shooters tend to be fairly wealthy urban professionals with an interest in big game hunting but not much actual experience. An attorney from New York, for example, might bring a .458 Win. Mag. to a guided moose hunt in Canada or Alaska, not realizing the weapon is far, far more than he needs. Such a character may not have even shot his artillery piece more than a few times, if even that. The other type of owners, in general terms, are those who deal with dangerous African game on a regular basis, from hunters to park rangers. When a rogue elephant needs to be culled, there's a fair chance the ranger will use a .458 Win. Mag. to get the job done quickly. The recoil is fearsome in the small Model 70 package, but this is an acceptable trade-off considering its packability and light weight.

Winchester Model 70 in .458 Winchester Magnum

Base Chance: 20%

Damage: 2D8 + 3 (low-level load)

2D8 + 1D4 + 3 (medium load)

2D8 + 1D6 + 4 (standard factory load)

3D8 + 5 (hot load)

Base Range: 75 yards (175 yards with scope)

Attacks per Round: 1/2 (1 with 50% or higher skill)

Ammo Capacity: 3 + 1

Hit Points: II

Cost by Era: -/-/\$800- \$1,300

Malfunction Number: 00

Powder: smokeless

Noise: very loud

Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round

Ammunition by Era: -/-/unusual

Maintenance: low

Weight: 8.5 pounds

HAWKEN RIFLE IN .54 CALIBER

"All You Need"

(1890s, 1920s, present day)



Jake and Sam Hawken developed their namesake rifle at their St. Louis gun shop in the 1820s. In those days, St. Louis was the gateway to the rich trapping grounds of the west and the new cap lock rifles proved useful in the rough, wet work. Trappers and settlers alike came to covet these rifles, though not many could afford them. Perhaps because they were out of reach for many, the Hawken rifles took on a legendary status not equaled until the emergence of the Winchester leverguns. Production of original Hawkens continued until 1915 before sputtering out.

That would have been the end of the story, but in the fifties and sixties, muzzleloading aficionados provided a rich new market, and production of Hawken rifles and rifle kits began again. In fact, the muzzleloading shooters of today are exponentially wealthier than their frontier predecessors, and most can easily afford Hawken clones either whole or in kit form. As a consequence, there are far more Hawken rifles today than there ever were in the nineteenth century. They can be found all over the world, since law enforcement rarely bothers itself with muzzleloading weapons. Nevertheless, the combination of low muzzle velocity, soft lead ammunition, and big caliber can be far deadlier than modern full metal jacket cartridges.

Unlike the other weapons portrayed in this piece, there is no cartridge for the Hawken. There is simply a round-ball or *sabot*, which can be backed with whatever load of black powder » the shooter desired, within certain parameters. Ammunition is easy to find and easy to make. A standard "possibles bag" will include a portable bullet mold which allows the user to cast bullets from any scrap lead. Indeed, many have suggested that a Hawken rifle, particularly one equipped with a flintlock, is the ultimate survivalist weapon. Unlike modern weapons, it can literally live off the land. The weapon is also extremely durable, and can take abuse which would render more complex weapons totally unusable.

Hawken Rifle in .54 Caliber

Base Chance: 20%

Damage: 2D6 through 2D6 + 3

Base Range: 50 yards

Attacks per Round: 1 shot every 3 rounds, 1 shot every 2 rounds for those with over 50% skill with weapon and muzzleloading experience

Ammo Capacity: I

- Any attempt to load a muzzleloader with smokeless powder will create a de facto pipe bomb, inflicting roughly 106 damage on anyone in a one-yard radius.

Hit Points: 17
 Cost by Era: \$20/\$20/\$250-\$500, more for antiques
 Malfunction Number: 98
 Powder: black
 Noise: moderate
 Reloading Rate: see Attacks per Round, above
 Ammunition by Era: ubiquitous in all eras; bullets can be cast from scrap lead
 Maintenance: low
 Weight: 9 pounds

SINGLE SHOT BREECH-LOADED SHOTGUN IN 20 GAUGE

"Humble, Reliable, Powerful, Inexpensive, Ubiquitous"
 (1890s, 1920s, present day)



Shotguns

For close-range combat, few weapons can match the power of shotguns. By throwing loads of lead pellets into the air with each shot, these weapons can effectively equal the rate of fire of modern automatic weapons, and can exceed their power at close range. Yet the shotgun's use is by no means limited to self defense. In fact, shotguns are probably the most versatile and diverse class of weapons, including everything from primitive scatterguns to slug guns with scopes and rifled barrels.

Shotguns cover a wide range of markets, as well. The class of weapons includes everything from extremely inexpensive single-shot shotguns to incredibly expensive over-under duck guns. Yet there is no real need to spend a fortune on one. By changing chokes, barrels and shot size, a single inexpensive shotgun can function as everything from a rabbit gun to a bear stopper. The shotguns profiled here represent a range of shotguns the characters might scrounge up. Though among the most powerful of small arms at close range, shotguns are also among the least regulated. States and nations with very restrictive gun laws often make little effort to regulate shotguns, which means characters in these settings might actually own one.



On the opposite end of the small arms spectrum from sexy Uzis, Thompsons, and M-16s stands the humble single-shot shotgun. Looking at how many of these weapons have been made, though, a better verb might be "towers." Ten million alone have been produced for civilian shooters under the Harrington and Richardson label, while many millions more have been produced under the New England Firearms label. Other manufacturers have produced them in great numbers, as well. Indeed, the single-shot shotgun is certainly one of the most common types of firearm in the world, competing only with .22 bolt-actions. They can be found in every corner of the world, filling an amazing array of uses, from guard duty to rabbit hunting.

From the perspective of the characters, the single-shot shotgun has a number of advantages, the first and foremost being the fact that the characters might actually have one or be able to get one on short notice. They can be purchased for astonishingly low prices even in modern times, and will generally attract little or no attention. When cut down or broken down, they can be easily tucked away.

The weapon profiled here is chambered for 20 gauge because so many of these weapons have been chambered for intermediate shells. Yet one of the great advantages of single-shot breech loaders is their amazing versatility. Models have been produced in nearly all calibers and bores, from .410 to 10 gauge and from .22 LR to .45-70. Some "hand i-rifles" have two barrels, one barrel typically chambered for a shotgun shell and the other for a .22 LR cartridge. Though a far cry from English custom double rifles, these crude weapons can be a useful part of an emergency kit. Others have interchangeable barrels. Still others are fitted with scopes and rifled barrels for hunting deer and other medium-size game with slugs. They come in both long-barreled versions and short stock, short barreled "youth" versions which will nearly fit in a handgun holster.

Table for Single-Shot Breech-Loaded Shotgun in 20 Gauge

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Base Chance 30%
 Damage: 2D6/ID6/1D3
 Base Range: 10/20/50 yards
 Attacks per Round: 1
 Ammo Capacity: 1
 Hit Points: 9
 Cost by Era: \$5/\$20/\$ 150

Malfunction Number: 00
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: loud
 Reloading Rate: 1 shell per round
 Ammunition by Era: very common in all eras
 Maintenance: low
 Weight: 3-7 pounds

"TRENCH GUN" IN 12 GAUGE

*"Short-Range Powerhouse of the Great War and Beyond
 (1920s, present day)*



Though designed half a century before the first assault rifles, the trench gun is a fearsome weapon. In a few seconds, it can pile-drive over fifty .33-caliber lead balls into a target at supersonic speed. No living thing on Earth can withstand force of that magnitude. At least no ordinary living thing.

The trench gun evolved from shotguns used informally by the military since the Civil War. They proved more effective than rifles in the bloody close-range jungle warfare of the Philippine Insurgency. For once, military leadership actually paid attention to reality and made a wise decision. Rather than banning the weapons as "unmilitary," the American top brass took the unprecedented step of officially adopting the combat shotgun. It became the primary close-range weapon of the American Expeditionary Force. It was dubbed the "trench gun," and no other military force had anything like it. The Germans soon learned to fear it. They even protested that the weapon violated the rules of civilized warfare. Nevertheless, the American military continued to use rapid-fire pump shotguns for most of the twentieth century. Even some Vietnam-era soldiers, fed up with the temperamental M-16, switched over to old trench guns. At close range, they can deliver as much or more power than a hail of 5.56mm bullets, with much less chance of a jam.

Originally adapted from John Browning's innovative Winchester '97 pump-action, later trench guns were based on internal-hammer Winchester Model 12s and Remington Model 10s. The Army added a hand guard and bayonet adapter, but otherwise left the weapons largely unchanged. After all, why tamper with perfection? In later wars, U.S. military shotguns were based on other brands, though they remained functionally very similar. On all models until recent times, the trigger remains engaged at all times. Thus, users can produce surprisingly rapid fire from the old scattergun by simply holding down the trigger and racking the slide. Of course, the shotgun's "fan fire" capacity may make it extremely dangerous. Many a

novice has made the mistake of leaving his finger on the trigger when pointing the shotgun in a bad direction, then racking the slide.

The weapon can, of course, be shortened. Cutting down the stock is the easiest method. A shortened barrel will both reduce accuracy and capacity, since the tube magazine cannot be longer than the barrel. The difficulties increase exponentially if the user attempts to make the barrel shorter than the slide.

In modern times, vintage trench guns in beat-up condition can be found for reasonable prices. After all, they were in active military use for most of the twentieth century. If Hollywood is any judge, the essentially flawless weapon will be around for a long time to come. Corporal Hicks, fighting in the far future, used an Ithaca 37, a Vietnam-era trench gun, to blast alien horrors. As he put it, "I like to keep this handy for close encounters."

"Trench Gun" in 12 Gauge

Base Chance: 30%
 Damage: 4D6/2D6/1D6
 1D10 + 7 (500 grain slug)
 Base Range: 20 yards
 Attacks per Round: 1 (2 "fan fire")
 Ammo Capacity: 5 + 1
 Hit Points: 12
 Cost by Era: ~\$40/\$500- \$5,000
 Malfunction Number: 00
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: loud
 Reloading Rate: 2 shot shells per round
 Ammunition by Era: very common in any era
 Maintenance: low
 Weight: 6-8 pounds

REMINGTON M1889 SIDE-BY-SIDE IN 10 GAUGE

*"How Nature says 'Do not touch'"
 (1890s, 1920s, present day)*



Nothing short of a tricked-up Kalashnikov looks quite as fearsome as an old-style double-barreled shotgun. From the business end, it's not too hard to imagine the kind of punishment those two mammoth barrels can dish out. The external hammers look like poised fangs, and the hair triggers will bring them smashing down with the merest tickle. For characters, such a fearsome weapon may prove just as helpful in preventing fights as winning them.

Though simple to operate, the weapon is not for beginners. In no event should a novice shooter be given the

group's double-barreled street howitzer. Once cocked, the triggers are extremely sensitive, and the hammers can be surprisingly difficult to hold down. It's not difficult to imagine the sort of accidental carnage which might result from someone who does not keep his fingers well off the triggers. As Walter Brennan's shotgun-toting character Stumpy put it in the Howard Hawks classic *Rio Bravo*, "I'm liable to blast ye!"

About 134,000 Model '89s were manufactured from 1889 to 1910. By that time, production had switched over to internal hammer models. In more modern times, most duck hunters have turned to pump action and semi-automatic shotguns for their sport, while slug hunters prefer specialized rifled shotguns. The few hunters who use double-barreled shotguns tend to favor over/unders because they are easier to aim at small, moving targets. The few side-by-sides still in production are typically internal-hammer models with ornate engraving and an even more ornate price tag. However, in recent times a few companies have been producing new external-hammer shotguns for the growing cowboy action shooting market. These are typically patterned after short-barreled "stage coach" models.

The weapon can be sawed off or cut down with relative ease, since there is no magazine to deal with and no rifling to worry about. Even sawed off and with a shortened stock, the old shotgun is heavy. The weight keeps recoil somewhat manageable, but firing both barrels at once may still cause strain and a muscle pull.

Table for Remington M1889 SxS in 10 Gauge

Base Chance: 30%

Damage: 4D6 + 2/2D6 + 1/1D6

1D10 + 8 (600 grain slug)

4D6 + 1/1D6 (sawed off)

Base Range: 10/20/50 yards

Attacks per Round: 1 or 2 (at keeper's option, an attack roll of 80% or higher indicates serious muscle strain in shooter's hands or arms, halving shooter's base ranges with this weapon)

Ammo Capacity: 2

Hit Points: 14

Cost by Era: \$15/\$50/\$500-\$2,000+ (modern cowboy clone for \$400)

Malfunction Number: 00

Powder: smokeless or black

Noise: loud

Reloading Rate: 1 shot shell per round (2 if base chance is over 50%)

Ammunition by Era: unusual in all eras

Maintenance: low

Weight: 12 pounds (8 pounds sawed-off and cut down)



AUTO-5 IN 12 GAUGE

"Humpback"

(1920s, present day)



John Moses Browning was an aptly named man, since his genius seems to have known no mortal bounds. Among his greatest works were the Winchester 1894, the Colt 1911, and this weapon, the Auto-S. All three firearms are among the finest and most popular ever produced, and all have stood the test of time. When Browning designed the Auto-5 in 1900, it was unprecedented. Considering the complexity of the problems involved in its creation, Browning's patent is remarkably simple and effective. Unlike many modern autoloaders, it can tolerate dirt, grime and hard use with ease. The last Auto-5 was manufactured in 2000, but every semi-automatic shotgun on the market is in its shadow.

During the 1920s, the Auto-S was marketed as the Remington Model 11. In later decades, Browning marketed most of the Auto-5s. Under any name, it was extremely successful. Dozens of variations have been made, from combat riot guns to long-barreled trap guns. Characters may choose to customize their Auto-5s. Bonnie and Clyde, the famous outlaws, kept several Remington 11s in their formidable arsenal. Bonnie used a 20 gauge short-stocked "whippit" Remington to terrorize the countryside.

As a recoil-operated semi-automatic, the Auto-5 uses the recoil of the fired shell to eject the spent shell and load a new one. This action takes only a moment, but cannot be sped up by the user. As a result, in the hands of an expert, a pump-action shotgun can shoot faster than an automatic. For most users, however, the Auto-S will be slightly faster than a pump action.

Table for Auto-S in 12 Gauge

Base Chance: 30%

Damage: 4D6/2D6/1D4

Base Range: 10/20/50 yards

Attacks per Round: 3/2 (2 for 20 gauge)

Ammo Capacity: 3 (hunting), 5 (riot gun)

Hit Points: 12

Cost by Era: -/\$40/\$400

Malfunction Number: 00

Powder: smokeless

Noise: loud

Reloading Rate: 1 shell per round

Ammunition by Era: very common

Maintenance: low

Weight: 7-1/2 pounds

MOSSBERG MODEL 500 IN 3" 12 GAUGE

"Nothin 'But Shotgun!"
(present day)



You won't find any fancy engravings of ducks or deer on the sides of a Mossberg 500, but it's a fair bet these simple pump-action shotguns have taken more game than all the expensive European shotguns put together. Mossberg produces a wide array of 500s, from long-barreled duck hunting models to short-barrel, extra capacity home defense models. The weapons can be customized, and the barrel can be shortened to the extent modern law allows.

Any modern character from the American hinterland might well have access to one. It's even been said that you'll find a Mossberg in every rural American household. This is only a slight exaggeration. For certain parts of the Great Plains, it may not be an exaggeration at all. Since the model was introduced in 1962, the inexpensive and reliable 500 has sold many millions, dominating the lower mid-range shotgun market. To fulfill every possible demand, the 500 has been produced in everything from long-barreled trap versions to pistol-gripped, large-magazine riot gun versions. There's even a line launcher version designed to throw a rope between ships or to a dock. An inventive character with sufficient skill might find other uses for the 500, as well, from flare gun to lima bean shooter or even net launcher. If something goes wrong and the shotgun gets ruined, the player character can just buy another old 500, something you just can't do with an engraved Beretta.

The 500 can accept modern 3" shotgun shells. Slightly more powerful than traditional 2-1/2" or 2-3/4" shells, 3" shells are fast becoming standard for all new shotguns. A shotgun chambered for 3" shells can take shorter shells, but not visa versa. Mossberg also produces "magnum" grade shotguns chambered for 3-1/2" shells. These deliver power equal to an old 10 gauge. Standard Mossbergs will take three shells in their magazines. This is not an accidental number. Many states have outlawed the use of larger-capacity shotguns for duck and goose hunting, though they can still be used for hunting less desirable game in some states. Characters who try to use the "goin' huntin'" excuse with local authorities may have trouble if they're packing riot guns.

Table for Mossberg Model 500 in 3" 12 Gauge

Base Chance: 30%

Damage: 4D6 + 1/2D6 + 1/1D6

IDIO + 7 (500 grain slug)

Base Range: 10/20/50 yards

Attacks per Round: 1 (2 with skill of 70% or more)

Ammo Capacity: 3 + 1 (standard hunting shotgun)

6 + 1 to 9 + 1 (riot gun)

Hit Points: 10

Cost by Era: \$150-\$400

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: smokeless

Noise: loud

Reloading Rate: 2 shot shells per round

Ammunition by Era: common

Maintenance: low

Weight: 7- 8 pounds

Handguns

The facts of life. Handguns are inaccurate, underpowered, inefficient, and expensive. Anyone who has used a handgun knows how difficult it is to hit even a well-marked stationary paper target with one at twenty yards or even ten feet. This reality stands in stark contrast to the way handguns are portrayed in the movies. In countless films of all genres, actors will make improbable or downright impossible shots with equally improbable results. A mounted cowboy somehow shoots a rider moving at full gallop fifty yards away with his Peacemaker, then does it again. James Bond knocks down a bad guy even further away with nothing but his 9x 17mm Walther PPK. In some movies, the bad guy is actually knocked into the air by the impact of a handgun bullet. This is, of course, impossible.

On the other hand, handguns do have important characteristics which make them useful as back up defensive weapons. They are, in general, easy to conceal and carry. They can provide a certain minimal level of defensive firepower in emergency situations, and can be used to dissuade attack in others, buying enough time for characters to high-tail it to safety. Under no circumstances, however, should player characters armed only with handguns attempt to

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take an entrenched position, particularly when their foes have rifles and shotguns. If the players insist on it, keepers should feel free to be merciless. A single cultist armed with an archaic hunting rifle can pick off most of the group long before they reach effective handgun range. If the characters manage to find cover, their foe can keep them pinned down until his friends (earthly or otherwise) arrive. The characters will then understand the old saying, "Never bring a pistol to a rifle fight." At shorter ranges, opponents armed with shotguns will totally dominate a fight against handguns. Characters may manage to hit one or two of their enemy, but it will be a moot point. Better to avoid the problem when possible and run away when not.

SINGLE ACTION ARMY IN .45 COLT

"Peacemaker"
(\ 890s, 1920s, present day)



Samuel L. Colt introduced the Single Action Army in 1873 as the latest and greatest in his line of single action revolvers. Since then, the single action army has probably become the single most influential handgun of all time, inspiring even more imitators than the 1911. It has set the standard for single action revolvers for a century and a quarter, and its elegant, Gilded Age design shows no signs of losing out to modern semi-autos. Colt has tried to retire the SAA again and again, only to revive it for another production run. Countless clones and variants have been produced since 1873, from 3" sheriff's models to 12" or even 18" "Buntline" versions, from target Bisley models to tricked-up quick draw guns. With this level of diversity, it's conceivable any character might have a single action army or variant tucked away.

As most readers may be aware, single action revolvers such as the Peacemaker must be cocked before every shot. Though this can be awkward for shooters used to double action revolvers, single actions are capable of surprising speed. Once cocked, it only takes about half a pound of pressure on the trigger to fire, contrasted with the usual five to ten pounds of pressure for double action revolvers. Single action revolvers are, in fact, the fastest weapons out of leather. In the hands of practiced expert, the first 255-grain slug will be out of the barrel of a Peacemaker long before the opponent's rifle or pistol is up and ready. Single actions which have been properly adjusted by a gunsmith also can be "fanned" for extremely rapid fire. Only investigators with a skill of 50% or higher should even attempt this, and even they will suffer a 15% drop in accuracy. The less experienced are likely to end up shooting themselves or another investigator.

Though the Peacemaker was ultimately chambered for a wide array of cartridges, the revolver was created along

with the .45 Colt. The .45 Colt is sometimes called the "Long Colt" to distinguish it from shorter .45s and it is indeed a massive handgun cartridge. A 9x19mm can easily fit inside an empty .45 Colt shell. The cartridge is so large because it was originally designed to be shot with bulky black powder. With smokeless powder, its power can be increased by orders of magnitude- though not always safely. In the mid-1920s, Elmer Keith's .45 Colt Peacemaker blew up in his hands, a now-legendary event which turned Keith away from the .45 Colt and indirectly spawned the .44 Magnum. Modern characters can avoid Keith's accident by using a Ruger Vaquero or other Ruger SAA-based revolver. These modern revolvers can withstand much more pressure than the thin-chambered Colt Peacemakers and replicas.

Table for Single-Action Army in .45 Colt

Base Chance: 20%

Damage: 1D10 + 2 ("cowboy load" or black powder)

1D10 + 3 (moderate handload)

1D10 + 4 (hot handload)

Base Range: 15 yards

Attacks per Round: 1 (3 "fanning")

Ammo Capacity: 6

Hit Points: 8 (12 for modern Ruger variants)

Cost by Era: \$10/\$30/\$300-\$600 (clone) or \$1,000-\$10,000 (vintage Colt)

Malfunction Number: 00

Powder: smokeless or black

Noise: loud

Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round (cartridges must be fed one at a time through a small opening on the side of the frame)

Ammunition by Era: common

Maintenance: low

Weight: 2 to 2-1/2 pounds

COLT MODEL 1911 PISTOL IN .45 ACP

"Paradigm Semi-Auto"
(1920s, Modern)



Think semi-automatic pistols, and you're likely to visualize a 1911 or one of its countless variants and clones. Though one of the first semi-automatic pistols marketed, the 1911 still remains a solid seller, even in this age of high-tech polymer "wondernines." This popularity is testimony to John Browning's brilliant design. The 1911 is reliable, powerful, and even concealable.

The 1911 is well-known in 1920s and present day settings. In the twenties, the 1911 was still a cutting-edge weapon, and probably looked a little strange and new-fangled to eyes used to revolvers. Approximately 100,000 1911s were manufactured during the *InOs* for the civilian market, but this number belies the 1911s produced for the military during the Great War, many of which worked their way into the civilian market. By recent times, Colt itself has largely ceased manufacturing civilian arms. However, a wide array of manufacturers in the U.S. and abroad continue to churn out 1911s and variants for the world market. Though most military and police forces have turned to more modern weapons, the pistol remains extremely popular among civilian shooters. The high-cap magazine ban in the U.S. has made the big old pistols even more popular.

The 1911, unlike some modern pistols, is a single action. This means the user must rack the slide before the first firing, an action which takes a round. Some experienced users carry the weapon "cocked and locked" (i.e., cocked, but with the safety on) in order to speed up the first shot. This only works if you remember to disengage the safety before firing.

The 1911 has always been strongly associated with the cartridge Browning created to go with it—the .45 ACP (Automatic Colt Pistol). The new cartridge was designed to make maximum use of smokeless powder. It kept the same approximate bullet width as the .45 Colt, but was made substantially more compact. Though it can be improved slightly in reloading or in factory "+ P" loads, there simply isn't enough space in the stumpy .45 ACP to allow it to rival magnum cartridges. Recoil is slightly more stout than a .38 or 9mm, but the big 1911 frame and hair trigger make up for this and allow for very quick repeat shots.

Colt M1911 in .45 ACP
 Base Chance: 25%
 Damage: 1D10+2 (standard)
 1D10 + 3 (+ P factory or hot handload)
 Base Range: 20 yards
 Attacks per Round: 2 (1 round to cock if not carried cocked and locked)
 Ammo Capacity: 7 + 1
 Hit Points: 8
 Cost by Era: -/\$45/\$200- \$700
 Malfunction Number: 99
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: loud
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: common
 Maintenance: moderate
 Weight: 40 ounces

1903 COLT HAMMERLESS IN .32 ACP/7.65MM BROWNING

"The Original Pocket Rocket"
 (1920s, present day)



It's lightweight, fast handling, and can deliver eight rounds in a few seconds. It also has the advantage of being highly concealable. Though one of Colt's first semi-automatics, the 1903 hammerless had surprisingly few mechanical problems. Its small size and minimal recoil make it an obvious choice for less experienced characters, or characters who prefer to avoid suspicious bulges. The Colt Hammerless was never as popular as the big 1911 among American shooters. However, it proved extremely popular in Europe, where even police forces used it as a sidearm. In modern times, characters will only be able to find vintage 1903s.

The .32 ACP cartridge is small as pistol cartridges go. It definitely packs a punch. It never caught on as a primary caliber in the U.S., but it was an immediate success in Europe, where it was produced as the 7.65mm Browning.

