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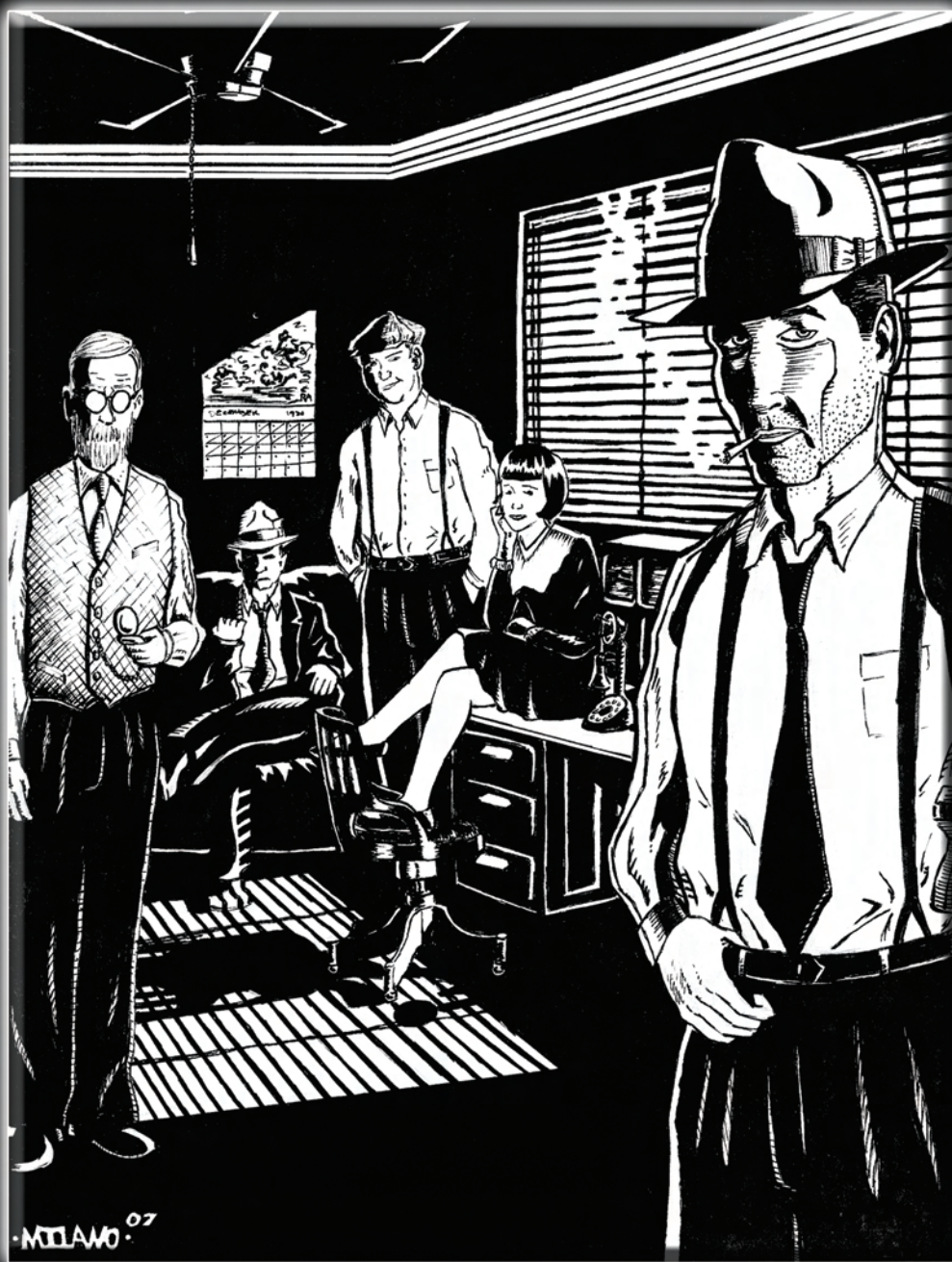
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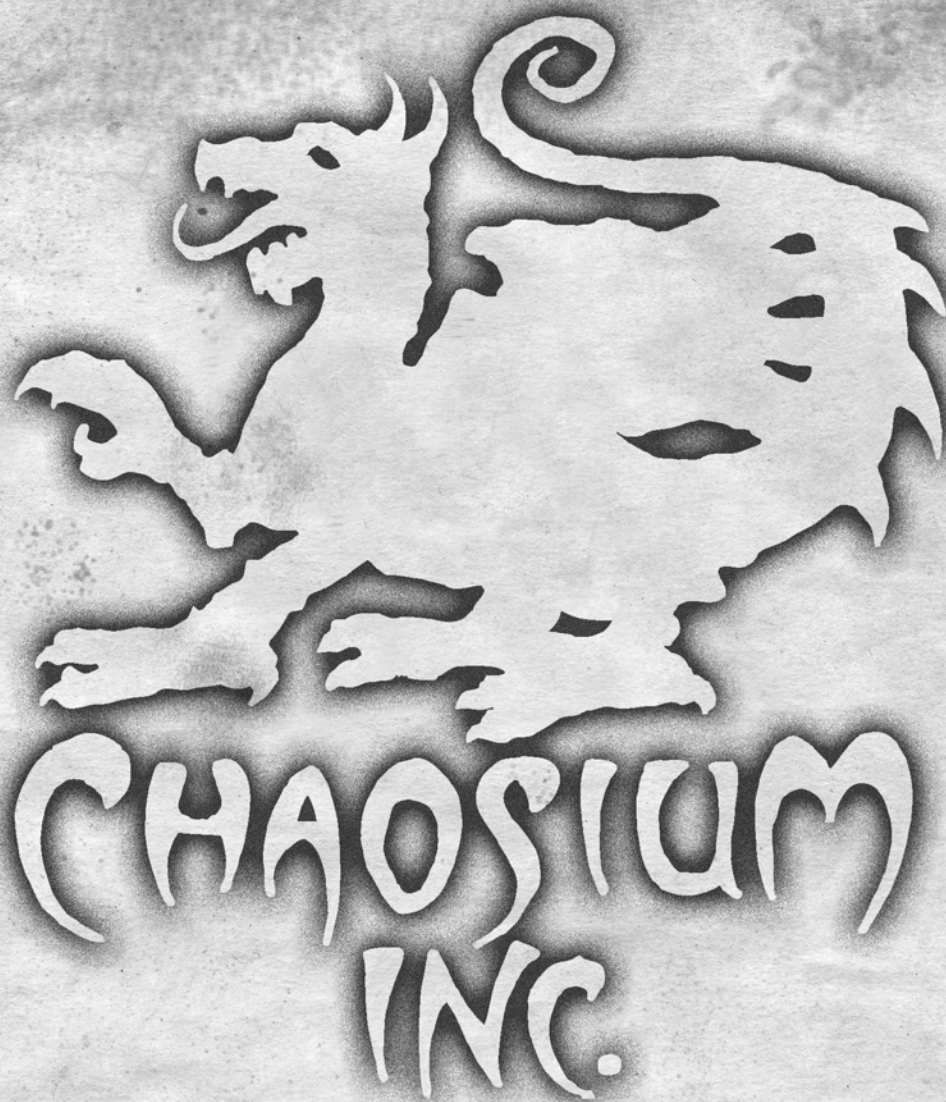
# Farewell, My Sanity



Two Los Angeles Adventures Involving  
the Guzman-Willent Detective Agency







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# Farewell, My Sanity

Adventures of the Guzman Willent Detective Agency



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## About the Author

Aaron Vanek is a filmmaker living in Los Angeles. He won a Howie Award from the H.P. Lovecraft Film Festival for his cinematic contributions. His previous Call of Cthulhu scenario is published in Worlds of Cthulhu #5. His movies are available on DVD from Lurker Films.

## About the Artist

David Milano works as a freelance illustrator when not writing, directing, acting, providing sound design, prop/costume work, photography, or any of the other myriad creative pursuits that have piqued his interest. His exposure to the world of H.P. Lovecraft (and RPG's) came from playtesting "Under the Boardwalk." He has been hooked ever since.



## Special Thanks

Playtesters: Amy Creamer, Rebecca Creamer-Scanlin, Graydon Schlichter, Mary Behar, Mike Tice, R.A. Strong, Karen Bowman, Christian Brown, Tapani Ronni, Kitty Goss, K. Hageleit, Shawna Waldron, Rizwan Kassim, TC Lai, Todd Jimenez, Morgan Joeck, David Milano, Stephen Hoover and everyone else I forgot (sorry!)

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Thanks to Chaosium: Charlie Krank, Lynn Willis, Dustin Wright & Fergie for allowing us to add to their delightful, nightmarish world.



## MEMORANDUM

September, 2007  
Los Angeles, California

Hello, and welcome to *Farewell, My Sanity*. We hope that you enjoy this monograph from Chaosium, and, if so, please consider purchasing other titles in this unique role-playing imprint.

Included in this book are two adventures set in Los Angeles during the early 1920's. Although the typical noir style came into fashion in the later 1930's and 40's, these scenarios have many similarities to that dark urban genre. Though they are based on real history, many liberties were taken in the interest of story.

They can be played in either order, although if you want to maintain chronological accuracy, "Under the Boardwalk" occurs before "An Enchanted Evening."

## CHARACTERS

*Farewell, My Sanity* was designed around a specific cast of pre-generated characters (see Appendix for character descriptions). Any characters can be used, but it is assumed that players will take the roles of the Guzman-Willent Detective Agency. The reasons for this are as follows:

1. Pre-generated characters are almost *de rigueur* for convention games because players can quickly familiarize themselves with their characters, who have already met (often unlike the players themselves), without taking up valuable playtime while GMs try to bring the characters together and explain why five people each have the Latin version of the *Necronomicon*. These adventures were designed for conventions, but they can also be played with your own PCs.
2. Recurring characters allow for development and history in between games. That is assuming the characters survive the previous adventure with a semblance of sanity intact. Just because these scenarios are written under the assumption that all members of the detective agency are present does *not* mean that you as a GM have to protect them from the horrors. If they die or go insane, run with it.
3. Detailed characters often make the overall role-playing session more exciting. In *Call of Cthulhu*, where mortality is high, it's easy for long-time players of the game to become so blasé they won't name their character until they've survived an adventure or two. *Call of Cthulhu* is not like a popular fantasy RPG, and should not be treated as a numbers game of *roll-playing*. Sometimes the best moments in games come not from tossing a critical hit against a monster, but from two investigators arguing about where to go for dinner. Regardless of the characters you use, encourage the players to play them to the hilt. That's what it's all about.

## PRE-GAME SUGGESTIONS

One law I try to enforce when running a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario is the "no talking to absent characters" rule. When characters go off by themselves, either voluntarily or involuntarily, I oftentimes stay at the table and run a small solo-scenario with them. For example, if the professor goes to the library by herself to research occult books, I'll keep that player at the table with the other players. It's often easier than taking that player away from the group and having her roll Library Use on the floor of the hall. However, I cannot allow other players to offer advice to the lone player, no matter how much they want to help them. If the characters are not together, the players cannot talk. Therefore, at the beginning of a game session, I'll announce:



If your player character is not with another player character, you cannot talk to them. If you say something to them, you will automatically take a SAN loss because you're talking to yourself.

Jokes and tips still might occur between players, but stating the rule up front might show your players that you're serious and maybe a bit obsessive about your GMing, and that's exactly what they should think about you.

On many occasions, however, especially when the actions of one player might affect those of another (for example, if one player tails a cultist while another researches the cult in the library, and the character tailing gets spotted and subsequently leads the cult to the professor in the library), I will hold a mini-session away from the others.

Before a game starts, I will also write each player's name down on a sheet of paper and have them **roll percentage** ten times in a row, recording each result on the paper. I keep this paper, and whenever I need a skill check from a character without alerting the player (say, if they're walking down a tunnel and I want to see if someone notices a secret door that leads to the treasure room), I will roll a d10 and check their pre-rolled percentage numbers. By doing this ahead of time, I don't give the secret away when I ask players to make a **Spot** or **Listen** roll (or any skill you want, including **Cthulhu Mythos**). If you call for a **Spot Hidden**, and all the players somehow miss their rolls, chances are they are going to stick around and keep searching the area, because they *know* they missed something. It's better that they find it "accidentally". If they tell you that they are actively searching something, of course they should be allowed to roll as usual.

Plus, characters that roll poorly on the 10 percentage checks have a sense of impending doom, and players freak out when you start rolling a d10 for no reason—two more great reasons to do it.

## LAYOUT NOTES

This regular-type text is for Keeper's eyes only, although players will certainly discover some of this information in the course of their investigation.

**Text in this font is what the Keeper should tell the players aloud.**

*Text that is italicized like this refers to tips and tricks Keepers can use to enhance the overall game experience. I often use gimmicks in my Call of Cthulhu games, from music and sound effects to fog and flashlights. Feel free to use all, some, or none of these ideas in your game. Check the Appendix for a listing of websites that will offer free or nearly free visual and audio aids for the daring Keeper.*

**Text that is in bold refers to skill checks or die rolls from the characters.**

## D20 RULES

For those playing d20 Call of Cthulhu, a Difficulty Class (DC) is also given in parentheses next to each roll listing. Stats for d20 characters, NPCs, and villains are lurking together in the Appendix.





# Under The Boardwalk

## Keeper's Introduction

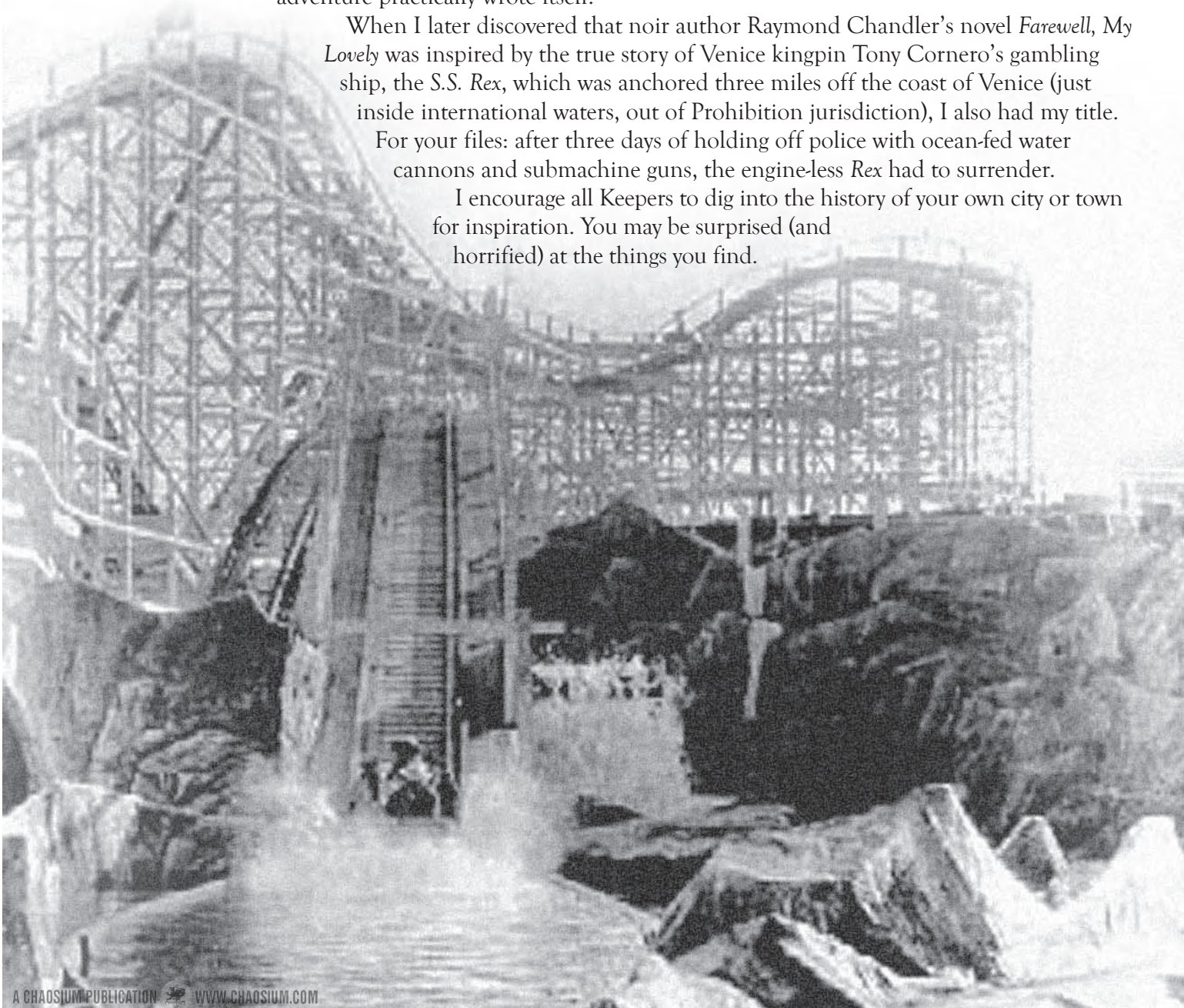
*Under the Boardwalk* is the first adventure for the Guzman-Willent detective agency. It was inspired by the actual history of Venice, California (see sidebar). After living next to Venice for almost a decade, I finally did a little research into my own backyard, and ye gods, what a history I found!

The city of Venice was officially opened by Abbot Kinney more than 100 years ago, on July 4, 1905. He intended Venice to be a "Coney Island of the West", and encouraged artists and creative people to enjoy the many wonders and amusements his city by the Pacific Ocean had to offer. As part of his grand design, Kinney had canals built into the city itself (in imitation of Italy's Venice). One of the architects of these canals was a man named Norman Marsh. Readers of Lovecraft's famous story, "The Shadow Over Innsmouth," will be familiar with the name Marsh as one of the main families residing in that accursed New England town. Once I realized that a man named Marsh helped design waterways from the Pacific for a city famous for its "looser" social elements (dancing, gambling, and, during Prohibition, rum running and drinking), this adventure practically wrote itself.

When I later discovered that noir author Raymond Chandler's novel *Farewell, My Lovely* was inspired by the true story of Venice kingpin Tony Cornero's gambling ship, the S.S. Rex, which was anchored three miles off the coast of Venice (just inside international waters, out of Prohibition jurisdiction), I also had my title.

For your files: after three days of holding off police with ocean-fed water cannons and submachine guns, the engine-less Rex had to surrender.

I encourage all Keepers to dig into the history of your own city or town for inspiration. You may be surprised (and horrified) at the things you find.



# The Whole Deal

Norman Marsh, a Deep One hybrid from Innsmouth, came to Los Angeles with his wife (also a hybrid) at the turn of the 19th/20th century, and, with his unusual designs and almost supernatural knowledge and creativity, managed to secure a position assisting Abbot Kinney with planning a new city.

Marsh quickly saw the potential for his race to engage in despicable acts in the city, so he designed the canals with easy access for Deep Ones: the waterways that crisscrossed the city were fed and flushed by the ocean tide. The ocean water that filled the canals also reached into a network of utility tunnels under the city. Amphibious creatures could swim up the flushing tubes into the subterranean service tunnels or into the canals themselves, with hundreds of new homes just a few feet away...

Marsh (with the help of his son, Robert), has, for months, kidnapped stragglers, immigrants, and homeless people (no one missed) in preparation for a ceremony that will attempt to summon Dagon and a large number of Deep Ones to build a colony off the California coast.

Robert Marsh has seduced and run away with Rosa Machado, the youngest daughter in a family of Mexican ranchers who have lived in the area for more than a century. The Los Angeles police department is soft-shoeing the pleas of the family (prejudice against Latinos isn't a new phenomenon), so Rosa's mother, Maria, seeks private investigators to find and rescue her daughter. And maybe they will save Venice as well.

# The Hire

*Play sound effects of ocean waves*

Close your eyes. Relax. Imagine...

It's Wednesday, December 15, 1920.

Last year, the Treaty of Versailles brought an official end to the Great War. The League of Nations has been founded, Ireland is in civil war, Mussolini is bringing fascism to Italy, and Gandhi is bringing peaceful resistance to India. Meanwhile, the US enters a period of isolationism.

More importantly, the 18<sup>th</sup> Amendment and the Volstead Act, that is, PROHIBITION, have been enacted. As of midnight, January 20 of this year, all importing, exporting, transporting, selling, and manufacturing of intoxicating liquor has been stopped.

Well, supposedly.

You're in downtown Los Angeles, in sunny southern California, where the land is cheap, the orange groves plentiful, and dreams are made into motion pictures. Movies are booming, five years after DW Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" turned a novelty into an art form. Almost all of the motion picture production companies have relocated to LA. Stars are being born in silent films, like Buster Keaton, Fatty Arbuckle, Charlie

Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and Clara Bow.

There's no snow here in late December, of course, and only the faintest hint of rain clouds in the forecast. Everywhere people are getting ready for Christmas. Seems everyone is trying to be good for Santa, because it has been slow for your private investigation agency. No more following philandering husbands and loose women into speakeasys, or cheating wives enjoying long lunches with self-made men rich from real estate or the motion pictures. On the positive side, there hasn't been any tussling with rum-runners or booze-hoppers packing heat.

