

Green and Pleasant Land



THE BRITISH
1920s-30s GTHULHU SOURCEPACK

CALL OF
CTHULHU
SUPPLEMENT

GAMES
WORKSHOP



**THE BRITISH
1920s-30s GTHULHU SOURCEPACK**

COMPILED BY
Pete Tamlyn.

**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

**CALL OF
CTHULHU**



H.P. LOVECRAFT

1890-1937

COMPILED BY

Pete Tamlyn.

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Green and Pleasant Land



Howard Phillips Lovecraft was English by descent and apparently proud of it. Certainly he believed himself to be a 'gentleman' in the English fashion. Though he set most of his stories in New England, tales such as *Rats in the Walls* show that he was well aware of the possibilities of British settings. Indeed, it has even been suggested that Lovecraft's village of Dunwich was based on the real Suffolk village of the same name.

It seems, therefore, that Lovecraft knew that the awesome creatures of the Cthulhu Mythos were active in Britain. Later writers, such as Brian Lumley, have proved as much. And why not, for at the beginning of the 20th Century the British Empire covered a third of the land surface of the world, and its Navy ruled almost all of the world's seas. What better nation for Great Cthulhu to wish to overthrow? Furthermore, during that period, British archaeologists were responsible for a vast number of spectacular finds, not all of which will have been as innocent as they seemed.

This book, then, is designed to provide useful background information for those keepers who wish to set *Call of Cthulhu* games in the stately homes, country villages and green fields of Britain and Ireland.

Green and Pleasant Land covers the period 1918 to 1939, between the two World Wars, though much of the information contained herein is applicable to other periods. Given this, one question which must be answered is how the book relates to *Cthulhu by Gaslight*, which is set in the Britain of the late Victorian Era. Are two books justified when there is a mere 20 years between the periods covered? The answer to this is yes, mainly because the changes which took place in British society during that time were vast and far-reaching. For example, the introduction of the motor car and radio revolutionised transport and communications.

In addition, any book such as this cannot be fully comprehensive. The only overlap between *Cthulhu by Gaslight* and *Green and Pleasant Land* is in the description of the £sd (pounds, shillings and pence) monetary system, but there are several parts of *Gaslight* which will be of great use to keepers running 1920s campaigns, notably the excellent sections on London and Occult Societies. Equally there are parts of this book which I hope *Gaslight* players can make good use of, for example the sections on archaeology, insanity laws and follies.

Having said that the book is not fully comprehensive, I must now apologise for leaving so much out. With the material available I could have easily filled two books of this size, but compromises have to be made somewhere along the line. For the benefit of keepers who wish to delve further into the subject I have included a bibliography of helpful titles. If any readers have ideas for substantial and useful additions to the information contained herein, I am sure that Games Workshop will be pleased to hear from them.

Although I hope it will be otherwise, I fear that *Green and Pleasant Land* will not be wholly free from mistakes. It is surprising at times how difficult it can be to get accurate information about even such recent times as the 1920s and 30s. Of course we have done our best to eradicate howlers, but if any have crept in, or if you have any questions we might be able to help you with, please write to Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hill Top, Eastwood, Nottingham NG16 3HY, including an sae for a reply. Try to keep your questions simple, so that they can be answered yes or no, and we will reply as soon as we can.

Finally, it remains only for me to extend a warm thank you to all of the writers, artists and playtesters who have helped produce this book; to Paul Cockburn, Marc Gascoigne and everyone else at Games Workshop; and, of course, to H P Lovecraft and Sandy Petersen for making it all possible in the first place.

Pete Tamlyn
Aylesbury, 1986

That is really the most delightful thing about England. You never know - could never guess - what is waiting for you round the corner. Eccentric aristocrats have worked their wills on this island for centuries, with the result that anything may happen in it.

J B Priestley

I lingered round them, under that benign sky: watched the moths fluttering among the heath and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet sleep for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

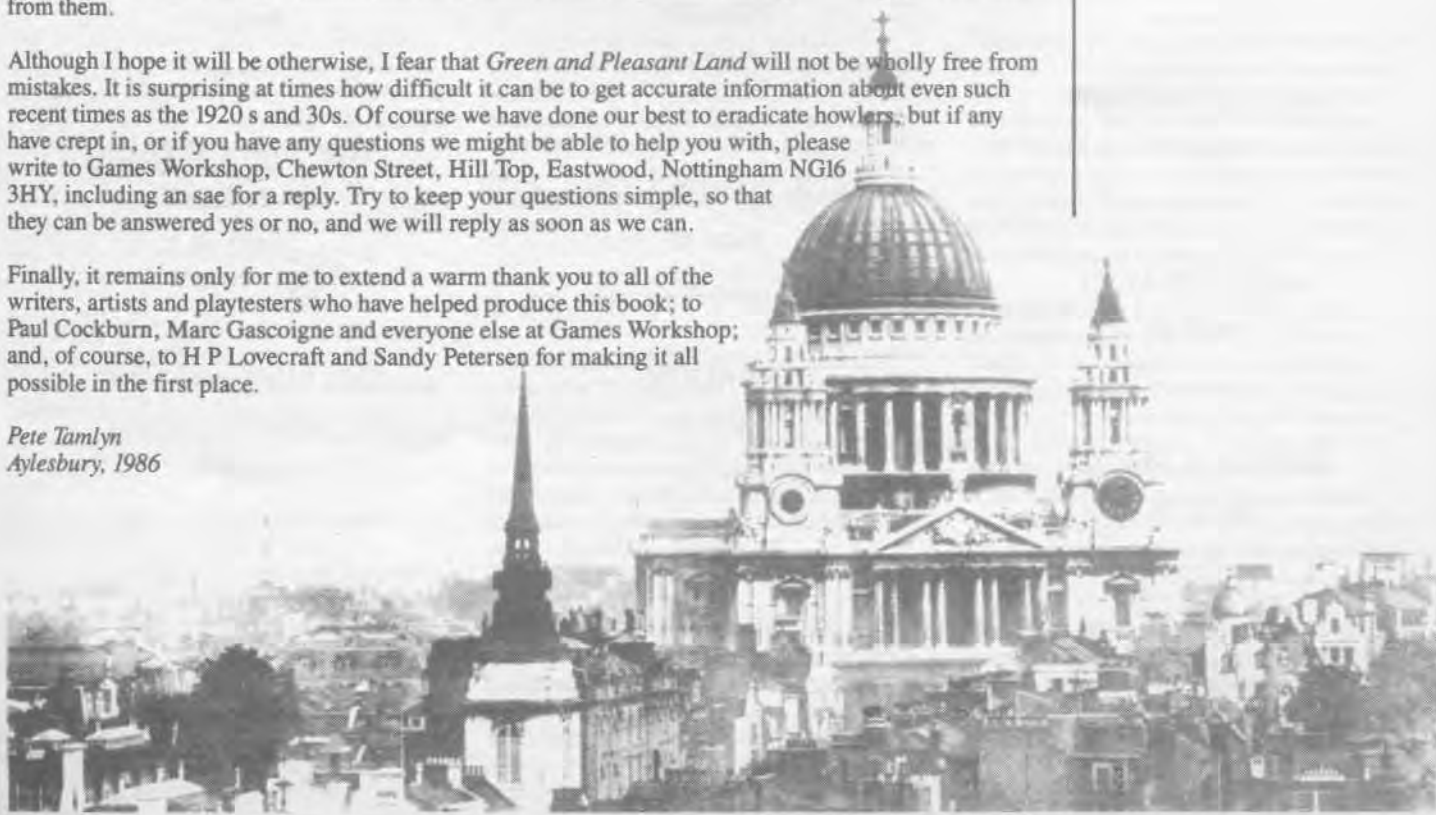
Emily Brontë

*To die: to sleep; to sleep;
perchance to dream;
Ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep of death
What dreams may come....*

William Shakespeare

*In his house at R'lyeh dead
Cthulhu waits dreaming.*

Ancient Chant





CONTENTS

BIBLIOGRAPHY

PAGE 5

BIOGRAPHIES

PAGE 5

CHARACTERS

PAGE 9

SOCIAL LIFE

PAGE 15

COMMUNICATIONS

PAGE 16

CRIME & PUNISHMENT

PAGE 17

ENTERTAINMENT

PAGE 18

PUBLIC HEALTH

PAGE 19

MONEY & PRICES

PAGE 20

HISTORY

PAGE 21

THE OCCULT

PAGE 23

A TIMELINE FOR BRITAIN AND EUROPE 1918-1939

PAGE 26

FORTEAN AND DISASTERS TIMELINE

PAGE 28

ARCHAEOLOGY

PAGE 30

FOLLIES

PAGE 32

BRITAIN IN THE MYTHOS

PAGE 33

AVIATION

PAGE 35

THE INLAND WATERWAYS

PAGE 37

MOTORING

PAGE 38

RAILWAYS

PAGE 41

SEA TRAVEL

PAGE 43

THE HORROR OF THE GLEN

PAGE 44

DEATH IN THE POST

PAGE 57

THE SHADOW OVER DARKBANK

PAGE 65

THE RUNNING MAN, BY BRIAN LUMLEY

PAGE 75



Chamberlain, Neville (1869-1940): As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Chamberlain was responsible for many liberal welfare reforms carried out by Baldwin's government. On becoming Prime Minister in 1937 he followed a policy of appeasement towards Germany and was replaced by Churchill when war eventually broke out. He died soon afterwards.

Childe, Vere Gordon (1892-1957): An Australian by birth, Childe was one of the leading archaeological writers of the period. He was Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology at Edinburgh University from 1925-46. Childe was more of a theorist than his contemporaries. His only notable excavations were at Scara Brae in Orkney.

Christie, Agatha (1890-1976): Possibly the world's most famous mystery author, she began her writing career with *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (1920) which introduced the detective Hercule Poirot. Shortly after the publication of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* (1926), she disappeared for nine days, and her activities during this period remain a matter for speculation.

Churchill, Winston Spencer (1874-1965): During the '20s and '30s, Churchill was in disgrace, largely thanks to the disastrous Gallipoli expedition in WWI. He was also in trouble over his uncompromising attitude towards labour relations and independence for India, and his support of Edward VIII. His reputation was one of an aggressive, imperialistic, unstatesmanlike bungler. Nevertheless his fervent championing of rearmament made him the automatic choice for Prime Minister when WWII started.

Coward, Noel (1899-1973): The leading playwright and brilliant satirist, Coward did much to expose the hypocrisy and incompetence of the older generation. Possibly a homosexual himself, his plays and musicals often featured unconventional subjects and scandalous behaviour.

Crowley, Aleister (1875-1947): The premier sorcerer of the age. See the section on the Occult.

Cunard, Nancy (1896-1965): Nancy was a leading society hostess amongst the younger generation. She became a patron of many authors and poets amongst the 'Bright Young Things'. Her love affair with black jazz singer, Henry Crowder, scandalised 'polite' society.

Driberg, Tom (1905-1976): In 1928, Driberg joined the staff of the *Daily Express*. As the principal writer of the 'William Hickey' column, he became the leading gossip writer in the country. Through his column, and similar ones in other papers, the bizarre activities of the upper classes became general public knowledge.

Edward VIII (1894-1972): A personable and kind-hearted young man, Edward was never cut out to be King. Perhaps it is as well he abdicated, for his concern for the poor could well have brought him into frequent conflict with the Government.

Elizabeth II (1926-): Unlike her children, the present British Queen was educated privately with only her younger sister, Margaret, and a few well-chosen friends for company. It is thus unlikely that investigators will encounter her.

Evans, Sir Arthur (1851-1941): Educated at Harrow and Brasenose College, Oxford, Evans became keeper of Oxford's Ashmolean Museum in 1884. Between 1899 and 1930 he worked on excavations at Knossos in Crete, the supposed site of the palace of the legendary King Minos.

Fleming, Sir Alexander (1881-1955): A doctor and pioneer of chemotherapy, Fleming discovered penicillin in 1928 when he accidentally left a bacterial culture dish uncovered. Unfortunately he was unable to find a means of mass producing the drug and it was not until after the work of Florey and Chain during WWII that it became generally available.

Fortune, Dion (real name Violet Mary Worth) (????-1946): A former member of the Golden Dawn, she founded her own magical society, the Fraternity of Inner Light, based at 3 Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, London. She wrote extensively, producing both works on magical theory and novels with a magical background.

George V (1865-1936): George was the last British king to play a significant role in actually running the nation. He frequently stepped in to help resolve political crises and initiated the formation of the National Government. Despite his long reign, he was never fully trusted by the people as he was the cousin, and close friend, of the Kaiser of Germany.

George VI (1895-1952): Like his elder brother, Edward VIII, George did not particularly want to be king, but having been thrust into the limelight he carried out the task with quiet dignity. He and his wife, Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) began the process of bringing the Monarchy closer to the people, particularly through their efforts to keep up public morale during the Battle of Britain. He took the name of George on becoming king - before that he was known as Prince Albert, Duke of York.

Graves, Robert (1895-1986): Graves first shot to fame in 1929 with his autobiographical account of WWI, *Goodbye to All That*. He is most famous for his epic novels of ancient Rome, *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*, but was also interested in the occult, producing the fascinating but obscure *The White Goddess*, an interpretation of Celtic religion.

Haldane, John Burton Sanderson (1892-1964): An Oxford graduate and biochemist, Haldane performed pioneering work on genetic mutations. He wrote several philosophical and scientific works, notably *Daedalus; or Science and the Future* (1924) which suggested the possibility of cloning and genetic engineering and was the principal source for Huxley's *Brave New World*. He was also renowned as a practical joker, wit and raconteur and an active Marxist.

Hitler, Adolf (1889-1945): Hitler became absolute leader of the National Socialist German Workers Party in 1921, then spent several years in prison after an abortive coup in 1923. During this time he wrote *Mein Kampf*. He was released in 1925, but it was not until the slump of 1929 that he began to rise rapidly to power, becoming Chancellor of Germany in 1933 and effective dictator in 1934.

Huxley, Aldous (1894-1963): Although a mainstream novelist, Huxley's work was always a platform for his own philosophical ideas, culminating in the awful vision of *Brave New World*. After WWII he became interested in mysticism and mind control through the use of narcotics such as Peyote.

Johnson, Amy (1903-41): A short-hand typist by trade, Amy was infected with the flying bug after seeing the film *Wings* in 1928. She achieved world-wide fame by being the first person to fly solo from England to Australia (1930).

Lawrence, Thomas Edward (1888-1935): Following his failure to save his Arab friends from the greed of Britain and France after the war, Lawrence retired from public life. He wrote the semi-autobiographical *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, worked briefly for Churchill at the Colonial Office (1921-22), then undertook two unsuccessful attempts to disappear altogether by entering the services under an assumed name. He died in a motorcycle accident.

Lawrence, David Herbert (1885-1930): Lawrence's novels (including *Sons & Lovers* (1913), *Women in Love* (1920) and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928)), with their heavy emphasis on sex, scandalised British society and were frequently banned. His own life was as rebellious and stormy as his writing.

Lloyd George, David (1863-1945): Leader of the Liberal Party from 1916-30. Prime Minister from 1916-22. Before the war he was responsible for many innovative welfare laws. Despite his reforming laws many of his contemporaries found his methods corrupt and distasteful. His final downfall came over a scandal involving the sale of honours.

MacDonald, Ramsay (1866-1937): Leader of the Labour Party from 1922-31, Prime Minister in 1924 and from 1929-35. In 1931, he formed a National Government as a result of the Depression, a move which the Labour Party did not support. He died at sea on his way to South America.

Marple, Jane (1854-1959?) *F*: A resident of St Mary Mead, which undoubtedly had the highest crime rate of any village in Britain, she constantly found herself involved in murder investigations, and her reputation as an amateur detective was known to police forces all over Britain. Her air of innocence and appetite for gossip led to the downfall of dozens of criminals. She was most active from 1928 onwards.

Moseley, Sir Oswald Ernald (1892-1973): An MP famed for his good looks and habit of swopping parties, Moseley formed the British Union of Fascists in imitation of Hitler and Mussolini. His mass rallies were very colourful and effective, if troublesome for the police who had to keep the Fascists and Communist counter-demonstrators apart. The authorities tended to favour Moseley against the Communists, as he was, after all, a gentleman.

Norway, Nevil Shute (1899-1960): After graduating from Balliol College, Oxford as an engineer, Norway worked for de Havilland and later Vickers as an aircraft designer and pilot. Whilst at Vickers, he worked on the R100 airship. Later, he founded Airspeed Ltd and built the first aircraft with retractable undercarriage. In



The Duke & Duchess of Windsor on Honeymoon in the Grounds of Castle Wasserleanburg 1937.

1923, he began to write under the name of Nevil Shute and became a highly successful author of thrillers.

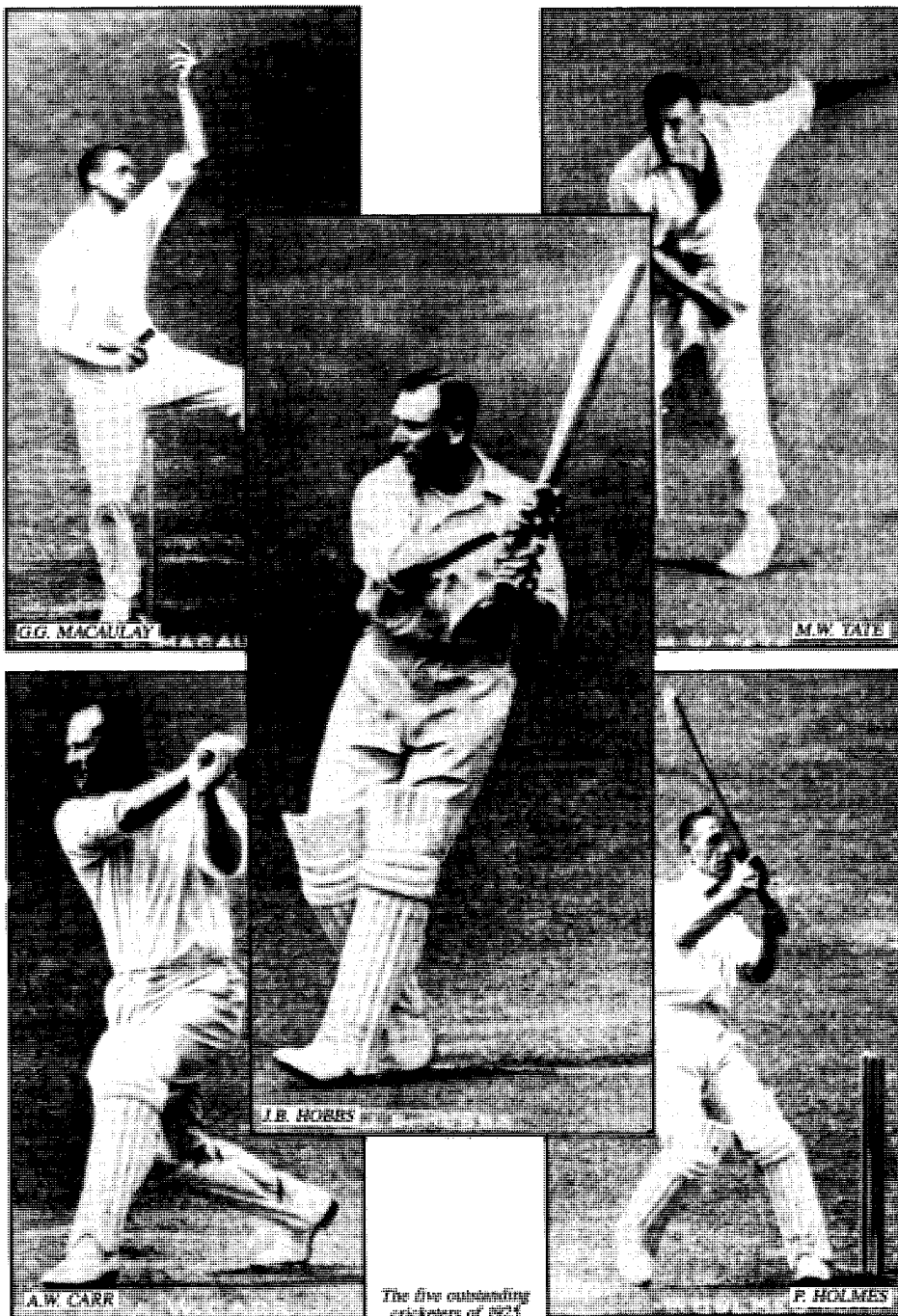
Petrie, Sir William Finders: (1853-1942): Petrie worked extensively in Egypt for many years before the war. From 1892 to 1933, he was Professor of Egyptology at the University of London, and was knighted in 1923. After 1926, he turned his attentions from Egypt to Palestine.

Poirot, Hercule (1851-1974!) *F*: Short, dapper, meticulously neat and with an immaculately groomed moustache, Poirot retired from the Belgian police in 1904 and

began a career as a private investigator in Britain. He was, shall we say, a little arrogant, frequently boasting of the prowess of his "little grey cells", but his British friends and clients found this funny foreigner more amusing than offensive. He hated tea, preferring to drink thick, sweet chocolate.

Price, Harry (1881-1948): A notorious 'psychic investigator'. See the section on the Occult.

Regardie, Israel: A former member of the Golden Dawn, Regardie has published many books outlining the history and practices of this famous magical society. His works first became available in the early 30s.



Rutherford, Ernest (1871-1937): This New Zealand born physicist working in Britain was one of the leading researchers into radiation and the structure of matter. In 1919, he performed the first ever atom-splitting experiment at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge. He was knighted, and later made a lord, for his work.

Sayers, Dorothy Leigh (1893-1957): The daughter of a Norfolk clergyman, she published her first detective novel in 1923 whilst working at Benson's advertising agency in London. This book, *Whose Body?*, received immediate critical acclaim and was the first to feature the character of Lord Peter Wimsey. Many similar works followed, though after WWII she turned to writing theological works and plays as well.

Shaw, George Bernard (1856-1950): Shaw had already made a fortune from his books and plays before the war. By the 20s everything he did was treated with great respect, and he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925. He was a committed socialist and leading light of the Fabian Society, a group of left-wing intellectuals.

Simpson, Bessie Wallis (1896-1986): Twice-married wife of an American businessman, she became the mistress of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII. When Baldwin refused to allow Edward to marry her he abdicated.

Stapledon, Olaf (1886-1950): Born of well-to-do parents near Liverpool, he was a pacifist during WWI. A lifelong interest in philosophy led to the publication of several

influential novels, the most important being 'Last and First Men' (1930) and 'Star Maker' (1937). These novels explored concepts of space embracing multiple universes, and timelines spanning thousands of billions of years. His novel 'Odd John' (1935) is a pioneering vision of human mutation.

de Valera, Eamon (1882-1975): An American citizen, de Valera was the leader of Sinn Fein, the Irish Republican Movement, after WWI. Later he became the first president of the truly independent Eire.

Watson-Watt, Sir Robert (1892-1973): Educated at St Andrews University and a tutor there from 1912 to 1921, he was interested in the reflection of radio waves. By 1935, he had patented the basic principles of RADIO reflection And Ranging, now better known as RADAR. Britain's early lead in the development of RADAR was invaluable during WWII. He was knighted in 1942.

Waugh, Evelyn (1903-66): Waugh (pronounced 'War') was one of the most capable writers amongst the post-war generation. His novels, such as *Vile Bodies* and *Brideshead Revisited* are excellent studies of upper class life during the period.

Wimsey, Lord Peter Death Bredon (1890-????) *F*: The second son of the Duke of Denver, he was educated at Eton and Balliol, and then served in a rifle brigade in WWI. He may have also taken part in intelligence operations. After the war, he became notable for the study of incunabula (rare manuscripts), oenology (the study of wine), and criminology. In the latter role, he was responsible for the arrest and conviction of several notorious murderers, and the solution of many other crimes. He married Harriet Vane, a crime novelist, in 1935 and they had two children by the start of WWII.

Wooley, Sir Leonard (1880-1960): Wooley worked for Sir Arthur Evans at the Ashmolean Museum. He excavated extensively in Nubia, Syria and Mesopotamia, his most famous discovery being the Sumerian city of Ur which he found in 1935, the year he was knighted.

Wooster, Bertie (1897-????) *F*: An upper class twit of classic proportions, Bertie Wooster stumbled elegantly through life from one farcical situation to another, forever in danger of being forced to behave responsibly by his terrible aunts. Wooster's lifestyle was preserved only by the resourcefulness and presence of mind of his loyal butler, Jeeves. His adventures were chronicled by the writer, P G Wodehouse.

Authors - Marcus Rowland, Caroline Rogers, Graeme Davis & Pete Tamlyn

Characters

The basic *Call of Cthulhu* rules assume that most investigators will be American. This section gives character sketches and guidelines for creating some typically British investigators. Also included are two double dyed villains drawn from the popular fiction of the time. Much of the original text was published in *White Dwarf* magazine as the article *Gentlemen & Players*.

The statistics for characters of different types are guidelines that will produce 'classic' characters of that type; Keepers might allow players to swap rolled statistics around to match the perfect mould.

Gentlemen

"Reporter feller wanted to know all about that show at Clacton; well, I told him to talk to the Prof. All I did was go along for a wheeze, and give that fishy-looking chap a whack with a mashie niblick when he got frisky. Impertinent little oik; had the cheek to ask me whether I'd describe myself as a dilettante. Dilettante! Makes one sound like a bally *thé dansant* gigolo, what? I sent him off with a flea in his ear."

Gentlemen investigators need to be tall, languid and clean shaven (anyone with a beard is either of the older generation, a sailor, arty or foreign; both the latter types are extremely suspect). Educated at either Oxford or Cambridge, and quite likely Eton or Harrow before that, they will be of independent means, and won't need to bother with a job, although something in the Foreign Office could be considered.

A chap hardly has time for a job, though, what with the crowded social schedule. In town, it is cocktails and the Charleston, Boston, jazz-step, one-step and foxtrot (being able to play the banjo and ukelele helps); out of town, there is all the fun of country-house weekends, with shooting and fancy dress parties. Just throw a brace of guns into the old jalopy, bring the valet to double as loader, and away you go.

As far as clothes go, they may still be made in Piccadilly by father's tailor, but their style will be dictated by the Prince of Wales, the best dressed man in England (and that means the world). Winters are best spent at Monte Carlo, and the rest of the year at the family home in the country, or at a town flat or house in Mayfair. A pretty agreeable life. But if an old college chum or tutor comes up with something that sounds like good sport, that may provide just the spice that a true gentleman needs.

Crime fiction and thrillers of the Twenties and Thirties are littered with such aristocratic detectives. A typical *Call of Cthulhu*

gentleman investigator will have average STR, CON and SIZ, corresponding to a tall, slim build. Unlike fictional slueths who conceal razor sharp minds beneath a veneer of idiocy, some gentlemen should be of low INT, the classic silly ass.

POW can be high, allowing them to lead charmed lives through high Luck rolls, and also giving them a high initial SAN. This may seem a little strange, but it does not indicate powerful mental discipline so much as a stunning lack of imagination. Most will have high DEX, representing years of training in ball games, riding and "huntin', shootin' and fishing". APP will be high as a result of impeccable dress and manners and an easy charm. EDU should be around 13 or 14, but no higher. Gentlemen get to university because of their breeding rather than their brains, and they often learn little beyond a smattering of Latin and the Classics.

Such characters will have two main motivations: honour and sport. Honour applies mainly to members of the same class, but can also lead to acts of extreme self-sacrifice. Sport is no less important, and is an all-embracing term covering anything from organised sports themselves, through the thrill of the chase and hazardous pastimes, to outright criminal activities like those of the gentleman rogues of Victorian times.

Being of independent means, members of the aristocracy make ideal investigators, able to take off anywhere at a moment's notice. They will also be well equipped with a quality car, a brace of shotguns and a Harrods charge account. Perhaps the most important aspects of such characters, how-ever, are their influence and connections. Influence won't allow them to get away with major breaches of the law or social conventions (*especially* social conventions), but it will avoid nuisances like being prosecuted for speeding when chasing cultists. In fact, it will give rise to almost exaggerated deference from humble constables ("Beg pardon, your lordship, I didn't realise these gentlemen were with you...").

Social connections can provide a useful way for the Keeper to start off a scenario. For instance, though the Gentleman himself may be a professional party-goer, there is always the friend from college who has dabbled in the occult and needs help to save his reputation. As the saying has it, "If you can keep your head when all about are losing theirs, you don't realise how serious the situation is". Gentlemen investigators are not likely to be powerhouses of Mythos knowledge, but they do have their uses, and playing one can be frightfully good sport.

Players

"Demobilised officer, finding peace incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Legitimate if possible, but crime, if of a comparatively humorous disposition, no objection. Excitement essential. Would be prepared to consider permanent job if suitably impressed by applicant for his services. Reply at once, Box X10."

With this advertisement, Bulldog Drummond (the fictional creation of Lt Col H C McNeile, 'Sapper') began the first of four encounters with arch criminal, Carl Peterson. Drummond is the archetypal Player; that is professional. The term derives from the game of cricket in which amateur and professional members of the same team were completely differentiated, even using different dressing rooms, marked 'Gentlemen' and 'Players'. Drummond and his ilk can be readily adapted to fill the role played by the Private Investigator in an American campaign.

To call them Players is not to imply that they are not gentlemen; far from it. In an era when a servant could be hired for two pounds a week, an annual income of £2-3,000 enabled one to live very comfortably. Indeed, another of McNeile's heroes, Tiny Carteret, could call on £5,000 a year. Players have servants, run expensive cars, and are members of good clubs. What makes them different from Gentlemen is the lack of aristocratic ancestry; above all, they are men of action.



Hugh Drummond, 'Bulldog' to his friends, was "slightly under six feet in height" and "broad in proportion", with a nose that "had never quite recovered from the final year in the Public Schools Heavy Weights". Tiny Carteret "had been capped fifteen times for England playing in the scrum" (ie, a rugby forward), but - in spite of his size - was "marvellously agile".

When creating a Player, then, STR, CON and SIZ should all be fairly high. INT, on the other hand, would not seem to be as important. Drummond and his kind were positively anti-intellectual, not to say down-right ignorant (Carteret, summoned to a meeting at the Home Office, had to enquire where it was). However, INT should not be too low. Although Drummond admitted that his brain "was of the also-ran variety", he "possessed a very shrewd common sense, which generally enabled him to arrive at the same result as a far more brilliant man and, incidently, by a much more direct route".

POW, in the sense of charisma, must not be low, as much is made of such men's qualities of leadership. Also, as with all heroes of the 'Saturday Matinee' variety, Players need good Luck rolls to get them out of the sticky situations that their direct approach often lands them in. They also need to be able to dodge the grasp of flailing tentacles and such like when things get sticky, so a good DEX score is desirable (Drummond was "a lightning and deadly shot with a revolver").

APP can be as high or low as you like; although the nickname 'Bulldog' referred to character traits, Drummond was "the fortunate possessor of that cheerful type of ugliness which inspires immediate confidence in its owner". EDU will be low to average, depending on whether and when the character was expelled from his public school. If the likes of Drummond ever reached the dreaming spires of Oxford, it was probably due to the need to bolster the flagging fortunes of the varsity rugby and rowing teams, and our



man will have spent most of his time indulging in such hearty activities as throwing arty undergraduates into the fountains.

Most, if not all, Players will have a military background and will have taken part in "the last show". This gives them a somewhat jaundiced view of Germans (the 'Boche'). In their view, all foreigners fall into one of two categories: comic or sinister. The idea of cosmic abominations lurking behind the fragile fabric of everyday life might be a bit hard to take, but such cults are obviously of a piece with unwashed Bolsheviks and other such rabble who dabble in sinister conspiracies. Whereas the Gentleman has an unshakeable faith in all things decent and British, the Player knows that they are constantly under assault from foreign plots which only swift and firm action can counter.

Like Gentlemen, Players are useful for their access to a fast car, always plumping for something on the sporty side (Drummond boasted an Hispano Suiza). Most players will have a couple of souvenirs of the war: a faithful batman (who inevitably has a treasure of a wife), and a well-oiled, ex-army Webley. The batman and wife will act as servants for the bachelor flat in Mayfair, and the Webley is a handy supplement to the trusty right fist. Intellectuals they may not be, but as 'Sapper' said of one of his creations, they are "a sportsman and a gentleman. And the combination of the two is an unbeatable production".

Butlers

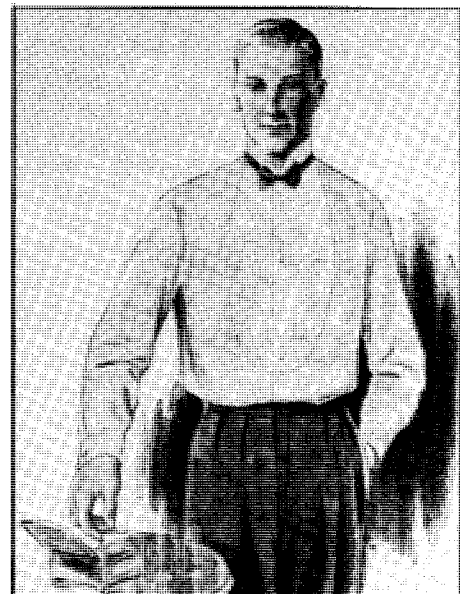
"Dwat, and double dwat", lisped Algernon de Vere Skeffley (Bart), hefting the shotgun by its barrels as the tentacled monstrosity shambled its way towards the party. "Deuced inconvenient time to wun out of cartwidges, what?". Behind him, Simmonds shuddered slightly at the sacrilegious thought of Messrs Purdey's finest being used as a blunt

instrument, and coughed discreetly. "If I may suggest, sir, I took the liberty of bringing along a pick handle I found while we were coming through the cellar. Perhaps you would care to make use of that, while I reload for you?"

More than a servant, but less than a Gentleman, the Butler stood between two worlds, one of the aristocracy of labour. As general manager of a large household, he (for it was always he) was responsible for ensuring that it ran like a Swiss watch, and that the numerous servants met the standard expected of them. He wielded considerable power, and although Butlers (at least the fictional ones) always "suggest", their suggestions are seldom ignored.

With the lower orders, tradesmen and the like, Butlers had a certain way and could call upon an icy dignity calculated to overawe any but the most impertinent oaf. Having often served several generations of the same family, they were permitted familiarity unthinkable in any other retainer. As a privilege of their position, this was exercised in an indirect manner, and anyone playing a Butler should make full use of phrases such as "If I may say so, sir..." and "Might I ask, sir...", together with put-downs like "I am not surprised, Sir."

Although - on the face of it - Butlers are not promising characters for a *Call of Cthulhu* campaign, theirs is actually a profession with considerable scope. For a start, their position means they accompany the master in the capacity of gentleman's gentleman, or manservant. This allows them to act as a sort of up-market minder, a body-guard in much the same fashion as Jeeves was for Bertie Wooster. Acting as a link between servants and masters, they are often in a position to pick up information other members of a party might find difficult to unearth, and they can appear naturally in situations where their employers would be out of place. A classic case of still waters running deep, they are not



only equipped with more than average common sense, but they may also come out with unknown talents at the most surprising times. "Good Lord, Robbins, where on Earth did you learn how to charm snakes?" "When your late father was resident in Jaipur, sir. We were plagued by cobras in the bathroom, and I thought it might prove a useful accomplishment."

When opting for a Butler character, the following points should be borne in mind. STR is relatively unimportant, although a reason-able CON score is desirable. SIZ is not critical, although a Butler's appearance should blend aesthetically with that of his master. INT should be high (fictional Butlers

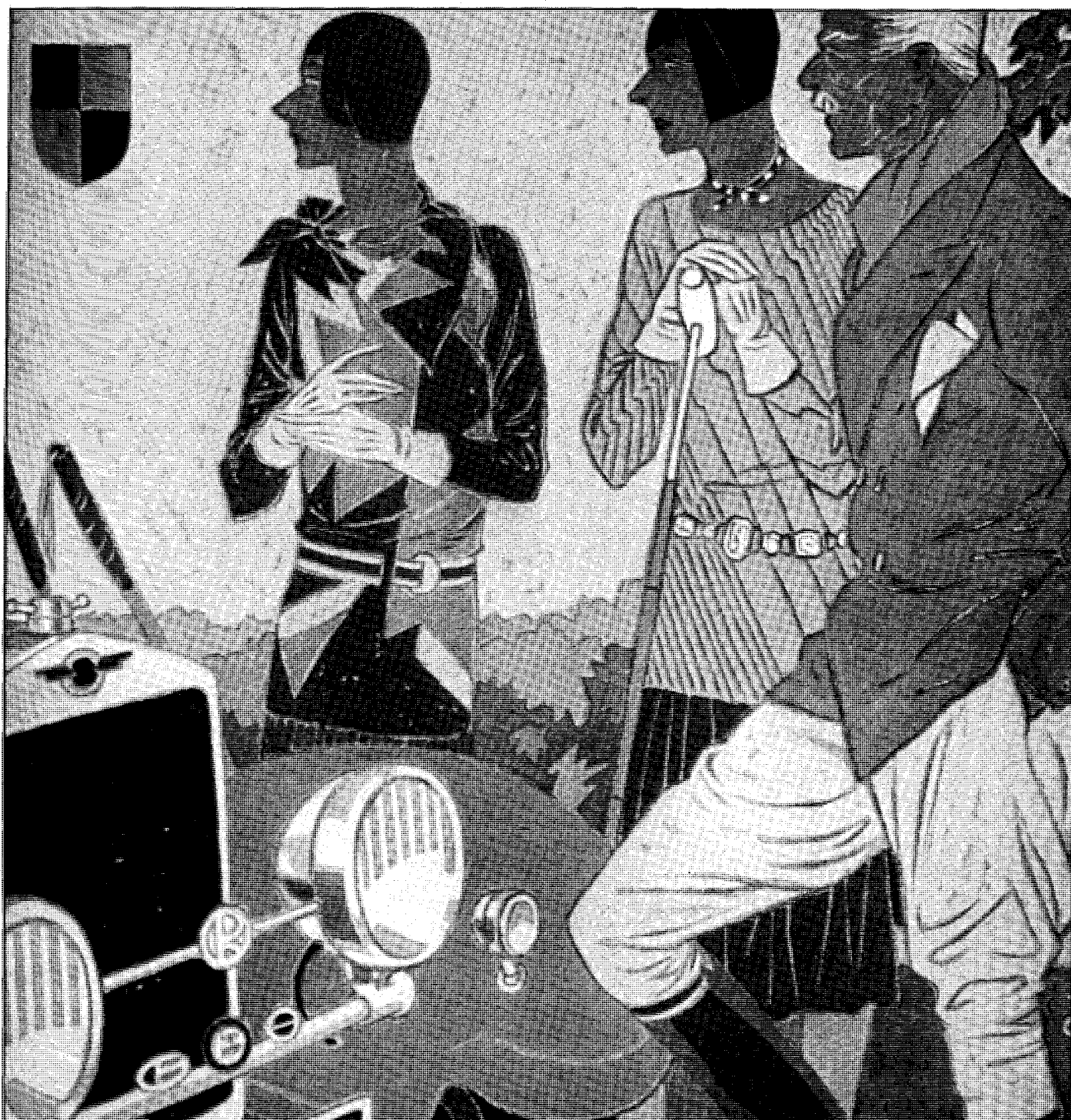
are renowned for their ability to come up with cogent suggestions) but EDU low to average - reflecting minimal schooling, but a wealth of experience. POW should be high: Butlers should be able to shrug off magical attacks, and come unscathed out of sticky situations. Their SAN will be correspondingly high. Butlers share with their employers that unshakeable confidence that the sun will never set on the British Empire, and no amount of jiggery-pokery will convince them otherwise.

Valets

"I calls it wicked", she announced at length. "Fair flying in the face of Providence. Crime,

Denny, - crime. Don't you get 'aving nothing to do with such mad pranks, my man, or you and me will be having words." She shook an admonitory finger at him, and retired to the kitchen. In the days of his youth, James Denny had been a bit wild, and there was a look in his eyes this morning - the suspicion of a glint - which recalled old memories."

When Bulldog Drummond placed his advertisement in the paper (never specified, but we can safely assume it was *not* the *Daily Mail*), it was also to affect his valet. James Denny had been Drummond's batman during the Great War, and with the Great Depression looming and many ex-servicemen unemployed, would probably have been



grateful for the chance to enter service with a known and trusted Gentleman. Although the duties of Butlers and Valets overlap, what we shall here term a Valet is a very different fellow indeed.

If a Gentleman has a Valet, it is probably because father is still alive and requires the Butler's undivided attention. The Valet will be a younger man, trusted by the Butler to keep the 'young master' out of trouble. A Player will have only two servants; the Valet, who is a jack of all trades, serving at table, packing and driving the car; and his wife who keeps house and does the cooking (during the Twenties, the prejudice against employing single people in certain positions was so strong that many 'married' couples applying for servants' jobs had never met until just before their interview).

Valets are typically the cheerful Cockney type, "Ee, bah gum" Yorkshiremen, canny Scotsmen, or any other regional stereotype. If, like Denny, they met their master during military service, they may have led colour-ful, even criminal lives before the war. Parker from *Thunderbirds* is a more modern example of the breed.

Valets are doers rather than thinkers, but may be small and wiry rather than muscle-bound. Unlike the Butler, the Valet will probably be the opposite to his master in build, the two thus forming a balanced, all action team. *SIZ* and *STR* need not be above average, but good *CON* and *DEX* are essential. *INT* can be reasonable, representing shrewd native wit, but *EDU* is likely to be almost non-existent - it is quite in keeping, for example, for the Valet to move his lips whilst reading. *POW* should be on the low side. The Valet's working class background may have been tough, but it is unlikely to have exposed him to any threats other than the physical. *APP* need not be especially high; Denny, for example, is only described as the "square-jawed ex-batman".

Where Valets do come up trumps is in the specialist skills that they can bring to a party. Denny had been a signaller in the army, but other characters could have been engineers, artillerymen or even medical orderlies. Prior to the war any range of lower class occupations, with attendant skills, is in order. Lacking the polish and social graces of a Butler he may be, but the average Valet is a handy man to have about when things turn sticky.

Sleuths

Just as Valets are different from Butlers, so Sleuths are different from Players. They are still men of action, when the occasion demands, but are more (much more) intellectual than Players, as well as being more solitary. They are the classic gifted amateur investigator, of unnerving brill-iance, versed in obscure branches of science and literature. Their services are sought by the Government and they regularly risk life and limb in foreign

parts in the service of the Empire. Indeed, it is more often such foreign threats that occupy their brilliant minds, rather than the simple criminality which was the staple fare of their glorious forebear, the great Sherlock Holmes.

As well as his Player heroes, 'Sapper' created two Sleuths, Ronald Standish and Jim Maitland. Of Standish he wrote "...only the Almighty and he himself knew what his job was... it was doubtful which of the two it would be more difficult to find out from". However, the best example of a Twenties Sleuth can be found in the works of Sax Rohmer, in the shape of Nayland Smith.

It was as a Police Commissioner in Burma that Nayland Smith first encountered the arch villain, Fu Manchu, with whom he was to wage an epic struggle. During this, he was to become Sir Denis Nayland Smith and rise to no less a rank than Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard. Marvel Comics' adaption of the character reveals that he later moved to be head of MI6. Nevertheless, he would still take off on mysterious and dangerous journeys, alone or with a few trusted helpers, to unravel the latest threat from the Yellow Peril.

Working by guile rather than brute force, Smith would disguise himself, even stage his own death, to throw the agents of Fu Manchu off the scent so that he might follow the web of mystery and death back to its author. Sleuths need not have high *STR*, but a good *CON* is desirable to survive the fiendish traps and tortures that their devilish opponents will plague them with. *SIZ* should ideally reflect a tall, gaunt, wiry build. *DEX* can be low, as Sleuths tend to rely on others, perhaps a Player companion, to cope with the rough stuff.

High *INT* is essential, not only for general brainy-ness but also for the high Idea roll this will bring. Smith seemed to spend much of his time smiting his forehead and exclaiming in frustration as he suddenly realised the awful significance of what he has discovered. The Sleuth may not have progressed very far with formal schooling, but he will have a bizarre collection of fields of knowledge gained through private study and experience so his *EDU* will not be low.

Surprisingly, perhaps, *POW* can be fairly low. Fu Manchu was contemptuous of the regularity with which Smith fell into his traps - we can be generous and attribute it to a low Luck roll. Low *POW* also means poor initial *SAN*. This can be taken as reflecting the overwrought imagination of most Sleuths (Holmes himself was given to bouts of depression). *APP* should not be too unusual as the Sleuth will wish to pass unnoticed in a crowd.

Sportsman

Our token representative of the true working class, the Sportsman is totally unused to polite company. Until recently, he might not even have known how to use a knife and fork. What enabled him to rise above the common masses

is his sport-ing prowess. He rose to fame, perhaps, as centre forward for Manchester United, or as opening bowler for Yorkshire, and may even be as well known as the King or Charlie Chaplin. Gentleman may be disconcerted by his rude manner but, good sports to the last, have due respect for his ability, especially if he plays for their favourite team.

High *DEX* is an absolute must for the Sportsman. *STR* and *CON* should not be low, but need not be high, depending on the sport he plays. *SIZ* and *POW* can be of any value, but *INT* will probably be low and *EDU* rock bottom.

Occupations

The above descriptions are more in the way of broad classes of personality rather than actual occupations. Gentlemen, for example, may opt for a life of idleness, but could equally enter diplomatic service or, if a younger son, the Church. The following list gives suggested skills for the above types, but players wishing for a more specific career may choose any in the main *Call of Cthulhu* rules or in *Cthulhu by Gaslight*. *Gaslight* occupations should all have Drive Auto added to available skills, and Ex-Military is not available (see below). Income figures relate to disposable wealth only.

Gentleman

Skills: Drive Auto, Fast Talk, Photography, Pilot Aircraft, Read/Write Latin, Read/Write Greek, Ride, Sing, Speak French, Shotgun
Income: d10 x £200 + £300.

Player

Skills: Climb, Drive Auto, Fast Talk, Hide, Jump, Listen, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw, Track, Handgun, Melee
Income: d6 x £300 + £300.

Butler

Skills: Accounting, Debate, Drive Auto, First Aid, History, Law, Library Use, Psychology, Spot Hidden, Speak Other Language
Income: d4 x £200 + £300

Valet

Skills: Bargain, Drive Auto, Electrical Repair, Mechanical Repair, Operate Heavy Machinery, Sing, Throw, Sneak, Track, Melee
Income: d4 x £100 + £100.

Sleuth

Skills: Anthropology, Archaeology, Botany, Chemistry, Diagnose Disease, Linguist, Pharmacy, Read/Write English, Read/Write Other Language, Speak Other Language, Track, Treat Poison
Income: d6 x £200 + £300.

Sportsman

Skills: Climb, Dodge, Jump, Melee, Throw, Nightstick.
Income: d6 x £100 + £200.



To work out income for other occupations, decide how the character compares in social class with the above types and use whichever is the best match. Or, if you have an income in dollars, use the conversation factor given in the section on money.

War Experience

Any male character who reached the age of 16 before 1918 may elect to have served in the Great War. This automatically adds 1 to his EDU for each year of service, but costs him 1d4 of SAN for each point of EDU added, representing experience gained on the field of battle and the effects of shell shock.

The additional experience the increase in EDU allows can be spent to develop any of the following skills: Camouflage, Climb, Credit Rating, First Aid, Handgun, Make Maps, Oratory, Psychology, Ride, Rifle, Sabre, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Pilot Aircraft. Therefore, for each year served in the Great War, a character has 15 points to allocate to any of the above skills.

War veterans may also choose one wartime weapon to have kept as a souvenir. This will probably be a Lee-Enfield .303 bolt-action rifle for the lower ranks, or a Webley-Fosbery .455 revolver for officers. Alternatives are captured German weapons, either a Mauser rifle (similar to the Enfield) or a Luger 9mm automatic. Statistics for weapons of these types and calibres can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

As conscription was introduced in 1916, characters need a good excuse for not having at least 2 years of military service and are likely to be regarded with suspicion by their fellows if they do not. However, valid excuses include very low CON, a job in the Civil Service, or being in the Royal Navy in which case the character may well have seen little significant military action.

Very few women saw active service during the Great War except as nurses, but those at home kept the country running while their menfolk were away. Consequently, any female character of a suitable age may, in addition to her normal occupation skills, choose from the following: Drive Auto, Accounting, Credit Rating, Electrical Repair, Mechanical Repair, Operate Heavy Machinery, First Aid.

Altered Base Chances

Base chances for skills are the same as for American investigators, with the following brief exceptions:

Credit Rating: The base chance for working class characters is 5% and that for upper class characters 25%.

Ride: The base chance is 20% for upper class characters.

Drive Carriage: This skill from *Gaslight* is available to working class characters only at a

base chance of 20%. It refers to handling of all horse-drawn vehicles.

As in *Gaslight*, keepers may consider modifying the skill scores for arguing (Debate, Oratory and Fast Talk) to take account of social class. To do this, add 10% to the skill for each level of class the speaker has above his audience, and detract 10% for each level below. Thus an upper class person talking to a middle class person enjoys a bonus of +10 (1 level advantage), whilst a working class person talking to an upper class person suffers a penalty of -20 (two levels disadvantage).

Merchants of Menace

Although the principal preoccupation of the *Cthulhu* investigator is the foiling of the plots of the Mythos deities and their followers, the world of the Twenties and Thirties is full of despicable characters, many of whose activities will be uncovered by those prying deeply into obscure goings-on. Such people do not take kindly to such interest in their affairs, and an epic villain will make an interesting and exciting alternative to the general run of tentacled horrors. There are no statistics for the two villains presented below; such characters were masters of so many branches of perfidious knowledge that the keeper can quite legitimately equip them with such skills as seem necessary.

Mr Peterson

"He is about medium height and rather thick-set; clean-shaven, with thick brown hair flecked slightly white. His forehead is broad, and his eyes are a sort of grey-blue. But it's his hands that terrify me. They're large and white and utterly ruthless."

Bulldog Drummond

Like most great villains, Carl Peterson was an enigma. Whatever his real name was, it certainly wasn't Peterson; nor Comte de Guy, Edward Blackton, Rev Theodosius Longmoor or any of his other aliases. Drummond once observed of him that had it not been for the man's complete lack of scruple about the means used to achieve his ends, his stupendous brain, unshakeable nerve and unlimited ambition would have allowed him to rise to the top of any field he chose. Despite the ruthless struggle between them, Drummond and Peterson had considerable respect for each other.