Colt 1903 Hammerless in .32 ACP
 Base Chance: 20%
 Damage: 1D8 (standard)
 1D8 + 1 (+ P load)
 Base Range: 15 yards
 Attacks per Round: 3
 Ammo Capacity: 8
 Hit Points: 8
 Cost by Era: -/\$20/\$400- \$3,000+
 Malfunction Number: 99
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: moderate
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: common
 Maintenance: moderate
 Weight: 14 ounces



GLOCK 17 IN 9x19MM

"Wondernine"
(present day)



When Glock introduced the Model 17 in 1983, there was nothing else like it. It was derided as "combat tupperware" by some and feared as X-ray proof by others. Neither claim is correct. Thanks to its polymer frame and innovative magazine, the Glock 17 holds twice as much ammunition as the 1911, yet weighs half as much. The frame, far from being brittle or cheap, is actually tougher than steel. After only a decade on the world market, the Glock 17 had become the official sidearm of a dozen armies and countless police forces. The U.S. high-capacity magazine ban has limited its success on the civilian market somewhat, but pre-ban versions are still widely available.

The Glock 17 is a "double action only" pistol. Unlike earlier semi-automatics, the slide does not need to be racked in order to prepare for the first shot. Consequently, there is no need for a separate safety tab and no need to carry the weapon "cocked and locked." As a trade off for this convenience, the trigger pull remains the same 5.5 lbs. for every shot, compared with the 1911's hair trigger.

The Glock 17's standard cartridge is, if anything, even more controversial than the Glock itself. No cartridge except perhaps the .223 has engendered as much love and hatred as the 9x19mm. First developed in 1902 for use in early Swiss Lugers, the 9x19 quickly became the handgun cartridge of choice in Europe and Asia. Its post-war use in submachine guns such as the UZI increased the cartridge's fame. However, it wasn't until 1985 that the U.S. armed forces finally adopted it as the official handgun cartridge, abandoning the .45 ACP. Proponents of the .45 ACP point to that cartridge's larger bullets and better stopping power, while proponents of the 9x19 point to its high velocity and higher capacity magazines.

Glock 17 in 9x19mm**Base Chance:** 20%**Damage:** 1D10 (standard)
1D10 + 1 (+ P load)**Base Range:** 20 yards**Attacks per Round:** 2 (3 for those with 50% or higher skill)**Ammo Capacity:** 17 + 1**Hit Points:** 8**Cost by Era:** -/-\$400- \$500**Malfunction Number:** 99**Powder:** smokeless**Noise:** moderate**Reloading Rate:** 1 magazine per round**Ammunition by Era:** -/~/ubiquitous**Maintenance:** moderate**Weight:** 22 ounces**COLT WOODSMAN/RUGER MARK II IN .22 LONG RIFLE**

"Everything Pistols!"
(1920s, present day)



The pistol profiled in this section is actually two .22 LR pistols. The Colt Woodsman was introduced in 1915 as an easy-to-use Luger-frame target pistol. It sold well throughout the period and was produced in a number variants, but was fairly expensive. Other manufacturers produced knock-offs, but it wasn't until a new company, Ruger, introduced the Mark II in 1949 that the Woodsman was supplanted as premier plinker. Not only was the Mark II just as good as the Woodsman, it was priced a notch cheaper. GIs raising families on a budget provided a ready market for these classic target pistols. Millions of Woodsmen, Mark IIs, and variants have been sold all over the world, and even characters with no military or hunting background might have one tucked away in a closet somewhere.

Fired from a handgun, the .22 LR will not perform nearly as well as with a long-barreled rifle. However, it can still kill, if unpredictably. The tiny bullet tends to bounce around a lot inside a target, and there's no way to tell where it will end up. For opponents who don't realize this, however, the little pistol may not provide much persuasive force.

The Woodsman and Mark II both come in a wide array of variants, from short 4-3/4" barrels to 10" target models. The shorter-barrel models are very concealable. Though rarely thought of as combat pistols, the Luger-frame .22s have seen their share of service. Outfitted with suppressors and loaded with subsonic ammunition, they are nearly silent, making them a favorite of elite military units and secret agents alike.

Colt Woodsman/Ruger Mark II in .22 LR**Base Chance** 20% (25% with long barrel)**Damage:** 1D6 (no handloading possible)**Base Range:** 25 yards**Attacks per Round:** 3**Ammo Capacity:** 10**Hit Points:** 7**Cost by Era:** \$20/\$100- \$40C**Malfunction Number:** 99**Powder:** smokeless

Noise: low
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: ubiquitous
 Maintenance: low
 Weight: 35 ounces

MAUSER C-96 IN 7.63x25MM

"Broomhandle"

(1890s, 1920s, present day)



The C-96 was the first commercially available semi-automatic pistol, yet its influence has been felt more in the realm of submachine guns. The semi-autos which came after the C-96 did not retain the relatively long barrel, stable "hand and a half" design, or the magazine. If they had, the handgun might have come to play a much more significant role in combat and self defense. When the magazine is freed from the handle, it can take much longer bullets. The C-96's stock also allows the shooter to cope with higher recoil and fire with improved accuracy. Though bulky, the C-96 can be made portable, if not concealable. On many models, the oddly-shaped stock doubles as a holster. Not the easiest thing to mass-produce from wood, but a nice touch nonetheless.

The German and Russian militaries, along with some European police forces, used the C-96 during WWI and for a while thereafter. The Russians were particularly fond of the Broomhandle, and it remained in active military use there long after WWI. Chinese forces even used the C-96 during the Korean War. For game purposes, European characters of the twenties, particularly veterans or policemen, might have a Broomhandle. In the U.S., a character who served during the Great War may have picked up one as a souvenir. However, the C-96 was never widely marketed in the U.S., and its standard ammunition will be very difficult to find stateside. In the present, the C-96 is relegated to the hands of collectors.

The 7.63mm Mauser was the highest velocity handgun cartridge in production until the arrival of the .357 Magnum. The relatively flat trajectory of its small, fast bullet allowed it to retain altitude and accuracy much further than standard handgun cartridges. In later decades, many C-96s were chambered for the more common 9x19mm cartridge.

Mauser C-96 in 7.63x25mm
 Base Chance: 20% (30% with stock)
 Damage: 1D8 + 2
 Base Range: 35 yards (50 yards with stock)
 Attacks per Round: 2 (single action)

Ammo Capacity: 10 (fixed magazine top-fed with strips)
 Hit Points: 7
 Cost by Era: \$40/\$40/\$500-\$3,000+
 Malfunction Number: 99
 Powder: smokeless
 Noise: moderate
 Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round
 Ammunition by Era: rare in U.S./common in Europe during twenties/rare to very rare in the present day
 Maintenance: moderate
 Weight: 43 ounces.

WEBLEY-FOSBERRY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER IN .455 WEBLEY

"The Road Not Taken"
 (1920s, present day)



Certainly one of the strangest handguns of all time, the Webley-Fosberry Automatic Revolver was also one of the most innovative. It combines the stability and strength of a revolver with the automatic cocking of a pistol. The weapon must be cocked for the first shot. For each shot after that, however, the barrel and cylinder slide back over a fixed peg in the frame. As the cylinder slides over the peg, V-shaped grooves turn the cylinder to the next chamber. At the same time, the hammer is brought back to the cocked position. Moving all this metal gives rise to some mechanical problems, especially when dirt or grime gets into the tracks. Not surprisingly, the automatic revolver did not perform very well in the trenches. On the other hand, by absorbing the recoil to turn the cylinder and cock the hammer, the shooter has a much easier time keeping the weapon aimed. Champion shooter Walter Winans even used one at Bisley during the twenties.

The Webley-Fosberry automatic revolver was only produced during the first few decades of the 20th century. In *The Maltese Falcon*, Sam Spade identifies the weapon which killed his partner as a Webley automatic revolver. That shows Spade's experience, perhaps in WWI—most people in the U.S. during the 1920s or 1930s would not be familiar with the weapon. However, a character with an interest in target shooting, or a character from England or the Empire, might have one. The 1920 Firearms Act in England effectively relegated Webley's civilian branch to air gun production, and no manufacturer in the U.S. picked up this unusual design. The notion of an automatic revolver has resurfaced in modern times, but has not caught on.

The .455 Webley cartridge was standard issue for most of the British military during the Great War. Its recoil is substantial for cartridges of the time, probably comparable to a .45 Colt. However, the substantial weight of the Webley automatic revolver and its unique action minimize recoil and allow for quick recovery and fairly fast shots.

Webley-Fosberry Automatic Revolver in .455 Webley

Base Chance: 25%

Damage: 1D10 + 2 (standard)

1D10 + 3 (+ P load)

Base Range: 15 yards

Attacks per Round: 2

Ammo Capacity: 6

Hit Points: 10

Cost by Era: \$5/\$20/\$150

Malfunction Number: 98 (more apt to malfunction if exposed to mud)

Powder: black, smokeless

Noise: loud

Reloading Rate: 2 per round (breach)

Ammunition by Era: rare in U.S., common in U.K. Irare in present day

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 50 ounces

SMITH AND WESSON MILITARY AND POLICE IN .38 SPECIAL

"The Classic Double Action"
(1920s, present day)



When Smith and Wesson launched its military and police double action revolver at the turn of the new century, it signaled the dawn of a new era. Its smooth action was a marked improvement over clunky double-action Colts, and its frame would set the standard for revolvers for the next century. The revolver caught immediately, and remained a solid seller. Many millions have been produced for civilian shooters, police forces, and for the English and U.S. military. It continues to be produced in modern times as the "K" frame revolver. Depending on profession and background, a character of the '20s or the present day might have a military and police or one of its successors sitting in a forgotten corner of the hall closet or strapped to his or her side as a constant companion.

Smith and Wesson introduced the .38 Special as the .38 Smith and Wesson Special in 1902 for the military and police, but the innovative smokeless cartridge did not remain proprietary for long. Other double action revolvers

were quickly chambered for it. The .38 is not exceptionally powerful, but it is accurate and dependable. Its recoil is manageable, and its noise won't break any eardrums. Filling this role as the *aurea mediocritas* of handgun cartridges, the .38 Special grew to become the single most popular cartridge in the U.S. Though it has seen some serious competition in recent decades from the 9x19, the .38 Special isn't about to be relegated to the museums.

Sand W Military and Police Revolver in .38 Special

Base Chance: 20%

Damage: 1D10

1D10 + 1 (+ P load)

Base Range: 20 yards

Attacks per Round: 2

Ammo Capacity: 6

Hit Points: 10

Cost by Era: -/\$25/\$100- \$1,000

Malfunction Number: 00

Powder: smokeless

Noise: moderate

Reloading Rate: 2 shells per round or 1 speed loader (modern only)

Ammunition by Era: very common

Maintenance: low

Weight: 30 ounces

SMITH AND WESSON MODEL 29 IN .44 REMINGTON MAGNUM

"Go Ahead, Make My Day"
(present day)



In 1955, Smith and Wesson introduced the N-frame Model 29 for the sole purpose of handling a potent new cartridge, the .44 Remington Magnum. Though tough and durable, the N-frame was still a tad small for the fearsome loads it was asked to cope with. Many shooters found it too punishing, and both Colt and Ruger .44 Magnums were a size larger and made with thicker steel. Nevertheless, the more packable Model 29 has sold very well.

In spite of Harry Callahan, few law enforcement officials purchased the Model 29, or any .44 Magnum. Most users are either weekend shooters who simply like the machismo of the big gun or hikers in bear country willing to trust a mere handgun. Though powerful, there's much evidence that the .44 Magnum is not potent enough to stop a bear. Nevertheless, it provides a certain sense of security. It can also be loaded with .44 special loads for two-legged predators.

When Smith and Wesson introduced the .357 Magnum in 1935, many said it marked the upper end of potential handgun power. The recoil was fierce and snappy, and some doubted the human wrist could take much more. Some, but not all. Elmer Keith, an avid shooter of nearly everything that moved, might have moved, or just sat there, also happened to be a regular writer for *Guns and Ammo*. Keith saw great potential in the humble .44 special. He theorized that, properly loaded, the .44 could be transformed into something much more potent than the hottest .357. This new cartridge could be used, Keith thought, for hunting medium and even large-size game. Eventually, S and W and Remington heard Keith's call and answered with the .44 Magnum. For a time, it was the most powerful handgun cartridge on Earth.

Sand W Model 29 in .44 Magnum

Base Chance: 20% (.44 Special)

15% (.44 Magnum)

Damage: .44 Special

1D10 + 1 (moderate load)

1D 10 + 2 (hot load)

.44 Magnum

2D6 (mild load)

2D 6 + 1 (moderate load)

2D6 + 2 (hot load)

2D6 + 3 (very hot load)

Base Range: 25 yards (50 yards with scope)

Attacks per Round: 1

Ammo Capacity: 6

Hit Points: 18

Cost by Era: \$400-\$600 present day

Noise: very loud

Powder: smokeless

Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round/6 per round with speedloader

Ammunition by Era: common in the present day

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 2-1/2 pounds

RUGER SUPER REDHAWK .454 CASULL

"Yee Haw!"

(present day)



Sure, it kicks like an angry mule. And many find it physically painful to shoot. And it makes as much noise as a rifle four times its size. And it generates more chamber pressure than a .30-06. But it can throw a 260 grain bullet at 1,800 feet per second, impacting with nearly 1,900 foot

pounds of force, then follow up with five more in quick succession. No other commercially-available handgun can begin to match this level of performance.

The Super Redhawk .454 Casull redefines the term "tank." Starting with an already strong platform, Ruger made it even stronger by using thick aeronautical steel. Consequently, the SRH .454 is the first revolver to master six .454s, rather than the usual five. The SRH also has the added advantage of chambering .45 Colt cartridges as well as .454s, giving it tremendous versatility.

The .454 Casull is, in fact, a .45 Colt magnum. The brass is designed to be slightly longer than ordinary .45 Colt brass in order to keep it from being chambered in an old Peacemaker—or indeed anything that isn't made of thick modern steel. Only a few rare wildcat handgun cartridges can best the .454 Casull's performance. For commercially-available ammunition, the .454 Casull really is the world's most powerful handgun cartridge.

The Casull, for all its pressure, still can't match powerful rifle cartridges. After all, the cartridge has to do most of its work in the small space between the back of the cartridge and the barrel/cylinder gap. Unlike rifle cartridges, it cannot utilize a long barrel and lots of rifling to maximize its force. Nevertheless, the Casull puts on a hell of a show. The noise is astonishing, even without porting. The recoil is manageable for lighter factory loads, but gets much more intense with powerhouse factory or hot handloads. Though not a good handgun for an inexperienced or physically small shooter, it can provide a tremendous psychological advantage in certain tense situations if fired at a tree, car, or at the side of a barn. Everyone around will be able to literally feel the wave of force from the weapon, and nobody in their right mind will mess with it.

Super Redhawk in .454 Casull

Base Chance 20% (.45 Colt)

15% (.454 Casull)

Damage: .45 Colt

1D 10 + 1 (cowboy load/black powder)

1D 10 + 2 (hot handload)

1D 10 + 3 (very hot handload)

.454 Casull

2D6 + 1D4 + 1 (mild factory)

2D6 + 1D4 + 2 (medium factory)

2D 6 + 1D4 + 3 (hot factory)*

2D 6 + 1D4 + 4 (powerhouse handload)*

*Two hands required. One-handed shots lower chance to hit by 10 percentiles. Character shooting one-handed also suffers 1D4 hit points hand strain if actual skill roll is 80% or higher.

Base Range: 25 yards (50 yards with scope)

Attacks per Round: .45 Colt = 1 (2 if skill is 50% or higher)

.454 Casull = 1/2 (1 if skill is 50% or higher)

Ammo Capacity: 6

13. Pronounced *Ca-SULE*.

Hit Points: 18

Cost by Era: \$600-\$700 present day

Noise: very loud

Powder: smokeless (black powder possible with .45 Colt loads)

Reloading Rate: 2 cartridges per round/6 per round with speedloader

Ammunition by Era: rare, becoming common very recently

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 3-1/2 pounds

Unusual Weapons

Hunting rifles and shotguns make up the overwhelming majority of legal small arms in civilian hands in both the U.S. and abroad. Handguns make up almost all the remainder. The tiny fraction left represents the unusual weapons, including everything from Thompson submachine guns to fully automatic weapons licensed to collectors. For *Call of Cthulhu* purposes, use of these weapons poses risks which will usually outweigh their benefits. The most significant problem is the heightened scrutiny of law enforcement which any use or even display of such potent weapons will bring. Characters who destroy several ghouls in a city graveyard may not face murder charges, but if the characters have used exotic or fully automatic weapons, even if legally licensed, the law will take a very close look. At the very least, such scrutiny will impede the investigation. It may also lead to the revocation of licenses and possibly more serious charges. Characters armed with more mundane weapons may not get off easily, but with a Persuade or Fast Talk they should be able to convince the responding officers they aren't bootleggers or drug runners.

Even beyond law enforcement, use or display of these weapons may be problematical. In almost all situations, investigators should strive to attract as little attention as possible. Any other course risks alerting the individual NPC, cult, or whomever the characters are investigating. Nothing will draw attention to a character like carrying a .50 BMG around. Moreover, if characters are faced with terror so powerful that hunting rifles won't work, chances are added power or more bullets aren't going to help matters. The best approach is to make like Brave Sir Robin and boldly run away.

Nevertheless, there may be circumstances so extreme, when civil authority has broken down and Mythos horrors are running amok, that characters may need to mount that

BMG on the back of the pickup. They will still go down, but at least they will go out with a really *big* bang. There is also a chance, albeit slight, that one of the characters is a genuine arms collector or enthusiast with legitimate access to firearms of this magnitude.

THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN IN .45ACP

"Engine of Death or Misunderstood Carbine?"
(1920s, present day)



While supervising the Army's small arms during the Great War, Brigadier General John Thompson saw the need for an entirely new kind of small arm. At that time, soldiers were equipped with bolt-action rifles which packed tremendous power, but had a very slow rate of fire. When these soldiers went up against machine guns with even more power and a much higher rate of fire the result was simply slaughter. What the soldiers needed, reasoned Thompson, was a machine gun they could take with them. Something with a high rate of fire but low enough recoil to be contained in a light, portable weapon. The result of Thompson's insight was *his* submachine gun. Though the war was over by the time the weapon was finished, Thompson set about marketing *his* invention to responsible civilian shooters and police departments. Neither market worked out well. It took Thompson's company the entire decade to sell a batch of just 15,000 M1921s. Few civilian shooters were interested in the new contraption, though some big city police departments bought some, along with the U.S. Postal Service.

No weapon is so closely associated with the Roaring Twenties as the Thompson Submachine Gun. Yet this association has more to do with media hype and subsequent Hollywood fixation than reality. The primary users of the weapon were not gangsters but law enforcement. The gangland submachine gun battles that erupted were well-publicized but extremely unusual. In most cases, the gangsters made a lot of noise but completely missed their targets. It would have been far, far more likely to encounter a bootlegger with an old shotgun or a Winchester than a Thompson. Keepers who want to keep their scenarios realistic should always keep this in mind.

The U.S. military turned to the Thompson during WWII, but eventually replaced it with the notorious and aptly-named "grease gun." Soldiers loved the Thompson, but it was too expensive and simply took too long to make. In the present day, it is available in semi-automatic versions, though most owners are collectors who buy

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.50 BMG Sniper Rifle	122



Thompsons as curiosities. Thompson's dream of marketing his weapon to hunters and ranchers was never realized.

Thompson SMG in .45 ACP

Base Chance: 15%

Damage: 1D10 + 2 (standard); half damage beyond 75 yards

1D10 + 3 (+ P load); half damage beyond 75 yards

Base Range: 20 yards

Attacks per Round: 1 or burst

Ammo Capacity: 20 round magazine

30 round magazine

50 round drum

Hit Points: 8

Cost by Era: -/\$225 list/\$500 and much higher

Malfunction Number: 99

Powder: smokeless

Noise: moderate

Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round

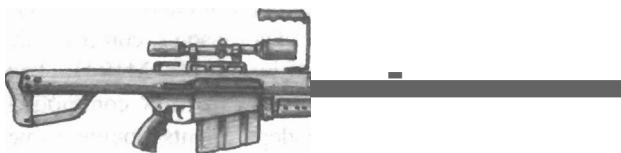
Ammunition by Era: common in both eras

Maintenance: moderate

Weight: 10-1/2 pounds empty; 12 pounds with loaded 30 round magazine

.50 BMG SNIPER RIFLE

"King of Small Arms"
(present day)»



It can launch a half-inch wide, 660 grain projectile at over 3,000 feet per second, breaking several sound barriers and generating close to 14,000 foot pounds of energy. Put in perspective, this weapon is fourteen times as powerful as a hot .44 Magnum and twice as powerful as the most potent Magnum hunting rifles. This level of energy would be overkill on anything this side of a large Jurassic predator, but the .50 BMG's ability to blast half-inch holes through unarmored and lightly armored machinery and ruin vehicles at half a mile or more make it an incredibly useful tool in combat. For the price of a rifle and some ammunition, a well-trained sniper can destroy stockpiled missiles, aircraft, and vehicles worth millions or even billions. The round this weapon delivers will punch through thin steel even at long range, making anything short of a modern tank or armored vehicle a viable target. Against biological targets, the round's incredible energy, combined

14. Browning heavy machine guns were available in the 1920s, but were extremely rare and limited to U.S. military cold storage. To the author's knowledge, no sniper versions had been developed.

with the spitzer bullet's tendency to keyhole (flip end over end) after entry make it devastating even against creatures with thick natural armor. If a time hole opens up, and dinosaurs begin to run rampant, it will indeed be useful to have one of these babies handy. It's safe to say this weapon is powerful enough to bring down any of them.

John Browning, of 1911 fame, designed the .50 BMG in the closing days of the Great War as an anti-tank gun. However, the war was mostly over before the new heavy machine gun could be widely deployed. A few were kept in storage by the military after the war, but the weapon did not come into widespread use until WWII, when it was produced in large numbers as the M-2 heavy machine gun. It was also mounted on aircraft with excellent results. The first .50 BMG sniper rifles appeared on the civilian market during the 1980s, and have proven quite popular among collectors and survivalists alike. By the end of the century, half a dozen manufacturers produced a variety of bolt-action and semi-automatic models. The model profiled here is a ten round semi-automatic version, probably the most potent of the bunch.

For experienced investigators, the .50 BMG sniper rifle has some advantages. Under modern U.S. law, such weapons can be purchased by civilians without registration with the ATF. Though far too heavy and attention-grabbing to deploy under normal circumstances, the .50 BMG can serve as an experienced (and wealthy) group's back-up weapon against the most fearsome opponents. But be warned. By the time the call comes up to "break out the BMG," it's probably too late to do anything but run away.

.50 Caliber BMG Semi-Automatic Sniper Rifle

Base Chance: 10%

Damage: 4D6 + 10; half damage beyond 400 yards; one-quarter damage beyond 800 yards

Base Range: 200 yards (scope standard)

Attacks per Round: 1

Ammo Capacity: 10 + 1

Hit Points: 12

Cost by Era: -/\$7,000+

Malfunction Number: 98

Powder: smokeless

Noise: very loud

Reloading Rate: 1 magazine per round



Ammunition by Era: -/-/unusual, but common in U.S. military

Maintenance: high

Weight: approx. 35 pounds

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Additional help was obtained online at:

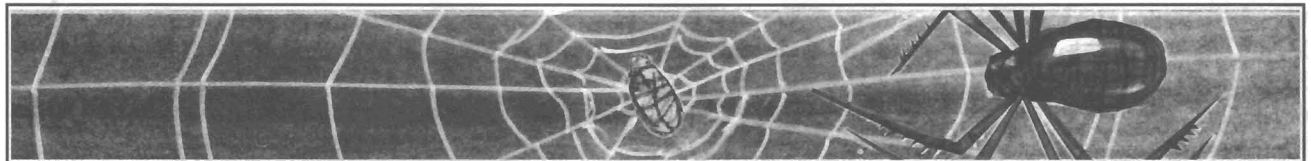
<http://www.thefiringline.com!>

<http://www.sixgunner.com!>

<http://www.reloadbench.com!>

For those interested in an alternative damages system, see Hans-Christian Vortisch's armaments archive at:

<http://www.Jortunecity.com!tattooine/leiber/50/DGAAA.htm> **1** .





THE MYTHOS COLLECTOR

*Previously uncollected tomes,
spells, and creatures.*

by Brian M. Sammons.



Here are summaries of ten previously undiscussed Mythos tomes for *Call of Cthulhu*, each incorporating unique topics and strange and horrifying properties. In form they range from apparent fiction or collections of poetry to grimoires stuffed with spells of the blackest and most dire sort. With a little time and effort, each book might become a central element in a challenging adventure. Following the tomes are sixteen new spells. This article closes with information and statistics for two unique Mythos creatures.