It's just past lunch, and the French Dip sandwiches from Phillipe's are settling in, the ice cubes in your tea haven't melted, the fan blades are purring softly, and Anna-Beth is scribbling addresses on the Christmas cards you're sending out for the office.

*(Pause)*

*Interrupt or override the ocean waves with the sound of a telephone ringing. Wait for the characters to answer.*



# A Brief History of Venice, California

Abbot Kinney was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey in 1850 to middle-class parents. He was very tall for his time (6'2" at age 16), but frail, and suffered from frequent asthma attacks and insomnia, for which he was always seeking relief.

He studied at the University of Heidelberg, as well as in Paris and Zurich. He was able to quickly pick up the local languages, and was fluent in six dialects. After college, he spent some time in the Maryland National Guard and later with the US Geological Survey Team.

He left the USGS and was made a partner in his brother's tobacco business, known for a brand of hand-rolled cigarettes called "Sweet Caporal." Abbot was the buyer, and often traveled to Egypt and Turkey, looking for foreign tobacco blends. He almost lost his life in 1876 in Salonika (now Thessaloniki) when thousands of Christians were killed by Moslem mobs.

That experience had a profound effect on Kinney, for instead of returning to the United States, he spent the next three years touring the world, including India, Ceylon, New Guinea, Australia, and the islands of Hawai'i. He reached San Francisco in January, 1880, but trains heading further east were blocked by mountain snow. Abbot instead stayed at a health resort in Sierra Madre, in Southern California. He didn't have a reservation, and the hotel was full, but the owner agreed to put Kinney up in the parlor until a room was available. Fatigued by his insomnia, Kinney promptly fell asleep atop a billiard table. He awoke completely refreshed, and breathing easily. He finally found a home.

Kinney made some wise investments in the growing city of Los Angeles, earning enough to build a summer home in coastal Santa Monica (a city about 15 miles west of downtown Los Angeles). He also bought into the profitable Ocean Park Casino and surrounding land south of Santa Monica. When Kinney's partner

died in 1898, his widow remarried to a man who left the real estate business, and suddenly Kinney had three new partners with whom he didn't get along. They dissolved the company and divided their property on a coin toss. Kinney won, and, to the shock of his new partners, took the undeveloped southern half of the land, rather than the already successful Casino area. They were probably beside themselves with glee, having no idea what Kinney had in store.

Inspired by the Italian city of Venice, known for its canals and gondolas, Kinney's vision was to create a "Coney Island of the West," a beautiful city of arts, entertainment, and amusement.

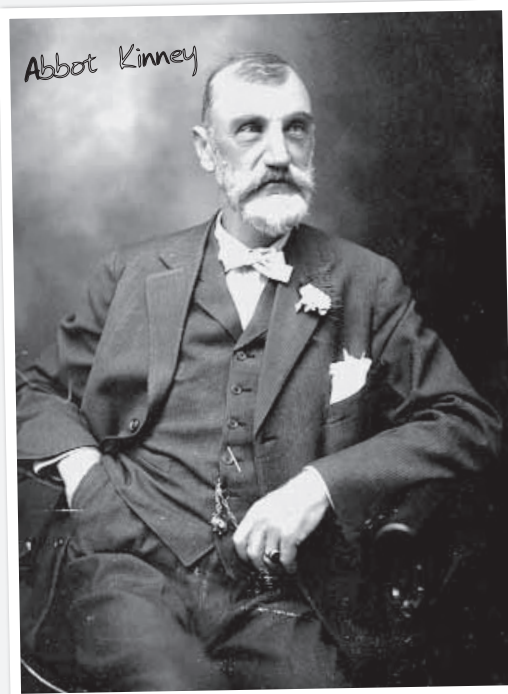
Kinney sent his building superintendent, a man named Frank Dunham, to the east coast to study the seaside resorts there. In Boston, Dunham hired the apprentice of an architect named Olmstead to be the new city's town planner. Readers of the original Lovecraft story "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" might know that Robert Olmstead was the name of the story's narrator (named only in notes by Lovecraft, not in the text itself).

Although this apprentice was not Robert Marsh, a man of that name did design the city's principal buildings. For this adventure, let's pretend that Olmstead's apprentice was Marsh, and that he was one of the town's primary planners.

Kinney wanted canals throughout his city, like those he loved in Italy's Venice. Two miles of canals were dredged by a steam-driven machine, and on June 30, 1905, water from the Pacific Ocean flowed through two huge pipes at the rate of 500 gallons a second into the canal network's central lagoon. Workers were still cementing canal walls behind coffer dams at the time.

The city of Ocean Park (which later became Venice) officially opened on July 4, 1905,

*continued*



**Ayudeme! Usted tiene que ayudarme! La van! Mi hijita! La van!**

The phone line has a woman babbling rapidly in **Spanish**. If Billy takes the phone and makes his **Speak Spanish roll (DC 15)**, he finds out that he's talking to a very distraught, almost hysterical woman concerned about her daughter. She says her beautiful baby is gone, and that she needs your help. Regardless of how the call is handled or mishandled, she'll come to the office to explain more.

About an hour later, **Señora Maria Machado** enters the office. She's in her late fifties, dignified, dressed very well, very conservative, and very white: white dress, white hat, white veil, and pristine white gloves. It sets off her brown skin remarkably. Her eyes are only a tad red and puffy from crying, and she tightly clutches a linen handkerchief, which she uses to dab her eyes as she tells her tale.

After she introduces herself, any character who makes a **Know (Knowledge: Local—L.A. or History DC 10)** roll remembers that the Machados are one of the original Mexican ranching families who owned much of the coastal land where the Ballona Wetlands and the City of Venice are now. They owned the area until the end of the war between the US and Mexico, and the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, which gave the growing United States the territories that became Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, part of Colorado, and, of course, much of Southern California. Kinney got the land from Capt. Hutchinson, who foreclosed on the loans to the Machados in the 1870's. Many of these *rancho* families remained in their ancestral homeland.

Señora Machado says her youngest daughter, Rosa, is missing:

**She ran away with a man. An artist. He was not religious. He led her to *El diablo*. He has sinful ways, and she's a sinful girl. You have to find her.**

Asked for more details about the man, she grimaces and says:

**His name is Roberto. He's the son of architect in east. So he says. It's probably a lie, and if not, no father would want him as a son. The things he says. And living in that sinful city!**

Rosa was with him the last month. I last saw her *en sabado*—Saturday. With him. Now, she sends this...

She hands the investigators a picture of Rosa and a letter (see **handouts #1 and #2**). An English translation of the letter is displayed here to read, roughly, to players. Ask Billy for a **Spanish roll (DC 15)**. The better the roll, the more accurate the following:

#### Translation of Letter (handout #2):

**Mama**

I am leaving. The time of crossing is coming soon. Roberto knows that is it almost time, and he needs me. I am going to be a part of something very big, bigger than you can imagine. And I am doing it all by myself, mama. All by myself. I love you. I love daddy. Do not try to find me, and do not cry. I will be fine. Roberto promised to take care of me. It has been wonderful with him. We have lots of fun, seeing and doing things I could never have imagined. I love him, mama. Very Much. Goodbye.

**Love, Rosa**

When the detectives naturally ask the Señora for more information, she will answer (only if they ask the appropriate questions):

Rosa is 16. Señora won't admit it, but it should be obvious that Rosa was a spoiled rich girl. The youngest daughter of four kids (three older boys and Rosa), she was always stubborn. She would sneak out of the house, no matter how often she was scolded. Rosa had many suitors, but none were so intense as Roberto. Nor would she talk to any of the others for very long. Roberto was different. Señora met him once. He was dark and brooding, and didn't say much. There was something odd about him she didn't like. She can't explain it.

Rosa went out with Robert last Saturday afternoon (to the "Sinful City," Venice). She was supposed to be home for her niece's christening that Sunday, but did not show up. Monday passed, and still no sign. Yesterday, Tuesday, the letter arrived by post. A police report was filed that day, but they aren't doing much. All characters will know that there's a bias against Mexicans in Los Angeles; and it's no surprise that the



the Venice boardwalk



after two massive winter storms destroyed all the work to that point. Many of the building sites were flooded. This was not the last disaster to hit Venice.

Although not all the buildings nor canals were open, the Independence Day weekend featured yacht racing, swimming contests, concerts, and fireworks above a 2500-seat amphitheatre.

Despite the rough edges, visitors were enchanted by the city, and many canal-adjacent lots were sold for houses. In an era before air conditioning, the mild oceanfront climate was much preferable to the hotter temperatures of the downtown city. By September of 1905, the canals were completed: the Strong-Dickerson waterways, built near the Short Line Railroad, were to the south, where housing was budding, and the Kinney canals to the north, with the commercial district. The two sets of canals were connected near a central lagoon, and they were often full of gondolas, swimmers, children and grown-ups cooling off in the hot desert sun.

Ocean Park grew rapidly: a number of traveling sideshows and circuses made their winter home there, and Kinney acquired some of the top amusement park rides in the country, including many items from the Portland World's Fair.

In 1906 alone, the new city saw the opening of a Lagoon Bathhouse, a large saltwater plunge, the Midway Plaisance along the edge of the Grand Canal, a skating rink on Trolley Way, and a huge dance hall that could accommodate 800 dancing couples. Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, performed in the auditorium on the pier in July.

Although Kinney founded the city, he was not its

absolute ruler, for he still needed the town's council to approve many of his ventures. The year 1907, however, brought Kinney more control over the new city. He proved to be a ruthless businessman, and was expert at consolidating power over many of the town's concessions; there were many lawsuits. When dancing was banned in the dance hall on Sundays and many shop's liquor licenses were revoked, Kinney closed down operations and choked the city of most of its tax revenue. The Board of Trustees for the pier and city were forced to yield to Kinney and reopen the dancing and renew the licenses.

Later, when Kinney decided to build a new oceanfront bathhouse, the Trustees refused to issue him a permit. Kinney poured the concrete foundations anyway, and when the city sheriff threatened to dynamite the walls, the woman's Pick and Shovel Club held a picnic on the foundation. The sheriff gave up, and Kinney finished construction of the open-air pool in August, which he made free to the public. Kinney even offered the Trustees some land with which to build the new city hall in a central location; however, the Trustees refused his land and settled on a ten-acre site on the far eastern edge of the small city.

In 1911, after an election, the community officially changed the city's name from Ocean Park to Venice. It also annexed some adjoining tracts of land in Playa Del Rey (southern marshes) and Walgrove (just east of the main rail lines and Venice), increasing the city's size to 4.1 square miles and its population to roughly 5000 residents. The Race Through the Clouds roller coaster with two cars racing side by side, opened this year. It was one of the first rides to feature car wheels under and over the tracks (allowing for greater speed in turns without tipping over).

Kinney's wife Margaret died on June 30. She had been living with her sons on the estate in the canals while her husband Abbot lived with his mistress in Santa Monica.

Disasters were common at the amusement piers on the California coast (for there were more than just Kinney's pier). Besides the storms that almost delayed the opening of the city, there were numerous other incidents: in 1908, firefighters stopped a blaze that broke out near the Venice Theater at midnight on October 26. On Sept. 3, 1912, a fire at neighboring Fraser's Million Dollar Pier was fanned by a breeze that caused the flames to hop over

*continued*

police are shuffling their feet.

Señora does not know how Robert makes a living, nor what his last name or the name of his (supposed) architect father.

Señora Machado will not translate the letter for the players. She can't bear to read it. But she will leave it for them.

She gives one last plea:

**Please. It's almost Christmas, and the family needs to be together. Find her. Por favor.**

**Role-playing Maria Machado:** *If you can pull of a Spanish accent, or better still, "Spanglish", more power to you. If not, feel free to cry and make pleas to the players and God to find her little girl. She's very fond of telling stories of her daughter: her singing and riding ability, how pretty she looked in her First Communion dress, how she would help her mother and older brothers pick oranges from the family orchard, how her favorite goat Paco misses his Rosa, etc. In other words, give lots of detail but nothing of real value to the detectives. Mrs. Machado is obviously very agitated, and probably not up to a severe interrogation. Have her bait the hook, show them the letter and photo, settle the payment, and turn the players loose. As the investigation continues, feel free to have Mrs. Machado call, send telegrams, or otherwise nag the players at least once a day, if not more.*

If the investigators take the case (and how could they not?), they can exploit the Machado family. \$10 a day, plus expenses, is a reasonable rate. But Machado is desperate, and willing to pay up to \$50 a day. She can give the investigators an advance of \$100 right now (regardless of the agreed-upon fee).

If none of the investigators brings up the fee, then maybe there really is a Santa Claus!



## Investigations

### The Machado Ranch

If the players wish to investigate the missing girl's room, Señora will meet with them at any time. The Machado ranch is located southeast of Venice, where Culver City is now. The main house (surrounded by horse corrals, some cattle grazing behind fences, a barn, etc.), is a surprisingly small single story adobe structure that has weathered many years. It has been kept up as well as possible. The Machados do have a housekeeper, **Mañuel**, who greets the investigators as they arrive.

He asks if they would like something to drink (lemonade, tea, water, coffee, and other legal libations), and will allow them to look around the house in his presence. If they wish to talk to the Señora, they may, although she doesn't have much more to offer. The Señor of the house is in Mexico

City on business, although he will return in a few days. Two of his sons are with him. The third, **Ricardo**, is available for questioning, but he cannot offer much more information than his mother. In fact, he's even harsher of Rosa's habits and choices in men.

There isn't much of interest in the house, just some antique ranching implements and Native American rugs, except in...

### Maria Machado

STR 10 DEX 14 CON 12 SIZ 9 APP 13 POW 14

INT 13 EDU 12 HP 11 SAN 60

Accounting: 40 Art-Music: 30 Art-Sewing: 50

Bargain: 50 Craft-Cooking: 60 Credit Rating: 60

History: 40 Listen: 50 Other Language-English: 35

Own language-Spanish: 70 Persuade: 40 Ride: 60

Farming: 40 Animal Husbandry: 40



Ocean Front Walk (the walkway along the beach that allowed people to reach each of these piers) and destroy not only Fraser's pier, but five blocks of Ocean Park's businesses. Venice itself was spared. In January, 1914, another big storm damaged the pier, but only slightly. The 1915 storms were worse, as waves reached as far as Trolley Way, one block inland. But the biggest disaster was yet to come.

Venice grew in leaps and bounds in these boom years. More rides and attractions were constantly being added to the pier, and in 1913, Venice had its own Pacific Coast League baseball team, the Venice Tigers. Their first game was against the Chicago White Sox (the Tigers lost). A new high school was built on the eastern edge of the city, considered by many to be one of the most beautiful campuses in the country. The Waldorf Hotel opened in May of 1915 on Ocean Front Walk at Westminster. There, gas lighting, ornate décor, a central telephone for 50 rooms, penthouse apartments, and a ballroom with a six-piece band attracted the likes of Charlie Chaplin (who lived at the Waldorf from 1915-1920), Clara Bow and Wallace Berry (1916-1917).

Of course, Venice was a huge mecca for the growing Hollywood motion picture industry. Movies were constantly being filmed there, and many of the major silent movie stars had a great moment in the city. Buster Keaton's classic comedy *The Cameraman*, made in 1928, features a sequence in the Venice Municipal Plunge Swimming Pool. Mack Sennet also made his first Keystone Film, *The Water Nymph* (1912), featuring Mabel Normand, on the Venice beach. Charlie Chaplin's second film, *Kid Auto Races at Venice* (1914), clearly shows the amusement pier in its full glory, and it is the first time Chaplin dressed as his infamous "tramp" character.

The party continued through the Great War and the deadly influenza outbreak of 1918. Kinney



Great Fire of 1920

remarried in 1914 to his mistress of twelve years. He later officially adopted the two children he had with her before the marriage. After the Armistice was signed, Venice was the only town open during the flu epidemic, and, in addition to the town of Vernon, was the only place in Los Angeles County where you could buy alcohol.

April 1919 brought the world's first aerial police force to Venice, based at nearby DeLay (formerly Ince) Field. Plus, Kinney also extended the pier further into the ocean.

By 1920, when this scenario takes place, Venice had a population of 10,400, yet many more tourists would swell the streets on weekends. Although many of Venice's bars and restaurants closed after passage of the Volstead Act (Prohibition), many continued to operate as speakeasys, with liquor smuggled off boats docked beneath the pier and carried in via the Venice tunnel system to hotel basements. The Venice police were well aware of this, but they were also well paid to look the other way.

Abbot Kinney died of lung cancer on November 4, 1920. His oldest son, Thornton, assumed the mantle of leadership. Six weeks later, on December 20, a fire started in the Dance Hall and spread quickly to the rest of the pier. It was out of control by 10pm, as firefighters dipped their hoses into the Municipal Plunge and set off dynamite in an attempt to control the conflagration. However, it was only when the wind shifted directions that the fire was contained. In the morning, the pier was a smoking ruin, with only one rollercoaster and the bandstand tower left standing. Damages were estimated at over a million dollars, and little of it was insured.

This scenario takes these historical facts and twists them slightly for a more "Mythos" cause and climax.

Sunset Pier - just south of Kinney Pier





## Rosa's Room

Her room has not been slept in for days. It is very well kept. It's small but two windows are easily opened to allow access to the wide outside. The southern window is so loose, Rosa probably came and went often through here.

Most of her clothes are still in the room, as well as her personal toiletries, photos, Spanish love poetry, guitar, etc. The dress she was to wear at her niece's christening is still hanging in the closet.

If investigators spend at least ten minutes in here and make a successful **Spot Hidden (Search or Spot DC 15)**, they will find, behind the nightstand next to her bed, two sketches by Roberto (see **handouts #3** and **#4**). One is Robert's self-portrait (**handout #3**), although it is not marked as such; and the other is a sketch of naked women floating, or swimming, in the aether (**handout #4**).

They are not signed, but should suggest that Robert was involved in some very risqué and outré subjects. These drawings are small, and easily taken (make a **Hide (DC 15)** or **Sneak** to pinch them

without Manuel noticing—and even if he does notice, a **Fast Talk (Bluff or Diplomacy DC 10)** will let the investigators off the hook; otherwise, Señora Machado will want to burn them). Whether the investigators tell the Machados about the art or not is up to them. There are no signatures, dates, or locations on the drawings. But at least there's no **SAN** loss to see them (yet). Plus, the players now have a picture of the suspect. Señora will confirm that the man in the portrait is Roberto. Then she'll try to burn it.

The Machados will again entreat the investigators to find Rosa as soon as possible. They don't think she has run off to Mexico, and they have their associates and family watching the border and some of the areas there, but have received no word as yet. They are convinced she ran off with the man, Roberto, but they doubt he's Mexican, so south of the border doesn't seem too likely.



## The Antler Hotel

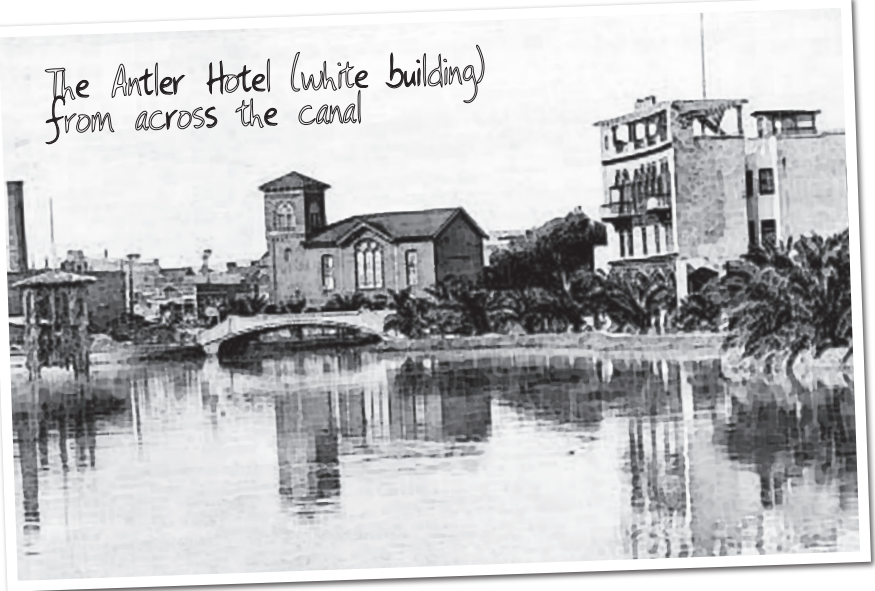
(prompted by the letterhead of handout #2)

The Antler Hotel is located at the edge of the Venice Lagoon, at the center of the two sets of canals (simply called the North and South canals). It's a nice hotel, not quite as ritzy as St. Mark's up the street, but very accommodating. It's removed a bit from the noise of the pier, but you can still hear the clacking, roaring, and screams of the Race Through the Clouds roller coaster on the other side of the lagoon, outside the hotel. Abbott Kinney's estate is just across the bridge over the Lion Canal to the south.

The air brings a cool, damp, breeze. The sweet smells of cotton candy and caramel apples covers up the subtle stench of sweat, salt water, and fish.