Master of a thousand disguises, Peterson always gave himself away eventually by his habit of drumming his fingers on his knees when under stress; as only Drummond seemed to notice this, it did not cramp his style unduly. In spite of his ruthlessness, Peterson did not lack a sense of humour and, like the artist he was, often added elements of whimsy to his dastardly plots. Needless to say, the jokes were always at someone else's expense. He was also an expert forger, and employed this talent to good effect on occasions when

his methods of persuasion had proved rather too drastic.

The Devil Doctor

"Imagine a person, tall, lean and feline, high shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close shaven skull and long magnetic eyes of the true cat green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present, and you have a picture of Dr Fu Manchu, the 'Yellow Peril' incarnate in one man."

Fog-shrouded streets in busy seaports, mysterious artefacts from the East, sinister secret societies, and sudden and inexplicable deaths - ideal material for *CoCthulhu* scenarios, and the very stuff of Sax Rohmer's many stories about the Devil Doctor.

The principal organisation through which Fu Manchu worked was the Si-Fan. As well as being a term for the natives of East Tibet, it was "the name of a secret society with branches in every corner of the Orient", dedicated to the establishment of a world empire, ruled by a princess of incalculably ancient lineage, preserved by reincarnation, and residing in a secret monastery in Tibet.

Fu Manchu's main agents were Burmese Dacoits, or Stranglers, members of the same sect as the Indian Thugees, who were adept at silent murder. By use of devices such as telescopic ladders, or natural agility, they were able to reach apparently secure rooms and introduce some deadly agent. This could range from a snake concealed inside a walking stick to a drug, a gas, or the Flower of Silence whose touch was deadly. Fu Manchu himself was a chemist of genius, adept at the preparation of poisons, their antidotes, and substances that could produce a cataleptic trance. He was also a brilliant linguist "who spoke with almost equal facility in any of the civilised languages and in the most barbaric".

Although the Doctor does not make use of magic or the occult, except through a sort of hypnosis, the Si-Fan has parallels with references in some of Lovecraft's stories to the mysterious Plateau of Leng. In *The Si-Fan Mysteries*, Fu Manchu also uses as a hiding place a secret chapel, part of a network of tunnels and chambers under Greywater Park, which had in the past been used for the worship of Asmodeus and the celebration of the Black Mass. In the early stories, Rohmer makes it clear that Fu Manchu is not his own master, but merely the servant of some power so remote and terrible that Nayland Smith did not dare to contemplate it. In later stories, the Chinaman worked more on his own behalf, and if there was anyone in the world bold enough to try to exploit Cthulhu et al for his own ends, Fu Manchu was that man.

Authors - Chris Elliott, Dick Edwards & Pete Tamlyn

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Social Life

The Effects of the War

One of the most significant effects on British society in the '20s was the appalling mortality rate of the First World War. During that conflict, a large percentage of the country's able-bodied men were killed. And "able-bodied" is a significant phrase here, for nearly 40% of the potential recruits from the working classes proved too sickly for the forces. This meant that a disproportionate number of the casualties came from the middle and upper classes. The country's nobility was decimated.

A further result of the war was the large number of ex-soldiers who still carried the scars of battle. This meant not only obvious disablement - lack of limbs and so on - but the internal injuries caused by poison gas, and the mental scars left by life in the trenches. The deadlocked fighting in which tens of thousands of lives were spent to gain a few miles of muddy ground drove many men mad. Indeed, some 2,000 of the men still in military hospitals at the end of the war were certified insane. Sanity, in post-war Britain, was in short supply.

Bright Young Things

Following the war, those young people who had survived, or who were too young for the conflict, invented their own form of insanity. The strict and stuffy morality of the Victorian and Edwardian eras was thrown out of the window, to be replaced by life as a never-ending party. Much to the horror of their elders, Britain's youth gave itself over to indecency (skirts above the knees!), promiscuity, inelegant American dances and even drug-taking (opium, heroin and cocaine were all readily available). The young ignored this disapproval: after all, it wasn't they who had made such a mess of that awful war.

Between 1919 and 1925 some 11,000 dance halls and night clubs were opened, mostly in the south. Many of the night clubs were little more than one-or-two room drinking parlours. They often opened and closed in the same week, either because of a police raid (after all, obtaining a licence was hardly in the spirit of such enterprises), or because their patrons had become bored and moved on to the latest fashionable hang-out.

The Depression put something of a damper on the party spirit, and things quietened down considerably during the '30s. In consequence, the fashion switched from parties to politics, with many young people either following Moseley into Fascism or becoming Communists and going off to fight in the Spanish Civil War.

Social Class

Let it not be imagined, however, that such debauchery was open to all. Britain was still a deeply divided nation, with over a million people still working as servants. Working class people were expected to touch their forelocks or curtsy before addressing their social 'betters', and all large houses had a front entrance for 'polite' visitors and a back or side entrance for 'tradesmen'. While the upper classes partied in a haze of champagne and opium, the lower orders tried hard to drown their sorrows in beer.

Although Britain was nowhere near as socially mobile as America, a few avenues of advancement did exist for the poor. An intelligent working class lad could hope for a safe, middle-class life as a Methodist Minister, or attempt to rise through the ranks of the Labour Movement from Shop Steward to Union Leader or MP. The era of the working class pop star was yet to arrive, but sport was big news and outstanding talent at soccer or cricket was a surefire ticket to fame.



Another socially significant factor during the period was the continuing growth of the middle class; professional people with good, well-paid jobs could, and did, aspire to 'polite' behaviour. Really successful businessmen (many of them thanks to ruthless profiteering during the war) could better the lower nobility in wealth, and there was considerable rivalry between the true aristocrats and the industrial 'nouveau riche'. Whether or not you could trace your ancestry back to the Norman invasion of 1066 could be a very important social question.

The Emancipation of Women

The 1919 Act which finally gave the vote to women marked the effective end of the Suffragette movement as a national force. Nevertheless, the battle was by no means won. It was another 9 years before the age at

which men and women could vote was equalised, and even then the daily papers doubted that young "flappers" had enough sense to use their new-found power. Also, there was considerable discrimination in what jobs women could take and what they were paid for them, despite the fact that the war had proved that women were well capable of all aspects of industrial work. Many British people, both male and female, firmly believed that a wife was the property of her husband rather than an equal partner.

An interesting phenomenon to note was the trend towards unisex fashion during the '20s. Women wore their hair short and tried hard to look flat-chested. Men wore no facial hair. Dandyism was common amongst the upper classes and homosexuality was rife in Eton and Oxford.

Religion

Although the strict morality of Victorian times was badly shaken by the activities of the 'Bright Young Things', the Britain of the '20s and '30s was still a much more religious society than it is today. True, things were going badly for the churches; the rapid advances in science, Darwinism in particular, and the seemingly pointless slaughter of the Great War had badly shaken men's faith in God, but Britain was still very much a Christian country and a sizeable percentage of the population attended church regularly every Sunday.

The vast majority of the upper classes were members of the Protestant Church of England, but the working classes - particularly in Wales and the North East - preferred the less class-conscious 'non-conformist' religions, particularly the Methodist sects (which united in 1932, largely due to falling membership). Catholicism had been freed of legal discrimination for a century, but suspicion and hatred of Catholics amongst staunch Protestants was still rife, a situation which the goings-on in Ireland did nothing to relieve. Where large Catholic populations existed, rivalry was often fought out on the football field with cities such as Liverpool and Glasgow having one Catholic team and one Protestant one.

The situation in Scotland was quite different from the rest of the country. As with so many other institutions, Scotland had its own Protestant church, split into several rival sects. Some of the more extreme of these groups were almost unimaginably strict in their moral codes.

Authors - Andy Bradbury & Pete Tamlyn

Communications

Postage

The postal service in the '20s and '30s was much better than it is today. Letter post was cheap and there were several deliveries a day. It was quite possible to post a letter from London to Reading in the morning and receive a reply late in the afternoon. Foreign mail was somewhat more unreliable due to the lack of a comprehensive airmail service.

The fastest way to send a message from one place to another was by telegram. This service was still efficient and reliable, though it was steadily being abandoned in favour of telephones throughout the period.

Prices:

Letters	1½d for the first 2 oz; ½d per oz thereafter
Empire & US	½d for the first 1 oz; 1d per 1 oz thereafter
Foreign	2½d for the first 1 oz; 1½d per 1 oz thereafter
Parcels	6d for 2 lb; 9d for 5 lb; 1s for 8 lb
Telegrams	1s for the first 12 words (including address) then 1d for each extra word. There was a 6d surcharge on Sundays and bank Holidays.

Telephones

The number of telephones in use in Britain was far less than that in the USA at the same time, though it was increasing steadily. In 1928, a third of all telephones in the country were in London, and even in the capital there was only one phone per 7.7 people. At that time Britain managed an average of 28.6 calls per person per year.

Making a call was not easy either. Automatic exchanges were rare: you often had to phone the operator and ask to be connected to the number you wanted.

Newspapers

Daily Newspapers were commonplace by 1919 and there were many to choose from. They ranging from cheap tabloids at ½d or 1d to the mighty *Times* at 2d. Aside from the *Times*, which was the only paper a gentleman need consider, other titles on offer (and their allegiances) included:

The Daily Telegraph (businessmen);
The Morning Post
 (Imperialist Conservative);
The Daily News and Daily Chronicle
 (Liberal);
The Daily Mail (Independent Tabloid);
John Bull (Horatio Bottomley);
The Daily Express (Lord Beaverbrook);
The Daily Herald (Labour).

Sunday papers such as *The Observer*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Sunday Express* and *The News of the World* were also available. The

social activities of the upper classes were reported in the weekly magazine, *Tatler*.

Despite the profusion of titles, the news in different papers could often be identical word for word. This was because the smaller papers could not afford lots of reporters, and therefore they re-printed Reuters reports verbatim. However, the use of telegraphy and radio made even the foreign news fairly up to date.

Radio & Television

The BBC, founded in October 1922, very quickly became a major source of news, information and entertainment. Its first Director, John (later Lord) Reith was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and it was his strict moral outlook which moulded the BBC's reputation for impartiality, standard pronunciation and stuffiness. Reith insisted on even his radio news reporters wearing dinner jackets! From September 1923 onwards, details of all BBC programs could be found in its weekly magazine, *Radio Times* (2d).

Initially, most radio programmes were musical, but they quickly expanded to include religious material, drama, informative talks and *Children's Hour*. News broadcasts were not allowed before 7.00pm, a concession to worried newspaper owners. One of the most popular light entertainment shows was *Music Hall* which featured well known variety artists.

Although television got going very soon after radio it did not gain pre-eminence until after WW2. The early TV broadcasts were very strange events as the equipment of the time required the performers to sit in blacked-out studios scanned by an intense beam of light. The studio make-up included red patches under the eyes and blue lips.

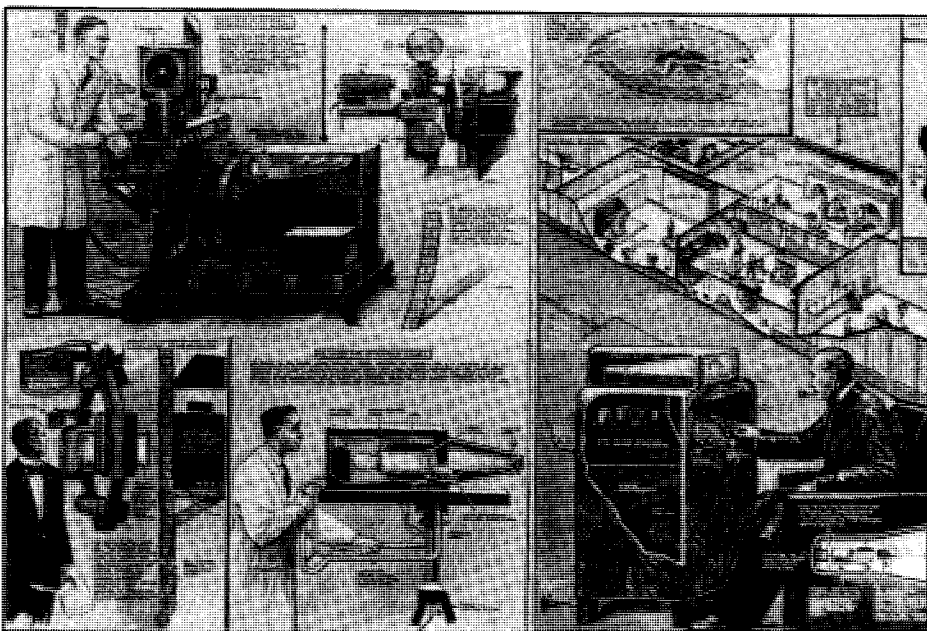
Principal Libraries

The following list gives the principal British libraries containing material likely to be of interest to Cthulhu investigators:

The British Museum (Bloomsbury, London);
 The National Library of Scotland (Edinburgh, founded 1925);
 The Bodleian Library, Oxford (good for oriental manuscripts);
 The University Library, Cambridge;
 Trinity College Library, Cambridge;
 The Cathedral Libraries of Durham, York, Exeter and Hereford (Exeter specialises in Saxon works whilst Hereford has a superb, if small collection of ancient Bibles, Greek, Roman and Arabic books);
 John Rylands Library (Deansgate, Manchester);
 The Society of Antiquaries (Archaeology - Burlington House, London)
 The Royal Geographical Society (Maps - London);
 The Theosophical Society (Occult - Bedford Square, London; 45 Lancaster Gate after 1931).

We should also mention the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. Though it pains the English to admit it, the French National Library has possibly the best collection of ancient manuscripts in the world, thanks to Napoleon's acquisitiveness. The only rival is the Vatican, which will not be open to investigators.

Author - Pete Tamlyn



Crime & Punishment

The Police

The organisation of the British police in the '20s and '30s was very much as it is today. Most counties had their own force, headed by a Chief Constable, although some had joint forces covering more than one county, and London and other large cities had their own forces as well. The county forces were fairly autonomous, but there was some central control through the Home Office. The different forces varied widely in their use of new techniques.

Note that the Scotland Yard offices during the period were at the old "New Scotland Yard", a redbrick building on The Embankment, not at the new "New Scotland Yard" on Victoria Street. The Yard was the headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department (CID) as well as the Metropolitan Police.

What was radically different from the Victorian era was the improvement that had been made in police methods, particularly in the field of forensic science. The following extracts from a public lecture illustrate some of the techniques used.

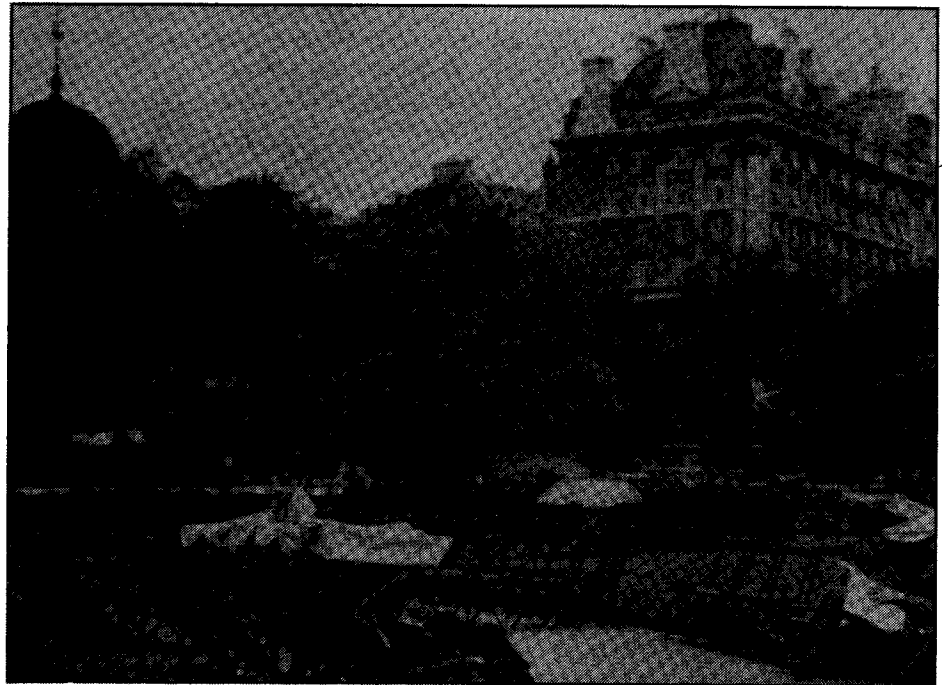
Forensics

Extracts from a lecture given by Inspector Carlton of Scotland Yard in 1923:

"As you probably know, the official use of fingerprints as a means of identification was only introduced in 1901. Up till then we still depended on the Bertillon system of collecting a whole series of physical measurements for each criminal record. Over the last twenty-odd years we've built up a library of more than 200,000 sets of prints, and of course the collection goes on growing. I have to admit that we don't have an ideal system of classification, but the information we have has still proved to be worth more than its weight in gold from our point of view.

"To take prints we use one of three methods, depending on how long ago the prints were left. For older prints, as long as there is some residual body oil remaining, iodine vapour does the trick. Fairly recent prints can be brought out using osmium tetroxide - you may know it as osmic acid. We prefer to use this method if we can, as it gives a clearer result than the vapour. Finally, with brand new prints, where the oil hasn't had time to dry out, lead carbonate powder and an insufflator will give the clearest result of all. Once a print has been raised, a photograph may then be taken for comparison with those already on record.

"Something else that we are always on the look-out for is evidence of bloodstains. Indeed, there is now some talk of human



blood being identifiable in terms of three or four different groups, but this is still in the experimental stage and unlikely to impress a judge. We can, however, prove that a stain is human blood and, with a bit of experience, tell how long it has been there.

"In its freshly spilt state, if I may put it so bluntly, it will be a red liquid. Assuming it has fallen on some surface where it is easily observed, we should see it turn, quite quickly, to a jelly-like substance. Then it will begin to shrink and harden at the centre, leaving a trace of yellowish liquid at the edges.

"After about two hours, the centre of the stain, still getting harder, will begin to turn brown, whilst the liquid at the edges will become transparent. An hour later, the liquid will probably have disappeared altogether, leaving the hardened central portion a dark brown colour. From this point onwards, the stain simply grows darker, and then begins to break down until, after 5 or 6 days, you won't find much left except a greyish crust. Of course, these changes will depend on the conditions at the time - the hotter the weather the quicker everything happens.

"Having found what you believe to be a blood stain, you can take a sample for analysis. You place the blood in a solution of potassium cyanide and water (adding ammonia to the solution if the stain is on dyed material). If the stain is blood, it will release bubbles of oxygen. How much depends on the type of blood - human blood has the most oxygen of any creature.

"Of course, it is not only the residue of human beings that we need to test. Our scientists are just as useful in the case of other materials. For example, the age of a document may be fairly accurately judged by microscopic comparison with the texture of writing materials known to have been produced at the date alleged for the document in question. Even when a bullet cannot be found at the scene of a crime, we can distinguish between the discharge of an automatic pistol (which will contain traces of black lead) and a revolver (which will not contain that substance)."

Punishment

By the '20s Capital Punishment was only applicable to murder and treason. Of maybe 60 murder trials in a given year, perhaps 23 would result in death sentences, and of those half would be pardoned. Women were much more likely to be given lighter sentences and to be pardoned than men.

Corporal Punishment had more or less died out, though it was used on occasions in cases of robbery with violence. Instead, most serious offences resulted in imprisonment. The quality of prison life was in a state of flux between the rigid Victorian approach, with its legacy of treadmill, crank and hard labour, and the more modern approach by which offenders were "sent to prison as a punishment, not for a punishment". How an inmate is treated may well depend on the policy of the prison governor in question.

Author - Andy Bradbury

Entertainment

The Cinema

In the absence of television, the '20s and '30s proved to be the heyday of the cinema. Hollywood was the dominant force in the industry even then, British film-making having all but died during the war. In 1927, the Government had to pass an Act limiting the percentage of foreign films that could be shown, in order to help the British industry.

Charlie Chaplin and his fellow silent comics were the principal stars of the '20s, but with the arrival of 'talkies' in the late '20s, dramatic films became easier to make and a new breed of stars such as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, the Marx Brothers and W C Fields took over. The best known British film of the period is probably *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, an adaptation of a John Buchan novel. Alfred Hitchcock also began his career at this time.

The Theatre

Although Shaw was undoubtedly the leading playwright of the age, Noel Coward's amusing, and often disturbing productions were possibly more popular. Ballet enjoyed a period of rising popularity, especially after the tour of the Russian Ballet with its famous impresario, Diaghilev, and talented star, Nijinski.

Two productions of special interest to investigators might be Stravinsky's ballet, *The Rite of Spring*, and Karel Capek's play, *RUR*. The Rite was first performed in 1913, when the Paris audience was outraged by the violent, rhythmic but quite unmelodic score. The story is based on pagan Russian folklore, and in the final act a young girl dances herself to death as a sacrifice to the god of Spring.

Capek was a Czech, already well known for his unusual satire, *The Life of the Insects*, which features insects behaving in remarkably human-like ways, including the prophetically Nazi-like ants. *RUR* is a venture into science fiction and concerns a company which makes mechanical people. The word which Capek invented to describe such machines was "robot".

Literature

British literature flourished between the wars. What is more, authors found themselves able to live by selling books, rather than having to work through serialisations in newspapers, as did Dickens and Conan Doyle. A large number of contemporary authors have already been mentioned in the Biographies and Characters sections, but there are many more. Here is a short list:

John Buchan, E M Forster, Graham Greene, Christopher Isherwood, James Joyce, Somerset Maugham, A A Milne, George

Orwell, J B Priestley, Arthur Ransome, Dylan Thomas, Edgar Wallace, Hugh Walpole, Virginia Woolf.

Sport

Most of Britain's major sporting institutions were founded during the later half of the 19th Century and, by 1919, were well est-ablished. Although rugby was the preferred winter game of the upper classes and horse racing was a great spectator sport, the national pastimes of the country were undoubtedly football (soccer) and cricket. They also provided one of the few means whereby a working class man could achieve fame and fortune.

In cricket, the county championship was more or less identical to that which exists today, although one-day matches were unknown. Regular tests were played against South Africa, the West Indies, India and New Zealand, but by far the most important confrontation was that between England and Australia.

Although Australia's Don Bradman was the premier cricketer of the age, he by no means had things his own way. English batsmen such as Jack Hobbs and Len Hutton were just as capable of getting big scores, indeed Hutton made 364 out of England's massive total of 903 at The Oval in 1938. As with today, fast bowlers were much in the news. The infamous 'bodyline' series of 1932-33 became notorious because of the alleged tactics of the English bowlers, Larwood and Voce, of bowling at the Australian batsmen rather than at the wickets.

The influence of cricket over the English aristocracy should not be underestimated. *Wisden*, the cricket yearbook, sold almost as well as the Bible, and it is quite in character for an English investigator to delay his enquiries for a day or two if there is a test match on nearby.

The major soccer clubs of the period were fairly much the same as they are today, though some famous names such as West Ham Utd., Blackburn Rovers and Preston North End have since sunk into obscurity. Only Arsenal have always been in the First Division, and mighty Manchester United came within one point of being relegated

from Division 2 in 1934. The Third Division was founded in 1920, but the following year was expanded and split into one section for the north and one for the south. There was no Fourth Division.

The outstanding players of the period were William 'Dixie' Dean (Everton 1925-38) and Sir Stanley Matthews (Stoke City 1931-47). Dean scored 12 goals in his first 5 matches for England, and 60 for Everton in their championship-winning season of 1927-28.

Author - Pete Tamlyn



Don Bradman — July 19 1930
A Slip, A Hit, and the crowd's ovation:
The young man from New South Wales.

A SLIP, A HIT, AND THE CROWD'S OVATION: THE YOUNG MAN FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

The personal success of Bradman somewhat outweighed the team interest in the third Test match at Leeds, at any rate during the first innings. The progress of the total of 334 from this young player was thus :—102 runs in ninety-six minutes, his double century in two hundred and twenty minutes, and a score of 309 at the end of the first day's play. The great question raised by Don Bradman's remarkable innings (following, as it does, on 131 and 254 in the first and second Tests) is what will happen to Australia when their great scorer fails to find his form, which must sooner or later happen. Except perhaps Woodfull, there is no member of the visiting team who, on his form so far, can be absolutely relied upon to make runs against Larwood, Tate, or some of our other bowlers.

Seeing

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Public Health

Seeing the Doctor

The National Health Service as we now know it did not come into existence until after WWII. There were some provisions to help the poor in case of need, but a wealthy Briton of the period would have had a private doctor, and probably paid for medical treatment for his servants as well, particularly if they were valued employees. The poor relied on government aid.

In 1911, the Liberal government brought in a National Insurance system. This was compulsory, but it applied only to workers who earned less than £160 a year. Under the scheme, workers and their families were entitled to free use of a General Practitioner, sickness benefit for up to 26 weeks a year if they were too ill to work, and maternity benefit. Anything serious that required specialist treatment still had to be paid for.

In order to save government money, Lloyd George, who was in charge of setting up the scheme, choose to administer it through Friendly Societies. These organisations were founded in previous centuries as a means of providing medical insurance for the poor. Members of a Friendly Society would pay a few pence a week into the society fund and, in return, the society looked after them and their families if they fell sick. The principal societies were the Oddfellows, Foresters, Rechabites, Hearts of Oak and National Deposit. Some of them were purely financial in nature, but others had a social side and were run in a similar way to Freemasons.

Running National Insurance through the Friendly Societies proved to be something of a mistake. Whilst some were very well run and, through clever investments, were able to pay their members more than the government stipulated, other societies were less efficient and proved unable to pay the statutory amount. Working class characters who need to visit the doctor will be asked which Friendly Society they are insured through before they can receive their free treatment.

Besides National Insurance, the Liberal government also introduced several other reforms aimed at helping the poor. These included old age pensions, free meals for needy children and unemployment benefit. Again, all of these benefits were available only to the very poor (perhaps a third of the population) rather than to the country as a whole. Anyone rich enough to be an investigator is unlikely to be covered.

The general health of the public, although far by today's standards, was greatly improved. Diseases such as typhoid, cholera and malaria were well under control, and the main threats came from scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, pneumonia and

heart Disease. Cancer was on the increase, but was nowhere near the major problem it is today.

The Temperance Movement

Temperance (abstaining from alcohol) was quite popular during the period, although there was no government prohibition in the UK as there was in the USA. No figures are available for membership of the Temperance Society, but it was sufficiently important for George V and Queen Mary to be its patrons. Lady Astor was also a prominent Temperance campaigner - indeed, she introduced the 1923 Bill that raised the minimum drinking age from 16 to 18. Perhaps because of all this eminent support for Temperance, licencing hours were fairly short by 19th Century standards.

Before the Great War, pubs were allowed to remain open for 17 hours a day (19 hours in London). The wartime Government reduced this to 5½ hours due to the emergency, but when the war was over it took until 1921 for the situation to be changed, and even then only 8 hours a day were permitted (9 in London). A large number of hotels, particularly in Wales and Scotland, were 'temperance houses', ie, they did not serve alcohol. Investigators who are fond of a tipples would be well advised to check on this before booking a room.

Asylums

The Lunacy Act of 1890 established the basis on which all insane asylums were administered during the '20s. The theory behind this Act was that lunacy was largely a legal problem - the insane needed to be put away to protect society, and for their own safety. Accordingly, asylum conditions were



That was the cry of a little girl in St. John's Hospital. It illustrates the fact that a sufferer from skin complaints is too often regarded as a nuisance—to be shunned—than someone to be helped.

Won't you sympathise and help to provide necessary skilled attention and treatment for these sufferers?

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL
for Diseases of the Skin,
49, Leicester Square, W.C.2.
PATRONESS—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
TREATS 1,000 PATIENTS WEEKLY.
Patients are seen at 49, Leicester Square, every afternoon at 2, and every evening, except Saturday, at 6.
Secretary-Superintendent.
GEORGE A. ARNAUDIN.
Phone Gerrard 5580.

very similar to those in prisons, with long, silent corridors, locked doors and an emphasis on confinement rather than cure.

There were three ways in which a lunatic could be admitted to an asylum. An "urgency order" was available on the application of a relative of the patient, backed by the diagnosis of one doctor. Such orders were only valid for 7 days - enough to give the lunatic time to calm down. For longer confinement, an "order on petition" was required. In this case, the relative had to present the diagnosis of two doctors to a local magistrate. Additionally, criminals could be certified insane during trials. Again, the judge required the opinion of two doctors before making such an order.

Patients could not be released without the authority of the asylum doctors. If they were committed on the request of a relative, that relative could initiate the release process.

Conditions in asylums at the end of the war were very poor. There was considerable overcrowding, especially as several asylums were commandeered as military hospitals. Also, there was a great shortage of trained staff as so many of them were killed in the war.

In 1930, a the new Mental Treatment Act moved Britain towards a more medical view of insanity. The Act re-defined the categories of admission, including the introduction of voluntary admission. Voluntary patients could discharge themselves at 72 hours notice rather than having to wait for a decision from the doctors. Certification through trial remained, but the other admission categories were combined, requiring an application from a relative, two doctors' opinions, and that the patient was incapable of expressing an intelligent opinion of his own.

Author - Pete Tamlyn

Founded 1851. Research Institute built 1910.

The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

Incorporated under Royal Charter.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

NO LETTERS. NO PAYMENTS.

The First Special Hospital in London for the Treatment of Cancer.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the Causes of Cancer.

A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, DONATIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Funds are immediately needed for Building Extensions, the first part of which will be Wards for "Middle-Income" Patients, who can contribute towards their cost.

Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. J. Courtney Buchanan, Sec.

Money & Prices

British coinage during the '20s and '30s still used the old system of 12 pence to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound. Abbreviations used were 'd' for pence, 's' for shillings and '£' for pounds, although amounts were often written as s/d, even when the amount was over £1 (eg, 30/6 is 30 shillings and sixpence or £1 10s 6d). Many prices, particularly of high quality goods, were often quoted in guineas; ie, multiples of 21s.

The coins and notes in common use were ¼d (farthing), ½d and 1d in bronze; 3d, 6d, 1s, 2/6 (half crown) and 5s (crown) in silver; £1 in gold (sovereign) and 10s, £1 and £5 as notes. Larger notes did exist, but even a £5 note was so rare that shop keepers usually asked customers to sign it on the back before

accepting it. In 1937, the silver 3d was replaced by the famous 12-sided bronze coin. Remember that coins were dated with the year of issue on the back, and always showed the current monarch's head on the front.

Many of the prices given below are taken from the 1929 Harrods catalogue. During the period, Harrods' position as supplier of all the lady's or gentleman's requirements was absolute. Their telegram address was "Everything Harrods London", and when they said 'everything' they meant *everything*, including banking, insurance, funeral and library services, hire of dance bands, building and decorating and portrait painting. Delivery was free in London and the suburbs. Just phone Sloane 1234, any

hour of the day, and quote your account number....

Obviously, the prices given below are only examples. Everything listed could be found as a more expensive luxury model at Harrods and many things could be obtained cheaper elsewhere. Prices did vary a little with time, but by much less than the variation found between cheap and luxury versions of the same item. The exchange rate was \$5 to the £ at the end of WWI, falling to \$4 to the £ by 1930.

Authors - Marcus Rowland,
Chris Elliott and Dick Edwards

Gold fob watch..	£8.10.0
Stop watch..	£6.15.0
Ladies silver wrist watch..	£1.10.0
Spectacles..	6/6
Microscope..	£4.10.0
Telescope..	£3.15.0
Pocket compass..	£2.5.0
Box camera..	£1.1.0
Zeiss Ikon Camera..	£12.5.0
Kodak Portable Cine Camera..	£25.0.0
Film, developing & printing..	8d per picture
Radio receiver..	£13.0.0
Ball of string..	5½d
Parker Fountain Pen..	21/-
Portable typewriter..	£8.15.0
Handbag..	11/6
Trunk..	£9.12.0
Brandy flask..	10/-
Cricket Bat..	33/-
'Stowaway' folding boat..	£17.17.0
Webley 12 bore hammerless shotgun..	£22.0.0
100 shotgun cartridges..	15/-
.45 revolver..	£2.6.0
100 revolver bullets..	5/-
Butterfly net..	5/6
Naturalist's dissection kit..	£1.15.0
Pen knife..	8/6
Skis..	£2.12.6
Picnic basket (4 persons)..	£7.19.0
Sleeping bag..	80/-
Camp bed with mosquito net..	42/-
Tent 10 ft x 8 ft..	£14.18.9
Travelling spirit stove..	7/-
Gardening scythe..	7/-
Electric torch..	10/6
Portable 'searchlight'..	12/6
Traveller's medicine case..	£2.9.6
Bottle of Aspirin (100)..	1/6
Bottle of hydrochloric acid (1 pint)..	1/6
Church Processional Cross..	£76.0.0
Copy of Burke's Peerage..	105/-
London Post Office Directory..	55/-
Wisden Cricketers' Almanac..	5/-
Dunlop British Touring Atlas..	3/-
Baedeker Guides to foreign countries..	12/-
The Daily Mail..	1d
The Times..	2d

Chauffeur's Uniform..	£5.15.0
Evening dress suit..	11 Gns
White suit for tropical climes..	30/-
Plain white shirt..	10/6
Evening dress shirt..	15/6
Man's shoes (Oxford Brogues)..	69/-
Pith Helmet..	27/6
Bowler Hat..	25/-
Top Hat..	32/6
Cloth cap..	10/6
Ladies shoes..	49/6
Silk stockings..	8/11
Maid's uniform..	12/5
Leather driving coat..	£15.15.0
Tin of Heinz Baked Beans..	6d
Blue Mountain coffee beans (1b)..	3/4
Jar of Robertson's Jam..	11½d
Bottle of Rose's Lime Cordial..	2/-
Tin of oysters..	1/1
Tin of Heinz Tomato Soup..	6d
Tin of China Tea (5 lb)..	24/8
Dundee cake (2 lb)..	3/6
Loaf of bread..	1/-
Dozen eggs..	2/2
Pound of butter..	2/-
Pound of steak..	1/5
Bristol Cream Sherry..	144/-
Cockburn's Ruby Port..	66/-
Johnny Walker Red Label Whisky..	12/6
20 cigarettes..	1/-
Pint of beer..	6d
1st class rail fare London - Southampton..	16/5
10 day Mediterranean cruise..	20 Gns
Return flight London - Paris..	£12.0.0
Gallon of petrol..	1/7
Bicycle..	£5.5.0
BSA 500cc motorbike..	£57.10.0
4 mile bus fare..	4d
3-bedroom semi-detached house..	£600.0.0
Luxury hotel room (1 night)..	8/6
Hotel breakfast..	2/6
Hotel dinner..	5/6

History

The Treaty of Versailles

This was the result of the Peace Conference which met to decide the fate of the defeated nations after WWI. The most important protagonists were Lloyd George, Clemenceau of France and the American President, Woodrow Wilson, and all three had widely different ideas about how to treat their defeated enemies. Clemenceau wanted complete revenge, something that would ensure that Germany could never again invade the sacred soil of France. Wilson, in contrast, was a man of ideals, intent on making a just peace and laying the foundations of a new world order. Lloyd George, although moderate at heart, came fresh from an election which abounded with slogans such as "squeeze Germany until the pips squeak" and "hang the Kaiser".

In the Treaty, Germany lost a lot of territory in Europe: Alsace-Lorraine was restored to France, the important Saar coalfield was to be administered by the League of Nations for fifteen years and the Rhineland was to be occupied by allied troops for a similar period. In all, Germany lost over 6 million inhabitants, about 10% of its population, and large areas of strategically valuable territory. Additionally, all German colonies were ceded to the allies.

If this wasn't bad enough, the Treaty imposed strict limits on Germany's military strength and imposed a heavy fine to compensate for the damages caused by the war. Initially, this was set at £6,600 million, an impossible sum. After the German hyper-inflation of 1923-24, during which the price of a loaf of bread rose to thousands of Marks, the Dawes plan reduced the repayments to cover only those sums Germany had had to borrow to try to repay the debt. This still proved unworkable, and 'reparations', as the payments were known, were finally abandoned in 1932.

The Treaty also provided for the foundation of the League of Nations, an organisation

dedicated to the maintenance of world peace. Needless to say, Germany was excluded.

The General Strike

After a short post-war boom, the British economy slumped badly, with falling exports and mass unemployment as a consequence. Of particular importance were the problems of the coal industry. Coal was badly hit, partly because of the rise of new fuels - gas, oil and electricity - and partly through competition from more modern mining industries in Germany and Poland. The crunch came when France withdrew from its occupation of the German industrial area of the Ruhr, and coal prices fell sharply in anticipation of the Germans getting back to full production. The mine owners announced a reduction in wages and an increase in hours.

Prime Minister Baldwin delayed the crisis for a few months by providing a subsidy and launching an inquiry under Sir Herbert Samuel. Unfortunately, the Samuel Commission reported in favour of the owners. The Government subsidy ran out on May 1st 1926, and talks between Government and the TUC broke down the following day after print workers refused to produce an issue of the *Daily Mail* which attacked the unions.

On May 4th, the TUC called a General Strike in support of the miners. The industries affected included gas, electricity, iron & steel, building, printing and rail and road transport. However, the Government had prepared well and, aided by thousands of middle class volunteers, managed to keep the country running smoothly. Further-more, many Labour leaders, including Ramsay MacDonald, feared the strike might lead to a Russian-style revolution and refused to support it. The Church condemned the strike and the BBC was only allowed to broadcast Government statements.

Despite the best efforts of Churchill and union leader Ernest Bevin to promote discord, the strike was actually fairly peaceable, with police and pickets often indulging in friendly football matches. Nevertheless, after 9 days the TUC realised the strike was having no effect and called it off. The miners continued the struggle alone for 6 months, but were eventually forced to capitulate. The following year the Government passed the Trades Disputes Act which made strikes in support of other workers illegal.

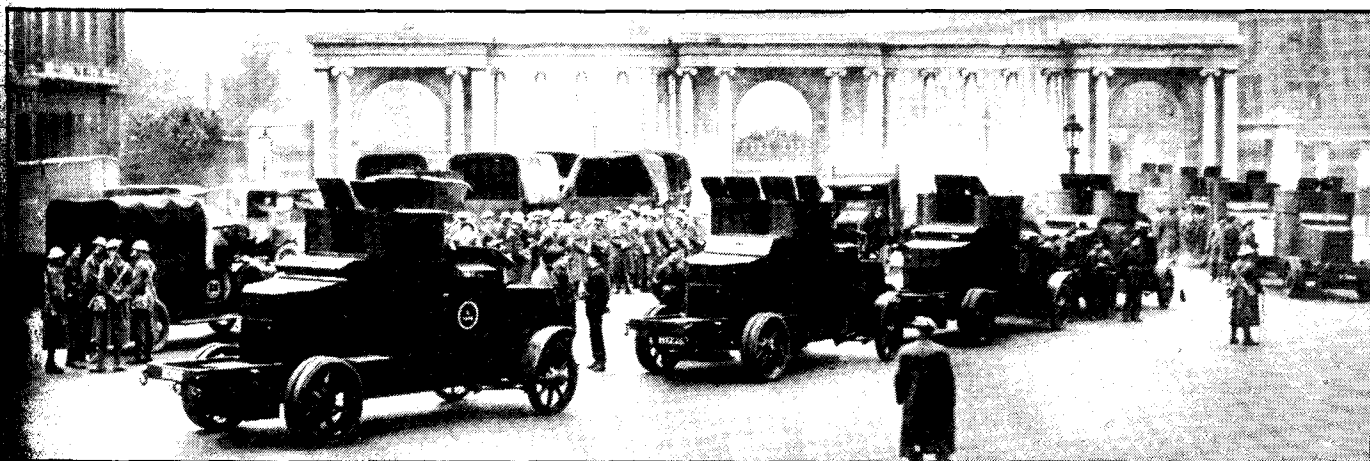
The Decline of the Liberals and Rise of Labour

Although the Liberal Party ruled the country for 8 years prior to WWI and its leader, Lloyd George, led the coalition government for several years after, within a decade it was all but destroyed.

The rot started with the Government's incompetent running of the war. Then Lloyd George split the party by his ruthless manoeuvring for power. The man he replaced as Prime Minister, Asquith, formed a rival group which existed until 1923. All this time the Labour Party was growing in power.

The Representation of the People Act of 1918 was a crucial factor in the rise of Labour. In giving the vote to all men over 21 and women over 31, it made the industrial working class the majority voting block in the country. Wealthy businessmen, former staunch Liberals, switched to the Conservatives as the surest way of keeping Labour out. Once Labour had formed a government in 1924 and people had seen that Ramsay MacDonald was not another Lenin, fear of Labour evaporated and the Liberal vote collapsed completely.

The General Strike 1926.



The Zinoviev Letter

Despite - or, perhaps, because of - the rise of the Labour Party, there was considerable fear of Communism in Britain. Little was known of the new Russian state and many British Socialists openly supported it. The sort of scare that could arise is well illustrated by the events surrounding the second General Election of 1924. During the election campaign the *Daily Mail* printed a letter from a Mr Zinoviev of Moscow to the British Communist Party giving instructions as to how to organise a revolution. The *Mail* went on to state that Ramsay MacDonald and his Home Secretary were among those on the circulation list. The letter was later proved to be a fake, but Labour lost the election.

Ireland

Ireland had been agitating for Home Rule since the mid-Nineteenth Century. A Bill granting it was passed in 1914, but was promptly suspended for the duration of the conflict. A minority hoped to seize independence whilst Britain was pre-occupied, and - with German help - launched a rebellion in Easter 1916. The Irish people failed to rise in support and the revolt was crushed. Most of the rebel leaders were executed, but one, Eamon de Valera, was saved thanks to his American citizenship. Treatment of the rebels was so harsh that the independence movement, Sinn Fein, now led by de Valera and with popular backing in the US, grew rapidly.

In the 1918 election, Sinn Fein won 73 of the 105 Irish seats. They refused to sit in Parliament, instead forming the Dail Eireann in Dublin. De Valera was elected President and promptly demanded the establishment of an Irish Republic. Lloyd George tried to defuse the situation with the Government of Ireland Act of 1920 which created the partition of Ireland into the free, Catholic

south and the British, Protestant north. The Irish Free State, as the south was called, was to be a Dominion of the Empire.

This caused a split in Sinn Fein. Michael Collins and William Cosgrave went along with Lloyd George and formed a government, but de Valera founded the IRA and took to guerilla warfare. Britain countered with the 'Black & Tans', recently demobbed soldiers sent to keep order by any means possible. Both sides committed terrible atrocities, including the assassination of Collins by the IRA in 1922. Overt warfare ended in 1923, but de Valera carried on the struggle by terrorism until 1932, when he resorted to political means and succeeded Cosgrave as Prime Minister.

There then followed an economic war between Britain and the Irish Free State which de Valera finally abandoned in 1936 because of the terrible effects it was having on Irish farming. In 1937, he issued a revised constitution renouncing all links with Britain, giving the Catholic Church a special and powerful position and changing the country's name to Eire. The British government did not finally accept this state of affairs until 1949.

The Abdication

During his time as Prince of Wales, Edward VIII fell in love with an American, Wallis Simpson. She divorced her (second) husband and hoped to marry the new King. However, she was a foreigner, and re-marriage after divorce was, at the time, contrary to the teaching of the Church of England, of which the reigning Monarch is the head. Special provision of Parliament would need to be made if Mrs Simpson were to become Queen and, backed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the *Times*, Baldwin refused.

The King had his supporters too, notably Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook. He hoped to come to some accommodation whereby he could marry Wallis without her becoming Queen. However, with the matter threatening to split the country and with Baldwin refusing to give way, Edward abdicated on December 11th, 1936.

The ex-King was given the title Duke of Windsor, and promptly left for France where he and Wallis were married. The rest of the Royal Family shunned the new Duchess, refusing to accord her the traditional title of 'Royal Highness'. Edward was briefly courted by Hitler, who hoped to prey on the Duke's sympathy for the poor and set him up as a puppet king when Britain was subdued. Eventually, however, the exiled lovers drifted into obscurity. The affair also finally established the Prime Minister as the effective ruler of the country rather than the King.

The Empire

The slow and painful process of dismantling the Empire "on which the sun never sets" had begun even before the outbreak of WWI. The 'white' colonies were the first officially to go, being granted the status of independently governed 'Dominions', and later becoming states in their own right, albeit under the British Crown. But some of the 'black' colonies, notably India, were also agitating hard for change.

In 1922, the British protectorate of Egypt ended with that country becoming an independent kingdom. A special treaty giving Britain control of the Suez Canal was signed in 1936.

The Government of India Act of 1919 started that country on the road to self-government, but was swiftly followed by the Amritsar Massacre in which British troops killed over 300 rioting Indians. Unlike de Valera, the Indian nationalist leader, Mahatma Ghandi, was an avowed pacifist, but his policy of non-cooperation with British rule was every bit as successful, if not more so, than the IRA's terror campaign.

In response to Ghandi's campaign of civil disobedience, the British government set up a Commission and series of conferences, culminating in a new act in 1935. This established 11 native-run provinces ruled over by a British-controlled Federation. Before the scheme could get properly under way, the war with Germany intervened, with the Indians furious that the Viceroy had declared war on their behalf without consulting native leaders.

The Empire — Facts and Figures

Although it existed for a comparatively short time, the British Empire was the largest empire the world has ever known. At its height it covered about 1/3 of the world's land surface and included more than 1/5th of the world's population. The following figures are for 1932:

Country	Area/sq. miles	Population
United Kingdom	94,633	46,540,385
Irish Free State	27,000	2,972,000
India	1,900,000	345,853,678
Ceylon & Maldives	26,000	4,550,000
East Asia	138,550	5,900,000
Canada	3,842,750	9,100,000
West Indies	115,500	2,200,000
Australia	3,100,000	6,570,085
New Zealand	105,000	1,500,000
South Africa	1,238,000	7,200,000
West Africa	600,000	20,000,000
East & Central Africa	750,000	16,000,000
Mauritius & Seychelles	900	400,000
Gibraltar, Cyprus & Malta	3,721	560,000
Antartica	2,970,000	0

Author - Caroline Rogers



The Occult

The period between the wars was something of a quiet time for the Occult. The turn of the century had seen a great upsurge of public interest in things supernatural, and the founding of two of the greatest Occult organisations of modern times. These, the Golden Dawn and the Theosophical Society, are fully described in *Cthulhu by Gaslight*. They will not be covered here as they were well past their peak by 1919. However, the period did see a growth in scientific investigation of the Occult, and the beginnings of an interest in witchcraft and pagan religion. There are plenty of strange groups of people for investigators to tangle with.

Aleister Crowley

Although a member of the Golden Dawn, Crowley deserves special treatment here for a number of reasons. He is, without doubt, the most famous sorcerer of modern times. His powers seem to have been phenomenal, his reported magical feats including the reputed sorcerous murder of Golden Dawn leader, MacGregor Mathers, and the stupendous achievement of turning one of his disciples, the poet Victor Neuberg, into a donkey. More importantly, he was alive and active throughout the '20s and '30s.

Born in 1875, shortly before Eliphas Levi's death, Crowley is generally believed to be a reincarnation of the famous French sorcerer. His pre-war activities with the Golden Dawn were financed largely through an inheritance from his mother, but by the end of WWI he had spent most of this and was increasingly reliant on income from his writings and on gifts from his disciples.

Crowley had spent most of the war years in exile in America, where his bitterness at the reluctance of the English world to recognise his literary genius and the refusal of the British Government to employ him as a spy led him into writing pro-German propaganda. However, in 1920, together with his two mistresses, the American Leah Hirsig, and Ninette Shumway, a French nursemaid, he moved to Cefalù in Sicily. Here he established The Sacred Abbey of Thelema. 'Abbey' is the right word, for Crowley intended his establishment to be just as much a centre of magical devotion and learning as an ordinary abbey was of Christian piety and scholarship. Many would-be disciples visited him and much powerful magic was performed there.

Despite the constant string of visitors, or rather because most of them were not rich enough to shower Crowley with gifts, money tended to be something of a problem at Thelema. In 1922 Crowley turned once more to writing, selling his novel *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, to Collins. The book concerns an

aristocratic couple who become addicted to cocaine and heroin, and who, after many debauched adventures around Europe, discover Thelema (called Telepylus in the book) where they receive enlightenment and are cured.

Whilst not letting on the full extent of his involvement, Crowley says that 'Telepylus' is a real place and offers to put anyone who needs its help in touch with the holy establishment. Doubtless he was hoping for a few paying customers. Unfortunately the book was seized upon by James Douglas of the *Sunday Express* and 'exposed' after the manner for which tabloid newspapers are now famous. Another newspaper, Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull*, also took up the story. Crowley was front page news.

Matters were made worse in early 1923 when Raoul Loveday, a visitor to Thelema, died of hepatitis after drinking from a local mountain spring. Loveday's wife, Betty May, who hated Crowley, went straight to Douglas with her story. Once again, the British press was full of Crowley mania. The sorcerer probably revelled in it to some extent - he did after all title himself 'The Great Beast' and was proud of his reputation for wickedness - but the controversy came to the attention of the newly victorious Mussolini who promptly expelled the 'Wickedest Man in the World' from Italy.

Crowley spent the rest of the decade wandering around Europe in search of patrons and new mistresses, residing mainly in France and Germany before returning to England in 1929. He then embarked on a rather foolish attempt to raise money through libel suits against people who had called him wicked (!). This served mainly to get him back into the Press, and to remind various creditors that he was back in England. Towards the end of the '30s, he finally managed to settle down and support himself by publishing his magical writings and his autobiography (or 'Confessions' as it was called).

As with the rest of the Golden Dawn, Crowley's magical practices and beliefs bear little superficial resemblance to Mythos orthodoxy. However, the Beast's favourite motto was 'Do What Thou Wilt Shall be the Whole of the Law'. It is inconceivable that, having discovered the Mythos, which such a great sorcerer surely would do, he would have failed to dabble in it.

Like Mathers before him, Crowley claimed authority granted him by 'Secret Chiefs' whose true nature he was anxious to hide from his followers - these could indeed be

the Great Old Ones, or even the Outer Gods. Much of his magical knowledge was said to come from his own 'Guardian Angel', Aiwass, whom he met through the invocation of Egyptian deities. Crowley describes Aiwass as a "tall, dark man in his thirties". Of all the possible true identities for him, it is most likely that this super-natural patron was Nyarlathotep, one of whose forms is said to be a swarthy, Egyptian-looking human.