Classical Greek and Coptic and, as the languages are meshed together in illogical, perhaps deliberately cryptic ways, translation will make slow progress at best. *Sanity loss 1D6/2D6 SAN; Cthulhu Mythos +12 percentiles; average 73 weeks to study and comprehend/40 hours to skim.* Spells: unknown, but probable spell names include "A Call to the Hunter (Contact Deity/Iod),* Beginning the Hunt (Call/Dismiss Iod)," Cloak of Fire, Enchant Bells of Horror," Giving Voice to the Flame (Contact Deity/Vorvados),* Perfection, Rise Up the Silent Darkness (Call/Dismiss Zu-Che-Quon),* Voorish Sign.

* = New spell described at chapter's end.

Book of Iod

The Dark Silent One dwelleth deep beneath the earth on the shore of the Western Ocean. Not one of those potent Old Ones from hidden worlds and other stars is He, for He is the ultimate doom and the undying emptiness and silence of Old Night.

- Khut-Nah, date unknown.

This large tome is shrouded in mystery, even more so than most books on Mythos lore. The date of its creation is unknown, as is the identity of its author. Occultists most often attribute the work to an ancient sorcerer named Khut-Nah. Unusually, the text of the book is written in something called the "Ancient Tongue," a mixture of Greek and Coptic.

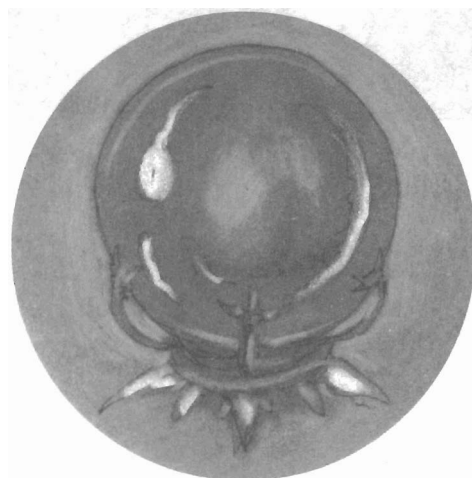
Along with its rarity, this book is desirable to collectors because of its subject matter. The *Book of Iod* discusses aspects of the Mythos that otherwise go largely unmentioned, detailing two Great Old Ones and one Elder God at length. The tome's title entity, Iod, known as the Hunter of Souls, and Zu-Che-Quon, the Dark Silent One, are the Great Old Ones. Vorvados, Kindler of the Flame, is the Elder God. (For information about these three deities, see the *Creature Companion*.) The book exhibits an occult philosophy with much in common to that of the Gnostics.

THE ORIGINAL TEXT

Written on sheets of aged parchment and pressed between two heavy covers made from an unidentifiable black metal, the first *Book of Iod* has not been seen in hundreds or perhaps thousands of years. This version likely contains hideous knowledge unknown today by even the most powerful black magicians. Unlocking this knowledge would be difficult, since the reader must be fluent in both

THE NEGUS EDITION

Sometime during the middle of the nineteenth century, one Johann Negus claimed to have found the original *Book of Iod* and attempted to translate it into English. However, no publisher wanted to print a translation of such an unknown (and, as it was thought at the time, possibly fictitious) book. Negus paid for its printing with his own money. The number of copies was small. Occultists universally criticized the translation for its lack of information about the three deities rumored to exist in the original *Book of Iod*. In consequence, this edition has slipped into obscurity and is known of by only the most learned pursuers of Mythos knowledge. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; Occult skill check; average 10 weeks to study and comprehend/1 hours to skim.* Spells: the bowdlerized Negus edition omits all spells except Perfection (which is useless without contact with an outside power), Call/Dismiss Zu-Che-Quon (which is useless without the Enchant Bells of Horror spell), and one useful spell, Voorish Sign.



Chronike von Nath

So in the year of the Black Goat there came unto Nath a shadow that should not be on Earth, and that had no form known to the eyes of Earth. And it fed on the souls of men; they that it gnawed being lured and blinded with dreams till horror and endless night lay upon them. Nor did they see that which gnawed them, for the shadow took false shapes that men know or dream of, and only freedom seemed wanting in the Land of the Three SUNS.

- Rudolf Yergler, 1653.

The title of this text translates into English as *Chronicles of Nath*. It was written by Rudolf Yergler, a well-known German mystic and alchemist. Yergler finished this book in 1653, just weeks before he was inexplicably stricken blind. This book relates the history of a faraway land called Nath, the "Land of Three Suns." Some experts speculate that Nath and the infamous Vale of Pnath might be one and the same, but descriptions of the two vary greatly, so this is unlikely. The *Chronicles* also state that Nath might be the home world of the elder things and the book does refer to an elder thing artifact called the Spheres of Nath. In addition to information on Nath, this tome also contains a fragmented musical composition said able to bring alien creatures into our dimension. Also found in the book is a short chapter on the magical teachings of Egyptian sorcerers, known collectively as Hermes Trismegistus (an honorary appellation for Egypt's Thoth). According to Clemens Alexandrinus, this group had written forty-two hermetic books (hence sacred), now all lost.

CHRONIKE VON NATH

A small quantity of this book was published in German in 1655. Because of the shocking and unsavory subject matter, the *Chronike* was quickly banned by authorities of sleepy Berlin, who were so offended by the work that they sent the now-blind Yergler to an asylum. He stayed in the madhouse until dying under mysterious circumstances some years later. Fewer than a dozen copies of this edition are known to exist. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +8 percentiles; average 38 weeks to study and comprehend/18 hours to skim.*

CHRONICLES OF NATH

The *Chronike von Nath* might have slipped into utter obscurity due to its ban in Berlin if not for James Sheffield, who translated Yergler's book into English in 1781. Like many translations, much of the information found in the German edition was lost or purposely left out of the Sheffield edition. Nonetheless, Sheffield's translation is still relatively common. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; average 18 weeks to study and comprehend/10 hours to skim.* Spells: Brew Space-Mead, Speak With the

Black Goat (Contact Deity/Shub-Niggurath), Symbol of the Ancient Ones (Elder Sign), Whistle Down the Demons (Summon/Bind Byakhee).

OTHER BENEFITS AND EFFECTS

The original *Chronike von Nath* also contains six pages of untitled sheet music. These pages are scattered randomly through the tome and are not in proper order. Throughout the book, Rudolf Yergler wrote cryptic clues steeped in occult mysticism as to the order in which the pages should be arranged, so as to draw down demons from the stars with the music. Deciphering the correct order of the pages can be accomplished by anyone reading (not skimming) the entire tome and successfully making both Occult and Idea rolls. What horror this magical composition summons is left for the keeper to decide. Perhaps the music opens a gateway to Nath and the elder things. Perhaps this music mimics the mad pipings played at Azathoth's court and thus rouses the seething nuclear chaos for a brief time (with disastrous results). Then again, the cursed musician Erich Zann was German. Perhaps he learned his last infernal melody from Rudolf Yergler's book. A fate similar to what befell poor Erich Zann may await other music lovers who try to play Yergler's tune.

Confessions of the Mad Monk Clithanus

From the cavern below did I discover that which would forevermore haunt my dreams. A bloated, hideous thing of untold age and evil. A follower of mad Cthulhu from the sunken kingdom of R'lyeh, this great beast was held as if in death but was yet not dead. A simple stone engraved with a star and burning eye was the key to the death dream of the beast.

- Clithanus, 400 A.D.

This slim tome was written by a monk named Clithanus sometime around 400 A.D. A book version was not published until 1675, in Latin. Astonishingly, Clithanus was well versed in the Mythos and used his knowledge as the basis for his own occult experiments, this hundreds of years before Abdul al-Hazred set down his *Al-Azif*. In his *Confessions*, Clithanus says that, while he lived in an abbey at Lynwold on the northeastern coast of England, he found a series of hidden sea-caves. Exploring these caves led to the discovery of a huge, horrifying creature he referred to as "a follower of mad Cthulhu." During Clithanus' ensuing magical meddling with the beast, the monk unwittingly released it from its imprisonment and the beast rampaged across the land. Fearful, Clithanus fled to the wise Saint Augustine for help. (The Bishop of Hippo was visiting Lynwold.) Augustine was also a man learned in Mythos lore and so through the use of a star-shaped symbol, the bishop commanded the

creature back into its prison within the sea caves. Clithanus, now insane from his experiences, was sent to Rome. Little is known about the monk after that.

The *Confessions* mostly concern this tale. Other aspects of sea-born horror are discussed, however, and both Cthulhu and R'lyeh are mentioned briefly. For most of this book, Clithanus speaks vaguely about the evil of the Great Old Ones and the powers that oppose them. However, three magical formulae are expertly described in this tome, making them quite easy to learn, even for a layman who knows little or nothing about the Mythos. This makes the *Confessions* a dangerous book in evil hands.

THE ORIGINAL LATIN "CONFESSIONS"

This manuscript, written by Clithanus in Latin in his own hand, is a priceless treasure. It was last seen in the possession of Saint Augustine shortly before his death. After that, the tome is not mentioned, but it is widely believed that it was sent to Rome to be locked away in the archives of the church. If the manuscript still exists, it is most likely in the uncatalogued part of the Vatican's Z-collection of banned books. It is definitely not on the Index. *Sanity loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 24 weeks to study and comprehend/18 hours to skim.*

A SECOND LATIN EDITION

No one knows how this edition came into being while the Vatican was guarding the original, nor whether the two Latin manuscripts are essentially the same. Nonetheless, this text appeared anonymously in 1675, probably published in Milan. The Roman Catholic Church quickly banned it. A few copies found their way into the libraries of private collectors. Copies are known to reside in the British Museum, the Field Museum in Chicago, and Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; average 20 weeks to study and comprehend/14 hours to skim.* Spells: Bring Forth Follower of Mad Cthulhu (Summon/Bind Star Spawn of Cthulhu), Return Follower of Mad Cthulhu,* Warding Mark (Elder Sign).

* = *New spell described at chapter's end.*

OTHER BENEFITS AND EFFECTS

Readers of the *Confessions* may inadvertently expose their minds to the psychic emanations of Cthulhu and his spawn. Then dreams of R'lyeh and of its slumbering lord will follow. A more direct threat comes in the form of a constant link between the reader of the tome and Cthulhu's star-spawn. Whenever reader and star-spawn are within ten miles of each other, they are drawn to one another. If the star-spawn is trapped or slumbering then the danger is minimal. If the creature is awake, only a successfully cast binding spell or Elder Sign can save the cursed victim from a horrible fate.

Letters of Nestar

For on that day all is right. The Tower of Gold shall become the Pillar of Fire and we shall give the call. Let mankind be cleansed by your power. Let the profane know, as we know, that on this day the fire shall burn so bright, burn into the memory of all men.

-Nestar Mobedan Mobed, date unknown.

This tome is the holiest of books to the Nestarians, a cult devoted to Cthugha. A man named Nestar Mobe dan Mobed founded this cult in sixth century Persia. He despised worldly materialism and railed against the rich temples and their fat priests. Eventually he enraged the religious and political establishment and they banished Nestar and his followers from the city, possibly Isfahan or Shiraz. For twenty years the cult members perfected their movement in the nearby mountains, establishing their own humble temple and foreswearing possessions, property, and financial gain. Nestar studied ancient texts, disputed with his followers, and planned for a glorious future. As he sought a way to cleanse his beloved religion of the taint of greed that infected it, he was drawn to the sacred element of flame, the great cleanser, and thereby found Cthugha. When Nestar thought his followers were strong enough, he led them back into Persia. His faithful were to overwhelm the city guard while Nestar called down the holy fire to burn the heretic temples and the bloated rich. However, the attack was poorly planned. The city's soldiers quickly overwhelmed the Nestarians. Most died in the battle, including Nestar himself, while some were captured and executed. Those who managed to escape returned to their mountain temple where the writings of the prophet Nestar were kept. These *Letters of Nestar* outlined his preaching and prophesied a time when the world shall burn. The book contains information on Cthugha, fire vampires, and various forms of fire magic.

THE LETTERS OF NESTAR

A series of seven scrolls on which aphorisms and revelations were set down by Nestar himself. Copies of the *Letters* might be found in various languages as the collection is copied whenever a new sect of the fire cult breaks from the main body. These reproductions are done by hand and painstakingly prepared- they are almost totally faithful to the original. The original scrolls are written in Pahlavi, a dialect of Middle Persian; they are believed still held by a Nestarian faction in Bombay. *Sanity loss 1/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 32 week to study and comprehend/20 hours to skim.* Spells: Bring Down the Purifying Flame (Call/Dismiss Cthugha), Brew Draught of Phan,* Enchant Torch,* Fire Dance,* Send Forth Holy Flames (Summon/Bind Fire Vampire).

* = *New spell described at chapter's end.*

THE BOOK OF THE CLIMBING LIGHT

In the twelfth century, copies of the *Letters of Nestar* fell into the hands of Rabbi Hatikva. The information warped his mind and he penned the *Climbing Light* in Hebrew, thinking that the information within was a message from God. The *Climbing Light* contains most of the arcane secrets of Nestar's revelations, but here they are symbolically cloaked as a fiery God with a court of angels brandishing burning swords. Those who read both the *Letters of Nestar* and the *Climbing Light* see (with a successful Idea roll) that the two books are one and the same. Those who read only the *Book of the Climbing Light* must make a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll to recognize the text as a Mythos tome and not just an occult revelation. Those who fail to realize that the book contains information about the Mythos gain no benefits from the book, nor lose any Sanity points. *Sanity loss 1/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average 17 week to study and comprehend/10 hours to skim.* Spells: The *Book of the Climbing Light* renames the spell Bring Down the Purifying Flame as Summon the Climbing Light, and the spell Send Forth Holy Flames as Aid of the Cherubim. Additionally, Rabbi Hatikva's book lacks the instructions for brewing the Draught of Phan.

The Nyhargo Codex

Rise oh fallen one.

Live oh dead one.

Walk oh still one.

Heed my call.

- Lord Arthur Waite, 1879.

This small book was written by a British amateur archaeologist after a safari across the Dark Continent. During his travels, he claimed to have discovered monolithic ruins in the dense jungles of central Africa. On a return trip, Lord Waite made charcoal rubbings of strange inscriptions he discovered there in a vast underground chamber. On that ill-fated trip, every man in his party, with the exception of Waite himself, died before the journey concluded. Waite was later found wandering near the mouth of the Congo River, suffering from heat stroke, tropical illnesses, and numerous cuts and abrasions.

During and after his recovery, Waite worked at translating his rubbings. He eventually published his findings in 1879 under the title *The Nyhargo Codex* in relation to one of the chants he had copied. Professional archaeologists all but dismissed Waite's book and the peer was shunned or scoffed at by the great men he wished so much to impress. A short time after publication, Lord Waite fell,

jumped, or was pushed in front of a moving train at London's busiest station.

This book deals with the living dead in various forms, but focuses on the control and destruction of such entities. Much of its material closely resembles darker aspects of Haitian voodoo, especially the rites dealing with zombies. The book mentions something called "the Nyhargo code" as being a powerful spell that should be written on a wall in blue and green chalk, but that spell is never fully discussed or detailed.

The reader of this book may exhibit a personal tendency toward the mental disorder necrophobia, the fear of dead things. *Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles, skill check in Occult; average 3 weeks to study and comprehend/6 hours to skim.* Spells: Black Binding, Call the Dead Walkers,* Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Nyhargo Dirge*.

* = New spell described at chapter's end.

Soul of Chaos

The world is but a tiny island in the dark sea of Irfin ity, and there are horrors swirling around us. Around us? Rather let us say amongst us, I know, for I have seen them in my dreams, and there are more things in this world than sanity can ever see.

- Edgar Gordon, 1925.

This is the second novel written by Edgar Gordon, an author of weird fiction published during the 1920s, and it is perhaps his best known and most horrid volume. Gordon's tales of eldritch creatures and alien landscapes were not to everyone's liking, but nonetheless he was regarded as an emerging talent by fans of bizarre fiction. His reputation was sensationalized when he claimed that all the wild ideas for his stories came from his dreams. Gordon slipped into obscurity after months of a self-imposed exile: a friend of his came to his residence and found him missing. Edgar Gordon was never seen nor heard from again.

The truth behind Edgar's disappearance and his hideous tales lies in his unusual dreams. Gordon was a powerful dreamer who would wander into the Dreamlands and sometimes journeyed even past this mystical world into realms and planes of existence incomprehensible to the fragile minds of mortals. During one such sojourn into the farthest reaches, Edgar Gordon crossed paths with one of the thousand forms of Nyarlathotep. This one was known as the Dark Demon (see the *Creature Companion* for details). The Dark Demon convinced Edgar that it was not evil, but rather a superior alien intelligence who wished to communicate with a few chosen humans. Alas, Edgar Gordon was unable to learn the real reason the Dark Demon contacted him in his dreams—before the fate of Gordon's life and soul was sealed.

SOUL OF CHAOS

This work deals with the unseen world that coincides with the normal world in which humanity lives. The Dreamlands and dreaming in general play an important part in Gordon's story. Although written as fiction, several Mythos elements are discussed in the story. Anyone who has at least I point of Cthulhu Mythos and who successfully makes an Idea roll recognizes this, and thus raises his or her knowledge of the Mythos and also loses Sanity.

Written into the dialogue of the main character is a spell-like power used to contact the Dark Demon during one's dreams. This spell can not be learned or cast as are normal spells, but may be learned and used by the subconscious (dreaming) mind of whoever reads this novel, even without the conscious (waking) mind knowing it. In this way, the unwitting victim may contact the Dark Demon while asleep and without ever consciously desiring to do so. The character inadvertently seals his or her fate. Anyone who reads *Soul of Chaos* and successfully makes both a Cthulhu Mythos and Dreaming skill check (see the *Complete Dreamlands*) will contact the Dark Demon the next time he or she sleeps. *Sanity loss* 1D3/1D6; *Cthulhu Mythos* +3 percentiles; *average 3 days to study and comprehend/1 hour to skim.*

Testament of Carnamagos

The olden wizards knell' him, lind named him Quachil Uttaus, Seldom is he revealed; for he dwelleth beyond the outermost circle, in the dark limbo of unsphered time and space. Dreadful is the word that calleth him, though the word be unspoken save in thought: For Quachil Uttaus is the ultimate corruption; and the instant of his coming is like the passage of many ages.
- Carnamagos, date unknown.

The Cimmerian oracle Carnamagos wrote this hefty tome, sometime during the Hyperborean age. Next to nothing is known about Carnamagos as his fame was not widespread and his original manuscript remained lost for countless centuries until it was discovered in a Graeco-Bactrian tomb in 935 A.D. After the book's unearthing, an anonymous monk translated the text into Greek and made two truly hellish Greek translations of the *Testament*. One is said to have been burned by the Spanish Inquisition. The fate of the original text and of the other translation is unknown. This book not only chronicles Carnamagos' visions of the past and future but also records the tales the seer collected from various sorcerers he acquainted himself with during his life. The *Testament* is heavily tied to the subjects of time, decay, and death. It is also the only tome known that mentions the relatively unknown Great Old One Quachil Uttaus (the Treader of

the Dust). Besides the damage to one's sanity there is a terrible price to pay by anyone wishing to read the Testament.

THE ORIGINAL SCROLL

The original text is written on a large scroll that measures over two feet wide, made from the hide of an unidentified animal. The writing is in Tsath-yo, the language of the Hyperboreans. A curious quality of the scroll is that it accumulates dust unnaturally fast. Even if sealed in an airtight case for just a night, it will be covered by a thin layer of dust come morning. This can serve as a warning to the cautious about the scroll's more dire powers. As the keeper sees fit, this quality may also occur with the Greek translation. *Sanity loss* 1D6/1D10; *Cthulhu Mythos* +10 percentiles; *average 32 weeks to study and comprehend/42 hours to skim.* Spells: Apportion Ka, Call Slithering Shadows (Summon/Bind Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua), Call Unseen Horror (Summon/Bind Star Vampire), Create Sign of Barzai,* Pact of Quachil Uttaus,* Touch of Quachil Uttaus (Wither Limb).

* = New spell described at chapter's end.

THE GREEK TRANSLATION

Only two copies of this work were made by an unnamed monk in the year 935 A.D. Both were hand-written in a strange reddish-black ink that is really the blood of an incubus-spawned monster. The lengthy books had heavy covers made out of *shagreen*, or shark skin, with hasps of human bone. The content of the translation is nearly identical to that of the original scroll, so very little knowledge has been lost. One copy of this translation is known to have survived into the twentieth century. *Sanity loss* 1D4/1D8; *Cthulhu Mythos* +8 percentiles; *average 23 weeks to study and comprehend/1 hour to skim.* Spells: Call Slithering Shadows (Summon/Bind Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua), Call Unseen Horror (Summon/Bind Star Vampire), Create Sign of Barzai,* Pact of Quachil Uttaus,* Touch of Quachil Uttaus (Wither Limb). Note: the Greek edition does not contain Apportion Ka, present in the original.

* = New spell described at chapter's end.

DUBIOUS BENEFIT

The *Testament of Carnamagos* is one of the most dangerous tomes in the world. First and foremost anyone reading more than a few lines from either text instantly ages ten years and loses 1 CON. Further, the room in which the book was read also ages ten years- furniture and other articles reflect this change, accumulating dirt and spider webs, cloth and photos fading, flowers shriveling, etc. Finally, anyone reading the "Forbidden Words" used to summon Quachil Uttaus, even if not spoken aloud, has a 20% chance of inadvertently summoning the Treader of the Dust with the reader as the target of his wrath. This chance of certain death increases by 10% every time the words are read.

The Tunneler Below

Their spires underlie our deepest graves;
Lit are they by a light that man has seen.
Only the wingless worm can go between
Our daylight and their vault beneath the waves.
-Georg Reuter Fischer, "Sea Tombs," 1936.

This book is the only collection of poetry from Georg Reuter Fischer, a young man from Vulture's Roost, California. *The Tunneler Below* was published by Ptolemy Press, Hollywood, California, 1936. It sold modestly well and even received some favorable critical notice. Young Fischer openly admitted that his work was greatly influenced by Edward Pickman Derby's book, *Azathoth and Others*. Like Derby, Fischer's poems deal with the dark and fantastic, though most of *Tunneler* has strong links to aquatic horrors, despite its earthy-sounding title. It would be the earth that would prove to be Fischer's undoing. In 1937 a local earthquake struck close to Fischer's family home and utterly destroyed it while the young man was in the basement. Georg Reuter Fischer was killed instantly. The truth behind the influence of Fischer's poems and the collapse of his house lie with a horrible race of gigantic winged worms known only as the "tunnelers below." For more information, see the entry for the tunnelers below on page 134.

Many poems are collected in this book and they cover a wide range of Mythos lore. However, the majority of poems deal with Cthulhu and other aquatic horrors. Two of its most famous poems are "The Green Deepes" and "Sea Tombs," both inspired by nautical nightmares. The book's title poem "The Tunneler Below" concerns the bizarre winged worms that caused the author's death. *Sanity loss 1/1D6 SAN; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend/3 hours to skim.* This book contains no spells.

OTHER BENEFITS AND EFFECTS

Those who read the poem "The Tunneler Below" and who have at least one point of Cthulhu Mythos may begin to dwell upon these fantastic winged worms. Such people are likely to dream about the worms, and in doing so draw the attention of these psychic powerhouses. The chance of this happening equals the reader's Cthulhu Mythos skill, as the tunnelers below are drawn to all things of the Mythos as a moth is to flame.



Visions from Yaddith

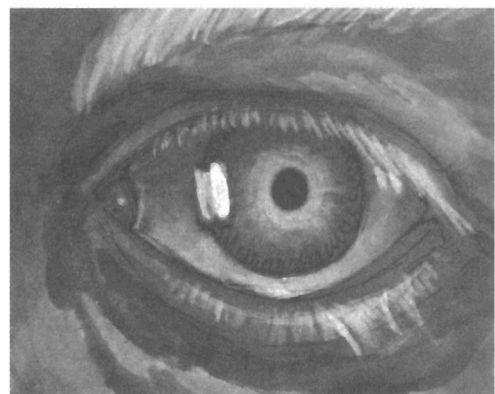
For ages and ages beyond all reckoning
Have the great Dhole-things lurked beneath,
In noisome burrows where they fed and grew,
Waxed huge and strong beyond all belief.
- Ariel Prescott, "The Fumblers at the Gate," 1927.

This slim volume of poetry is by a practically unknown girl, Ariel Prescott. She may have written these poems while confined in Oakdeene Sanitarium before her untimely and mysterious death. Charnel House Publishers of London somehow received the manuscript and printed a limited edition of the book in 1927. For a brief time this book was held in high esteem by occultists and certain eccentric members of the Cambridge University's student body. However, even this limited notice did not last long as Prescott's wealthy family went to great pains to purchase and destroy nearly all copies of the book.