The Antler is a full service hotel, with lodging at \$7 a night (above average, but not astronomical). The rooms contain a double bed, desk and separate dresser.

*The Antler Hotel (white building)  
from across the canal*

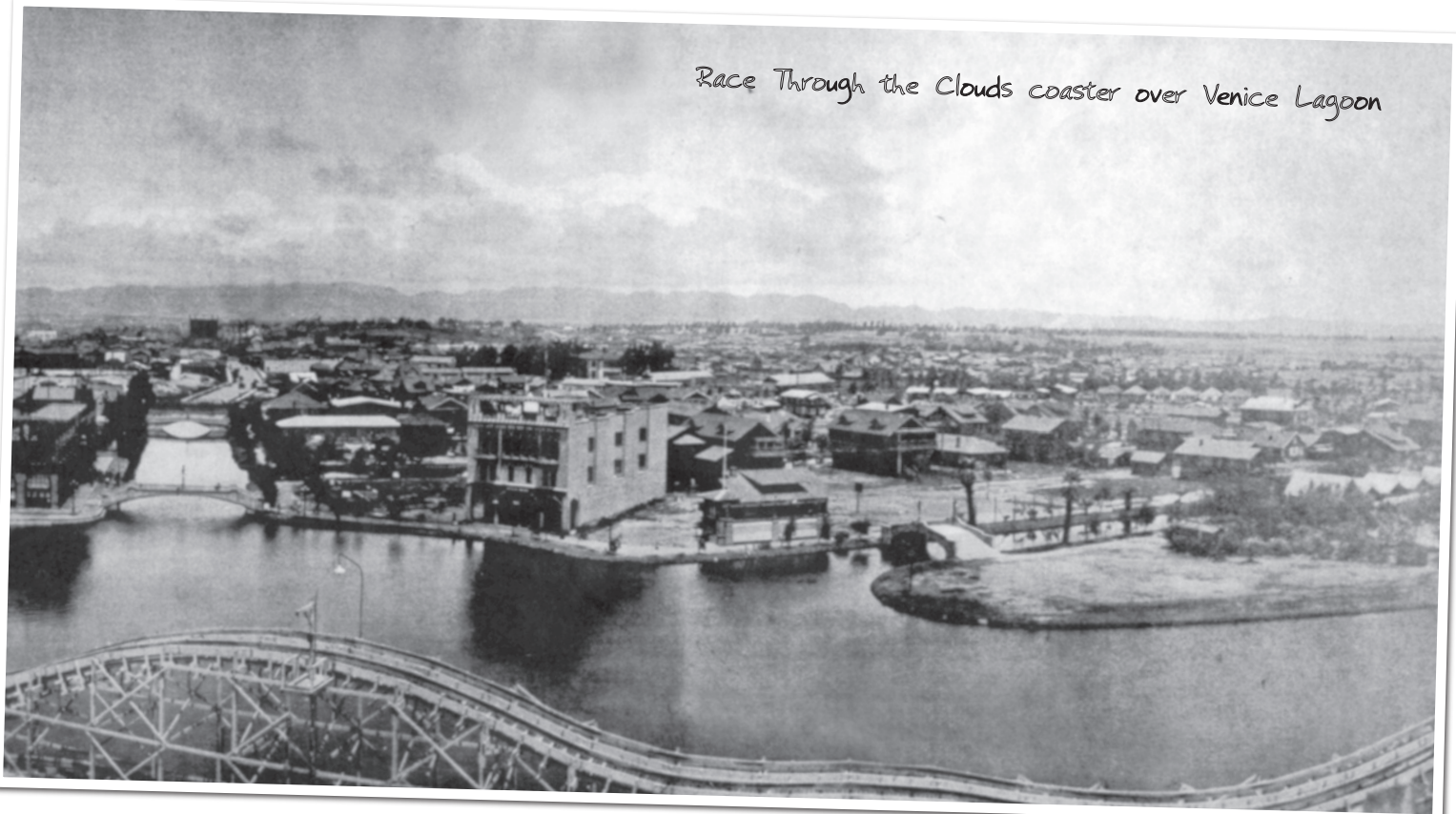


Bathrooms are at the end of each hall. Each floor (two) has a sitting room, and the four deluxe suites (\$9/night) have private baths. Both the private and public baths are noted for their hot saltwater showers.

The workers at the front desk need a **Persuade** (Diplomacy or Intimidate DC 15) or **Fast Talk** (Bluff DC 15) to get them to reveal their guest book. If the players try a bribe, roll 1d4 and multiply by \$10 for the proper amount the staff is willing to risk their job on.

Examining the guest book requires a **Read/Write**

*Race Through the Clouds coaster over Venice Lagoon*





**English (Int DC 15)** roll to scan quickly, and of course, they can't take it with them (no matter what). There are a few Roberts, but all checked out, and they don't match the dates of Saturday (not even close). There aren't any recognizable names (at least, none that can help the investigation, although some prominent city council members and local businessmen have registered here for a night).

The hotel also has a nice restaurant with a bar (dry). But if players make a **successful Idea roll**, or **Psychology (Gather Information DC 10)** while talking to the bartender, the detectives should easily be able to infer that there's a speakeasy here.

If they successfully roll **Fast Talk (Bluff DC 10)** or **Persuade (Diplomacy or Intimidate DC 10)** on the bartender, or offer him any amount of bribe, he will direct the players to a door just to the left of the bar. It's a small pantry, but the back wall swings away to reveal a narrow staircase that leads down into the speakeasy.

## The Speakeasy

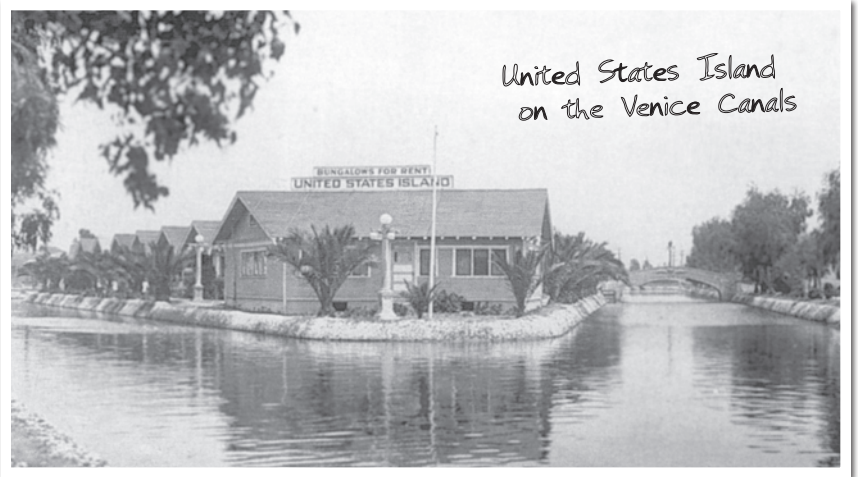
As you descend, you hear the sounds of raucous laughing, shouting, and carousing behind a closed wooden door. A large man sits on a chair in front of the door reading a dime store pulp, oblivious to everything behind him. He looks you over when you come down the stairs.

Jackson and Clarence, if present, need to roll **OVER** their **Credit Rating** scores, or they will be pegged as cops, and not allowed in. They may be able to **Fast Talk (Bluff or Diplomacy DC 15)** their way in, however (if needed). The man in the chair says as little as possible.

If they pass muster, he opens the door, and a wave of human heat, smoke, and the smell of cheap booze washes over each player.

*Play any gambling or casino sounds: cards shuffling, roulette wheels turning, calls for bets.*

**This makeshift joint used to be a laundry room for the hotel, but the sinks and tubs are filled with empty bottles and**



United States Island  
on the Venice Canals

glasses. A folding table is being used to serve drinks, and scattered around the room are a blackjack table, a shoddy roulette wheel, and two poker tables. Molls wander the floor, looking for a pickup.

This speakeasy is run by **Tony Cornero**, a small but tough young man who runs most of the illegal activities in Venice. He likes to pal around with the movie stars and well-to-do, and probably has an actress around his arm (he's present the first time the investigators come to the speakeasy, and afterwards at Keeper's discretion). He wears a fine pin-striped suit and keeps his straw hat on. It's hard to see his eyes. He has three very large gentlemen near him at all times.

The best way to get all the info is to split up, and have different characters ask different people different questions (or simply **Gather Information DC 15**).

The booze here is extremely overpriced, at least double what it should cost: four bits for a whiskey shot or cocktail (.50), and a buck-fifty for a glass of red wine. Any character can make an **Idea roll (Gather Information DC 10)** to figure out that the prices are pretty steep for bathtub-quality hooch. If asked why, the bartender will just shrug and say "times are tight."

If the investigators gamble, or talk to any of the patrons, and simply ask why the booze is so high, the NPC will glance over at Cornero, then lean in to whisper (make a **Listen roll (DC 15)** to hear it properly) that "they shouldn't rub the sore spot with the Boss. He's upset that his usual shipment has been hit, and it wasn't nabbed by the cops, who are properly paid off. It's probably a job from a rival gang, but ol' Mickey said it was something else. Some believe Mickey said "monsters", but it was probably "mobsters". After that, Mickey went for a "ride" with Tony, and no one has seen



him since. He was probably snorting a bit too much moonshine, and started seeing things." No one else says anything, but everyone knows that Cornero needs a shipment to keep the business well-lubricated.

Most of the conversation in the speakeasy revolves around the death of Abbot Kinney a month ago, and how Venice could be in trouble after losing their founder and inspiration (see Venice history sidebar). "The temperance movement's going to shutter up the dance halls and swimming pools again!" they say, or "Los Angeles will try to take over now and annex the city!" The patrons here, mostly locals, grumble about losing their Venetian autonomy.

No one here remembers Rosa or Robert; a lot of people come and go. Showing pictures around won't help; at least not right away. **Psychology (Sense Motive DC 10)** rolls tell the investigators that asking too many questions makes patrons nervous, and they'll move along.

If players look around the room and make a **Spot Hidden (DC 15)** or get a critical success on a **Listen roll (DC 25)** (due to noise, they need to roll under one-fifth of their skill), they can figure out that there's a small service door behind a blackboard used for betting (numbers racket and booking odds). Keepers can also secretly roll for the players here if they don't ask. This door leads to the Venice tunnels that crisscross throughout the city and lead outside, under the pier, which is where Cornero gets his liquor. Any character trying to get in there while the speakeasy is bustling is sure to attract unwanted attention from some goons.

If the investigators cause too much of a problem, either by asking too many questions, or trying to shakedown (intimidate) any of the patrons or workers in the speakeasy, Cornero will turn the goons loose to remove the riff-raff from the premises. He's pretty cranky, and doesn't know what to do about his missing booze, and is looking to take it out on anyone he doesn't like.

## Tony Cornero, King of Venice

STR 14 DEX 16 CON 14 SIZE 11

APP 16 POW 16 INT 15 EDU 10

HP 13 SAN 80

Bargain: 40 Climb: 60 Conceal: 30

Credit Rating: 50 Dodge: 50 Drive Auto: 45

Fast Talk: 45 Hide: 30 Law: 60 Listen: 50

Persuade: 45 Psychology: 25 Sneak: 30

Spot Hidden: 60 Swim: 60 Throw: 40

Handgun: 70 Rifle: 40 Shotgun: 50

Machine gun: 30 Fist/Punch: 80

Weapon: .45 auto (1d10+2 dmg)

If any investigator is forcibly removed, they will not be able to re-enter, and anyone else seen with them will have to make an additional **Fast Talk (Bluff DC 20)** or **Persuade (Diplomacy DC 15)** to return.

However, if the investigators make an effort to befriend Cornero, and if they can offer up any information on what really happened to his shipment or how to get it back, he'll take a meeting with them. If they can convince him that fish-frog monsters really are roaming the tunnels (bringing a body part from a Deep One can do a lot to convince a man, but it's up to the Keeper's discretion), they may be able to join forces with the gangster, which could save them later.

**Role playing Tony Cornero:** Although Venice is not very large, Cornero has quickly established himself as the chief supplier of alcohol and gambling in town, making over a million dollars by the time he was 25. He pays off the right people, and as long as no one gets hurt, the Venice PD (who occasionally frequent his speakeasys while off-duty—sometimes even while **on-duty**) don't mind his operations, for he brings in more tourists and hence money into the town's coffers, which are filled almost entirely from fun and games. Tony is very

### Cornero's Boys

STR

CON

SIZE

DEX

POW/SAN

INT

HP

Dam Bonus

Handgun (1d10)

Tommy gun (1d10+2)

Shotgun (3d6)

### Vito

12

14

11

11

13 (60)

13

13

50%

30%

70%

### Stefano

14

13

13

17

10 (50)

14

13

+1D4

30%

80%

30%

### Mario

14

12

16

17

13 (65)

10

14

+1D4

80%

25%

40%

### Gianni

17

15

16

10

15 (75)

12

15

+1D6

60%

60%

30%

intelligent and curt. Don't let the players intimidate him in any way, especially not in his own speakeasy. Cornero is looking to move his operations onto barges that float three miles out in international waters, thereby bypassing the restrictions on alcohol. Having a Deep One city just under his gambling and booze cruises could be very bad for business.

Tony Cornero (sometimes called "Conero") was a real mob boss who opened up the Meadows Hotel and Casino just outside Las Vegas in the early 30's, and later was one of the founders of the Stardust Hotel and casino in Las Vegas in the 50's.

## Thugs

Thugs pack sidearms (pistols) at all times. There are also four shotguns available in the speakeasy, and within 15 minutes, they can have four Thompson sub-machine guns ready to play with.

## Ayuda (Help)

As the investigators are leaving the hotel (or the speakeasy) after having shown the picture of Rosa or Robert, or having asked about her, a bellhop will hand them a note that reads

**satisfágame en dos horas en él autopark-la vi**

If Billy can make a **Spanish** roll (DC 10) (or the investigators ask someone), it reads "meet me in two hours at the autopark, I saw her"

**The car park behind the hotel is a lonely place, filled with the polished hoods of Model T's reflecting blinking lights from the roller coaster. The eerie echoes from young girls screaming on the coaster are a constant reminder of what could have happened to Rosa.**

**Steam leaks from the hotel's kitchen windows. The hustle and bustle of the kitchen ebbs and flows for fifteen minutes past your meeting time before the back door finally opens, and a small Hispanic man steps out for a cigarette.**

If the investigators use any force or intimidation on him, he'll flee, or try to flee, back into the kitchen, where the staff will protect him. If the investigators are friendly and show him the note, he'll nod that he wrote it.

His name is Alejandro, and he doesn't speak English very well.

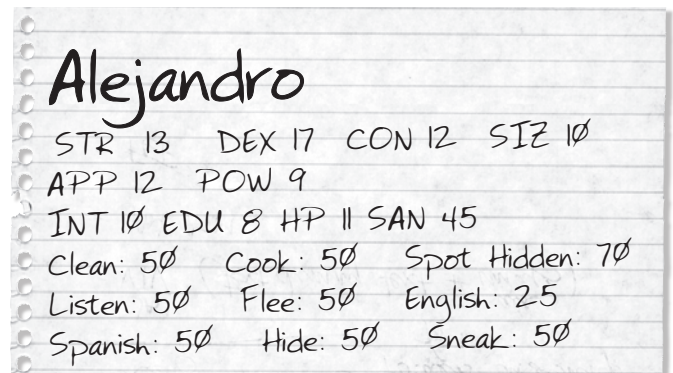
The best way to understand him is to combine Alejandro's **English** with Billy's **Spanish** (add both character's bonuses, DC 15), and make one roll under the sum of those two scores. If Billy is not with the party, then simply roll Alejandro's English, and hope for the best. If he misses it, he won't be able to accurately give the players the following information. Feel free to misinterpret or leave out some of the info below, but give players the gist of what happened.

Alejandro was working the kitchen, and delivered food to a suite late one night. The girl was in the room with a bossy, strange man. If the investigators show Alejandro Robert Marsh's self-portrait or Rosa's picture, he'll acknowledge that those were the people. He knows that the man used another name, but really was named Marsh (he accidentally signed a dry cleaning slip with his real name). The girl was so young, but looked so happy with him. But he didn't look well, perhaps sick with a fever. He was very nervous, and didn't tip (not unusual). The man had some sketches of her on the bed; sketches of her without any clothes on.

He's seen Marsh on the pier before, drawing sketches of people for five cents a picture. He often had girls with him, and would come to the hotel often, but he never had one so young, and never... (here, Alejandro is a little embarrassed and choked up) never had a Mexican girl. He felt like he should say something, but of course, he couldn't. A lot of privileged white men take young Mexican women out.

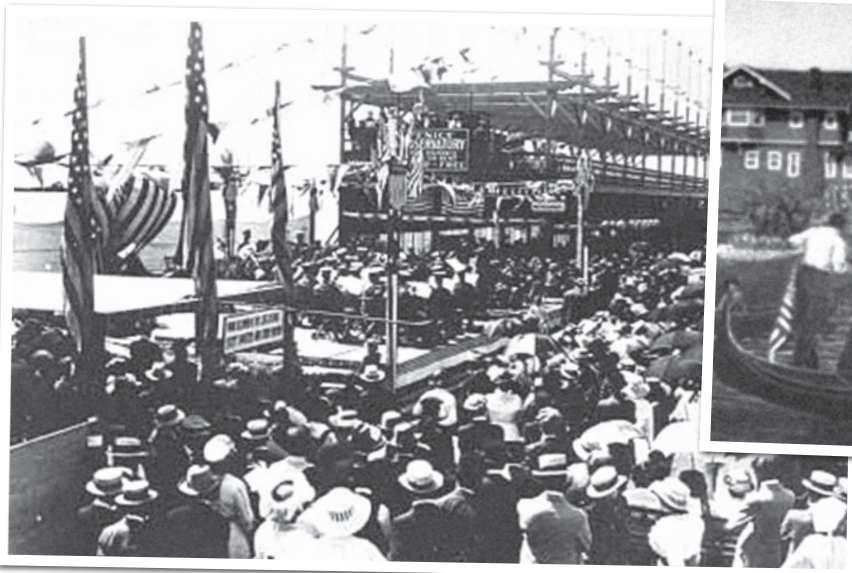
Keepers should remind or remember that Billy, doing the translating, has a pregnant Mexican girlfriend. This could make for some interesting role-playing.

If the conversation is going well, or if the investigators ask (and especially if they pay Alejandro),



<b>Alejandro</b>			
STR 13	DEX 17	CON 12	SIZE 10
APP 12	POW 9		
INT 10	EDU 8	HP 11	SAN 45
Clean: 50	Cook: 50	Spot Hidden: 70	
Listen: 50	Flee: 50	English: 25	
Spanish: 50	Hide: 50	Sneak: 50	





he'll mention that he came back in the morning to clean up, and took some of the sketches when they were out of the room. They never said anything. He still has them, and will show the players after retrieving them from his locker. **Show investigators Handouts #5 and #6).** He will sell them for as much as he can get.

**Role Playing Alejandro:** *Do the best you can with a combination of Spanish and English (more Spanish than English) and everything with an accent. Don't be afraid to "not know a word," just shrug and smile as Alejandro can't think of the English equivalent. He's very nervous, and doesn't have much time on break, so don't let the investigators grill him too much. He could be fired if his bosses found out he took some items from hotel guests. He just wants to keep his job, but he's also genuinely concerned for the safety of the young girl.*

## Research

Whenever the investigators decide to hit the books, there are a number of places to go and items to find.

Don't forget, Señora Machado is upset and worried, and not averse to waiting at the office to beg the investigators to find her daughter. She might become agitated if she finds out they're going to the library while her little *hija* could be on a boat to Shanghai. Cruel Keepers can also harass the players with Mañuel following them in his car (Maria in the back seat), or calls from the Señor when he returns from Mexico (or visits with some big strong ranch hands). The Machados will not have any new information, but they'll ask a lot of questions.

## Library

If the investigators have time to look up some of the words they found on the letters in Marsh's office (see that section), they need to make a **Library Use (Research DC 15)** roll to find anything on:

*Cthaat Aquadingen*: a Latin book from the 11th/12th century (author unknown) describing a race of beings that live underwater (Atlantis?) that was later translated into Middle English. The only copy remaining is believed to be in the British Museum.


*Dagon*: an ancient Sumerian fertility/food god who provided for his followers, who were degenerate and corrupt; his temple was destroyed by Samson, according to the Bible. Dagon was known to provide fish for those who sacrificed to him. He is a sea god.

*Olmstead*: A family line based in New England, mostly from Arkham and areas surrounding it.