It should also be noted that Crowley's passions in life - besides magic, drugs (of which he partook of every kind he could discover), women (of which he partook as many as he could lay his hands on) and notoriety - also included the unusual subject of mountaineering. Indeed, he took part in a number of prestigious ascents of some of the world's highest mountains and could have become justly famous as a climber. Could he, perhaps, have been in search of the Mi-Go?

Witchcraft Revivals

The celebrated witch trials at Salem in 1692 marked the last great flowering of the witch-hunting craze that had dominated occult life in the western world for so many centuries. The last witch to be sentenced to death in England had been Alice Molland, who was executed at Exeter in 1684. With the decline in religious and judicial interest in witch-hunting came a parallel decline in interest in that side of the occult tradition. Popular belief in witchcraft lingered on much longer than official belief, but by the time the intellectual community rediscovered witches, it was quite safe for them to paint a much more romantic picture than that which was common at the time of the Burnings. Witchcraft was all set to become respectable.

In 1899, an American folklorist, Charles Leland, published *Aradia, or the Gospel of the Witches*. The book was based on revelations made to Leland by one Maddalena, an Italian woman who claimed that the information had been handed down to her through generations of witches. The substance of Leland's work was that true witchcraft was a survival of an ancient pagan religion centred on the Goddess Diana. Although the name of the deity is Roman, the general structure of Dianic belief (as propounded by Maddalena) was closer to the Persian religion of Zoroastrianism, which places great emphasis on the division between Light and Darkness. Diana was the original deity and retained Darkness for herself. The Satanic connection is made through the name of Maddalena's god of light and evil, Lucifer, a word which means 'light bearer'.



Leland's theories were not taken very seriously at the time and might have been forgotten were it not for a sensational book published in 1921 by a leading Oxford Egyptologist, Dr Margaret Murray. This book, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, takes up Leland's ideas and expands them, in reasonably scholarly fashion, into a coherent vision of witchcraft as an inter-national, coordinated survival of a genuine pagan religion based around a horned god called Dianus.

Dr Murray's book was an immediate success, and the arrival of the full version of Sir James Frazer's classic study of primitive religion, *The Golden Bough*, in 1922 meant that the public at large, and the academic community in particular, became well aware of Europe's pagan traditions, and of possibilities for their survival through folk customs and the witch cult to the present day.

Cthulhu investigators can expect to find two sorts of witch. The first will be a middle or upper class intellectual who has read Murray and Frazer and - repelled by the excesses of Crowley and his colleagues - is attempting to practice magic through the cleaner, more traditionally British route exemplified by the Dianic tradition. In addition there will be genuine covens, always in country areas, which have survived intact through the Burning Time and are now probably rather nervous at having been 'exposed' by Dr Murray's investigations of their cult.

Both types, whether their true worship is directed towards pagan deities or not, will be susceptible to subversion by the followers of Shub-Niggurath, whose position as a fertility deity and close connection with woodland and goats makes her an ideal candidate for confusion with the horned hunting and fertility deities of pagan Europe.

Witch covens should always number 13 members, and will meet regularly on the night of the full moon for a 'Sabat'. Meetings will take place in woodland, and the witches will probably perform their rituals 'skyclad' (naked). Standard witch-craft symbols are the pentagram and the horned (possibly goat's) head. A knife called the 'Athame' and a cup are traditional ritual tools. The holy book of the Craft is *The Book of Shadows*, said to date from the 16th Century.

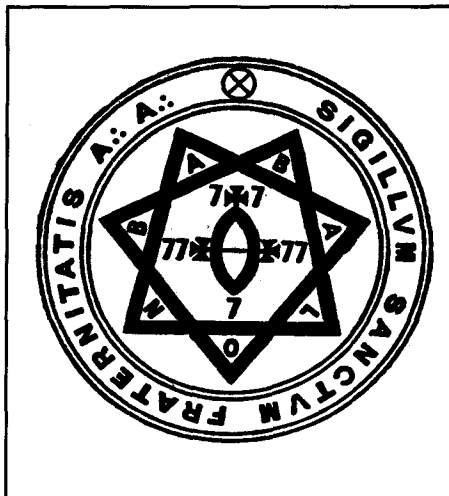
Secret Societies

Many secret societies were active during the period, ranging from friendly societies, through Freemasons (again see *Cthulhu* by *Gaslight*) to fringe religions. A good example of the sort of minor organisation that existed at the time is given by Arkon Daraul in his classic work, *Secret Societies*.

The Order of the Peacock Angel was based on the religion of the Yezidi people of Kurdistan, and was brought to Britain by a Syrian immigrant in 1913. The Order was based in London and, according to tradition, its other founding members were a banker, a lord and three society hostesses. The main aim of the cult was to achieve spiritual strength through the worship of the peacock idol in front of which the cultists practiced frenzied dances at their fortnightly meetings.

With the world-wide scope available through the British Empire, any number of similar cults based on obscure foreign religions could be postulated. Who could tell which was a real cult derived from actual native practice in some far corner of the world and which pure fabrication hiding secret worship of Mythos deities?

Two other examples of secret societies that keepers might like to use are Fu Manchu's Si-Fan, and the Inner Brotherhood of Magicians from Games Workshop's scenario, *The Vanishing Conjuror*.



The Society for Psychical Research

The Spiritualist community tends to hold itself apart from the rest of the Occult world, often in the belief that its work is as scientific as that of any chemist or biologist. As such, it normally gets more favourable treatment in the Press and far greater support from public notables. The SPR, founded in 1882 by three dons from Trinity College, Cambridge, is an excellent example of this. The major purpose of the Society is to encourage scientific research into ghosts and mediums, in order to establish the truth of such phenomena. Famous people who supported the Society included Alfred Lord Tennyson, Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Gladstone, many fellows of the Royal Society (Britain's premier scientific club) and - in particular - Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who wrote several books on spiritualism.

Although founded in Victorian days and very active then (it was primarily responsible for debunking Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society), the SPR continued to flourish well into the 20th Century. The reason for this is quite simple. There was scarcely a family in Britain who had not lost some close relative or friend in the Great War. The mediums' promise to put people in touch with the spirits of lost loved ones was too much of a temptation for many of the grief-stricken people of Britain to resist. And the SPR was a promise of scientific proof that such experiences were genuine.

Like occultist groups, the SPR was almost perpetually wracked by internal strife. However, whereas the Golden Dawn leaders attacked each other with spells, and Theosophists quoted rival instructions from their secret masters, SPR members normally quarrelled by debunking each other. Being a 'scientific' organisation, they needed to prove their rationality by doing as much as possible to try to discredit the phenomena that they investigated. Only if all attempts at explanation failed could the Supernatural be believed to be at work. The prospect of being taken in by clever frauds was the bane of every SPR researcher's life. Obtaining money through fraudulent claims of psychic ability is a criminal offence, and the practice, and successful prosecutions, were not infrequent during the period.

The SPR was (and still is) run by a President and a Council of around 20 people. Membership was 2 Guineas a year throughout the period. The London headquarters were originally at 14 Deans Yard, but moved to 19 Buckingham Place in the 1930s.

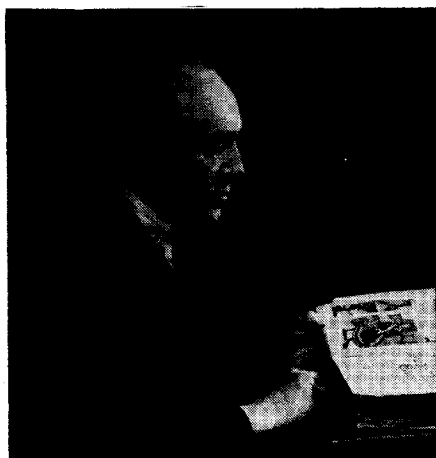
Harry Price

The most famous Psychical Researcher of his period was one Harry Price. Disliked by many SPR leaders, who thought him at best unduly credulous and at worst a fraud, Price nevertheless had a talent for publicity. He founded his own organisation, the National Laboratory for Psychical Research, in 1926 and carried out a lot of work on seances and hauntings. He even dabbled in magic. The *Daily Express* reported with some glee in June 1932 that "a small party of British Scientists", aided and abetted by "beautiful twenty-one-year-old" Miss Urtia Gordon, planned to carry out a magical ceremony on Brocken Mountain in Germany with a view to transforming a goat into "a youth of surpassing beauty".

Price's most famous piece of research was his 10-year investigation into the haunting of Borley Rectory (chronicled in his book, *The Most Haunted House in England*). The investigation provides a marvellous example of how a *Cthulhu* scenario might start, with this advert in *The Times* of May 25th, 1937:

"HAUNTED HOUSE. Responsible persons of leisure and intelligence, intrepid, critical, and unbiassed, are invited to join rota of observers in a year's night and day investigation of alleged haunted house in Home Counties. Printed instructions supplied. Scientific training or ability to operate simple instruments an advantage. House situated in lonely hamlet, so own car is essential. Write Box H 989, *The Times*, EC4."

Price received around 200 replies, of whom he said about 75 % were cranks or gold-diggers. For preference, he took persons of independent means with university backgrounds. He never gave anyone money, so that no one could claim that his workers were paid to see the phenomena. However, he did give everyone a copy of his *Blue Book*, a ghost-hunter's manual, and ask them to sign the declaration reproduced below.



In his book, Price gives a list of the sort of equipment he used to take with him when ghost hunting. In addition to the usual warm clothing, and a flask of brandy in case anyone fainted, he took a lot of scientific equipment. Some of it was simple: a measuring tape for finding secret rooms, a bowl of mercury to detect tremors. But he also packed a camera and flash (with IR film!), a portable telephone, a sensitive thermometer (ghosts cause a chill in the atmosphere) and forensic equipment.

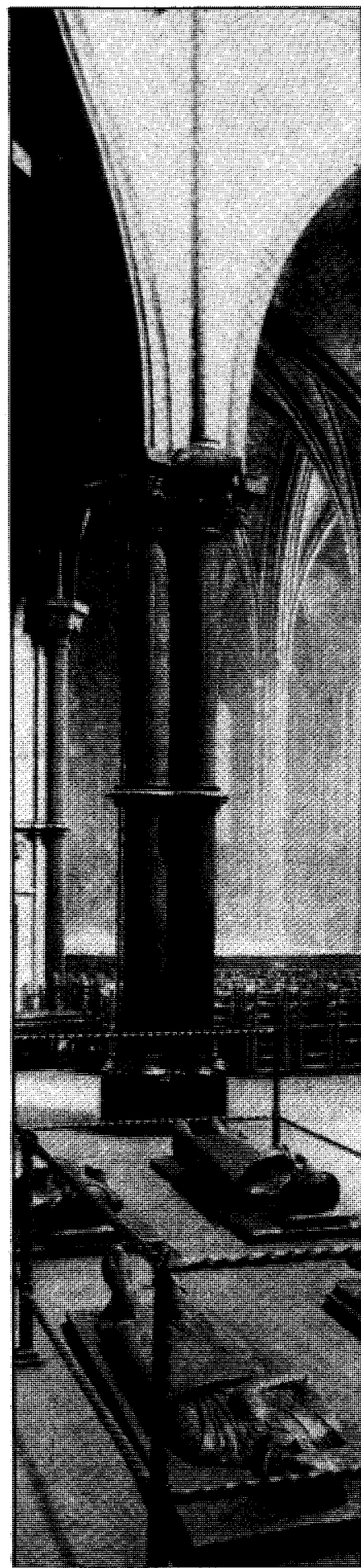
The major scenario in this book, *The Horror of the Glen* revolves around a very similar setting. In it Price employs the players to investigate a reputed haunted manor house in Scotland.

The Borley Declaration

I, the Undersigned, in consideration of having had my services accepted as an Official Observer, make the following Declaration;

1. I will fulfill all conditions and instructions, verbal and written, which are given me.
2. I will pay my own expenses connected with the investigation.
3. I am not connected with the Press in any way.
4. I will not convey to any person the name or location of the alleged Haunted House.
5. I will not write, or cause to be written, any account of my visit/s to the Haunted House, and will not lecture on my experiences there.
6. I will not photograph or sketch any part of the Haunted House or grounds without written permission.
7. I will not allow any person to accompany me on my Investigation, who has not signed the Declaration Form.
8. I will fulfill my obligations as regards Observational Periods, at times and on the dates as arranged.
9. I will furnish a Report after each Observational Period.
10. I will not use the Telephone installed in the House except for the purpose of reporting phenomena to the person or persons whose names have been given to me, or for requesting assistance from those persons.
11. I will lock all doors and fasten all windows on my leaving the House, and will deposit key/s to person as directed.

Author - Pete Tamlyn



A Timeline For Britain and Europe 19

1918 Representation of the People Act gives vote to all men over 21 and all women over 31.
World War I ends.
School leaving age raised to 14.
General Election - Lloyd George Prime Minister.
Murder of Russian Royal Family.
Food rationing in Britain.

1919 Treaty of Versailles signed.
First trans-Atlantic air flights.
Amritsar massacre.
Rutherford splits the atom.
Orient Express re-started - uses the Simplon Tunnel to avoid travelling through Germany or Austria.
Henry Ford opens car factory in Cork, Ireland.

1920 Government of Ireland Act.
World air speed record broken seven times.
Holst's *Planets Suite* first performed.
The Marconi company makes first public radio broadcast, a concert by Dame Nellie Melba.
British Communist Party founded.
First meeting of League of Nations.
Oxford admits women to degrees.
First gramophone discs made.

1921 First Austin 7 built.
Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* first performed.

The Royal Family 1923, on the Wedding Day of King George VI.



1922 "Geddes Axe" - drastic cuts in Government expenditure.
General Election - Conservatives win - Bonar Law Prime Minister.
Mussolini comes to power in Italy.
World air speed record exceeds 200 mph.
Tutankhamun's tomb found.
James Joyce's *Ulysses* and T S Elliot's *The Waste Land* published.
Government sets up British Broadcasting Company under John (later Lord) Reith.
Civil War in Ireland.
Mustapha Kemal's rebellion in Turkey.
Hyper-inflation in Germany.

1923 Bonar Law resigns - Baldwin Prime Minister.
France occupies the Ruhr.
Hitler gaoled after "Beer Hall Putsch".
Exchange rate for German Mark tops 10 million to the Pound.
Chimes of Big Ben first broadcast.
Interpol established, headquarters in Vienna.
First Le Mans 24 hour motor race run.
Capek's *Life of the Insects* and *R U R* first performed in Britain.

1924 General Election - MacDonald Prime Minister with minority government.
When Liberals withdraw support there is a second election - Zinoviev letter,

Conservatives win, Baldwin Prime Minister.
France withdraws from the Ruhr.
Empire Exhibition opens at specially built site in Wembley - grand ball in Albert Hall.
First round-the-world flight.
E M Forster's *A Passage to India* published.
Liberty's open their famous central London shop - the mediaeval facade is a fake, but the timbers used come from old oak warships.

1925 Locarno Pact guarantees Franco-German frontier.
Empire Exhibition closes.
Schneider Trophy won by bi-plane for the last time.
British Summer Time instituted.
Pneumatic tyres first used on London bus.
Mein Kampf published.
Barclays Bank founded.
General Motors buys Vauxhall Cars.
Cosmopolitan magazine first published.

1926 General Strike.
Byrd & Bennet fly over North Pole.
BBC becomes 'Corporation' and granted total monopoly.
Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa made self-governing 'dominions'.
Germany admitted to League of Nations.
A A Milne's *Winnie the Pooh* published.
Stalin becomes dictator of Russia.
Jack Hobbs scores 16 centuries in one season.

1927 Trades Disputes Act.
Lindbergh makes first solo trans-Atlantic flight.
Trotsky expelled from Russia.
First automatic telephone exchange in London.
Heisenberg proposes the "Uncertainty Principle".
Trans-Atlantic telephone service introduced - 3 minute call costs £15.

1928 "Flapper Vote" - vote extended to all women over 21.
Frank Whittle invents the jet engine.
Scottish National Party founded.
D H Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover* published and promptly banned.
Ravel composes *Bolero*.
Dirac predicts existence of anti-matter.

1929 General Election - Labour win, MacDonald Prime Minister.
Wall Street Crash.
Britain takes world air speed record for first time.
The term 'Apartheid' first used by right-wing politicians in South Africa.
France begins building the Maginot Line.
Heathrow Airport opened.
Pope denounces mixed-sex schools as "un-Christian".

1918-1939

1930 Amy Johnson flies solo from England to Australia in 19 days.
First mechanical TV transmission using 30-line Baird system.
Moseley founds the New Party, later the British Union of Fascists.
Ras Tafari becomes Emperor of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) under the name of Haile Selassie - Rastafarian religion founded in Jamaica worshipping him.
Government rejects scheme for channel tunnel.
Noel Coward's *Private Lives* opens, starring Laurence Olivier and Gertie Lawrence.

1931 Depression.
King asks MacDonald to form National Government; General Election confirms this.
Air speed record exceeds 400 mph.
Dominions made self-governing sovereign states.
First TV outside broadcast - the Derby.
School Milk system introduced.

1932 Huxley's *Brave New World* published.
BBC begins regular TV transmission using Baird system.
De Valera elected Prime Minister of Irish Free State.
Discovery of the neutron.
Sydney Harbour Bridge opened.
Benson & Hedges introduce first filter-tip cigarette.

1933 Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany.
Germany leaves League of Nations.
British Museum buys 'Codex Sinaiticus', collection of 4th & 5th Century manuscripts, from Russia.
World Economic Conference in London ends in total failure.

1934 Russia admitted to League of Nations.
Excavations at Maiden Castle in Dorset.
'Night of Long Knives' in Germany.
First TV transmissions in Russia.
J Arthur Rank founds Elstree film studios.
First Glyndebourne Opera Festival.

1935 Silver Jubilee of George V.
India Act.
MacDonald retires and is replaced by Baldwin - election confirms this.
Germany begins TV transmissions.
BBC abandons Baird system.
Italy invades Abyssinia.
Campbell's Bluebird achieves 300 mph land speed record.
Battersea Power Station built (initially it was only half the size and had but two chimneys).
First paperback book published (by Penguin), price 6d.
ICI scientists invent polythene.



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY'S UNFAVOURABLE RECEPTION AT GLASGOW : THE LEADER OF THE NEW PARTY ADDRESSING THE MEETING— WITH " KID " LEWIS ON HIS LEFT.

Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the New Party, addressed a large gathering on Glasgow Green on September 20. The meeting was rendered tumultuous by Communist and other interruptions; stones were thrown and free fights took place. "Kid" Lewis, the boxer, who joined the New Party recently, can be seen in the photograph.

1936 George V dies - accession of Edward VIII.
Germany remilitarises the Rhineland.
Experimental video-phone system between Leipzig and Berlin.
BBC adopts 425-line EMI TV system.
Edward VIII abdicates, accession of George VI.
First Spitfire fighter flies.
Spanish Civil War begins.
Jarrow hunger march.
Olympic Games in Germany - Hitler uses them for propaganda purposes.
First London-Paris night ferry service.

1937 Baldwin retires, Chamberlain Prime Minister.
BBC covers coronation of George VI by TV outside broadcast.
De Valera finally abandons all links with Britain.
George Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier* published.
First Butlins holiday camp opened at Skegness.
First jet engine tested.

Sodium vapour street lamps introduced.
999 Emergency phone number introduced.
Picasso paints *Guernica*.
First frozen food sold in Britain.

1938 Hitler annexes Austria.
Munich agreement between Hitler and Chamberlain.
Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* released.
'Mallard' sets new rail speed record of 126mph.
First colour TV transmissions.
Biro brothers patent the ballpoint pen.
Nescafé instant coffee introduced.

1939 Hitler annexes Czechoslovakia.
Anglo-Polish treaty guarantees Polish independence.
Franco triumphs in Spain. Hitler signs pact with Stalin.
Germany invades Poland.
Britain and France declare war on Germany.
BBC TV shut down for duration of war (in the middle of a Mickey Mouse film!).

Author - Pete Tamlyn

Fortean and Disasters Timeline

1919 April: A man spontaneously combusts in Dartford, Kent.

June: Captive German fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow; a house at Islip, Northampton explodes without cause.

August: Oil and petrol, followed by showers of water, methylated spirits and finally sandalwood, pour from the walls and ceilings of a house at Melton Constable, Norfolk.

September: 'Airshock' detonations are heard over Reading, Berks.

1920 January: Between now and December 1923, 6 amnesiac people are found wandering the streets of Romford, Essex.

May: After heavy thunderstorms, a haja haja (deadly snake native to Egypt) is found in a doctor's garden in Bloomsbury, London.

June: An adder is found in a street just outside Westminster Cathedral, London, after a heavy storm.

July: Quakes and explosions are felt in Comrie, Perthshire.

August: Eight girls, all under 12, go missing in East Belfast over a period of 3 days; all the statues and holy pictures in the home of Thomas Dwan of Templemore, Tipperary, begin to bleed at the same moment as a terrorist ambush is taking place nearby.

September: A young man, out walking in south London, suddenly finds himself in Dunstable, Beds, over 40 miles away.

1921 January: Lasting until April, poltergeist activity starts in a house in Hornsey, London, including coal exploding, metal implements dancing about, a clock vanishing and finally a child dying after a nervous breakdown; rail crash at Ambermule, Scotland, 17 killed in head-on collision on single line.

May: The first of fifteen fatal accidents on the same stretch of road across Dartmoor takes place, surviving passengers talk of "invisible hands" forcing the car off the road.

July: More explosions at Comrie, Perthshire.

September: A house explodes for no reason in Guildford, Surrey.

November: First Everest Expedition - the climbers find Yeti footprints in the snow.

1922 May: P&O liner *Egypt* on passage from London to Bombay collides with French steamer, *Seine* in fog off Brest and sinks, 15 passengers and 71 crew lost, together with over £1 million in gold and silver bullion.

1923 February: Extensive poltergeist activity at a house near Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, culminates in the death of the witch trying to exorcise it.

March: While Lord Carnarvon lies dying in Egypt, a naked man is seen running wild on his estate, and is last seen on April 5th, the day Lord Carnarvon died.

June: Mount Etna erupts.

July: Pit explosion in Maltby, Yorks, 27 killed.

1924: Train derailment at Lytham followed by fire in gas-lit coaches, 15 killed.

September: Rail crash at Port Eglington, Glasgow, 8 killed.

December: Heavy gales and floods throughout country.

1925: Madame Tussaud's Waxworks burns down.

March: Oxford crew sinks during Boat Race.

April: BBC radio play, *Broadcasting the Barricades*, about a workers' revolution in England, mistaken for actual news reports by many listeners.

July: a house explodes in Lambeth, London for no real reason.

October: werewolves blamed for sheep slaughtered in Edale, Derbyshire.

November: reservoir bursts at Conway, Wales, 17 killed; submarine M1 sinks off Devon with all hands.

December: Great floods all over Europe.

1926 March: Closes Hall, Clitheroe, Lancashire, burns down very mysteriously.

April: A large country house at Ashley Moor, near Leominster, burns down, and by November, 30 other country mansions had burnt down in mysterious circumstances.

August: A wild seal is found in a pond on Hampstead Heath.

September: French airliner crashes near Tonbridge, Kent, 7 killed.

November: Another seal is found in the same pond on Hampstead Heath.

1927 January: A wild lynx is shot in Invernesshire - the beast is not native to Britain.

February: Rail crash in Hull, 12 killed.

March: Italian steamer *Fagernes* collides with *SS Cornish Coast* off Swansea - *Fagernes* sinks with loss of 21 lives.

June: Eclipse of the sun visible in Britain.

December: Rail crash at Castlecary, Scotland, 35 killed.

1928 January: Flows of copper coins and chunks of coal fall into closed rooms in a house in Battersea, London; British steamship *Teesbridge* disappears in North Atlantic with all hands (20 men).

April: Earthquake in Greece, Corinth destroyed.



June: Rail crash at Darlington, 24 killed.

August: Great hurricane in West Indies.

October: Rail crash and fire in wooden, gas-lit coaches at Charfield near Gloucester, 15 killed.

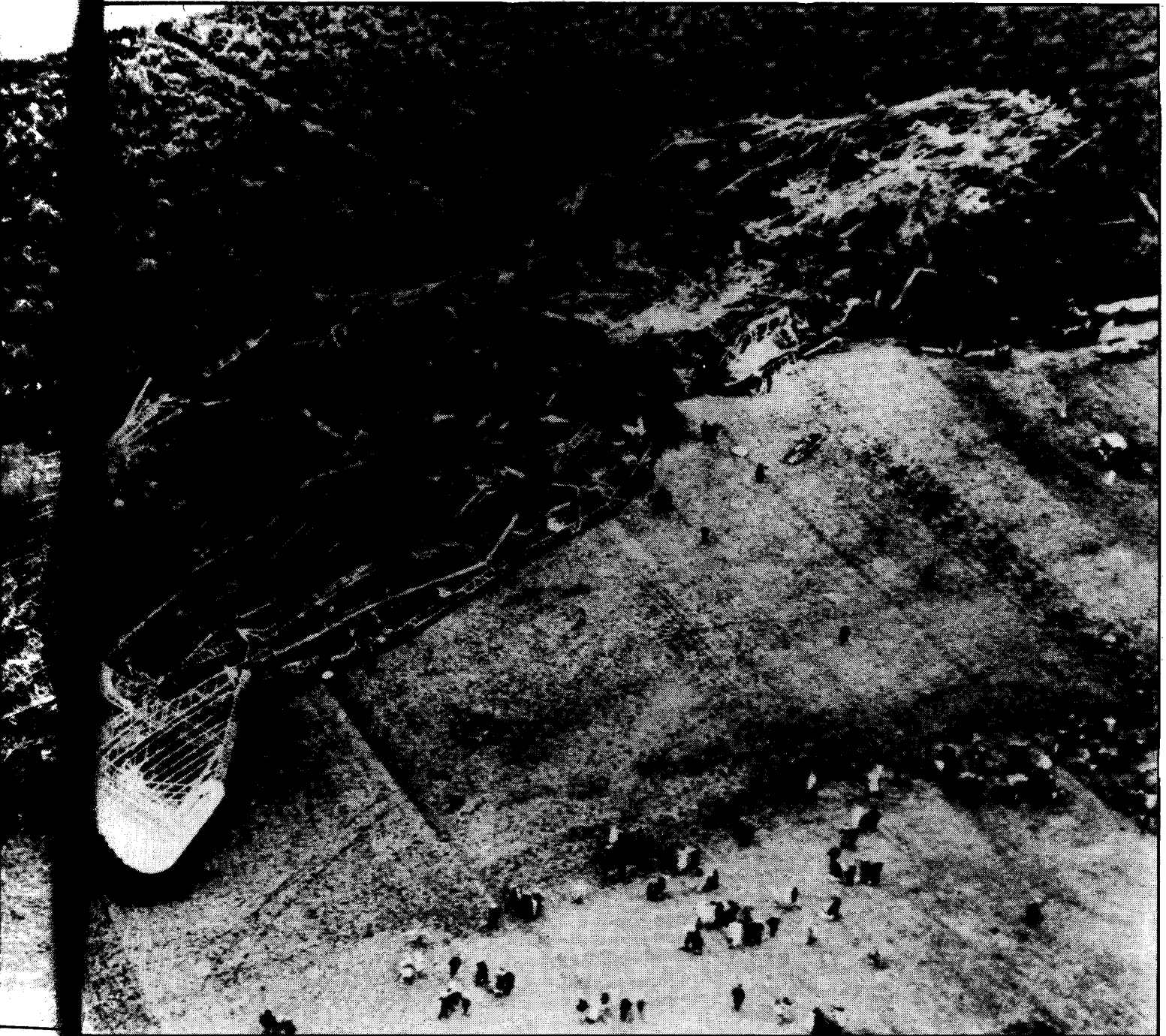
November: Mount Etna erupts; Rye lifeboat sinks, 17 killed.

December: Several houses explode in West London; King taken seriously ill.

1929: Orient Express caught by blizzard in Turkey and stuck for 5 days - passengers have to dig themselves out.

January: another rail crash at Charfield, 4 killed.

June: Mount Vesuvius erupts; air disaster in channel, 7 killed.



The R101 Disaster.

July: Submarine H47 sunk in collision, 22 killed; severe drought in England; explosion on HMS Devonshire, 17 killed.

October: German airliner crashes at Caterham, 6 killed.

November: Atlantic Earthquake, 9 submarine cables broken.

December: serious flooding in southern England; steamer *Radyr* lost with 21 crew in Bideford Bay; cinema fire in Paisley, Glasgow, 60 children killed.

1930 *June:* Great gale, many deaths.

July: Bradman scores 334 against England in Test Match at Headingley, Leeds.

October: Mining disasters in Germany, 300 killed.

1931 *January:* Pit explosion in Whitehaven, 27 killed; earthquake in New Zealand.

June: Earthquake in England; whirlwind in Birmingham, 1 killed; ordnance factory explosion at Holton Heath, 10 killed.

September: hurricane in Belize, 700 killed.

1935: Major Earthquake in India.

February: British steamer *Blairgowrie* lost with 26 crew in Atlantic storm.

June: Rail crash at Welwyn Garden City, 13 killed.

1936 *November:* Crystal Palace burns down.

1938: Coelocanth skin discovered off South Africa - this fish was believed to have been extinct for hundreds of thousands of years. Aurora Borealis seen in Britain.

1939: Rabies epidemic in Poland.

Author - Marc Gascoigne

Archaeology

A Landscape of Barrows

In the inter-war period, the big news in British archaeology invariably came from abroad, with British excavators making spectacular finds in the Middle East and around the Mediterranean. There were also, however, some quite significant finds in Britain during the period, such as the excavation of Scara Brae, Orkney, featured in the main *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

Some of the oldest standing monuments in the British Isles are the long barrows and megalithic chambered tombs of the Neolithic (New Stone Age) period. Many were cleared out in previous centuries, and most had some kind of folk-tale or legend associated with them. It was in the Neolithic period that the first phase of activity at the Stonehenge site took place, although the final monument was probably built much later. A distinct form of Neolithic building is the 'passage grave', examples of which are common in Ireland and Anglesey.

In the late Neolithic and early Bronze Age, unchambered round barrows became the common funerary monument. The bodies were either buried - often in a crouched position, in a stone-lined pit - or cremated with the ashes buried in a small pot. Cremation pots were frequently buried in barrows which already held a buried body.

The people who lived in the Stonehenge area at this time (the 'Wessex Culture') may have traded with the Mycenaen civilisation of Greece (the people of Homeric epics). Rich treasure, including gold jewellery, found in their barrows is evidence of the strong social organisation that built Stonehenge (some of the stones were brought all the way from west Wales). In the rest of the country, however, a bronze dagger is about the best a grave robber could hope for.

In Ireland, the barrows are said to be the homes of the fairy folk, the Sidhe or Tuatha de Danaan. The mounds are supposed to open at particular times of the year, especially Samain Eve (Halloween). When this happens, it is possible for humans to enter the mounds - but it is unwise to do so, for time passes differently there. A man may spend 20 years with the Sidhe, but find that mere hours have passed in his own world when he returns. Could this, perhaps, be a relativistic effect of interstellar travel?

The most unusual British monument is Silbury Hill in Wiltshire. This earth mound is 130 feet high and covers 5 acres. It is

undeniably man-made, being regular in shape and of dug chalk rather than a natural rock formation. Yet, despite many excavations, no one has been able to provide any explanation as to why it was built.

Stone circles are another common monument of this period. Although Stonehenge is quite unique in its complexity and in the 'archway' construction used, simple circles of standing stones can be found all over the county. They vary considerably in size, from only a few yards across and just four stones, to the massive arrangement at Avebury, Wiltshire. Single stones, and linear arrangements such as that at Callanish on the Isle of Lewis in Scotland, can also be found. The ditch around the Avebury ring was excavated in 1922 and found to be 30 feet deep.

That the circles were used for some form of astronomically-based worship is now beyond reasonable doubt. Many circles - not just Stonehenge - have single stones outside the main ring aligned with significant astronomical events. Some writers have even claimed that the circles were as much scientific instruments as places of worship. Theories about these alignments began to appear as early as the 19th century, but definitive proof falls outside the period covered by this volume, and mainstream archaeologists will still prefer to point out that many of the supposed alignments could have occurred by chance. Certainly it does seem very easy to find some star or constellation that a particular alignment points to at some time during the year. This, of course, means that Keepers should find it easy to 'prove' that stone circles are actually pointing to the starry homes of the Great Old Ones.

Additional, mystically significant material to be found at megalithic sites comes in the form of the 'cup and ring' marks that are commonly carved on the stones. The purpose of these, and similar carvings on passage graves, is unknown, but it seems likely that the designs have some religious or magical significance. They may therefore be present to invoke, or protect the monuments from, some unknown beings.

Finally on the subject of ancient mysteries, we have the theory of Ley Lines. These are supposed to be "lines of geomantic power" which stretch over great distances connecting sites of mystical significance. As these are not actual visible lines - like those at Nazca in Peru - it is difficult to see how they could be used to guide beings from the stars, but they do seem to affect dowsing rods, so perhaps the Mythos races too have

means of detecting them. The lines may also be sources of POW. See the section on the Lloigor in the *Cthulhu Companion* (or 3rd Edition rules) for more speculation on this topic.

The Coming of the Invaders

The Celtic peoples of the Iron Age left few significant burials, but they did build spectacular military earthworks such as Maiden Castle in Dorset. These took the form of a series of ditches and ramparts thrown up around a natural hill to enhance its defensive potential. Until recently, these were thought to be purely temporary refuges. Archaeologists of the period will therefore be somewhat dismissive if investigators claim, quite truthfully, to have found evidence of permanent habitation within the forts.

A Celtic legend from Ireland that is potentially significant to Mythos students is that of the Foimore, a race of people said to have ruled the country before the coming of the Tuatha de Danaan and men. The Foimore are often said to have had but one eye, one arm (extending from the centre of the chest) and one leg, and were great seafarers. Such creatures are fitting companions of the hideous beings of the Mythos.

The Romans, on the whole, have left only elegant, regular buildings of no mystical interest. However, they were, at heart, a very superstitious people, and late in the Empire a crisis of faith caused the Roman people to turn to the many strange, new cults found in distant corners of their dominions. One of these, of course, was Christianity, but there were many others.

The best known Roman temple in Britain is that of Minerva (Athena) in Bath, but many, smaller temples and shrines have been found. Often these are built on the sites of old Celtic sanctuaries, the superstitious legionnaires either recognising a holy site and using it, or attempting to placate the gods of the people they had conquered.

A common type of Roman temple is that serving the cult of Mithras, a Persian god much favoured by the legions from the 2nd Century onwards. These 'Mithraea' consist of a large, rectangular room sunk beneath the ground, with low benches along the side-walls and a central aisle leading to an altar, often backed with a stone relief of Mithras killing a bull, at the far end. Most Mithraea known are in the military zone around Hadrian's Wall, but one has been found at Wallbrook, London. An underground

temple such as this would be an ideal setting for cultist rituals.

The various Germanic tribes who invaded Britain as the Roman Empire crumbled have left little mark on the landscape. This is because they preferred to build in perishable wood rather than earth or stone, and because they tended not to build large, permanent fortifications. Nevertheless, they brought a whole new collection of pagan ideas and traditions to Britain. The Saxon epic, *Beowulf*, features a hideous monster called Grendel who lived *underwater*, though his lair was in Denmark, not Britain. The Saxons were also responsible for the major archaeological find in the country between the wars: Sutton Hoo.

The Sutton Hoo Ship was probably a burial; although no body has ever been found, the outline of a coffin has. Inside the barrow was buried a complete Saxon longship and a wealth of armour, weapons and other princely artifacts, many of them inlaid with gold and semi-precious stones. The site was excavated in the late '30s and can therefore be treated as undiscovered for most of the period. Who the dead monarch is, and why he is the only Saxon king to warrant such a burial, is as yet unknown.

The period of the Saxon invasions is also the time at which King Arthur is thought to have lived. Most modern theories have him as a Romano-British nobleman leading the resistance against invaders. Popular legend tends to locate him in the south west of England, and many sites in Cornwall, Devon and Somerset have Arthurian legends attached to them. As yet, no definite evidence has been found and there is no agreement as to the true site of Camelot.

Interestingly, from a Mythos point of view, the Somerset Levels were below sea level in ancient times, and were flooded during the winter months. This is the explanation for Glastonbury, 9 miles from the coast, being known as "the Isle of Avalon". It is conceivable that a race of amphibious creatures would find a happy home in such a land.

All Sand and Goodies

Excavations in the Middle East and Eastern Mediterranean were all the rage in the early part of the 20th Century. A large number of significant finds were made, most of them by British archaeologists. It is hardly surprising that archaeology gripped the imagination of the nation at this time.

From 1921-23, new excavations were undertaken at Mycenae in Greece by the British School of Archaeology at Athens. No



The Supreme Hour at Tutankhamen's Tomb: Breaking The Wall.

truly spectacular finds were made, but objects found did prove beyond doubt that the Mycenaean civilisation traded with Egypt and the Hittites of Asia Minor.

In December, 1921, the first volume of Sir Arthur Evans' excavation report on the Minoan palace at Knossos on Crete, first discovered in 1899, was published. Further volumes and discoveries followed throughout the next two decades.

Leonard Woolley's excavations in Mesopotamia on behalf of the British Museum led to the discovery of the Sumerian city of Ur, birthplace of the Biblical Abraham. The first objects from Ur went on public display in 1922, and new finds continued to make the headlines until 1935. One of the royal tombs opened contained the skeletons of the king's harem, bodyguards and servants, a total of 74 bodies, all of whom were probably buried alive with him.

1922 also saw the spectacular discovery of Tutankhamun's tomb in the Valley of the

Kings, Egypt. The wealth of treasure found in this intact Pharaoh's chamber fired public interest in Egyptology to new heights, as did tales of the 'Curse of the Pharaohs' which circulated after Lord Carnarvon's death in 1923. The public fascination with Egypt affected many aspects of British life, including art, decoration, literature and the theatre.

From 1926 onwards, Sir John Marshall, the Director General of Archaeology in India, conducted excavations at Mohenjo-Daro in the Punjab. These led to the discovery of an ancient civilisation. Also in the Punjab, excavations at Taxila in 1922 yielded evidence of the occupation of that city by Alexander the Great, proving that the Greek conqueror did indeed reach India.

The boom in archaeology peaked in the early '30s, and although discoveries from various parts of the world continued to be reported, there was no more 'headline news'.

Author - Graeme Davis

Follies

Follies

The English aristocracy have always been noted for their eccentric habits, and the building of follies is perhaps the most unusual of these. To describe a building as a 'folly' does not imply that its erection was a mistake - rather it suggests that the builder was, perhaps, slightly mad to have thought of it. Two sorts of follies exist. One is a building on an estate which has an unusual architectural style or use. A good example of this is the dairy at Woburn, the home of the Dukes of Bedford, which is built in the style of a Chinese garden house. The other, more common, variety is a very tall building, usually placed on the highest piece of ground in the estate. The idea here is to provide some landmark which is both visually stimulating and can be seen for miles.

The vast majority of follies were built during the 18th Century, also a time of an explosion

in the building of country houses in general. Sadly, the diminishing wealth of the aristocracy and the growth of democratic local government has all but put a stop to folly building, particularly of the tower kind. Lord Berners did erect a tower on his estate at Farringdon in Oxfordshire in 1935, but he had a long battle with the local authorities before he was allowed to.

Building styles used for follies vary considerably, but a few themes do tend to dominate. Amongst these are 'Gothic', 'Classical' (Greek or Roman) and 'Mediaeval'. Surprisingly, many of the follies were designed and built as ruins. The builders, it seemed, preferred the romantic vision of a crumbling, overgrown 'survival' of bygone days to a complete, useable building.

Although many follies are fairly simple and innocent in design, a few have occult

connections, or are so bizzare that they could only have been built by someone with rather dodgy Sanity. Equally, some follies with very reasonable origins happen to have the sort of appearance that would make any-one steeped in Mythos lore very nervous. In any case, a folly makes an excellent centrepiece for a Cthulhu scenario. A few examples are given below.

The Gothic Temple, Stowe: In the gardens of Lord Cobham's Buckinghamshire estates is a splendid Gothic temple that is a perfect haunt for vampires and mad counts. The building is now a holiday home, but the addition of interior rooms is a modern innovation.

West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire: This estate was owned by Sir Francis Dashwood, the notorious 18th Century occultist. In its grounds, which include a network of caves, he built several follies for the use of the magical order he founded, and called The Hell Fire Club.

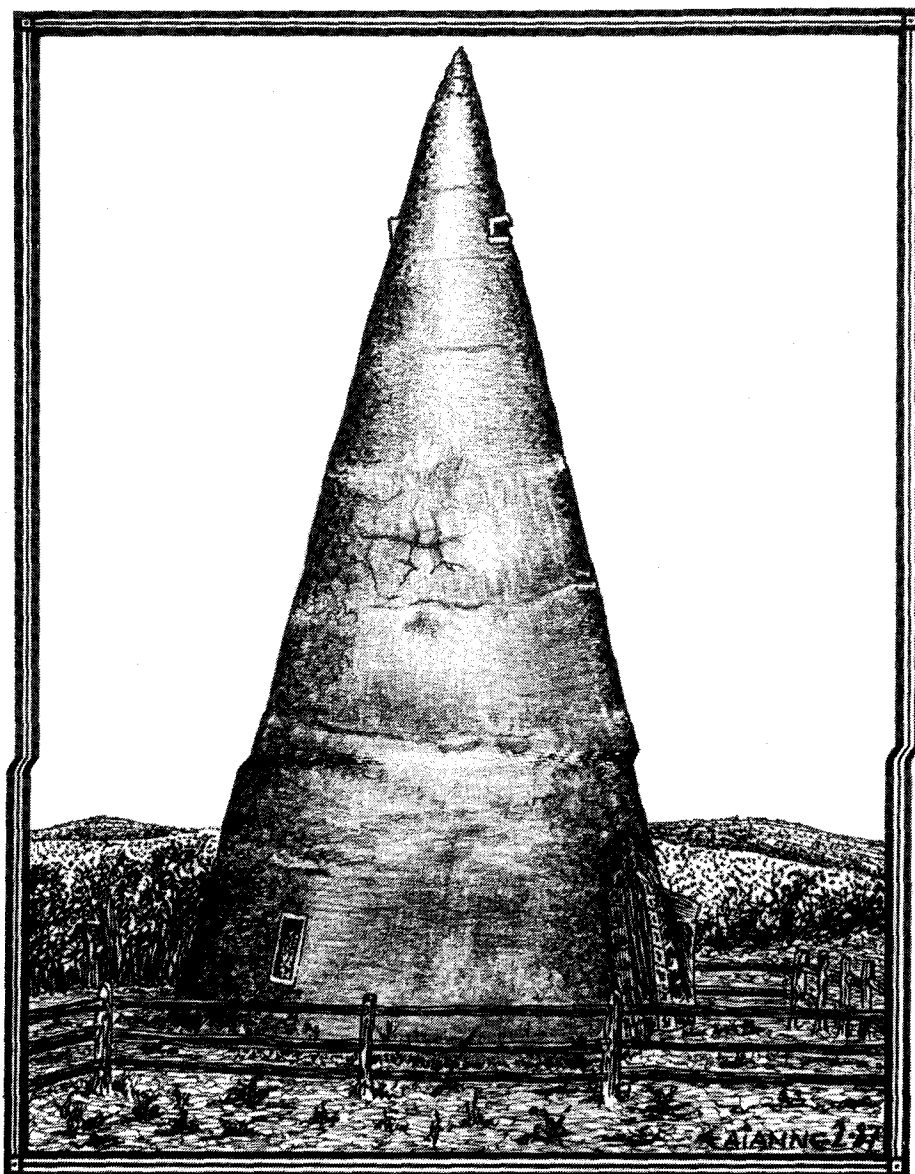
John Knill's Monument, St Ives, Cornwall: A square-based pyramidal spire, this folly has been included because of the instructions its builder left in his will. Once every five years ten young girls, dressed all in white, must dance around the monument singing the hundredth Psalm.

The Sugar Loaf, Dallington, E Sussex: Another spire, this time circular in section, which was built after squire Jack Fuller lost a bet. He had told friends that the spire of Dallington church could be seen from his home. When it was proved it could not, Fuller built a mock spire on the ridge that got in the way. A simple, conical building, it looks just like something the Great Race might have produced.

The Druids' Temple, Ilton: On the north Yorkshire Moors near Masham there exists a miniature version of Stonehenge. This was built by William Danby at the beginning of the 19th Century when the fashion for Druid revivals (chronicled in *Gaslight*) was at its height.

The Triangular Lodge, Rushton, Northants: The builder of this folly, Sir Thomas Tresham, was a devout Catholic. In his time this was very dangerous. Tresham was gaoled for his belief and, whilst incarcerated, became obsessed with the Holy Trinity. On his release he built this amazing folly which is packed with numerological symbolism, all based around the number three. Tresham's son, Francis, was one of the instigators of the Gunpowder Plot.

Author - Pete Tamlyn



Britain In The Mythos

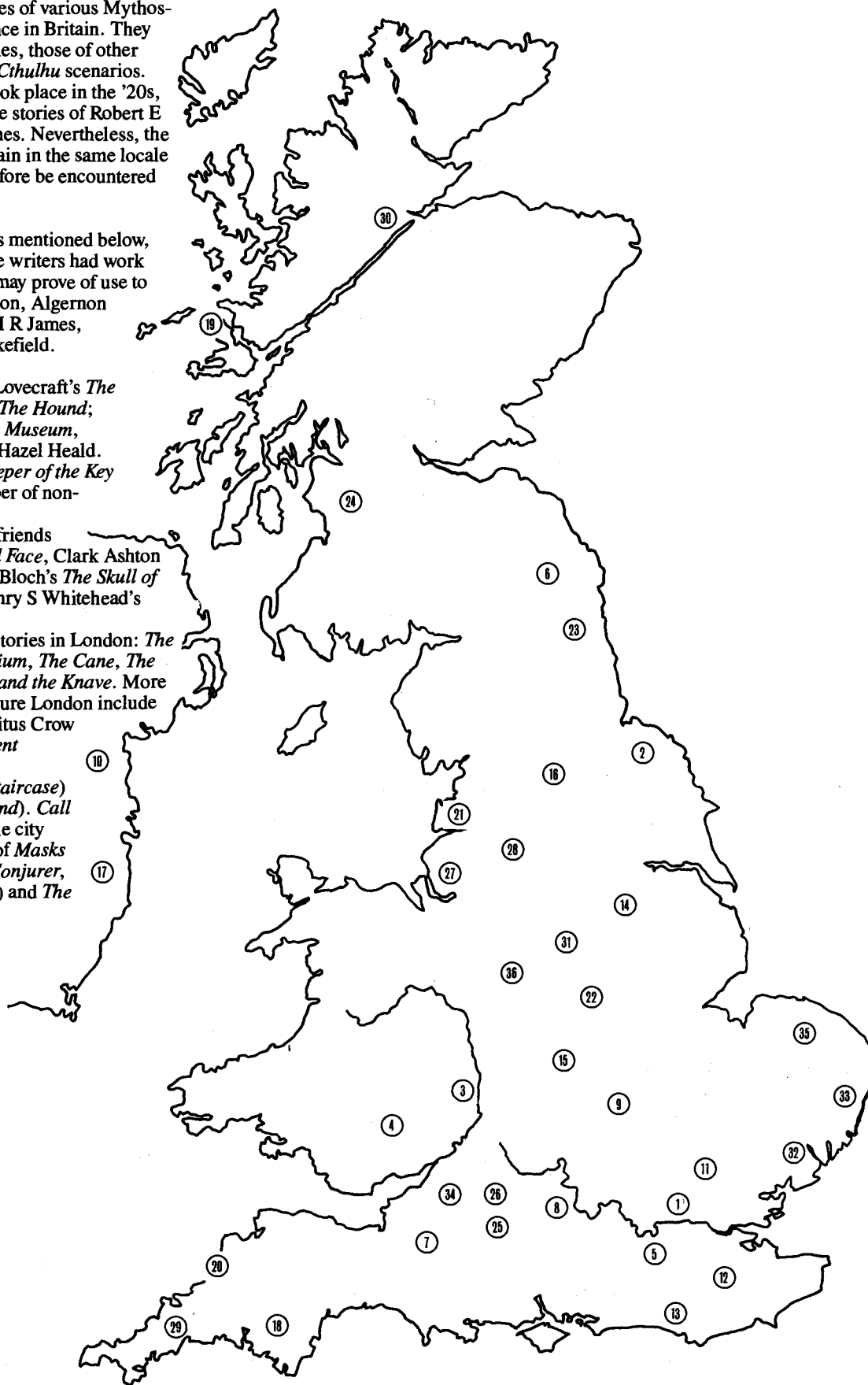
The map below shows the sites of various Mythos-related events which took place in Britain. They include Lovecraft's own stories, those of other Mythos writers, and *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios. Most of the events marked took place in the '20s, but some are modern, and the stories of Robert E Howard are set in ancient times. Nevertheless, the horrors involved tend to remain in the same locale for centuries and could therefore be encountered at any time.

In addition to Mythos writers mentioned below, several other British macabre writers had work published in the '20s which may prove of use to Keepers. They are: E F Benson, Algernon Blackwood, A M Burrage, M R James, Arthur Machen and H R Wakefield.

1. **London** - the setting of Lovecraft's *The Descendant*, and part of *The Hound*; also of *The Horror in the Museum*, revised by Lovecraft for Hazel Heald. August Derleth's *The Keeper of the Key* is set here, as are a number of non-Mythos Derleth stories.