Ariel Prescott's dreams and nightmares inspired the poems of this book. They cover, somewhat briefly, many aspects of the Mythos. The majority of poems are about the last days of an alien world called Yaddith. They relate what happened to its inhabitants after Yaddith was destroyed by gigantic dholes that dwelt below its surface. Poems included in this collection include "Dreams In The Dark," "The Peril From Below," "The Mage Nzoorka," "The Return To Yaddith," and others. *Sanity loss 1/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend/2 hours to skim.* This book contains no spells.

OTHER BENEFITS AND EFFECTS

As stated, this book of poems deals with the denizens of Yaddith (see the *Creature Companion* for complete details on these creatures) and dholes, largely ignored by most other Mythos tomes. If looking for specific information about either of these two alien races, *Visions from Yaddith* offers a 30% chance of containing the desired knowledge, despite its conveyance of only +3 percentiles Cthulhu Mythos.



Von denen Verdammten, oder: Eine Verhandlung über Die Unheimlichen Kulten der Alten

*Irgendwo, auf einem einsamen Platz
Wo Sie niemals bleiben wollten,
Irgendwann, in diesen leeren Raum
Werden Sie einen Weg finden
Das Pfad in Dunkel
Und Dunkeln, ist mein Name . . .*

*Somewhere, in a lonely place
Where you would never want to stay
Somewhen, in that hollow space
There you will find a way
A way into darkness.
And Darkness, my name is. . .*
-Edith Brendall, 1907.

The impressive title of this tome translates into English as *Of the Damned, or: A Treatise about the Hideous Cults of the Old*. It was written during the early 1800s. The author, Kazaj Heinz Vogel, was a German who emigrated to America then later returned to his native country to pen and publish this blasphemous book. That accomplished, Vogel disappears from the historical record. Some speculate that he was killed by members of the Catholic Church, while others suggest that he died in prison under a wrong name. Many years later, in 1907, a young German student named Edith Brendall reproduced the exceptionally rare tome under a shorter title, *Von denen Verdammten*.

As its longer title implies, Vogel's book deals with a variety of cults and occult myths mostly from Germany, but also from France, Denmark, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The majority of the book discusses the Great Old One Cyaegha and its race of servitors, the *nagaae*. The tome also names the small village, *Freihausgarten*, where Cyaegha lies trapped underneath *das Dunkelhugel*, "the Dark Hill." (Look to the end of this article for more information on the *nagaae*.)

KAZAJ HEINZ VOGEL'S ORIGINAL

After a meager print run, church and state quickly suppressed this book. Two copies are thought to have survived. Both were locked away in unnamed German libraries until the 1930s, when Nazi influence dominated. It is unknown if these tomes wound up on some valkyrian pyre or remained in the possession of some high ranking Nazi interested in the occult. Neither copy has been seen since World War Two. *Sanity loss 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +10 percentiles; average 44 weeks to study and comprehend/50 hours to skim*. Spells: Bring Forth Children of the Dark (Summon/Bind Nagaae),* Raise Up the Fallen (Create Zombie), Reach Children of the Grave

(Contact Ghouls), Release the Waiting Dark (Call/Dismiss Cyaegha),* Soul Drinking (Power Drain), Speak with the Waiting Dark (Contact Deity/Cyaegha)*.

* = *New spell described at chapter's end.*

VON DENEN VERDAMMTEN

This new German version—**it both is and is not a reproduction**—was created in a most unorthodox way. Edith Brendall, a young university student, managed to gain access to one of the two remaining copies of Vogel's nefarious text and with her photographic memory she was able to surreptitiously copy the text. However, having acquired the text, she unfortunately bowdlerized it, perhaps so as not to offend potential publishers. Though her edition is not nearly as insightful or frightening as the original, it was still deemed unsavory enough that no publisher would print it, so she had the shortened version printed at her own expense. Three years after the book's release, Edith Brendall disappeared from her home, to be found eight days later, floating dead in the Rhine River near Bonn. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +5 percentiles; average 20 weeks to study and comprehend/36 hours to skim*. Along with many other deletions and bowdlerizations, the Brendall edition omits all spells except Contact Ghouls and Summon/Bind Nagaae.

New Spells

A CALL TO THE HUNTER (CONTACT DEITY/IOD):

Allows the caster to communicate with *Iod*. The spell costs 10 6 Sanity points and 1 point of POW. The caster must stare into a blinding bright light while chanting the rhythmic words of summoning. Any source of exceptionally bright light is acceptable. A successful POW x6 roll avoids permanent blindness. A 0100 roll of half POW x5 or less indicates the spell succeeds. After some time *Iod* will begin to speak within the caster's mind. The caster appears to be only a crazy person staring at the sun and mumbling. See also the Contact Deity notes if working with the rule book 5.0 or later.

BEGINNING THE HUNT (CALL/DISMISS IOD):

Brings *Iod* to any hilltop. First, however, a special warding circle containing a pentagram must be created before the spell is cast—**failure to do this means certain death** for the caster. The caster must sacrifice 10 Sanity points, as must anyone else who knows the spell. Like other Call/Dismiss Deity spells, a group of people can help power the spell, with the caster acting as the focus for the group. The caster expends as many magic points as desired, as can anyone else in the group who also knows the spell. The remainder of the group may spend only one magic point each. Total the magic points used and that total is the percentage chance that the spell works. For each magic point spent the group must **chant** for a full minute. Anyone

not within the protective circle when Iod is summoned will be immediately attacked, as will anyone leaving the circle while the Great Old One is present.

BREW DRAUGHT OF PHAN: Creates a hypnotic drug which promotes the manipulation of behavior and attitude in the target. This potion requires a number of hard to obtain or illegal ingredients, including fresh poppy tar and bear's spleen, as well as several successful Occult rolls to ensure that directions are carefully followed. The final product is an oozing syrup which pacifies and disorients the mind. Laced into the target's food or drink, it erodes the will of the victim in 20 minus POW days. Now susceptible to the subtle demands of whoever has administered the drug, the victim soon adopts the viewpoints and beliefs of the manipulator. After 2-3 weeks, use of the drug is unnecessary, and the mental and emotional alterations to the target are complete. At no time does the victim lose his or her personality, nor does the victim's behavior exhibit changes other than those sought by the administrator of the drug. Extended therapy might undo the alterations wrought by this hypnotic drug, but only the death of the manipulator is sure to reverse the effects.

BRING FORTH CHILDREN OF THE DARK (SUMMON/BIND NAGAAE): The spell must be conducted at night, with as little light as possible, and an animal SIZ 8 or greater must be sacrificed. This spell is like others of its kind, costing ID3 Sanity and 1 magic point per 10 percentiles chance of success for the spell. This spell can be attempted in any desolate area shunned by man where the nagaee might dwell. Besides Cyaegha's Dark Hill, the most likely places to find reptilian nagaee are usually swamps, jungles, or bayous. If a human is sacrificed, regardless of size, it will be accepted and will add 20 percentiles to the spell's chance for success.

CALL THE DEAD WALKERS: Calls zombies within a mile to the caster. The chant costs the caster 2 magic points and ID3 Sanity points. After sunset, the caster pours a circle of salt on the ground, then stands in its center and chants requisite words of the spell. The circle protects the caster and up to three others from the undead, as long as the people remain within the salt circle. The zombies approach the circle as fast as they can and then stop at its edge. The undead must remain at the circle's edge until dawn, unable to move away or avoid attacks.

CREATE SIGN OF BARZAI: Creates an emblem of stone, iron, or cloth whose touch or attachment renders inactive any human being of POW 21 or less. The target can think, perceive, and breathe normally, but can't move, talk, or cast spells. The spell costs the caster 2 POW and ID4 Sanity points per Sign of Barzai cast. The power of this spell lasts forever or until the emblem is destroyed.

ENCHANT BELLS OF HORROR: Creates a set of three magical bells used to summon the Great Old One Zu-Che-Quon. Each bell is to be bronze, inscribed with mystic

runes on the inside of the bell. These bells must be cast while the proper rites are chanted—thus bells already existing cannot be enchanted. The size of the bells can vary, but each must be large, at least SIZ 7. To conclude the spell, the caster's life force must enchant each with 2 POW and ID6 Sanity points each, for a total loss of 6 POW and 3D6 Sanity points. However, once created, the bells of horror may be used by anyone and at any time to summon Zu-Che-Quon.

ENCHANT TORCH: Creates a magic torch able to summon more than one fire vampire at a time when casting the Summon/Bind Fire Vampire spell. To enchant the torch, the caster prepares a torch entirely of iron and bearing the Sign of Cthugha, a stylized ball of flame. He or she then prays loudly and continuously to Cthugha for six hours, during that time sacrificing 6 magic points and ID6 Sanity points. Remarkably, this enchanted torch requires no fuel as the iron head itself burns inextinguishably and without end. Only the instruction to quench itself in Cthugha's name extinguishes the fire. The torch must be lit to aid a Summon/Bind Fire Vampire spell. With a successful cast of the summoning spell, the second and additional fire vampires cost the caster only an additional ID3 Sanity points and 3 magic points each.

FIRE DANCE: Causes a ball of flame to leap from an existing fire to a designated target. This spell costs 3 Sanity points and 1-6 magic points, varying with the distance demanded for the jump. For each magic point sacrificed for the spell, the cabbage-sized ball of fire can leap roughly 15 yards. The spell takes one minute to cast for each magic point sacrificed. Cthugha cultists often use this spell to quickly spread fires through forests and urban areas. It can be aimed at and hit motionless targets, but not moving targets.

GNE VOICE TO THE FLAME (CONTACT DEITY/VORVADOSS): The caster must sacrifice ID6 Sanity points and 1 POW. The chance of success is equal to or less than half of the new Luck roll. Round up any fraction. This spell also requires a fire of at least SIZ 10—the SIZ of a man—as its focus. The fire must burn continually while the spell is cast; if the fire dies before Vorvados appears then the spell fails. If a successful cast, Vorvados appears as a vaguely human face within the roaring fire.

THE NYHARGO DIRGE: Kills one zombie per successful use. The spell costs 5 magic points and ID4 Sanity points for each cast. The short chant of this spell concludes by breaking the neck of a live bird. This causes instant collapse and rapid decay of the zombie at which the spell was directed. The zombie must be visible to the caster.

PACT OF QUACHIL UTTAUS: This rare spell is found only in the *Testament of Carnamagos*. The "Forbidden Words" from that text are deadly to read and the only way to summon Quachil Uttaus into our world. The pact is dangerous but powerful as it protects the caster from all forms

of death. It costs 1D50 magic points, 3 POW, 3 CON, and as his sign, Quachil Utaaus will deform the contractee's spine. Once the pact is complete, the contractee neither ages naturally nor can he or she be killed by any physical force nor by most magical means. However, if this spell is cast in the presence of someone already pacted with Quachil Utaaus, the Treader of the Dust appears and takes that person already pacted and known to him, leaving behind only a pile of ash. If contacted via the Forbidden Words and with no contractee ready to pact, the Great Old One takes whoever read the words unless the reader is willing to enter into the pact.

RELEASE THE WAITING DARK (CALL/DISMISS CYAEGHA): The spell can only be used on or near the Dark Hill found near the German village of Freihausgarten, and then only on a night of the full moon. Like other Call Deity spells, a group of people help power the spell, but the caster acts as the focus for the group. The caster sacrifices 1D10 Sanity points and can spend as many magic points as desired, as can anyone else in the group who knows the spell. The remainder of the group contributes 1 magic point each. Total the magic points used and that total is the percentage chance that the spell works. For each magic point spent, the group must chant for a full minute. Unlike other Call Deity spells, this spell is hampered by five magical statues called the *Vaeyen* that are hidden on the Dark Hill. For each *Vaeyen* still on the hill, reduce the percentage chance for the spell's success by 20 percentiles.

RETURN FOLLOWER OF MAD CTHULHU: Directs a bound star-spawn of Cthulhu at the person who summoned it. This spell costs 1D6 Sanity points and a variable number of magic points. Match the number of magic points spent against the total number of magic points used by the one who summoned the star spawn in the first place on the Resistance Table. If the caster of the Return spell wins, then the creature will return to and attack its original master with all due haste. This spell has no effect against an unbound star spawn.

RISE UP THE SILENT DARKNESS (CALL/DISMISS ZU-CHE-QUON): A variant Call/Dismiss Deity spell. It requires three enchanted bells (called the Bells of Horror) to ring in order to succeed. Once the bells start ringing, calling forth Zu-Che-Quon is always guaranteed. The cost of this summoning is 3 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points to the one ringing the bells. The ringer need do nothing else, nor even know about Zu-Che-Quon. When the bells stop ringing, Zu-Che-Quon descends into the darkness from whence it came.

SPEAK WITH THE WAITING DARK (CONTACT DEITYCYAEGHA): This spell requires a special room or place be prepared. It must be devoid of all furnishings, coated in black paint or soot and any windows or doors must be covered so no light can enter. In the center of the room the caster sits and intones the spell. This will cause

a loss of 1D6 Sanity and the permanent sacrifice of 1 POW (which reduces the character's Luck roll). The chance of success is equal to half of the new Luck roll. After the spell is activated, the caster sits quietly and stares into the darkness for several hours. If, at any time, light is allowed to enter the room, or the caster leaves, then the spell is broken and no contact will be made. After an unspecified amount of time an image of the huge green eye of Cyaegeha will form in the center of the room, floating in midair. This costs an additional 0/1D3 Sanity to see for the first time.

New Creatures

NAGAAE' Lesser Servitor Race. *The toad-like body was transparent, the pulsating innards covered only by a thin layer of leathery skin. It had the hind legs of a frog, and the forelegs of a man. It moved crab-like, crawling on its lumpy belly and pushing with the force of its hind legs, giving itself direction by muscular movements of its belly. The forelegs were raised mantis-like as in prayer, all four of them. The face, if such it could be called, consisted mainly of bulging eyes and an oversized mouth with two forked tongues.*- Eddy C. Bertin, "Darkness, My Name Is."

Nagaae are the repellent, amphibious, toad-like servants of Cyaegeha. Their skin is a slimy, rubbery, translucent hide pockmarked with stiff warts, thick hairs, and puckered scars. In addition to their hideous looks, the nagaae stink of rot and swamp gas. These loathsome things can be found all over the world, usually in swamps, bogs, or underground but also in any desolate area shunned by sane men. The nagaae are some of the most insidiously evil creatures in the Mythos. Having been spawned from Cyaegeha, they share their lord's desires for hatred, murder, and suffering. They live to serve their master, and to plague mankind with misery and death. The nagaae will kill any living animal they can get their claws on, just for the pleasure of it unless ordered not to by a higher power. Needless to say, contacting these foul beasts is hazardous.

ATTACKS: A nagaae can attack with four savage claw swipes per round, or it can use two claws and its bite. The creature prefers to bite when possible, for it likes the taste of flesh. It is also confident in the strength of its venom. The POT of its poison equals half of the nagaae's CON; round fractions up. Match the POT against the victim's CON on the Resistance Table. If the victim succeeds, then he or she only suffers a mild hallucinogenic side effect of the venom, a -10 percentile modifier to all skill rolls for 3D10 rounds. If the victim fails to resist the poison, he or she may die in 1D10 rounds, or suffer a delayed fate. The glands that produce this venom are voluntarily controlled by the nagaae. By varying the amount of venom in its bite,



NAGAAE

a nagaae can render a victim unconscious or immobile, to be devoured later.

When killed, a nagaae dissolves into a sickening mass of corrosive black slime in 2D4 minutes. Smelling this sludge causes people to become violently sick unless succeeding with a DIOOroll of CON x3. This slime will bum and blister exposed skin for 1 point of damage per round of contact.

THE NAGAAE

char.	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+12	26
CON	4D6+10	24
SIZ	3D6+12	22- 23
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	1D6+3	6-7
MOV6		HP 23- 24

Average Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Claw 60% (x4), damage 1D6 + db
Bite 40%, damage 1D8 + poison POT 1/2 creature's CON

Armor: 2 points of tough, leathery, translucent skin.

Spells: few Nagaae know spells. Roll 4D10 for each random Nagaae. If the result is higher than the creature's POW, it knows no magic. If the die roll is equal or lower than the Nagaae's POW, it knows 1D6 spells.

Skills: Hear Noise 60%, Slither Quietly 70%, Smell Victims 80%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see a Nagaae.

THE TUNNELERS BELOW, Lesser Independent Race. *They were worms about as long as a man and as thick as a man's thigh, cylindrical and unta-pering. From end to end, as many as a centipede's legs, were pairs of tiny wings, translucent like a fly's, which vibrated unceasingly, producing an unforgettably sinister low-pitched hum. They had no eyes - their heads were one circular mouth lined with rows of triangular teeth each like a shark's.* - Fritz Leiber, "The Terror from the Depths."

The tunnelers below are so-called because no proper name for them is known. This mysterious and rarely encountered species is gifted with great psychic powers, most notably a powerful form of telepathy that allows them to communicate with any living creature. Tunnelers can also use this ability to invade dreams, steal thoughts and memories from unwilling victims, and even communicate with spirits long since dead. Tunnelers use this telepathy to fuel their insatiable lust for Mythos knowledge. These strange creatures are drawn to all aspects of the Mythos and are known to congregate underneath strong sources of mystical energy, psychic power, and the most alien-influenced earthly locations.

The tunnelers live in a globe-spanning web of caves, traversing far beneath even the beds of the oceans. They have a large nexus point beneath the sunken city of

R'lyeh, a favorite spot where they can glut themselves on the psychic death-dreams of mighty Cthulhu and his retinue.

ATTACKS: Tunnelers below are not hostile unless provoked. If disturbed, a favorite tactic to dispose of pests is to burrow a series of fragile tunnels beneath the home of the chosen target and eventually bring the structure crashing down. If encountered in person, a tunneler can attack with its massive maw of shark-like teeth. However, the most dangerous aspect of a tunneler is something it can't control, a by-product of its very presence and its incredible psychic powers. Every tunneler continuously communicates Mythos findings, ideas, and knowledge to every other and sometimes, if there are a number of these creatures within close proximity to humans, these telepathic communications can be picked up unwittingly by sensitive humans. When this happens, the hapless recipient of such thoughts experiences vivid dreams, may begin to sleep-walk when he or she has never done so before, and eventually hears constant, whispering voices imparting secrets of the Mythos at all hours of the day and night. A human picking up the telepathic thoughts of the tunnelers below will start to lose 1D4 Sanity per week and add +1 Cthulhu Mythos per week. Within a number of months equal to 20 minus the sufferer's POW score, these whispering voices and dreams will become constant. When constant, the victim loses 1D6 Sanity points per day and adds +3 Cthulhu Mythos per day. This goes on until the sufferer dies, goes completely insane, or until the tunnelers below are somehow driven off. If these telepathic communications are accidental, the target's suffering may be relieved simply by moving; if the sendings are deliberate, there is no place on earth where relief can be long-lasting.

THE TUNNELERS BELOW

char.	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+6	16- 17
CON	3D6+ 12	22- 23
SIZ	3D6	10-1 1
INT	3D6+6	16-17
POW	6D6+ 12	33
DEX	2D6	7

MOV 4/2 burrowing HP 16-17

Average Damage Bonus: +1D4.

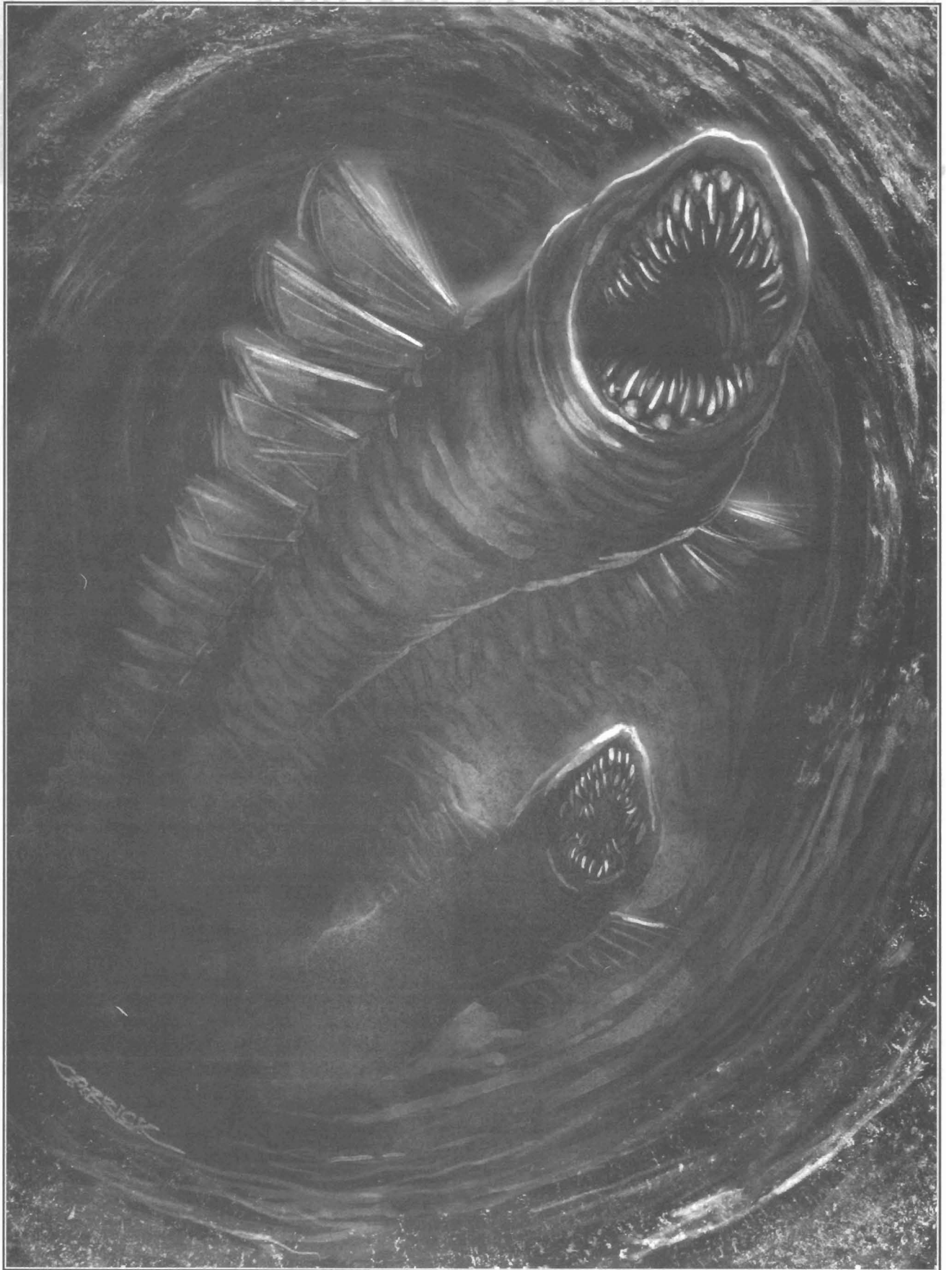
Weapon: Bite 80%, damage 2D6 + db

Armor: suffers only half damage from normal, non-magical weapons and attacks, round down any fraction; regenerates 2 hit points per round after wounded, but dies immediately upon reaching zero hit points.

Skills: Communicate Telepathically (automatic), Impart Cthulhu Mythos 70%, Invade Dreams 70%.

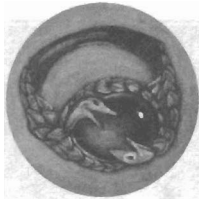
Spells: every tunneler knows 2D4 spells of the keeper's choosing.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10 Sanity points to see a tunneler below - ●



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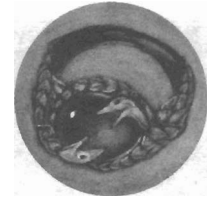




MYTHOS EX MACHINA

*Technological artifacts in
the Mythos canon.*

by Charles P. Zaglanis.



This article collects technical items created by other species and originally published in various *Call of Cthulhu* adventures. Many of the books in which these items appeared are long out of print. The items are gathered here with the hope of firing the imaginations of keepers, or at least of satisfying their curiosities.

In the universe originated by Lovecraft, the distinction between science and sorcery seems as thin as an investigator's chance of going home after shaking hands with Cthulhu. But there are criteria for the inclusion of an item in this article, as follows.

- 1) Does the item cost Sanity points to use? Most of the tools summarized in this article do not. Once activated, however, their effects may cause a human operator to run screaming from the room. With some bio-engineered items, this criteria may not apply.
- 2) Does the item require an energy source? Physical devices need an energy supply to work, whether as electricity or magic points, but some magical devices- particularly enchantments- require nothing.
- 3) Does the item require a spell for its creation? The carotid toxin utilized by the serpent people is acceptable, whereas space mead, created by means of a special spell, is not.