*Sumeria*: If the investigators wish to research this, feel free to have them waste the rest of their day with







**NOTE: It is up to the Keeper's discretion as to how much of the information below is revealed from each successful Library Use (Research DC 15) roll.**

- Abbot Kinney collapsed on October 31 and was bedridden until his death on November 4, twelve days before his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday (it's not reported why, but it was due to lung cancer. Yet leave the cause of Kinney's death mysterious to the players). The Venice flags were flown at half-mast, businesses were closed in mourning for him, and four truckloads of flowers were delivered to his grave.
- The Kinney family business is officially in the name of his second wife, Winifred, but the day-to-day management is run by his son, Thornton. (neither of these people should be accessible to the investigators)
- Groundbreaking for the canals was on August 15, 1904. Less than a year later, they were officially opened (as was Venice) on July 4, 1905.
- There are two linear miles of canals throughout the city, each roughly four feet deep and forty feet wide, curbed with concrete. The second set of canals, the south canals, help to flush the north ones. These extend to Ballona and were dug a year later, after the two main pipes were inadequate to flush the entire canal system (Note: if investigators have been to the Marsh office, they will know that the newer canals are close to the offices). The canals are flushed twice each day by the natural ocean tides (which is still problematic, as it's not enough to completely clean the canals, and in later years, they will become stagnant cesspools).
- The two pipes lead from the ocean, under the pier, to the central lagoon. In fact, there are pipes all over Venice. Part of the city's design was to hide unsightly electrical and plumbing outlets from the public, so they were all placed underground. This also ensured that the utilities can be easily serviced from the tunnels and not cause any disruption to the festivities which occur almost every day in Venice.
- During the construction of Venice, a huge storm hit in late February/March of 1905, wiping out the fledgling pier. After this occurred, Kinney had a breakwater created to shelter the pier. (Note: this was part of Marsh's plan; he managed to cast the spell "Wave of Oblivion" to destroy the pier, thereby gaining more control to build the city to more Mythosian specifications).
- Norman Marsh is interviewed in one article that includes a hard-to-see picture of him. He is by no means a handsome man, but his resemblance to his son Robert (from the self-portrait) is clear. Marsh used a radical design for the canals, especially the use of natural flushing from the sea (so the canals are filled with ocean water). He is quoted as saying he wanted to "bring the magnificence of the ocean to the people." Marsh also helped plan the salt water plunge and the salt water showers being piped into the hotels. He says that "ocean water is good for the soul." (If players are familiar with the Marsh name and Innsmouth's history, these facts should freak them out. Remember, though, the characters know nothing about this). Lastly, the interview article reveals that Marsh's office is located at the edge of the city, just at the Ballona Wetlands, a swamp and hunting area. When asked why his offices are so far from the bustle of Venice, he says "Well, it's my name..."
- Over the past few months, there have been reports of people reported lost at sea, and feared drowned. To prevent such further calamities occurring, the Venice police have deputized Otto Meyerhoffer, a pilot from the Great War, and have purchased a biplane from the US government. The Venice Aero Police is the first of its kind in the country, and is used to help ships at sea, look for lost swimmers, and chase bank robbers who flee into the hills. They are based at Delay Field in Venice itself (formerly known as Ince Field, owned by Thomas Ince of the motion picture industry, but the name changed earlier this year) and is also the home to many magnificent flying machines, stunt pilots, and motion picture cameramen. [Keeper's note: this article starts talking about the missing people, but then spins into a marketing plug for the planes. The editors at the Vanguard know that their livelihood relies upon a steady flow of tourists, so they bias the news towards fluffy coverage of entertainment and the arts.]

books on this ancient civilization.

There is only clue at the Library on Norman Marsh, who, conveniently enough, is listed in the "Who's Who" of California (successful Library Use (Research DC 15) roll to find):

Marsh, Norman, architect;  
b. Innsmouth, Ma., 1860; marr. Constance  
Olmstead, 1899, d. 1904; children,  
Robert, b. 1900, Obed, b./d. 1903;  
B.S. Architecture Miskatonic University,  
Arkham; with Marsh and Associates,  
1905-; Lead designer, Venice Canal  
Project for Abbot Kinney, opened in  
1905. Office: 10 Jefferson Way,  
Venice, CA



## Art Gallery

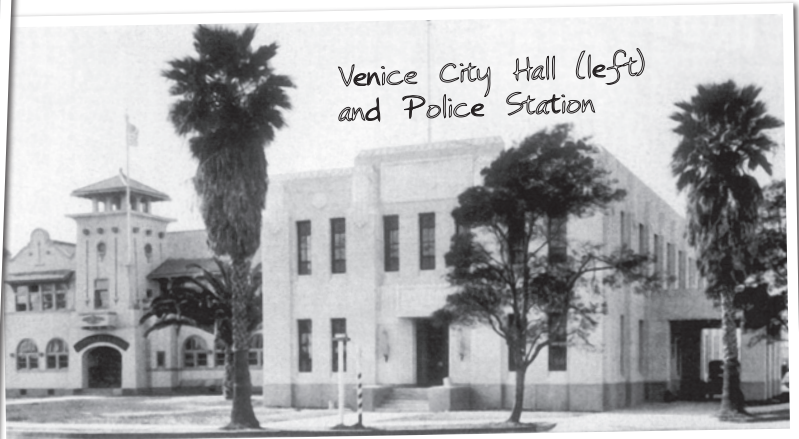
If the players are so thorough as to check some of the local art galleries, bring them to the Carmichael-Reardon Gallery, located on Ocean Front Walk, near the Santa Monica/Venice border. The owner, Edith Carmichael, recognizes the style of any paintings the investigators show her (especially the self-portrait) as the work of Robert Marsh, a strange man who tried to exhibit here, but his depictions of strange people doing strange things, such as natives dancing in the ocean (often unclothed), are far too queer and improper for a pleasant gallery such as hers (which seems to specialize in beach sunsets and romantic gondola rides along the Venice canals). She thinks he could be trying to eke out a living drawing sketches on the Venice Pier in Artist Alley.

She does not recognize Rosa, nor has she seen Robert in at least a year. She'll try to sell a painting to one of the investigators.

## Venice Vanguard Newspaper

The offices for the Venice Vanguard are conveniently located across from the Antler Hotel. It's a single-story V-shaped building facing the central lagoon.

A **Fast Talk (Bluff DC 10)** or **Persuade (Diplomacy DC 10)** roll is necessary to gain access to the files, unless Julius simply tells the clerk that he's doing an article on Venice. They'll give Julius professional courtesy, but they do want details of his article and want to know when it will see print. They will be especially excited if he says he's writing something like an overview on the resiliency and wonders of Venice (whether it's true or not, they'll want to believe him), so soon after the death of its founder. They want people to continue coming to Venice.







The minitrain

They can give contact names and numbers to people, but they can't arrange for any personal interviews. If it's brought up, the clerk will say that there's no purpose in interviewing Tony Cornero.

## Venice Police

If the players go to the Venice police (no other cities have jurisdiction), they will be very protective and close-mouthed. No chance to see any back files, or talk to anyone about missing persons, or illegal smuggling, etc.

The police are taking the death of Abbot Kinney hard, and worried about their cushy jobs (full of bribes and kickbacks), since there is a very real possibility that the city of Venice will vote, or simply be annexed, by Los Angeles or Santa Monica. In truth, this didn't happen until 1925 (to Los Angeles), although annexation almost passed in 1923.

However, if the players try to get police assistance, they'll need some proof (again, Deep One body parts go a long way). If the players turn over Rosa's disappearance (the case) to Venice Police (an action the police encourage, saying "We'll handle it." They don't like outside detectives nosing around their turf), they'll file it away, and nothing will stop Dagon rising.

If the players burst into the police station at the climax of the adventure and role-play it well (or allow for some **Persuade** (Diplomacy DC 20) or **Fast Talk** rolls (Bluff DC 20)), they can get access to the Venice Aero Police (riding in the back of their one biplane, taking pot shots at a god is fun!) and some backup (see climax for more details).

# The Heavies

## Marsh Office

*Play any swamp or frog sounds*

The Wetlands are good hunting grounds for fowl, so there are two main lodges in the area, but nothing near the architect's office. There are many blinds and hunting sheds throughout the swamp, which pours directly into the ocean.

There is no car visible anywhere near the office. In fact, the course leading up to it is perpetually muddy, barely a tracking path, best traversed in waders. You'll have to leave your vehicle on the main road or risk being stuck in the marsh. You can tell that the route continues another mile or so to dead end at the beach.

Before the road terminates at the sand and silt, you see a squat, one-story shack on the top of a minor ridge that looks down over the Ballona Wetlands. On clear nights, you can see the glittering lights of the pier.

As you step out of the car, the deep guttural croaking of fat frogs lurking in the reeds and moss of the marsh gets much louder. The smell of methane and rotten seaweed assaults your nostrils. This does not look like the place of business for a professional architectural design firm.

The office doesn't even have a name written above it, but a hand-painted number signifies that the address is correct.

If the investigators arrive during business hours (say, 9am-6pm), then **Dorothy**, the receptionist, will answer the door if they knock. If they arrive at night, skip to the section on "Sneaking In" below.

Inside, the main area of the office is crowded with a small wooden desk, many, many bookshelves nearly ceiling height and blocking two of the windows, a rickety drafting table, rolls and rolls of blueprints, ledgers, drafting materials, surveying equipment, and some cable on a spool. Investigators should mind their step as they enter. The carpet squishes with dampness; perhaps there's an insulation problem.

The books are more like a private library than architectural reference, although there are many architectural books here, covering everything from classical Rome up to the latest from Frank Lloyd



Wright and the Arts and Crafts movement. But there are also many tomes on mathematics, natural history, anthropology, botany, zoology, astronomy, chemistry, physics, history, genealogy, medicine, philosophy, and even a few literary tomes. Here's a great place to delay the investigators with searches for that Mythos tome they just *know* is here. Actually, the treasure is in the back room.

Two doors are in the back, one leads to a storage area and workshop, and the other to a larger back office. There is an outhouse outside.

A **Spot Hidden (DC 15)** will notice a painting resting sideways on the ground in a style very similar to others the characters may have seen (if they have seen any of Marsh's other works). If they manage to get a better look at it, show them **Handout #7—(Marsh cult painting)**. But don't actually give it to them unless they take the painting, which is framed, but only two feet by one foot, so relatively easy to handle.

## The Receptionist

Dorothy looks to be in her thirties, although she's only 25. She's very thin and unwashed. Her hair is pulled back, but many stray wisps have broken loose and gotten tangled. Her eyes dart from face to face of the investigators. She may, at times, start to fade away and doze off in the middle of a conversation, even when she herself is talking. She won't actually fall asleep, though.

A **Diagnose Disease (Heal DC 15)** roll will determine that she could have an opiate addiction, and looks like she hasn't slept in days.

A **Psychology (Sense Motive DC 15)** roll will determine that she is borderline insane.

# Dorothy

STR	9	DEX	15	CON	8	SIZ	10	APP	10
POW	8	INT	11	EDU	9	HP	9	SAN	15
Tidy up:	10	Spot Hidden:	40	Listen:	80				
Scream:	90	Throw:	50						

Her addiction, lack of sleep, and insanity are due to suffering the slowly debilitating nightmares of the spell **Blessing of the Deep**, which causes a 1 SAN loss every night unless cured. Soon, Dorothy will be a willing vessel for the Deep Ones' twisted breeding. More info on the spell is under Robert Marsh's description.

If asked, Dorothy says that Mister Marsh is out, and she's not sure when he'll be back. "He has things to design. Plan. Do."

If asked about his son, Robert, she'll say that Robert is an artist with lots of pretty girlfriends. She'll recognize him if she sees his picture. She'll then ask where and how the detectives obtained the painting (any response will satisfy her, but don't let the characters know that). She doesn't know who Rosa is (she's just another girl to her) and won't recognize her from the picture. "He has many girlfriends just like her."

If asked about Marsh's plans, she'll say that she can't tell, but now that the Abbot-cat is gone, the mice can finally play.

If the investigators ask to make an appointment to meet with Mr. Marsh, she'll scribble something in a random book on her desk. If the players return for the appointment, Dorothy won't remember them, and



this whole scene can be replayed. Of course, Marsh will never be in the office this close to the ritual.

**Role-playing Dorothy:** *Let her ask the investigators questions as well. Queries that are simple and slightly insane: “What time is it?” “How many steps in a waltz, and a foxtrot?” “Is the moon out tonight?” (during the day), “Bees don’t really have knees, do they?” or “Do fish have any feelings?” etc.*

*If the investigators ever ask a too-pointed question, like “Are you part of an evil cult?” have her respond with a completely different question. Giggle a bit, and keep your eyes bounding around. You can also start to drift off in the middle of your answers, or the investigator’s questions.*

Despite her lassitude, Dorothy is very aware of the characters taking anything or wandering into the back areas. She’ll become lucid, stand up, and demand to know what they’re doing touching someone else’s property. If they ignore her and begin tearing the place up, or bursting into either the storage room or back office, she’ll start screaming hysterically, throwing books at the players (roll 1d4-1 damage per book) like they were intruding rats. Even after they leave, she’ll continue screaming.

If the characters forcibly restrain or knock Dorothy out (the mashers!), she’ll warn the Marshes and provide very detailed descriptions and reports on the characters (after they leave).

If the players are magnanimous enough to try and help Dorothy, she’ll throw non-stop hysterics, until they either return her, or have her locked away for her own good, to spend her remaining days slowly slipping under her nightmare curse.

## Marsh Offices at Night

*Turn out the lights, play a looping audio recording of frogs and other swamp sounds, and give the players two flashlights to share. For the truly hardcore: melt dry ice with hot water in bowls placed around the room to create a chilly fog.*

If investigators arrive at night, Dorothy will be gone, but play up the creepiness of the location: a damp, stinky fog clutches everything in the area. It’s at least 10 degrees colder here than anywhere else along the coast. There may even be some strange glowing lights in the fog: will o’ wisps, rum-runners, or, most likely, nighttime fishermen. But keep the players guessing.

Once they get inside (front door is only **STR 15**), feel free to describe the office as above, but quietly, whispering, as if there’s someone in the next room...

Inside Marsh’s main office, on a very nice oak table, are some architectural design plans. Characters studying them should make an **Architecture, Make Maps**, or, since they probably don’t have those skills, a **Know roll (Int DC 20)**. If they miss it, it’s just some plans for something. If they roll **over** half their **Know** score, but still a success, they realize that the plans are of Venice, and that, as if they needed more proof, the canal tunnels lead to the sea for flushing, and that the canals run through most of the town, as well as into the service tunnel network.

If they roll **under half** their **Know (DC 20)**, they also realize (in addition to the above) that there is a proposed expansion of the canals, through more of town, all the way to the neighboring city of Santa Monica to the north. There are flood rates written all over, and besides the usual architectural markings and diagrams, there are strange patterns and symbols across most of the canals, as if the current canals are just part of a very large symbol being carved out of the earth and filled with water.

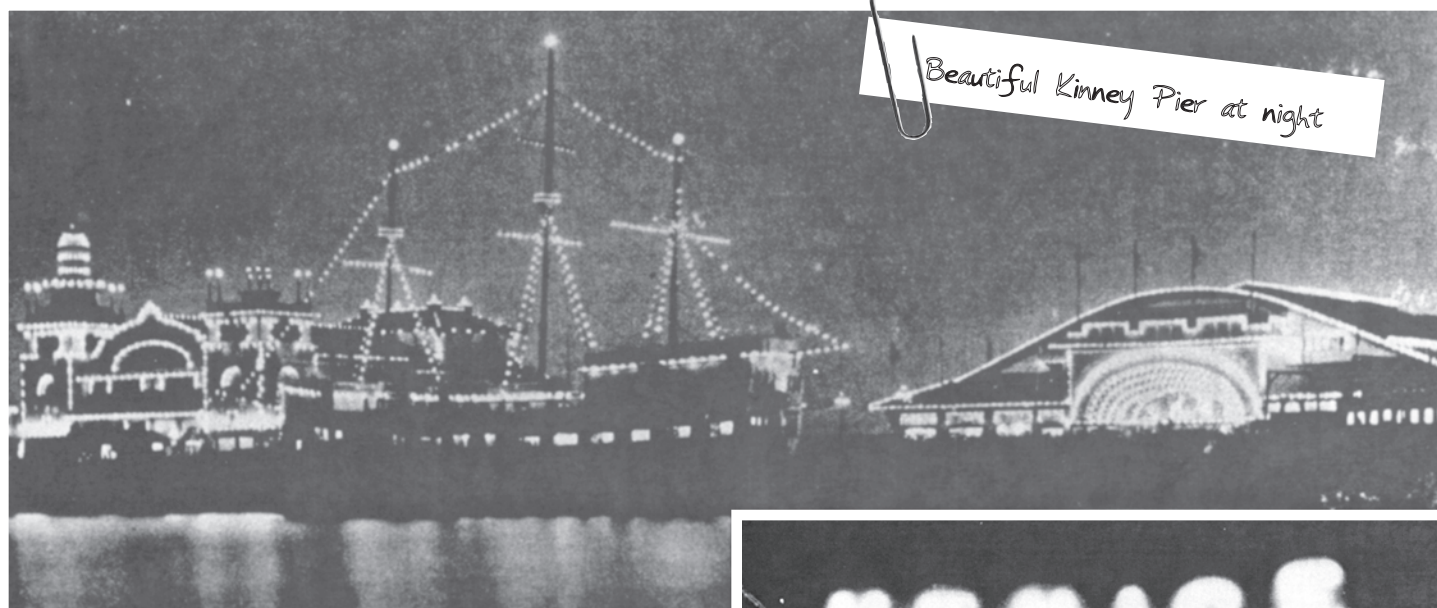
In a wooden box in the bottom desk drawer are some letters, still in their envelopes. The postmark is from Arkham, Massachusetts. The letters are not written in any known language, and their symbols are strange black scrawls and shapes that seem to wiggle under the flashlights. There are notes in the margins. Hand the investigators **Handout #8 (strange letter)**. With a **Spot Hidden (DC 15)**, the investigators pick out a few tidbits from the notes: the name *Cthaat Aquadingen*, the word *Dagon*, references to *Sumeria*, the family name *Olmstead*, and finally a series of dates: Dec 17-20 (this time period starts two days after the beginning of the adventure, and continues for three days). These are the nights that Marsh and the Deep Ones will try to summon Dagon. (See the “Library” section above for more information about these terms).

If the investigators did not find the picture of Robert Marsh at Rosa’s, there’s an identical one here.

In the storage room is a rough workbench and a lot of surveying tools, digging implements, sounding lines for depth, old sextants, compasses, broken pocket-watches, and the gutted remains of an Edison motion picture camera.

The west wall of the room is a floor-to-ceiling series of wood drawers of various sizes. Most of them hold





pens, pencils, scraps of paper, nails, screws, and various other supplies. However, if the investigators make a **Luck roll (Search DC 20)**, or spend a lot of time looking (remember, it's scary at night!), they'll find one drawer with a small handful of primitive gold ingots, shaped into rough approximations of human-fish creatures. They're disturbing to look at (0/1 SAN), but can fetch 1d4 x 100 dollars on the market.

There's also a bottom drawer with some flat gray stones with strange sigils carved into them. These are the stones that Marsh uses to call the deep ones. If the investigators take any of these unusual items, Marsh will know, but he'll still be able to perform the ceremony.

If the investigators arrive on a ritual night, these stones will be gone.

## The Tunnels

Underneath almost all of the city of Venice is a series of access tunnels, wide enough for two men to walk shoulder-to-shoulder and completely upright, unless one is very large (**SIZ 17** or more). The tunnels were built so that the electrical, water, and waste systems for the city could be hidden from view, as well as easily reached and repaired without having to inconvenience the people above. During Prohibition, the tunnels were used to smuggle liquor to the numerous speakeasys in town.

And with increasing frequency, the tunnels are being used by Deep Ones to infiltrate the city and wreak havoc.



There are many ways to access the tunnels; every major public building has an entrance located somewhere (although usually locked and marked "No Admittance"). There is also the brute force method: match **STR** vs. a **SIZ 20** (weight, not volume (**Str** vs. **DC 15**)) manhole cover in the street and descend. If investigators can sneak into the Antler Hotel's basement during the off hours (5am-noon), they can reach the tunnels by the closet door (it unlocks from their side, but also swings and locks shut unless propped open, which could lead to discovery by the gangsters).

Regardless of where the investigators enter, the tunnels are, for the most part, the same:

*Play any cave or dripping/steam tunnel sounds*

**The concrete tunnel is hot and humid. It's big enough for you to easily stand and**

walk single-file, although Billy has to duck occasionally to avoid banging his head on a pipe. The tunnel is lit by low-watt bare bulbs spaced every 10 feet or so, although many of them have burned out and it's hard to see all the way to the end of each tunnel, which mostly run in straight lines with many junctions. Your ears constantly twitch at the strange sounds around: dripping water, thumping steam pipes, and large objects, probably cars, moving overhead. It smells like years of seaweed and mildew accumulation.

The investigators have access to most anywhere they want to go, assuming they can navigate the tunnel system. They can cross under the water canals at certain points, but only perpendicularly; no tunnel runs parallel directly under a canal. There are branches

in many places, dead-ends, and side passages. Often a plain wooden door, or sometimes a fancy, locked set of double doors, or a few rickety stairs or rusty iron rungs bolted into the wall lead out of the tunnels directly into a business (in which case, the door is locked), a park, or simply into the street. Without a few **Track rolls** (Wis DC 25) or making a map, it is almost a guarantee that the investigators will get lost. This shouldn't cause too much of a worry, considering there are many avenues of escape. There are two locations of note in the tunnels.