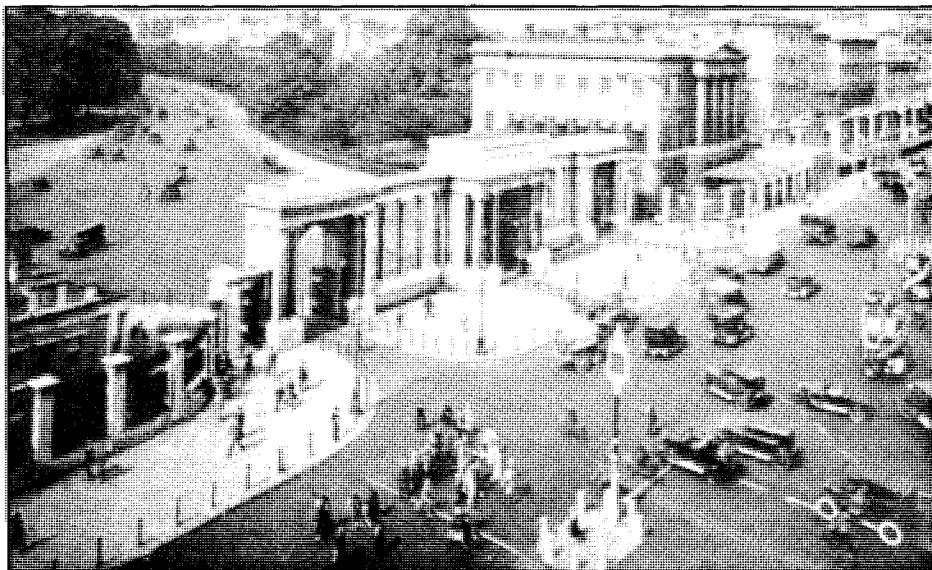
Other stories by Lovecraft's friends are: Robert E Howard's *Skull Face*, Clark Ashton Smith's *The Gorgon*, Robert Bloch's *The Skull of the Marquis de Sade* and Henry S Whitehead's *The Napier Limousine*.

Carl Jacobi set a number of stories in London: *The Spanish Camera*, *The Aquarium*, *The Cane*, *The Satanic Piano* and *The King and the Knave*. More recent Mythos writers to feature London include Brian Lumley (notably the Titus Crow stories, also *Spaghetti*, *Cement Surroundings*, etc), Ramsey Campbell (eg, *The Second Staircase*) and Stephen King (*Crouch End*). *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios set in the city include the London chapter of *Masks of Nyarlathotep*, *Vanishing Conjuror*, *Dial 'H' for Horror* (WD 43) and *The Heart of the Dark* (WD 75).



2. **The Yorkshire Moors** - the setting for numerous Brian Lumley Stories, including the novel *Beneath the Moors*. Place-names used include Radcar, Sarby-on-the-Moor, the site of Lh-Yib, Bleakstone, Marske, Dilham, Eely-on-the-Moor, The Devil's Pool, Ellison's Heights, Dendhope, Lee-Hill, Wharby and Tharpe-Nettleford. The local asylum is Elmholme. The Marriot House, from *Recognition*, is likewise to be found on the moors; and somewhere off-shore is the ocean site of the oil-drilling rig in *The Night The Sea Maid Went Down*. Lin Carter's *Dreams in the House of Weir*, and the *Cthulhu* by Gaslight scenario, *The Yorkshire Horrors*, are also set in this area.
3. **The Severn Valley** - the setting of numerous Ramsey Campbell stories now collected as *Cold Print*. Also *The Recurring Doom* by ST Joshi. Sites include Brichester, Berkeley, Severford, Temphill, Goatswood, Camside, The Devil's Steps and Mercy Hill.
4. **Arthur Machen Country** - Caermaen and the Grey Hills are used in the proto-Mythos stories, *The White People* and *The Novel of the Black Seal*. Also used by Colin Wilson in *The Return of the Lloigor*. The Temple of Nodens from Robert E Howard's *The Temple of Abomination* is probably in this area.
5. **Surrey** - the location of The Coach and Horses on the Brighton Road in Henry S Whitehead's *The Shut Room*; also The Barrows near Haslemere in Brian Lumley's *Lord of the Worms*, and Leith Hill in *The Surrey Enigma* (WD 67).
6. **The Oaks** - a mansion house close to the junction of Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Norfolk, near Guyhim and Crewland - see *The Running Man* in this book.
7. **The Pictish Hills** - from Robert E Howard's Bran Mac Morn stories. Also Hadrian's Wall (Brian Lumley's *Cement Surroundings*).
8. **Several Carl Jacobi Sites** - Corbie House, Langham (*The Corbie Door*), Darset (*The Spectral Pistol*) and Royalton (*The Face in the Wind*).
9. **Exham Priory and Anchester** - H P Lovecraft's *The Rats in the Walls*.
10. **Jermyn House** - H P Lovecraft's *Arthur Jermyn*.
11. **Kilderry** - H P Lovecraft's *The Moon Bog*.
12. **Home of the Narrator** - H P Lovecraft's *The Hound*.
13. **The Old Manor House** - H P Lovecraft's *Hypnos*.
14. **Sussex Coast** - H P Lovecraft's *The Evil Clergyman*.
15. **Magbane Manor** - Clark Ashton Smith's *The Second Interment*.
16. **Tremoth Hall** - Clark Ashton Smith's *The Nameless Offspring*.
17. **Hagdon Manor** - Clark Ashton Smith's *The Necromantic Tale*.
18. **Drumma's Head** - Robert E Howard's *The Cairn on the Headland*. Sites of several Sheridan le Fanu stories are in nearby Dublin.
19. **Tokertown on the Moor** - Robert E Howard's Solomon Kane stories.
20. **Helni** - Robert E Howard's *The Dark Man*.
21. **Dragon's Cave** - Robert E Howard's *People of the Dark*.
22. **Blackpool** - *Laughter in the Night* by August Derleth and Mark Schorer.
23. **Boresby** - Brian Lumley's *A Thing about Cars*.
24. **Durham** - Brian Lumley's *Ambler's Inspiration*. Also, in County Durham (as it was then), Castle-Ilden and Harden-on-the-Coast from *Aunt Hester*.
25. **Oakdene Sanatorium** - near Glasgow; several Brian Lumley stories, most notably, *The Horror at Oakdene*.
26. **Stonehenge** - Brian Lumley's *In the Vaults Beneath*.
27. **Avebury** - Brian Lumley's *Cement Surroundings*.
28. **Liverpool** - several Ramsey Campbell stories.
29. **Pine Dunes** - Ramsey Campbell's *Pine Dunes*.
30. **Penmire** - Adrian Cole's *The Horror Under Penmire*.
31. **Cornwall** - Seaham and Nequay, in Brian Lumley's Mythos novel *The Return of the Deep Ones*.
32. **Scottish Highlands** - the setting for the *Coven of Cannich* chapter of *The Shadows of Yog Sothoth*, *The Mystery of Loch Feinn* (Cthulhu Companion) and *The Horror of the Glen* (this book). Also, Edinburgh, as in Brian Lumley's *House of the Temple*; likewise Temple House itself, under the Pentland Hills, in the same story.
33. **Lesser Edale** - from the London chapter of *Masks of Myarthotep*.
34. **Edward Gavigan's Estate** - from the London chapter of *Masks of Nyarthotep*.
35. **Walberswick** - from *The Watchers of Walberswick* (WD 50).
36. **Lower Poolford** - from *Draw the Blinds on Yesterday* (WD 63).
37. **Shalladholm** - from *The Horse of the Invisible* (WD 66).
38. **Cuthdon & Shubford** - site of *The Shadow over Darkbank* in this book.

Author - Peter Jeffery



Aviation

"I'd hate to see aeroplanes come into common commercial use... but as devices for the amusement of a gentleman they're oke!"

-HP Lovecraft, Selected Letters III

The Start of Civil Aviation

Under the Defence of the Realm Act, non-military aviation was outlawed for the duration of the First World War, civil aviation being legalised on February 27th, 1919 by the Air Navigation Act. The first internal flight took place on May 1st and international traffic began on August 25th. However, this applied to British companies only: the French started a service from London to Paris on February 8th.

Two early companies were the Aircraft Transport and Travel Company, and Handley Page Transport. AT&T, flying from Hounslow, offered the fastest service to Paris using converted de Havilland Airco light bombers, but they could only carry 4 passengers. Handley Page's Cricklewood service used heavy bombers which were slower, but carried up to 12 passengers. The economics favoured Handley Page.

Other services on offer included Handley Page flights to Bournemouth and Brussels, AT&T's service to Amsterdam, and the North Sea Aerial Navigation Company flying from Leeds to "anywhere". Thomas Cooks, the travel agents, offered aerial tours of Great War battlefields from Croydon, and aircraft hire.

The Growth of Airlines

Imperial Airways, founded in 1924 by the merger of four companies, including Handley Page, was the most important airline of the '20s. Based in Croydon (which therefore became London's premier airport), they offered flights to Zurich (via Paris and Basle), Berlin (via Amsterdam and Hanover) and Cologne (via Brussels) as well as many internal flights. They also flew from Southampton to Le Havre, via Cherbourg and Guernsey.

Many foreign airlines provided connecting services, making much of Europe available to the air traveller prepared to change planes a time or two. Flights were also available to Casablanca, but although Russia had an airline there were no connections over Eastern Europe. Long distance air services to the Far East, for example) did not begin until the late '20s. When they did become available, the aircraft made frequent stops en route and portions of the journey had to be taken overland or by sea.

In 1934, Imperial, together with the 'Big Four' railway companies, set up Railway Air Services, an internal airline which served most of the major cities in Britain and Northern Ireland. It also provided services to many remote Scottish islands, flying from Inverness or Aberdeen.

Aviation in the News

The '20s was the era of pioneering long-distance flights. These were major news stories, and most people must have been aware of them. Such flights were a considerable adventure - Alcock and Brown's first non-stop Atlantic flight, which took 16 hours, would have ended in the water had not Brown climbed along the wings to chip off ice that had formed there. The most famous British aviator was Amy Johnson (see Biographies).

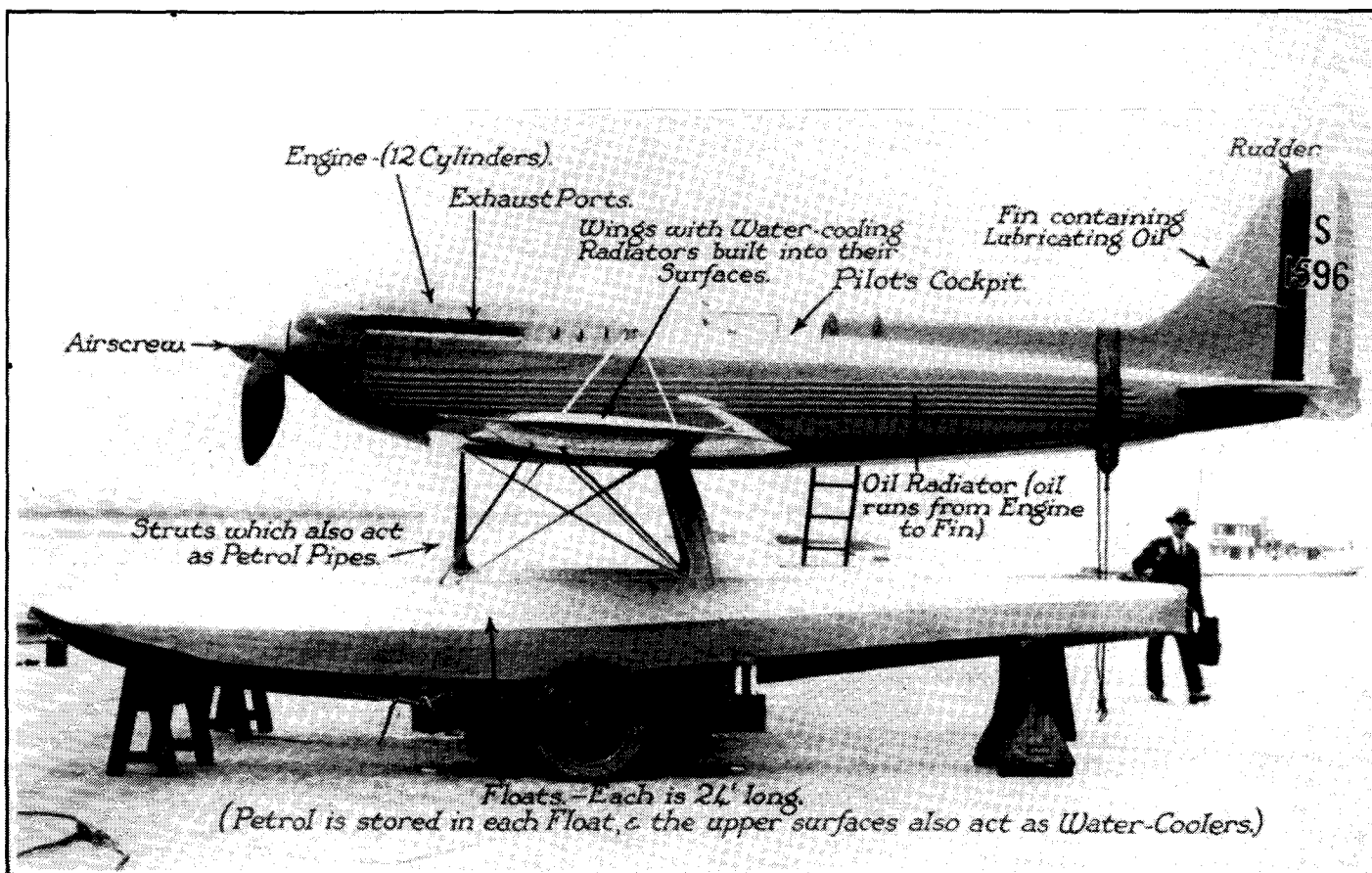
Also in the news were the air races, of which the Schneider Trophy (for float planes) was the most famous. The Super-marine company of Southampton, which finally captured the Trophy outright for Britain with three successive wins, used the same aircraft for its air speed record attempts. The technology that it developed was later put to good use on its most famous aircraft, the Spitfire.

The Experience of Flying

As explained above, the first airlines used converted WWI bombers, and such planes were hardly designed for comfort. AT&T's DH9 had an open cockpit, and passengers were supplied with leather coats, helmets, gloves and hot water bottles. With purpose-built airliners, matters improved, but not by much. The Fokker F11 of 1921, a well-

Miss Amy Johnson — Wonderful Amy — On January 1930.





A VICKERS SUPERMARINE-ROLLS-ROYCE "S.6.B" SEAPLANE: ONE OF THE TWO NEW MACHINES SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THIS YEAR'S SCHNEIDER CONTEST; SHOWING A NUMBER OF REMARKABLE FEATURES OF HER CONSTRUCTION.

thought-of machine, provided a heated passenger compartment, but the heating worked in all weathers and produced a terrible smell. The pilot's cockpit was still open and, in wet weather, filled with water leaving the pilot floating on his wooden seat. One of the strangest flying experiences must have been in the Junkers G38 of 1929 which included 4 seats, with forward-facing windows, in each of its thick wings.

The early aerodromes were simply large fields containing a few huts and hangars. Croydon even had a road running through the middle of it with a barrier that was lowered when planes need to cross: a level crossing for aeroplanes! There were, of course, no elaborate security checks, but the aircraft were so finely balanced that all passengers were carefully weighed before being assigned their seats.

Aircraft for Investigators

Sensible investigators are unlikely to risk their lives and comfort by using air travel for ordinary journeys, but where the alternative is a long trek through dangerous jungles, an aircraft suddenly becomes much more attractive. In the absence of heli-copters, intrepid explorers would plump for a float plane which had ski-like floats hung from the fuselage, allowing it to land on rivers and lakes.

From 1919, a number of ex-military float planes - such as the Avro 504L - became available. A suitable purpose-built plane produced in 1923 was the Supermarine Sea Eagle amphibian which had seats for six passengers. This was followed by the Sikorsky S-38 in 1928. A highly adaptable aircraft capable of carrying up to 1650 lbs (ten passengers), it was hugely successful, achieving a production run of 120. For absolute luxury, the 1936 Short Empire flying boat (a boat hull with wings attached) had sleeping accommodation and a large promenade deck for balmy evenings out in Africa.

Some Sample Statistics

The performance of early aircraft was very much dependent on factors such as weather, payload and the state of maintenance of the machine. Also a great variety of machines

were produced, many with very low production runs. The statistics presented are therefore only averages for typical machines. If you turn to aviation books for accurate figures on a particular make, note that ranges are quoted differently for military and civil aircraft. The 'range' of a bomber is how far it can fly before it must drop its bombs, that is about half the actual distance it flies. Ranges given here are civil ones.

Cost

Flying by commercial airline cost around 1/4d per mile. To hire an aircraft would be about £7 10s per passenger hour. Purchase prices varied enormously, but only the wealthiest investigators, or those earning their living as pilots, would be able to afford one.

Peter Jeffery

Date	Type	Cruising Speed mph	Range miles	Payload
1919	Small airliner	130	425	4 passengers
1919	Large airliner	90	240	12 passengers
1919	Float plane	120	250	1 or 2 pass
1923	Airliner	110	400	1940 lbs or 9 passengers
1923	Amphibian	90	300	6 passengers
1926	Transport	140	550	6 passengers
1928	Airliner	130	450	900 lbs and 18 passengers
1928	Amphibian	110	600	1650 lbs or 10 passengers
1936	Flying Boat	165	760	24 passengers and 3360 lbs

The Inland Waterways

The waterways of the 1920s and '30s differed in several respects from those of today. Many more canals were open, but some of those which are navigable in 1986 particular the route through Stratford on Avon, had fallen into temporary decline. One of the most familiar canal names, the Grand Union, only came into being in 1929 as a result of amalgamation. In these pre-Nationalisation days the canals were either owned by canal companies or had been bought up by railway companies.

In marked contrast to today, there was little pleasure boating, but considerable freight transport. Typical cargoes were coal, stone and timber, but there were some more exotic uses. Cadbury's chocolate factories had their own fleet of narrow boats, and Morelands of Gloucester still shipped matches to Birmingham by water.

The Boats

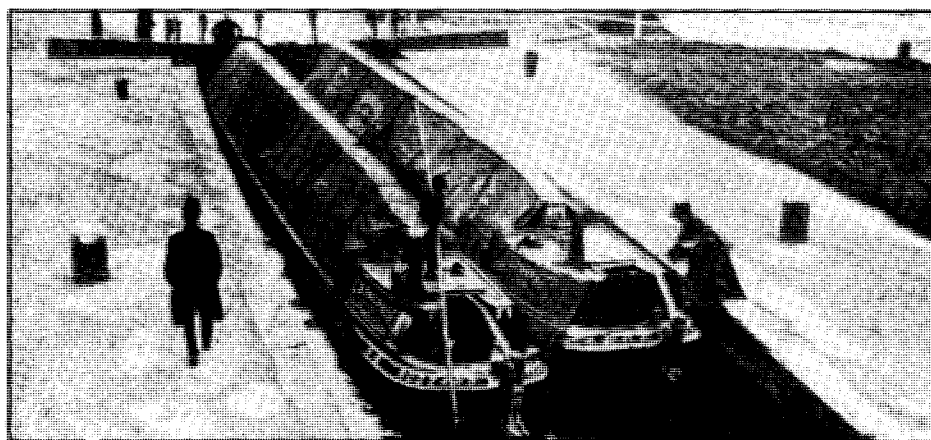
Each separate canal limits the design of the boats that can be used on it through four maximum dimensions:

- 1) **Length** - determined by the length of the locks, this is normally around 70 ft, although some Northern canals have locks as short as 62 ft.
- 2) **Beam** - the width of the boat is again determined by the locks. 7 ft is the maximum on the narrow canals of the Midlands whilst some Northern and Southern canals allowed up to 14 ft.
- 3) **Draught** - depth below the waterline is typically limited to 3-4 ft. This prevents most sea-going vessels from using the canals.
- 4) **Headroom** - height above the water is determined by bridges and tunnels. Typical values are between 5 and 8 ft, which tends to rule out sail power.

Amongst boatmen, the term 'barge' applies only to a commercial craft in excess of 7 ft in beam. The more traditional canal vessel is termed a 'narrow boat'. Often these worked in pairs with a motor boat towing an unpowered craft known as a 'butty'. The two fitted side by side in large locks, but on the narrow Midlands canals the butty would need to be hauled through separately.

The boatman's cabin, situated at the stern, was usually no more than 10 ft long, making living space very cramped. On a motor boat, the engine would be located just forward of the cabin (thus reducing cargo space), otherwise the rest of the boat would be given over to cargo.

Although motor boats were in use, towing horses were still common. Some West



Midlands boatmen used mules instead. A speed of 3mph, plus 10 minutes per lock, was (and still is) a good speed for a narrow boat. On poorly maintained sections, the speed could be much less.

Boat People

Apart from the employees of the canal companies and canal-side industries, there were still owner-boatmen (known as 'number ones') working the canals throughout the period. For the most part, these people were born and lived all their lives in the tiny 10 ft cabin, marrying other boat people as folk 'off the land' would rarely take to life in such cramped quarters. Such people can be regarded almost as a race apart; "gypsies of the waterways", people called them, although most had steady jobs and travelled regular routes. Statistics for typical boat people can be found in the scenario, *The Shadow Over Darkbank* later in this book.

Tunnels

The *Darkbank* scenario is set around events in a canal tunnel. Such places are ideally spooky - far more so than a railway tunnel. For one thing, the steersman stands in the open at the stern, exposed to cold, damp and dark. One is surrounded by darkness, faintly illuminated by the boat's headlight and punctured by tiny pinpricks of light at the tunnel portals, but often fogged by motor fumes. If the tunnel is not straight, even this minimal illumination is reduced.

Few tunnels have tow paths. Usually the horses are sent ahead in daylight whilst the boat is propelled by 'legging' - lying on top of the boat and 'walking' along the tunnel roof. During the '20s legging was gradually replaced by canal company tugs, some of them electric which showered the darkness with eerie blue sparks.

The scenario is set on a fictional canal, but many real sites are just as interesting. Some of the longest tunnels in the country are the following:

Standedge - 5698 yards. Huddersfield Narrow Canal between Manchester and Huddersfield. Only 9ft wide, with four wider passing places.

Dudley - 3154 yards. Dudley Canal between Birmingham and Stourbridge. Partly natural cavern and open to the sky in two places. It has side tunnels, no towpath and no passing places.

Blisworth - 3056 yards. Grand Junction Canal north of Newport Pagnell. Wide, but no towpath. Water cascades from the ceiling.

Harecastle - 2926 yards. Trent and Mersey Canal between Stoke-on-Trent and Middleswich. Narrow and with a low ceiling. Reputedly haunted. Had electric tug.

Braunston - 2042 yards. Grand Junction Canal near Daventry. Wide enough to pass; no path. Has a slight kink so that one can rarely see both ends.

Other Features

Locks are used to raise and lower boats on shallow inclines. When several locks occur in sequence this is known as a 'flight'. Only one lift remained in use, the Anderton Lift which raised boats over 50ft from the River Weaver up to the Trent and Mersey Canal. Several impressive aqueducts exist to carry canals over valleys. Often these have nothing to prevent careless boatmen from falling over the edge.

Cost

A narrow boat fitted for pleasure use will cost around £7 a week to hire or £100 to buy. The canal companies levied tolls for the use of their canal and tugs. Use 1d20 shillings set cost, plus an additional 1d6 farthings per mile, and 3d6 pence for use of a tug.

Author - Peter Jeffery

Motoring

For some while after the end of the Great War, there was little innovation in motor car design. Certainly, the acquisition and running of a motor car became cheaper, with popular models such as the 'Bullnose' Morris and Model T Ford (both pre-war designs) being supplanted by newer models such as the Austin Seven. At the opposite end of the market, the Rolls-Royce 40/50hp (or Silver Ghost) was still in production, but matters were soon to change.

During 1919, W O Bentley had been working on his own designs, and his first car was produced the following year. From this time until the company's unfortunate entry into receivership in the early 1930s, Bentleys were to be the principal British sporting cars, with several successes at Le Mans and elsewhere. In those days, what raced at Le Mans was pretty much the same as what you could buy for the road.

Some European cars were imported, but these were generally rarities, confined to the luxury and sporting parts of the market. Manufacturers such as Mercedes-Benz and Bugatti were able to supply cars to the connoisseur - and what cars these were, fully able to compete with the Bentleys in speed and agility, though each required expert attention at frequent intervals if it was to give of its best.

Competing from abroad with the luxury of Rolls-Royce were cars such as the Hispano-Suiza and Packard - glorious machines of fantastic equipment, as ornate and luxurious as the finest horse-drawn carriages of previous eras. They were, perhaps, not as reliable and well engineered as the Rolls, but were no less desirable. The most serious competition came from Daimler's British offshoot, by then owned by BSA. Their cars were a particular favourite of King George V, and therefore became the standard transport of the higher aristocracy.

British competitors for the Bentley were cars such as the Vauxhall OE 30/98, a far cry from the mass market cars that company produces today. Later British companies in the same field were Lagonda, Railton and Invicta, but Bentley's principal rivals were the foreign cars against which they duelled on the race tracks of Europe: Bugatti, Alfa Romeo and Mercedes.

During the 1930s, Ford, Morris, Austin and such like remained the manufacturers of popular family cars, although innovative European competition came from Citroën. Their Traction Avant was a pioneering front wheel drive car which was so successful it was still in production in 1957. Younger members of the middle class could besport themselves in an MG - a cheap sports car built on a standard Morris chassis.

Amongst the luxury cars of the '30s, Rolls-Royce remained substantially unrivalled, taking over Bentley and producing marvellous cars such as the delightful Bentley

3½ litre and, in total contrast, the luxurious V12 Rolls-Royce Phantom III. In Europe, Hispano-Suiza, Isotta-Franschini and Bugatti did their best to compete. The Hispano-Suiza V12 was even more expensive than the Phantom III, and Bugatti produced the amazing Royale with its 13-litre straight eight engine. Only six or seven were built: not surprising seeing as the chassis alone cost \$30,000 - this in 1927!

Taking all this into account, motoring between the wars was indeed within a green and pleasant land. There were no motorways, only a few dual carriageways, and little enough traffic. Indeed, up until 1927, there was considerable debate as to whether the practice of having separate lanes for traffic dependent on direction of travel was economically viable, despite the obvious safety advantages.

The performance of cars could be quite impressive - the larger Bentley and Rolls-Royce saloons could exceed 100mph, and sports models such as the Bugatti 57SC managed 130mph or more. For much of the period, there were no speed limits to speak of outside towns, and one's rate of progress would have been limited only by visibility,

corners in the road and one's driving ability. The quality of brakes and tyres was not very high. Bear in mind also, that the driving test was not introduced until 1935 - before that a licence was to be had on application.

As the cost of family motoring dropped, the practice of the Sunday outing grew. Families would take themselves off, to the seaside or for a picnic in the country, and attendances at church fell accordingly.

Sample Statistics

The following tables show some sample statistics for various cars of the period. However, even an individual model could be produced in several different versions, and prices varied widely with date and accessories purchased. Many manufacturers supplied only a chassis: customers had to go to a separate coachbuilder for the bodywork which could be as ornate as they wished. Prices marked with a * below are for chassis only; add at least half again for the coachwork.

Model	Year	Country	Seats	Speed	Cost	Prestige
Alfa Romeo 8C 2900B	1937-1939	Italy	2	130+	£2,100	*****
Austin Seven (Baby Austin)	1923-1938	Britain	4	45	£125-165	*
Bentley 3 litre	1920-1927	Britain	2/4	98	£1,200*	*****
Bentley Speed Six	1927-1931	Britain	2+2	92	£1,450*	*****
Bentley 8 litre (saloon)	1930-1931	Britain	2/7	120	£1,880*	*****
Bugatti Type 35B	1924-1930	France	2	110	£1,200	*****
Bugatti Type 41 Royale	1927-1935	France	2/5	125	£5,250*	*****
Citroën Traction Avant	1934-1957	France	2/4	N/A	£2,500	****
Daimler Double Six	1926-1935	Germany/Britain	2/7	61-90	£328	**
Duesenberg SJ	1932-1937	USA	2/4	N/A	£2,500	****
Ford Model T	1908-1927	USA	2/6	125	£4,000	*****
Ford Popular	1935-1939	USA	4/5	45	£130	*
Hillman Ten	1913-1924	Britain	4/5	68	£100	*
Hispano Suiza H6C	1919-1931	France	2/5	105	N/A	****
Hispano Suiza V12	1931-1939	France	2/6	115	N/A	*****
Invicta S-Type	1930-1935	Britain	2	100	N/A	*****
Isotta Franchini 8A	1924-1932	Italy	2/7	95	£2,000*	*****
Lagonda V12	1936-1939	Britain	2/5	110	£1,640	****
Lancia Lambda	1923-1931	Italy	4/6	78	£810	***
Mercedes Benz SSK	1929-1934	Germany	2	125	£2,500	*****
Mercedes Benz 500K	1934-1937	Germany	2	108	£2,980	*****
MG Midget M Type	1929-1932	Britain	2	65	£175	**
"Bullnose" Morris Oxford	1913-1926	Britain	4	55	£175	*
Packard V12	1929-1934	USA	2/7	104	£1,100	****
Railton Series I	1933-1938	Britain	2/5	90	£535	**
Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost	1906-1925	Britain	2/7	65+	£1,350*	*****
Rolls-Royce Phantom III	1936-1939	Britain	2/7	90+	£1,900*	*****
SS Jaguar 100	1934-1940	Britain	2	100	£430	***
Vauxhall Prince Henry	1908-1919	Britain	2	80	£945	**
Vauxhall OE 30/98	1923-1927	Britain	4	80	£1,150	**

All speeds are quoted in mph. The fewer stars a car has, the less prestigious it is to drive one.

(†) Rolls-Royce never quote performance figures for their models, so these numbers are approximate.



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Motoring Laws

The 1930 Act revoked the general 20mph speed limit (which had been widely disregarded). There were no limits on the speed of cars and motorbikes, though buses and lorries were limited to 35 and 30mph respectively. A licence cost 5s a year and tax £6 for a car, £1 10s for a small bike and £3 for a large bike. Insurance was made obligatory for the first time.

In 1935, in an attempt to control the rapidly increasing number of accidents, the Government introduced the driving test and a speed limit of 30mph in built-up areas only. Roads were still largely unsigned, but the familiar, striped pedestrian crossing did make an appearance and policemen on point duty controlled major junctions in towns. Traffic lights were also introduced, but were sufficiently rare that their appearance at Piccadilly Circus in 1937 was the cause of a public opening ceremony attended by the Minister of Transport and Lord Mayor of London.

Author - Robin ap Cynan

Other Transport

While the motor car was the increasingly dominant form of transport in the '20s and '30s, there were other types, which are covered briefly here.

Buses: The traditional horse-drawn double-decker was rapidly adapted to a motorised version in the years before the Great War. With its open top, it could be an uncomfortable ride, until covered tops became the norm around 1925. Single deckers became popular in the mid '20s, especially on less busy routes.

Buses were very popular in cities like London, carrying people without cars to and from work. The main company in the capital was London General, but there were also several 'pirate' operators, such as the London Public Omnibus Company, until the formation of London Transport in 1933. In country areas, too, buses were very important, for they linked outlying settlements with railway stations and carried milk and mail as well as passengers (many routes were actually run by railway companies for a time).

1927 AEC Regent LS - double-decker - 72 passengers

1936 AEC Q - singel-decker - 37 passengers

Lorries and Vans: The first lorries were steam-driven wagons, used in Britain until the advent of diesel engine in 1928 because of the very cheap price of coal. By then, petrol-driven lorries and vans had advanced greatly from their humble beginnings as standard motor cars with extended rears! Initially lorries travelled only small distances, serving the railways rather than competing with them. However, with the introduction of large six-wheelers in 1920, lorries became viable long-distance carriers.

1920 Scammel - articulated 6-wheeler - capacity 8 tons

1930 Foden - rigid 6-wheeler - capacity 12 tons

1935 Leyland Octopus - rigid 8-wheeler - capacity 15 tons

Taxis: London taxis of the '20s and '30s had a strangely antiquated look, because of the many Scotland Yard rules on their construction and usage (for example, a ten-inch ground clearance). In 1927, the rules

were modified, and taxis were updated a little, but they were still high-roofed owing to interior headroom requirements. Most taxis could carry only two or three passengers, though in the late thirties larger cabs capable of taking up to five or six passengers and their luggage in some comfort were introduced.

1930 Austin Twelve-Four taxi - 3 passenger plus luggage

Motorcycles: Motorised bicycles had been introduced in the 1890s, but it wasn't until the boom years of 1912-1915 that motorcycles became really popular (the Triumph 550cc and Douglas 350cc acquitted themselves admirably in WWI). In the 1920s, sidecars and pillion seats for passengers became popular, and after the Depression years the motorcycle combination was recognised as the ideal holiday transport of the more prosperous working man.

1923 BSA 770cc V-twin plus sidecar - 48 mph - £82

1924 Brough SSI00 998cc V-twin - 100mph - £170

1935 Triumph 650cc V-twin - 85mph - £95

Bicycles: By 1905, the form of the bicycle had settled down, with the standard Safety Bicycle form and Sturmey-Archer Three-speed gears being the norm. Drop handlebars were available for racing machines, though most bicycles had standard straight ones. A typical machine in 1925 would be a Rudge-Whitworth or a Sunbeam, for around £5 to £8.

Author - Marc Gascoigne



Railways

Motive Power

Throughout the 1919-39 period, the principal source of motive power remained the coal-fired steam locomotive. The size and power of these locomotives increased but, from their nature, they remained highly inefficient machines which required skilled crews to get the best from them.

In the mid and late '30s, streamlined locomotives were introduced. In the main, the cruising speed was still only 60-70mph, but LNER's *Mallard* did achieve a world record in 1938 by getting up to a speed of 125mph while travelling between Grantham and Peterborough.

Very few electric locomotives existed, though the London to Brighton line was electrified in 1933. GWR had a few diesel railcars in the mid '30s, but diesel did not become common until after WWII.

Passenger Accomodation

The majority of trains, except for those on short-journey branch and suburban lines, were made up of corridor coaches of the separate compartment type, similar to the "European-Style" coach illustrated in the main *Cthulhu* rules. Most coaches were steam heated and electrically lit. Every coach was provided with an emergency "communication cord", a chain which applied the train brakes automatically when pulled. The cord also set a marker on the coach and remained slack in the compartment where it was pulled for identification purposes. The penalty for improper use was £5.

Steel construction began to replace the older, wooden coaches during the period. This proved much safer but, due to poor track maintenance, was less comfortable at high speeds. The separate door into each compartment was abandoned in the late '30s. A few saloon-style coaches with a central gangway began to appear in the late '20s, but the compartment type still predominated in 1939.

2nd class travel had almost disappeared by 1919, the only survivors being on some North London suburban services and certain trains operating between London and the Channel Ports. By 1937, 2nd class tickets were only available on Continental Boat trains. This was supposedly because linking sea and foreign services had 2nd class, but then the boats had no 3rd class! As a result of this strange system, most railway travel was only available as 1st and 3rd class.

The railway was the only reliable and quick means of transport in 1919, the electric tramways of urban areas being really an extension of the railway principle. To provide this service, the country was covered by a vast network of lines: just over 20,000 miles of track and 6,700 stations (twice what exists today). Despite the growth of popular motoring, this situation was to remain unchanged throughout most of the period. Long distance passenger coaches began to eat into the railway market in the '30s, but whilst fares were cheaper, journey times were longer. A private car, though more convenient, was neither quick nor comfortable, even when within the price range of the common man.

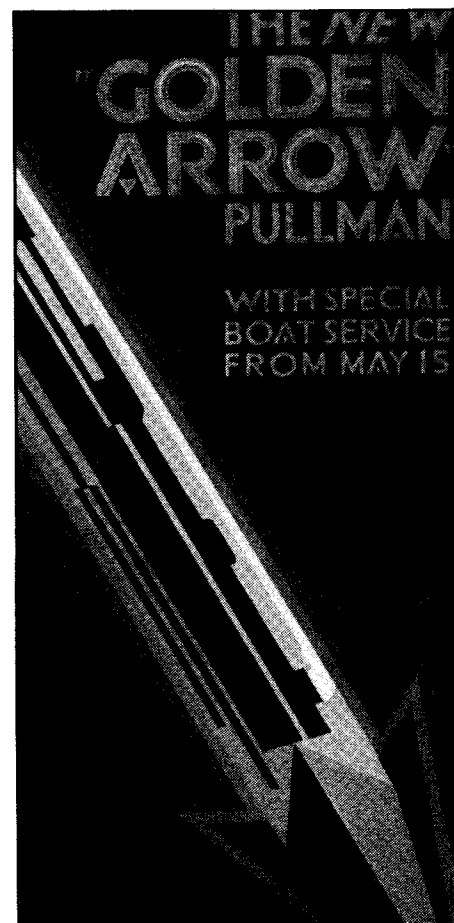
The Grouping

In 1913, the railway system of Great Britain was in the hands of a large number of companies, some of which had less than five miles of track. Although there was considerable co-operation between many companies, the set-up led to duplication of services (there were three different lines between Liverpool and Manchester) and problems with long-distance travel. A copy of Bradshaw, the railway timetable, was an essential travelling companion.

During WWI, the Government took over the running of the railway system and ran it as a single unit. The advantages soon became obvious. Although the company shareholders were guaranteed the return of their lines after the war, the Government kept the substantial profit made during that time and introduced much better working conditions with no increase in prices. When the system was finally returned to private ownership in 1921, many companies faced financial ruin.

Despite strong pressure for Nationalisation, the Government finally opted to solve the problem by grouping the lines into four new, private companies organised on a regional basis (though a few companies, notably the Somerset & Dorset, continued to co-exist with the 'Big Four'). This situation persisted from 1923 up until Nationalisation in 1949. Obviously, such a radical change could not happen overnight; rolling stock in old liveries could still be found in the late '20s, and people still used the old names for lines well into the '30s. The map shows the areas of the country served by the 'Big Four' whilst Table 1 shows how the old companies were grouped. A more detailed map of railway lines is available in *Cthulhu by Gaslight*.

A few luxury (Pullman) services existed, mainly on SR and LNER. All British



Pullman cars were of the central gangway type, with tables so that refreshments could be served at your seat. Sleeper trains were run on long distance routes, though they were mainly 1st class until 1928. The 3rd class 'beds' were often simply the provision of a flat surface, a rug and a pillow. Where possible there was segregation of the sexes, but on heavily booked trains this was not always practicable.

Many of the express services were given special names. It was these services which had first claim on the more famous locomotives such as *Mallard* and GWR's *King George V*.

Fares

In theory, the cost of passenger travel was proportional to distance, but there were many deviations, especially where more than one route was possible. In 1923, the standard 3rd class rate was 1½d per mile and 1st class 2½d per mile. Return tickets were available but at no saving. Singles were valid for 3 days and returns for 3 months. The ticket often specified the route to be taken. Breaks of journey were permitted along the way, although in cases of journeys covering more than one company breaks were not normally allowed outside the issuing company's territory.

In addition to standard tickets, there were many concessional fares such as week-end returns at 30% of a single fare, tourists' tickets and excursions. Such tickets were only valid between the stations stated: breaks of journey were not allowed, nor was termination of the journey at an inter-mediate station since the fare to this stations could well be higher than for the complete journey.

Most stations were closed, ie, access and exit was via a ticket barrier. In addition, there was frequent inspection of tickets by travelling inspectors on the main line trains. Non-travellers could gain access to stations by means of a 1d Platform Ticket.

Table 1 - The Grouping

London, Midland & Scottish Railway (LMS) - London & North Western; Midland; Caledonian; Furness; Lancashire & Yorkshire; Glasgow & South Western; Highland; North Staffordshire.

London & North Eastern Railway (LNER) - Great Northern; North Eastern; Great Eastern; Great Central; North British; Great North of Scotland.

Great Western Railway (GWR) - Great Western; Cambrian; Taff Vale; Brecon & Merthyr; Rhymney; Barry.

Southern Railway (SR) - London & South Western; London, Brighton & South Coast; South Eastern & Chatham.

Table 2 - 'Named' services

Coronation Scot (LMS - from 1937)
London (Euston) - Glasgow

Lancastrian (LMS - from 1927)
London (Euston) - Manchester

Merseyside Express (LMS - from 1927)
London (Euston) - Liverpool

Royal Scot (LMS)
London - Glasgow

Devonian (LMS/GWR - from 1927)
Bradford - Paignton

Coronation (LNER - from 1937)
London (Kings Cross) - Edinburgh

Flying Scotsman (LNER)
London (Kings Cross) - Edinburgh

Queen of Scots Pullman (LNER)
London (Kings Cross) - Glasgow

Silver Jubilee (LNER - from 1935)
London (Kings Cross) - Newcastle

Cheltenham Flyer (GWR)
London (Paddington) - Cheltenham

Cornish Riviera Express (GWR)
London (Paddington) - Penzance

Brighton Belle (SR Pullman)
London (Victoria) - Brighton

Golden Arrow (SR)
London - Paris (via Dover & ferry)

Table 3 - London Termini

London has a bewildering array of railway stations, a legacy of the pre-Grouping era. The principal stations and the areas they served are given below.

Paddington (GWR) - South Wales, Oxford, Bath, Bristol & the South-West, South Midlands, Birmingham.
Euston (LMS) - Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, North & West Scotland, North Wales.

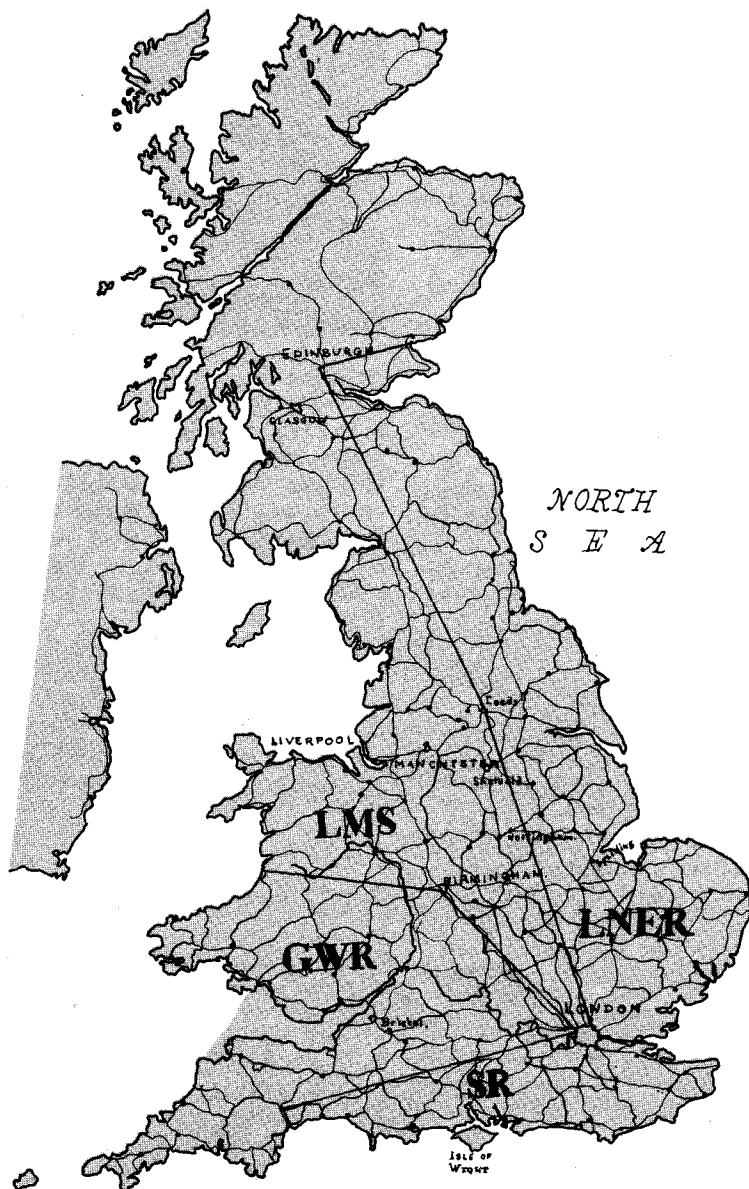
St Pancras (LMS) - East Midlands (Leicester, Nottingham)
Marylebone (LMS) - Buckinghamshire & South Midlands

Kings Cross (LNER) - Yorkshire, North East, South East Scotland

Liverpool Street (LNER) - Cambridge, Harwich, East Anglia

Waterloo (SR) - Southampton, Bournemouth & Exeter

Victoria (SR) - South East (Brighton & Dover) & France



Areas covered by the 'Big Four' Railway Companies.

Author - Norman Tamlyn

Sea Travel

Ferries

Most of the ferry services available to Ireland and the Continent were run by the railway companies. The principal routes available are listed below.

LMS: Holyhead - Dun Laoghaire; Heysham - Belfast; Stranraer - Larne

LNER: Harwich - Hook of Holland; Harwich - Antwerp; Harwich - Zeebrugge (from 1924)

GWR: Fishguard - Rosslare; Fishguard - Waterford; Weymouth - Channel Islands

SR: Dover - Calais; Dover - Ostend; Dover - Dunkirk; Folkstone - Boulogne; Newhaven - Dieppe; Southampton - Channel Islands; Southampton - Le Havre; Southampton - St. Malo

Ocean Travel

The best way (the *only* way for a gentleman) to travel to America was by Cunard liner from Southampton. Vessels such as the *Mauritania*, *Aquitania* and *Queen Mary* (launched 1935) were so luxurious that you might as well have been in your own stately home, and the trip, weather permitting, was one long party.

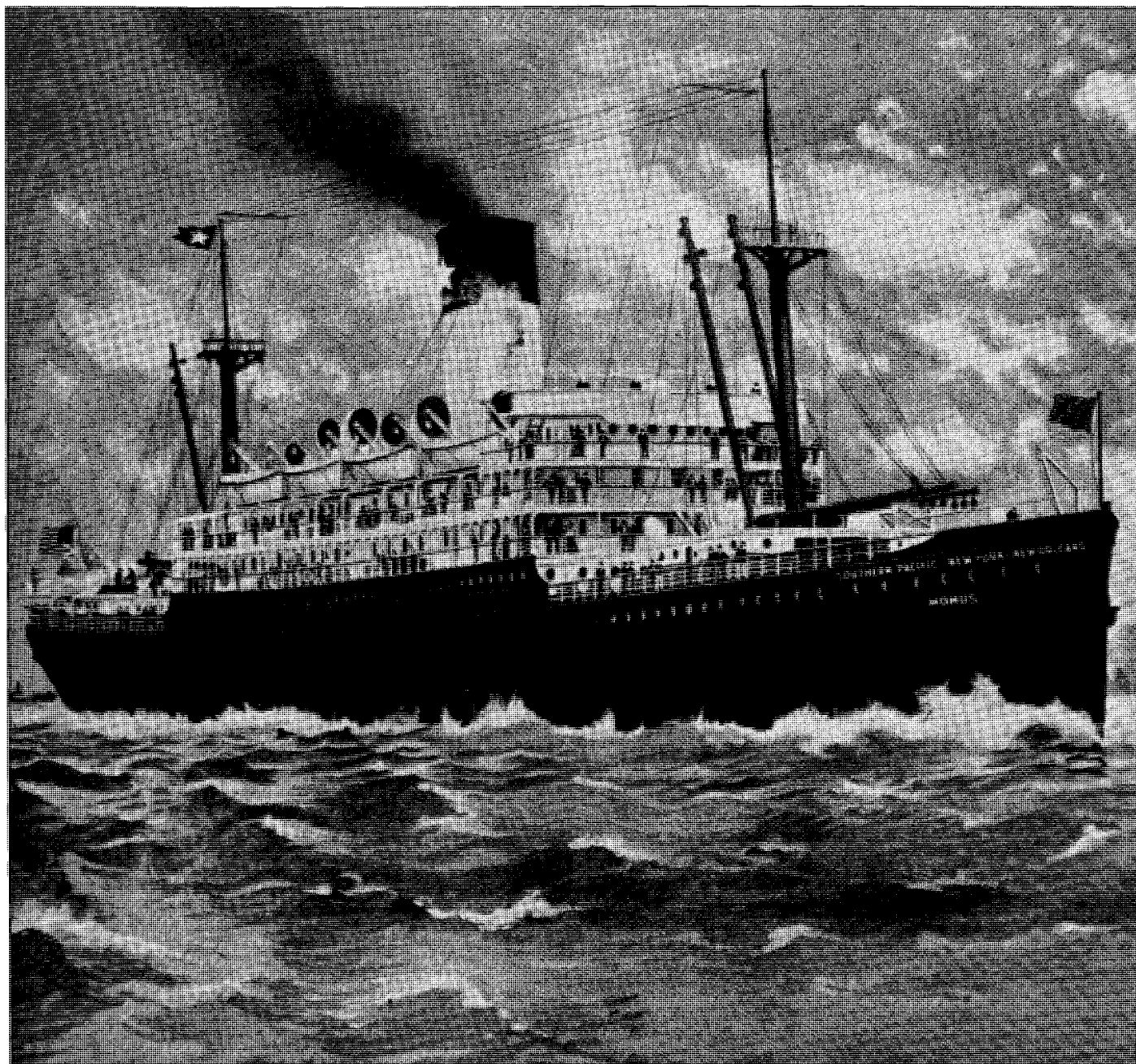
Cunard only offered services across the North Atlantic. However, other companies operated services to all parts of the Empire. The Union Castle line sailed from Southampton to Africa; the P&O and Orient lines from London to the Far East and Australia; and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company from Southampton and London to South America.

Tramp Steamers

For those investigators who cannot afford a Cunard ticket, the cheap way to travel is by tramp steamer. These cargo vessels travelled from port to port on journeys lasting many months and tens of thousands of miles. The trick was to pick up a new cargo at every port and spend as little time as possible unladen.

Such vessels needed a special licence to carry passengers, but the captains were an independent lot and were quite happy to get round the regulations if sufficiently rewarded. Indeed, they regularly took their friends and family along with them by the simple trick of signing them on as 'stewards'.

Author - Norman Tamlyn



The Horror of the Glen



Inspector Sinclair is refusing to consider the possibility of a supernatural explanation for the crime, but does admit that certain aspects of the mystery, including the ferocity of the murder and the apparent lack of motive, defy rational explanation. The National Laboratory for Psychical Research has offered to fund an investigation into the haunting of Strathmorn Manor. Applicants for posts on the investigative committee are invited to contact the Director, Mr Harry Price, at 19 Buckingham Place, London.

The Sunday Review

Introduction

This scenario is set in the 1920s or 1930s, and is designed for a group of player characters who are used to investigating strange occurrences and can present some authority for doing so - they will need this in order to be able to co-operate with the Police and the suspicious, and potentially hostile, villagers. The introductory article from the *Sunday Review* given above provides a suitable lead-in to the adventure and dates it as some time in the late 1930s, which is when Harry Price operated out of Buckingham Place. More information on Price can be found earlier in this book in the section on the Occult.