Some marginal items have been omitted due to space considerations or because they were so tightly linked to a particular scenario that they could be of little use anywhere else- the mi-go-produced oil that checks the growth of Abhoth's spores comes to mind. As much as possible, the items have been described here in a way less situational and more universal. Finally, the devices found in the two *Blood Brothers* books were not included because they are not really part of the Mythos universe.

Entries are organized first by species, and then by alphabetical order of the key word. A complete list of entries will be found at the end of this article.

Species included, in alphabetical order:

Deep ones
Elder things
Humans
Hyperborean humans
Mi-go
Shaggai, insects from
Serpent people
Yith, Great Race of

Deep Ones

BERSERKER DRUG

Induces a homicidal rage in humans or deep ones. Hybrid deep ones may slip the powdery drug into a person's food or drink to create a distraction, or perhaps take it themselves to better deal with aggressive investigators.

A dose is about a gram of the powder. It gives off a subtle odor reminiscent of alfalfa, even when mixed in food or drink. Roll D10 equal to or less than CON x 1 to notice this- the scent grows a little more noticeable with additional doses. Deep ones cull this brown, powdery drug from a particular species of sea urchin.

A successful Resistance Table match of the victim's CON and the cumulative POT of administered doses means that the target merely feels hyper and edgy. A failing Resistance Table match of CON and POT causes the recipient to fall into a berserk rage, assaulting and attempting to murder random people or even animals- until the drug runs its course.

Onset of the drug-induced rage takes CON + 1D6 minutes after consumption. The state lasts 1D10 minutes per dose. Breathing quickens and deepens, the skin flushes, the eyes bulge, and the face adopts a characteristically evil grimace- there is no subtlety in the onset or duration of the drug. The most bizarre paranoid perceptions flash through the mind. There are also some special conditions associated with the drug.

- While in thrall to the drug, a victim is allowed a POW x1 roll to avoid attacking a friend or a loved one; if the roll succeeds, the victim strays off to find another target.
- The victim's CON and hit points double for the duration of the drug's effect. The extra hit points are illusory- once the drug wears off, those phantom hit points disappear and the keeper subtracts all damage from the real hit points.
- The victim must roll D10 less than or equal to CON x5 if the cumulative POT of the drug is ten times the target's CON or higher. Failure indicates a massive heart attack doing 4D6 points of damage and costing the victim 1D6 CON. A successful roll costs only 1 CON.
 - 1920s, "Freak Show," *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*, Kevin Ross with Todd Woods.

CLIMATE BOX

This windowless plain metal box is able to regulate the air or water pressure and temperature within it. It has no hinges or sliding parts, but opens along a seam only apparent from the outside. This device is large enough for a human to occupy and was designed to test the ability to withstand extremes of temperature and pressure. It could as easily be used as a torture device.

If used over a series of days, the device typically costs ID3 hit points from the victim on the first day, ID3 + 2 hit points on the second day, ID6 + 3 on the third, and ID3 + 2 on any additional days. Inflicted wounds and injuries can be described as various burns, ruptured eardrums, headaches and nausea, bleeding from the nose, mouth, and eyes, frostbite, and so forth. Those who lose ten or more hit points also lose I CON. Such extreme stresses may well result in the loss of Sanity points and the development of claustrophobia or severe depression.

- 1920s, "Songs of Fantari," *Fatal Experiments*, Gregory W. Detwiler.

HEALING SALVE

This compound facilitates a full recovery from major physical trauma, like a shark bite or an investigator bullet. The salve is applied to the wound or missing limb and within ID3 months the requisite flesh or limb or organ fills in the spot. A fresh wound in a place already healed or regrown by the salve has a CON x3 chance on DIOO to regenerate without scarring.

Presumably, if the wrong formula is used, uncontrolled generation occurs. Anything could grow from the injected area (there doesn't have to be a wound there) including heads, organs, limbs, etc. Each time one of these unwanted growths is removed, a random one takes its place. Sanity loss is dependent on the nature of the growth and is left at the keeper's discretion.

- 1920s, "Songs of Fantari," *Fatal Experiments*, Gregory W. Detwiler.

ILLUMINATION PYRAMIDS

Utilizing an unknown power source (probably electrochemical), these small pyramids provide a soft blue light for the deep ones to see by. Each pyramid is five inches on a side and possesses a small cavity into which the tip of a claw (or the tip of a pencil) must be pressed to turn the light on and off.

- 1920s, "Songs of Fantari," *Fatal Experiments*, Gregory W. Detwiler.

MAPULO

This is composed of two buzzing globs of shivering gray slime, one encasing each hand. This bio-engineered symbiotic organism most likely was developed by the elder things, but has long been known to deep one priests—the shoggoth-twsha, or shoggoth-priest. A mapulo's express purpose is to allow a host to control a shoggoth.

A deep one or deep one hybrid may match POW vs. POW against a shoggoth on the Resistance Table. If the controller defeats the shoggoth, he or she may give the creature simple mental commands for up to half an hour, after which the contest of wills must be repeated again. If the controller's POW exceeds the shoggoth's POW by ten or more, success is automatic. If the shoggoth wins the contest, or is left unattended for ten or more minutes, the mapulo begins to burrow into the flesh of the controller, causing ID3 points of damage per round unless the mapulo is removed by surgery or fire. Each half of the mapulo has one hit point. Only one shoggoth can be controlled at a time by the mapulo; the death of its controller will likely cause the shoggoth to attack the slayer, if known. If the shoggoth happens to die, the mapulo begins to feed on its host. Humans can host the mapulo, at a cost of ID6/ID20 Sanity points per hour of contact. Once on, the mapulo does not come off willingly.

Those left insane by commanding a shoggoth still control the creature. To the best of its ability, it will follow those insane demands. Physical attacks by the host are impossible while hosting a mapulo. However, the host may still cast spells.

An added benefit of hosting the mapulo is that the creature leeches fatigue toxins from the host's bloodstream, so the host never needs sleep.

- 1920s, "Shanghai," *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

PROSTHETICS

A deep one artisan takes captured humans as test subjects for his strange prosthetics. Each arm and/or leg is crafted from a black, foul-smelling metal of unknown origin. While unable to transmit the sense of touch, the artificial limbs do raise the user's STR by 1. On the negative side, the metal causes psychic instabilities in the investigator's mind which manifest as horrific nightmares and lead to deep depression. Keepers could reflect this by having the investigator lose 1/ID3 SAN each day the prosthesis is attached to them.

- 1920s, "Songs of Fantari," *Fatal Experiments*, Gregory W. Detwiler.

TAINTED BLOOD

Some deep ones can replace human blood with a re-engineered mixture, causing the target to show symptoms of the Innsmouth taint after few months. Presumably he or she progresses to a full deep one transformation at some point thereafter. Regular transfusions of fresh human blood might retard the transformation process, but to an uncertain conclusion.

The transfusions produce great mental stress—Sanity point loss of 1/ID10 + 1 for the first several weeks might occur. Eventually the victim loses all hope of sanity and

goes mad, or staves off the change with lower and lower Sanity point losses.

- 1920s, "Songs of Fantari," *Fatal Experiments*, Gregory W. Detwiler.

Elder Things

PALLADIUM BOX

It drains and stores the POW from one or more creatures and can bequeath the stored POW to another, presumably the owner. The accumulator is silvery-white in color and sports two beautifully sculpted wooden handles. The size of the device has not been noted, but a foot long and wide by 2 inches thick is a reasonable guess. It is portable.

The device requires a willing subject with at least Cthulhu Mythos 05% to channel his or her POW into the box by touching its metal surface. This removes 1D10 POW from the subject. A person grasping the wooden handles can leech 1D6 POW from the box, adding those points to personal POW as though they had always been there. (An empty box obviously cannot grant any POW.) The box has no limit to how much POW it can hold, as long as it is undamaged. Once one or more of its 100 hit points are lost, whatever is left reflects the maximum POW it can contain. Any POW absorbed above that amount, whether one point or a thousand, is simply lost.

Keepers, this item in the hands of your players can unbalance your campaign. Consider wisely its introduction. Perhaps the players have to make a Cthulhu Mythos roll to understand its alien functioning, or they have to find elder thing records (or an elder thing itself) to explain its use.

- 1920s, "Gate from the Past," *The Asylum and Other Tales*, John Scott Clegg.

Great Race

PORTABLE FORCE FIELD

This device was built with scrounged parts selected under less than optimal conditions. A Yithian could create a working device of more compact design and longer battery life, given the proper equipment. The current incarnation weighs in at sixty pounds and generates a parabolic field of fully ten feet on the major axis.

The field grants 10 points of armor against all attacks attempting to pass through it. It projects five feet in front of the generator. The generator's life is good for two hours before burnout. To replicate this device, succeed in an Electrical Repair roll at minus 80 percentiles, a Physics roll at minus 50 percentiles, and a Cthulhu Mythos roll, or the device is destroyed in the process and cannot be further copied.

- 1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum and Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

Humans

CELLULAR ACCELERATOR

Injected into the bloodstream, this liquid would advance the healing of someone being transformed into a proto-shoggoth. The cellular accelerator is relatively easy to recreate, requiring only successful Chemistry and Pharmacy rolls. Materials are found in any well-stocked lab, and the quantity of the drug is only limited by the chemist's budget- each dose costs about \$10 (1920s dollars) to make. A batch, containing as many doses as the chemist can afford, takes six hours to produce.

A dose of this compound heals the body at an astonishing rate, 1D10 points in 1D4 x 10 minutes. This is a real boon to investigators who have faced the tender mercies of ghouls or worse, but the boon comes with a fatal risk. Whenever this drug is used, the investigator's player must roll D100 equal to or less than CON x5 to see if his or her character's cells mutate and grow at a deadly rate. Failure means the serum heals the body, but causes malignant cancerous growths to appear. The next series of days will be the investigator's last as there is no cure for what now happens. After 30 minutes, severe muscle and joint pain will be felt, much like a bad bout of flu. In a few hours, tumors will be visible on the skin and the victim will become bedridden within the day. In 2D6 days, the investigator's body will be a putrefying wreck. It takes another 1D3 torturous days before his or her body finally gives up the ghost. Viewing this final stage of mutation costs 0/1D8 Sanity points.

- 1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum and Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

CELLULAR SOLVENT

This chemical, found in liquid form, was designed to break down cellular bonds. The agent can be administered orally, injected, or can just be poured on a subject for the desired effect. Creating this compound is difficult, requiring successful Chemistry, Cthulhu Mythos, Pharmacy, and Electrical Repair rolls in succession.

Orally ingested, this compound acts as a POT 14 poison. Regardless of how it is introduced, the agent causes 1D6 points of damage to cellular matter as parts of the body deteriorate and fall away. Human victims suffer the loss of 1 point of CHA for every point of damage sustained if they don't succeed in a Luck roll. If more than half the investigator's hit points are consumed, a large loss of tissue has resulted, appearing as though a limb or other area has been burned or melted to the bone. Shoggoths are susceptible to this decay and proto-shoggoths are more so, losing 3D6 hit points and melting into a gooey puddle. SAN loss to witness the destruction caused by this solvent is 1D4.

- 1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum and Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

GAS GLOBE

Created by the Brothers of the Yellow Sign for their endless war with the mi-go, whose alien anatomy has proven very susceptible to gas attacks. These weapons are opaque crystal spheres the size of a tennis ball. Each globe is filled with one of four different gasses, distinguished by a symbol molded into the crystal.

When broken, gas emerges in an effective area roughly fifteen feet in diameter and lasting five combat rounds (less if there is wind). The chemicals permeate the skin, so that gas masks are of little consequence. Should an investigator fumble when attacking with one of these items, he or she inadvertently drops it at his or her feet and suffers the according effect.

The four varieties of gas known utilized so far are:

- A poison gas of POT 25 to mi-go and POT 3 to humans.
- A tear gas that immobilizes its victims for 20 minus CON rounds; considered POT 15 to mi-go, POT 17 to humans.
- A knockout gas equal to POT 25 for humans and mi-go, lasting 20 minus CON hours.
- A thick gas that obscures vision.
 - Present Day, *A Resection of Time*. Sam Johnson.

GAS GUN

An important weapon to the Brothers of the Yellow Sign, this somewhat bulky apparatus fires a stream of gas like that used in their gas globes (see above). The weapon consists of a leather harness that straps onto the shoulders; a gas canister is attached on one side, and a hose leads from this container to a spray nozzle, perhaps through a jacket sleeve. The canister weighs about 15 pounds. Base chance to hit is 20%.

The gun ejects a stream of pressurized gas up to sixty feet when the air is still. The number of firings per canister is unknown, but assume this type is like a fire extinguisher- a keeper may rule that it has one 60-foot burst, two 30-foot bursts, six 10-foot bursts, etc. Assume too that the gas in the canister is designed to cling to mi-go surfaces, so that a hit with it does twice the damage to a mi-go that a gas globe does.

On a 00 result for a shot, the weapon fouls and is no longer operable. If damaged or fouled, and a repair is attempted, a result of 00 causes the canister to explode for 4D6 damage to the would-be repairer, and releases its contents in a forty-foot-diameter cloud.

- Present Day, *A Resection of Time*, Sam Johnson.

HAUPTMANN'S SPECTACLES

These strange spectacles, composed of hand-crafted frames and utilizing oddly cut prisms for lenses, reveal to the wearer another reality existing in conjunction with our own.

The world exposed by wearing these glasses is a horrific one of odd, metamorphosing shapes and confusing

angles, all seen as if through a purplish-black filter. Characters who put on the spectacles and look about lose 0/1D6 Sanity points and gain 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos. Typical of such devices, once the true nature of reality becomes visible to the wearer, all the player characters also become visible to the denizens of the other world, who are in this case very hostile.

After a few moments wearing the spectacles, a withered, seven-foot-tall humanoid becomes visible, scuttling spider-like toward the investigator. The creature has long arms and an odd face that looks somewhat like a mask. If the investigator will not or cannot remove the spectacles, the creature attacks the investigator wearing the spectacles with all the ferocity it can muster. The target can attempt one Dodge per round, attack the tall creature with magic, or take off the spectacles. Seeing someone being wounded by an invisible creature costs 0/1D6 Sanity points.

DIMENSIONAL BEING, Creature from Beyond
STR 18 SIZ 19 CON 16 INT 07 POW 16
DEX 16 MOV 10 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Claws* 65%, damage ID8 + db
* twice per round

Armor: none, but the creature is unaffected by anything except magic.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see the dimensional being.

- 1920s, "The Thing In The Well,"
Day Of The Beast, Keith Herber.

LIAO DRUG

This drug is a cocktail of several organic ingredients, some of which are not yet identifiable by Western science. The drug in some way allows the user to pierce the veil of time and space, thus viewing all time or any place as is their wont. Users of the drug do not gain full control of their journey but with practice they may exert some control over their destination. Different users react to the drug in various ways. Some may experience the journey as a series of reincarnations which stretch forth throughout time. For others, it is an ethereal trip through far dimensions never entered by men. Such an experience is no pleasure cruise, as many are the dangers awaiting those who travel beyond the borders of this reality, not the least of which is the hounds of Tindalos.

Keepers running an investigator through the effects of the Liao drug are guaranteed a captive audience. The users of the drug cannot wake themselves from its effects. It must either run its course or they must be woken by a second party. Users of the drug are able to speak as they undergo its effects, and thus may communicate the terrors they encounter. The potency of the drug affects both the duration of its effects on the user as well as the degree to which he or she may pierce time and space. Average doses of the drug last about thirty minutes and, on very rare

occasions, may allow the user to interact with an entity such as Daoloth; larger doses may take the investigator to the beginnings of time or beyond, where lurk the dreaded hounds of Tindalos or worse.

-Present Day, "Gates of Delirium," *The Stars Are Right!*, Gary Sumpter.

MIND CONTROL IMPLANT

With technology stolen from the future, the creator controls human minds by means of small implants inserted in their brains. These implants create sleeper agents, people who act perfectly normal from day to day, but who with a command word will become zombie-like servants of an unguessed-at master.

Once the activation command is spoken, the implant electrically induces a near catatonic state; only those commands hard-wired into the implant will be acted upon. Player characters ruled by such a device should match their POW vs. 20 on the Resistance Table to determine if the implant was properly hooked up. Failure of the device means that the investigator loses 01D6 Sanity points, and all thresholds for characteristic rolls and skill rolls are halved due to the bursts of electricity zapping through his or her brain.

Some versions of this device also include a small explosive easily capable of killing the victim.

- 1920s, "By the Bay Part II," *Day of the Beast*, Keith Herber.

MOOD DESTROYER

An insidious drug used to destroy the mind of someone about to be transformed into raw proto-shoggoth flesh. This drug must be injected in small doses or the target may die.

A character subjected to the drug must match his or her INT vs. the drug's POT 12 on the Resistance Table. With a failure, the victim loses 1D6 INT. The victim also loses 1D3/2D6 Sanity points from fear. If the character loses more INT than he or she possesses, the additional points should be subtracted from CON. If multiple doses are needed, count each as a separate attack on the victim.

-1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum and Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

MOOD FLATTENER

This drug retards the brain's ability to process emotion. It was designed to allow a character to retain intellect after becoming a proto-shoggoth. For those who pit themselves against things beyond human understanding, the protection of this drug is illusionary at best.

Injected, the target feels no rage, horror, nor any other emotion for up to 30-CON minutes. Since the fight or flight instincts have been disabled, the injectee may attack friends or even supernatural creatures if he or she believes they are an obstacle to the achievement of some goal. Wounded friends and family will be abandoned if their presence is inconvenient. A character who survives to

emerge from the drug state loses 1D4 Sanity points when recalling each loss of control, and more if the character viewed Mythos creatures or committed other sorts of heinous acts.

-1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum And Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

ODIN

The Optically Distributed Interactive Neuro-Implant, also termed ODIN, is an ocular cybernetic device intended to replace one eye of its user. ODIN appears to be a lusterless black metallic eyeball, its only splash of color coming from a pulsing, brightly colored grid encased in gel in its back. Close examination shows that the grid forms a pattern of some sort. A successful Computer Use or Electronics roll determines that this grid is a logic circuit immersed in some sort of living tissue. Sanity loss for this revelation is 1/1D2 points.

Once ODIN is fitted into a vacant eye socket, synthetic DNA begins adhering the grid to the optic nerves. These connections grow, utilize nerve tissue, and replicate as do normal cells. ODIN is an information gatherer, and can learn to operate electronic devices like computers by thought. The device gives its human host and operator a 25 percentile bonus for sense-related skills such as Listen or Spot Hidden. If an electronic device is fitted with an infrared sensor, the person using ODIN may operate it by thought. An on-board computer analyzes all sensory data, learning from its host how it is supposed to respond. Waveforms are stored in a three gigabyte bubble-memory module or downloaded into a larger storage unit such as a notebook computer.

The user can examine and manipulate an image of a person viewed by ODIN right down to the genetic level. There are complications however. The DNA seeds may begin replicating stored waveform patterns instead of the host's normal ones. This process can continue indefinitely, reconfiguring the host's DNA to match that of the waveform.

-Present Day, "The Professionals," *The Stars Are Right!*, Fred Behrendt.

OTHER BEACONS

Other Beacons is a computer program designed to grant creatures from another dimension access to our own. It is the electronic equivalent of a Create Gate spell. The original application required 10 megs of disk space. The newest version needs twenty times that. All of the versions have circulated as diskette or CD inserts in computer magazines.

Examination of the code and a successful Computer Use skill roll reveal that *Other Beacons* is actually two programs, one a primitive fractal engine, and the other a near-nonsensical mess of logic loops and redundant routines. Cleaning up the programming always results in the application failing to run.

Once loaded, the program takes about two minutes to do anything visible. If the monitor is turned off at any point before the release of the beacon, then the Gate fails and only a blank screen awaits anyone brave enough to turn it back on.

Now the Gate begins to replace the front of the monitor. Against a black background a fractal, a mathematical equation given form by the computing power of the computer, takes shape in the center of the monitor. Those familiar with fractals see that the image lacks the symmetry and aesthetics of other such programs, since the mathematics utilized in the program's creation were Mythos inspired. A few minutes pass. Random specks of light roam about the screen; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals that they generate in the central fractal but do not return to it. After about five minutes, the center of the fractal generates a silvery globe, also referred to as the *beacon*. The globe begins to split as a single, flame-red tentacle reaches out to investigate its new surroundings. During the next few hours the beacon hatches and fills the screen as the following occurs.

- In two hours the creature has freed three of its writhing limbs from the globe.
- In four hours the tentacles are pulled back into the globe, leaving behind a thick jelly or slime which seems to consume the globe.
- In six hours seven or eight tentacles have breached the dimensional barrier once again and whip about tiredly. By this point, little is left of the globe but a few specks being consumed by the slime.
- In eight hours several more tentacles have joined the others as the jelly shrinks away.
- In ten hours the beacon is mature. It seems to be a mass of whipping tentacles drifting about the screen, seemingly seeking a way to free itself from the monitor. Eventually the beacon becomes agitated and thrusts itself against the monitor screen, which ripples and bulges at the assault. Eventually the nearly transparent beacon floats through the air toward a nearby human (Sanity loss 1/1D6 to see), floating through all obstacles to engage its target.

The beacon attacks with 1D6 tentacles. If an attack succeeds, a tentacle painlessly enters the target. The beacon then pulls itself along the tentacle(s) until it enters the victim, at which point the target may match POW vs. POW against the invader. If the victim succeeds, then the beacon is destroyed. If the victim fails, he or she suffers terrible headaches unless moving toward the location of *Other Beacons's* designer. Once per day, the victim may attempt a POW xl roll to try to resist moving in that direction, but the pain steadily worsens if the character tries to move away from the designer's location. Drugs offer no solace from the pain the beacon causes.

Regardless, there is a 20% chance that the computer used is irreparably damaged as the beacon emerges; if not then it could spawn other fractal creatures or be used to spawn another beacon.

THE TENTACLED MASS

STR 18 SIZ 19 CON 16 INT 07 POW 10
DEX 16 MaY 10 HP18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claws* 65%, damage 1D8 + db
* *twice per round*

Armor: none, but the creature is affected only by magic.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to see the tentacled mass.

- Present Day, "Fractal Gods," *The Stars Are Right!*,
Steve Hatherly.

PLANES DEVICE

Incorporating the lens technology utilized in Hauptmann's Spectacles (*q.v.*), this device opens a planar rift up to twenty miles away, allowing an other-dimensional entity to exist in this universe as long as the device is in operation. The one known example of this device was in a state of disrepair, but it is known to use lenses and prisms as well as electronic apparatus. Activated, the machine generates a burst of light which then visibly travels to its destination, an effect likened by onlookers to a bolt of lightning. Fortunately for those being attacked by the creature summoned, this machine has a tendency to overheat and destroy its own circuit boards in as little as five rounds.

The creature summoned (detailed below) appears as a seeping yellow mass about two feet in diameter within which lies a single red eyeball. This slow moving creature secretes a brownish, sticky liquid with which it adheres to ceilings and walls, thus gliding at its target for a surprise attack. (See the illustration on page 142.)

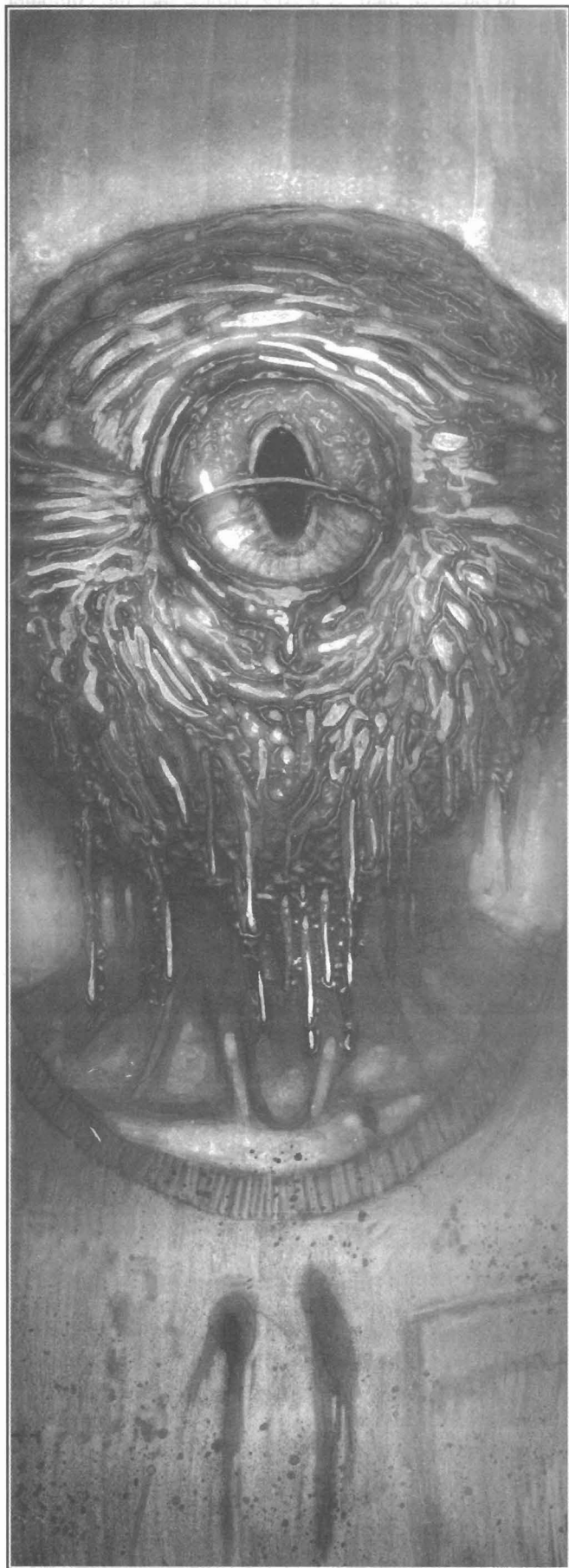
THE THING FROM BETWEEN THE PLANES, Horrible Creature

STR 08 SIZ 04 CON 16 INT 02 POW 05
DEX 12 MaY 4/12 gliding HP 10

Damage Bonus: - 1D6.