## Ocean Tunnels

There are two large concrete tubes, or pipes, side-by-side in one main tunnel that heads east-west from the lagoon. Each tube is roughly six feet wide, with six inches of concrete wall. These are the flushing tubes for the entire canal system, and lead directly into the ocean, just past the breakwater, and empty directly into the lagoon. There are two access hatches per tube, opened by turning a **STR 17 (DC 20)** dial (two investigators can attempt to open it: add half of the weaker character's **STR** to the first character). The hatches were installed so workers could clear the tubes of fungal growth, seaweed, debris, etc, and keep the flushing system operating. In reality, it never worked very well, and the canals were often clogged.

There is a 25% chance that it's high tide, and if the characters open the hatch, sea water will spill into the tunnel. If you want to be more specific, high tide occurs twice a day, usually the first being between 9am and noon, and the second peaking around 8pm to 11pm. There are other factors affecting this, such as the weather. Go with what's most dramatic.

These tubes are how the deep ones move to and from the ocean to the city, where some of Cornero's bootleggers ran into them (dropping their shipment and running).

When the investigators find these hatches, consider covering the handle of one of them with slime, and maybe leave large webbed prints leading off in one direction. Or maybe they left the hatch open, and water is splashing in. Or, it's closed when the investigators first see it, but open if they return. Of course, investigators *could* get into a tube if they want, but they'd need a diving suit before they get very far.





# Deep Ones

	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	17	18	15	19
CON	12	13	16	18
SIZ	19	13	16	24
DEX	15	14	13	12
POW	8	10	17	14
INT	15	15	16	10
HP	16	13	16	21
Dam Bonus	1d6	1d4	1d4	2d6

MOVE: 8/10 swimming

ATTACK: Claw 35% dm 1D6 + db

Grapple: 40% (See CoC rules on grappling)

ARMOR: 1-point skin

SAN: 0/1D6

## Monsters In The Tunnels!

For every ten minutes the investigators are down here, there is a cumulative 10% chance (so after 100 minutes, they are guaranteed to meet) of encountering three Deep Ones on patrol. If the investigators are down here during one of the summoning nights, they will encounter the Deep Ones within 15 minutes (if not sooner).

The three Deep Ones are looking for potential victims for the big ritual occurring soon. If this night is not a ritual summoning night, they will try to take one of the investigators and flee back to the tunnel that leads to the ocean, diving inside and swimming out to sea. They will drop their hostage if any of them takes more than half their hit points in damage (they need their strength for the Summoning).

However, if this is a summoning night (December 17-20), one will attempt to grab (Grapple) an investigator (Anna Beth is first choice, then Julius, then Clarence, then Jackson; Billy being the Deep One's last choice of hostage) and take them to the tunnel, while the other two fight to the death to guard the fleeing one.

Any investigator successfully taken will appear on the breakwater later that night (still alive, and probably, thankfully, unconscious, but feel free to give them an automatic 1d10 SAN loss after their abduction and trip through the ocean).

## The Venice Pier

No matter when the investigators explore the pier (and hopefully, they will), the description is the same:

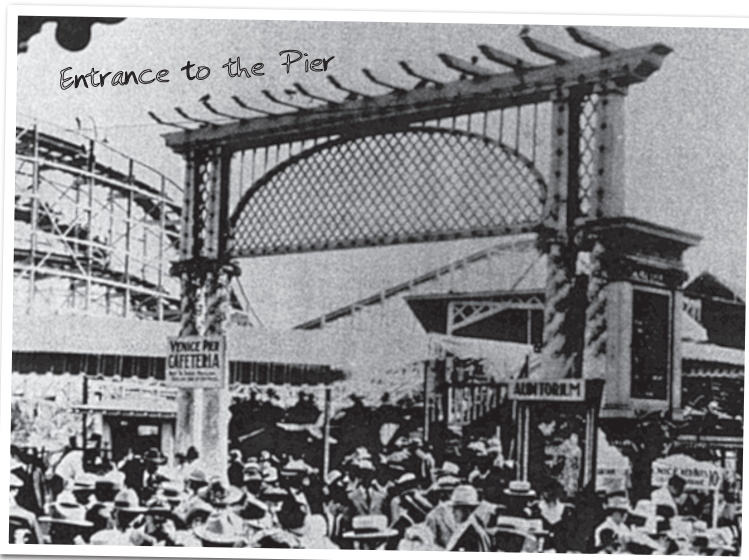
*Play carnival or boardwalk arcade sounds and hand out caramel or candy apples, cotton candy, etc.*

As you walk towards the boardwalk, you notice your heartbeat increasing. It's like stepping into a madhouse: there are so many people of all ages, many standing like statues, many more milling around, behind, and in front of you. You're bumped and jostled constantly by kids running to get in line for the Ferris Wheel, or overweight businessmen gulping down hot dogs dripping with mustard.

Your eyes dart from face to face, trying to recognize any of them, but there are so many, and they keep moving. You can barely stay together as a group. Constant flashing lights dazzle, and fast-moving rides swing toward you from the corner of your eye, giving the sensation of dodging traffic at rush hour.

The noise is overwhelming. The roar of the roller coaster, the carousel's pipe organ, the piercing shrieks of little girls, make you jumpy and nervous. If you're carrying a gun, you can't help but keep your hand on it. The crashing ocean waves make it hard to even hear yourself think, much less communicate with anyone else unless you're yelling into their ear.

Finding a specific person isn't going to be easy.





## Things to Do & See on the Pier

Offer up any of these places or items for players to investigate, and give the players **Handout #9, a map of Venice pier**:

**Rides:** There are more than a dozen rides, each costing a nickel or a dime to enjoy. These are far cries from our modern amusement park marvels, but the thrills are just the same. Some noteworthy attractions:

*Virginia Reel:* A curved slide down a slope in cars that spin (rotate) as they descend.

*Great American Racing Derby:* A horse-carousel type ride where four riders are lined up across, competing against each other. The winner wins a free ride.

*Captive Aeroplanes:* Small-scale models of biplanes swing on cables in a circle, with part of the circle going out over the ocean.

*Mill Chutes:* A tunnel of love-type ride with an exciting drop into water at the end.

*Noah's Ark:* A fun-house ride in a boat that rocks about. Inside are scenes of Noah loading up the animals.

*Ferris Wheel:* A great way to scout the pier from above, however, there's not much you can do if you see something from the top of the ride.

*Big Dipper Roller Coaster:* Reaches a height of 75 feet. A great coaster that also uses a design like the Race Through the Clouds. They both feature wheels over and under the track, so they can take turns faster without tipping off the side. The Race coaster was one of the first roller coasters to implement this feature, in 1911.

*Merry-Go-Round:* Can you grab the brass ring?

*Tiny Trolley:* There's a miniature railroad train that moves around the pier and canals/hotel area, offering visitors a chance to sit and relax while

exploring Venice. The train rolls from the main electric car stop (metro rail line) to the entrance to the pier, while crossing over the canals, and around the hotels, etc. Note that it doesn't go far, nor have many stops. It moves a bit slower than running, so not a great option in a pursuit; however, after a long day at the pier, the trolley is far preferable to a long walk back to the car park or Red Car stop.

**Entertainment and Games:** On the pier is also: a public swimming pool (the Venice Plunge), the California Theater (for plays and concerts), an outdoor bandstand, a billiard hall and bowling alley, a cafeteria, a dance hall, an auditorium for lectures (normally used as a place to sit and eat while an orchestra plays), an aquarium (no Deep Ones, though), a tea garden and zoo, a clay pigeon shooting gallery, and the Ship Café (the structure looks like a steamship).

Costumed characters walk around the pier, encouraging visitors to attend certain rides or restaurants. Under blinking lights and noisy crowds, it should be very hard to tell from a distance which humanoids are monsters and which are young men trying to make a living by wearing a fish costume and shilling for the Aquarium.

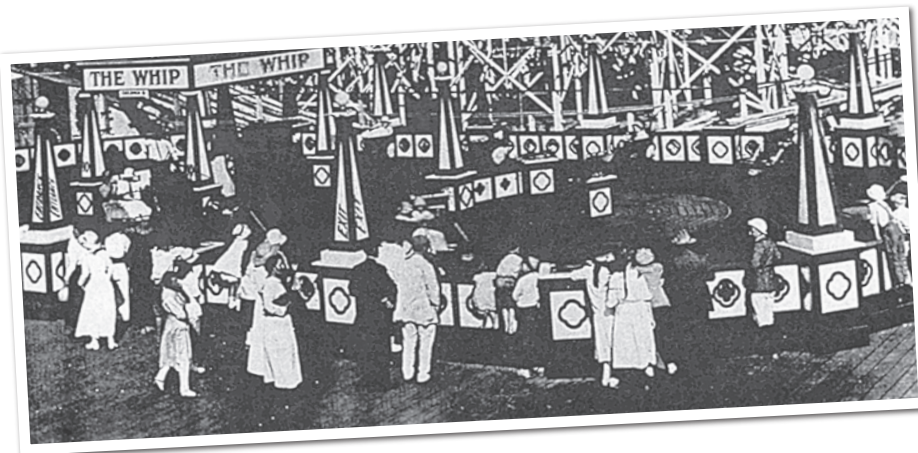
Fortune tellers and psychics are available for consultation in small tents for a modest fee. If investigators dare to have a reading, emphasize that "big changes are coming very soon." Other dire predictions are left up to the Keeper (perhaps a more obvious plot hint for the slower detectives would be in order).

There are many shops for souvenirs and snacks along the pier as well.

If the investigators ask any of the pier workers if they've seen Robert, or show the portrait or any sketches, they'll point to Artist Alley.

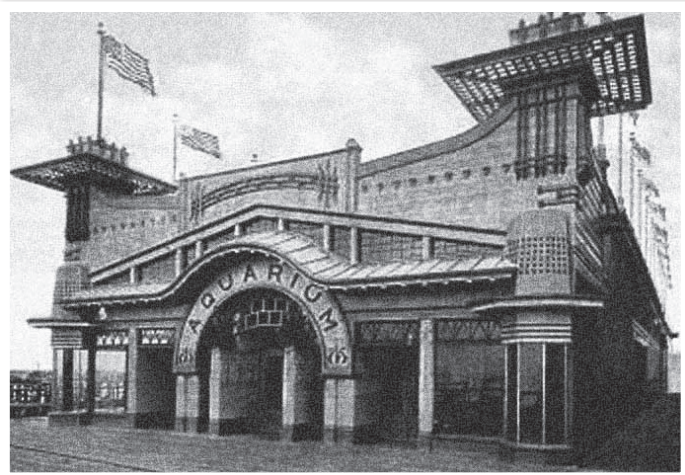






remind them that they are in the middle of a crowd of people. Anything drastic will certainly cause a panic and stampede (and be certain to disrupt their aim or concentration).

Have the investigators roll their **Luck** (Spot DC 20) to keep up with Robert as he elbows and crashes his way off the pier. Make it look good, but ultimately, don't let the investigators lose him for too long, nor let them catch up to him.



## Artist Alley

Located between the Aquarium and the Captive Aeroplanes is Artist Alley, where street performers (jugglers, sword swallows, fire eaters, mimes, etc.) excite and titillate the crowds. There are also a few sketch artists and cartoonists here.

A few shabbily dressed men with dark, charcoal-covered hands quickly dart about, capturing the likeness of pretty girls and their boyfriends.

If investigators approach this area with determination (not wandering or trying to look inconspicuous), one man, with olive-colored skin and a big shock of curly black hair and black, piercing eyes, gets up and starts hurrying down the pier.

If the players try to get close without being seen, have each character make a **Hide roll** (DC 15). Give each person a 15% bonus due to the crowd. However, as soon as Robert sees them, or if they say anything to him or ask him any questions, he bolts. Robert will bolt even if Anna-Beth approaches alone (unescorted women were unusual then).

Pursuing investigators have only one option: a chase! If they try anything else (like firing weapons),

The man weaves and dodges his way through the crowd like a salmon swimming upstream. He leaps over children, knocking their lollies out of their hands, ducking under lovers holding hands, squeezing between turnstiles and hopping over rides for lines. People yell and complain as he goes, ultimately blocking the space he just left, making it more difficult for you to get by. He's creating a wake of agitation behind him that slows you down.

Finally, he will break away from the crowd and jump off the pier, rolling onto the sand below the Ferris Wheel. Investigators can see him running back under the boardwalk itself. They can either:

**Open fire:** he's 20 feet away, plus there's a -15% to hit due to the flashing lights around the investigator and the darkness under the pier (and remind them of the crowd), or

**Jump down** with a successful **Jump roll** (DC 15) to avoid taking 1d6 damage from the fall—a 4, 5 or 6 on the damage roll means they twisted an ankle and cannot pursue.

If the investigators successfully jump off the pier, they can just make out a man-like shadow ducking behind some of the boardwalk's giant barnacle-covered pylons.

It's dark and mysterious under here, with no signs of life by the crashing, roaring surf pounding on the barnacle-covered wood pylons holding up the amusement pier. Give the investigators a chance to make a **Spot Hidden** (DC 15) to see Robert, but it won't matter, for when they come into range, he'll pop out from behind a pillar and attempt to cast the spell **Blessing of the Deep** on the closest one (see sidebar



# Robert Marsh

STR 12 DEX 17 CON 15 SIZE 12 APP 14

INT 13 EDU 12 POW 14 HP 14 SAN 0

Art: 60 Spot Hidden: 60 Listen: 60 Psychology: 50 Occult: 40

Cthulhu Mythos: 20 Hide: 40 Sneak: 50 Swim: 90

Spells: Blessing of the Deep, Contact Deep One, Call Father (Dagon)  
He carries in his jacket:

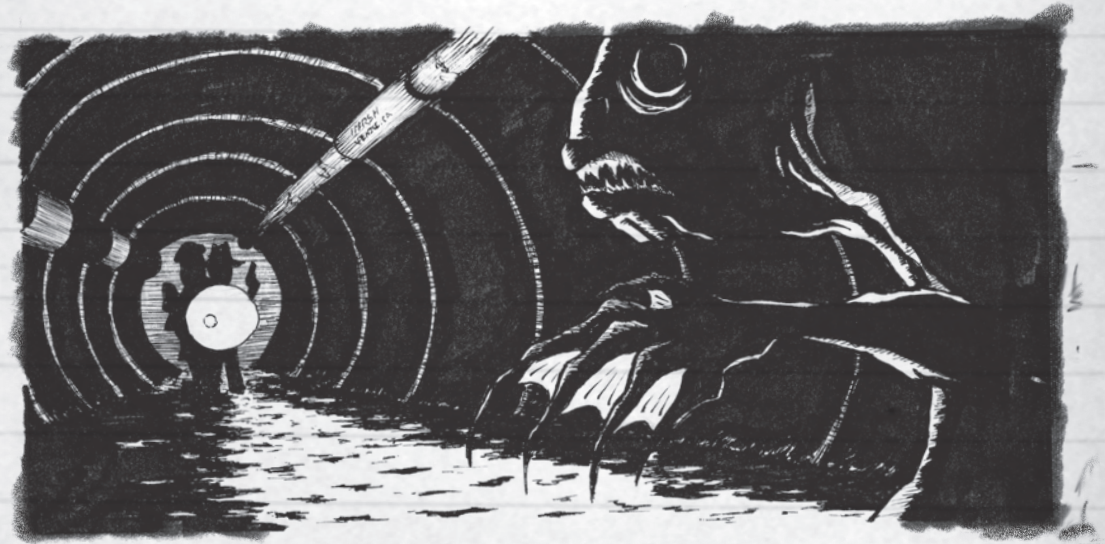
Notes on the R'lyeh Text - 1D3/1D6 SAN, +3% Cthulhu Mythos, takes  
D6 weeks to read. Handwritten by Robert in English scrawl - TO SKIM  
1d6 hours, 1D3 SAN - reveals:

Handwritten notes concerning a larger book. It talks of changing, transformation, of cities under the ocean and the inhabitants mixing with humans. It also mentions a pre-Christian god, Dagon, that he worships. There is also an elaborate method of invoking Dagon. Some bizarre notes describe a "Blessing" from the deepest parts of the ocean. The blessing requires a special stone (there is a sketch of it). There are also sketches and studies in the margins of the things he writes about. That's where most of the SAN loss comes from.

A date is circled around one passage about the rising tide of the cosmos that will occur the week before the winter solstice of the year 1920.

Investigators who make a KNOW roll determine that date is this week.

**SPELL: Blessing of the Deep:** (aka "Curse of the Stone" in CoC rulebook) creates horrible hallucinations in the mind of the victim. Takes two rounds to cast, costs 9 Magic Points. Match Magic Points vs. Magic Points on the resistance table. A stone tablet is needed with certain runes carved on it. Caster OR target must hold the tablet. When the spell is cast, the target gets a dreadful hallucination and loses 1D4 SAN. Target continues to be blinded and misled by phantoms **each round until a successful roll of POW score or less on d100**. After recovery, though, they are plagued by nightmares every night at a **one sanity cost each night**. To lift the curse, use ingenuity (in this case, getting the stone from Robert and breaking it).





on Robert and the CoC rulebook spell “Curse of the Stone”) for more details).

If he succeeds, the hapless investigator thinks that a giant spider has slipped down from the pier and crawled inside their head through their ear. They can feel it moving through their skull, its hairy legs stepping over their eyeballs and obscuring their vision. It should take the cursed character a strong amount of willpower not to rip their own face off. The vision lasts until the victim rolls POW or less on d100 (see Robert Marsh notes), which should give him enough time to disappear.

If the investigators continue searching the area for any sign of Robert (even if they lost him at the pier, but decide to search below the boardwalk), have them make a **Spot Hidden (DC 10)** to notice a pile of his clothes, covered in sand. Inside the jacket pocket are some charcoal pencils and pens, plus a small, hand-written **book** (Robert’s journal of sorts, but containing information more about becoming a Deep One than what he had for breakfast).

Feel free to let the characters wound Robert, but he should escape (swimming into the sea). If the players are especially lucky or creative, and he ends up dying, the ceremony will still continue, as Norman will replace his son with a much-tougher Deep One.

## Climactic Battle!

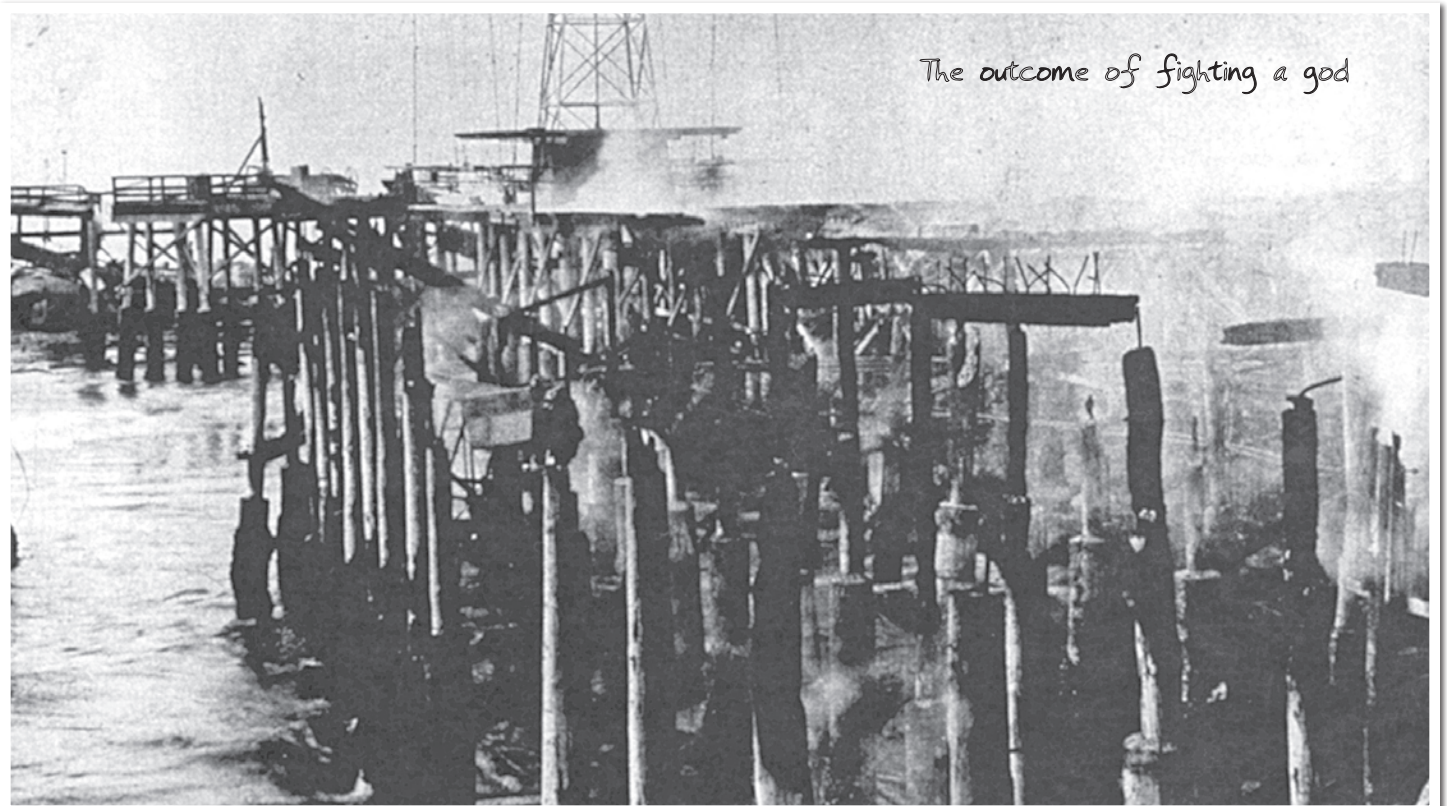
The finale occurs at the Keeper’s discretion. The following is simply a guideline. If it’s more dramatic in your game for this to occur sooner or later, do it then.