Obviously, enterprising Keepers will be able to devise alternative introductions for their players where necessary to fit the scenario into their campaigns. Little in the scenario other than the introduction implies a specific date. Likewise, the scenario is not set during any particular time of year, but it should not be set in winter, as Strathmorn would be snowbound - making the investigators' task unduly difficult. During the summer, the area is likely to be full of tourists, the railways having made exploration of the remote parts of Britain much easier. This is also likely to hamper investigations, as accommodation will be difficult to come by. However, having the investigators in the area on holiday might be a suitable alternative introduction

The following text describes the plot of the adventure as it is most likely to unfold. However, the players may well choose to deviate from the expected course of events, and will probably spend a good deal of time interviewing various villagers. With this in mind, personality profiles of all the major non-player characters are given in the sections of the booklet dealing with Strathmorn village. As always, it is important to have a thorough grasp of the whole of the scenario before starting to run it.

Getting there

If the players choose to contact Price, he will need to consider whether they are suitable. It is up to the Keeper whether or not Price is impressed with their credentials. The scenario will not be unduly spoilt if he is not, as the location of the manor is easily obtainable, but the investigators will find that references from the famous Harry Price impress well-read locals, and if they are not working for Price, the Keeper may like to introduce a rival group which is.

In accordance with his usual policy, Price will not offer any payment to his investigators save for transport to Scotland, though he will be prepared to supply scientific equipment. In return, he asks that the investigators make no statements to the press except through him, and that the results of their work become the property of the National Laboratory for Psychical Research.

The easiest way to get to Strathmorn is for the investigators to take the train to Inverness and get to the village either by cab or by hiring a car. Regular railway services run from London Euston to Perth and Inverness, though passengers may have to change trains en route. The Station Hotel is a convenient and reputable place to stay whilst in the city, prices starting at 6/- a night for a single room, with meals from 3/- upwards. Investigators looking for a cheaper establishment are warned that the

BRUTAL MURDER IN SCOTLAND

Accused blames haunted house

Inverness Police are continuing their investigations into the brutal murder of Mr Donald McColl, a distillery worker from the small Highland village of Strathmorn. The officer in charge of the investigation, Inspector Charles Sinclair, told our reporter that Mr McColl's horribly slashed and mutilated body was found on the outskirts of the isolated village late last Saturday night, as the villagers made their way home from a party at the local hotel. The only other member of the village community not present at the party, shepherd boy Jamie McLeod, is helping Police with enquiries. Apparently, he claims to have been exploring the deserted manor of the MacMorn family, once lairds of the manor, who died out 100 years ago. Locals hold that the manor is haunted, and McLeod is reported to have claimed that the murder must have been committed by one of the ghosts that had become disturbed by his investigations.

Temperance Movement is very strong in Scotland, and many hotels do not serve alcohol.

The map of central Inverness shows the location of the station, museum and public library. The police are housed in the County Offices. Cabs are generally available from The Exchange (the open area in front of the Town Hall) and the cost of a trip to Strathmorn is 4/6.

The Police Case

By the time the Sunday Review story appeared, the case was already a week old, and a further few days will have elapsed before the investigators get to Scotland. In the intervening time, Inspector Sinclair has been unable to discover any other possible culprit and has therefore charged McLeod with murder. The first thing that the investigators are likely to do is approach the police and ask for their help. The Inspector, assuming the players have suitable references, will provide the following information:

Inspector Sinclair still has doubts about McLeod's guilt, but can find no other explanation for the mystery, and - being under considerable pressure to bring charges against someone - he has chosen the only possible candidate. Although he has only circumstantial evidence for McLeod's guilt, Sinclair does have character witnesses from the village who are prepared to testify that they believe McLeod could have committed the murder. As these include the Minister and the local doctor, he is fairly sure that McLeod will be convicted. If asked to provide further details of the crime, he will become irritable and unhelpful, as he knows he doesn't have any firm proof and doesn't want the investigators throwing up doubts. However, he is happy for them to have a look at the manor. Being a sceptical man, he is convinced that they will find nothing interesting, and if they are working on that, they can't be trying to clear McLeod. He will warn them that many of the villagers are convinced that the manor is haunted and will be very unhappy at the thought of anyone risking disturbing the ghosts.

This is as much as the investigators will get from Inspector Sinclair, but if they choose to ask to see McLeod they will pick up more interesting information.

First, they will note that McLeod is a slightly built young man in his early twenties. He seems fairly bright and very much afraid of what is happening to him. All he has to say is that he didn't do it, it must have been the ghosts, and he's sorry he ever went to that awful house. If the investigators try to question him about the house, he will say that he went there hoping to find treasure and that he fell asleep. All he can remember about that night is a particularly ferocious wind that built up

whilst he was inside the manor. He is now convinced that the place is haunted, because he knows he didn't commit the murder, and he wishes he had listened to Reverend McCallan's advice and left the Devil's work well alone. He will not discuss the house further, nor say why he thought there might be treasure there, and will do his best to dissuade the investigators from entering it.

The police officer in charge of the cells where McLeod is held is Sergeant Lorimer. If questioned, he will be reluctant to talk at first, as he is fairly superstitious, but if pressed and bought a few whiskys he will reveal that he is very sorry for the young man:

"I saw the body they found, and believe me, there's no way the wee laddie could have done so much damage to a man. His arms were ripped from their sockets, his head was half twisted off and his body covered with such awful cuts you'd think someone had been at him with a claymore. Still, the rest of the village were all at the hotel with Mrs McPherson when it happened, so I can only believe that the laddie must have been possessed by the Devil, like the Reverend says. From the way he cries out in his sleep, he's certainly troubled by some spirit or other."

Sergeant Lorimer is not sure exactly what it is that McLeod says in his sleep, but - if further lubricated with whisky - will allow the investigators to stay the night at the police station to listen to him for them-

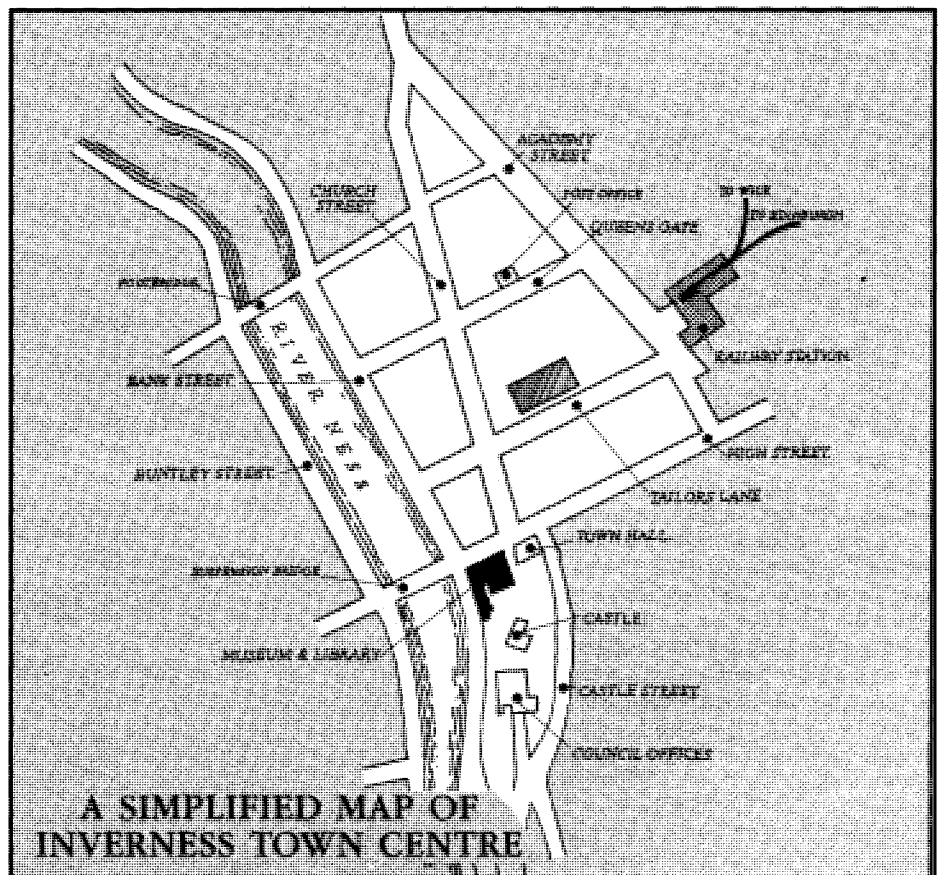
selves. If the investigators follow this course, they will discover that McLeod dreams several times during the night, each time thrashing his arms and legs wildly and crying out. Many of his cries are incoherent, especially to someone unfamiliar with the local accent, but the investigators can make out a number of sentences such as:

"No, no, don't go in there! No, it can't be, it's moving! Aargh! Don't let it get me!"

On waking, McLeod can remember nothing of his dreams.

If asked about the details of the crime, Sergeant Lorimer will say that the Inspector has forbidden anyone to discuss it until after the trial, at which all will be explained. No amount of bribery will get anything more out of him.

This is all the information the investigators can get out of the police and McLeod. At this stage, they will probably wish to go to Strathmorn to interview the villagers and explore the manor. However, they may decide to make use of the museum and public library while they are in Inverness in order to look for references to the manor and the MacMorn family. From the point of view of the flow of the scenario it is probably best to encourage them towards Strathmorn straight away, but if they do come up with the idea of going to the library, refer to the section on documentary evidence later in the booklet. Obviously,



they will not know of the existence of Archie McPhee's diary at this stage, and will need to make exceptionally good library rolls in order to find it.

If the investigators do make their way directly to Strathmorn, they will need somewhere to stay. The natural, indeed only, place to stay is the Strathmorn Hotel.

Stathmorn Hotel

Scottish hotels are often nothing more than the equivalent of English coaching inns. This is certainly true of the one in Strathmorn, which has only three guest rooms - one double and two twins. The investigators will probably have to share rooms. The double room is 5/- per night and the twins 3/6 per person per night. Meals are from 2/6. If the scenario has been set during the summer, there is a good chance that one or more of the rooms will be occupied by tourists. Keepers with a weak party might like to use this as an excuse to introduce an NPC. Of course, if the investigators are not working for Price, they may find that people who are have already snapped up the rooms. If there is not enough room for all the investigators, some of them will have to commute from Inverness.

The hotel is run by Mrs Maureen MacPherson, a kindly widow. She is quite happy to talk to the investigators, and indeed does so at length as they struggle through the heavy porridge breakfast that she provides. Unfortunately, most of her gossip is about local affairs and her children, rather than anything of interest.

Mrs MacPherson's children are Iain and Douglas. Like most other young Highlanders, they found few opportunities for work at home and so got as much education as possible and emigrated. Iain is a doctor in Melbourne, and Douglas an engineer in Toronto. Like many other Scots, Mrs MacPherson is worried about the number of young people leaving the Highlands for big cities or the colonies. The population of Strathmorn is now 20% less than it was 100 years ago.

Local matters that she is likely to mention include the large number of English tourists who now seem to flock to the area in summer; how wicked it is that all of that good land that Earl Cawdor has is given over to deer and grouse rather than providing work for farmers like it did in her grandfather's time; and how slothsome the men in the village are on account of their drinking half of the distillery's output before it ever gets bottled (a slight exaggeration). If the investigators can get a word in edgeways and ask the appropriate leading questions they can glean the following additional information:

The party at the hotel on the night of the murder was in honour of Mrs MacPherson's

50th birthday. With the hotel being the only legal, convenient source of alcohol, and as such the social centre of the village, everyone was invited and everyone came, even Rev McCallan who officially frowns on the consumption of the Devil's Brew. The only absentee was McLeod who, in theory, was supposed to be looking after a flock of sheep belonging to Mr McIntyre, a local farmer.

Donald McColl left the party early for some reason, and that was the last anyone saw of him until his body was found the following morning by a group of villagers on their way to church to repent the night's debauchery (the *Sunday Review* got this detail wrong, which may confuse the investigators somewhat).

MacMorn Manor has been deserted for over 100 years since the last laird died without heirs. Rumour has it that it is haunted by ghosts of the family who protect the family treasure. No one in the village dares to go anywhere near it, and besides Rev McCallan has forbidden them to do so lest they become possessed by demons.

As far as Mrs MacPherson is concerned, possession by the Devil is the only possible explanation for McLeod having committed the murder. She says he has always been a nice, polite boy, if a little unreliable on account of his being given to daydreaming. Also, he was "forever poking his nose into places where noses didn't ought to be poked".

The village is obviously a very close community, the only real outsider being Dr McBride, who - although Scots by ancestry - was born and educated in England. Mrs MacPherson's family have lived in the village for as long as she can remember. Her grandfather, Archie McPhee, was the minister at the time the manor was last occupied. She believes he wrote a diary of

some sort, but what happened to it she doesn't know - it was probably burnt on account of it telling of the evil doings of the MacMorn family. Not that she knows the evil the MacMorns might have done, except that it concerned Africa, but they must have been evil if they have come back from the grave to haunt the manor.

Mrs MacPherson can also supply the investigators with any information they require about who lives in the village, where to find them and so on. She will warn them to be particularly careful about who they talk to, as many people in Strathmorn do not like foreigners, and the Rev McCallan is likely to be firmly against them doing anything that might disturb the ghosts in the manor.

The next stage for the investigators will presumably be to talk to more of the villagers and try to get some more information, both about the manor and the murder mystery. The map of Strathmorn shows the location of the houses of the principal characters, the manor and the spot where Donald McColl's body was found.

The People of Strathmorn

As has already been noted, Strathmorn is a closed and isolated community. For the most part - Mrs MacPherson, the McPhees and Dr McBride excepted - the villagers are reluctant to talk to strangers. A fair number of tourists do come through Strathmorn during the summer, but the McColl murder caused a few journalists to descend upon the village and has opened old sores. The villagers will be tight-lipped about anything remotely scandalous; they will become very edgy and unfriendly if anyone mentions the MacMorn house, poaching, stealing from the distillery or anything to do with sex. They will be exceptionally hostile to anyone they suspect of being from an English newspaper.



Poaching is something of a local pastime. Much of the area surrounding the village is owned by Lord Cawdor and is well stocked with deer, grouse and salmon. The distillery is very small, and has little market for its ware outside of Inverness and the surrounding villages. Most of the output is sold to blending companies. It does, however, provide the only local industry and stealing whisky from it is an accepted supplement to the meagre wages.

If asked about the night of the murder, most people will confirm both Mrs MacPherson's version of events and McLeod's mention of a particularly high wind blowing that night. The rest were too drunk to remember anything.

Donald McColl - the murdered man was well liked amongst the villagers. Other than poaching, stealing whisky and beating his wife he had no particular vices, and none of these were counted greatly heinous. His ability at caber-tossing had made him a local hero. Few of the villagers will admit to any reason why he might have been killed, or how anyone could have managed it.

Rev McCallan - the local minister is exceedingly strict in his beliefs and duties, even for a Presbyterian. Woe betide anyone in the village who fails to turn up at the kirk (Scottish for church) on a Sunday. The Reverend regards the MacMorn house as an abode of Satan and has forbidden anyone in the village to enter it, or even go beyond the protecting ring of trees. As soon as the investigators express any interest in the house, McCallan will do all he can to drive them away from the village lest they wake whatever demons Satan might have billeted there.

McCallan is convinced of McLeod's guilt. As soon as he heard the lad had spent the night in the manor, he knew that he must have been possessed by a demon and could thus have been capable of anything.

Willie Stewart - Donald McColl's best friend is a slow, suspicious man with a deep mistrust of foreigners (by which he means anyone from more than 5 miles away). He is also very strong and easily provoked to violence. He and McColl did a lot of work for Dr McBride, both poaching and work of a more clandestine nature. As a skilled poacher, he is an expert with a shotgun. He is happy to believe McLeod guilty, as both the minister and the doctor have said he is. Stewart feels somewhat guilty about the death of his friend as they were supposed to go off together that night, but he had got too drunk and so McColl went on his own.

Dr McBride - The doctor is the only well-educated man in the village. He is suave and

civilised, and will be kind and courteous to the investigators, saying how nice it is to have well-read visitors. He is happy to talk about the manor, but does his best not to impart any information. If anyone mentions the subject of his association with Stewart and McColl, he will admit to a passion for salmon and say that the two were proficient poachers. He explains that poaching is an accepted part of life in the area and is nothing to be concerned about.

McBride also claims to be convinced of McLeod's guilt. If challenged on the medical impossibility of McLeod inflicting the wounds that were reported, he will fetch several books from his library and point to a number of case histories where mentally disturbed people were capable of feats of unusual strength and violence. He adds that McLeod was much much given to day-dreaming and other signs of maladjustment.

A Spot Hidden roll will reveal an unusually large number of books on genealogy on the doctor's shelves. If anyone comments on this, he will say that he was born in England of Scots descent and is hoping to trace his ancestors, whom he believes to have lived near St Andrews. However, this is only partly true. In fact, McBride believes himself to be a direct descendant of the MacMorns, and is hoping to inherit the house and what he believes to be the family fortune. To this end, he has been paying McColl and Stewart to investigate the Manor for him, he being somewhat frightened of it himself. When McColl was killed, he became convinced that he and McLeod had discovered something very valuable and had quarrelled over it. Knowing he cannot trust McLeod, he wants him hung as soon as possible.

McBride has told no one, not even McColl and Stewart, of his theories about his ancestry. Also, no one in the village is aware that McColl and Stewart have been visiting the manor.

Jean McColl - If anyone was relieved to see the back of McColl, it was probably his wife. To start with, he beat her when drunk. Also, because he spent many of his nights away poaching or investigating the manor, he was often having his wages docked for falling asleep at work. Being a bold and independent-minded woman, Mrs McColl has recently taken advantage of her husband's nightly absences to start an affair with a neighbour, Duncan Brodie. As is usual with such matters, none of the male members of the community are aware of this, and all the females know, but are far too prudish to mention it explicitly to outsiders. Understandably, Mrs McColl is very wary of anyone prying into her husband's death.

Annie Stewart - Willie Stewart's wife is an exceedingly religious woman and even more



suspicious of foreigners than her husband. This presents her with two problems. First, she greatly disapproves of her husband's association with Dr McBride, and second, she is even more disapproving of Jean McColl's adultery. However, much as she would like to make trouble for McBride and Mrs McColl, she is too wary to say anything direct. The investigators will thus find her in the habit of shrilly sending them packing, dropping some cryptic comment as they are leaving, and then slamming the door so that they cannot follow it up.

Farmer McIntyre - McLeod's employer, and a solid, down-to-earth fellow. He is one of the villagers not convinced of MacLeod's guilt. He will speak of the shepherd as a nice enough lad, but prone to day-dreaming. Shepherding suited him ideally, as it gave him plenty of time away in the hills where he could dream to his heart's content, and there were no distractions to tempt him from his work. McIntyre believes he was far too dreamy and placid to have killed anyone.

If anyone thinks to ask about the sheep McLeod was supposed to be guarding on the night of the murder, McIntyre will relate that two of them were never found, and the rest were scattered everywhere. Also, splashes of blood were found in the area where they had been grazing. Though he accepts it is odd, the farmer supposes that a wolf must have attacked the flock, though he had thought them extinct in Scotland. Perhaps an eagle....

Really smart investigators may think to ask the farmer about any implements he may have had about the farm that McLeod could have used to kill McColl. McIntyre will explain that the police have already thought of this and have checked all of his tools and McLeod's knife for traces of bloodstains. Nothing of interest was found.

Angus McCallan - the owner of the distillery is the brother of the minister. This is not quite so incongruous as it sounds; being somewhat better off than most of the

village, the McCallans could afford to send a son to be trained as a clergyman. Being loyal to his brother, Angus will side with the minister in all things. The only useful information he has to impart is that McColl and Stewart were not his most reliable employees, often being late and falling asleep at work.

The McPhees - Gordon McPhee, who runs the village store and Post Office, is a relative of Mrs MacPherson. Also, he is a grandchild of the former minister, Archie McPhee, and can confirm what Mrs MacPherson said about him. He, however, thinks he knows what happened to the old man's diary. Apparently some of Archie McPhee's books were given away to Inverness library as the result of a clause in his will. Gordon McPhee believes that the diary may have been amongst these.

Mrs McPhee is the local schoolmistress and is therefore fairly well educated. She knows

little about the Manor herself, but does know that the MacMorns were wealthy and successful up until their sudden demise. She and her husband are both doubtful of MacLeod's guilt. They are a lot better disposed towards foreigners because, like Mrs MacPherson, they do quite well out of tourists in the summer.

The Brodies - If the investigators start following clues about the affair between Jean McColl and Duncan Brodie, they may wish to interview the latter. They will find him a fairly wet, inspired fellow prone to being dominated by women in general, and Jean McColl and his mother with whom he lives in particular. His stock response to questions is: "Well... I'm not sure that Mother would like me to tell you anything about that".

It is more likely, however, that the investigators will find the Brodies by reference to Old Mother Brodie who, at 65, is the oldest

person in the village. Duncan is the youngest of five sons, but all the others died in childhood, which explains why she has been so protective of him. She actually approves of his affair with Jean McColl, as she is sure she will die soon and is therefore hoping to find a wife for her beloved son. Really paranoid investigators will note that her long fingernails are among the few implements in the village capable of causing the lacerations found on Donald McColl's body.

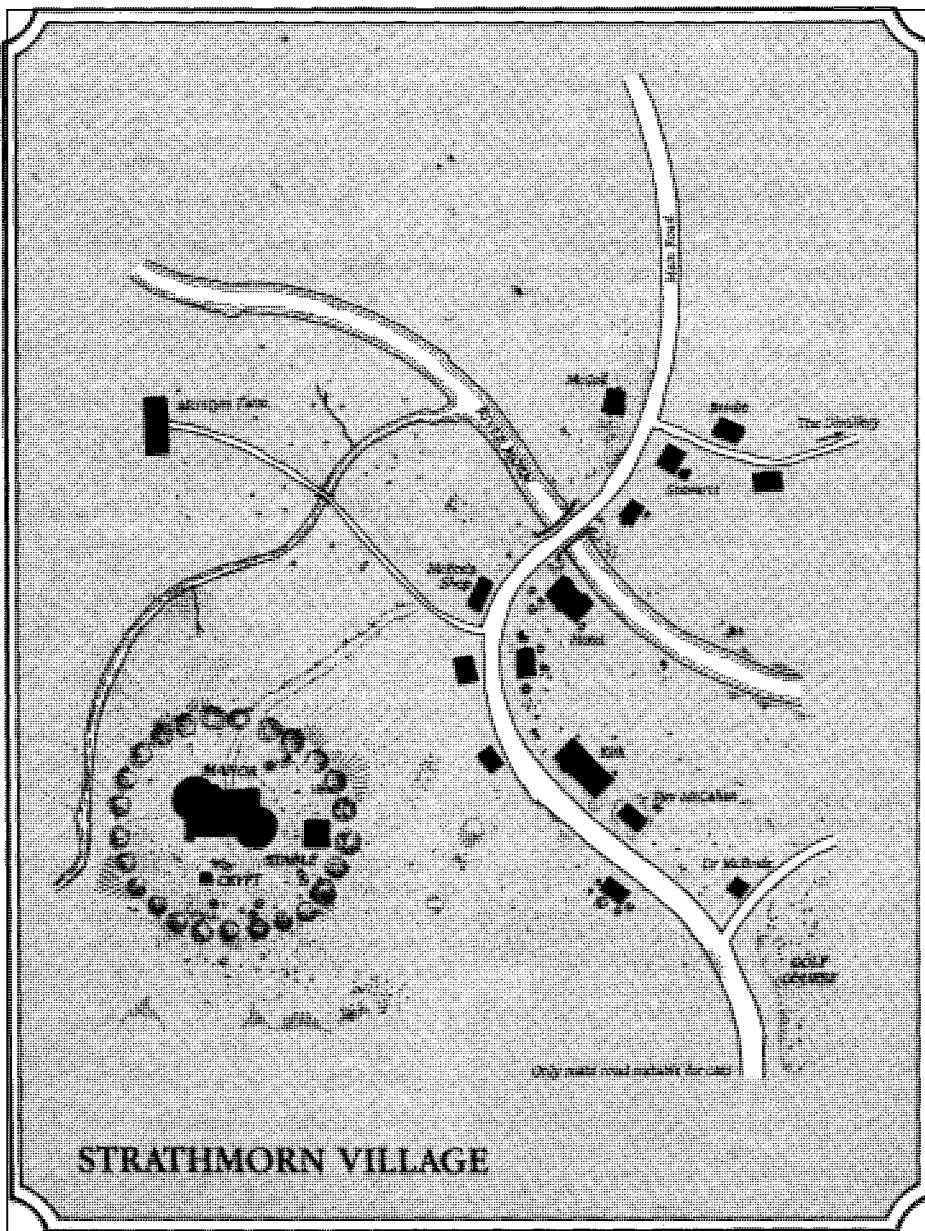
Mother Brodie is far too young to remember the MacMorns herself, but she does remember her grandmother telling her that the cause of their downfall was that the laird's son went to travel the world and brought back devils from Africa which killed the family. She also knows that it was this younger MacMorn who planted the ring of strange, black trees which surround the house.

Children - Small children are often good sources of information about things that their parents do not want to talk about. If the investigators try talking to the village children, they will find that mothers often use the manor as a source of bogeymen. Children who misbehave are threatened with being caught by the ghosts of the evil MacMorns and the devils they brought back from Africa.

Documentary Sources

By now, the investigators will probably be thinking of looking for any documents concerning the MacMorn family. Unfortunately, the village has no more than the register for births, marriages and deaths in the church. These record the births of Gordon, Moira and Alex MacMorn, and the marriage and death of Gordon MacMorn, as given in the timeline. There are no records of the deaths of Moira or Alex MacMorn. Gordon MacMorn was buried in a family vault at the Manor, so his grave cannot be found in the churchyard.

The evidence that the investigators need is available, but they will probably need to know what they are looking for in order to find it. Mrs McPherson's grandfather, Archie McPhee, who was minister in the village at the time of the fall of the MacMorns, kept a diary which is now in Inverness library. Mrs MacPherson's gossip and information from the shopkeeper, Gordon McPhee, should lead the investigators there eventually, if they don't think of dropping in whilst visiting the police. After McPhee left his diary and several other books to the library, they were filed away and forgotten. Because of this, anyone unaware of the diary's existence will have a modifier of -50 on any Library Use roll to discover it. Once the library authorities are reminded of the will, they will be able to find the books without much trouble.



Several passages in the diary are of interest, the most significant being the following:

"June 2nd, 1810 - Great Rejoicing. Young Master Alex hath at last returned from his travels to foreign parts. Widely indeed hath he sailed, even as far as the Dark Continent of Africa, whence he hath bought back a real Black Man. Most Devilish the fellow looks too, all the more so for his barbarous tongue, which can but make gross travesty of our language. Master Alex hath also bought with him many treasures of that forbidden land, and a large number of trees, which he intends to plant around the manor. He is accompanied by one Douglas, a sailor who has been his servant for much of his travels".

"June 14th 1810 - Am deeply worried concerning the young MacMorn. Since of his return, the young Master Alex hath refused steadfast to enter the kirk, and this despite the constant urgings of the Laird and of myself. Master Gordon is as good a God-fearing man as ever walked this Earth, and the Lord knows we did our best to rear the boy in the knowledge of God. Yet his sojourns in foreign parts fair seem to have tainted his mind such that the very sight of the House of God fills him with a deep loathing and fear. There will be no good of this ere long".

"August 3rd 1810 - Alas! Our Laird hath passed his way to the Bosom of Christ, and in a manner most queer too. Brodie, the Master's manservant, did summon me from my slumber at 4 o' the clock this morning and bid me hasten to the manor, and make all speed lest the Devil catch me. Then he hasted back hi'self without waiting, stopping only to peer back at me puffing along behind and yell "the Master is dying" as if the words themselves could lend youth to my ageing legs. Well, in troth, I ran faster than I am able, and have wheezed mightily all day therefrom, but alas 'twas all for nought for, by the time I had arrived, Master Gordon was already beyond the mortal sod and in the arms of his Maker."

Of the manner of his passing there is great mystery as he was in fine fettle the night before, as I saw myself. Yet in early morning, as Brodie reports, screaming, coughing blood and saying that the very Devil were in his stomach and burning his way out. I have no reason to doubt this, as the maids were still clearing of his noxious spew when I arrived, and his poor face was contorted in the most awful fashion, so he clearly died in the most dreadful pain. None other in the house was affected, nor any other who had eaten of the Laird's table the night past, and I am at a loss to explain what strange ague could have taken a man so fit so sudden".

"August 4th 1810 - Great Consternation. The Young Laird - for Master Alex hath now assumed the title - behaves in a manner e'en more strange than before. He hath for-

bidden a public ceremony of burial for his father, insisting that I bury the late Laird at the manor direct into the vault, and refusing to attend e'en this simple ceremony himself, so great is his hatred of the Works of God. Yet not content with this affront to the village, and presumably refusing to lead them in worship, for he has ne'r once set foot inside the kirk since his return from the Dark Land, he has summarily ordered all of the late Master's servants and workmen out of the manor forthwith, leaving only the dour-looking sailor, Douglas, and the Black Man, both of whom returned with him from his travels. It is already a common whisper in the village that Master Alex has poisoned his father, yet I cannot understand why a man should kill for an inheritance and then straightaway sacrifice all respect and prestige that it brings by such callous and improper acts".

"Christmas Day 1810 - O Lord, what poison is it that affects our young Laird's mind so? Have I not prayed, day and night, that on this Great Day You might send some miracle that might cause him to repent his past deeds and return to the Bosom of Your Church? And yet there is still no sign of him. He hides away in the manor all day, seeing naught of his fellow men, and only infrequently sending the sour Douglas to the village or to Inverness to buy food and wine. Some of the village hath a rumour that the Master is killed, most probable at the hand of the Black Devil, yet Angus McCallan and five strong men paid call at the manor today to deliver gifts and saw the Laird, for all that he sent them packing with foul words and curses. Perhaps, Lord, I am old and foolish to pray for his soul, for 'tis plain he hath lost it already."

"May 23rd 1811 - A strange event. Two men came all the way from Edinburgh with a carriage containing strange parcels for the Laird. Staying the night at MacPherson's hostel, they drank greedily, saying they knew not what was in the packages but that it smelt foul and gave them such awful fears they had driven the horses near to death to be the quicker rid of it. I asked them after the Laird, and they reported him pale and haggard but as foul mouthed as ever."

Further references to strange deliveries from Edinburgh occur regularly for the next year or so. Then all references to Alex MacMorn cease until:

"November 15th 1815 - Angus McCallan came to me today with a strange thought. "Is't not", he asked, "by two weeks past now that is made the large delivery of foul parcels from Edinburgh sufficient to tide the evil Laird and his Devilish crew over winter? In troth, I think there may be doings afoot at the manor, for 'tis hard to mind me of when I last saw lights burning there o'er night as they used". Nor could I make quarrel with this. Angus sayth he will take a group of men and keep watch to see if aught stirs".



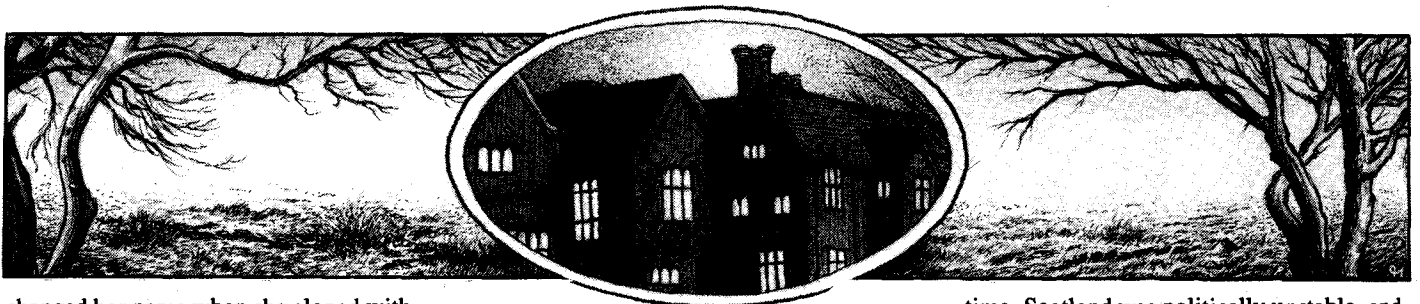
"November 20th 1815 - Five days now Angus McCallan and his men have kept watch on the manor and naught have they seen of Master Alex and his companions. Village talk has it that they are all dead or fled the region, yet no man is brave enough to venture beyond those trees for fear of what evil things may lurk there. Were I more mindful of my duties, I should perhaps send to Inverness to seek word of Master Alex's Aunt Moira, yet since she sinfully eloped with the merchant from Aberdeen, not one word has she sent to anyone of the village, nor her brother or nephew, these 12 years long. Besides, I mind me of what e'er misfortune has fallen on the house of MacMorn be best left undisturbed lest that same evil that possessed Master Alex be loosed upon other men".

This last paragraph has been ringed in pencil, fairly recently by the look of it. As the diary only begins in 1808, there is no other mention of the elopement of Moira MacMorn. Enquiries at the library concerning other readers of the diary will reveal that Dr McBride visited there a few months back and requested to see certain old collections. He seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and the library staff didn't even know what books he looked at. If McBride is confronted with this fact, he will admit an interest in village history, but will reject any suggestion that he is related to the MacMorns, claiming again that his family originated from Fife.

The only other entries of any interest are a few odd mentions of sheep being taken by wolves. The diary ends early in 1816.

There is little else in the way of documentary evidence that can be found. A copy of Archie McPhee's will exists in the records at the County Offices. This may lead the investigators to the diary, if they think it destroyed.

The investigators may decide to try to confirm suspicions that McBride is related to the MacMorns. This is possible, but will take a very long time - Moira MacMorn



changed her name when she eloped with McBride's ancestor. It is only through family tradition that the doctor knows of the connection. In order to prove anything, the investigators would need to go to London or Aberdeen and trace McBride's ancestry back to one John McBride of Aberdeen who married a "Moir Gordon", supposedly of Inverness, of whom no further records exist. This would obviously take a very long time, and the investigators should be discouraged from following such a path.

Distractions and Lead-ins

The area around Inverness has a number of interesting connections which may provide red herrings for enterprising Keepers to use to confuse the investigators. They could also be used to form the basis for further scenarios following on from this one, keeping the characters in the area.

Inverness stands on the mouth of the River Ness, and it is a mere seven miles up river to Bona Ferry at the north-eastern end of the famous loch. The first modern sighting of the Loch Ness Monster was in April 1933, though sightings of the creature date back to Anglo-Saxon times. The monster was front page news throughout the latter half of 1933, so if the scenario is set after this time, the investigators are bound to be aware of it.

Mention of the creature can be found both in the library and in Inverness museum, and there may be monster hunters staying near the loch.

The major exhibits in the museum, however, are those dealing with the battle of Culloden which put an end to Bonnie Prince Charlie's Rebellion in 1745. Culloden battlefield is about four miles east of the city, and is such a well known tourist attraction that the Perth-Inverness railway line has a station at Culloden Moor. It is a well known fact that ancient battlegrounds are amongst the very best places to find ghosts.

Seven miles down the river from Culloden stands Cawdor Castle, one time home of the villainous MacBeth, and site of his murder of King Duncan and usurpation of the Scottish throne. The castle is still inhabited by the current Earl Cawdor. As with most Scots noblemen, he is often away from home, the best chances of finding him in being Hogmanay and in the grouse shooting season.

The Manor House

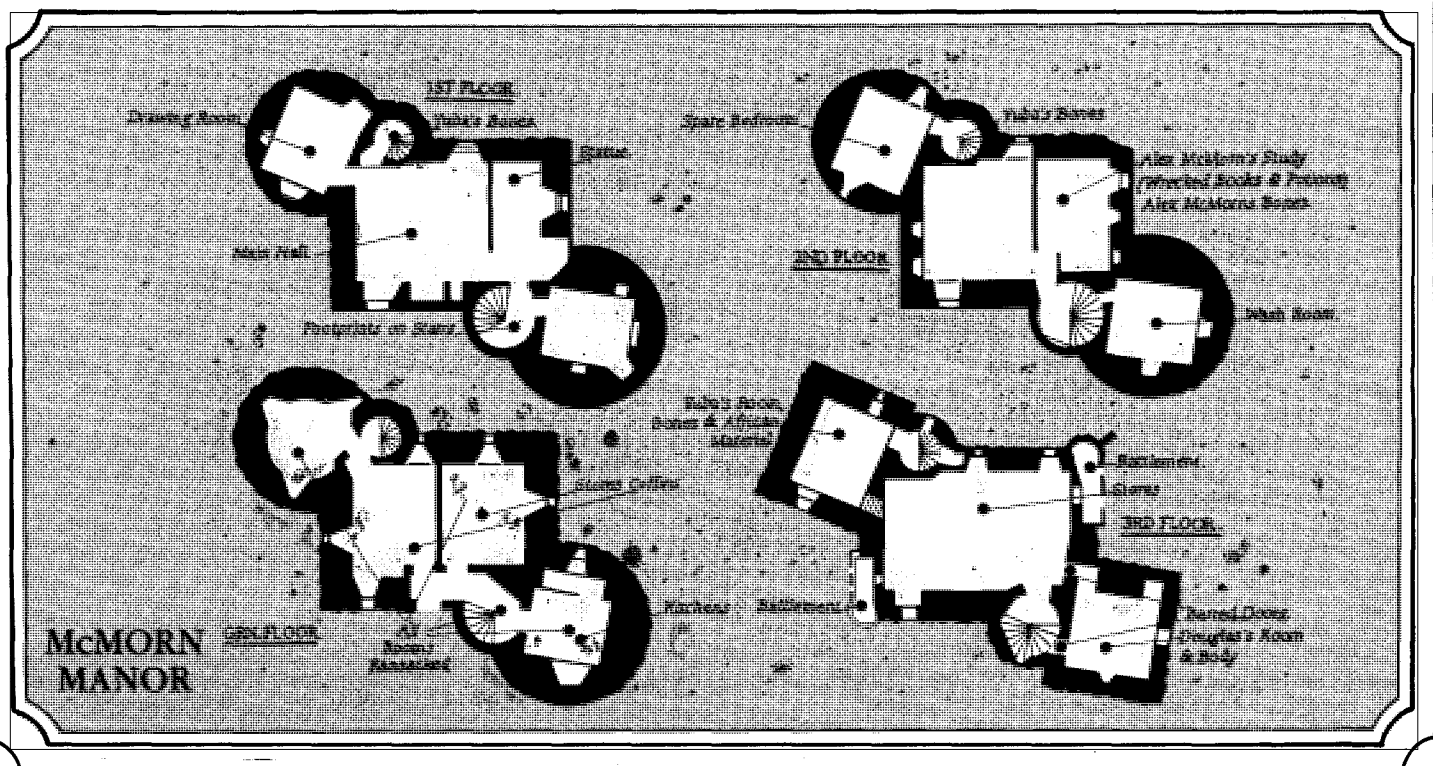
The home of the MacMorns was built in its present form in the mid 17th century. At this

time, Scotland was politically unstable, and warfare between clans was common. The manor has something of the appearance of a castle and is designed with defence very much in mind. The main door is flanked by a tower to cover the approach, and the ground floor is given over to utility rooms, so that the attackers must fight their way up the spiral staircases in order to get at the family quarters. The plans of the various floors of the house show the layout of the rooms.

The first thing that investigators are likely to notice on approaching the manor is that it is completely encircled by tall, black trees, the like of which they have never seen before (even with 100% Botany skills). No villager will dare to venture beyond these (not even Stewart, who has refused to go near the place after McColl's death).

The grounds of the house are overgrown with weeds. The only things that the investigators will be able to identify will be the stables and the family crypt. The former contains the bones of two horses which have apparently been eaten by some wild animal. The latter is open and completely empty.

Both the main door and the kitchen door have been battered down, apparently some time ago. The kitchen is derelict, but shows signs of having been searched recently.



Footsteps can be found in the dust of the ground floor rooms. Investigators with appropriate skills will be able to identify the tracks of two largish men and one smaller man. In the ground floor store rooms, there are a number of old, empty coffins, all of which have been smashed open fairly recently. There is no sign of any entrance to a cellar.

The footprints of the larger men continue up the main spiral staircase, but stop at the top and come back down again. Anyone ascending the stairs at night will understand why; against the far wall of the hall, immediately opposite the exit from the staircase, stands a most hideous statue. It depicts a humanoid creature some 7 feet in height but thin and lanky with a long pointed head. The creature has huge claws at the ends of its fingers, and prominent, sharply pointed teeth. Anyone ascending the stairs at night would see this statue in the distance as they reached the top. At that range, and in that light, it could easily be taken for real. Anyone seeing the statue in such conditions, therefore, should roll for SAN as if they had seen the actual Horror.

The rest of the house has been undisturbed since 1815 and investigators with historical leanings may be interested to study it. The only unusual thing about its furnishings and decoration is that a number of tribal masks of obviously African origin (somewhere on the Gold Coast, if the investigators make Anthropology rolls) are hung about the walls of all rooms save the upper store room and Douglas's room. Although most of the furnishings are undisturbed, some of the upper rooms show signs of considerable violence.

The third floor bedroom on the smaller staircase is obviously the room that was used by Alex MacMorn's black servant as it contains a large amount of African material and clothing. Human bones can be found scattered in this room, and in a trail down the smaller staircase to the drawing room. As with the horses in the stables, the larger bones have all been cracked to give access to the marrow, and show signs of having been heavily gnawed. All the bones are completely clean of any fleshy remnants. Investigators making Anthropology rolls will be able to identify the skull (found in the drawing room) as that of a native of West Africa.

The door to the other third floor bedroom is shut and heavily barred, though the barrier has weakened somewhat over the years (STR 25). If the investigators manage to break in (roll on the Resistance Table), they will find the body of the sailor, Douglas, who apparently barricaded himself in by dismantling his bed and using the wood to bar the door. He probably died of starvation, as there are no bloodstains on the floor.

The investigators' main interest, however, is likely to be focused on Alex MacMorn's study on the second floor. This has been well and truly wrecked, and many old, and possibly interesting books have been torn to pieces, and a large number of phials of potions and powders have been smashed (sadistic keepers may like to include a page of the *Revelations of Glaaki* as the only surviving, readable text). Alex MacMorn's bones are scattered around the room, gnawed, cracked and picked as clean as the bones of the African.

Having checked out the house for monsters, the investigators are likely to turn next to a



detailed search for clues and/or treasure. The ground floor has already been gone over by McColl and Stewart and most of the rest of the house yields material of historical interest only. The statue, however, hides a secret. A Spot Hidden roll will reveal a panel in the plinth which opens to yield a small hand-written book: the note-book of Alex MacMorn.

The Notebook

Alex MacMorn was not particularly tidy or thorough. Much of his writing is indecipherable, and none of it is dated, but it can be assumed to be in chronological order. The book makes several cryptic references to MacMorn's "pets", which it would appear he bought back from Africa with him. There are also a number of mentions of a place called "T'gaorl", a city deep in the African jungles which MacMorn discovered on his travels. The more interesting of the legible entries, in order of appearance, are given below.

"All is going well. The common folk now hate and fear me sufficiently to shun the house entirely. Douglas and Yuba have finished planting the trees. My great experiment is about to begin."

"I am feeding them as the Witch Doctor told me. They are growing strong, and their hunger increases. All is well."

"The idiots in the village came bringing Christmas gifts as they say is customary. T'was fortunate there was nothing hanging in the store room."

"No one in Edinburgh seems to have knowledge of the tomes I seek. I am loath to seek further afield as I need much gold to buy food for my pets, yet t'would be as well to have more knowledge before they are fully grown. What shall I do, I wonder?"

"That scum Lennox sought to cheat me. The corpses were fresh and un-hung. Good fortune that I had the sense to keep back some of the contents of the crypt. My pets seem particularly fond of Mother. Perhaps they can somehow tell who it is they eat."

"I am running short of gold and the things are still not full grown. I have tried to get them to sleep as I saw in the city of T'gaorl but they hunger still. Soon I will have no choice but to feed them sheep."

The final entry is:

"Today they tasted blood for the first time. I must now trust to God, but I have forgotten how. At least if I die, the foolish villagers will not come here for many years and the things will as like perish of hunger. Yet they should be full grown by now. Why will they not sleep? Why? Why?"

In the front of the book is a small, dirty scrap of paper on which is scribbled - in MacMorn's hand but in careful, capital letters - an incantation:

**"NIHAR CTHOR HAG NAATHI IST'HE
GHLAN GHEIHNT'HOR".**

Any investigator reading the notebook must make a Sanity Roll, losing 1D4 of SAN if this is failed.

The Manor at Night

The investigators, assuming they are cautious, sensible fellows, are most likely to visit the manor during daylight. However, their failure to find any trace of a monster this way will eventually lead to their attempting to repeat McLeod's experiences and going there at night. Investigators who are very wary of the Reverend McCallan will do this first anyway. At night the manor is a very different place.

The physical layout is the same at all times, though remember that first sight of the statue is likely to alarm anyone with a poor light source, but the building seems to exude an aura of evil which will make the hairs on the backs of the investigators' necks tingle and shiver. As soon as anyone enters the house at night, a strong wind will begin to blow, and the trees will sway crazily as if dancing around the manor.



After the investigators have been in the manor a few minutes, the Keeper must make a roll against POW for each of them in secret, using a D20 with a modifier of +10. Only if the resulting score is the same as or lower than the investigator's POW will each of the PCs save against the spell. Anyone failing their saving roll will soon fall into a deep sleep. The Keeper should try to catch the victims when they are out of sight of their colleagues (fairly easy in a dark house) to tell the players privately that their characters have succumbed, rather than have them fall over in front of their colleagues. A much better atmosphere is achieved if investigators "disappear" and people trip over sleeping bodies, than if the characters are seen to succumb to a spell.

Some of the investigators will probably make the saving roll and can have a little while to wander about and fall over their sleeping colleagues. They will find that none of the sleepers can be woken and will probably sit down to keep watch. The Keeper should check them again at this point. If they save a second time, they can stay awake all night - they probably won't see anything of interest anyway. The spell victims revert to normal sleep patterns at dawn and can be woken by any suitable method.

The investigators will probably think their night was somewhat boring, but for the villagers it was nothing of the sort. The Horror was indeed about, but none of the investigators will have seen it, unless they left the house to return to the village or search the grounds. Even so, the Horror only attacks lone prey and is adept at hiding in the darkness. If any investigator is so foolish as to wander the grounds or village alone, the Horror will jump him as soon as he leaves the ring of trees, but run off if anyone approaches before it has finished its meal. The Horror will have the advantage of surprise in its attack.

Very thorough investigators may try to ensure that they spot the Horror. If they are the type who come armed with a generator and massive arc lamps, the Keeper should think up some excuse to have these fail, as such technical overkill spoils the fun for everyone.

Assuming, then, that the investigators do not get a glimpse of the Horror, the next they will hear of it is on their return to the village in the morning. No-one there was eaten, indeed they all stayed safely indoors, but one of Farmer McIntyre's sheep vanished and many people report hearing an unearthly howling in the village streets during the night (this will not have carried to the manor on account of the high winds). Reverend McCallan will be in no doubt as to what was abroad and who was responsible. Other villagers will be more or less convinced, depending upon their personalities.

Trapping the Horror

The investigators will now presumably try to think up some plan to catch the Horror and destroy it. Unless they come up with this sort of plan, or something better, the Keeper should have Farmer McIntyre suggest a baited trap. He will be willing to sacrifice an old sheep as the bait. It can be tethered in the village, and everyone else can lie in wait in nearby houses. The only other thing that must be done is that some brave souls will have to go to the manor to cause the Horror to wake in the first place. If their plan is simply to go there, stay a few minutes with matchsticks propping their eyes open, and then hare back to the village, the Keeper should let them succeed (after a few nerve-wracking die rolls). If they intend to stay in the safety of the manor then they must roll for sleep as before.

The villagers will be in something of a quandry as to what to do about this trap. Braver souls like Farmer McIntyre will be ready to help, but others will be put off by the rantings of the Reverend McCallan. Dr McBride, as a scientist, will offer his services, and Willie Stewart will also volunteer, both because McBride told him to go and out of a genuine desire to avenge his friend's death. The Keeper may add a few more male villagers to the party if he wishes, but they will have no great effect on the outcome of events.

The Horror might be a cunning hunter, but it is not up to combating a wily human. It will fall for the trap, and everyone will get a good view of it. In form it resembles the

statue in the manor very closely. This may confuse the investigators, as anyone who stayed awake in the manor all night will know that the statue did not move.

Sanity rolls will of course be required.

As soon as the Horror is within reasonable range, Farmer McIntyre and Willie Stewart will loose shotgun blasts (McIntyre doesn't want to lose his sheep unless absolutely necessary, and Stewart is simply hot-headed). Some of the investigators may fire as well. The Keeper should ensure that at least one shot hits - fiddle Stewart's roll if necessary. As it will have adopted its thick skin before leaving hiding, it is extremely unlikely that the Horror will be killed by a single volley, especially as the Keeper will have the opportunity to fix McIntyre and Stewart's rolls to miss if need be. Assuming it is not dead (and the Keeper can always let it survive a few minutes with mortal wounds on the strength of its terrible, inhuman willpower), it will flee back to the manor at great speed, leaving a trail of sticky ichor from a wounded arm.

The investigators now have little choice but to follow the thing to it's lair. McBride, Stewart and McIntyre will agree to accompany them (indeed Stewart will be the first to suggest it), but any other villagers present will have been too shaken to do anything other than head for a wee tiddle.

Dr McBride's Plan

As the party makes its way to the manor, McBride and Stewart will contrive to lag towards the back of the group. If for some reason the investigators manage to lay their trap without involving anyone in the village, the Keeper can assume that McBride got wind of what they were up to and kept watch with Stewart, following them at a safe distance once they set off for the house.

Once the group reaches the ring of trees McBride will spring his trap and order them all to stop. He and Stewart will have the whole party covered with their shotguns. Given the short range and the fact that Stewart is known to be a crack shot, it is unlikely that any of the investigators will be

foolish enough to try anything. Farmer McIntyre will remind them of this if they seem jumpy, and will urge them to try to reason with the doctor. It is, after all, very bad form not to let the villain have his final rant.

With McIntyre and the investigators at his mercy, McBride will reveal all concerning his ancestry. He will go on to say that he now intends to kill everyone, follow the monster to the treasure himself, and tell the village that his unfortunate victims were eaten. Again, McIntyre will try to keep the investigators from trying anything rash - they don't need to die and a wounded investigator will be easy prey for the Horror.