Weapon: Jump and Grasp 75%, damage 1D3*.

* *This damage is caused on the first round and every round thereafter that the creature remains attached. If the monster attacks successfully, it attaches itself to the victim's face by way of tiny, grasping cilia that secrete a burning acid. Additionally, the creature forms tendrils that force their way into the victim's nose, ears, and throat. On the third consecutive round of a successful attack, these tendrils reach the brain and begin destroying 1 INT per round. At the keeper's option, the investigator also could begin to lose 1 APP per round due to permanent facial scarring from the acid.*



THING FROM BETWEEN THE PLANES, WITH VlcnM

Armor: all kinetic weapons do minimum damage due to the soft form of the creature.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8 points for seeing the thing.

Additionally, a victim of a successful attack must make a SAN roll for 0/1D3 points every round the creature is attached to his or her face; a failed roll also means that the victim will be unable to take any rational action for the round. A person seeing a human under attack by the thing must make a SAN roll for another 1D2/1D4 points.

- 1920s, "By The Bay Part II," *Day of the Beast*, Keith Herber.

PROTO-SHOGGOTH TRANSFORMATION VAT

This insidious device converts human tissue into proto-shoggoth matter. The vat is essentially a large tub, above which hangs a parabolic mirror, surrounded by banks of electrical equipment, capacitors, and tanks.

After being administered various drugs, some of which have been outlined in this article, the victim is strapped into the vat and subjected to electrical discharges from the parabolic mirror above them. At the same time, acids and solvents are added to the vat at precise intervals. The mass is left to steep for several hours while its cells break down. Eventually it is added to a tank that already contains proto-shoggoth matter.

- 1920s, "The Asylum," *The Asylum And Other Tales*, Randy McCall.

TIME/SPACE MACHINE

Inspired by the works of Nikola Tesla, the creator of this device devised a way to reverse the entropy of an object by utilizing the fourth dimension. At first glance, the device appears to be a huge structure of electrodes, generator poles, Tesla coils, and other assorted equipment rising a good twenty feet into the air. This intimidating amalgamation of equipment is mostly just there to provide power to the batteries of the real machine. The actual device is only three feet tall and 310-338 pounds and can be used without the extraneous equipment. The appearance of the time/space machine is odd to say the least, consisting of metal globes and partial globes of a bluish hue surrounded by several smaller spheres and quarter-spheres. Metal crescents converge around the larger globes at odd angles.

Once activated, the crescents and smaller spheres spin quickly while the larger globes rotate slowly; eventually they switch speeds for a while and then finally move quickly together. At one point, the globes all stop while the crescents spin, then the reverse happens but the globes all move at different speeds. Finally, as the globes and crescents move together at incredible speeds, an odd shape is formed: a triangular oblong that appears to be equilateral and isosceles, concave and convex. This non-Euclidean nightmare, which is nothing less than the fourth dimension made visible, causes 0/1D4 SAN loss to those viewing it.

Once this portal is opened, a radiant green light streaks from its center to strike a target and causes it to disappear. It is believed that the machine reverses the entropy inherent in all things. Whether that means that the affected object journeys back in time to a point where it didn't exist and thus ceases to exist or merely shows up at that point is unknown. The machine is highly unpredictable and lacks any gauges or means of determining how to properly operate it. If someone other than its creator (or, perhaps, someone they specifically teach) tries to use the machine, they must make a LUCK roll. Success in such a roll means that the beam fires in a random direction; failure means that the machine and anyone within ten feet, like the investigator(s), are affected by the beam instead of the target.

- 1920s, "The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn," *Curse of the Chthonians*, William A. Barton.

TYUK

Still found in Asia, a jar of this greenish powder is a torturer's boon. A successful Natural History or Botany roll determines that this substance is made from a Chinese flowering plant known as the Blue Petals of the Ineffable Paths. It is a powerful hallucinogen.

When mixed with water and taken orally the target of this drug remains conscious and lucid, but his or her senses are heightened to ten times normal for a period depending upon the dosage. Under such conditions, sensitivity to pain may overwhelm the most hardened will. One dose lasts one hour, two lasts two hours, and three causes death during the third hour.

- 1920s, "Shanghai," *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

Hyperborean Humans

THE DUST MACHINE

Incorporating a human skull as a casing for the machinery inside, this device presents a rather gruesome sight. All holes and fissures are sealed with a porous foam made of a brassy metal. The same material bolts the jaw in place and was used to create a crown of sorts encircling the cranium. The crown holds eight green and eight red gems of a translucent clarity. The back of the skull houses two metal plates, hinged coverings for two electrical jacks of alien design. Anyone can deduce that the symbol above one identifies it as being positive and the other symbol as being negative.

This machine requires 35-40 volts DC to activate, equal to six or seven 6-volt car batteries strung together. After five minutes the batteries will be drained dead and too hot to touch for fifteen to twenty minutes. Once activated, the machine begins to quiver and becomes hard to focus on for around five seconds; then the top of the skull opens along the cranial fissures. Metallic limbs rise up and begin to weave strange patterns in the air. Streams of blue energy discharge between the limbs as the default action

of the skull begins to operate. Seeing this odd spectacle costs 0/1 Sanity points.

The skull initially projects a window into the dimension of the *desh* as its default action. (See the *Creature Companion* for details about the *desh*.) Such a window is uncrossable but easily viewed from both sides. Lesser *desh* congregate outside the window and attempt to enter our world, costing viewers 1/1D4 Sanity points to see them. Depressing all the green gems opens a tear in the space between our worlds and sucks every *desh* within fifty yards back to its home dimension. If all the red gems are pressed, the investigators are in a lot of trouble. Any humans within twenty feet of the skull when the red gems are pressed become possible gateways for the *desh* to enter our world. A POW x3 roll is necessary for each human in the area, to prevent the *desh* from utilizing the character's nervous system to appear. On a failed POW x3 roll of 90 or less, 2D4 *desh* appear above the victim, permanently consuming one point of INT for every three that appear (round down). On a failed roll above 90, the victim is killed as a greater *desh* consumes his or her neural synapses and bursts from his or her skull via a six-armed, star-shaped hole.

- 1920s, "The Dark Wood," *Adventures in Arkham Country*, Fred Behrendt.

Mi-go

APHRODISIAC

To reproduce, the mi-go perform unholy rites to summon Shub-Niggurath to this plane, but before they do that, they coat themselves in this chemical mixture. This mi-go aphrodisiac, which looks and feels like a foul-smelling maple syrup, elevates their consciousness, and stimulates their reproductive organs to ecstatic states.

Investigators who come into contact with this chemical are in for a rough time. Swallowed, the drug is POT 8 poison and results in vomiting. Those who touch the alien substance and fail a Resistance Table check of CON vs. POT manifest purple hairlike fungal growths within 15 hours. This itchy, contagious nuisance (it's not lethal) spreads as quickly as the keeper wishes. A successful Medicine roll, sunlight, and an anti-fungal cream will cure it.

- Present Day, *A Resection of Time*, Sam Johnson.

CONTAINMENT RODS

In their journeys throughout the universe, the mi-go have encountered varied forms of life. Most of these the aliens were able to avoid or conquer, but some were immune even to the firepower of the mi-go. To this end, the fungi from Yuggoth developed devices capable of locking away such powerful creatures until they no longer posed a threat.

Plastic-like black pillars created in a pentagon shape generate the mi-go containment fields. These poles are quite strong, able to withstand all but the most powerful explosions. When placed in a pentagon-shaped pattern, these poles generate a field of force capable of holding a Great Old One. This device's one known weakness is that

it is prey to outside forces, intentional or accidental, which can weaken or even destroy its capabilities.

-2015 A.D., "Blood Moon," *Strange Aeons*,
Michael LaBossiere.

CRYORAY

This is a small weapon, about pistol size, made of a gray-ish metal and sporting clusters of metal bubbles and glass spines.

The cryoray shoots a pressurized stream of freezing cold gas through a magnetically induced hollow cylinder. This semi-physical beam is both visible and slow to maneuver. A character can avoid it with a successful Dodge roll. The ray has an effective range of 20 yards, and does 2D8 points of damage on a successful hit. At further distances, the damage done drops off sharply. Base chance to shoot it properly is 10%.

- 1920s, "Mountains of the Moon," *Day of the Beast*,
Keith Herber.

ELECTRIC RIFLE

The mi-go electric rifle appears to follow some alien aesthetic, as no two of these rifles have exactly the same appearance. Each is silver in color, and each looks in general more like a piece of disjointed worm-riddled wood than a gun. These rifles are about 18 to 24 inches in length; they all sport exposed wiring.

As with the elder things and the Yithians, the mi-go seem to be fascinated by the idea of raw electricity as a weapon. The rifle accurately projects a ragged bolt of electricity out to about 50 yards. If hit, the target's CON rating is compared the rifle's damage of 2D8. If the victim's CON is equal to or higher than the 2D8 roll, his or her nervous system is stunned, and all movement and skills are halved for 2D3 rounds. If the target's CON is less than the 2D8 roll, the character is stunned as above, and also takes damage equal to the 2D8 roll.

An investigator wishing to fire such a gun for the first time needs two successful Electrical Repair rolls to puzzle out how to use it. When a human character fires, his or her base chance to hit equals INT x1 or DEX x1, whichever is higher. Each gun carries 3D10 charges when found.

- Present Day, "Music of the Spheres," *The Stars Are Right!*, Kevin A. Ross.

NERVE TISSUE SOLVENT

This is a chemical the mi-go use when they want to sow confusion in an area. The solvent is projected as a clear aerosol from a large, pressurized gun, but smaller versions are likely available for use in attacking individuals.

The solvent causes terrible brain damage when it contacts any terrestrial creature. Wild animals invariably become hostile, while their domesticated cousins may or may not attack, at the whim of the keeper. Per exposure, a human loses 1D6/1D20 Sanity points and 2D6 INT. A typical misting gun used for delivery of the solvent weighs 250 pounds, can blanket the surrounding area with a dew-

like mist out to 200 yards, and carries three such doses of nerve tissue solvent.

- 1920s, "Garrison, Montana," *Spawn Of Azathoth*,
Keith Herber.

WHORL GUN

This silver device is about flashlight size, easily gripped in a nipper. The business end looks somewhat like the turns of a spiral shell.

The gun projects a visible beam of unknown energy which consumes whatever matter it touches to the tune of 2D6 points of damage. Range for this ray is effectively line of sight, making it an excellent mi-go assassination device. Each gun nominally carries 37 charges, but current human technology cannot produce the fuel required to rearm it.

While not stated in the adventure, assume that two successful Electrical Repair rolls are necessary for a human investigator to determine how to use the weapon. An investigator's base chance of hitting with it is his or her INT x1 or DEX x1, whichever is higher.

- 1920s, "Garrison, Montana," *Spawn of Azathoth*,
Keith Herber.

Serpent People

DEATH RAY

The death ray of the serpent people relies on electrochemical reaction to achieve its deadly effect. The weapon is a gleaming blue crystal sporting an oddly twisted handgrip, difficult for humans to wield properly. A cyst-like container of blue glass, shot through with veins of purple, protrudes from the contorted grip. Within this cyst or blister rests a silvery liquid which greatly resembles mercury, but is not. Six thin, silvery-hued rods jut forward from the face of the crystal to form the barrel of the weapon.

When fired, the liquid is absorbed by the crystal, which in turn produces an energetic reaction. This energy is channeled along the thin silver rods and discharged at a target in the form of blazing shards of light. Damage amounts to 30 points minus the victim's CON, and any armor the victim may be wearing. Damage to inanimate objects is 80 hit points. A full crystal can discharge twenty such bursts before it must be refilled or exchanged for a full crystal. Human characters have a base chance of 05% to hit with it. The gun only has 4 hit points- keeper's choice as to what might happen if the liquid touches human skin.

-1920s, "Coven Of Cannich," *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, John Scott Clegg.

GROWTH SERUM

Derived from the blood of non-degenerate serpent men, this serum brings them one step closer to a cure for their race's decline. Once administered, the serum stimulates the cells of humans to mutate in a relatively benign, but reptilian, fashion.

Injecting the serum increases the subject's SIZ and STR by 106 each. The victim suffers a fever-induced delirium for 106 days. During this state, the inoculated character's player must make a 1/1D4 Sanity check each day of the fever. In addition to the Sanity point loss, the victim of this serum loses 1D6 INT, 1D6 POW, and 1D6 APP as his or her DNA and body shape become more reptilian.

- 1920s, "London Calling," *Day of the Beast*, Lucya Szachnowski and Gary O'Connell.

Shaggai, Insects from

SHAN SPACECRAFT

This shan spacecraft generally follows the same design as the better known temple ship stranded in Goatswood. It has a conical shape; it stands all of 20' in height; and its hull consists of a gray, extraterrestrial metal. Primary mode of movement is teleportation powered by none other than Azathoth itself. Access to the ship is by means of a circular entryway which leads to a small corridor (those above SIZ 10 must stoop) that follows a gradual downward curve leading to the other decks of the ship. Green light is omnipresent but betrays no known source; it appears to synthesize the light native to the suns of Shaggai because, while its influence is nauseating to humans, those infested by the photosynthetic shan feel disturbingly refreshed.

Directly above this corridor can be seen five holes roughly the size of a human head in diameter, perfectly suitable for a pigeon sized alien insect to fly in or out of; these holes lead to the living quarters of the shan. The next floor contains the storage area of the ship as well as six rooms separated from the main area by an unbreakable glasslike substance. Creatures were teleported in or out of the rooms at will. However, on Earth the teleporters don't work.

Next is the shans' laboratory. Tables and computer screens and other less identifiable equipment abound here. Here is where captive creatures are tested or tormented as interests the jaded intellects of the shan. An automatic door lies on the opposite end of the chamber. Once opened, the door reveals a passage which spirals deep into the bowels of the ship. Along the walls of this passageway, detailed murals of terrible creatures have been carved (01103 SAN loss to view). At the end of the passageway is a 10' tall chamber dotted here and there with what appear to be perches. Each of these perches faces a great circular door and anyone making an Idea roll gets the impression that this is a church or place of worship of some kind. Beyond that door (successful Idea roll to determine how to open it) lurks the fuel supply of the ship and the god of the shan, Azathoth, in his form known as Xada-Hgla (1D10/1D100 Sanity Points to view this avatar of Azathoth). This door is actually a two-way portal by

which the shan offer sacrifices to their god; any investigators who do not (or cannot) close the door quickly may find themselves an unwilling addition to that dubious roster.

- 1597 A.D., "Garden of Earthly Delights," *Strange Aeons*, Lucya Szachnowski and Gary O'Connell.

Yith, Great Race of

DEVICE OF RODS, WHEELS, AND MIRRORS

A strange machine standing two feet high, and one foot wide by one foot deep, it appears to be a conglomerate of machined rods, wheels, and mirrors from which sprouts a central eye tube. This device allows a Yithian to possess a body in another time for up to a month, to determine if an era is worth a full five-year transfer. Originally seen in Darwin, Australia, such a machine could easily be found in the hands of a group of cultists dedicated to helping the Yithians.

An individual who makes a successful Mechanical Repair roll at half his or her normal skill rating is able to power up the mechanism. Any character foolish enough to gaze into the eye tube while the machine is running lapses into a coma as his or her mind travels far into the earth's distant past, to settle within the body of one of the Great Race. During the next 103 + 1 days, the alien becomes acclimated to its new body, and strange contortions and grimaces will be evident upon the host's face. After this breaking-in period the alien exposes itself to as much information about current events as possible, reading books and newspapers and digesting information from radios or televisions if possible. Once this is done to the alien's satisfaction, it will pretend to lose consciousness while it determines whether or not it wishes to return to this period for a full examination. Once it leaves, the character's mind is returned to his or her original body, minus any memory of events since the transfer. The character also loses 104 Sanity points for each week or fraction of a week spent in the alien city, but the memories and the points that pay for them can come a few at a time, and not require an episode of insanity.

- 1920s, "Australia," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry O'Tillio.

FORCE FIELD

The device is a mated pair of tubular projectors that are recess-fitted into doorways, walls, floors, and ceilings. It prevents entry or escape by projecting an invisible stream of raw electricity. Unfortunate life forms contacting the field suffer 3D10 damage each. A kind-hearted keeper may give players some degree of warning—a strong smell of ozone, for instance. Since these projectors need electrical power to operate, probably the easiest way an investigator could bypass this device would be to kill the power to it. Such a force field may have gaps in it, most notably near the bottom, requiring a DEX x4 roll to squeeze under safely.

- 1920s, "Australia," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

LIGHTNING GUN: M ODEL B

A heavy-hitting, sub-machine-gun-sized version of the standard lightning gun, this weapon was first encountered in Australia, in a buried Yithian city. The design of this tubular weapon confuses observers. It requires a successful Idea roll just to determine it is a weapon, and even given this hint there's a 50% chance the character points the gun the wrong way when firing it for the first time. The lightning charge delivers up to 8D6 points of damage per shot.

Like the more common lightning gun found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, this one has a base range of 100 yards. It contains 1D20 + 3 non-reloadable charges. Perhaps, due to the extensive damage the gun causes at short range, it cannot survive too many lightning bursts. No way is known to determine the actual number of charges this weapon can deliver.

Using the gun takes two hands. A novice shooter has a base chance to hit of 35%, and can aim and fire the weapon once each round. Damage done depends on the range: at 50/100/200 yards it does 8D6/4D6/1D6 damage respectively. The gun does not impale and has 14 hit points.

- 1920s, "Australia," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

MIND CONTROLLER

This device is capable of turning humans into living zombies. Oddly enough, something like a metal dunce cap is worn by the operator. The three wires dangling from the cap are attached to small, triangular pads that are placed on the head of the victim, touching particular areas of the scalp. With a successful INT vs. INT Resistance Table match, the operator activates the device and puts mental blocks into the mind of the victim.

The victim reels and becomes mentally disoriented, regardless of the outcome, and also loses 1D6 Sanity points due to the mental assault. If the operator is successful, he or she may implant and/or delete memories and instructions within the target's subconscious mind. If the victim succeeds, the attack does not work and cannot be attempted again until the following day.

Originally intended to block memories of humans mind-swapped by a member of the Great Race, the device can also implant difficult-to-resist instructions. Activating it is a relatively easy affair and should only take a few hours to deduce. Determining what it does must be learned by experimentation.

- 1920s, "Australia," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

RADIUM ROCKET

This is a nearly impossible to reproduce vehicle composed from extraterrestrial materials, Yithian designs, and thousands of man-hours labor. The bullet-shaped metal surface

of the rocket possesses an oily sheen and has had small Art Deco motifs etched into it. The rocket sports fin-like steering vanes whose strange shapes surely follow some other-world aesthetic. Below the rocket, twelve-inch-thick tubes draw power from a shoggoth-enriched magma pit.

The tubes will propel the rocket across much of a continent, where its radium core will unite with a portion of a highly radioactive meteorite and irradiate over a hundred square miles with lethal radiation. Accomplished at precisely the right time and place, this will create a hole in space/time which will allow unspeakable evil to enter our world.

- 1920s, "Shanghai," *Complete Masks Of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

STASIS FIELD

Utilizing their awesome science, Yithians have a device which almost negates the aging process in those creatures placed within it. The machine consists of a large centerpiece which both regulates and feeds power to the stasis fields. Around this heart are aligned six sets of 4" thick by 40' square platforms, one plate affixed to the ceiling, and its mate resting on the floor. Sandwiched between each of these pairs are columns of scintillating bluish-white energy a full 40 feet in diameter. Those who peer at these energy columns can discern shapes within them, but make out no real details.

Each field has its own timer and an emergency release lever (STR 25 to pull) on a control panel mounted ten feet up in the air. The field generator is protected by 50 points of armor and has 100 hit points. Damage to the generator causes random fields to begin shutting down. The fields can be programmed to shut down at a certain time or when a certain event takes place, such as a certain chamber being breached or a summoning spell being cast.

This machine slows the molecular structure of an object to the point that one second in its field equals several thousand years of Earth time. Due to unknown scientific principles incorporated into the creation of this device, objects held in stasis are not frozen as would normally happen when atoms slow their rotation. Objects which enter a field after it's been activated are cooled to slightly above absolute zero and react accordingly once they are removed from the field. Another interesting property is that any heat the object may have lost is returned to it once it exits the field. For instance, an inquisitive investigator who steps into an activated field would be flash-frozen, only to tum into steaming sludge and bones once removed from it (1/1D6 SAN loss to witness this horrific sight, but a compassionate keeper may allow said investigator to realize something was wrong once he or she got a foot in the field). Bullets fired into the field freeze (Spot Hidden to notice) and explode for 1D6 damage in a 1 yard radius once released. Creatures or objects that have been stored in the field are subject to instantaneous decay if the field is not shut down properly.

- 1920s, "Bad Moon Rising," *Great Old Ones*.
Marcus L. Rowland.

TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATOR

A portable, but rather large and blocky metal box. This device allows mental communication between Yithian and mammalian minds. Such a device would be much sought after by cultists dedicated to helping Yithians gather information about their era.

Once activated, the thoughts of the Yithian feel like an odd pushing sensation against the "investigator's own thoughts. At this point, a player character may attempt to fight the intrusion by pitting his or her magic points against the alien's on the Resistance Table. Success allows the investigator to shut out the Yithian's thoughts without consequence. Failure means he or she cannot block future transmissions from the Yithian. Regardless of whether the investigator fails or voluntarily accepts the thought waves, he or she loses 1 magic point and 1 Sanity point because of the alien thoughts being entertained. From this point on, back and forth dialogue in the investigator's preferred language is possible. Range for such a device is most likely short, 30 feet perhaps.

- 1920s, "Australia," *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Larry DiTillio.

TEMPORAL COMMUNICATOR

Stored in two six-inch-long sections, this communications device allows human agents to contact their Yithian masters across the gulfs of space and time. The machine's outer casing is crafted of bronze etched with outré designs. The two halves obviously fit together somehow, one half serving as a base while the other is crowned with a red jewel, kind unknown.

Putting together and determining the purpose of this device is difficult. It calls for a Mechanical Repair and an Electrical Repair roll in that order. Once the two halves of the device are connected, it only takes an Idea roll to figure out how to turn it on. Activated, the device hums and projects a soft red light over the room. At this point the machine is a beacon calling back hundreds of millions of years for the attention of the Yithian to whom it is attuned.

The notified Yithian can establish a link with the jewel, which will then project a lifelike representation of the answering Yithian that costs those humans viewing it 1/1D6 Sanity points each. After the initial shock, an Idea roll lets the viewers realize they are only seeing a projection. The Yithian may communicate with those in the room (most likely through telepathy) or it can permanently sever ties with the jewel and attune itself to a different jewel in its own time.

- 1920s, "The Dreamer," *Day of the Beast*, Keith Herber, Lucya Szachnowski, Gary O'Connell. •





THE DIARY OF DR. LIPPENCOT

Excerpts from the Diary of Dr. Henry Lippencot, M.D., Medical Examiner for the County of Essex in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (deceased).



by William Dietze.

August 7, 2001

The deputy who accompanied the body to my office was a new guy who seemed very nervous not only to be guarding a corpse but also to be in the autopsy suite. I know Sheriff Drumberger likes to expose his new recruits to forensic science, but I still feel he's using my autopsy suite as a hazing ground. I'll have to talk to him about it.

I felt sorry for the officer, so I made him stay only long enough to give me the story and to answer some preliminary questions. Then I let him go. He is only in charge of guarding the body (like it's going anywhere), so what he knows is pretty fragmented and probably wildly inaccurate. I'll have Pam call the Sheriff after the autopsy and get more details.