On every night between Dec. 17 and 20, starting around 9pm, Robert and Norman Marsh will swim out to the pier’s breakwater. The breakwater is about seven feet wide, 50 feet long, and rises about 12 feet above the waves (more at low tide). It is located about 30 yards from the end of the pier: not too far to see, but beyond the range of some firearms (check the range of the character’s weapons, and give additional negative modifiers for darkness, moving targets, crashing waves that distract and obscure line of sight, etc.)

The Marshes will soon start the chant to **Call the Deep Ones**, throwing their stones into the water (even if the investigators took them from the Marsh office, they will have more).

It takes an hour for the summoned Deep Ones to arrive (10pm). The Marshes will sit and wait on the breakwater for them, their slime-covered, oily skin almost impossible to spot further than 10 feet away.

When **1d20+12** Deep Ones arrive (see “Buncha Deep Ones”), some of the hideous creatures will remain on the breakwater with the Marshes to assist in the ritual. Others will swim into the tunnels and exit into buildings or in



*The outcome of fighting a god*

# Norman Marsh

(hybrid deep one, close to transformation)

STR 16 DEX 12 CON 16 SIZE 14 APP 6

INT 18 EDU 18 POW 20 HP 15 SAN 0

Architecture: 80 Law: 30 Natural History: 40

Occult: 50 Cthulhu Mythos: 50

Credit Rating: 50 Spot Hidden: 70

Swim: 90 Anthropology: 40 Astronomy: 30

Chemistry: 40 Geology: 60 History: 50

Navigate: 70 Persuade: 30

Spells: Call Deep Ones, Contact Dagon,  
Wave of Oblivion, Grasp of Cthulhu,  
Breath of the Deep (per CoC rulebook)

Norman, Robert's father, cuts a mean figure: hunched, with a lumpy ridge up his back that extends to his head. His eye sockets are slightly wide and asymmetrical, and he often looks in different directions simultaneously. His skin is mottled, flaking, and discolored. His teeth are jagged and crooked, and he always smells of brine. He slurs guttural words, and chants and grunts a lot. He also does not tolerate any meddling with his Master Plan.

the streets to grab people for terrible purposes (breeding, feeding, or as fodder for sacrifice). Some bolder specimens will clamber up the pier to snatch unsuspecting tourists.

Two of them will bring Rosa (who has been tied and drugged inside a private bungalow just outside Venice since Tuesday) to the breakwater to be sacrificed.

Within 20 minutes of their arrival, the monsters will start to swarm throughout the city. As chaos reigns, the captured humans will be dragged (either screaming in terror, unconscious, babbling, dying, or already dead) to the breakwater with Rosa. When enough victims arrive (assume between 10:15-10:30), they will attempt to **Call Dagon**. Ten Deep Ones will assist in the casting.

Norman will dedicate himself to casting, and so is stuck with the spell once he starts. However, his son, Robert, is only assisting, so he is free to thwart investigators. It will take at least **30 minutes** to cast the spell (time for players to do something). Other Deep Ones will still rampage on the pier, so feel free to distract the players with wild sea creatures, stampeding crowds, panicked ride operators, etc.

If Norman is killed before the spell is complete, there is still a chance the Deep Ones and Robert can complete the spell: give them a base 30-50% chance, depending on how close Norman was to completing the spell. If both Norman and Robert are incapacitated before the spell is complete, the Deep Ones will swim away, and Dagon will not arrive.

The investigators can discover the ritual if they simply manage to look over the end of the pier or at the breakwater after 10:30pm. Before that, they need to make a halved **Spot Hidden (DC 20)** to notice any movement on the breakwater (binoculars or other equipment will increase this chance).

During the chanting call to Dagon, there is a chance every five minutes for investigators to make a **Listen (DC 25)** at  $\frac{1}{4}$  of their normal score (due to so much screaming around them) to hear the strange guttural chanting. Any type of aerial surveillance (or spying from the top of one of the amusement rides) will notice the strange band of people on the breakwater with a normal **Spot Hidden (DC 15)** roll.

If Norman is uninterrupted until 11pm, he successfully casts the spell (no roll), or his son finishes the job for him (again, 30-50% chance).

Dagon (stats in CoC rulebook) arrives 1d20 minutes after the spell is cast. Therefore, one possible finale is that the casting is successful, but then the Marshes are killed and most of the Deep Ones eliminated. It would be too late to stop Dagon, who arrives on a huge wave that washes over the breakwater (**Jump roll (DC 20)** to stay on).

Once Dagon arrives, he will first attempt to scoop up Rosa, his chosen sacrifice, along with anyone else remaining on the breakwater (investigators, Robert, etc.). If he takes any damage, or after 1d10 rounds—whichever comes first—he will wander over to the screaming and flashing lights at the pier, and start smashing.

Dagon will remain until he has devoured 5d10 people, grabbing 2d4 per round. He can also be driven off by the fire department using dynamite, or mobsters with submachine guns. Roll this combat if you wish (Dagon vs. firemen with dynamite, or gangsters with Tommy guns, or giant sea monsters vs. biplanes with high-caliber machine guns). Don't forget, large crowds of people will be going insane. Hopefully, the investigators will stop it before it happens.

If Dagon is reduced to half hit points or less (remember his armor), he will leave with his Deep Ones, who will be carrying off more hapless victims.



## Possible Outcomes:

- **Befriend the Bootleggers.**

If they request a meeting with Tony Cornero, and can prove that there are Deep Ones in the tunnels (perhaps a **Persuade (Diplomacy DC 20)** will do it, but role-play the situation instead, letting the players come up with a way to convince the hardened gangster) and that they are on the level, he'll help them. Give the players some thugs with Tommy guns (1D6+4).

- **The police.**

Going to the police with enough proof might be enough to at least warrant a fly-by with the planes, and some extra security on the boardwalk. This outcome is similar to befriending the bootleggers, but will lead to a showdown with pistol, rifle, shotgun and airplane-armed police, reinforced by firemen throwing dynamite (which, historically, they routinely used to contain fires).

- **DIY**

If investigators can set fire to the pier in time to scatter people, it might also collapse on the Deep Ones, scattering them to the water to try another day. They can also take some pot shots at them from the edge of the pier, or float a boat out to the breakwater. Still, send *many* Deep Ones against the players so that a direct attack is almost (but not quite) doomed to failure.

If Dagon is summoned, the end result should be the total destruction of the Venice pier. Headlines the next day read something like "Venice Pier Wiped Out" and "Phoenix-like, Venice Pier Will Arise Larger, Better, More Modern Than Before."

There's no mention of a giant monster, as all official reports of that are suppressed. But the survivors, those who aren't institutionalized, will know.

The Venice Pier is rebuilt, but the city never quite

recovers from the devastation (see the Venice History page for details on the actual fire that destroyed the pier in December, 1920).

If the investigators manage to rescue Rosa, Machado will pay their expenses, whatever they are (they may be considerable), and give them a \$100 bonus. However, Rosa is incurably insane, and will spend the rest of her life in an asylum (possibly carrying Robert's hybrid love child, if you wish to be so deviant).

If they can capture or kill Robert, they can try to retrieve the curse stone, stopping their nightmares (including poor Dorothy's terrors). Otherwise, anyone suffering from the spell will inexorably descend to madness within months.

If Rosa is killed, but the agency can bring back her body, Maria will pay the fee, but each of the things on the expenses will, line by line, be looked over by her lawyer, who is the only person related to the Machados that the agency will deal with from then on.

If the investigators can only report back to the Señora what happened, and cannot provide a body (saying she was eaten by an ancient god won't fly, but "she was swallowed by the sea", will seem to be enough for her), Machado will waste most of the family fortune on psychics and spiritualists, trying to find or talk to her lost daughter, ultimately killing herself with sleeping pills months later.

- If the investigators manage to prevent Dagon rising, reward them with **1d8 SAN**.
- If they can drive off Dagon themselves, reward them with **1d10 SAN**.
- If they rescue Rosa alive, reward them with **1d10 SAN**.
- If Rosa dies, but not due to their action (or inaction), and the body is recovered, net them **1d4 SAN**.

No matter how it plays out, the Guzman-Willent agency will never be the same. Fortunately, they have a few years before the Mythos enters their lives again: on the island paradise of Catalina!







# *An Enchanted Evening*

## **Keeper's Introduction**

This is the second supernatural adventure for the Guzman-Willent detective agency. It is similar in plot (bad guys trying to summon an ancient god using innocent humans as victims) and setting (early 1920's coastal Southern California) to the first one, but there are some distinct differences: namely, the scenario takes place on Catalina Island, and there is a much shorter (and much more important) time constraint on the players. Historically, it takes place in 1923, a few years after the Venice scenario, but you can manipulate the date if you wish.

*An Enchanted Evening* plays with the idea of using the fervor of dance hall contests to summon a Great Old One. I was inspired by Lovecraft's story *The Music of Erich Zann* and the marathon dances of the 20's, in which people would dance for hours, sometimes days, to win a prize. Dancers would pass out frequently and occasionally die of exhaustion, making a perfect combination for an unholy ceremony.



# The Whole Story

An orchestral bandleader named Fred Pritchard had little artistic success, and after his partner and lead violinist was charged for intoxication, Fred took an extended vacation to the Continent. There he met an former student of metaphysics, now a composer, named Kristof Panaut (Pan-OWE).

Panaut is the unnamed narrator in HP Lovecraft's tale *The Music of Erich Zann*. After hearing Zann's strange music and going slightly mad, Panaut went on a quest to find similar dimension-shattering sounds, since he could never find Zann's home, nor even the street, the Rue D' Auseil, again. Panaut eventually came to Egypt, where he was met by Nyarlathotep in his aspect of the Black Pharaoh, who gifted him a number of songs that Panaut wrote down as best he could. The songs are incomplete, based on his feverish memory, but he keeps writing, and each score gets closer and closer to the "perfection" he heard from Zann. Of course, Nyarlathotep bestows such gifts with the intention of bringing back the Great Old Ones.

Panaut has been inspired and visited by the Pharaoh in his dreams, composing songs that, when played for a crowd and accompanied by a particular dance, with dancers wearing a particular necklace, makes it possible to summon various outer gods, with none of the participants the wiser. Their loss of Magic Points seems like exhaustion, which can be attributed to their physical exertion. Panaut himself doesn't even quite know what will happen if one of his scores is played and danced to, but he knows it will be "GLORIOUS!"

Panaut has absolutely convinced Pritchard of the magnificence of this work. Pritchard has since become obsessed (insane?) with helping Panaut realize his *magnum opus*, which could result in the manifestation of Tawil at'Umr (Yog-Sothoth) to grant a boon to the summoner.

Pritchard returned to the states, and re-formed the band, now called The Pharaoh and His Nile Orchestra. They have begun to create something of a buzz, especially since America is flush with excitement over anything Egyptian. The Pharaoh's next big concert will take place on Catalina Island, about 25 miles offshore of Los Angeles. The Sugarloaf Casino will host the band, and they are happy to allow a dance contest, complete with Egyptian décor, down to the giveaway amulet baubles that all the dancers will wear as they dance a new dance to a new tune.

## PLAYER BACKGROUND

1923 springs on America suddenly; a big, bounteous, beautiful year full of innovation and promise. Radios are selling like hotcakes, and the country is tuning in to sports, like the 1921 Subway Series between the Yankees and Giants; politics, such as President Harding's Armistice Day speeches; original dramas, like "At Home" or "The Secret Wave"; and, most noticeably, the air is filled with the sound of music!

The US government is awlirl with patents, regulations, fees, licenses and of course, lawsuits, for this new audio industry. America is being swept along by the rapid leaps in radio technology and their accompanying commercial interests: with over half a million radios sold last year (a five-fold increase from '21), the National Association of Broadcasters is formed as a trade organization, and the AC Nielsen Company starts measuring and reporting the size of radio audiences.

There's also a new music that is sweeping the land, a Negro music: jazz, led by a colored man with the colorful moniker "Jelly Roll Morton".

Anyone with a radio could, for the first time, hear the voice of a President being sworn in to office, starting with former VP Calvin Coolidge taking charge after the death of Harding on August 2.

Locally, the Guzman-Willent detective agency has been quite busy since the winter of '21, due to two main factors.

First, motion picture producers, who are getting rich off movie stars like Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford, are nervous about the increasingly bawdy subject matter of certain pictures and the lives of their stars outside the screen, so they have formed the Hays Office (led by Will Hays) to help censor themselves rather than accept governmental control of movie content. Studio heads like to keep tabs on their actors, and they have a lot of money to spend on detectives to investigate rumors of their actors' indiscretions.

Second, a British dame, Agatha Christie, is writing "detective fiction" books featuring this dandy named Hercule Poirot (Air-kyool Pwa-roe). You've all read at



least one of her books, and it's pretty much the opposite of what you have experienced as working detectives. Still, Clarence and Anna Beth like them, and if anything, Poirot's popularity has been good for business: high-society types crave attention, and having a detective agency on retainer, even if it involves finding out who ran over their prized poodle, has allowed you all to stretch your standard of living a little.

It is Thursday, August 16, 9:05am. The already-warm morning temperature guarantees that today will be another scorcher. Anna Beth checks in to the office. Jackson is sacked out on the couch again. A guilty verdict in an embezzlement case was read yesterday, a result reached with help from the agency. Apparently, Jackson wanted to celebrate here instead of at home. To make things worse, Julius is snoring in the easy chair next to him, his chin against his chest. A few empty bottles of bathtub hooch gleam on the floor, bathed in sunshine peeking under the blinds.

## The Hire

The office door opens, and the strong scent of a cigar immediately keys Anna that it's neither Billy nor Clarence coming in.

A very large man waddles into the front office. His gut threatens to burst his shirt buttons, and his suspenders are stretched to the limit supporting his gargantuan trousers. His fat fingers are choked by gaudy gold rings, the nails dirty with cigar stains. He wields a Brobdingnagian stogie like a royal censer, swinging it around and draping the upholstery with smoke. He takes a large puff, and a wreath of fumes settles above his big bald head like a crown.

He looks around like a king surveying a newly conquered land.

"Who's in charge here?" he asks, more a challenge than a question.

Right after meeting Jackson and Anna Beth (whom he will ungraciously flirt with), Clarence and Billy enter together, enjoying a laugh about Mary's use of the new word "bull".

The gentleman is **Mr. Roscoe Wennekamp**, a representative of the **Gennett Recording Company**.

He hands over a very nice, embossed business card with a corporate address in Richmond, Indiana. He has a few questions for the Guzman-Willent agency:

First, can you people follow directions and handle expensive equipment? Second, are you discreet about your employers? Third, do any of you people know anything about music? Sing anything, play a tune?

Before he goes into more details, Wennekamp wants proof of musical ability. Anna Beth can sing a scale, or Clarence can expound about violins: make a roll for either of their skills, don't get over 90 (Violin or Sing, DC 10).

Lastly, do you want to make some money for a one-day job?

After assurances that the team is competent, Wennekamp asks Anna Beth for some coffee and looks around for a chair. No matter where they seat him, he takes up the whole space (even the couch). Thick cigar smoke creates a haze around him as he speaks:

My employer, the Gennett Recording Company, sold over a million records last year. We are doing quite well, providing the buying public with music, words, and sounds that are unavailable anywhere else. However, with radio, people aren't buying music they can get for free. But radio can't play everything. So Gennett Recording is dedicated to scouring the ends of the Earth



for the music that radio isn't providing. Music that people want to hear again and again without waiting for a strong breeze to bring their favorite song to their tiny, squawking box.

To that end, Gennett has a number of agents across the world eager to hear and see musicians and bands. We are especially interested in the new Negro music. Any new music, really. We're young, our customers our young, so we want young music.

There's a concert tomorrow night on Catalina Island featuring a white band called the Pharaoh and his Nile Orchestra. There's some kind of dance contest, too. All the future Alma Cummings are turning out. First prize is a cool \$100 to the winning couple.

Thing's called an "Enchanted Evening" with flapper girls and dapper guys and bee's knees and all that. Probably even some alcohol, too. (He looks at Jackson as he says this).

So listen up, gumshoes: all I want you to do is get over there, record some tunes, learn the dance, and let me know how good it is. You know. How's the crowd? How big's the band, what instruments are they playing? They got showmanship? If they play new stuff no one's heard before, I definitely want it.

You get a bonus if you can get me some sheet music or find out who their composer is. Is there something to these guys, or are they sour grapes that'll never make good vino no matter how much you fortify them? I want a full report on the evening. Oh, and take some pictures, too.

The dance is open to the public, but you don't want anyone to know you're recording it. That's where discretion comes in. Takin' pitchers should be alright. Get some of the band and some baby birds, too. (He winks at Anna Beth).

You in?

If questioned further (as he probably will be):

Mr. Wennekamp has heard that the band is playing some new tone scale that some Jew made up in Germany. He has no idea how you could dance to it...

He has five tickets for the team.

He'll lend them the recording equipment. If they accept the job, he'll return in a few hours with the machine and show them how to use it.

He can't go himself, because he's seeing a vaudeville show at the Orpheum on Friday. There's a lot to listen to in this city, and he's trying to cover all his bases. He's seeing some young comedian who calls himself "Bob Hope."

The Fee: Wennekamp won't pay more than \$50 (he starts the offer at \$25), and everything is a fight to get (paid expenses, an advance, etc.). He offers to pay the fee with the telegraphphone (the recording equipment), or a phonograph, or, better yet, some Gennett records (that's the first thing he'll offer as payment) instead of cold hard cash. Role-play this, or **roll Bargain (Diplomacy DC 20)** if you prefer. If Wennekamp is convinced to pay expenses, he'll want receipts.

The concert starts Friday night at 8pm at the Sugarloaf Casino in the city of Avalon, on Catalina. They'll have to arrange transportation there and back. If the players ask about what time they have to leave, Wennekamp replies "Check the time yerself, ya damn detective!"

When the players are finished with Wennekamp, or if they ask about getting the equipment back to him, he says he'll be back here the day after tomorrow (Saturday) at 10am sharp to pick up the machine and the report. He has a train to catch at half-past, so don't be late!

If he is asked why he picked Guzman-Willent detectives, he says because their office is near his hotel (the brand-new Biltmore).

**Role-playing Roscoe Wennekamp:** *This is not a nice man. He's loud, boisterous, and sleazy. Think of him like a big-wig Hollywood producer who calls every guy (even those older than him) "kid", and every girl "toots." He also has money, so he wears great clothes, stays in nice hotels, and smokes expensive cigars. As annoying as he is, he has a good ear for music and a keen sense of profit potential (especially in non-whites who aren't business savvy but play great music). He is a no-nonsense fellow, and can't be conned by the characters. Make sure to talk loud when you play him. Try walking around the gaming table, picking up the player's dice, rolling them on the table like they were your own, and if you can get away with it, puff on a cheap cigar and wave the smoke*





# History Of Santa Catalina Island

Catalina is called “The Enchanted Isle”, and the name of its primary city, Avalon, is taken from Lord Tennyson’s epic poem *The Idylls of the King*, which refers to a mystical island where King Arthur was buried (or merely waits sleeping, to awaken one day... sound familiar?). However, Catalina was not always the paradisiacal vacation destination that it is today.

Santa Catalina is part of the Channel Island group, consisting of eight small islands lying approximately 20-40 miles off the coast of California. Catalina is the second-most southern island, and the only one with a permanent human settlement.

It is roughly 21 miles long, and resembles an oblong with a pinch, or isthmus, about seven miles from the northern tip. It is eight miles at the widest point, and the pinch, its narrowest point, about a half mile. The small town there is appropriately named Two Harbors. The island is about 76 square miles in area, although much of that is rugged mountains (Mount Orizaba, at 2,097 feet, is the highest peak), with shallow soil and a dry, desert-like climate cooled and moisturized by the surrounding ocean. The city of Avalon, with a 1920’s population of roughly 1,000 people, is on the southeastern end, facing San Pedro, California.

The island was formed from volcanic activity millions of years ago, and plate tectonic movements, sedimentation, erosion and weathering have combined to shape Catalina, which, until recently (geologically speaking) was lifeless due to lack of fresh water. However, over time, many flora and fauna colonized the land, and some of the current species inhabiting it are found only on Catalina, such as unique species of foxes, squirrels, quail, shrews, mice, beetles and butterflies.