As McBride is revealing his plans, Stewart has been glancing around nervously, looking for the Horror. Once McBride has got to the end of his speech, or when the investigators are about to do something rash, Stewart notices something.

"Good God Doctor! Look at that tree over there. It's got a branch hanging half off and dripping just like the arm o' the thing we shot!"

Give the players a moment or two to realise the awful truth themselves, but if they do not, Stewart can add:

"If that tree were a monster all along, what are the rest o' them!?"

At this point everyone with any sense will run as fast as they can back to the village. Anyone who stops to see what happens will see all of Alex MacMorn's "pets" take on their waking form. The trees do not become monsters, but rather the creatures emerge from them after the manner of mythological tree spirits. Thus no one would ever notice a tree missing when a creature was out hunting.

Dr McBride remains where he is, transfixed by the sight, and the creatures proceed to tear him to shreds and eat him, quarrelling

noisily over the pieces, as anyone foolish enough to watch will observe. Investigators witnessing this sight should make another Sanity roll (note the greater penalty for seeing the creatures emerge from the trees). Anyone lingering behind for more than a moment will also be caught by the trees, but the rest of those present will have a fortunate escape - the creatures need very little food when fully grown, and they will not chase the party back to the village.

Loose Ends

Once the investigators have established where the creatures come from, it will be a simple matter to dispose of them. They just have to burn the trees. The villagers will be only too happy to assist.

Provided that Farmer McIntyre was present at the final encounter, there should be no embarrassing questions to be faced. However, if Willie Stewart was the only witness to survive he could make life fairly difficult



for the investigators, especially if they attempt to accuse him of any crimes (in fact, threatening behaviour is about as much as he could be charged with).

Inspector Sinclair will be none too pleased at any proof of supernatural agency, but will be quite relieved at being spared a potentially embarrassing court case. He will drop all charges against McLeod on the grounds of insufficient evidence and leave the matter "unsolved". As no one in the village will wish to press the matter, it is quite safe for him to do this. He will not be in the slightest bit interested in any tales of poaching, whisky-stealing or adultery, unless anyone in the village wishes to make a complaint.

Reverend McCallar will be absolutely delighted. It is not often that a minister can describe a place as a haunt of demons *and* be proved right in such a spectacular manner. Of course, he will give no thanks to the investigators for their help, and he will do his best to steal all the glory by ostentatiously reciting scriptures at the trees as they are burnt.

There is no treasure in the manor. As the investigators are aware, Alex MacMorn spent every penny he had on buying food for his "pets".

If the investigators are working for Harry Price, they will be expected to produce a full report of their findings for Price to

distribute to the newspapers. The case could provide extremely valuable publicity for his organisation and the cause of Psychical Research in general. If the scenario is run as part of a continuing campaign, the investigators may have to think very carefully about exactly what information they want Price and the general public to have. If it becomes known in the village that the investigators will be producing a report for the newspapers, Gordon McPhee will approach them with a view to doing a deal about arrangements for tourists to visit the famous haunted manor.

With this in mind, the question of possible surviving MacMorns must be considered. The investigators will be able to repeat Dr McBride's researches and establish the, albeit tenuous, link with Moira MacMorn. McBride has no immediately traceable living relatives, but there are records of an aunt, Elizabeth McBride, who married a Mr Carrington and emigrated to the USA. Their last known address was in Washington Street, Arkham, Massachusetts.

As a final thought, the investigators are presumably now in possession of Alex MacMorn's notebook. Although the text is exceedingly fragmentary, there are entries dating back to MacMorn's time in Africa. These, together with identification of the tribal artifacts in the manor, should give the investigators a good start on the way to finding the Lost City of T'gaorl.

Timeline for the MacMorn Family

April 1807 - Alex MacMorn sets out to further his education by foreign travel. Due to the wars in Europe he elects to travel more widely than is customary.

October 1808 - Moira MacMorn elopes with John McBride, a merchant from Aberdeen.

March 1809 - Alex MacMorn discovers the lost City of T'gaorl in West Africa and determines to learn the secrets of the Gn'icht' Tyaacht from the Ikambi tribesmen.

June 1810 - Alex MacMorn returns home with a collection of young Gn'icht' Tyaacht. He is accompanied by Douglas, a sailor, and Yuba, an Ikambi tribesman.

August 1810 - Alex MacMorn murders his father, Gordon, and assumes the Lairdship. He expels all servants save Douglas and Yuba from the manor and becomes a recluse.

May 1811 - Alex MacMorn begins ordering corpses from a Mr Lennox in Edinburgh.

October 1815 - Alex MacMorn and Yuba killed by the Gn'icht' Tyaacht. Douglas dies of starvation barricaded in his room.



Acknowledgements

Background information on Scotland in the 1930s came from *The Heart of Scotland* by George Blake, Batsford, 1934

Information on prices and accommodation was based on the 1923 edition of Ward, Lock & Co's *Tourist Guide to the Highlands*

Both of these books could have been available to the investigators, depending on the year in which the scenario is run.

MacMorn Manor is based on Claypotts Castle near Dundee, and the maps are based on those in *Scotland's Historic Buildings* by Hubert Fenwick, Robert Hale, 1974

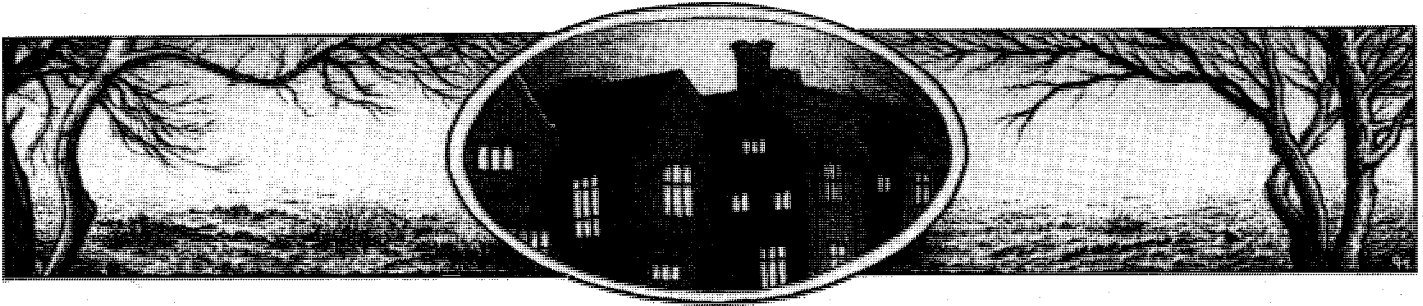
Thanks also due to Marc Gascoigne and Marcus L Rowland for their help and advice, and to the many people who have provided inspiration for this scenario.

Playtesters: Kathryn & Logan Tamlyn, Paul and Sue Cowling, Ian Marsh, Paul Mason.

This scenario is dedicated to Steve Bailey, whose fantasy campaign, *Talgor*, is the most frightening roleplaying game I have ever experienced.

Pete Tamlyn - November 1985





Character Statistics

The following list includes details of all non-player characters in the scenario. The skills listed are only those with unusual values. All characters can be expected to have the usual base level starting skills as well. Further information on the personality of the characters can be found in the body of the text, particularly in the section on the inhabitants of Strathmorn.

Inspector Sinclair

Senior Police Officer at Inverness. In charge of the murder investigation.

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 11 SAN 45 EDU 15 Hit Pts 15
Age 45

Skills: Fist 50%; Nightstick Attack 60%; Nightstick Parry 70%; First Aid 25%; Law 60%; Psychology 20%; Spot Hidden 30%; Drive Automobile 55%; Credit Rating 40%.

Equipment: Truncheon (Nightstick), car.

Sergeant Lorimer

Station Sergeant at Inverness.

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 5
DEX 6 APP 8 SAN 25 EDU 9 Hit Pts 14
Age 52

Skills: Fist 70%; Nightstick Attack 75%; Nightstick Parry 80%; Shotgun 45%; Law 30%; First Aid 30%; Spot Hidden 45%; Mechanical Repair 30%; Drive Automobile 40%; Singing (drunken ballads) 40%.

Equipment: Truncheon (Nightstick), bicycle.

Jamie McLeod

Shepherd Boy. Prime suspect in murder enquiry.

STR 8 CON 7 SIZ 7 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 9 APP 15 SAN 60 EDU 7 Hit Pts 7
Age 17

Skills: Zoology 10%; Botany 10%; Listening 40%; Tracking 30%; Fast Talk 50%; Climb 40%; Swim 35%; Throw 50%; Hide 30%; Sneak 45%; Pick Pockets 25%.

Mrs Maureen MacPherson

Proprietress of the Strathmorn Hotel.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 7 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 14 APP 8 SAN 70 EDU 9 Hit Pts 10
Age 42

Skills: Accounting 30%; Bargaining 20%; First Aid 50%; Oratory 20%.

Reverend McCallan

Presbyterian Minister of Strathmorn.

STR 15 CON 9 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 6
DEX 12 APP 10 SAN 30 EDU 13 Hit Pts 11
Age 34

Skills: Read/Write Latin 20%; Accounting 20%; History 35%; Library Use 20%; Theology 80%; Psychology 25%; Debate 40%; Oratory 65%.

Equipment: Bible.

Willie Stewart

Villager. Best friend of murdered man.

STR 18 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 10 SAN 46 EDU 5 Hit Pts 15
Age 28

Skills: Fist 70%; Head Butt 40%; Kick 35%; Knife Attack 60%; Shotgun 80%; Nightstick Attack 40%; Tracking 65%; Camouflage 55%; Hide 75%; Sneak 80%; Climb 45%; Jump 60%; Swim 65%; Listen 50%; Spot Hidden 60%; Throw 65%.

Equipment: Knife, 12-gauge shotgun.

Dr McBride

The village doctor.

STR 6 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 8 SAN 45 EDU 16 Hit Pts 11
Age 38

Skills: First Aid 80%; History 40%; Library Use 75%; Pharmacy 60%; Treat Disease 55%; Treat Poison 75%; Diagnose Disease 80%; Drive Automobile 60%; Debate 30%; Oratory 40%; Psychoanalysis 20%; Psychology 40%.

Equipment: .22 revolver, 20-gauge shotgun, bicycle.

Jean McColl

Widow of the murdered man.

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 70 EDU 6 Hit Pts 10
Age 24

Skills: First Aid 25%; Hide 30%; Sneak 40%; Fast Talk 55%; Singing 60%; Dodge 75%.

Annie Stewart

Wife of Willie Stewart.

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 6 INT 7 POW 10
DEX 8 APP 8 SAN 50 EDU 3 Hit Pts 8
Age 25

Skills: Theology 35%; Debate 20%.

Equipment: Rolling Pin.

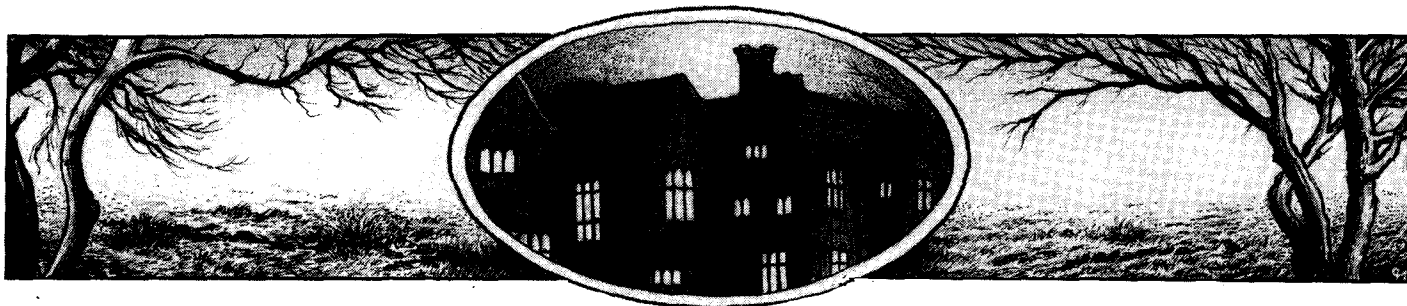
Farmer McIntyre

Employer of Jamie McLeod.

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 9 APP 15 SAN 75 EDU 8 Hit Pts 14
Age 34

Skills: Fist 65%; Kick 30%; Shotgun 50%; Rifle 60%; Zoology 75%; Accounting 30%; Tracking 45%; Carpentry 45%; Bargaining 60%; Climb 45%; Swim 60%.

Equipment: 0-gauge shotgun, .22 rifle, knife.



Angus McCallan

Distillery owner. Brother of Reverend McCallan.

STR 11 CON 6 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 6
DEX 3 APP 11 SAN 30 EDU 11 Hit pts 9
Age 36

Skills: Accounting 45%; Chemistry 20%;
Mechanical Repair 45%; Bargaining 60%;
Credit Rating 40%.

Gordon McPhee

Village shopkeeper and postmaster. Cousin of Mrs MacPherson.

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 9 SAN 60 EDU 7 Hit Pts 10
Age 37

Skills: Accounting 40%; Psychology 20%;
Bargaining 80%; Fast Talk 45%.

Mrs McPhee

Village schoolmistress. Wife of Gordon McFee.

STR 7 CON 5 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 7 SAN 65 EDU 9 Hit Pts 7
Age 34

Skills: Botany 10%; History 15%;
First Aid 45%; Library Use 20%;
Zoology 20%; Fast Talk 35%; Oratory
40%; Singing 40%; Accounting 20%.

Mother Brodie

The oldest woman in the village. Age 65

STR 8 CON 15 SIZ 8 INT 10 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 10 SAN 80 EDU 4 Hit Pts 12

Skills: Debate 25%; Botany 20%; Occult 15%;
Diagnose Disease 30%; Treat Disease 20%;
Treat Poison 25%.

Duncan Brodie

Mother Brodie's son.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 6 POW 7
DEX 13 APP 15 SAN 35 EDU 6 Hit Pts 1
Age 25

Skills: Hide 40%; Sneak 55%.

The Horror

The Gn'icht' Tyaacht are a race of tree spirits native to the jungles of West Africa. They live in a form of symbiosis with a tall black-leaved tree called Nuwanda by the natives. Although the creatures are flesh-eaters when manifesting themselves separate from their trees, tribal witch doctors have found that they can be tamed by means of magical spells - provided that they are fed solely on human flesh which has been hung until completely dry of blood until they reach maturity at approximately five years old.

Before maturity the Gn'icht' Tyaacht are fairly active, and voraciously greedy, but can be controlled by sophisticated magics. Once they have matured, their appetite reduces dramatically, and they spend most of their time asleep within their trees.

Gn'icht' Tyaacht are only able to leave their trees during the hours of darkness.

Although a single Gn'icht' Tyaacht has no magical powers, a grove of creatures (10 or more) is able to link minds psychically and perform limited magics. The grove becomes aware of everything that happens within it, and within a distance of about 10 yards from the perimeter of the grove. In addition, the grove is able to cast a powerful sleep spell. Persons caught within the grove when the spell is cast must save twice against falling to sleep, rolling 1D20 +10 and needing to score below their POW to save.

It is taboo amongst the Gn'icht' Tyaacht to attack anyone within a grove, unless that person breaks the rules of hospitality by first attacking one of them. This

information was not known to Alex McMorn.

Certain African tribes - including the Ikambi, who were visited by McMorn - are known to worship the Gn'icht' Tyaacht, and it is the Witch Doctors of these who developed the techniques for controlling the creatures. The tribes were heavily decimated by slave traders, and it may be that the knowledge of which they were guardians is now lost to mankind.

The Gn'icht' Tyaacht do not worship any other mythos deities, but were once enslaved by Cthugha when he was summoned to Earth by an overly ambitious wizard in the long lost African city of T'gaorl. The Gn'icht' Tyaacht were powerless against Fire Vampires, and nurse an age long hatred for Cthugha and all of his allies.

Characteristics	Average
STR 2D6 +10	17
CON 3D6 +12	22-23
SIZ 2D6 +14	21
INT 2D6 - 2	5
POW 2D6	7
DEX 3D6 + 5	15-16
Hit Points	22
Move	12
Weapon	Attack Damage
Claw	40% 2D6 +4

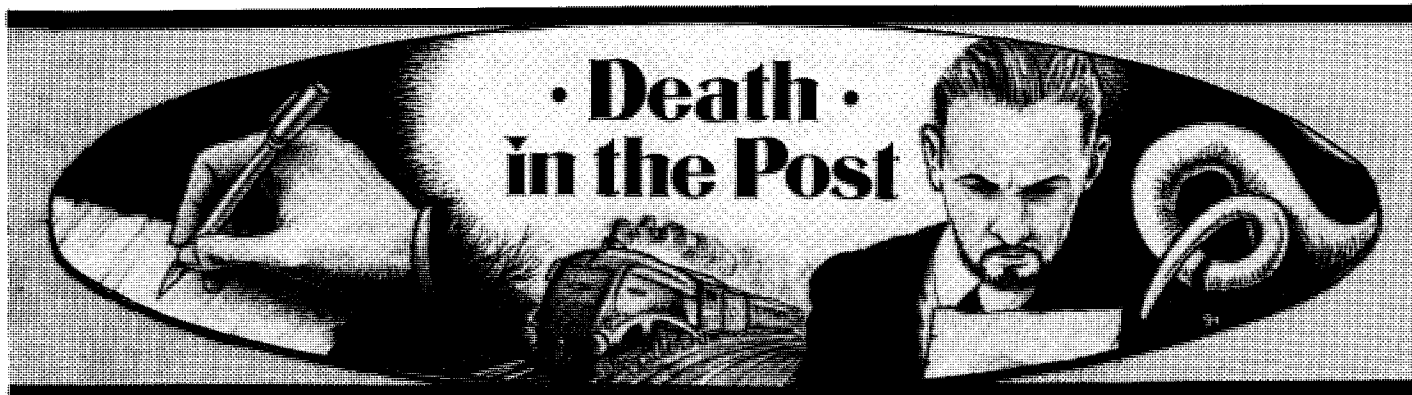
The Gn'icht' Tyaacht can use both claws at once.

Armour: The Gn'icht' Tyaacht are able to change the texture of their skins from almost intangible when entering their trees to a thick, woody form for fighting. This latter acts as 5 point armour. They always adopt their thick skinned form when out of concealment, and thus can only be caught without armour if surprised when leaving or entering their trees, or when hidden.

Spells: None individually. See above for grove spells.

SAN: Anyone seeing a single Gn'icht' Tyaacht must make a Sanity roll, losing 1D6 if the roll is failed. Seeing a Gn'icht' Tyaacht emerge from its tree has a greater penalty of 1D10 for a failed roll, or 1 point of SAN if the character makes the roll.

Gn'icht' Tyaacht have the same sort of skill at stealth and tracking as rival jungle hunters such as leopards.



Introduction

Death in the Post is not a scenario in the classic format. There is very little to be discovered, and most of that can be found out very quickly and easily. However, the investigators will soon find that knowing what is going on and being able to do anything about it are two quite different things. A large amount of the latter part of the scenario is left to the Keeper to prepare or improvise. Feel free to alter the number and nature of encounters as you see fit.

The plot concerns the attempts of a crazed sorcerer to assassinate the various prominent persons who were responsible for his incarceration in an asylum. He does this by sending each of them a curse through the post. Once the players find out about this, they must find the various victims, convince them that they are in danger and - hopefully - save them. The action takes place some time in the early 1920s.

The scenario has been designed to make use of a lot of the information given in *Green and Pleasant Land* and to take the investigators on a long journey around the British Isles. It will also provide a good introduction to 20s British social life, and will give the investigators one or two useful contacts.

Players' Introduction

Players can be introduced to the adventure by George Edmundson, a well known collector of occult paraphernalia. Edmundson is not a practicing occultist himself, indeed he is fairly sceptical about the claims of most sorcerers, but he is passionately interested in the subject and has an extensive collection of books, manuscripts and cult objects.

The Keeper will have to invent and introduce the connection between Edmundson and one of the investigators. If one of the investigators is a famous occultist or ancient historian, there is no problem; Edmundson can simply choose that character as someone to consult. However, if none of the investigators is sufficiently eminent, another connection is required. Perhaps Edmundson is an old school friend of one of the investigators, or maybe the Keeper could introduce him in an earlier scenario

when the investigators are looking for an occult library to consult.

Whatever the connection, the scenario begins when one of the investigators receives a letter from Edmundson asking for a meeting. The character concerned will be invited to dinner at Edmundson's house (a stylish Georgian building in the Marylebone area of London), and the letter will add that Edmundson wishes to discuss "a matter of occult and historical interest". If the investigator is well known to Edmundson, he will also be invited to bring "any of his learned friends who may be of assistance", otherwise he should go alone. Edmundson ends the letter by asking that "the matter be treated with the utmost discretion and not revealed to anyone in whom you do not have complete trust".

On arriving at Edmundson's house, the investigator(s) will be treated to a sumptuous meal (Edmundson is quite wealthy and has several servants). During the meal, the host will make polite conversation concerning the well-being of his guest(s), and any occult matters that happen to have made the news of late - perhaps the latest Aleister Crowley scandal or recent discoveries in Egypt. Gentlemen investigators should not be surprised at this; they will know that their host will not begin to discuss business until port is served in the Drawing Room after the meal.

When Edmundson finally reveals why he asked for the meeting he produces a scrap of papyrus and shows it to his guest(s).

"I have been given this", he says, "by a friend who knows of my predilection for the occult. He passed it on in good faith, saying he has little idea concerning the authenticity of the object, but nevertheless offering it for sale. Having examined it myself, I confess considerable interest in it. It would appear, as you can see, to be a magical formula of some sort, having a number of parallels with items in the d'Anastasy Collection in the Leiden Museum of Antiquities, and therefore presumably dating from the second century AD".

"However, on closer examination, and on comparing the item to a similar papyrus in my own collection, I began to have doubts as to its authenticity. The papyrus does not seem to have aged as one might expect, nor

is the style of the hieroglyphics entirely in keeping with the calligraphy of the period. In short, I fear it may be a clever fake designed to defraud collectors such as myself. As I said earlier, I am convinced of my friend's good faith in this matter - he has a number of means whereby he could have acquired such an item in all innocence - but if some unscrupulous felon is circulating such fake artifacts, I am certainly interested in catching the bounder and teaching him a lesson. Equally, if the item is genuine, I would be interested in your opinion as to its value".

As Edmundson has said, the item in question does indeed seem to be a magical papyrus from the 2nd century AD. The materials and general style are in keeping with what one would expect, but a successful Archaeology roll will confirm his suspicions. A Chemistry roll will also confirm the doubts about the age of the papyrus. The item is a fake, but it is a very clever one.

A successful Mythos roll will provide more interesting information. Whilst of modern manufacture, the papyrus can hardly be called a fake. It carries a genuine spell and has an obvious and deadly purpose. The papyrus is, in fact, a *target item* for a Hunting Horror. Whosoever happens to be in possession of the papyrus when the monster appears (or the last person to touch it) will be devoured by the Hunting Horror. Unfortunately, it is not possible to tell from the papyrus exactly when the creature will arrive (though a successful Mythos roll will tell the investigators that it must appear at night).

Edmundson, being somewhat sceptical about the efficacy of magic, will not initially be very impressed with any warnings his guest(s) might give him. Nor will he be prepared to reveal the name of his source. A typical collector, he is nervous that some rival will hear about the item and step in with a higher offer than the one he has made. It will take a successful Debate or Persuasion (APP x 5 roll) to convince him that he is in danger.

If those investigators who are Edmundson's guests are unable to discover the truth about the papyrus, or fail to convince him of his danger, the matter will have to be left until the following day, in which case the section

titled *Edmundson's Death* should be consulted. Otherwise, proceed direct to the section *The Plot Thickens* to see what Edmundson can tell them about his friend, then consult *Combating the Horror* to get Edmundson and the investigators through the night....

Edmundson's Death

Having failed to resolve matters with Edmundson, the investigators will have to bid him goodnight. It will be the last time they see him alive. If they try to contact him in the morning, they will have the conversation with Wilkins the Butler given below. Otherwise, the first they will hear of the night's events will be when Inspector Carlton catches up with them, which he will try to do from midday onwards.

Wilkins will be most apologetic and obviously upset (an unusual state of affairs for a butler - they are trained to be unflappable). "I'm terribly sorry, sir, but I'm afraid it is quite impossible for you to see the master. You see, a most terrible thing happened here last night. I'm afraid I slept through all the excitement, being a rather heavy sleeper you see, but I was woken at 2 o'clock by Varley, the chauffeur, who said he and his wife had heard the most terrible screams coming from the master's rooms".

"Well, I went to investigate as they bade me and, hearing no sound and having no reply to my knocks, I opened the door. You can imagine my distress, sir, when I say that I found my master lying there, quite dead, his body shredded with scratches and several of his bodily organs strewn about the room. It fair turned my stomach, sir, I'll say. The police are here now, and say it must have been an animal of some sort. A window in the bedroom has been forced open and they assume it got in that way, though it must have climbed the wall or flown to do so. And here's a strange thing, sir. Although the master was in his nightclothes when he

died, and had obviously been to bed, he had clutched in his hand that parchment he showed you last night."

At this point, a Constable will intervene and ask Wilkins not to discuss the matter further. If the investigators are on the doorstep, they will be invited in to speak to Inspector Carlton. If they are on the phone, the Constable will ask for their names and addresses and request that they make themselves available to see the Inspector that afternoon.

An Interview with Inspector Carlton

If Edmundson was sceptical about the efficacy of magic, Inspector Carlton is

investigators to examine it further. He will take the same line with any further papyrus that turn up. He will only change his mind on this if a) he becomes convinced of the occult menace and does not suspect the investigators, or b) he is ordered otherwise by a superior.

The Plot Thickens

The papyrus was given to Edmundson by James Richardson, a well known investigative reporter with the *Daily Clarion*. The investigators may have got his name from Edmundson, otherwise they will need to worm it out of Wilkins once the police are out of the way. If all else fails, Richardson himself, on hearing of the death, will begin to investigate it, and - after talking to



downright dismissive. He is quite certain that there is a natural explanation for the murder, though he is at something of a loss for one at present. Thus, while he will quiz the investigators thoroughly on the events of the previous night and have an attendant Constable take copious notes, he will be dismissive about their fears. Let the investigators make Debate or Oratory rolls if they wish, but give both a modifier of -100% for the time being. Carlton will become more amenable to persuasion as the scenario progresses (see the section *The Police Investigation*).

If they don't have good alibies, the investigators are likely to become prime suspects. Fast Talk or Persuasion may be useful to get them away from the police, but Carlton will soon realise he has been conned and come after them. Only Debate will put him off the scent for a long period of time. If a Debate roll does prove necessary to avoid arrest, that result will hold until the investigators do something else suspicious, at which point re-make the roll to see if Carlton still believes their excuses.

Finally, as the papyrus seems closely linked with the murder, Carlton will insist on keeping it as evidence and not allow the

Wilkins - will track down the investigators. If this happens, he will not confess his part in the affair unless convinced by Debate or Oratory of the supernatural threat.



Richardson received the papyrus anonymously through the post. He assumed it was a hoax of some sort, but offered it to Edmundson just in case. If Edmundson is dead, he will be very upset and feel honour-bound to do whatever he can to track down the culprit. Furthermore, he will want to do so himself rather than let the police get on with things. The investigators may find that one of the nation's top investigative journalists is a useful ally to have.

Note, however, that Richardson's reputation will be known to the investigators. The Keeper should point out to any upper class members of the group that Richardson is famous for his scandalous exposés, and that there is some risk that he may produce a lurid story about them and their occult interests. It would be quite in character for them to not want anything to do with him.

Richardson can be contacted via the *Clarion* offices, or by hanging around pubs in Fleet



Street. He has a house in Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey but he is not on the phone and hardly ever home.

A Possible Suspect

Initially, Richardson will have no idea who might have sent the papyrus. A man in his profession makes a lot of enemies, more than one of whom has threatened to kill him. Give each of the investigators an Idea roll. If none of them make it, Richardson will make his. The result of this is that someone will remember a short news item from two weeks ago.

The news concerned the release of a patient from Grey Fell Institute for the Criminally Insane in Northumberland. The man in

of the *Clarion*, and the BMA officials who sat on the enquiry.

The Truth about Dr Briggs

In fact, Briggs has been dabbling in magic, though some of his medical practices, eg, the acupuncture, are quite genuine, if somewhat bizarre to 1920 Britain. He has been in contact with Nyarlathotep for some time, gradually getting further and further out of his depth. Eventually, he became insane, which is when his patients started to worry and Richardson got involved. The investigation and court case went a long way towards bringing him back to his senses; by the time he got to Grey Fell, he was fairly well back in control. However, instead of professing himself cured and trying to get released, he has been using his time in the asylum to further his researches and plot revenge.

Because he is a gentleman, independently wealthy and no trouble to look after, Briggs has been treated very well at Grey Fell. He had his own suite of rooms, which he was allowed to furnish as he wished. He even managed to get his occult books smuggled in, disguised as medical tomes. This gave him plenty of time and opportunity to get back in touch with Nyarlathotep and perfect his skills. When the time came, it was a simple matter for him to convince Grey Fell's Director to release him.

Briggs has now returned to the house in Wimbledon from which he used to run his practise. Renting it under the assumed name of Hobbs, he has outfitted a complete demonological temple in the cellar and created the papyri he needs. However, suspecting that someone may guess what he is up to, he has now removed all of his occult tomes to a place of safety and is travelling around the country, posting the papyri to his victims as he goes.

The Mysterious Mr Phelps

Briggs is accompanied on his travels by his valet, Phelps. It was Phelps who was responsible for supplying Briggs with his occult paraphernalia whilst in Grey Fell, and he is well aware of what his employer is up to. He is also completely insane (a result of being present the first time Briggs contacted Nyarlathotep), but has contracted a particularly insidious form of paranoia which enables him to pass as sane most of the time.

Phelps is convinced that everyone and everything, especially Briggs, is out to get him and - because they do not often behave as if they are - they must be working a very deep and subtle plot. Phelps is therefore countering by pretending to go along with what they are doing, but is all the time



working on his own, secret counter-plot. The main thrust of this is to cause as many deaths as possible, but to do so by manoeuvring people into killing each other rather than doing the deed himself. The only outward sign of Phelps' insanity is a very shifty manner, caused by his gross distrust of everyone. This behaviour makes him very memorable, a fact that has done nothing to allay his fears that people are out to get him.

Investigating Briggs

Copies of the newspaper reports of Briggs' activities are fairly easily obtained, especially if Richardson is working with the investigators. These will provide some potentially useful pieces of information. First, there will be photographs of the accused man. Unfortunately, these are out of date, as Briggs has aged considerably during his time in Grey Fell, grown a beard and taken to wearing glasses - he is no longer recognisable as the man in the photograph. In addition, the investigators will discover the address of his old surgery (a large house in Wimbledon, South London) and the list of people he is likely to be out to kill. Besides Richardson and Lord Elwood, Briggs swore vengeance on five senior members of the BMA: Sir Arthur Railton, Dr Howard Colnbury, Prof Henry Masters, Dr Albert Winterton and Dr Hamilton Lund.

On visiting the house in Wimbledon, the investigators will find it seemingly unoccupied, though peering through the window will show that it is well cared for. They may break in, in which case they will find the demonic temple in the cellar, but unless they do so carefully (eg, at night, or using Hide and Sneak skills) a neighbour will spot them and call the police.

By speaking to neighbours, the investigators can discover that the house has been unused for many years, but has been regularly kept up by Phelps (they will get a description of

question is one Dr Randolph Briggs, who was found guilty of gross professional misconduct by the General Council of the British Medical Association, just before the outbreak of the Great War. The investigation came about after the goings-on had been uncovered by Richardson (who had posed as a patient) and published in the *Clarion*.

Whilst the investigation was in progress, some of Briggs' ex-patients took the matter to the police, and Briggs was later put on trial for attempted murder. He was judged to be insane and was sent to Grey Fell. Richardson recalls that Briggs raved about a "new medicine" he had discovered, which had the power to cure any disease, even revive the dead. If there are no ladies present who might be upset, he will add that Briggs' methods included sticking huge needles into his patients, and making them drink concoctions made from their own fresh blood and chemicals extracted from obscure South American fungi and insects. As far as Richardson is aware, Briggs did not dabble in magic as such, but he certainly had some pretty wierd ideas.

What is certain, however, is that during the trial Briggs swore that he would be revenged upon Richardson, Lord Elwood - the owner



the servant from these conversations). In addition, they will find out that the house has recently been sold to an estate agent, Heggarty & Frogmorton, and that it is now being rented to someone whom none of the neighbours has met and who has thus far rudely ignored all invitations to tea. The neighbours are most displeased about this, and say that Dr Briggs must have been mad to sell to an agent who specialised in renting.



Messrs Heggarty & Frogmorton are very discreet about their clients' affairs. However, a successful Fast Talk will persuade them to part with information, as will a Credit Rating roll if the investigators say they are interested in buying the house for somewhat more than it is worth. The information they can give is as follows:

About 4 months ago, Briggs wrote to them from Grey Fell saying that he wished to sell the property and its furnishings. They snapped it up, and - almost the same day as they advertised it - they got an enquiry from a Mr Hobbs. This was about a month ago,



and Hobbs paid 3 months rent in advance, even though he didn't move in until about a week ago. The money was delivered by a servant, a shifty-looking fellow, who took away the key. Neither he nor Hobbs has been seen since. All other contact with Hobbs has been via a London Post Office Box, and contact with Briggs has been via his solicitor who handled his affairs whilst he was in Grey Fell.



As mentioned above, the investigators may try to get to view the house by saying they want to buy it. If they succeed in their Credit Rating roll, Mr Heggarty will show them round the following day, after having failed to get in touch with Hobbs (the estate agents still have a key as they own the property). When the temple in the basement is discovered, Heggarty will be aghast and assure the investigators that it was not there when he bought the property.

The Post Office Box by which Hobbs was contacted has now been closed, but the staff remember a shifty-looking servant who ordered the box on behalf of his master and collected the mail. The solicitor, Mr Finchley of Cratchett, Finchley & Weems, is just as discreet as the estate agents. If Fast Talked, he will reveal that he has not seen Briggs since he was released, but adds that Briggs did ask for £300 of his money to be sent to him at Grey Fell just before his release.

A Visit to Grey Fell

Sooner or later, the investigators will probably visit Grey Fell to enquire about Briggs. The Director, Dr Mortenson, is convinced that Briggs was fully sane when released. He will be quite affronted if the investigators suggest otherwise. By use of communications skills (at -10 modifier if they have already upset Dr Mortenson), the investigators will gain the following information:

Briggs behaved quite normally for most of his time at Grey Fell. He occupied himself by furthering his medical studies, using books brought to him by his servant, Phelps. Dr Mortenson and his staff did not examine every book to ensure that it was medical in nature.

Dr Mortenson will also be able to provide up-to-date descriptions of Briggs and Phelps. Grey Fell has no address for Phelps other than Briggs' old surgery address.

The investigators may think to ask if any of the other inmates were close friends of Briggs, and try to get information from them. If they do, Mortenson will introduce them to Mr Walter Finney - who was the only inmate Briggs got on well with. Finney suffers from accute Quixotism, and thus sees supernatural goings-on everywhere. Of course, no-one believes anything he says, and Briggs took advantage of this to use

Finney as an assistant. Finney knows very little about magic, but he has learnt a few names off by heart. Watch the investigators mouths fall open as he drones on about the Great Old Ones as if they were close friends. If they try to convince Dr Mortenson that what Finney is saying is true, they may need to make Communication skill rolls to avoid staying in Grey Fell for the rest of their lives.

The Victims

All the people on Briggs' list of victims are sufficiently eminent to warrant an entry in *Who's Who* and can therefore easily be tracked down. Their attitudes to the warnings that the investigators will give them are detailed below:



Lord Elwood is currently resident on his country estates in Warwickshire (get there by GWR from Paddington to Stratford-on-Avon, then taxi). At the time when the Hunting Horror is due to visit him, he is holding a house party for several aristocratic friends. If the investigators manage to convince the noble Lord of his danger (and he has great respect for Richardson even though most of his friends hate the man), he and his guests will want to hunt the creature. Trying to convince them that a Hunting Horror is not quite in the same league as a fox will not be easy.

Sir Arthur Railton is now dead. There is, however, an entry in *Who's Who* for his daughter, Hermionie, who lives in Chelsea. She is very much a part of the 'Bright Young Things' party set and is also a heavy user of cocaine and opium. If the investigators explain the nature of the papyrus that she may receive, she will be delighted. "Oh how wonderful! It will make a simply marvellous party game. We can spend the night passing the thing round, and whoever has it when the monster arrives loses!" The investigators will probably come away with the opinion that Miss Railton's Sanity is already well below zero.

Dr Howard Colnbury has since been knighted and entered Parliament as a Conservative MP. He can normally be found at home in his constituency of Petersfield, Hampshire (SR train from Waterloo). He is happy to believe that Briggs is out to get him, especially if people have already been killed, but will be unimpressed by occult explanations. Instead, he will insist that the police handle the matter by providing a Constable to protect him. If Richardson is with the investigators, Colnbury will refuse to even talk to them. This is because he invested heavily in some companies that made healthy profits during the war, and Richardson is known to be running a crusade against wartime profiteers.



Professor Masters is a lecturer in medicine at Balliol College, Oxford (GWR from Paddington). He is well over 60 and is getting a bit senile. His first reaction on being told what is going on is to assume that the whole thing is an elaborate undergraduate prank. Even if the police come to warn him, he will think they are undergraduates in disguise. The only way to get him to take matters seriously is to Fast Talk him into phoning some of the other doctors involved who are convinced - or their bereaved relatives. Even this won't be easy, as the Professor has a marked distrust of newfangled gadgets such as telephones - the roll should have a modifier of -10.

Dr Winterton has retired and lives in Harrogate, Yorkshire (LNER from Kings Cross, change at York). He feels rather sorry for Briggs, believing the fellow meant well and that the whole affair was Richardson's fault for blowing things up out of proportion. At the time, he argued on Briggs' behalf, and only agreed to certify him insane in order to prevent the idiot judge from sending him to prison. Whilst he agrees that Briggs may well be after Richardson and a few of the others ("and serve them right too!"), Dr Winterton will not believe that he is in danger until he receives a papyrus.

Dr Lund still has his practice in Harley Street, London. He has recently become very inter-ested in the theories of the Austrian psychologist, Dr Freud. On meeting a group of lunatics who actually believe in the occult and monsters from the Outer Darkness, he will waste no time in trying to get to the roots of their neuroses. Dr Lund is a capable psychologist, and may be of use to the investigators later - if he survives - but first they will have to get him to stop analysing them and listen to what they are saying.

All of the victims will be reluctant to believe an occult explanation for any deaths that have occurred, and the investigators will need to employ their Communication skills to the full in order to convince them. Even if they believe that they are in danger, they will try to seek a rational explanation for any deaths that have occurred. Bear in mind that all of the victims are upper class and will have at least one servant, so the investigators will not even be able to talk to the victims until they have convinced whichever servants they first talk to that they have something important to relate. Note also that Winterton and Masters are not on the phone, although Balliol College is.



This list of victims and their personalities need not be followed closely. As the Keeper will need to design or improvise all encounters with the victims, there is no reason why he should not make any changes to the list that he sees fit.

Combating the Horror

One thing the investigators need to sort out quickly is how to save Briggs' victims from the Hunting Horror. If they have made their Mythos roll to identify the papyrus, they will already know that burning it won't do any good - the creature will simply come after the last person to touch it. Eventually, they will manage to work out that what they can try to do is to prevent a victim from opening his envelope, so that the Horror goes after Briggs instead, though getting this to happen may be difficult, as the victim in question needs to be convinced of the occult menace (as opposed to a purely physical one).

It is unlikely that the investigators can muster sufficient firepower to beat the Hunting Horror in a straight fight (and if they do, they obvious-ly have totally the wrong approach to the game). However, they can work out ways of foiling it. To start with, they can try sitting in a room with Elder Signs at all the doors and windows, though this could prove a little expensive on POW. Also, Hunting Horrors are afraid of bright light - this is why they always attack at night - so the investigators could summon enough artificial light to simulate daylight, and keep the Hunting Horror at bay. The players may already know of both of these methods. If they do not, allow them Mythos rolls to see if their characters know.

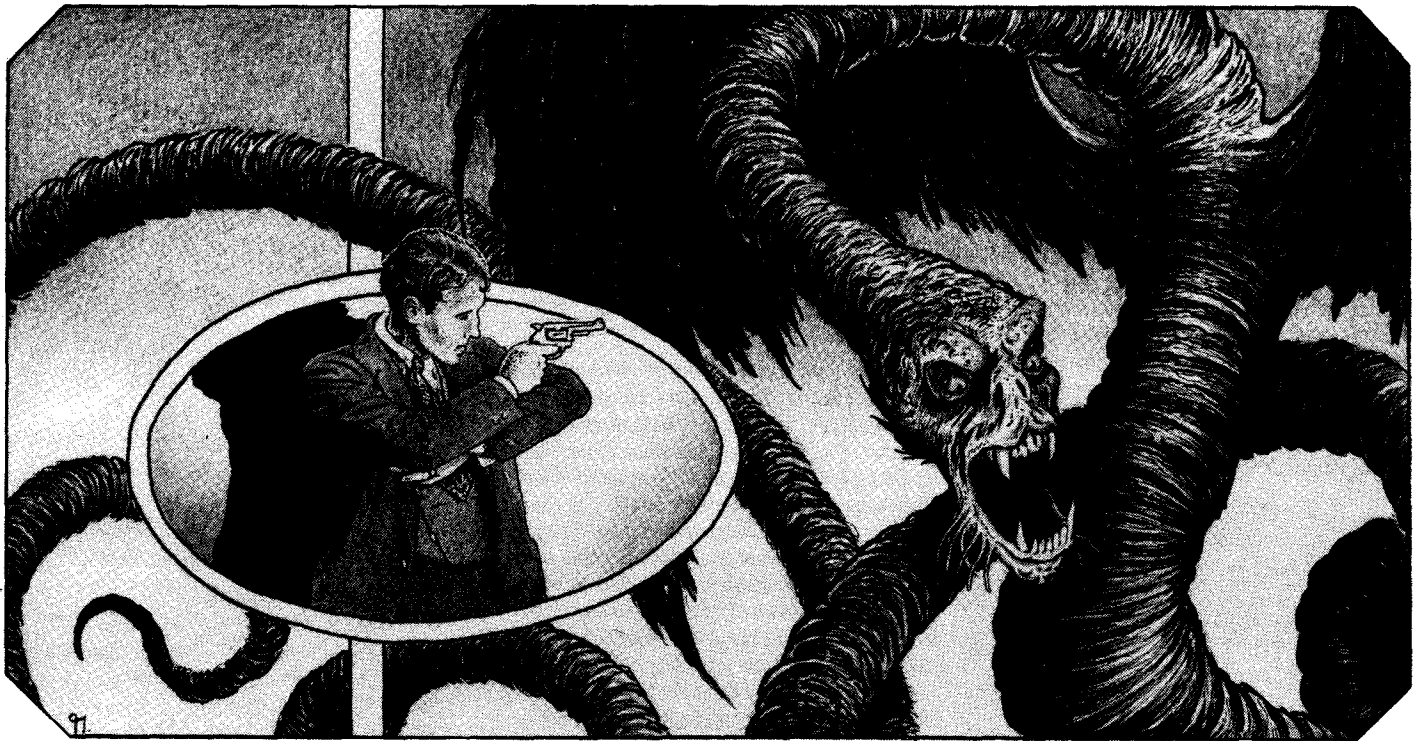


If the Hunting Horror is prevented from reach-ing its intended victim, it will flee back to the Outer Dark whence it came in a foul mood. It will, however, first flap noisily around the building in which the victim is hiding, perhaps even breaking into some other rooms in an attempt to get through to the victim. It will also call out the victim's name in its horrible, harsh voice. Everyone who hears the Hunting Horror must make a Sanity roll, losing 1 point of SAN if they fail.



The conditions of the summoning spell are such that the Hunting Horror cannot initially attack anyone except the victim, as the victim forms the sacrifice necessary to complete the spell. The only orders that the Horror has to perform once it has completed the conditions of the summoning are to return whence it came - Briggs doesn't want it hanging around. Normally it will do this immediately, albeit in bad humour, but it will attack anyone who has attacked it. The Horror cannot return to a victim if it is foiled on its first visit, as the summoning spell is then dissipated.





If all else fails, the papyrus could always be passed on to some unsuspecting member of the lower classes - a tramp or some such. Hope-fully investigators will not be so despicable as to suggest this themselves, but Edmundson and Sir Howard Colnbury are both sufficiently craven to think of it.

Tracking Down Briggs

Briggs is aware that someone, somewhere, may realise what he is up to and try to foil him. Indeed, he rather hopes they will, as he wants to frighten his victims before they die. Richardson was chosen as the first victim to make sure that he would die before any investigations got underway.

Because Briggs needs to prepare the papyri with his own hands, he has taken some care to ensure that they are delivered. Although the postal service is very reliable, he has actually allowed two days for the letters to arrive. In fact they all arrive in one day, giving each victim about 40 hours in between receiving a papyrus and the arrival of the Hunting Horror. Briggs also had Phelps check on the movements of each victim the previous week to ensure that he sent the papyri to the correct addresses. Victims' servants will remember receiving a strange visitor or phone call.

In order to evade pursuit, Briggs and Phelps are travelling round the country, staying in hotels. The day after each papyrus is posted, they check out, return to London to lose any pursuit in the metropolis, then immediately set out for somewhere else. The sequence of postings, with corresponding postmarks on the envelopes and London stations from which the pair will have

travelled, is given in the table below. There are two days between each posting (but see *The Final Encounter*).

Victim	Postmark	Station
Richardson	London	
Professor Masters	Bristol	Paddington
Dr Winterton	Chester	Euston
Lord Elwood	York	Kings Cross
Miss Railton	Bournemouth	Waterloo
Dr Lund	Cambridge	Liverpool St
Sir Howard Colnbury, MP	Brighton	Victoria

The investigators, if they manage to get information on the postmark early enough, can set off for the place in question in the hope of catching Briggs. They will need to make some enquiries to find out which hotel he is staying in, asking people if they have seen Phelps being the best tactic. The Keeper is welcome to spice up this search however he wishes, perhaps allowing a chase through London at one point, but unless time is short or the players are getting bored, the object should be to allow Briggs to evade pursuit until the final encounter.

The Police Investigation

Sooner or later, someone is likely to get eaten, thus causing the police to get involved. Details of their initial view of the case are given under *Edmundson's Death* and *An Interview with Inspector Carlton* above. As a Scotland Yard officer, Carlton can investigate murders anywhere in the country, though he may not be informed of events outside London unless he is in touch with the victim. Even then, he may have difficulty getting the local force to assist.

As already noted, Carlton is most unwilling to believe any supernatural explanation and has a -100 modifier on any attempt to convince him of this. His initial theory is that the victims have been mauled by some animal; if any investigator with Zoology skills can get to examine a body, he can testify (after making his skill roll) that the wounds were not caused by any animal known to man. This will reduce Carlton's cynicism modifier to -80. Each murder after the first will reduce the modifier by a further 20 points.

If Carlton is persuaded that the animal theory is not tenable, his next explanation will be that the murders were carried out by some sort of foreign cultist who dresses as an animal, and tries to make it seem as if his killings were committed by an animal. Briggs did visit Africa and China in the early days of his researches, so this is a reasonable explanation.

Once more than one murder has been committed, or one of the investigators has persuaded Carlton of Briggs' involvement, he will take the connection very seriously and will warn all of the victims. Briggs' handwriting is on all the envelopes, which will prove the point for him. However, because he does not believe the supernatural explanation, he will not take any of the measures necessary to foil the Hunting Horror. Constables will be detailed to guard the victims, but they will not be very effective (they will not even be armed).

Because Carlton will be interested in the papyri as evidence, the Hunting Horror may sometimes come after whichever unfortunate Constable happened to touch the papyrus last. Other times, the police

will just handle the envelope. The Keeper should not let the investigators know who last touched each papyrus unless they contrive not to let one out of their sight.

The manner in which Carlton and his men are used is up to the Keeper. If the investigators are having a lot of trouble, then the police can help them along. Alternatively, if they seem like they are sitting back and letting the police do all the work for them, have Carlton be very obstructive and try to keep the "lunatics" off his case.

The Final Encounter

Though Briggs has laid his plans fairly carefully, they are by no means perfect. In particular, he has reckoned without Phelps. The servant was entrusted with the task of actually posting the papyri. When the time comes to send the final papyrus to Sir Howard Colnburly, Phelps burns the envelope instead, and in its place he sends a short note which simply says "Royal Stewart Hotel, Edinburgh". This is where he and Briggs go on leaving Brighton. He also posts the note a day late.

The investigators should realise this fairly quickly, though they may be confused by the different handwriting and the fact that it is a day late arriving. The Keeper can give them Idea rolls or use Richardson as a prompt if necessary. Assuming all goes well, they should arrive in Edinburgh late that evening. Briggs is not in his room - he's out having a meal to celebrate the completion of his revenge. The Keeper should contrive a chase around the city, ending with the capture of Briggs in just enough time for he and the investigators to work out what has happened before the Hunting Horror comes for him.

Phelps has vanished completely. It is left to the individual Keeper's imagination to decide how the investigators encounter him again. Remember, he knows where Brigg's books were hidden and will be able to retrieve them for his own purposes.

Maps

As there are no explorations, except possibly the break-in at Briggs' house, to be conducted the Keeper should be able to do without maps. If the players demand a floorplan of a house they are trying to protect, the Keeper can base it on somewhere he knows, borrow a plan from another *Call of Cthulhu* scenario, or use the *Halls of Horror* floorplans.

NPC Statistics

Note that the skill values given below are for unusually high skills only. The characters will also have the base values in a wide range of other skills.

George Edmundson

Collector of occult paraphernalia.

STR 3 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 11 SAN 55 EDU 20 Hit Pts 13
Age 38

Skills: Read/Write Latin 45%;
Read/Write Greek 40%;
Read/Write Egyptian 60%;
Read/Write Hebrew 30%; Anthropology
20%; Archaeology 30%; History 35%;
Library Use 30%; Occult 65%;
Credit Rating 50%; Debate 45%.

Wilkins

George Edmundson's butler.

STR 11 CON 8 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 6 APP 11 SAN 65 EDU 9 Hit Pts 10
Age 45

Skills: Accounting 30%; Debate 45%;
First Aid 25%; Psychology 20%;
Spot Hidden 30%; Speak French 60%.