The officer (Deputy Herms) reported that the decedent was swimming when struck by a powerboat off the beach at Kingsport. Apparently the decedent was a scuba diver and quite a distance offshore when the incident occurred. As far as Herms knew, the driver of the boat was not being charged in the accident, as there wasn't a diving buoy to indicate where the diver was, nor was anyone apparently accompanying the diver. I'm continually amazed at how thoughtless people can be when it comes to simple safety precautions.

Pam was first to comment on the smell. She was preparing the sample bottles and paperwork near the body bag while I talked with the officer at the door to the suite. By the time I joined her at the table, the stench of dead fish was pretty strong. We zipped open the body bag, and I first thought someone was playing some kind of joke. This diver was truly a "frogman"! He looked like something out of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Joke or no, now the officer was gone and we were stuck with it. I had Pam get on the phone to Sheriff Drumberger for some sort of explanation.

Its appearance aside, the creature seemed to fit the story. There was severe head trauma with protruding bone fragments and exposed cerebral matter on the posterior side of the skull. Apparently it surfaced

facing away from the boat's course. The blood and cerebral tissue certainly appeared human at first glance. Was it wearing some kind of weird bodysuit? The skin was covered with a light and intermittent pattern of scales, like a fish. The eyes were large, bulbous, and appeared to be located slightly more to the sides of the head than looking forward. He probably had a greater field of vision. I wondered how much his binocular vision was hampered by this. There were slits in the throat, five on a side, which I can only guess are gills. Otherwise, he (quite obviously so from the male and very human appearing genitalia) appeared fully human, with the exception of some webbing between the fingers and toes, and the over-all greenish coloration of his skin.

I considered closing up the bag and calling Dr. Eckeren at the aquarium. I knew Todd would give his eyeteeth for a look at this thing. I felt confident that we were dealing with some sort of marine animal. Pam had just called Sheriff Drumberger when I found the tattoo.

The tattoo was blurry and fairly indistinct, partly from the growth of scales over the left forearm (the location of the tattoo), but mainly due to the age of the tattoo. I cleaned it as best I could, photographed it, and made a line drawing. There was no doubt about it. On the left forearm of this creature was a tattoo of a ship's anchor and the letters "U.S. Navy" barely visible.

I told Pam to ask Drumberger to come down and view the autopsy, and to have him bring any additional information he could about the incident. Then we prepped for the procedure.

The decedent weighed in at 275 pounds, was 6' 11" in height, and greenish in color. Patches of small thin scales covered portions of the body. By the time I had charted and photographed the body, Drumberger had arrived. He admitted ignorance of the case beyond the scanty facts the reporting officer had related. Thus far, the decedent was unidentified. While the tattoo certainly seemed to indicate



AUTOPSY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUBJECT, AKA "ROBERT MARSH"

that the decedent really was human, it was his teeth that clinched it. The decedent had the same dental pattern as humans, and included amalgams and four previously pulled teeth. Obviously, this person had been to a dentist at some point in his life in order to have the dental work done. But wouldn't he have been noticed? I asked Pam to get Frank on the phone and ask him to come down for a dental work-up. Dr. Frank Summer was one of the few forensic dentists I knew, and certainly the only one in the area.

After we had satisfied ourselves that this really was a human being, Pam and I set to work. Internally, the fish-man was mostly routine. Like any other autopsy, the apparently human organs were in the proper places, but there were also odd differences.

What struck me as most unusual was the condition of the respiratory system. The slits in the throat connected a channel which traversed vertically up the neck and opened into the trachea at two points just above the epiglottis. The channel would have allowed passage of air or water through them, with a flap covering the opening so the flow was restricted to exiting the throat. This channel ran between the skin and the muscles, and did not disturb the normal arrangement of neck organs. Several thin layers of tissue, apparently skin, were visible under the flap covering the opening. At first glance, these appeared to be saturated with tiny capillaries. Obviously this was no form of trauma, nor were they induced surgically. They all had the appearance of having grown naturally. The lungs themselves, slightly larger than normal, had distinct morphological changes as well. Normally the trachea branches into the left and right main bronchi and then continues to branch bronchi into smaller and smaller bronchioles, finally terminating into alveolar sacs and alveoli in the acinus. The alveolar sacs are saturated by capillaries that exchange fresh air with carbon dioxide. Normally, these structures require a microscope to see clearly. However, when I dissected the lungs, I found these alveolar sacs to be quite large and easily visible to the unaided eye. I took histology samples for further study.

If this was a human being, or at least was at one time in the past a human being, what would cause such a radical morphological change? I ruled out the possibility of a disease, as these changes obviously took years to accomplish. COULD it be hereditary? Again, I knew of no clearly documented case of such physical changes occurring in an adult, but it was the only

explanation I could fathom. I took extra blood samples for a genetic profile.

Cause of death for the decedent was clearly head trauma. The brain, although damaged in the incident, was clearly human but with slight differences. Primarily the ventricles were smaller and the olfactory lobe of the cerebellum had increased in size. Again, I took representative samples from various parts of the brain.

The autopsy finished uneventfully, and Pam began closing the body. Without known next of kin, the decedent would remain in the cooler until his identity could be determined. Drumberger tried to get fingerprints, but the skin was puckered and they did not turn out well. We inflated the fingertips with a syringe of water to smooth out the skin, and this time Drumberger succeeded in some legible prints. The characteristic whorls and arcs looked odd, but otherwise they appeared human. He took my sketches of the tattoo and some photographs of the face (for whatever good that would do) along with the prints. I contacted Frank, and agreed to meet him here for a dental work-up after he finished with his patients.

August 7 (Evening)

I met Frank at the morgue this evening, after he finished with his patients. The corpse was drying out at a remarkable rate. I'm considering wrapping it in wet sheets to keep the skin from cracking. I've never seen anything like this. The skin has toughened up considerably, and I had difficulty cutting it with a scalpel. The decedent also appears to have shrunk slightly since the autopsy earlier today, and the scaly patches of skin are flaking off. Needless to say, Frank was as much surprised at what he saw as I had been, but he confirmed that the decedent's dentition was, without a doubt, human. There were some odd findings though, even here. The normal adult human dentition is thirty-two teeth, sixteen on the top, and sixteen on the bottom, and evenly paired: two incisors, one canine, two premolars, and three molars per side. The subject had, at one time, all four wisdom teeth (third molars) removed, and had filled cavities in seven other teeth. The overall condition of the teeth was bad, with three cavities that had not been treated, suggesting poor or intermittent dental care. However, the incisors and canines had been filed to points, which was obviously done with a tool of some kind. We discussed briefly the subject's physical appearance and its causes. Frank pointed out that while the whole body is in a constant state of growth and repair, the teeth

are not. In order for the teeth to change would require them to literally fall out and be replaced with new ones. Some animals, such as sharks, have teeth that are designed to fall out of the mouth if needed, and have several rows of teeth that grow in to replace those that are lost. Other animals, pigs for example, have teeth that are continually growing and are worn down through use. Frank took the usual x-rays as well to document the root pattern, and we finished up around 9 o'clock.

As we were leaving the morgue, though, I thought I saw someone loitering around in the alley watching the door. I know the morgue isn't in the best part of town but I have never felt threatened working there late before. I think I'll call Drumberger and request an officer to patrol the area next time I'm working late.

August 8, 2001

Quiet day. Transcribed my notes on our friend in the back. The drying had continued during the night, and cracks have appeared in several places on the skin. I asked Pam to wrap him in wet sheets to stop this from happening.

Frank called. He was really excited, and with good reason. The X-rays he took of the subject's dentition clearly show new teeth forming in the jaw. Right now they are little more than enamel caps, but they are clearly there. He wanted to write this up for a forensic article and asked if I would be a co-author. I admit this whole case is fantastic, and should be well documented and published, but right now I'm more concerned with making identification. Frank said he was working on that, too, and has faxed the dental charting to the local dentists in the surrounding counties. He hopes to get a response within the next couple days. He also asked to come back and do more photos and X-rays, just in case there was something wrong with the films the first time. Amazing how accommodating he can be! He even promised to do it during regular work time!

Drumberger reported no luck so far matching either the tattoo or the facial ID. He's sent copies to other law enforcement agencies up and down the coast and submitted the fingerprints into AFIS. Unfortunately, if the subject doesn't have a police record, chances are he will not have fingerprints on file.

August 9, 2001

Frank came in this morning before his first patients, took a lot of X-rays and photos, and said he would call me with the results. Wrapping the decedent in wet

sheets seems to have stopped the drying, and the skin is not as leathery as it had been. Some scales are still flaking off. I collected some additional samples of these for further study. Frank did his work, and left after about an hour.

August 9, 2001 (later)

Frank called a short time ago. There is no mistake or glitch in his processing. There are definite enamel buds forming beneath the permanent teeth. He requested to come back and remove the jaw for further study, but I put my foot down at that point. Once we determine identification, he can request that of the family, but I don't like the idea of unnecessary mutilation of the corpse without the family's consent.

August 10, 2001

What a night. The security alarm on the morgue went off at about 2:30 A.M. Fortunately there was an officer patrolling the area, and he made it to the office before the thieves had a chance to really do anything. This is a constant worry of mine. A lot of valuable property and occasionally drugs come through the morgue, and I'm always quick to release it to the police or the funeral homes so we don't end up keeping valuables for any length of time. Then, of course, there are the kids who think it's cool to break into a morgue, or the (very rare) necrophile. Anyway, I was up the rest of the night working with the police and seeing if anything was tampered with or stolen. It looked like the intruders were looking for something in my office, but didn't have much time to do more than trash the place.

August 10, 2001 (later)

Pam hasn't made it in yet. I'm not too worried, but it is unusual for her. She's very prompt or at least calls in when she can't make it. Well, it's another quiet day, and after the break-in last night I think I'll close up early and catch up on my sleep. I received the drug screen and my histology slides on the unidentified male, though the genetic screen will take longer. No illicit or prescription drugs in his system, though his blood gases are elevated and there is a blood alcohol level of 0.2. I have no idea if this is significant. I took a quick look at the slides too. The lung tissue was markedly changed. The walls of the alveoli have broken down and appear to have continued to do so. So instead of the bronchi terminating in clusters of small alveolar sacs, they terminate in extremely large chambers. This severely restricts the surface area of the alveoli walls, where the capillaries exchange oxygen

for carbon dioxide. Which means that the amount of oxygen getting into the body through the lungs is severely depleted. I can't understand how someone of this size was able to maintain enough oxygen to stay functioning.

I double-checked the lock on the cooler and went home early. I'll have Pam follow up with Drumberger and Frank in the morning when she comes in.

August 11, 2001

Pam didn't show up this morning either. I called her house, but didn't get an answer. This is very unlike her. I called Drumberger, to ask how the next of kin search was going, and to ask an officer to check on Pam. Drumberger hadn't made positive ID yet, but he said he wasn't getting a lot of help from the agencies north on the coast, near Innsmouth. He was planning on driving up there and meeting with the police chief to discuss the case.

About an hour later, Frank called. He said there was a dentist in Innsmouth, Dr. Peterson, who had matched the dental chart to some old records he had. The charting seemed to be of a fisherman named Robert Marsh, longtime resident of Innsmouth. Dr. Peterson admitted having just taken over the practice from Dr. Whateley, who retired about three months ago. Unfortunately, the records on R. Marsh were nearly ten years old. For a better comparison, Peterson was asking for the X-rays of the dental roots. Frank wasn't keen on letting another dentist in on his "prize" find, so he asked Peterson to mail the records to him to make the comparison. Frank should be able to make the comparison in the next day or so.

Drumberger called me. He said his officers went to Pam's house, but she wasn't there. It appeared that there had been some kind of struggle inside, but nothing appeared stolen or missing except Pam. I can't believe she's been kidnapped. I can't imagine anyone who would want to do this, for any reason. Pam certainly wasn't from a wealthy or influential family. As I think about it though, I now realize how little I know of Pam's family life. That's a sorry thing to admit considering I've been her employer for the last five years.

I told Drumberger about Frank's possible match. He said he would check for criminal and military records on Robert Marsh. On the up side though, he said that Marsh was a rather prominent family name in Innsmouth, so making notification shouldn't be difficult.

August 11, 2001 (evening)

The weirdest thing just happened. I was at home reviewing the tissue slides on the Unidentified Man (potentially Robert Marsh?) when I thought I heard something outside the window. It was fairly late--11 p.M.--and with everything that's been happening the last couple days, I guess I'm a little jumpy. But still, I went outside to investigate. I didn't find anyone, but there was the distinct and rather overpowering smell of rotting fish near where I heard the noise. It instantly reminded me of the decedent back at the morgue. I packed it in for the night, but I sure didn't sleep well.

August 12, 2001

Still no sign of Pam. The police haven't found her or any sign of her. I've let them search her desk here at the office for leads or contacts, but there was nothing worthwhile. Nothing I can really do now but wait.

Drumberger filled me in on his trip to Innsmouth. He felt they weren't being completely helpful in his search. They continually dodged his questions and requests to review their missing persons files. Suspicious behavior, considering it was law enforcement he was dealing with. When he asked about Robert Marsh, they told him that RM was a fisherman who had lived his whole life in Innsmouth. About ten years ago he was swept off his fishing boat during a storm and drowned. Obviously, our unidentified man couldn't be Robert Marsh.

Still, Drumberger checked AFIS for a fingerprint match with Robert Marsh once he got back to town. As it turns out, AFIS matched the fingerprints from the decedent to Robert Marsh! Since RM was listed as deceased for the last ten years, his fingerprints weren't in the active AFIS database. RM was arrested in 1989 in an altercation at a bar in Kingsport, and his fingerprints were taken at that time. Unbelievably, there are subtle differences between the fingerprints from his 1989 arrest, and those from the corpse. These differences appear mainly to be a blurring or fading of the fingerprints on the corpse.

This whole case is becoming more and more complicated and fantastic. How is it that a fisherman pronounced drowned ten years ago appears in my morgue as a half-man, half-fish thing? Drumberger said the Innsmouth police inferred that the body of Robert Marsh was buried in the local cemetery. I'm wondering if they have the right body in that grave. I'll contact the local magistrate and request an exhumation tomorrow.

In the meantime, I decided I should have went with my first instincts, and finally called Todd Eckeren at the aquarium and asked him to stop by. We discussed the case, and I allowed him to view the body.

Decomposition was becoming very advanced now, even being in the cooler and with wet sheets wrapped around him. The underlying fat had reduced remarkably, and the body basically looked like a skeleton with a green skin pulled tightly over it. This is in marked contrast to typical decomposition, where the body swells from gases trapped inside and between layers of tissue. Todd was naturally disappointed I hadn't called him on the first day, and to tell the truth, I can't blame him. Then I was working on the belief that the decedent was a human being and not a fish. But now, although he is, at least in my mind, Robert Marsh, I find it more and more difficult to accept that he is human.

Todd was astounded at the morphological changes and after a brief gross examination (the smell was overpowering), we returned to my office so I could show him the histology and photographs. His interpretation is unbelievable, and goes against everything I learned in medical school, but then he was always more open-minded. Todd's opinion is the decedent is some form of hybrid . . . a cross between human and fish. The changes to the respiratory system made perfect sense once adopting this point of view. The lungs were adapting themselves more to the function of gas-bladders. In fish, these are large empty chambers, usually situated along the spine, which are filled with gas, or (in the case of extremely deep-water fish) oil. The function of the gas-bladder is apparently to provide buoyancy to the fish. Without an inner compartment filled with something lighter or less dense than the surrounding seawater, the fish would have to continually swim to keep from sinking to the bottom. The gas-bladder allows the fish to float in the water in a way similar to a hot air balloon floating in the air. Many experts believe the gas-bladders were once rudimentary lungs, and in the case with some air-breathing lungfish, the gas-bladder still functions in such a way. Certain lungfish will surface, draw air into the gas-bladder, then submerge, surviving on the air in the gas-bladder. Todd feels that the decedent did much the same way . . . using the air in the lungs as a supplemental source to compliment the oxygen achieved through the gills. Todd also pointed out where additional gills appeared to have been forming, which would have provided greater capacity to extract oxygen from the water

allowing for greater underwater duration. The loss of alveolar walls in the lungs meant less air was being exchanged, but the gills took up this deficit. He also suggested that there would be subtle changes in the body's processing of the salt in water. I'll have to look closer at the histology, but to be quite frank, I doubt I would recognize the significance of what I might find.

We moved on to the obvious question: How could this happen? What would cause a grown human being to suddenly begin such a drastic metamorphosis? We both ruled out natural disease processes, which then leaves genetics. At this point we can only speculate what the genetic screen might return. Chances are it will just show us abnormal chromosomes. We really know so little about how the DNA code affects living creatures. It is widely accepted that much of what happens as a body grows and matures is regulated by a DNA clock . . . the onset of puberty, for example, or certain diseases, such as Tay-Sachs disease. As people live longer, we are seeing more geriatric diseases that may have a genetic component such as heart disease, diabetes, or Alzheimer's. It is also well known that errors in the DNA code create morphological changes, such as Down's Syndrome (Trisomy 21). I feel strongly that Robert Marsh does not represent an error, such as Trisomy 21, because those are apparent even before birth through genetic screening. Robert Marsh was not born with gills or webbed fingers. But is it possible to have coded somewhere in the DNA a morphological transition of such magnitude as is demonstrated by the body of Robert Marsh? What conditions triggered the change then? And, more importantly, if this is true, then Robert Marsh is not unique, as these genes would be inherited from the parents and passed to the offspring. For some reason, I find this to be a chilling prospect.

August 13, 2001

Still no Sign of Pam. Police have a missing persons bulletin out on her. There was another attempted break in at the office last night as well. They trashed all the offices, and attempted to break into the cooler. I'm glad I'm in the habit of taking my work home with me. I must be becoming paranoid or something. Couldn't sleep last night and I could have sworn I smelled rotting fish all around the house.

I received the genetic screening report today. As I suspected, it shows numerous abnormalities with the DNA, but nothing that has been identified in the textbooks. Frank called today to confirm the dental

comparison of the decedent with Robert Marsh. I didn't bother to tell him that Robert Marsh supposedly died ten years ago. Frank was too excited to talk. He was pushing to make notification to the family so he could ask permission to do more work on the jaw for publication. The thought of publishing this is very unappealing. This goes beyond the scope of being considered a crackpot. We certainly have the documentation to back up our claims. But there is something vaguely sinister about this entire affair. Humanity believes that we are basically unchangeable creatures. Born a human, grow old a human, die a human. Where does it say we detour somewhere along the route? Is Robert Marsh a throwback, or the next stage? How many more Robert Marshes are out there?

I told Frank to wait for the police to make notification. He agreed to let the police do the work, but pointed out that we were losing time. It's been six days since Robert Marsh was brought into the morgue, and he won't keep indefinitely. Still, how can the police give notification to the family of a man who was supposedly killed and buried ten years ago? The identity of the body buried in Innsmouth is now in question, and clearing up that mystery will involve a court-ordered exhumation and subsequent autopsy of whatever remains are still there. Even then, making identification of the exhumed body will be extremely difficult, if not impossible. The best I can hope for is to show that the body buried in Innsmouth is not Robert Marsh, but who it really is will be a miracle to discover.

August 14, 2001

I just received a call from Sheriff Drumberger. Frank is dead. Frank called Drumberger's office yesterday to ask if notification had been made to the Marsh family. Drumberger explained to him what I could not yesterday, that Robert Marsh supposedly died ten years ago in a fishing accident. Until the legal mess was cleared up, Drumberger wasn't going to notify the Marsh family in Innsmouth. Apparently, Frank decided to take the matter into his own hands, and drove to Innsmouth to meet with the police and the Marsh family. According to the Innsmouth police, Frank had been driving too fast and lost control of his car. In the ensuing crash, Frank became pinned beneath it and burned to death. The coroner has declined to perform an autopsy, and Frank's family has made arrangements

with a local funeral home for burial. The service will be on the 17th.

Frank will be missed, not only by the community, but by myself as well. His impulsive nature aside, I considered him a friend and an admirable colleague. Still, I can't help feeling that there is more to this "accident" than meets the eye. It's far too convenient. Too many strange things have been happening since that body arrived a week ago. Pam disappears without a trace, the morgue is broken into on two occasions, Frank dies in a motor vehicle accident, and I feel I'm being constantly watched. Since Frank's death occurred in another county, he is outside Drumberger's jurisdiction, and mine for that matter. Without someone holding a smoking gun, I know Drumberger won't pursue the investigation further, even if he could get authorization from the Innsmouth authorities.

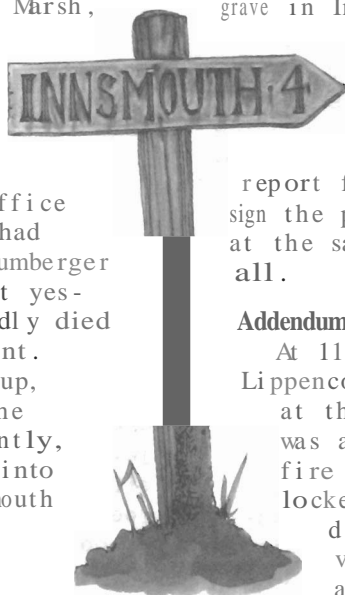
All academic interest aside, I've had enough of this freak of nature. I'm going to list him as "unidentified male," and have him buried as an indigent. There are people who don't want me studying this Mr. Robert Marsh. They will apparently go to any lengths to keep the secrets hidden, including kidnapping and murder. It goes back to my conversation with Todd. If these transformations are genetically based, then there are others like Robert Marsh out there. Parents, children, siblings. It is a frightening thought. Why have we never found them before? How can they remain hidden? Who is really buried in Robert Marsh's grave in Innsmouth? Anyone at all? And what of the other Marshes in Innsmouth? Will they also begin a transformation to become this half-fish hybrid?

I will complete the autopsy report for public filing by tomorrow, and sign the paperwork to get the body buried at the same time. God have mercy on us all.

Addendum

At 11:13 p.M. on August 14, 2001, Dr. Lippencot was killed in a mysterious fire at the county morgue. Dr. Lippencot was apparently working late when a fire ignited in the hazardous chemical locker located near the morgue. This diary and the autopsy report survived the blaze. All other materials related to the unidentified body mentioned in the diary were destroyed. The unidentified body itself could not be located in the wreckage.

-- Sheriff Michael Drumberger, Essex County Sheriff's Department.



AUTOPSY REPORT
ESSEX COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER

CASE: 01-32334

DECEDENT: Unidentified Male

DATE: 08/07/2001

ADDRESS: Unknown

TIME: 1:15 P.M.

PERSONS PRESENT AT AUTOPSY

Forensic Assistants: Pamela Dubres

Thomas Drumberger, Essex County Sheriff Department

PATHOLOGIC DIAGNOSIS

1. Severe blunt force trauma to posterior cranium.
2. Numerous lacerations and abrasions on posterior aspect of torso consistent with being struck by propeller of small motorboat.
3. Fracture of posterior ribs - right 6, 7, and 9

CAUSE OF DEATH: Cerebral hemorrhage

MANNER: Accident

Henry Lippencot, M.D.

Medical Examiner

CIRCUMSTANCES OF DEATH

According to Thomas Drumberger, Essex County Sheriff Department, the decedent was swimming approximately one quarter mile offshore when he was struck in the back by a privately owned motorboat. Witnesses on the craft reported the decedent had suddenly surfaced in their path and they were unable to avoid a collision. The decedent was pronounced dead at the scene at 12:22 P.M., and transported by police escort to the Essex County Medical Examiner's Office.

POSTMORTEM EXAMINATION

An autopsy was performed on the body of unidentified male at the Essex County Medical Examiner's Office, beginning at 1:15 P.M. on August 7, 2001. In attendance were autopsy assistant Pam Dubres and Thomas Drumberger, ECSD.

CLOTHING

The body was received unclad with no personal property.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION

The body is that of a well-developed, well-nourished adult male who weighs 275 pounds (125 kg), and is 83 inches (211 cm) in height. Apparent age could not be determined from the appearance of the decedent.

The unembalmed body is cool to touch. Rigor mortis is fixed in all extremities and the jaw. The deceased shows extensive lividity over the dorsal surfaces of the body, except in areas exposed to pressure. The overall skin color is mottled green, with patches of fine, calcified scales intermit-

tent over most of the body surface. The scalp hair is non-existent. The irides are green. The corneas are translucent. The sclerae and conjunctivae are unremarkable. Eyes are bulbous and protruding from the plane of the face, suggesting a possibility of hyperthyroidism in the decedent during life, and set a wider distance apart than normal. The nose and ears appear flattened and smaller than normal. The teeth are in poor condition, with numerous amalgams and untreated cavities. The upper and lower incisors and canines have been filed to points. The neck is larger than normal, with bilateral flaps of skin extending from the mastoid processes to the clavicles, each measuring approximately 1.6 inches (4 cm) in width. These skin flaps cover an area containing five long, thin orifices into channels in the fascia between the epidermis and the neck muscles, which in turn contain numerous thin vascularized membranes with prominent villi. The skin flaps, orifices, channels and membranes do not appear traumatic in nature. The thorax is well-developed and symmetrical. The abdomen is flat. The back shows numerous semi-circular lacerations, numerous abrasions, and large patches of calcified scale material. The anus is unremarkable. The genitalia are those of a normal adult male. The upper and lower extremities bilaterally are well-developed and symmetrical, without absence of digits. Skin webbing is present between the fingers and toes of all extremities, extending to midway between the first and second joints. Identifying marks and scars include a tattoo on the left anterior forearm of a ship's anchor and the words "U.S. Navy."