The first human settlers arrived on the island around 5000 BC. Descendents of the Tongva tribe, who lived on the mainland coast near what is now Venice, they crossed the three-mile-deep ocean channel in canoes. They called the island Pimu, and were known for their trade in carved soapstone—a common mineral on Catalina.

In 1542, Portuguese explorer Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailing under Spanish authority, landed on October 7 and named the island San Salvador. Sixty years later, on the eve of the Feast Day of Saint Catherine (November 24), another explorer, Sebastian Vizcaino, claimed the island again for Spain and renamed it Santa Catalina in honor of the saint.



For the next 250 years, the island became a frequent port of call for Russian otter hunters (otters were hunted to extinction in the channel waters), Spanish smugglers, and Chinese pirates. In these years, trade with non-Spaniards was prohibited in California. Catalina thus became a safe haven for smugglers due to its convenient distance from the law. Plus, the Pimungans were friendly to strangers, much to their detriment. In addition to trade goods, the isolated island people contracted previously-unknown diseases that ravaged their limited population. Later, in the late 1700’s, Spain established a series of Catholic missions throughout California. Many of the remaining Pimungans willingly left their land for the San Gabriel mission (later they became known as Gabrielinos). Those who did not relocate were forced out.

In 1821, Mexico gained independence from Spain, and Catalina and California became part of the new country. Rather than prohibit trade, Mexico imposed taxes on imports, which did nothing to slow the smuggling occurring on the island. The typical practice was to stop at the island, unload some cargo, proceed to the official dock on the mainland and pay a duty on the cargo present, then return to Catalina to pick up the remainder, using smaller boats and assistance from the importers.

By now the Spanish missions in California were failing, so most were secularized and much of their lands granted or sold to men favored by the Mexican

everywhere. Don't be afraid to pound your fist at the slightest provocation, like if the detectives are taking too much time or asking too many questions. Order the characters (Anna-Beth) around to fetch you things. Roscoe is never outright insulting or rude, but he is extremely self-centered, egotistical, and carries a big sense of entitlement. He treats everybody whom he is not directly working for as his (expendable) employee.

Don't forget to wave his weight around, either. Make mention that any piece of furniture he sits on groans in protest under his weight, his handshakes are like gripping tree trunks, etc.

Roscoe Wennekamp, Agent of  
Gennett Recording Company

STR 15 DEX 10 CON 14 SIZ 17 APP 10

POW 15 INT 14 EDU 13 HP 14 SAN 75

Accounting: 40 Art-Music: 70 Bargain: 50

Credit Rating: 60 Listen: 60 Persuade: 40

Electrical Repair: 45 Fast Talk: 40 Law: 20

Mechanical Repair: 55 Psychology: 35

Fist/Punch: 80 Weapon: .45 auto (1d10+2 dmg)

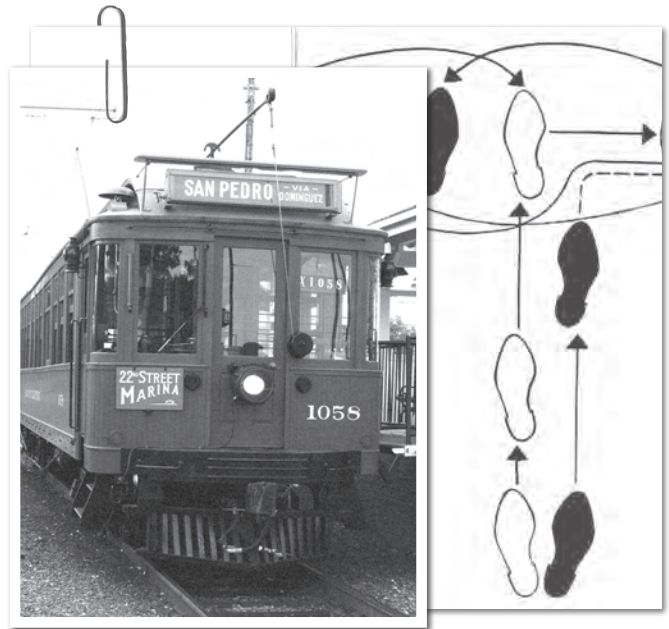
## KEEPER'S NOTE: TIME

Time is very important in this game. The concert starts at 8pm tomorrow (Friday) night, and the team needs to get to the island in time to catch the concert (travel time depends on how they get there, see transit section below). Be sure to keep very careful track of time for the team, especially as they perform research before leaving for Catalina.

How long were the investigators talking to Wennekamp? Assume it's 9:30am, earlier/later depending on how long they grilled (or were grilled by) Wennekamp.

The investigators need to choose their method of transport to the island, and whether they're going to stay the night tonight or Friday night.

Anna would be best utilized in booking the hotel and travel, while the others do research. Someone needs to stay in the office to receive and learn about the recording machine. Of course, let the players make their own plans, and don't press them except to remind them about what time it is in the game world.



## Getting To Catalina Island

Since Wrigley's purchase of the island in 1919, Catalina has become a very popular vacation spot. The island already had some of the best hunting and fishing in Southern California. Now that the Chicago Cubs use Catalina as their spring training grounds, day tourists are common, and the tourist season runs from March through September. Investigators can expect large crowds on the island, especially during hot weekends like this one is predicted to be. There are a number of methods for reaching the island from Los Angeles; let the players pick their favorite.

All transport leaves from San Pedro Harbor, about 25 miles south of downtown, near Long Beach and the huge Port of Los Angeles. It is easily accessible by a 30 minute Red Car ride (45 minutes to an hour by auto).

## Syd Chaplin Aircraft Corporation

Hundreds of visitors have flown on this popular line, owned and managed (and oftentimes piloted) by the brother of actor Charlie Chaplin. Syd was the first to offer air service to Catalina.

According to the advertisement: "The Chaplin flying boat soars over a twenty-five mile stretch of blue ocean to Avalon Bay, Catalina, in about twenty minutes. No finer view of the Magic Isle can be obtained than from the air.

"It has been the avowed purpose of the Syd Chaplin Aircraft Corporation to prove by ample backing, modern equipment, and the best personnel, to the hard headed business man as well as the sportlover, that flying as a means of sport, fast transportation and endless commercial uses, is a definite dependable reality."



government. On July 4, 1846, Governor Pio Pico granted Santa Catalina to a naturalized Mexican citizen, Thomas Robbins. Unfortunately for Robbins, America went to war with Mexico a few days later. California and the island of Catalina came under American control by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed in February 1848. Robbins, who started a ranch at the isthmus, sold his island in 1850 for \$10,000 and moved to nearby Santa Barbara, California.

The island changed hands many times for the next few years, until it was completely owned by James Lick in 1867. (Lick's lasting legacy is an observatory in San Jose, south of San Francisco) Lick hoped to find gold in the Catalina mountains, as there was a brief rush to a potential offshore "bonanza" that followed the 1849 gold discovery at Sutter's Mill. Although no gold was discovered on the island, there was enough silver, lead, and zinc for a small mining industry that lasted until 1876. Some beaches still have silvery sand due to those minerals present in the silica.

Lick died in 1867, and his estate sold the island to George Shatto in 1887 for \$200,000, but debt and foreclosure soon returned control of the island to the Lick estate. However, Shatto built the island's first pier and hotel, the Metropole, attempting to turn what had become a squatter home for fisherman and ranchers into a tourist destination. Shatto's sister-in-law, Etta Whitney, chose the name Avalon for Catalina's main town.

William Banning bought the island from the Lick Estate in 1892 for \$128,000 (apparently its value had decreased significantly in five years) and established the Santa Catalina Island Company in 1896, transferring ownership to that company the same year. Banning built roads throughout the island, and finally brought the telephone and telegraph to the secluded isle. He also built two dance pavilions, an aquarium, a railway, an amphitheater, and started the famous, still-sailing glass-bottomed boat tours. In the early 1900's, sport fishing became popular, and Catalina's Tuna Club, started by Banning, instituted strict rules for the sport.

Tourism increased under Banning and the Company's development, but a devastating fire razed much of Avalon in 1915, including the Hotel Metropole. The Hotel Saint Catherine was built to replace it, but the drop in tourist income due to World War I and the 1918 influenza outbreak forced Banning in 1919 to sell his controlling interest in the Santa Catalina Company to William Wrigley, Jr., famous for his chewing gum and ownership of the Chicago Cubs professional baseball team.

Wrigley immediately began redeveloping the island. He introduced deer and boar for hunting, brought the Cubs over for spring training, and began

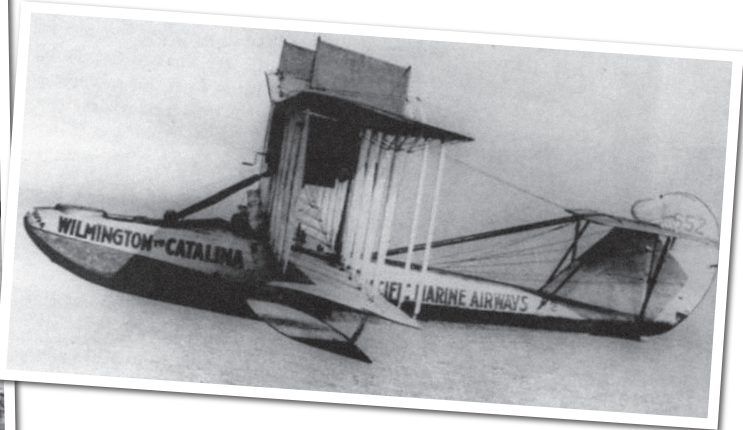
hosting the Bobby Jones Amateur Golf Tournament. A power plant, fresh water reservoirs, and an improved sewer system were constructed. In addition to purchasing two additional steamships (the *SS Avalon* and *SS Catalina*) to encourage visitors, he also built the Catalina Clay Products factory, the Atwater Hotel, Bird Park, the Band Box Theater, and of course, the Sugarloaf Casino. (This structure was demolished in 1929 and replaced by a gorgeous Art Deco building with a motion picture theater and the world's largest circular dance ballroom. This newer building is called simply the Casino, and it still stands today. If you are into ballroom dancing, there's a wonderful 1930's-era dance every October, but it's worth a tour anytime.)

The Sugarloaf Casino was built on the bay's most visible landmarks. Originally two large granite outcroppings (called Little Sugarloaf and Big Sugarloaf), ships used them both to navigate into the harbor. Wrigley demolished Big Sugarloaf to build the Sugarloaf Casino, a large steel-framed octagonal structure. Sugarloaf Casino was primarily a dance hall, but was also used as a school, a roller skating rink, and a restaurant. When the much larger and more impressive Casino was built in '29, the steel frame of the old building was recycled to make an aviary in Bird Park, and Little Sugarloaf rock was dynamited to improve the already picturesque view of the Pacific Ocean.

Like many Southern California settings, Catalina has often been used as a movie location. For the 1925 picture "The Vanishing American," 14 buffalo were brought to the island as animated set dressing; after the film was shot they were allowed to run free. By 1969, there were estimated to be 400 head on the island; the herd remains free to this day. Fans of the noir movie "Chinatown" should recall Detective Jake Gittes' visit to Catalina, including a wonderful shot of the Casino in the background as Gittes' steamer docks at Avalon.

But of course, the Guzman-Willent agency was there first.





#### FARES (per person)

One way \$25

Round trip \$40

#### Departures

Leave port: 9am, noon, 3pm, 6pm

Leave island: 11am, 2pm, 5pm, 8pm

Special arrangements are available

**Notes:** This is the most personal method of travelling to the island. Although Chaplin's open-cockpit plane can only take a total of **SIZ 30** in people/luggage (not including him), he's more willing to bend airline safety rules for a high-tipping customer, so if the investigators are thinking of trying any daredevil stunts or have any strange requests like, "I need to shoot at the monsters from the wingtip!" this is the way to go. Chaplin is willing to wait anywhere on the water for investigators if they need an escape, or he'll change the departure times as needed (though it can get costly if he has to turn down other paying customers). He will also be happy to tell them stories about his famous brother.

Unfortunately, if characters do use this method of transit, the airplane's loud engine roaring just behind the investigators means that their Listen rolls are halved (**-6 temp modifier**) for 17 minus **CON** hours after they disembark.

### Pacific Marine Airways

Using a converted Curtiss Hydroplane Model HS-2L from the Great War, this company is able to transport six passengers at a time in its comfortable closed-cabin biplane. It also can fly from San Pedro Harbor to Avalon in 20 minutes.

#### FARES (per person)

One way \$25

Round trip \$40

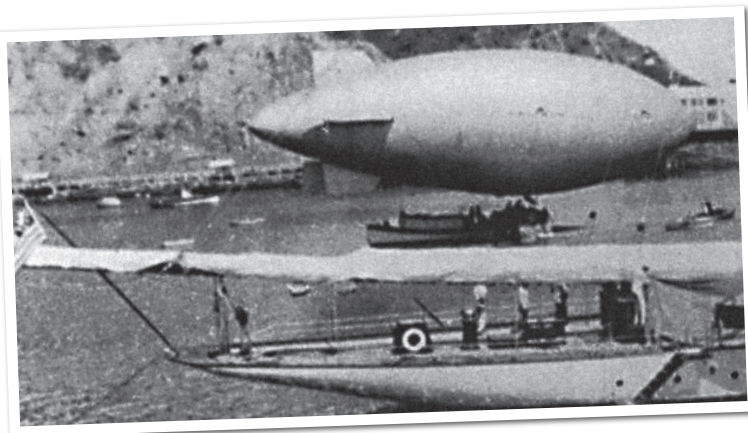
#### Departures

Leave port: 7am, 9am, 11am, 1pm, 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm

Leave island: 8am, 10am, noon, 2pm, 4pm, 6pm, 8pm, 10pm

**Notes:** This is probably the best transport for the investigators, since it's fast and can fit the whole team plus their equipment (if any). The company is very efficient, but much less likely to bend to any personal requests from the team, saying "I just do my job, sir."

Being in an enclosed cabin means the hearing (**Listen** rolls) of characters are only reduced to three-quarters their value (**-4 temp modifier**), and only for 14 minus **CON** in hours.



### Goodyear Pony Blimp

This airship is 95 feet long, powered by a single Ford Model "T" engine and carries two passengers. The pilot, passengers, and engine are together in a small open compartment, suspended below the airbag, which is inflated with non-flammable helium. The blimp is a popular way to fish for Barracuda.



### FARES (per person)

One way \$20

Round trip \$35

Departures: noon, and returns at (roughly) 6pm  
(investigators can schedule to return the next day if they wish)

It is a 2+ hour trip to reach the island, weather permitting.

**Notes:** Besides only able to take two people, this is the slowest and probably least effective way of reaching Catalina. However, it is the most dramatic method to get there, certainly with the best view and without the noise of an airplane (the blimp is only as loud as a car, and they don't need the engine on all the time) or the seasickness of a steamer. Anyone arriving by blimp will be refreshed and reinvigorated, with no reduction of skills.

## Wilmington Transportation Company

(now owned by Wrigley)

Cross the calm Pacific in these modern marvels of human innovation and ingenuity!

When Wrigley purchased Catalina, he quickly set about improving the facilities on the island, including adding the steamships *Avalon* and *Cabrillo* (formerly *Catalina*) for passenger transport. Wrigley fitted the *Avalon*, a dedicated transport vessel and flagship of the tiny fleet, with four new Babcock & Wilcox watertube boilers, increasing the ship's speed and virtually guaranteeing the route would take two hours each way.

These ships were the most common method of getting to the island, as they could handle up to 100 passengers, plus luggage, in almost any weather. The price is much cheaper than flying as well.

### FARES

One-way \$6

Round trip \$10

### Departures

*Steamship Hermosa*

Leave port: 5am, 10am, 3pm, 8pm

Leave island: 7:30am, 12:30pm, 5:30pm, 10:30pm

*Steamship Cabrillo*

Leave port: 6am, 11am, 4pm, 9pm

Leave island: 8:30am, 1:30pm, 6:30pm, 11:30pm

*Steamship Avalon*

Leave port: 4am, 9am, 2pm, 7pm, midnight

Leave island: 6:30am, 11:30am, 4:30pm, 9:30pm, 2:30am

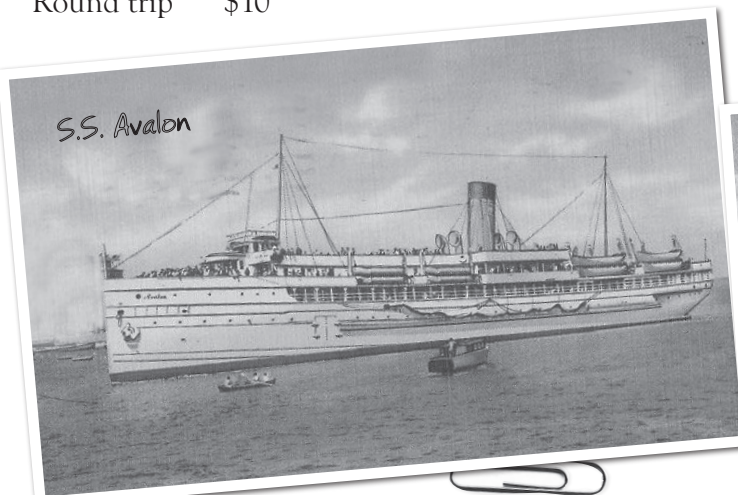
**Notes:** The ships are the way to travel in style, despite the price. However, the characters will be with the *hoi polloi* instead of on a personal vessel. If they take any dangerous equipment (like guns), it will need to be stowed as luggage below and out of reach.

The night cruises feature a musical quartet on the deck, preparing the passengers for the excitement ahead. If the investigators wish to interview people on the way to the island, this is the only way to do so.

Have all characters make a **CON x 5 roll (DC 15)** to avoid becoming seasick. If they fail, reduce all physical skills by the percentage difference between their **CON x 5** and what they actually rolled. Example: if a character's **CON x 5** = 75, and they roll an 86, reduce all physical skills by 11% (86 - 75 = 11) (or, if missed by 2 on d20, subtract 2 from all physical skill checks). The nausea lasts for 1d6 hours.

## Other methods of travel

If the characters wish to charter a private plane or boat, let them, following the fares listed (it will cost more than those listed above). Of course, if they don't have anyone to pilot the craft, well then...





Tent City at Two Harbors



## OVERNIGHT STAY

If the investigators wish, they can stay Thursday and/or Friday night on Catalina, leaving early Saturday morning to return to the office downtown to meet with Wennekamp by 10am. Note the plane/ship times of departure, and don't forget to add in the time it takes to ride the Red Car from San Pedro back to downtown (30-40 minutes).

If the investigators stay on Catalina, they have many options:

**Tent City:** \$2.00/night gets them a 10 x 12 foot wood bungalow that's raised on foot-tall stilts off the ground, with a canopy roof. There are two to four beds, bedding, basic furnishings and limited cooking facilities in each tent. There are also public toilets and a nice common area (enclosed and outdoors). Tent City is always full of family crowds, and is raucous and rowdy (and a bit of fun, if they don't mind the company). Tent City is located at the isthmus, roughly 12 miles north of Avalon (what is now called Two Harbors). They can request any plane to land there, but if they take a ship, they will need to hike, bike, or take another boat trip from Avalon to Two Harbors.



St. Catherine Hotel

For the glamorous option, they can stay in the new St. Catherine Hotel, a short walk from the Casino, in Descanso Canyon: **St. Catherine:** \$9.00/night, all amenities.

There are other hotels on the island at \$5 a night as well (Hotel Atwater, Hotel Catalina).

If the investigators want to sleep under the stars, or in their own tent/sleeping bags, feel free to let them. There are plenty of camping sites on the island, or they can just rough it. They may be investigated by wildlife in the night, however—deer, foxes, squirrels, and snakes. (And buffalo, if you wish to risk anachronism—they didn't arrive until 1925.) If they are putting camping gear on the expense budget, however, Wennekamp will not be pleased, and no matter how well they do (assuming they survive), he won't pay those expenses.

## The Fat Man Returns

Three hours after he left, Wennekamp returns, waddling behind a colored porter lugging a heavy wood box. Both men are covered in sweat: Wennekamp twice as much for less than half the work.

The porter gently sets the box on the desk as per Wennekamp's instructions. He takes his tip, bows, and scampers off. Wennekamp plants his cigar in his kisser, leans forward, dragging a cloud of cigar stench and fat man sweat with him, and opens the box, which is marked "American Telegraphone Co." in fancy letters on the front. (See **Handout #1**)

Inside the box (12 x 10 x 8 inches) is a spool of tightly-wound steel wire and a take-up reel, with some magnetic parts in between. Over the next half hour, Wennekamp explains how the recorder works, which he says is like Edison's Dictaphone. There is a small compartment in the back which holds a microphone that hooks up to the input/output jack.

**Hook this up, turn it on, and hold the microphone as close as possible to the band. Don't let them see it. When you're done, unhook it and stow it in the back. Bring the whole thing back here tomorrow, where I'll pick it up. There's enough wire for about an hour of recording. Now... where's a good place to get something to eat around here?"**

Telephonograph: Use **Mechanical Repair (Disable Device DC 15)** to operate (this is before electronic



recording, so an Electrical Repair will only be useful on the motor). If the players switch the machine on and then leave it, have them make another, *secret*, **Mechanical Repair (Disable Device DC 15)** roll (a result that they don't see). That's to determine if the wires tangle while unattended.