James Richardson

Investigative reporter for the *Daily Clarion*.

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 13 SAN 50 EDU 13 Hit Pts 12
Age 29

Skills: Punch 60%; Read/Write English
85%; Speak French 30%; Speak German
25%; Library Use 65%; Listening 60%;
Psychology 35%; Drive Auto 40%; Hide
25%; Sneak 25%; Fast Talk 65%;
Credit Rating 45%; Debate 30%; Oratory
35%.

Equipment: .38 revolver, car, camera.

Inspector Carlton

A senior CID officer from Scotland Yard.

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 4 APP 8 SAN 60 EDU 19 Hit Pts 11
Age 47

Skills: Nightstick Attack 45%;
Nightstick Parry 50%; Anthropology 30%;
Chemistry 25%; First Aid 20%;
Listening 25%; Psychology 65%;
Spot Hidden 45%; Tracking 20%;
Drive Auto 45%; Debate 75%; Fast Talk
40%; Oratory 35%.

Equipment: car.



Typical Constable

Can be plain clothes CID man or uniformed officer.

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 10 SAN 55 EDU 8 Hit Pts 15

Skills: Nightstick Attack 40%;
Nightstick Parry 45%; First Aid 25%;
Psychology 20%; Spot Hidden 30%;
Debate 30%.

Equipment: truncheon (nightstick).

Professor Henry Masters

Professor of Medicine at Balliol College, Oxford. Also senior member of British Medical Association.

STR 5 CON 6 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 4
DEX 17 APP 13 SAN 20 EDU 25 Hit Pts 8
Age 64



Skills: Anthropology 35%; First Aid 65%; Library Use 70%; Pharmacy 45%; Treat Disease 85%; Treat Poison 90%; Diagnose Disease 90%; Oratory 40%; Debate 65%.

Dr Albert Winterton

Retired doctor. Former senior member of British Medical Association.

STR 8 CON 7 SIZ 7 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 9 APP 12 SAN 60 EDU 22 Hit Pts 7
Age 68

Skills: Anthropology 20%; First Aid 70%; Pharmacy 70%; Treat Disease 75%; Treat Poison 65%; Diagnose Disease 80%; Oratory 30%; Debate 40%.

Hermionie Railton

Society hostess. Drug addict.

STR 9 CON 11 SIZ 5 INT 10 POW 5
DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 7 EDU 12 Hit Pts 8
Age 22

Skills: Read/Write French 50%; Speak French 60%; Credit Rating 75%; Fast Talk 40%; Singing 40%.

Dr Hamilton Lund

Psychoanalyst. Senior member of the British Medical Association.

STR 6 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 5 SAN 65 EDU 21 Hit Pts 12
Age 52

Skills: Anthropology 45%; First Aid 30%; Pharmacy 25%; Treat Disease 45%; Treat Poison 55%; Diagnose Disease 65%; Psychology 65%; Listening 40%; Debate 45%; Oratory 60%; Psychoanalysis 70%.

Sir Howard Colnbury, MP

Conservative MP. Former doctor and senior member of British Medical Association.

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 5 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 6 APP 15 SAN 65 EDU 23 Hit Pts 10
Age 58

Skills: Accounting 35%; First Aid 45%; Law 40%; Treat Disease 40%; Treat Poison 35%; Diagnose Disease 65%; Psychology 40%; Drive Auto 50%; Bargain 40%; Credit Rating 60%; Debate 60%; Fast Talk 75%; Oratory 75%.

Lord Elwood

Owner of the *Daily Clarion*.

STR 11 CON 7 SIZ 14 INT 9 POW 16
DEX 15 APP 11 SAN 80 EDU 11 Hit Pts 11
Age 49

Skills: Rifle 40%; Shotgun 60%; Fencing Attack 45%; Fencing Parry 60%; Accounting 50%; Read/Write French 45%; Speak French 70%; Law 40%; Drive Auto 70%; Credit Rating 80%; Oratory 45%; Debate 30%; Ride 80%.

Equipment: .45 revolver, .22 rifle, 20-gauge shotgun, Rolls Royce, horse, cavalry sabre.

Dr Randolph Briggs

Former doctor. Worshipper of Nyarlathotep.

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 6 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 7 APP 8 SAN 8 EDU 18 Hit Pts 10
Age 57

Skills: Read/Write Egyptian 55%; Read/Write Arabic 35%; Read/Write Chinese 40%; Anthropology 40%; Cthulhu Mythos 50%; Occult 65%; Pharmacy 60%; Treat Disease 45%; Treat Poison 35%; Diagnose Disease 55%; Psychology 30%; Sneak 70%; Bargain 40%; Fast Talk 60%; Drive Auto 40%.

Further Reading

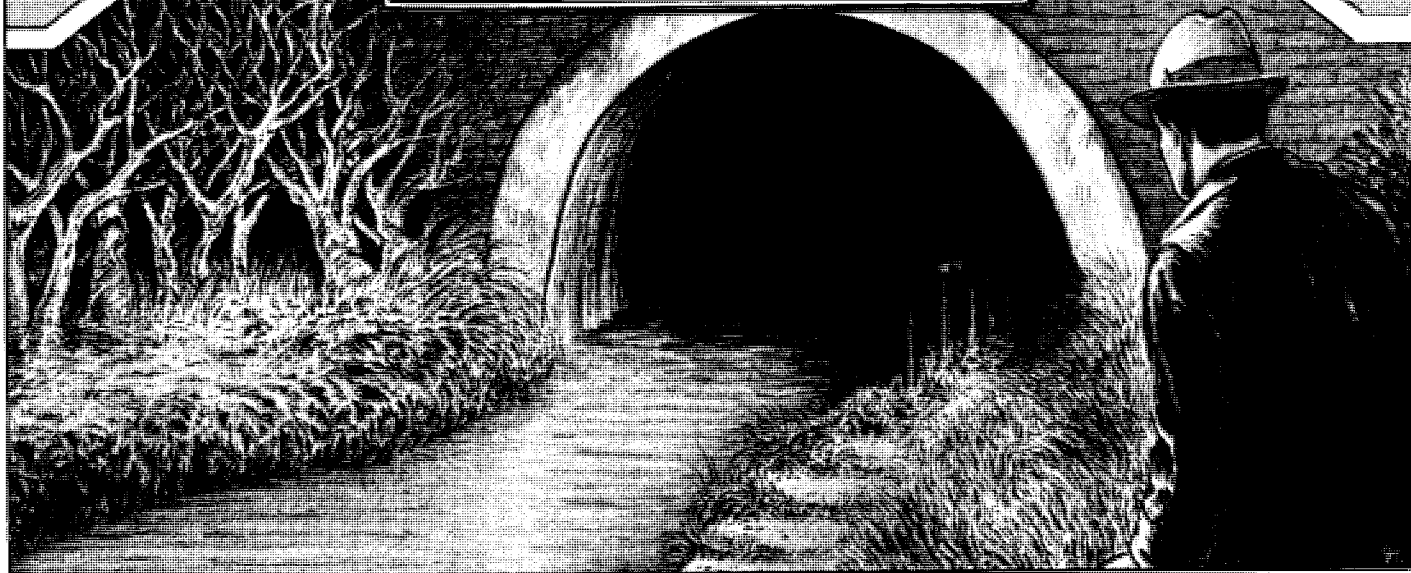
D'Anastasy Collection: The D'Anastasy Collection is a collection of Egyptian papyri in the Leiden Museum. The collection includes many curses and other magical papyri from Egypt.

For more information about target items for spells, see the scenario, *The Statue of the Sorcerer* from Games Workshop.

Chaosium's campaign scenario, *Masks of Nyarlathotep* involves a group of African Nyarlathotep worshippers, the Cult of the Bloody Tongue, which is close to the sort of organisation Carlton suspects of committing the murders on Briggs' behalf. Enterprising Keepers may wish to include the cult as a red herring.



• The Shadow • over Darkbank



This scenario is set on a canal in the Midlands. For further background, Keepers should refer in particular to the sections on *Canals* and *Mummerset* earlier in the book.

Introduction

Our intrepid investigators are taking a short holiday away from the daily grind of grappling with the Like of Which Man was Never Meant to Know. They have retired to the Golden Lion, a small country hotel on the Staffordshire-Shropshire border. All is peace and tranquility. They arrive on Sunday evening, perhaps spend Monday quietly fishing, and are enjoying a pleasant salad in the lounge of the hotel on Tuesday lunchtime when they overhear an argument in the nearby public bar.

It isn't easy for the investigators to make out what is going on, partly because of the heavy, wooden door in the way, and partly because of the thick Midlands accents of many of the participants. However, the general flow of the discussion seems to be that someone who sounds reasonably well-bred is trying to hire some men to do something, and they - local working men by their rough language - are adamant that no amount of money will get them to do the job. After some ten or fifteen minutes of heated discussion, the noise comes to an abrupt halt and a gentleman comes through into the lounge.

The visitor looks somewhat harrassed, and kindly investigators will no doubt offer him a drink and ask to share his troubles. However, if they feel it impolite to butt in, the stranger soon makes it clear that he is eager

to talk. He is Gregory Longthorpe, an engineer for the London, Western & Welsh Railway Company (this fixes the date of the adventure as pre-1923, but Keepers could easily date it later by the excuse that none of the 'Big Four' wanted the Cuthdon branch line). He has been attempting to hire some local men and has met with conspicuous lack of success.

Longthorpe's problem is simple. The LWR owns the local canal system, and there has been a rockfall in Darkbank Tunnel which, by ill fortune, sunk a passing narrow boat and blocked the canal. Longthorpe was trying to hire a bunch of local quarrymen to clear the blockage, but they have come out with some superstitious twaddle about the tunnel being haunted and are not interested.

"It's not as if there's anything difficult involved, at least not yet. All I need to do at the moment is get to the blockage and take a few measurements to find out how difficult it will be to clear. It may be quite a simple job. I went in yesterday to fit a few instruments, but I couldn't manage much with only one pair of hands. Well, we can't afford many staff these days, so I was hoping to hire a few local men to help. Unfortunately, they seem somewhat reluctant. I say, I don't suppose you chaps would mind helping out, would you? I mean, I wouldn't insult you by offering you what I'd pay those ruffians, but you might find it interesting and it would get me out of a most awful hole."

How can the investigators refuse? Of course, they may ask Longthorpe why the locals are so scared of the tunnel, but he just says that the ordinary folk neither like nor

trust canals and canal folk, and have all sorts of stupid superstitions about them. The Keeper should use Longthorpe to plant the idea of boat people as a 'race apart' in the minds of the investigators.

Assuming the investigators agree, Longthorpe will ask them to meet him at Darkbank Junction Maintenance Yard at 10:00 the following morning. They now have half a day in which to follow up local stories about the tunnel. They should find enough to raise their interest, but by no means the whole of what is available. The locals from the other bar will have disappeared. It is necessary that the investigators should be keen to get a look at the tunnel.

Into the Tunnel

On arriving at the maintenance yard, the investigators are met by Longthorpe and the yard foreman, Walter Braithwaite. Longthorpe explains that he has just had word of a landslip on the railway and is urgently required there. He asks the investigators if they would be willing to take a look at the blockage themselves, and presents them with a collection of detailed drawings, various instruments and explanations as to how to use them. The investigators should by now be keen to get a look at the tunnel and will go ahead. If not, the Keeper should prod them along by having Braithwaite make sarcastic remarks about fine folks who go back on their promises, and Longthorpe moaning about how much work he has to do.

Braithwaite will show the investigators to an inspection launch and give them some quick



instructions as to how to use it. It all seems fairly simple, and soon they will be on their way into the tunnel. It is very dark and damp, and a bit spooky, but hardly Sanity-shaking. The investigators will pass the spots where the "ghosts" can be heard, but the Keeper should not worry them with these just yet. Nor will anything else in the tunnel bother a well crewed boat.

Eventually, they will arrive at the blockage. As Longthorpe said, a narrow boat is sunk in the centre of the canal, apparently after having been struck by rocks falling from the roof. It looks like it will take a lot of work to shift it. As promised, there are a few instruments attached to the wreck and they seem to match those on Longthorpe's drawings. On the other hand....

The Keeper should check characters with high Electrical and/or Mechanical Repair skills first. Rolls should be made secretly by the Keeper so that he can make sure that someone succeeds. Although the instruments seem genuine, they have been rigged up to form a simple detonator, and on closer inspection the sunken narrow boat turns out to be packed full of kerosine and explosives. If the investigators had taken a reading as Longthorpe suggested, they would have been blown to pieces....

Some Background

The boat in the tunnel is the *Eleanor*, an unpowered "butty" boat belonging to the Darkbank Quarry Company. The previous week, the *Eleanor* and its powered partner, the *Millicent*, were returning to the quarry, crewed by Albert Long and his wife, Amy. They had been to Tipton, delivering stone to William Crawford's Builders' Merchants and, on the return trip, had collected some kerosine, blasting powder and gelignite from Parker & Cross (Mining Supplies) in

Wolverhampton. The Longs had put the dangerous cargo in the unpowered *Eleanor* for safety.

Returning through Darkbank Tunnel, the *Eleanor* was struck by a rockfall and sank. Amy Long, who was at the tiller of the butty, was seriously injured, but her husband managed to rescue her and take her, aboard the *Millicent*, on to the quarry. The pair are still there, having no transport other than their boats, and being unable to afford medical treatment, even if the quarrymen could be persuaded to fetch a doctor (which they won't, as quarrymen and boat people do not get on well).

The canal network is owned by the LWWR, which is in poor financial shape (as are most railway companies at this time). As canals are even less profitable than railways, they are not best pleased at the thought of another heavy maintenance bill. However, Longthorpe and his employers are not callous enough to stoop to murder. The LWWR is simply happy to turn a blind eye to whatever circumstances might happen to force closure of the tunnel.

The real villain of the piece is Stanley Grift, a local businessman who owns the nearby Shubford Quarry. If Darkbank Tunnel is closed, Darkbank Quarry will close too, the cost of making the road to it suitable for motor transport being prohibitive. That will leave Grift with a monopoly of local stone production, a situation which will greatly improve his wealth. Grift is able to manoeuvre Longthorpe and various other local people into going along with his scheme, through a life-long policy of seeking power over others by fair means or foul. See the NPC descriptions for more details of who is in Grift's power, and why.

When news of the *Eleanor's* sinking and its dangerous cargo reached him, Grift knew

that this was his chance to close the tunnel. All he needed was a bunch of idiots who could blow up the boat by 'accident'. Arnold Trubshawe, the proprietor of the Golden Lion, is one of Grift's agents, and it was he who suggested duping the unsuspecting holidaymakers. On Monday, Grift and Longthorpe went into the tunnel to fix up the detonator, and Tuesday lunchtime saw the staged argument in the Golden Lion. All that was needed was for the investigators to be as mechanically inept as Grift expected.

However, bright investigators are not the only spanner in Grift's plan. The previous week, he had sent his strong-arm man, James Carter, to see what could be done with the wreck. Carter never came back from Darkbank Tunnel. Grift assumed that he simply fell in and drowned - people often do. In fact, he has become the latest victim of the real menace of Darkbank, the alien race of Tunnel Dwellers which makes its home in the watery passages underneath the ridge.

The Tunnel Dwellers were responsible for the rock fall that sank the *Eleanor*. Their population has been expanding over the centuries, and they are seeking to move into the sewer systems of Shubford. Unfortunately, their attempts to tunnel through have been foiled by a particularly hard stratum of rock. On hearing the Longs discussing their cargo on the way up the tunnel, they realised that this was their chance to get something to help their digging. All they need to do is work out how to use these strange human explosives, and the whole of Shubford is at their mercy.

The History of Darkbank Ridge

Darkbank Tunnel is on the old main line of the Staffordshire & Ellesmere Junction Canal. The rest of the canal has long since fallen into disuse, leaving only the side branch up to Cuthdon and the short stretch from Darkbank Junction, through the tunnel, to Darkbank Quarry. In the previous century, there was a thriving mine under Darkbank which was accessed via the canal tunnel. This explains the vast network of side tunnels leading off the main passage. The mine was forced to close after the miners broke through to the subterranean lake where the Tunnel Dwellers lived, resulting in a series of mysterious and fatal "accidents". The timeline for the history of Darkbank is as follows:

1780-95	Extensive digging in Darkbank Mine
1796-1801	Digging of Darkbank Tunnel
1874	Work starts on the lower level of Darkbank Mine
1876	Construction of a boat lift in the mine to raise tub boats from the lower level to the canal
1889	Work on the lower level uncovers

- a subterranean lake. A week later the first of the mining disasters occurs - 27 miners die in a cave-in
- 1889-93 Over thirty fatal "accidents" in Darkbank Mine and seventeen rock falls in Darkbank Tunnel - three leggers and a boatman reported drowned in the tunnel
- 1893 A major disaster closes the Mine. Both shafts to the workings closed by rockfalls. 18 bodies recovered, 63 more never found.
- 1893-1906 Rockfalls continue in the tunnel, necessitating frequent repairs. Twice, repairmen are killed in rockfalls. Three more boat people and eight leggers vanish
- 1906 Legging through the tunnel discontinued
- 1906-1913 Four more boat people vanish. Rock falls and repairs continue. Five repairmen killed in 1913. William Jarvis commits suicide after seeing "things" in the tunnel in 1916.

Timeline for the Scenario

- Week 0 - Tue** *Eleanor* sinks in Darkbank Tunnel
- Thu** Grift hears about *Eleanor's* sinking and cargo; Tunnel Dwellers begin stealing explosives from the *Eleanor*
- Fri** Carter goes to look at *Eleanor* and is killed by Tunnel Dwellers
- Sat** Grift asks his agents to look out for likely dupes; Tunnel Dwellers have accident laying explosives - several of them are killed
- Week 1 - Sun** Investigators arrive at Golden Lion; Trubshawe sends for Grift who decides to use them
- Mon** Longthorpe and Grift set up detonator on *Eleanor* and recruit quarrymen for staged argument
- Tue** Longthorpe contacts the investigators
- Wed** Investigators enter tunnel for first time; dwellers remove more explosives after investigators have left
- Thu** Longthorpe meets Grift in Quarry Tavern, Shubford to report progress
- Fri** Tunnel Dwellers try blasting, but fail because they let the explosives get wet
- Sat** Tunnel Dwellers remove more explosives
- Week 2 - Sun** Longthorpe and Grift again meet in Quarry Tavern

- Tue** Full Moon
- Wed** Tunnel Dwellers try blasting again; they have the explosives badly placed and make no progress - several of them are killed
- Thu** Another meeting in the Quarry Tavern
- Fri** Tunnel Dwellers unpack remaining explosives
- Week 3 - Sun** Longthorpe and Grift meet again, Quarry Tavern
- Tue** Tunnel Dwellers blast again; they succeed - Shubford is doomed

Of Canals, Boats and Tunnels

The investigators will need to spend at least some time on the water, probably in the inspection launch. This is a very easy vessel to pilot when going forward - there is a simple wooden tiller at the back of the boat to steer, and a single lever on the engine to control speed. The lever is pressed forwards for forward thrust and pulled back for reverse thrust. Because of the narrowness of the canal, the propellor is not able to operate at maximum efficiency; when it is turning too fast, water pressure builds up in the canal opposing the motion of the boat. The maximum speed attainable is 4 mph in the open and 3 mph in the tunnel, but these figures do not correspond to 'full forward' on the engine control.

Moving forward through the canal is no problem. However, the launch is too long to turn round (the launch is 35' long by 7' broad and the tunnel is 15' wide), and the *Eleanor* is impassable. In order to get out again, the investigators will need to travel backwards. Unfortunately, simple tillers like that on the launch only work if they are at the back of the boat. When the launch is in reverse, the tiller is effectively at the bow and thus useless, and if the launch isn't steered it will soon wander into the tunnel walls.

The investigators could try legging the launch back, but they won't have any skill in this, and are almost certainly nowhere near fit enough. After a few hundred yards, the Keeper should warn them that they will become completely exhausted long before they reach daylight. If they insist on exhausting themselves, the Tunnel Dwellers will have an easy meal.

The correct way to pilot a canal boat backwards is to travel most of the way in reverse, but fling the engine briefly into forward gear every so often when the steering needs to be corrected. The speed will be limited to about 1½ mph, but at least it is safe. If this method is not used, then once every 100 yards the launch will be in danger of hitting the tunnel wall. The launch does have a boat hook which can be used to fend

it away from the wall; to do this an investigator must roll under his STR on 1D20. If the launch does hit a tunnel wall, then roll 1D10 with the following results:

- 1-2 Launch holed - it sinks (5 + 1D6) x 30 yds later
- 3-4 Launch leaking - it sinks (60 + 1D20) x 30 yds later
- 5-10 No effect

Even if the launch sinks, the cabin top will remain above water. However, unless the investigators have informed a reliable and trustworthy individual about their expedi-



tion, no-one is likely to rescue them. There is no towpath in the tunnel. The canal is only about 4' deep along much of its length, but the tunnel floor is heavily pitted. If the investigators do try wading, each time they pass a point marked with pits, make a Luck roll for each person to see if they fall in. If anyone does, consult the rules on swimming, treating the character as completely surprised by his sudden immersion. Other characters may attempt to save a drowning friend by making a successful Swimming roll at a penalty of -20. The investigators can avoid the pits by sounding the ground ahead of them with a boathook or long pole.

Later in the scenario, the investigators may wish to explore the side tunnels that lead to the mine workings. The miners used short "tub boats" to get round the tight corners, but years of disuse have made even this dangerous, if not impossible. Therefore, the investigators will have to resort to a rowing dingy. Such craft are available from the Darkbank Junction yard, and have a maximum capacity of 4 persons. No great skill at rowing is required to use them unless the investigators wish to move at great speed.

The Local Area

The scenario is set in mythical terrain north-west of Wolverhampton. Directions are given from the map to nearby real towns. Although the LWWR line connects

Cuthdon, Shubford and Wolverhampton, the investigators will need a car to make any progress. In particular the canal junctions and pubs where the boat people can be found are often well off the beaten track.

Blawick A small village which gives its name to a flight of locks and a canal junction. Nearby is Blawick Manor, the home of Algernon Planchet. He is the closest thing the area has to a genuine aristocrat.

Cuthdon A small market town which marks the terminus of the Cuthdon Branch of the Staffordshire and Ellesmere Junction Canal. The LWWR has a branch office at Cuthdon Station. Cuthdon has blossomed over the last 30 years as Shubford declined.

Darkbank Ridge There are disused mine buildings on the ridge above Darkbank Tunnel.

Eastchurch This small village is famous for its mineral water spring, the produce of which is bottled and sold to the upper classes. If the investigators try to wipe out the Tunnel Dwellers by poisoning their water, the poison will find its way into the Eastchurch Spring. The investigators (and Longthorpe if he knows of the plan) should be given a Geology roll to see if they realise this.

Peneris Hill A small hillock close to the Golden Lion, on which stands a circle of standing stones. A successful Mythos roll will show the stones to be pre-human, but they have no connection with the Tunnel Dwellers.

Shubford A small town existing largely on the profits of Shubford and Darkbank Quarries. Stanley Grift has more or less complete control over the town. The town has declined substantially in wealth since the closure of the mine.

Sources of Information

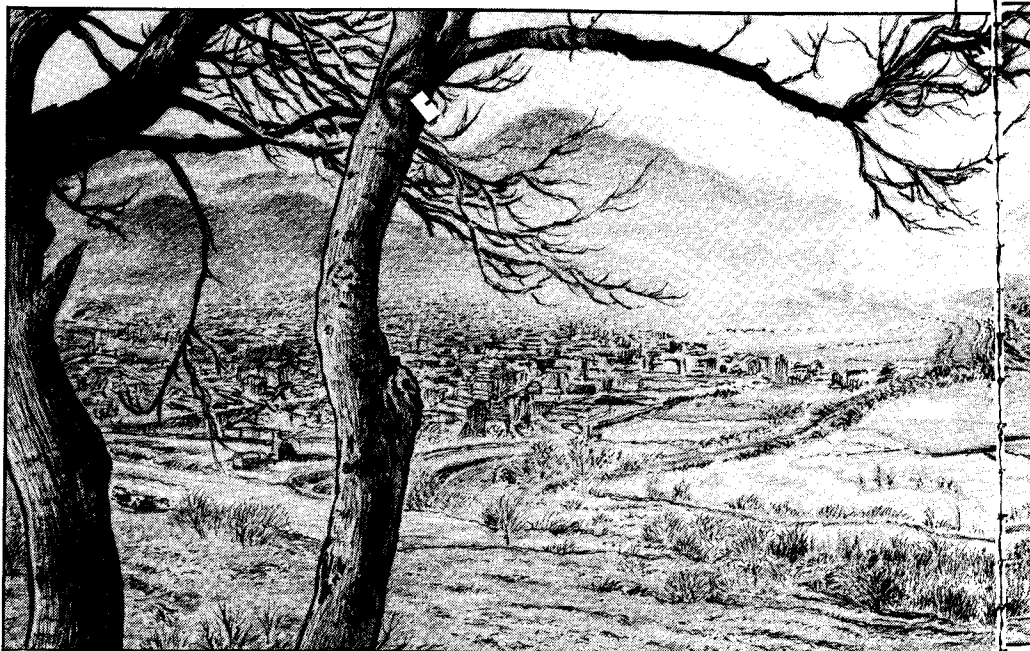
Most local people will be suspicious of "nosey parkers" and unwilling to answer their damn-fool questions. Very few will say anything against Grift (5%) and still fewer know anything about canals and the tunnel. A large percentage of Shubford folk (25%) have relatives who perished in mining or tunnel disasters, but they are unlikely to say much more than "'tis a terrible place, you don't want t' go havin' anything to do wi' it". The reaction of those questioned will depend to some extent on the social class of the questioner.

There are four more obvious sources of hard facts: two libraries, a church and a newspaper office. In all cases the investigators will need to use communications skills as well as Library Use to get at anything other than books.

The Cuthdon Herald has its offices on Market Street. It has complete files of the paper (from 1806), and also of the *Shubford Gazette* (1798-1904) which the *Herald* now incorporates. Library Use rolls can be used to research the information in the Darkbank Timeline.

Saint Peter's Church, Shubford A quick tour of the local graveyard will reveal

Shubford Public Library in Chapel Lane, Shubford has a full set of the *Shubford Gazette*. It also has plans of the Darkbank mine and tunnel complex and a geological survey of the ridge. Investigators making a Geology roll will be mystified as to why the rock is apparently so unstable. Available books include volumes 1, 3 and 5 above, plus:



several gravestones which mention mining accidents, and a large monument commemorating the 1893 disaster. The vicar, Rev Haynes, is from Birmingham and only took up the position in 1916, his predecessor having volunteered for chaplaincy service in the Great War and not returned.

Cuthdon Public Library in Penny Street holds a complete collection of the *Cuthdon Herald*, plus the following books which may be of interest to investigators:

1. D R Lewis - The Mines and Quarries of Shubford. 1873. Includes Darkbank Mine and Quarry. Nothing untoward recorded.
2. R Kemp - Mining in the Cuthdon District. 1884. Long section on Darkbank Mine. No mention of any trouble.
3. R Kemp - Darkbank Mining Diasters. 1898. Covers the "accidents" and eventual closure of the mine.
4. C Ford - The Staffordshire and Ellesmere Junction Canal. 1887. A history of the canal. Mentions no ill of the tunnel.
5. R Longmuir - Ghosts & Frights of Shubford District. 1889. No mention of Darkbank.
6. R Longmuir - Lore and Legends of Cuthdon. 1907. Mentions all of the canal ghost stories (see later).
7. D R Lewis - Mining in the Shubford District. 1893. Mentions the discovery of the lake and the start of mining accidents.
8. C McLure - The Tunnel at Darkbank. 1809. Describes the digging of the tunnel. Nothing of interest mentioned.
9. R Longmuir - Lore and Legends of Shubford. 1890. No mention of Darkbank.
10. C Ford - The Handling of Powered Canal Craft. 1912. Mostly about engines. The chapter on steering contains an account of how to steer a boat in reverse. Of course, the investigators are unlikely to know how valuable this information is until they have encountered the problem. If they do find the book before trying to handle a boat, the Keeper should only give them the information if they study the book carefully.

Authors of Books in the Libraries

Many of the authors of the above books are still alive and can be contacted.

Richard Kemp should be the easiest to find. He lives at 16, Canal Street, Cuthdon and is well known at the town library where

he calls on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The library staff will be unwilling to divulge his address, but will point him out or take messages for him. Kemp will initially be rather suspicious of the investigators, but once they have gained his trust, he will be able to tell them the complete story of Darkbank Mine and how to contact the other authors listed below. He will not be

The Principal NPCs

Stanley Grift is - as stated above - hungry for power and quite unscrupulous as to how he goes about getting it. Over a number of years, he has built up an impressive dossier of information about local people, which he uses to blackmail them into doing his bid-

blockage was whilst trying to control his launch, hold a lamp and fit the instruments; and that he had no idea what the *Eleanor* was carrying and would never have asked the investigators to help if he had. A successful Psychology roll will reveal that Longthorpe is under great stress.

The hold which Grift has over him is evidence of a homosexual affair between Longthorpe and his young clerk, Simon Jones. At this time, homosexuality was a criminal offence which could result in a lengthy prison sentence. Longthorpe has an office at Cuthdon Station, and lives alone in nearby 11 Station Road. He spends a lot of time out of the office inspecting various problems.

Simon Jones is a good-looking, young lad who works for Longthorpe and with whom messages for the engineer are likely to have to be left. Jones will break down and tell all if successfully interrogated (use Fast Talk to trick information from him or Oratory to bully him), though all he has to reveal are details of why he and Longthorpe are so frightened of Grift. He knows nothing about the *Eleanor's* cargo or the attempt to destroy the tunnel. Jones lives in lodgings with Mrs Doris Wheatear, a war widow, at 46 Victoria Street, Cuthdon, about 100 yards from the Station.

Arnold Trubshawe is the proprietor of the Golden Lion. He is as much in Grift's power as Longthorpe, but is somewhat more comfortable in the role. Outwardly genial and friendly, he is actually a greedy schemer whose misdeeds Grift has uncovered. Everything he says to the investigators is calculated to serve Grift's purpose. Also at the Golden Lion are Trubshaw's wife, Julia, who knows just enough to avoid talking to the investigators, and Florrie Palmer, the barmaid, who is highly talkative but knows nothing.

Gavin Hall is the owner of Darkbank Quarry, and - potentially - an ally. However, he has become depressed and untrusting as a result of Grift's scheming against him, and will be of little use. Although the closure of the Quarry will ruin him, he views the prospect with a certain sense of relief - at least now Grift will leave him alone. Inspector Morris has instructed Hall and his men not to say anything about the *Eleanor's* cargo for fear of causing panic or theft of the explosives by Bolsheviks. Hall lives at 17 Long Hill, Shubford, on the road that leads out to Darkbank Ridge.

Inspector Robert Morris, the senior officer at Cuthdon, is having an affair with Grift's wife, Lavinia. Grift is well aware of the need to keep the police on his side, and encouraged his wife to start the affair. As a result, Grift's safe contains a large

impressed by any lurid stories of inhuman creatures living in the tunnel.

Denise Woolgar is the daughter of D R Lewis. She lives at 17, Shubford Lane, Blawick. Her father vanished mysteriously three years ago (he fled to escape Grift's blackmail but no one knows this) and she has all of his papers. Mrs Woolgar will be happy to assist anyone interested in her father's books, but in fact the papers hold little of use. Lewis did have a theory that the rock falls were caused by changes in drainage patterns occasioned by the uncovering of the lake, but a successful Geology roll will tell the investigators that this is rubbish.

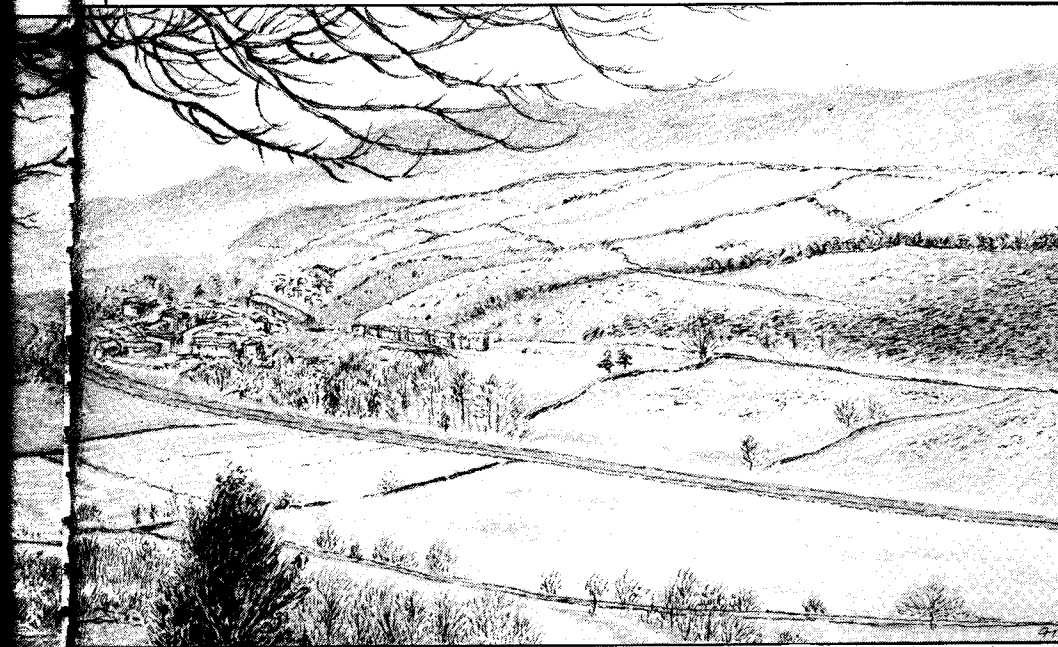
Charles Ford lives in Braunston, Northants and is an expert on a wide variety of canal-related topics. He has no information of use beyond what is in his books.

Ronald Longmuir has retired to his native Yorkshire. An expert on ghosts and hauntings, he can recount all of the Darkbank ghost stories, with several variations, and has also realised that the stories only started after the discovery of the lake. He suspects that the lake may be cursed in some way. Longmuir has kept in touch with goings-on and has acquired William Jarvis' suicide note (see *The Tunnel Dwellers*). He is not on the phone, but will respond quickly to telegrams.

ding. This information - including various account books, letters, official documents and photographs - is kept in a safe in his study. Unless investigators know what they are looking for, this will seem quite innocuous. Amongst the people being blackmailed by Grift are Gregory Longthorpe, Arnold Trubshawe and Inspector Morris.

Grift lives at Shubford Grange, a manor house on the outskirts of Shubford, with his wife, Lavinia, and son, Ronald. Lavinia is a compulsive social climber, and is forever holding social events at the Grange - garden parties in the afternoon, dinner parties in the evening, house parties at the weekend. The guests are minor aristocrats, local clergymen, retired army officers and the like. Ronald is, in contrast to his father, a complete wimp. The Grange has several servants, headed by a burly butler called Meadows.

Gregory Longthorpe is naturally a shy, awkward fellow, but is under severe stress from the role forced on him by Grift. He feels extremely guilty about trying to kill the investigators, but will continue to protest his innocence in the face of all evidence to the contrary, because he is so frightened of Grift. For example, when the investigators return from the tunnel, he will say that someone must have rigged up his instruments to make a detonator on Tuesday; that he couldn't see how bad the





collection of letters to "Beloved Lavinia" from "Your Adoring Bobbins", which will be sufficient to ruin Morris's career if made public. Mrs Grift was careful not to write anything in return.

All of the police in the area are under Morris's control, so the investigators will not get very far if they accuse Grift of trying to murder them. Morris will try to pin the blame for any attempts to blow up the tunnel or steal explosives on the boat people, a theory which will have unanimous support from everyone except the boat people themselves.

Algernon Planchet is a complete twit in the classic Bertie Wooster mould. Nevertheless, everyone in Shubford and Cuthdon is in awe of him because he is a genuine aristocrat and the richest man in the neighbourhood. Planchet has a passing interest in the more sensational aspects of the occult, and - on learning that the investigators are experts in this field - will pester them to arrange an "entertainment" at Blawick Manor. "I say, we could have a bally sex orgy, or one of those Black Mass thingies. Jolly spiffing, eh what?"

At the beginning of the 19th Century a group of local notables, led by Planchet's grandfather, Sebastian, formed the "Ancient & Honourable Order of Yellow Druids" and used to hold ceremonies in the stone circle on Peneris Hill. Superstitious townsfolk may tell the investigators that such ceremonies still take place at Full Moon. A painting of Sebastian Planchet in his "druidic" robes exists on the landing in Blawick Manor.

The Tunnel Dwellers

"They were dark, or light grey skinned apparitions, that seemed to melt and flow into the substance of the canal water, in obscene mockery of all that is good and natural in the world of light and men." So reads the only existing description of the Tunnel

Dwellers as given in the suicide note of William Jarvis, an impressionable young surveyor who cut his throat after an encounter with the beings in 1916.

For millions of years, the Tunnel Dwellers remained cut off from the world in their underground lake. When the Darkbank miners broke through and disturbed their home, they were not slow to retaliate. At first, they sought only to drive the newcomers from their territory, but later they realised the possibilities for conquest of vast new areas of underground waterways, and they have been bent on expansion ever since.

They resemble over-sized, eyeless toads, whose flattened heads terminate in a pointed proboscis with which they feed. Beneath the proboscis is a tiny speech organ from which they emit sounds too high-pitched for the human ear to detect (though dogs can hear some of the sounds and will always show considerable anxiety in Darkbank Tunnel). Although blind, the Tunnel Dwellers are sensitive to light which they find confusing and distressing. For this reason, they will avoid all but dim lights. They can hear extremely well, and sense vibration through a series of nodules down their sides. Their hearing covers an enormous range of pitch, and they can detect tiny sounds at considerable distance. The more intelligent of them can understand English, although they cannot reproduce the sounds. Their bodies are covered with a thick layer of slime which is necessary for their respiration - a Tunnel Dweller would quickly die if the slime dried out. The slime also acts as armour as blows tend to slide off them.

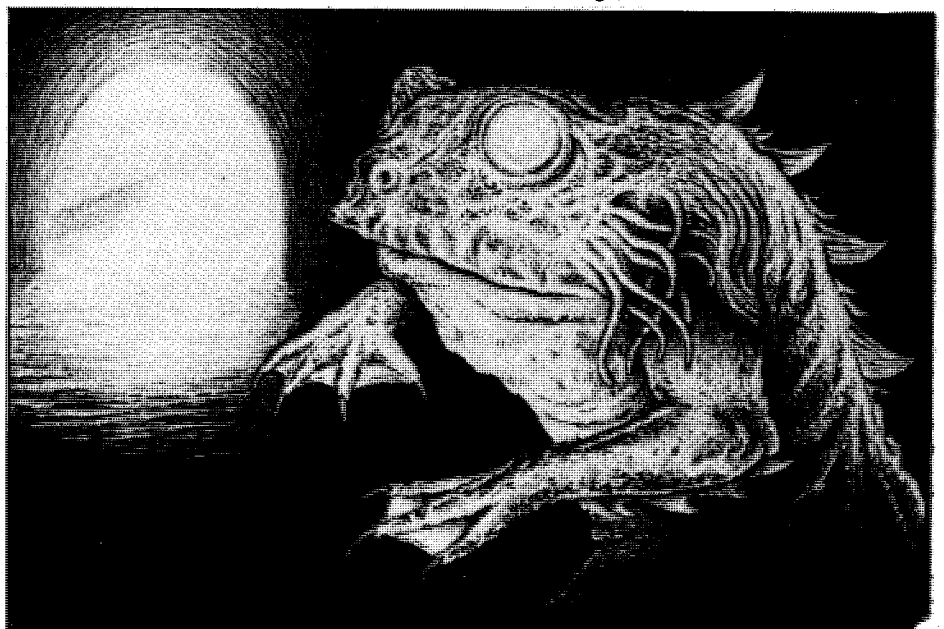
The tactic of the Tunnel Dwellers has always been to fight a guerilla war. They avoid attacking large groups of people, unless they are certain that none of them can escape. People who venture into the tunnels

alone, as James Carter did, are ruthlessly picked off. The creatures are much more likely to attack people actually in the water, wading or swimming, than people in boats. Attacks will be made by 1D4 Tunnel Dwellers per opponent. In desperate circumstances, they will cause rock falls to try to sink enemy boats.

In combat, a Tunnel Dweller may either claw or attempt to feed. Clawing does 1D3 of damage, but for every point of damage done, there is a cumulative 3% chance of the victim contracting a fever. For example, if a character takes a total of 7 points of damage during a fight with a Tunnel Dweller he has a 21% chance of becoming ill. The fever starts 24 + 2d20 hours after the fight and is extremely debilitating. The victims will suffer horrible hallucinations (lose 1D6 SAN if a SAN roll fails) and will need 2D4 weeks in bed afterwards to recover.

To feed, a Tunnel Dweller must make a successful claw attack to grab the victim (no damage done) and then insert the proboscis (roll STR v STR on the Resistance Table). In each round thereafter, the Tunnel Dweller will feed, unless the victim makes a STR v STR roll to break free. For each round of feeding, roll 1D10 to gauge the effects of the victim's bodily fluids being sucked out. The possible results are:

- 1 Victim loses 1 point of STR (until zero STR brings death)
- 2 Victim loses 1 point of CON (until zero CON brings death)
- 3 Victim loses 1 point of SIZ (until ½ SIZ, then lose APP)
- 4 Victim loses 1 point of DEX (loss of coordination)
- 5 Victim loses 1 point of APP (skin shrivels)
- 6 Victim loses 1 point of INT (brain damage)



- 7 Victim loses 1 point of POW (until zero POW brings death)
- 8 Victim loses 1 point of EDU (memory loss)
- 9 No effect
- 10 No effect

If the attribute in question is already zero, further feeding has no effect. A character surviving an attack can recover - roll 1D10 per week of complete rest; if the result, compared to the table above, matches an attribute weakened from the attack, 1 point can be recovered for that attribute.

However, no attribute may recover more than half the points lost, and INT & POW cannot be recovered at all by normal means.

Seeing a Tunnel Dweller costs 1D4 SAN points if a SAN roll fails; otherwise, there is no loss. A further roll should be made if the Tunnel Dweller succeeds in feeding on the character - 1D10 SAN is lost if the roll fails and 1 point otherwise.

Characteristics	Average
STR 1D10+8	13-14
CON 1D8+10	13-14
SIZ 2D6+4	11
INT 2D6+6	13
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 2D6+3	10
Hit Points	12-13
Move	4 / 12 swimming
Armour	2 points of slime

Skills: Swim 95%; Geology 30-80%; Understand English 0-50%; Listen 95%; Climb 20-70%.

The claw attack skill varies considerably, depending on the brightness of the light and whether or not the Tunnel Dweller is in water:

Light	Dazzling	Daylight	Dim	None
Out of water	1%	10%	30%	40%
On surface	3%	15%	50%	65%
Under water	5%	20%	70%	90%

Canal Employees

Any employees of the Staffordshire and Ellesmere Junction Canal will be polite and helpful if they know that the investigators are working for Longthorpe. They will not, however, abandon their duties to assist. There are toll clerks at each major junction and terminus, and lock-keepers at each lock or flight of locks. The men at Darkbank Junction are actually a maintenance crew, but they always seem to be busy with something else (eg, repairing boats) when anyone wants them to venture into the tunnel. Henry King, the toll clerk at Blawick Junction, is the only official who is aware of the nature of the *Eleanor's* cargo.

The Boat People

The boat people form an inward-looking

group who will be very suspicious of strangers "off the land", especially those asking questions. Each was born in a tiny boatman's cabin, has lived all his or her life on boats, and few will have ventured so much as a hundred yards from a canal (so there is no point in asking them for road directions...). Their lifestyle precludes formal schooling, but they are by no means stupid. Aside from matters of personal vengeance, they will not take time off to assist the investigators, though they may be prepared to lend one of their children to the group to give advice.

The Carter Family crew the boats belonging to the Shubford Quarry Company. There are seven boats altogether, three motor boats and four butties (each motor boat takes a different butty each time it returns to the quarry to speed up turnaround). All of the boats are named after Grift's mother: *Charlotte Grift I* to *IV* being the butties and *V* to *VII* the motor boats. They are painted grey with black lettering, and are poorly maintained. The family comprises Old Josh and his wife, Nel (aboard *Charlotte Grift V*), his sons, William and James, and his nephews, Samuel and Young Josh. William Carter and his wife, May, crew *Charlotte Grift VI* whilst Samuel and Young Josh crew *Charlotte Grift VII*. James Carter was eaten by Tunnel Dwellers just before the investigators arrived.

The Carters are an unkempt, quick-tempered and foul-mouthed lot who will do nothing to help unless they are paid, either in cash or beer, whereupon they will trot out whatever lies they can think up to keep the flow of goodies coming. The only hope the investigators have of gaining their assistance is to prove that someone, either Grift or the Tunnel Dwellers, is responsible for the death of James. Each of their motor boats has a shotgun aboard for poaching.

The Standege and Willock Families both work for William Palmer (Coal Merchant) of Cuthdon. Their boats, *Jupiter* (Standege) and *Mercury* (Willocks) are drawn by donkeys (or "animals" as boat people refer to them) and are in good shape, if somewhat grimy. The colours are green and cream with red and yellow lettering. They bring coal from the Staffordshire pits to Cuthdon, returning with any cargo that Palmer can find, usually timber. Neither family knows much, but they will direct the investigators to Andrew Bellar. Palmer's offices are at Cuthdon Basin.

Andrew Bellar is the oldest, proudest and most knowledgeable number one (owner-boatman) on the canal. He also has the thickest accent. His boat, the *Polestar*, is horse-drawn and beautifully maintained and decorated. Andrew knows all about Darkbank Tunnel's "accidents" and ghost stories, but it will take a long time and a lot of beer to worm the information out of him.



His only companion is his 14 year old grandson, Young Andrew, but he is the uncle of Percival Bellar and father of Harold Bellar (see below). Andrew owns a fine old rifle, which he won in a game of dominoes.

The Longs, Albert and Amy, are the only boat people left in the employ of the Darkbank Quarry. They will stay at the Quarry for the duration of the scenario unless the investigators get a doctor for the semi-conscious and critically ill Amy. There are plenty of doctors in the area, but the investigators will need Oratory and Credit Rating rolls to get one to treat a boat person. Albert Long is extremely distrustful of everyone, thanks to his failure to get the quarrymen to help Amy. His first instinct will be to threaten anyone who comes near with his shotgun.

The Younger Number Ones each have their own regular trade. Samuel and Ivy Garnton, in the motor boat *Calcutta* and butty *Bratch*, trade mostly in agricultural produce and supplies between Cuthdon and Market Drayton. Horace and Cora Blackwell, in the motor boat *Penguin*, get their main trade from the Cuthdon paper-mills. They fetch timber and carry finished paper to Kidderminster. Percival and Florence Bellar, in the motor boat *Artemis*, trade in industrial materials between Cuthdon and Birmingham. Harold and Jane Bellar, in the motor boat *Felspar* and butty *Elizabeth*, trade in grain and flour between Cuthdon and Kidderminster.

Like Old Andrew, all the number ones look after their boats well and are proud, independent and very difficult to get information from. Each one, if suitably bribed, will relate one of the ghost stories. If the investigators want more information, they will refer them to Old Andrew. Each number one has a shotgun for poaching.

Darkbank Ghost Stories

The following stories are told about Darkbank Tunnel. As is the case with all

such stories, no two tellings are ever identical. The variations given will allow the Keeper to change the stories each time the investigators hear them.

The Mother and Baby

Back in the old days, a hundred years ago, there was a number one named Eli Hardcastle, a hard man with many enemies, the worst of whom was Josiah Allan. When Eli found that Josiah was the father of his wife's baby, he roasted and ate the child in Darkbank Tunnel. Ellen, his wife, cut her throat and jumped into the water. To this day, people using the tunnel can hear her sobbing and the cries of the baby.

Variations: Eli becomes Elias or Nathan; Hardcastle - Harbottle or Hardacre; Josiah - Joshua or Joseph; Allan - Allman or Orton; Ellen - Eleanor or Helena. Ellen is sometimes said to have drowned herself. In some versions, Eli forced his wife to eat parts of the child.

Although the story is probably fictitious, the sounds can actually be heard. When the wind blows through certain cracks in the rock, it produces noises which sound like sobbing and a baby's cries. There is a 20% chance each time the appropriate point is passed that the sound will be heard. The first time they hear each sound after hearing the story the investigators must make a Sanity roll, losing ID3 SAN points if they fail. Keepers may wish to rule that the investigators don't notice the sounds until after they have heard the ghost stories.

The Vengeful Number One

A sequel to the mother and baby story, this tale has the vengeful Josiah Allan lurking in the water, whence he siezes passing boatmen and drags them under. Anyone telling this story (except Old Andrew and Longmuir who know all the tales) will refer to Allan as "a number one who had been sore wronged in life" rather than giving the cause of his grief. The story is presumably a result of the activities of the Tunnel Dwellers.

Variations are as for the mother and baby story: use Joseph Orton for the first telling if the stories are not told together.

Faces in the Water

Faces can sometimes be seen staring out of the waters of Darkbank Tunnel. They are variously described as "drowned folk", "the Devil and his imps", "rotting corpses", "death's heads" or "tunnel bogies". The story arose as a result of sightings of the Tunnel Dwellers.

The Drunken Legger

A legger, whilst taking a boat through Darkbank, had so much beer inside him that he fell off and drowned. However, he was so drunk, that he didn't know he was dead and thus continues to pace the roof of

the tunnel. The origin of this story is uncertain, but may be a result of boatmen hearing the muffled hammering of the miners or Tunnel Dwellers.

The Repairmen

This story concerns a disaster which befell a repair crew in the tunnel. Apparently, the area of the tunnel they were working on collapsed again, burying 20 (or 12, or 50) men alive. Sometimes, you can see their hands and arms clawing their way out of the tunnel walls. There is no obvious explanation, but boatmen may have seen Tunnel Dwellers standing in the darkened niches that line the tunnel.

The Wronged Lady

Back in the old days, a hundred years ago, the boats sometimes carried passengers, and one such was a lady, Mary Blackwood (or Miranda Greenwood). The crew of her boat became drunk at the Junction Inn and, once in the tunnel, raped her, then drowned her (or she drowned herself, in shame) in the canal. Her ghost now haunts the tunnel. The story is probably a complete fabrication. As R Longmuir can tell the investigators, exactly the same story is told of Harecastle Tunnel.