MEDICAL INTERVENTION

There is no evidence of medical intervention.

EVIDENCE OF INJURY

HEAD AND NECK

Reconstruction of the available cranial material and skin covering indicates two lacerations approximately 1.6 inches (4 cm) and 2 inches (5 cm) in length respectively projecting from the lambdoidal suture to the apex of the skull. Tissue bridging is noted in the lacerations. The cranium is depressed in this region, and fragmented into seven pieces of occipital and left and right parietal bones. Cerebral matter is clearly visible in this wound.

The bilateral skin flaps, orifices, and interior membranes did not appear traumatic in nature.

THORAX AND ABDOMEN

The anterior aspect of the torso and abdomen is unblemished by contusions or abrasions, possibly indicating the decedent had curled into a fetal position at time of the incident. The posterior aspect of the torso and abdomen reveals numerous contusions and abrasions. There are 14 semi-circular lacerations measuring approximately 2.8 inches (7 cm) in length and spaced on average 1.2 inches (3 cm) apart covering a range from the 5th thoracic vertebrae to the 5th lumbar vertebrae. No tissue bridging is observed in these incised wounds. Fractures are evident in the posterior region of the 6th, 7th and 9th ribs on the right side.

The back also exhibits large patches of calcified scale material, primarily in the shoulder and thoracic region. Cause for this is unknown.

UPPER EXTREMITIES

Both left and right arms are free of traumatic injury. A tattoo is observed on the left anterior forearm, measuring 1.8 inches (4.5 cm) by 1.4 inches (3.5 cm) of a ship's anchor with a banner over the top and the words "U.S. Navy" beneath.

Both left and right hands exhibit webbing between all the fingers up to the first proximal joint. The fingers also appear long and slender with dirty, uncut nails.

LOWER EXTREMITIES

Both left and right legs are free from traumatic injury. Both left and right feet exhibit webbing between all the toes up to the first proximal joint. The feet are very large, with severely collapsed arches.

INTERNAL EXAMINATION

BODY CAVITIES

The body was opened by a standard Y-shaped thoracoabdominal incision. No adhesions or abnormal collections of fluid are in any of the body cavities. All body organs are present in normal and anatomic position. The adipose tissue of the abdominal hypodermis is 0.8 inches (2 cm) thick.

HEAD (CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM)

The brain weighs 1575 grams. The dura mater and falx cerebri are intact. The leptomeninges are thin and delicate. The cerebral hemispheres are symmetrical. The structures at the base of the brain, including cranial nerves and blood vessels, are intact and free of abnormality. Except as noted sections through the cerebral hemispheres reveal no lesions within the cortex, subcortical white matter, or deep parenchyma of either hemisphere. The cerebral ventricles are smaller than normal. The olfactory lobe is enlarged, as are the parietal lobes and the cerebellum is larger than normal. Extreme damage to the occipital lobe is present, resulting in the complete destruction of the occipital lobe. Except as noted, sections through the brain stem and cerebellum are unremarkable. The spinal cord is not examined.

NECK

Examination of the soft tissues of the neck, including strap muscles and large vessels, reveals bilateral orifices approximately 1.6 inches (4 cm) in length, protected by a flap of skin of similar length. The orifice connects into channels that connect into the trachea as small openings directly above the epiglottis, and is further divided by five white, heavily vascularized membranes positioned parallel with the orifice opening. A probe can easily be inserted between the membranes and into the trachea through the channels. The musculature and blood vessels of the neck are unaffected by the channels. The skin flaps reveal increased musculature suggesting they can close over the opening, as well as musculature surrounding the orifice and connecting to the membranes themselves. Sphincters are also evident at the junctures between these orifices and the trachea. The hyoid bone and larynx are intact. The tongue is normal.

CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM

The heart weighs 0.9 pounds (400 grams). The pericardial surfaces are smooth, glistening, and unremarkable. The pericardial sac is free of significant fluid or adhesions. The coronary arteries arise normally, follow the usual distribution with a right dominant system, and are widely patent. The chambers and valves bear the usual size/position relationship and are unremarkable. The myocardium is dark red-brown, firm, and unremarkable. The atrial and ventricular septa are intact. The aorta and its major branches arise normally, follow the usual course, and show no atheroma. The vena cava and its major tributaries return to the heart in the usual distribution and are unremarkable.

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM

The right and left lungs weigh 1.8 and 2 pounds (800 and 900 grams) respectively, and appear swollen. The tissue is rigid and firm to the touch. The upper and lower airways are clear of

debris and foreign material. The mucosal surfaces are smooth, yellow-tan and unremarkable. The pleural surfaces are smooth, glistening, and unremarkable. The pulmonary parenchyma is dark red-purple, exuding slight to moderate amounts of blood and frothy fluid with several large (.2 inches [.5 cm] to .4 inches [1 cm]) cavities apparent. The bronchi terminate with additional .4 inch (1 cm) to .8 inch (2 cm) diameter cavities. The interior surface of these lesions is firm. The pulmonary arteries are normally developed and patent. Additional histological samples were taken for study.

LIVER AND BILIARY SYSTEM

The liver weighs 4.29 pounds (1950 grams). The hepatic capsule is smooth, glistening, and intact. It covers red-brown parenchyma with no focal lesions noted. The gallbladder contains .026 pints (15 ml) yellow-tan viscid bile. The extrahepatic biliary tree is patent without evidence of calculi. Cross sections of the liver reveal extensive capillary trees.

ALIMENTARY TRACT

The esophagus is lined by gray-white smooth mucosa. The gastric mucosa is arranged in the usual rugal folds, and the lumen contains numerous undigested small bones of unidentifiable origin. The small and large bowel are unremarkable. The appendix is present. The colon contains formed stool. The pancreas has a normal gray-white, lobulated appearance, and the ducts are clear.

GENITOURINARY TRACT

The right and left kidneys weigh 0.33 and 0.34 pounds (150 and 155 grams), respectively. The renal capsules are smooth, thin, semitransparent, and strip with ease from the underlying, smooth, red-brown, firm, cortical surfaces. The cortex is sharply delineated from the medullary pyramids. The cortical and medullary tissues, calyces, pelves, and ureters are unremarkable. The urinary bladder contains .088 pints (50 ml) of clear yellow urine. The mucosa is gray-tan and smooth. The prostate, testes, and seminal vesicles are unremarkable.

RETICULOENDOTHELIAL SYSTEM

The spleen weighs 0.37 pounds (170 grams) and has a smooth, intact capsule covering red-purple, moderately firm parenchyma. The splenic lymphoid follicles are unremarkable. The regional lymph nodes appear normal. The bone marrow is red-purple and homogeneous without evidence of focal abnormality.

ENDOCRINE SYSTEM

The pituitary, thyroid, and adrenal glands are unremarkable.

MUSCULOSKELETAL SYSTEM

The bony framework, supporting musculature, and soft tissues are not unusual except where noted.

EVIDENCE

The following items were collected and preserved: representative sections of the cerebrum and cerebellum, left and right lungs, heart, aorta, pituitary gland, thyroid gland, stomach, liver, left and right kidneys, spleen, bladder, gall bladder, colon, and small intestine. Vitreous humor, blood, urine, and bile were collected for toxicological analysis. Additional blood was collected for genetic screening. Thomas Drumberger of the Essex County Sheriff Department obtained photographs of the decedent and fingerprints.

MICROSCOPIC DESCRIPTION

Heart: Increased muscular fibers of the myocardium myocardial hypertrophy, but otherwise unremarkable.

Liver: Low density of hepatic lobules showing an increased saturation with hepatic blood vessels.

Kidneys: Unremarkable.

Lungs: The alveolar sacs, which normally terminate the end of the bronchi, are greatly increased in size, creating large lesions in the pulmonary parenchyma. The cell wall lining of these lesions is similar in structure to the visceral peritoneum, or the exterior surface of the lung. These lesions allow minimal contact with blood vessels within the lung tissue.

Spleen: Unremarkable.

Brain (cerebrum, hippocampus, mammillary bodies, cerebellum): Greater complexity of tissue bundle arrangements in all samples reviewed, but otherwise unremarkable except as noted.

OPINION

In my opinion the unidentified male died as a result of cerebral hemorrhage consistent with being struck in the back of the head by a moving watercraft while swimming.

The manner of death is accident.

ADDENDUM

On 8/7/2001, an unidentified human male was delivered to the Essex County Medical Examiner's Office. While the decedent had died under accidental traumatic circumstances, it was clearly obvious that the subject had marked characteristics for aquatic adaptation. This report is intended as a supplement to the Essex County Medical Examiner's Autopsy Report to provide a greater understanding of the findings.

The decedent was male, approximately 6'11" (211 cm) and weighing 275 pounds (125 kg) upon initial examination. By the time of this examination on August 12, 2001 the cadaver had shrunk slightly and appeared thinner, though this is most likely as a result of the autopsy procedure and decomposition. The skin was leathery and dry, markedly green in color with extensive patches of a calcified, scale-like material over portions of the body. The face appeared flattened, with small ears, no hair, and the eyes were bulbous and had shifted apart to a slight degree. Webbing was present between the fingers and toes. The odor of fish was very strong from the specimen.

Most remarkable however was the presence of pharyngeal gill slits on the lateral sides of the throat. The gill slits were the terminus of channels between the skin and muscles of the neck that originated as openings in the throat above the epiglottis. The gills were covered with a muscular flap and sphincters that could close off the openings entirely, and the channels themselves were surrounded with muscle fiber, suggesting water was forced through them via peristalsis.

Membranes present in the gill openings and channels contained a vast number of blood vessels and capillaries. These membranes of course created greater surface area for the exchange of oxygen/carbon dioxide as oxygenated water was passed through the channel.

Microscopic and photographic examination of the internal respiratory organs provided by the Essex County Medical Examiner indicated a breakdown of pulmonary tissue creating large empty cavities in the lungs. It is hypothesized that the numerous cavities in the lungs would decrease the tissue surface area and therefore decrease the rate of oxygen/carbon dioxide

exchange while at the same time providing buoyancy to the specimen, a function similar to gas bladders in marine specimens. The oxygen/carbon dioxide exchange in the gill structures in the throat would have to make up this loss of lung capacity, or, additionally, absorption of oxygen through the skin would be a possible respiratory supplemental mechanism, though the latter seems unlikely, especially given the normality of the epidermis. As this was a non-living specimen, these hypotheses could not be tested.

The specimen was of human origin, though with adaptations intended for an aquatic existence. While it seems improbable that a creature this large could have fully adapted to an aquatic environment with such limited gill structures and respiratory mechanisms, all evidence indicated that this was the case, or at the very least it was in the process toward complete adaptation.

Conventional wisdom would indicate that the specimen would be oxygen starved and not able to function at full capacity, or even at any level above complete lethargy. Yet, whether or not full aquatic adaptation had been achieved cannot be determined from one specimen. The human form is designed for terrestrial, rather than aquatic movement. The filed teeth suggest an omnivorous or carnivorous diet, but how did this organism catch prey that is streamlined and much faster? Likewise how would it escape predators, who would also have a speed advantage? How long could it remain submerged? Was it capable of deep submersion, or limited to shallower, coastal waters? How did it respond to the effects of pressure, cold, and the bends? These, plus the questions of social interaction with others of its type cannot even be addressed in this report. Further studies of live creatures such as this are needed.

The question then arises of how such a transformation occurs. This phenomenon has never been recorded in published literature, so anything from this point must be speculation. As the adaptations were both systemic and gradual, it would indicate a genetic cause, and genetic analysis does indicate a large number of anomalies in the chromosome structure. A more detailed genetic analysis is needed, however, before any final conclusions can be made.

Dr. Todd Eckeren, Ph.D.

Director, Essex County Oceanographic Institute



NOTES ON HUMAN- DEEP ONE REPRODUCTION



by M. J. Lempert and James Crowder.

Frogtalk

Modelling the Biology of the Innsmouth Taint

BY M. J. LEMPERT

Generally, individuals of two different species cannot produce fertile offspring. The offspring themselves may be viable, but they cannot produce progeny of their own because they cannot successfully complete the process of meiosis, by which specific body cells develop into sperm or eggs (gametes).

The normal body (somatic) cell contains two complete sets of chromosomes, one inherited from the gamete of the mother (the egg) and one from the gamete of the father (sperm). Before cell division, the cell makes a copy of each chromosome, temporarily giving it two of each paternal chromosome and two of each maternal chromosome. Each pair of identical chromosomes is termed a pair of "sister chromatids."

The difference between meiosis and "regular" cell division (mitosis) is that in mitosis, when the DNA replicates itself once and the cell divides once, the result is two daughter cells, each with the same chromosomal complement as the parent cell—that is, two copies of each chromosome, one maternal and one paternal. In meiosis, when the DNA replicates once and the cell divides twice, the result is four daughter cells, each with one copy of each chromosome—half the normal body cell number.

When male and female gametes meet in the fertilized egg, their nuclei combine to form one cell with two sets of chromosomes, from which the future creature develops. The trouble for gametes of different species arises in the first metaphase stage of meiosis. At this time the DNA has replicated, but each "sister chromatid" is still tightly bound to its identical partner. Each duplicated chromosome stretches out to align with homologous sequences on its match from the other parent. That is, for example, the paternal set of sister chromatid ones will line up with the maternal sister chromatid ones, the pair of paternal chromatid twos with maternal twos, etc. Without this precise lineup, the subsequent sorting of chromosomes into the daughter cells will not be orderly. Upon separation, some

cells will have more or less than the necessary proper complement of chromosomes.

In the case of the cross-breed or hybrid, since the parents of different species provide different, non-matching chromosomes, metaphase alignment cannot take place; the distribution of chromosomes to daughter cells is disorderly, resulting in unbalanced and non-viable gametes that will never produce viable offspring.

Deep one/human hybrids escape this infertile fate because the chromosomes from the deep one parent seem to be able to rearrange themselves to match the chromosomes from the human parent. The evidence comes from microscopic examination of chromosome spreads from ordinary body tissue (blood) and testicular tissue from suspected hybrids. The body tissue karyotype shows a mixed, non-paired group of chromosomes, reflecting the individual's mixed heritage. The testicular tissue karyotype reveals a progression from non-paired chromosomes in the spermatogonia (pre-sperm) through rearranged cells at the first meiotic division, to a population of mature sperm consisting only of cells with an apparently human chromosome pattern. Close observation of meiotic cells reveals tiny lengths of chromosomal material apparently floating free. Special stains that show characteristic chromosomal banding patterns indicate that these pieces are found, in the mature gamete, inserted at various positions into the deep one chromosomes in such a way as to duplicate the human pattern.

The astonishing implication of these findings is that not only can deep one chromosomes rearrange to mimic the gross morphology of the human genome, but they apparently do so in a directed manner. Long stretches of the appropriate DNA base sequences are brought into the correct position to align with highly homologous regions of the "matching" human strands. This would seem to require detailed, gene-level base-pair remodeling. Although the molecular basis of gene recombination, insertion, and deletion is well understood, there is no precedent for such grand systematic movement across the entire genome, nor for such widespread rearranging of events, and certainly not for such a novel result.

The directing mechanism remains a mystery, though one that, were it ever elucidated, would open worlds that make the current biotechnical exploitation of recombinant DNA techniques seem as naive as Henry Ford's production line in today's world of robotics. We can postulate a set of director genes; but do they reside in the seemingly so pur-

poseful deep one genome, or in the template human genome? •

Frogtalk Commentary

BY J AMES CROWDER

1. The "free floating" lengths of DNA could be discarded during gametogenesis (gamete production), as happens in the formation of eggs (during egg formation, or oogenesis, three of the four gamete nuclei are lost as three "polar bodies" and their DNA is never, ever used). This, of course, would produce an offspring with no deep one characteristics whatsoever, since the gamete released by the deep one will have only human chromosomes.

2. Even if the "floating" DNA fragments were not discarded, as I assume the author suggests, their "insertion" into the human DNA would not duplicate the look or banding pattern of the DNA—it would only make the chromosome number the same.

3. Now, if this deep one DNA is removed from the human chromosomes (but is kept in the cell) just prior to gamete formation, as is advocated, the chromosomes won't line up properly and viable gametes won't be made. However, much the same thing will happen with extra DNA inserted in the human chromosomes (as in #2, above)- although the cell forming the gamete will have the correct number of chromosomes, having extra genetic material in some of the chromosomes will cause abnormalities. The homologous chromosomes must have the same genes at the same locations in order for meiosis to proceed properly. When it's time for gametogenesis, these fragments of deep one DNA would greatly complicate things, very likely producing gametes that would, in turn, produce non-viable offspring. Even with viable offspring, having extra genetic material would very likely produce disorders similar to Down's syndrome, Fragile X syndrome, *et. al.*

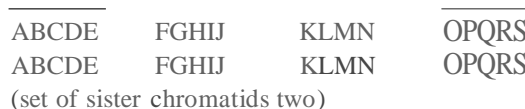
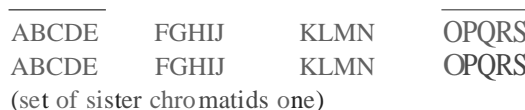
If I might, I would like to suggest something more sinister- make being a deep one a genetic abnormality, the result of having slightly different versions of existing human genes. Embryos of all animal species are identical to one another, and many animals have many of the same genes. It is the use of genes, and perhaps not so much a difference in genes possessed, that makes different species of animals so different from one another. We as humans may well have instructions for making gills and scales; also, humans in utero initially have webbed hands and feet. Simply put, humans don't normally use their genes in a way that produces fish organs; they are used to produce human organs. However, given the correct stimulus

(chemical gradients/regulatory proteins), human DNA could probably be used to make gills. Scientists can already change embryonic cells into neurons, muscle cells, connective tissue cells, and the like. Also, as I mention, animal DNA is remarkably similar among all species.

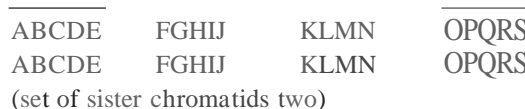
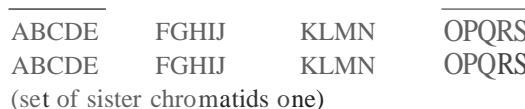
Additionally, saying that the deep one "trait" is simply a genetic abnormality will help explain why deep ones are initially normal humans, and don't fully develop for decades: there are already genetic conditions that do not evidence themselves until well into maturity, like Huntington's Disorder, which begins to manifest itself in a person's forties or fifties.

4. Have I been clear enough about the problems with extra deep one "genes" being inserted into normal human DNA?

The reason that pairs of chromosomes must line up at metaphase (I) of meiosis in order for a gamete to be made is that each and every gene has to line up properly with another:



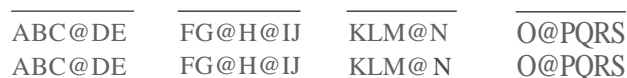
In order for meiosis to proceed, chromosome sets one and two must exchange genes, at least one on each chromosome:



This exchange of genetic material (called "crossing over") serves to enhance genetic variability in gametes, and is a *must* in order for meiosis to proceed past prophase I (the very first phase).

With extra deep one genes inserted in one set of chromosomes, this crossing over can be disastrous, resulting in gametes that will either have multiple copies of a gene(s) or missing gene(s):

Before crossing over (deep one gene = @):



Deep One Reproduction

ABCDE	FGHIJ	KLMN	OPQRS
ABCDE	FGHIJ	KLMN	OPQRS

After crossing over, the human chromosomes (bold) will have egregious errors:

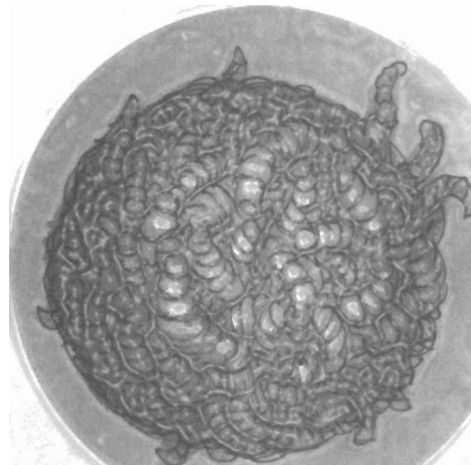
ABC@DE	FG@H@IJ	KLM@N	O@PQRS
ABCDDDE	FGHH@U	KLMN	OPPQRS

ABC@E	FG@IJ	KLM@N	O@QRS
ABCDE	FGHU	KLMN	OPQRS

Please note that some of the chromosomes have extra genes (which can be outright fatal, or cause genetic disorders like Fragile X syndrome), while some are missing genes (which will be either fatal or cause a genetic disorder like cri-du-chat syndrome).

This is why I originally thought that the "free floating deep one DNA" model was implausible, and suggested simply being a deep one as a result of gene use. If a mouse can be made to grow a human ear on its back, why can't a human be made to grow gills and scales?

The "free floating DNA" theory works if somehow the deep one genes replace human genes. This is a very, very cumbersome model. This is why I suggest being a deep one is the result of rare alleles, not brand new genes. •





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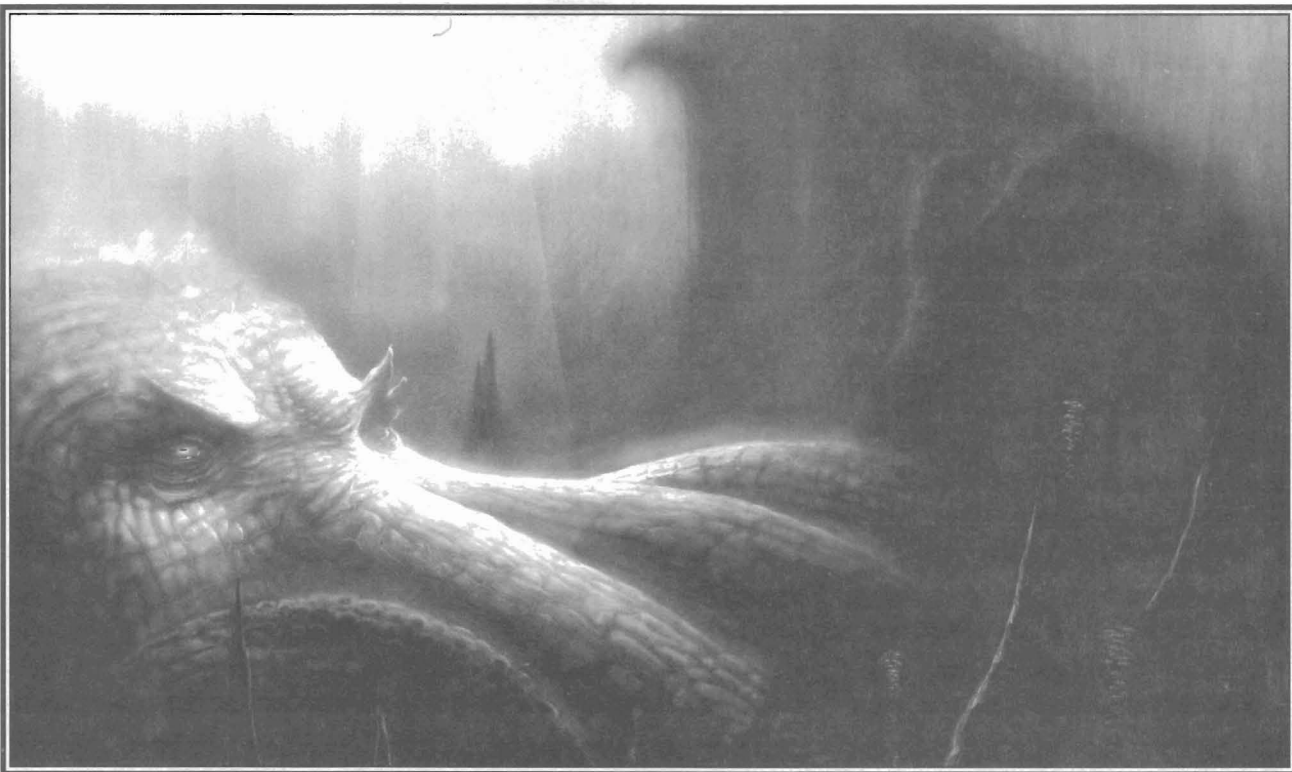
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The chapter "LaVey, Satanism, and the Big Squid" was first posted on the Strange-Aeons list in a slightly different form.

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