Movements of the Boat People

The table below shows the canalside pubs at which the various boats can be found on each night of the week. Aside from following the line of the canals until you come across a boat, this is the only way to make contact with the boat people. Four of the pubs listed are in the Shubford-Cuthdon area. The other four are real pubs on the real canals that the Staffordshire & Ellesmere Junction Canal links into.

Pub	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	A	B	C	E	F	D	G
2		H		I		J	
3	B/G/H	A/C	B/E/H/I	C/F	D/E/I/J	F/G	A/D/J
4	C/D/I	E/G/I	A/F	B/D/H/J	C/G	A/E/I/J	B/F/H
5	E		G	G	B	B	E
6		D	D			C	C
7				A	A		
8	I/F	I/F	J		H	H	I

Key to pubs:

- 1 - The Navigation/Cuthdon Basin
- 2 - The Quarry Tavern/Shubford
- 3 - The Junction Inn/Darkbank
- 4 - The Ramshead/Blawick
- 5 - The Lock/Wolverly/near Kidderminster (Staffordshire & Worcestershire Canal)
- 6 - The Cross Keys/Penkridge (Staffordshire & Worcestershire Canal)
- 7 - The Wharf Tavern/Goldstone Wharf (Shropshire Union Canal)
- 8 - The Longboat/Birmingham (Birmingham Canal)

Key to boats:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| A - Calcutta & Bratch | F - Artemis |
| B - Polestar | G - Felspar & Elizabeth |
| C - Jupiter | H - Charlotte Grift V & butty |
| D - Mercury | I - Charlotte Grift VI & butty |
| E - Penguin | J - Charlotte Grift VII & butty |

Accents

In theory the accents of the locals should be Wolverhampton and that of the boat people a mixture of rustic and Wolverhampton. Keepers unable to manage such dialects may resort to Birmingham or Mummerset. Longthorpe and many of Mrs Grift's guests will have more polite accents, whilst Algeron Planchet will be excruciatingly upper class. Mrs Grift tries desperately hard to sound like Planchet, and fails dismally.

Pronunciation of local place names is fairly standard, but Shubford should be pronounced as "Shub'ord", Cuthdon as "Cuth'on" and Blawick as "Blake".

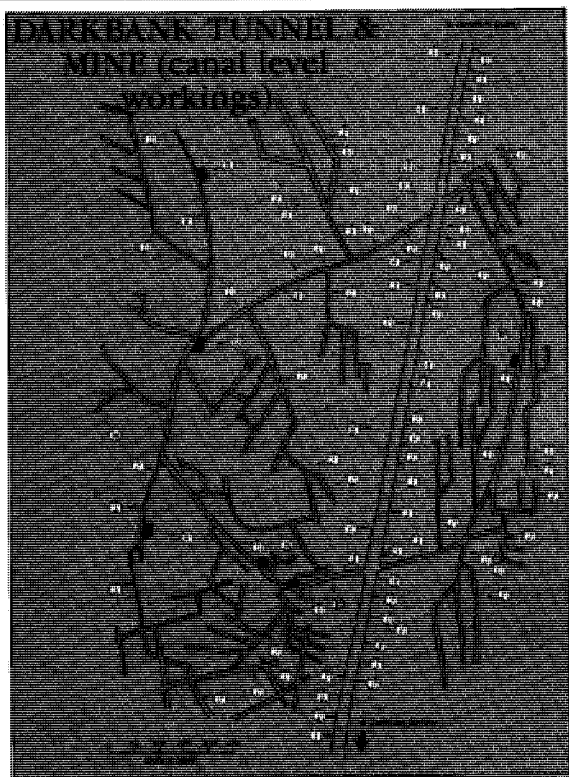
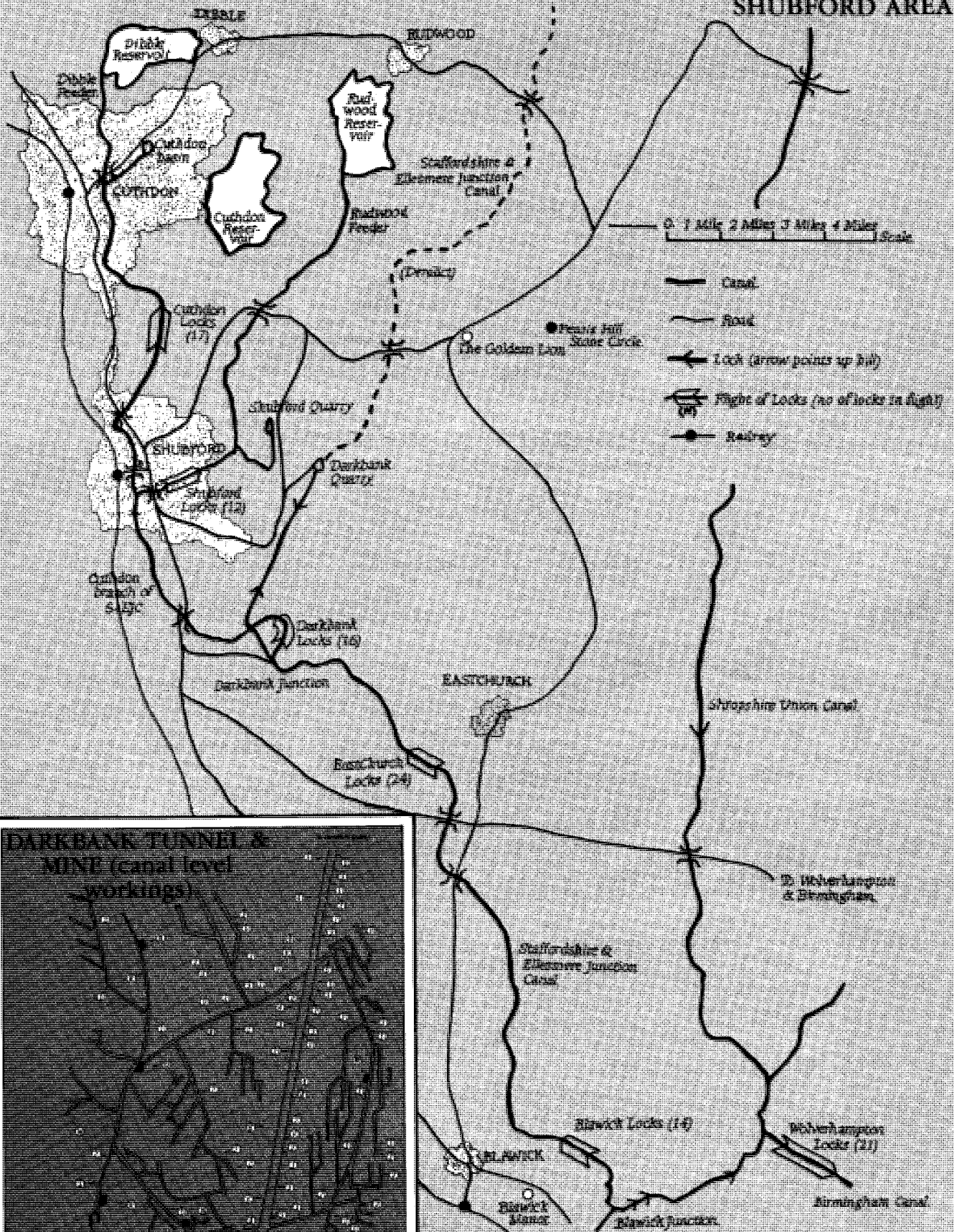
Objectives

The investigators can be assumed to have completed the scenario if they discover the existence of the Tunnel Dwellers and take steps against them in time to prevent them from reaching Shubford. It is probable that Grift will escape justice - he may claim that he saw Carter on the Monday night, and that he must have set up the detonator on Tuesday. Also, he will sieze on any hard evidence of the existence of Tunnel Dwellers to insist on the tunnel being closed, and be as grateful as a total miser can be to the investigators for helping him achieve his objective.

Key to Tunnel Map

- 1 Kinks in the tunnel which cut off the view of the tunnel portals
- 2 Water falls from the roof, soaking anyone or anything not in the cabin (the tiller is out in the open)
- 3 Pits in the tunnel floor
- 4 Deep, dry, floored niches in the tunnel walls; for the use of repair men
- 5 Sound of a woman weeping, the "mother" from the ghost story
- 6 Sound of a baby crying, the "baby" from the ghost story
- 7 The wreck of the *Eleanor*
- 8 Underground stream crosses the tunnel (arrows indicate direction of flow); archways in tunnel wall rise to a foot above water level
- 9 Junction with mine complex; no boat of more than 12 ft in length can turn here
- 10 Very old mine shaft up to surface, now impassable
- 11 Mine shaft to surface and down to lower workings; upward shaft impassable, downward shaft flooded
- 12 Remains of old boat lift to lower level; tangle of rusty and useless machinery. Shaft now flooded
- 13 James Carter's dinghy - his drained and shrivelled body is still in it; a Sanity roll should be made on discovering the body - investigators lose ID3 SAN if they fail
- 14 Point where Tunnel Dwellers are trying to blast through rock

THE CUTHDON & SHUBFORD AREA



NPC Statistics

There is a huge supporting cast in this scenario, but very few of them will do much other than talk to the investigators. Full statistics have been included for all of the more important characters, and some values for typical characters of various types are also given in case the Keeper needs full stats for someone in a hurry. Skill values are only given where the value is unusually high or low. Normal base values can be assumed for unmentioned skills.

Gregory Longthorpe

Area engineer for WWR.

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 10 SAN 45 EDU 14 Hit Pts 13

Age 32

Skills: Geology 25%; Law 15%;
Mak Maps 65%; Drive Automobile 45%;
Electrical Repair 40%;
Mechanical Repair 65%;
Operate Heavy Machinery 45%; Swim 35%.

Equipment: car.

Simon Jones

Longthorpe's clerk.

STR 7 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 8
DEX 15 APP 18 SAN 40 EDU 9 Hit Pts 11

Age 20

Skills: Accounting 20%; Fast Talk 35%;
Swim 70%.

Stanley Grift

Owner of Shubford Quarry.

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 9 APP 10 SAN 90 EDU 10 Hit Pts 15

Age 20

Skills: Photography 65%; Accounting 85%;
Geology 40%; Rifle 40%; Listening 55%;
Spot Hidden 45%; Psychology 45%;
Bargain 90%; Credit Rating 90% (in local area only); Debate 75%; Oratory 80%;
Fast Talk 65%; Swim 35%;

Lavinia Grift

Wife of Stanley Grift.

STR 8 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 9 SAN 45 EDU 6 Hit Pts 16

Age 42

Skills: Fast Talk 35%; Oratory 25%;
Sing 1%.

Arnold Trubshawe

Proprietor of the Golden Lion Hotel.

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 14 SAN 55 EDU 9 Hit Pts 14

Age 38

Skills: Accounting 65%; Fast Talk 45%;
Bargain 75%.

Julia Trubshawe

Wife of Arnold Trubshawe

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 45 APP 14 SAN 45 EDU 6 Hit Pts 13

Age 36

Skills: Listening 75%; First Aid 30%.

Florrie Palmer

Barmaid at the Golden Lion.

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 6 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 17 SAN 70 EDU 5 Hit Pts 10

Age 18

Skills: Fast Talk 45%; Sing 60%

Walter Braithwaite

Foreman at Darkbank Junction Maintenance Yard.

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 15 APP 8 SAN 55 EDU 5 Hit Pts 14

Skills: Electrical Repair 30%;
Mechanical Repair 80%;
Operate Heavy Machinery 55%; Punch 60%;
Swim 55%.

Henry King

Tol Clerk at Darkbank Junction.

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 14 SAN 60 EDU 8 Hit Pts 10

Age 37

Skills: Accounting 60%; Bargaining 50%;
Fast Talk 30%; Swim 40%.

Richard Kemp

Local Historian.

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 15 SAN 45 EDU 14 Hit Pts 12

Age 62

Skills: History 40% (local area 80%); Library
Use 70%; Make Maps 65%.

Old Andrew Bellar

The oldest 'number one' boatman in the area.

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 18
DEX 14 APP 14 SAN 90 EDU 4 Hit Pts 17

Age 58

Skills: Punch 80%; Rifle 50%; Shotgun 40%;
Knife Attack 75%; Knife Parry 50%; Accounting 15%; First Aid 60%; Zoology 30%;
Listen 40%; Psychology 45%;
Mechanical Repair 55%; Hide 65%; Sneak 65%; Bargaining 85%; Fast Talk 60%; Sing 60%; Swim 90%.

Equipment: knife, 12-gauge shotgun, .22 rifle.

Inspector Morris

Chief of Police for the Cuthdon-Shubford area.

STR 12 CON 8 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 7
DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 35 EDU 14 Hit Pts 9

Age 45

Skills: Nightstick Attack 45%;
Nightstick Parry 35%; Shotgun 40%;
Rifle 45%; First Aid 30%;
Drive Automobile 40%; Credit Rating 45%

Equipment: car, truncheon (nightstick).

Gavin Hall

Owner of Darkbank Quarry.

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 6
DEX 15 APP 8 SAN 30 EDU 11 Hit Pts 14

Age 47

Skills: Geology 60%; Accounting 55%;
Bargaining 35%.

Algernon Planchet

A local aristocrat, owner of Blawick manor.

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 7 POW 5
DEX 16 APP 16 SAN 25 EDU 19 Hit Pts 11

Age 28

Skills: Read/Write Latin 45%;

Read/Write Greek 30%; Occult 25%; Archaeology 20%; Rifle 35%;

Drive Automobile 60%; Credit Rating 75%;
Oratory 50%; Sing 35%; Ride 60%.

Typical Boatman

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 6 SAN 70 EDU 2 Hit Pts 13

Skills: Punch 70%; Shotgun 60%;

Knife Attack 65%; Knife Parry 50%;

First Aid 30%; Mechanical Repair 55%;

Hide 40%; Sneak 50%; Bargaining 40%;

Fast Talk 55%; Swim 90%

Equipment: knife, 12-gauge shotgun.

Typical Boatman's Wife

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 7 INT 12 POW 16
DEX 16 APP 8 SAN 80 EDU 2 Hit Pts 12

Skills: Knife Attack 45%; Knife Parry 45%;
Accounting 20%; Zoology 20%; Bargaining 50%; Fast Talk 65%; Swim 80%

Equipment: knife.

Typical Quarryman

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 6 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 7 SAN 45 EDU 3 Hit Pts 17

Skills: Punch 75%;

Operate Heavy Machinery 40%;

Mechanical Repair 40%.

Typical Grift Guest

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 9
DEX 45 APP 13 SAN 45 EDU 15 Hit Pts 11

Skills: Credit Rating 50%; Debate 35%;
Oratory 35%; Ride 65%.

The Running Man

by Brian Lumley

Chapter I

Now? Now, I wouldn't even fool with a ouija board, not for my life. You won't even catch me reading a ghost story! But at that time....

I was a teacher - mathematics and associated subjects, especially geometry - at a school in North London. A bit boring, really. Not much call for triangles and circles in North London, not even then. And none at all for squares. But of course, in those days, the word "square" only meant a parallelogram with four equal sides and four right angles. It would be another twenty years before it meant anything else.

Those days - the mid '30s - before The War. So long ago. And still the thing preys on my mind....

In my spare time I had become interested in the work - or the pastime - of a small but dedicated group which called itself the Society for the Higher Resolution of the Unquiet Dead. *SHROUD* for short. Londoners all, we termed ourselves "psychic investigators", and, on our weekends or holidays, would go off and sample the spectral atmospheres of England's ancestral haunts.

Not that the house in Cambridgeshire (standing almost at the junction of three counties: Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire and Norfolk) was well known for its phenomena; it certainly wasn't 'listed'. But we were interested anyway, for our own reasons. More of that anon....

There were five of us in our particular group; we'd all chipped in, and the estate agent had been glad to get the place off his hands, even as a few days let... it was that unpopular! Harkness, one of our group, had gone up the weekend before and scoured it; he'd been on a business trip for his boss but got back to attend *SHROUD*'s monthly meeting at *The Waggoners*. Cocooned in a corner away from the rest of the crowd, Harkness told us all about it:

"Got it for a song!" he was jubilant, grinning from ear to ear. "Has to be *something* wrong with a grand old place like that, when you can get it mid-season for a few quid!"

"What's it like?" asked Jackson, our self-appointed leader, who once actually (or allegedly) had seen a ghost. I'd heard his account several times, and - frankly - I doubted. But he was the sort that has to be the star attraction or life has no meaning. He was surly, too, and occasionally aloof when speaking to those less 'psychically inclined', which probably accounted for my dislike. "Does it have any amenities?"

Harkness read from notes he'd prepared: "Toilets, one up and one down; bathrooms likewise, both a bit dated; ground-floor kitchen half modernised, but needs a gas cylinder for cooking. Bedrooms galore, but only two beds; two musty old mattresses but no sheets, blankets or pillows, so it's a sleeping-bag job. A massive open fireplace downstairs, which we won't need - if we do, there's a great pile of wood stacked out in the gardens. Oh yes, and no lights! They won't switch the juice on just for a few days. There are two old oil lamps, which I fixed up while I was there."

"A dump!" commented Jackson, sourly.

I felt obliged to say: "What do you want, a haunted house or an all mod-cons overlooking the bay?"

Jackson turned his cold gaze on me. "You're new to this game, aren't you?" He was maybe thirty, slim, had a habit of staring unblinkingly through his small specs. His hair was going a bit thin and his cheeks were slightly hollow. He liked to think of himself as cadaverous, bookish, erudite - I considered him a poseur.

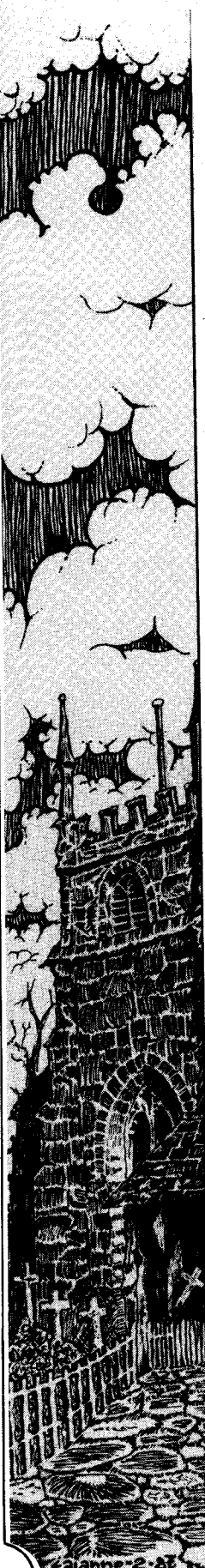
I shrugged. "So? I mean, we're going up there to investigate paranormal phenomena - not for a seaside outing! This is my first one, yes, but I'll probably spot anything weird just as quickly as you."

He sniffed. "That remains to be seen."

"What about supplies?" George Ainsworth spoke up. He was our youngest, maybe twenty-three, short and blocky and scruffy as hell. A rough diamond, there wasn't an ounce of malice in him. And he was an expert photographer. "Is the village close by? I don't want to cart a load of photo-graphic kit up there if it's right on our doorstep."

"Village? *Village?*" cried Peter Harkness. "Hey, I'll tell you about the village!" He was around thirty-five. Enthusiastic, but big, slow-moving and watery eyed, and so eager to please that people tended to lean on him a bit. He always seemed to buy far more rounds than he was due - chief beneficiary, Graham Jackson, of course.

"Shh!" cautioned our fifth member, urging restraint. Clive Thorne was our oldest and world-wisest. He'd served a term with the Army, and still looking about and not nearly settled down. But he was strong and inspired confidence. He was maybe five feet eleven, and all muscle. "Calm down," he said. "Half this lot will be up there with us if you're not careful!" *SHROUD*'s several cliques guarded their finds fiercely.



Harkness lowered his voice. "Village!" he whispered. "Well, there's Guyhirn just a couple of miles away. But across the fens toward Crowland is a *real* find. It's not on the latest maps, except maybe Ordnance Survey - but haunted? Lord, even if the Oaks wasn't there, it would still be worth visiting *that* place! It was a village four hundred years ago, but now it's done, decayed, falling

apart. I spotted it from a dormer window at the Oaks; a spire right out across the fens. Only a few miles as the crow flies, but it seemed like ten. The road winds like a snake, and you come through a copse... and there it is! Two tumbledown streets crossing each other at a disused church, and a corner pub called *The Running Man*."

"A pub, eh?" Thorne smacked his lips. "We'll be all right for a pie and a pint, then!"

"It's got more than that, this pub," said Harkness. "Its sign is the weirdest I've ever seen; in fact you won't believe it! My eyes are fine long distance, but lousy close up, so I couldn't make out the finer details. But there's this bloke"

"Running?" said Jackson. And he gave a derisive snort.

"- and he's bleeding! I mean, he's wild-eyed and his clothes are torn, and he's got blood dripping off him! Horrible!"

"You sure it's not a slaughterhouse?" I tried to brighten up a bit.

"It's a pub", Harkness scowled at me. "I went in, asked about the sign. The barman told me it's from a legend almost as old as the village. How one night a man, all torn and bleeding, had gone stumbling through the streets pursued by three cowed figures in black. No one helped him, because there'd been rumours of plague - he might be a plague carrier, and the cowed men would be priests trying to help him. But they weren't! A woman in her cottage saw them catch him, take out carved knives, *cut him up!* Into bits! Which they put in sacks and carried away!"

Thorne grunted, said: "Certainly sounds weird enough!"

"Anyway," Harkness finished it off, "then the plague came. The village was hard hit - people thought it was the punishment of God - the land around turned barren and the survivors moved out. Came decline and decay. Now there's only the crossroads, and a few old tottering houses..."

"I'm convinced," I broke the silence. "Even if the Oaks doesn't come up to scratch, its worth visiting that ghost town. Especially *The Running Man*."

Ainsworth said: "And I've got to get pictures of that old pub sign!"

"Better still," said Harkness, "pictures of the *original* sign! The old boy at the pub has it, keeps it locked away for its value. The one outside is a copy. He didn't have the time right then, but he said next time I was in I could see it."

After that we settled down to drinking, made the rest of our arrangements, passed a

pleasant but otherwise unspectacular evening. A pity I can't say the same about the time to come....

Chapter II

Monday morning, bright and early, we were on our way north in Clive Thorne's banger, Harkness' boss' car having "turned nasty" at the end of his recce. It was an A1 job all the way to Peterborough, with Harkness, Ainsworth and me crammed in the back, thumbing through our "literature" - books and pamphlets on famous haunted houses and parapsychological cases - most of the way. Jackson sat up front, puffing on his pipe, boring us silly yet again with his interminable story, which he embellished just a little bit more each time he told it.

"So there I was," he finished off on the approach to Peterborough, "left all cold and clammy, and this shining, spectral *thing* drifting off into the woods. For all I know, it's there still, but I've not been back..."

"Anyway," said Thorne, who'd been dying to change the subject for ages, "that was then and this is now. So, what about these disappearances at The Oaks, eh? Here we go, off to investigate this poor old house - which might well be entirely innocent - all on the strength of a few people vanishing in or around it! It was you stumbled across the connection, wasn't it, Graham?"

Jackson puffed at his pipe, said: "I've a sharp eye for that sort of thing. I was doing some newspaper research, came across some interesting facts. Summer of '32, young London couple on the run, heading for Gretna Green. They detoured and ended up at The Oaks, hired it for a fortnight. Alas, the girl's Old Boy had put an ad in the papers and offered a reward for word of their whereabouts. A

local spotted them in the village, and the game was up. Daddy came rumbling up from the family hearth; him and a couple of burly lads broke down the door and burst in. The kids' clothes are there, their sleeping things, sleeping bags - but no sign of them. And they've not been seen since..."

"Interesting," Thorne nodded. "Suicide pact, d'you think?"

"Well if it was," said Jackson, "they made the pact in that house. Second case: two years ago an old tramp breaks in, lives there for a couple of days. The police get wind of it, and since they're looking for a petty thief, they pay him a visit. But it's the same story: his things are there, but he's not."

"On top of which," Harkness broke in from behind me, "there's the atmosphere of the place. Wait and see for yourselves. But you wouldn't find me staying there on my own, I can tell you!"

"Well, you're not on your own," said Thorne, "so stop worrying about it. And anyway, that's what we're here for." Following which, we were all pretty thoughtful and quiet....

Coming through Guyhirn toward The Oaks, in an outlying huddle of fairly derelict houses covered in ivy and flaking paint, we passed a square-towered old church. Opposite stood the local pub - not *The*

Running Man, but to Clive Thorne a pub was a pub! "A pie and a pint!" he cried jubilantly. "We'll dump our stuff, nip back for lunch."

Then Guyhirn was behind us, and Harkness directed Thorne down a third-class road for a few miles to The Oaks. And if we'd had our doubts before, just seeing that old place told us we'd been worrying needlessly. Or, on the other hand, worrying with good cause, depending on your point of view....

The estate agent was waiting for us with the keys. We were right on time and paid cash there and then, which pleased him no end. He wasn't much of a one for hanging about; seeing us inside, he gave us a few hurried dos and don'ts and was on his way in less than five minutes. We'd have liked to start exploring right there and then, but Thorne's suggestion about "a pie and a pint" seemed a good one. So we dumped our stuff and drove straight back to the pub.

George Ainsworth had a half-pint with the rest of us at *The Two Coaches*, then excused himself; he wanted to photograph the church. He liked to rub brasses, too, so churches interested him. He came back fifteen minutes later with the verger and introduced him: Mr Applebury. Applebury was small, round and friendly, quite extro-vert and not averse to throwing back a pint of best beer. He

ordered, smiled and said: "Goerge says you're staying at The Oaks?"

"That's right," Jackson eyed him down his nose. "A very atmospheric place, we believe."

Appleby nodded. "Yes, you've picked a good one there - if ghosts are your game. Myself, I'm not a believer - in ghosts I mean!" He chuckled. "But if I was, I'd have to believe they're here. At the house, the church across the road there, this whole area."

"You know the history of the region, then?" I invited him to sit with us. Jackson grudgingly made room.

"I know the history of the church," Appleby shrugged. "A church is always a focus down the centuries. Births, deaths and marriages, records, old legends. You want to know about a place, visit its churches."

"Tell us about your ghosts," Thorne invited, "Er - the ones you don't believe in."

"I'll tell you something about The Oaks, if you like, for what it's worth - and a snippet or two of church history. The two are connected, you see. At the turn of the 16th century, there was a bad plague hereabouts, and - of course - the church was a haven. Somewhere in the local fields there's supposed to be a mass grave, so the dead are certainly here. But you'll have to find your own ghosts - I only deal in fact."

"We're all ears," said Jackson drily.

"Please go on," I urged before the arrogant sod could put Applebury off. "You mentioned the plague. What, as far back as 1340-50?"

Applebury soon set me right. "Ah, no! The Black Death was only the beginning. It raged for two years, but, after that, scarcely a



decade went by without a resurgence. Right up to the end of the 18th Century. One such outbreak, called simply 'the plague', occurred here in 1596 - and the locals blamed it on a peculiar sect who at the time had their own 'church' or headquarters at The Oaks."

"Three hundred and fifty years ago?" Jackson sounded sceptical. "Well, we haven't yet had a good look at the place, but I wouldn't say it was *that* old!"

Applebury shook his head. "You misunderstand me. The *present* house will be fairly recent, a hundred and fifty years maximum. But its foundations, maybe even its end walls, are as old as the church across the road; for the first house was built there about the same time - early 16th century. It's in the records. The family didn't prosper and the last of the line moved to London about 1580. Then, for a long while, the house stood empty. Too far out from the village, and too expensive to be purchased locally...."

Graham Jackson was beginning to take notice. He glanced at our rapt expressions. "What did I tell you? This is all good background stuff! I'll probably do a pamphlet on The Oaks for the AGM next month."

I urged Applebury to go on. "But surely The Oaks hasn't stood empty as long as that? Anyway, you said there'd been a second house built on the foundations."

He held up his hands. "Whoah! Let me have the story." And after a moment: "In the late



1500s, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, the Chorazos Cult had a chapter in London. The cult was pagan and worse than pagan, and its members a polyglot bunch to say the least. Originating in the mountains of Rumania, there were nevertheless China-men among them, Africans and Arabs, Hungarians and, as you'd expect, Romanians. Their leader 'Chorazos' - we know him under no other name - had been a gypsy. They'd come to England as 'refugees', from what we don't know; possibly they'd been hounded out of their native lands.

"In 1595, they were hounded out of London, too, but we do know a bit about that. Apparently their 'Temple' in Finchley was an opium den full of whores, rife with orgiastic ceremonies and perversion. Human sacrifices - to whom and for what purpose? - were seemingly regular occurrences...."

"Eventually the Queen ordered an investigation - on the advice of Dr John Dee, incidentally, of all persons! - and the place in Finchley was destroyed. Ah, but Chorazos and his principle 'priests' had already made their exit! A year later, they turned up in Scotland where they carried on as before. Not a wise move: Elizabeth might be interested in astrology, alchemy and the like - she had a leaning toward the occult - but James IV of Scotland found all such practices abominations!

"Doubtless James would have acted, but in the end it was taken out of his hands. Chorazos had built his temple on the lee of the Pentland Hills; after the disappearance of a number of village children and some young

adults, the people of Penicuik rose up in a body and... that was the end of the sect.

"And now you'll say, 'what has this to do with us, especially with The Oaks, eh?' I'll tell you - or rather, I'll ask you: what about the missing year - between 1595 and 1596? Where was the Chorazos Cult then, eh?"

"They were here?" This from Thorne.

Applebury nodded. "And their centre of operations?"

"The Oaks!" and that was me.

"So there you have it!" Applebury beamed.

Jackson had grown sceptical again. It was plain to see that - to him - all of this sounded too good to be true. "And the connection with the old church across the road?"

"Ah! Well, that's in the church records. The parson at that time was a portly fire-eater



named, appropriately enough, Goodly. He took right against the sect. There had been the usual disappearances, etc - ladies of - ahem - dubious character were known to frequent the 'ceremonies' at The Oaks; and worse, when Goodly himself attempted to enquire the nature of the worship

there... Chorazos roundly cursed his church and the entire area! And looking around now, at the regional decay, I'm tempted to believe that the curse is still extant!" he sighed.

"Any description of this Chorazos?" George Ainsworth wanted to know. "A sketch, or maybe a painting? something I could photograph?"

"Hub!" Jackson snorted. "That's asking for jam on it!"

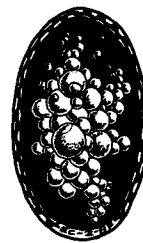
Applebury raised his eyebrows a little. Pointedly ignoring the obnoxious Jackson, he spoke to the rest of us. "Town records often did include contemporary sketches and paintings - you're quite correct, George - but not this time. No, the cultists were something the townspeople would rather forget - especially after they turned on them and burned The Oaks down!" He saw our expressions. "Oh, yes! That's how the people dealt with the sect in the end. So... no pictures, I'm afraid. There's a painting of old 'Hellfire Goodly', yes, but not one of them. A description, however, might be easier to come by. I think we might supply that. If you'd care to finish up here and come across the road with me to the church...."

Chapter III

An hour later, on our way back to The Oaks, Thorne asked, "So, what did you make of it all?" He was speaking to all of us, but Graham Jackson answered him first:

"Black-cowled foreigners, like a monkish order? Services dedicated to some alien 'god' called Yot-Sottot? Human sacrifices?" He shrugged. "Obvious, isn't it? Demon-worship, what else? Trouble is, the idiot villagers burned the place down! I've read somewhere that ghosts don't often survive that sort of thing. It's like an exorcism. Like when they used to burn witches."

While he talked, I thought back on our visit to the church. Personally, I'm not much of a one for churches, and couldn't tell a font from a transept. Applebury had taken us down the central aisle of the huge, echoing old place to a small room at the rear. He'd hurried us along, and I'd noticed he was sweating. "Count the rows," he'd suggested, breathlessly. "Of pews, I mean. See what figures you get."



It had seemed an odd request, but we did it anyway, counting off the rows of seats to ourselves. At the door to the room at the rear, he said: "Well?"

Jackson shrugged. "I lost count," he said. Obviously he hadn't bothered.

"Twenty-six," I spoke up.

"What?" Thorne seemed surprised, glanced back down the hollow belly of the old building. "More like thirty-six, surely?"

We all looked back, tried to count the pews from where we stood. But the light was poor and a dim sun, burning through high stained glass windows, struck motes of floating dust and made the place smoky and ethereal.

"Odd perspective, isn't it?" said Jackson, scratching his chin.

"Yes it is," Applebury nodded, his Adam's apple visibly wobbling. I stared at him, decided he looked a little... afraid?

"Odd perspective... perspective... perspective..."

It was only an echo, but sharp and clear, and it came a full minute after Jackson's original statement! It startled all of us, especially Applebury. He gave us a sickly sort of look, said: "The acoustics in here are... they're sometimes more temporal than spacial." Without explaining his meaning, he'd then led us away into the small back room.

As we went in I heard George Ainsworth muttering, "Well, I counted twenty-two rows!"

"There was a time," said Applebury, who seemed recovered now, "when this room was used as a vestry. Rarely used at all now, and more as a library for church records than anything else." We could see what he meant.

There were a good many ledgers and folders atop the oak desks; other tomes, Holy Bibles, leather-bound manuscripts, and records bound into books covering centuries, were displayed on shelves behind dusty glass. Peter Harkness looked about, traced a line with his finger in the dust on the wooden arm of a chair, seemed puzzled. Much the same as me, I supposed.

I turned to Applebury, said: "You're verger here? But this place hasn't been used in... in a long time!" It was a guess, but it was correct.

"It's voluntary," he said quickly. "These days I'm more a watchman, really, a caretaker. I'm just looking after it until they pull it down. Which they will, God willing, sooner rather than later!" After that, he turned a little sour, applied himself to our business and got

finished with it as quickly as possible. When we left the place and he locked up, I noticed how relieved he seemed to be out of there.... And I wondered what it was he believed in, if not in ghosts....?

"Yot-Sottot," said Peter Harkness with a grimace, breaking into my thoughts. "I mean, there's a name to conjure with. I never saw *that* in any demonology before! It sort of, well, *feels evil!*"

"I don't know how it feels," Jackson snorted, "but it *sounded* like so much waffle to me!"

"It was all there in those old books," I reminded him. "Dated, even signed by old 'Hellfire Goodly' himself. Waffle? It was authenticated. And I'd say it *is* authentic."

"Me too," said Thorne, driving the car into the grounds of The Oaks. We piled out, entered the old building, began to explore and get the feel of the place. Thorne wandered into the kitchen, but his voice came back to us: "It was authentic, all right. Too much background detail not to be. 'Great Old Ones' who came down from the stars when the world was young. Kutulu and the demon sultan Azathoth, Yibb-Tstll and Shat-Mell, Shub-Nigguth, and... hell, half-a-dozen more I can't even remember! But Chorazos and his lot, apparently they worshipped this Yot-Sottot: a being co-terminous in all space and continuous with all time. A thing that is every when and where, if you know the gates. But only Yot-Sottot himself *knows* the gates. Weird as hell!"

"And this cult or sect, they actually lived here!" George Ainsworth's voice, from a downstairs bedroom, was full of excitement.

We began to congregate in a spacious sitting-room. From somewhere upstairs came Graham Jackson's voice. Since he couldn't put a damper on things, he'd decided to join in. "Yot-Sottot *was* the gate, and he led them all through it and down from the stars. Well, we may not have ghosts, but we certainly have demon-worship."

"If you worship Yot-Sottot," Thorne calls back up to him, "as Chorazos and his people did, then he'll teach you to change the structure of space, how to warp the fabric of time."

Jackson came back from downstairs, but Peter Harkness was still bumping about somewhere up there. Suddenly he let out a yelp, a squawk as if from a long way away. We heard him come clumping down the stairs, except he seemed to be coming for a long time. And he was panting and muttering to himself, "Bloody hell, bloody hell, bloody hell!" We went to the door of the lounge, looked out into the entrance hall, toward the foot of the wide wooden staircase.

Finally, Harkness came into view, shaking and shivering, hair full of cobwebs, pale as... as a ghost! He literally flew into our arms "Jesus!" he gasped. "I mean, I mean, I *know* this place! It isn't as if I haven't been here before..."

"So?" Clive Thorne stared at him. "So what's wrong?"

Harkness tried to get a grip of himself, shook his head. "I thought... I thought..."

"Oh, good grief!" Jackson tut-tutted. "Get to the point, for God's sake!"

"Shut up!" Thorne shouldered him aside. "Peter, what is it?"

"I... I went upstairs, to the first floor. I mean, there *is* only one floor upstairs. But then I went up to the attic. Except - it wasn't there! Just another storey, another floor. So I thought it was my specs, or those three quick pints of beer, or I'd somehow confused myself. And then I *did* go up into the attic. I went to look out of the old dormer window, but it was grimy. At least, I thought it was grimy. But it

wasn't. It was simply dark outside, as if it were night. Then I saw the moon up and the stars. God, it *was* night!"

We all looked at each other. There was no denying Harkness meant it; he was shaking like a leaf. "So I came down," he continued, his hands fluttering. "But the stairs went down and down, and... Christ, I thought I was never going to get... to get... down... again!" And he fainted.

Thorne caught him; we carried him into the sitting-room, stretched him out, splashed water into his face. After a while, he came to, sat up, looked all about. And he saw the worried expressions on our faces. "What? Did I pass out?"

"Yes, you did," I nodded.

"Something like that, anyway," said Jackson, drily....

CHAPTER IV

Out of nowhere, one of those summer storms had blown up. If the old house had been gloomy before, now it grew positively dark. Outside, the rain hammered down. "There's your darkness," I told Peter Harkness. "A storm was brewing, that's all. And the moon is often out during the day." He nodded, looked grateful - if a little doubtful.

"Light!" said Thorne. He brought the oil lamps from the kitchen, got them going. Then Jackson assumed command:

"Right! So it looks like we're confined, at least until this storm lets up. But we've a gas cylinder to connect up, wood to fetch indoors, a fire to light. We can stow away our provisions, brew up a pot of tea, lay claim to our sleeping areas - at least attempt to make the place liveable down here. Later, after a meal, time enough then to think about exploring upstairs..."

Oddly, his suggestion for once found no opposition. There were things to do and there was system, order in it. And no-one, not even Thorne, actually wanted to explore upstairs - not right then. We got to it, settled ourselves in, waited for the storm to let up, which it didn't. If anything it got worse;

there was even an occasional flash of distant lightening. We got a roaring fire going; Thorne cooked up sausages, eggs and beans; we opened a few bottles of beer and had a drink. Came 7.00pm and still it rained, and now the light was really failing. Finally, Jackson said: "About an hour's light left, if you can call it light! Me, I'm for a look around upstairs. Any volunteers?"

Harkness shook his head at once. "Not me," he said. "Tomorrow in the broad daylight, maybe." George Ainsworth stayed with him while the rest of us took a lamp and climbed the stairs. There were no carpets, just bare boards, and the wallpaper was at least forty years out of date. We suspected a young couple with perhaps an aged relative had once had the house, however briefly; the bedroom and toilet downstairs hinted as much. But as the hiring agent had told us, no-one had ever stayed very long here.

Upstairs was very similar: bare boards, grumbling plumbing, sound but not especially savoury. And the 'perspective', for want of a better word, as in the church, all wrong. Our oil lamp burned brightly enough, but its light just didn't seem to travel right or fill the space. It was difficult to judge distances; the echoes were wrong; the shadows thrown by the lamp seemed to have moved too swiftly. Disturbing, but not what you could call threatening. "Haunted?" Thorne looked at Jackson, his face ghastly in the artificial light.

Jackson shrugged, shook his head. "Somehow, it doesn't feel ghostly," he finally answered. "Tainted, more like." And - again - he had it right. We climbed more stairs. The attic, admitting light from only one small dormer window, was too dusty and cobwebby for us to be bumping about in; we merely looked in, then called a halt for the night. I did glance out of the dormer window, but I couldn't see any moon. The storm, of course....

Back downstairs, Clive Thorne stirred himself. "Me," he said, "I'm for *The Running Man*! A pint of best will go down just great!" George Ainsworth was snoring in a chair beside the fire; Jackson and I declined, too; but Harkness jumped at the chance to be away from the house for a couple of hours. And anyway, he knew the way across the fens. They went off together, came back an

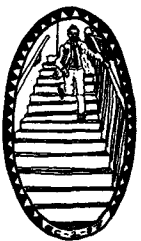
hour later thoroughly dejected. The pub was shut; proprietor away on business; *The Running Man* wouldn't be running again until tomorrow night.

Anyway, all of us were tired. Ghost-hunting could wait until tomorrow. After all, it was only our first night.

No one opted to sleep upstairs....

Chapter V

As it happened, we all slept in the huge living-room. Someone kept the fire going - probably Peter Harkness - for in the morning it was still burning down into white ash. Around 10.00am, Clive Thorne woke us up with tea - which was good - and buttered toast like squares of tarmac - which wasn't. The sun was shining, however hazily; the world looked fresh outside streaked windows; now, perhaps, we could get down to it. And, in a body, we explored the house.



Downstairs, upstairs, attic: normal as normal could be. Big, old, and full of echoes; a bit sorry for itself, nothing out of the ordinary. Not then, anyway. Graham Jackson found a small card table and began to make notes for his proposed "pamphlet"; Thorne started measuring the house up and making diagrams of the floors and rooms: George Ainsworth got his cameras ready for the night, when he'd set them up strategically with trip-wire "ghost-traps"; I spent my time with Peter Harkness, who was still a bit shaky.

At noon, we went into town and had a few too many at 'our' local, then sauntered over to the church - which was firmly secured, and Applebury nowhere to be found. We got back to The Oaks about 3:30pm and settled our-selves down for an afternoon snooze, because we planned to be up and about for much of the night. About 7:00pm, Clive Thorne gave me a shake and said something

about *The Running Man*. I opened my eyes, saw Thorne and Ainsworth standing there, George with his box camera round his neck. Jackson was still asleep and snoring in his sleeping-bag across the room, and I still felt groggy. That's how beer gets me.

I declined Clive's offer, promised I'd have the fire going again when they got back. They tip-toed out - probably because they didn't want Jackson's company - and Peter Harkness went with them. He didn't fancy being the only one awake in the house, not with night coming on. I heard him say that as they went out, and I think that's what kept me awake....

Anyway, I finally got up, washed, made the fire. And by then Jackson was awake, too. He made coffee, grumbled that the Primus stove was leaking a bit. He had to grumble about something. About 7:45pm we finished our coffee; and by then, too, the house had grown very quiet. Maybe even ominously so. We lit the lamps, found ourselves holding our breath, listening intently - but to what? The sighing of the evening breeze in the branches of the great oaks in the grounds? A creaky old floorboard somewhere upstairs? We were both thinking the same thing: floorboards don't usually creak unless someone steps on them. But we were the only someones in the house - weren't we?

Jackson pre-empted me, said: "There's only two of us." He was nervous, blinking his eyes just a little too fast.

"Two of us against what? A heavy ghost?" I didn't feel brave, but I'd been dying for a chance like this. "Well, you can stay down here if you want to, but I am going to take a look." I took one of the lamps and Jackson was right on my heels when I started up the stairs.

"We really shouldn't," he said, his voice shaky.

"Why not? Whatever it is, it can't be as bad as the shiny, spectral thing in the woods." The pleasure I took in saying that made up for my own bad attack of the jitters.

"That was... different!" he said. "I mean, I... I didn't just go walking *into* it!"

"Well, this time, we're walking into it," I told him. "Or you can go back down - on your own." And then I noticed that we were *still* going up the stairs. I said nothing, but a moment later Jackson noticed it too. It lasted only a moment, the feeling that we'd been climbing for hours, and then we were on to the landing. At the end of a long corridor was a narrow window looking out on a jet black night.... On a what? Middle of summer, only 8:00pm - and it was pitch black out there!

...I didn't just go walking into it! Jackson's voice echoed to us, as from a million miles away. "Oh Jesus!" said Jackson very quietly. "Oh God!" I quickly checked out all of the rooms - which still somehow seemed to take ages - and all the time him stumbling close on my heels. The idiot: he should have brought the other lamp! The upstairs rooms were empty, but the odd 'perspective' of the place was back. "We should go down," Jackson whispered. "We should go"

"Up!" I said. I was in a bad state too, but I could still think in a straight line. *If* we'd heard something and it wasn't on this floor, it could only be in the attic. I found the stairs and headed up them, with Jackson's fingers trembling on my back. We climbed and climbed. *Oh, Lord*, I said to myself, *please let us reach the attic!* But we didn't. Instead, we came out on the upstairs landing - again!

Chapter VI

Jackson flipped. "The pews in the church!" he panted. "It's just the same. We have to get out of here. I have to get out!" He grabbed the lamp and it nearly came apart in our hands. I had to let go of it. And he ran off with it like a hare back downstairs. To hell with *me*, the coward just ran! And I admit it, so did I.

Down, always down. A headlong, flying, floating flight in jet blackness, without ever seeming to get anywhere. The upper floor landing, and again the upper floor landing.

And Jackson's jibbering floating back to me, and the light of his lamp always just too far in front, its distance distorted and all perspective altered. Yot-Sottot: a being who could change the structure of time and space, and us trapped somewhere along the warp....

It became a total nightmare. "Out, out, out, out, out!" he was babbling; and other voices, mine and his, saying: *the pews of the church*, and *up, up, up!* I would soon crack and I knew it. Landings and stairs, landings and stairs, landings and -

- And Jackson coming back up, his face hideous with fear in the flaring light of the lamp! His eyes bulged and there was froth on his lips. "On the stairs!" he shrieked. "In cloaks, cowls, knives! They're here, do you hear me? *They're here!*"

"What? Who?" I tried to grab him. Mad as a hatter, he bore me before him backward up the stairs. We hit the landing and almost collapsed there, but that was when I noticed the shadows coming up the wall. Cowled shadows.

I got behind Jackson, put a hand over his babbling mouth, dragged him along the corridor. Almost exhausted, he made no protest. I took the lamp from him, put it in a room, quietly closed the door. We stood in the utter

darkness of the corridor, me hissing in his ear: "Be quiet, for God's sake, *be quiet!*"

They came up onto the landing, looked this way and that. Two of them - cowled, yes, and strangely hunched. If they'd turned our way - I don't like to think about that. But they went the other way, disappeared into the weird distance of the place. I counted five, let go of Jackson and regained the lamp, tip-toed breathlessly for the landing. My hair was standing on end. I hadn't known it could do that, but it could. And what about Jackson, now that he'd had a breather? You've guessed it. He came leaping and gibbering by me, snatched the lamp again, went bounding down the stairs.

This time the descent seemed normal - or nearly so, considering that there might be a pair of cowled cultists on our heels - or would have done if not for the cabalistic, esoteric and erotic designs painted crudely on the walls in red and white. But I had no time for the latter as I sought to catch up with my raving colleague. And then, at last, we were down on to the ground floor. That

was when I tripped, went flying. Jackson raced ahead, toward the hall and the main door of the house - but skidded to a halt as the door opened and two more cowled figures entered. They didn't see me where I lay sprawled in the dark at the foot of the stairs, but they did see Graham Jackson. For he had the lamp.

He cried out; an inarticulate, mad, rising babble of sound, threw open the living room-door and hurled himself headlong through it. In there... I can't swear to what I saw. Candles? An altar or some such? A circle of cowled heads, all turning in Jackson's direction as he sprawled and the lamp was sent flying? All these things - perhaps. But one thing I did see was Chorazos, and I make no mistake when I say thing!

It could only be him: taller than the others, officiating at the altar. His hood was thrown back and beneath it... I don't know what that horror had for a head but its face was a writh-ing, shifting mass of worms! I lay frozen with terror, none of my muscles even attempting to obey me.

The two cultists who'd come into the house from outside were after Jackson in a flash, and as they followed him into the living-room, so they took out long, curved knives from under their cassocks. But I have to give Jackson his due: he wasn't just going to stand and take it. Flames from the lamp had taken hold on hangings and esoteric tapestries; the demon-ologists were converging

on him; he spilled over the altar and sent candles and priests alike flying, then made a crazy hurtling leap for the window. Knives rose and fell as he bounded, but then he was out through the window in a crashing of glass and splintered timbers, out into the darkness of the gardens. Which seemed to me a very good idea!

I'd got my second wind, got my senses back, too. As several of the cowled cultists in the living room went out through the broken window after Jackson, I up and sprinted for the door. Going out, I slammed into Clive





Thorne and George Ainsworth. Peter Harkness' white face stared at us out of the car's window. Thorne and Ainsworth saw my condition, the look on my face. And I saw the looks on their faces.

"The house," they said as one man. "Look at the house!" I stumbled with them to the car, fell inside, almost on top of Harkness where he opened the door for me. The others piled into the front. *Then* I looked at the house.

"It's not... not The Oaks!" said Harkness, his voice with a croak.

I continued to look, began to understand. "Oh, it is," I gulped. "But not in this century..." The gaunt old structure reared, different in every stone from the one we knew. Thorne backed the car away, threw it into a gravel-crunching reverse turn. And it was then we saw the villagers with their torches. They were setting fire to the old place, shouting and screaming their hatred, hurling their torches in through doors and broken windows. And their massed cries like a thin keening of wind, and their figures insubstantial as smoke. Our ghosts at last, they wore the garb of the late 16th Century!

Down the drive we went and out through the gates, and suddenly I yelled: "But Jackson!"

They looked at me, said nothing. "He's out here somewhere, running, bleeding, pursued by, by...." And still they looked at me. "But you must have seen him come through the... window?"

Thorne said, "Tell us later what happened in there. Right now we're going to find a police station. But we'll say nothing about... about this. Only the 'facts'. About the leaky gas cylinder, and about Jackson being missing."

"But he isn't," I insisted. "He isn't... missing?"

George Ainsworth switched on the car's interior light, passed me back a photograph which someone had carefully tinted. It wasn't one of his - this was one he had been given by the proprietor of the pub they'd visited. I glanced at it, looked harder, then stared with my eyes bulging. A pretty good shot of the original pub sign from *The Running Man*. The descriptions from contemporary witnesses must have been vivid accounts. There was no mistaking him. Clothes, tatters, bloodied face and hands. It was Graham Jackson, of course....

I looked back, and in the near-distance the night sky was shot with black smoke and red, roaring flames....





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