If a roll is failed, the machine loses the difference between the character's skill and the roll in minutes of recording time. So a character who misses their skill check by twelve lost twelve minutes of recording time (or five minutes per point missing the d20 roll). The Telegraphone has a total of sixty minutes recording time.

## Investigator Research

The players now have roughly two days to study and make inquiries. Their big decision should be when to leave for Catalina, for once on the island they are isolated from local services such as the library, newspaper, police, etc.

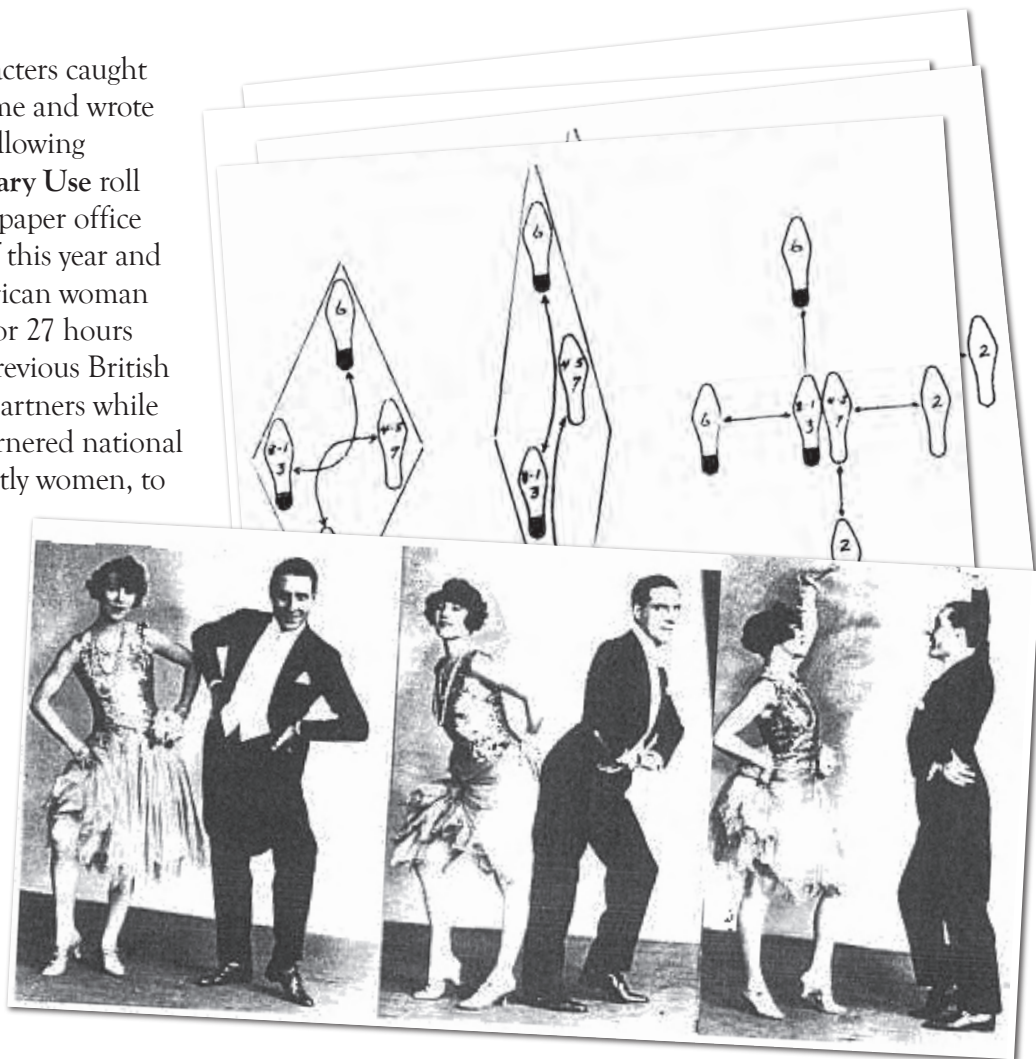
Following are some of the items the players may want to check out:

**Alma Cummings:** If the characters caught Wennekamp's mention of this name and wrote it down, they can easily find the following information with a successful **Library Use** roll (**Research DC 10**) in either a newspaper office or library: Starting on March 31 of this year and ending April 1, a 32-year old American woman named Alma Cummings danced for 27 hours without stopping. She broke the previous British record and wore out six different partners while she was at it. Her feat (and feet) garnered national attention and inspired others, mostly women, to try to break the record and share in her glory. Clubs and theaters around America have started to hold contests for local people to compete in. People could enter solo and find a partner there, or come with partners.

**Gennett Recording Company:** It isn't difficult to get information on this young, growing company at any library, newspaper, radio station or record store. **Library Use +25 bonus (Research DC 10)**

Everything Wennekamp said is true. Gennett and a few other recording companies won a lawsuit last year against the Victor (record) Company, allowing them to use the lateral cut method of recording to vinyl. This allowed the other companies to record, produce, and release record disks. Their sales are down, however, as are all record sales, since the rapid growth of radio.

**The Pharaoh and His Nile Orchestra:** The following article can be found at the library or newspaper office, but it will take time to track it down. Use the following formula to determine how long: A **Library Use** roll (**Research DC 15**) is needed. If successful, the piece was found in an hour. If a critical success (1/5 of the score or **DC 20**), then it only took a half hour of searching. If the roll fails, the article is still found, but it took two hours. And if it is a critical failure (95% or higher roll, or less than **DC 10**), then it took three hours to locate. (See **handout #2**)



There are many leads in the article, so it is important that the players find it, but they can be penalized for dawdling.

## VISIT TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

If the investigators follow up on the last known performance of the band, they can talk to someone at this church, located south of the downtown area (about a half hour's drive or rail ride from the office).

They will need to speak with **Deacon McInnis**, an Irish immigrant who booked the band.

If the players wish to talk to McInnis via telephone, they need to make a **Fast Talk** roll (**Bluff** DC 20) with a -25% penalty, however, they can save time by avoiding transit.

If they go to the church in person, have one character roll either **Persuade** (**Diplomacy** DC 15) or **Fast Talk** (**Bluff** DC 15) at no penalty to get the Deacon started.

McInnis is old and hard of hearing (hence the penalty to talk to him via telephone). He asks what religion the characters are; saying any denomination of Christian is the correct answer, Catholic is the best. If the players say something like "Ia! Ia! Cthulhu fhtagn!" or something equally silly, McInnis will slap them and throw holy water for 1d4 damage (maybe he just throws the bottle, or wets his fist).

If they say something like agnostic, atheist, or a non-Christian religion, McInnis will try to convert them for at least an hour before, during, and after his conversation (more time may be needed if the characters are especially blasphemous).

He doesn't remember the music of the band, for he books so many of them. But if the date of the performance is mentioned, or Pritchard's costume (turban), or the unusual music they played, he'll recall that that was the night that Victoria Seals passed on.

Aye, she wus dare. Dat aff yisser nut auld doll. 'Er doctor towl 'er ter watch 'er 'eart, but she would nah 'av none 'av it. Still tart av 'erself as a sprin' chicken, de stoney broke dear. She tried dancin' ter their music, but it wasn't loike any music oi 'eard. It wus fast, and 'ard. But oi guess that's wut der bonny boys and lasses want ter listen ter nowadays. Cannae say I loike it. Oi still perfer de choir, singin'

## Deacon McInnis, devout Catholic and ex-boxer

STR 14 DEX 15 CON 14 SIZ 13 APP 10 POW 11

INT 12 EDU 10 HP 14 SAN 55 +1d4 DB

Art-Music (singing): 65 Dodge: 45

History: 40 Jump: 55 Law (church): 35

Library Use: 50 Listen: 10 Persuade: 55

Psychology: 35 Swim: 50 Throw: 45 Fist: 70

de praises av our Lord Jaysus. Chucker yer sin'? (Do you sing?)

(brought back on topic)

Ah, aye, well, Victoria tried ter dance wan av de new dances they 'av, an' 'er 'eart gave oyt, jist loike de doctor said it wud! She felled in a chair outside de auditorium, an' called for a doctor, but it wus too late. De stoney broke lady. She dances wi' de angels nigh.

### Other information McInnis might relate:

Victoria was over 50, at least.

Her son and daughter live out of state.

No charges filed, it was death by natural causes.

The concert was cut short, and the kids shepherded out. They didn't know she died, just that an old woman got winded and passed out.

Funeral services were held here, with Father Blain giving a wonderful sermon about the evils of temptation.

Deacon McInnis doesn't cotton to jazz music. "Only evil can cum av dat Negro divil music. We din scrap an' die in Europe so tren cud sin' such lyrics, nar 'av lasses flashin' der legs an' bannin' withoyt escorts. 'Ell in a hand-basket is whar we're 'eaded. 'Ell in a basket."

He hasn't talked to anyone in the band since, and doesn't know their whereabouts. He gave them a small fee for their appearance in cash that night, like he always does. He never heard from them again.

He will confirm that the band was called Pharaoh something.

If the investigators ask too many questions, or ask to see church records, the deacon will beg off, saying he needs to prepare for noon prayers (or vespers, if this takes place in the afternoon).

If the investigators try to trick him (asking to be baptized, or convert on the spot) in order to get more information, he'll have them make an appointment to see Father Blain.



**Role-playing Deacon McInnis:** *He's Irish, obviously. In his sixties, McInnis has a wild shock of white hair and a rugged face. His nose is decidedly plump and mushed to one side; a sure sign that he used to be a boxer. He still has some punch to him, too, and won't hesitate to smack the players around if need be. He's hard of hearing, hard to understand, excessively devoted to the Church, but he's also well-meaning, and if the players act politely and graciously, and state that they are trying to help people, he'll spill as much information as he knows. Do the best you can with the accent. He is unable to accompany the investigators to Catalina.*



## FRED PRITCHARD BAND MEMBER MAKES THE NEWS

The following article can be found at the library or newspaper morgue, however, it takes a little longer, plus, without knowing of the name of the band to look for (learned from the previous article), this can't be found at all.

Have the players make a **Library Use** roll (**Research DC 20**). If successful, it took 90 minutes to find the article. If the player misses, the article is found, but the search takes three hours. If they get a critical success (1/5 their base chance or DC 25), it only took an hour to find. And if they roll a critical failure (95% or higher or under 10), the article is found, but it took four hours to locate. (See **handout #3**)

**Note:** No other information can be found for the Fred Pritchard band; they weren't that publicized. But feel free to let the players search to eat up their time (roughly one hour per inquiry).

## GEORGE WATTS

If investigators still have time and wherewithal, they can attempt to interview former Pritchard band member **George Watts**.

First, he needs to be reached. He's not listed in the directory, although a Pasadena Music and Arts Center has a telephone number for him. A successful **Fast Talk** (**Bluff DC 15**) or **Credit Rating** (**Diplomacy DC 15**) is needed to get this information. The easiest way is to lie to the Music Center, and suggest that they may have a gig for

George. It should take roughly 15 minutes to contact him, but a failed roll means that source does not, or will not release his contact information.

If the detectives manage to get George's contact, they can call him on the phone. He'll answer (he's not doing anything) no matter what time of day or night it is (he doesn't get out much). Once he's on the phone, roleplay the conversation as best you can (see suggestions on role-playing George). If the players aren't doing so well, or want to avoid talking in character for some reason, you can ask them for a **Persuade or Credit Rating** roll (**Diplomacy DC 15**) (George likes talking to people who have money). Any suggestion of intimidation, threats, or insults and George will hang up (and won't answer again).

Any ruse that the investigators are considering hiring him for work will be sufficient to garner an interview at his place.

Note that if the players do lie to meet with him, the sooner that lie is exposed, the sooner George will clam up and leave or kick them out. Money or buying him something (maybe handing over some Gennett merchandise the players got from Wennekamp?) will be the only way to hold him at that point.

George lives in the upper story of an apartment near an electric car line. It's convenient, but noisy (20 minutes to reach from downtown). He is stuffed in a dingy one-room studio occupied with scant furniture, a covered mattress on the floor, a violin and case (not a rare one), some dime novels, and boxes of musical scores, flat records, a Victrola, a cylinder player and wax cylinders, and one grime-encrusted window that looks out onto an auto salvage yard.



## WHAT GEORGE KNOWS

George Watts is a shabby, pot-bellied Caucasian man with clothes that sag around formerly broad, almost football-player sized shoulders. He's partially bald, with unkempt, bushy eyebrows, and a face of stubble and wrinkles.

His voice is gravelly, and he smokes constantly. He pauses often between sentences, as if considering everything he says.

He, too, asks questions related to the information he's giving, like "Why do you want to know?" or "What's Fred doing now?" and "Are they wanted for something?" and especially "Who are you?"

He is very bitter about being kicked out of the band, not just because of his drinking, but because he didn't go along with the whole "Sheik" theme that Pritchard followed. Sure, they needed a schtick, but why not play good music instead?

George started the band with Fred in 1919. They were a duo (Fred plays piano), but they quickly picked up more string players, a few horns and percussion, until they were playing at ceremonies, weddings, bar mitzvahs, etc. They made a few wax cylinders with McClellan, a no-name fly-by-night outfit that went nowhere, and continued playing small venues, usually when a more noteworthy act was unavailable.

George doesn't like to talk about his drinking, and will stop talking if it's brought up, finishing the conversation with "I'm over that now." Successful **Psychology** rolls (**Sense Motive DC 15**) can tell that he isn't.

Depending on the role-playing, meeting with George can take five minutes to an hour, plus transit time.

Feel free to alter or cut this information based on the player's questions. Assuming the players ask George about his time with Pritchard, he might say something like this:

*George Watts, washed-up violinist*

Art-Music (violin): 75 Credit Rating: 10

History: 40 Listen: 85 Mech. Repair: 45

Natural History: 30 Whine: 40



Fred was tired of poor gigs night after night, barely making enough to eat, and after the incident at the Christmas party at the Mayfair, he ran away to Europe. How he got the money for it, I don't know. Makes me wonder if he was cheating us the whole time.

He left in early January, and returned

about a month or so later. Said he met this composer, Kristof Panaut, in Paris. They talked about music, and the composer said he never had an interest in music until he met this old German violinist. The German was a genius, he claims, and could play down the stars. This heated Fred, so they struck a deal, and Panaut became our official songwriter. I guess they went into business together, because Fred got a trip to Egypt

or somewhere, to research ancient music and dance or some nonsense, and this no-name Frenchman got an American bandleader playing his tunes.

When Fred came back, he announced the big change. Said we'd have to hire some more players, and play this new stuff. And a lot of new instruments were bought. Some guys even used their own money to have these things shipped over here: zithers, lyres, the pan flute, this thing called an arghool that's like a saxophone. You shoulda seen John's face when Fred told him to play it...

This was all rubbish, you see. Weird time signatures, and meandering all over the place. People saw orchestras to have a good time and dance, not to do math. I wasn't going for it, but the other guys didn't see it my way, and especially not Fred, who claims he fired me, but I quit after our first show, at the church.

Fred was pretty obsessive about what we played and how we played it. But he didn't really book a lot of rehearsal time. We had to learn this crazy, complicated



material in weeks. But we...I, at least... are professionals, and we did our job. I didn't think our new outfits were anything to write home about, especially Fred with his silly turban, he looked like a freak up there. Anyway, at least he knew enough to ease the kids into this stuff, so at the first show, we played a few of the standards, using some of the new instruments, but some of the normal stuff as well. For a while, I thought this might work out, that the crazy instruments and Egyptian baggage were just a gimmick to get people interested in us. But then he started playing that weird stuff that Panaut wrote, and off we go. The kids were still dancing like crazy, trying to keep up with us. My bow was tearing like tissue paper, and Frank's lips split open playing his cornet, but Fred kept us going at this crazy pace. I heard some old lady died that night, too. I think the whole band died then, but Fred didn't know it. He was too much into that Negro voodoo, and he kept marching on, dragging the rest of the guys with him. I guess he convinced some people.

We had a shot, but to what, I don't know. Fred wanted bigger things, bigger shows, and more people. He didn't seem interested in record deals or radio play, just the shows. And he kept writing that guy in France, getting more music from him. Now the country's aflutter with King Whutencallem and the pyramids. I have to admit, Fred's got good timing, at least.

George has a copy of the two Pritchard Band recordings (cylinders), which he'd be delighted to play for the investigators (taking up more time). They're dull as dirt.

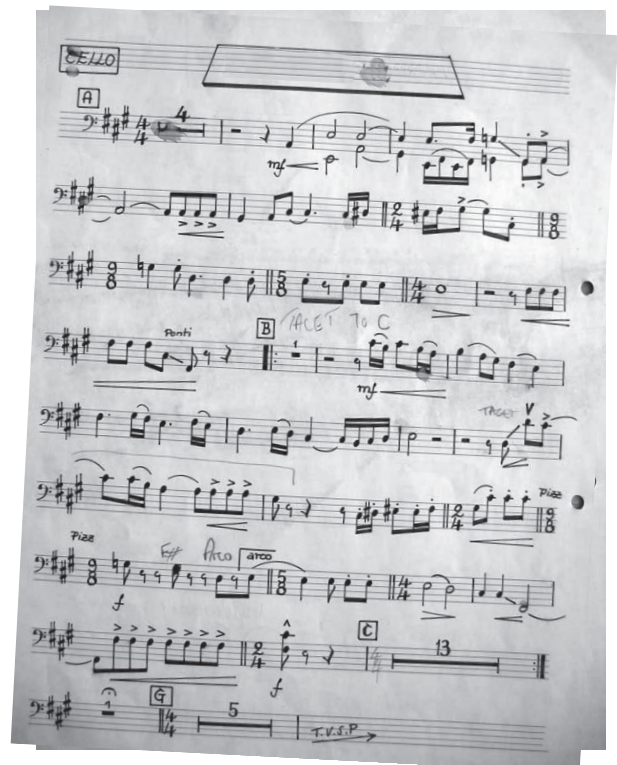
Watts can also find (give him a few minutes to look through boxes) one of the pieces of the original music that Panaut made, but *only* if the investigators prompt him (he won't volunteer). He has a few song sheets of the score called Zehuty Rises. He'll let the investigators see it, but they'll have to pay if they want to take it (not because he likes it, but because he needs the money).

If any **Art: Music** (Anna-Beth or Clarence) roll (DC 15) is made on the score, the sheets are noted to

be highly complex, and calls for atypical substitutions of instruments (end-blown flute, lyres, etc. as well as the usual clarinet, trombone, cello, bass, etc.).

George will not accompany the investigators to the show tonight for any reason or amount of money. It's too painful.

**Role-playing George Watts:** *George struggles with inner demons, related to his perception of his talent, and his diminishing capacity to bring it to the public. He's technically proficient, but he's not apt to change his style, nor does he have any real skill in composing his own material. He thinks he should be further along in his career, and depression leads him to drink, which means that fewer professional orchestras are going to hire him, which leads him to drink more. He is one who will soon either find religion, or attempt suicide. He carries a burning hatred (stemming from jealousy) of Pritchard, and will not react favorably to hearing of his fortune, and will do what he can to discredit the man. He might cling to the investigators as a meal ticket, especially if they mention that they are working for the Gennett Recording Company. George is always looking for the "one gig" that will get him out of his hell. If the detectives help him, make sure he continues to call them at all hours of the night, asking if they gave his records to Mr. Wennekamp, know where he might be, if they could reach him, etc. Wennekamp will be very displeased if the detectives reveal his name to George; he did ask about the player's discretion when he hired them.*



## “ZEHUTY RISES” AND “KRISTOF PANAUT” RESEARCH

If time allows, the investigators might be able to check out these names that George mentioned. Be sure to hold them to their departure time! The party might split up, or, if they wish to take later passage to Catalina, let them, perhaps with a surcharge for changing their tickets.

If the investigators look up “Zehuty”, they discover (with a successful **Library Use** and 30 minutes of searching (**Research DC 15**)) that **Zehuty** is another name for the Egyptian god Thoth, who is believed to be the god of the moon, who created everything with sound. He is represented as the “master architect” behind the pyramids, astronomy, astrology, botany, geometry, engineering, land surveying, etc. Supposedly there’s a Book of Thoth that contains much magical knowledge.

If Investigators are enterprising enough to check on the copyright or publishing info of “Zehuty Rises” or the name “Kristof Panaut”, let them, but with the following restrictions:

First, a phone call to the US Copyright Office in Washington, D.C., is needed. Due to the time difference, players will have to call before 2pm Friday.

Second, one player needs to make both successful **Persuade and Credit Rating rolls** (or one **Diplomacy DC 20**) to convince the clerk to perform a rush search for the investigators (there’s a long, tedious, paperwork-filling procedure to look this stuff up normally).

If the rolls are successful, the results will be wired to a Western Union station in Los Angeles at a cost of \$25 (which Wennekamp will reimburse if the players keep the receipt).

Smart investigators would have the results wired to a hotel in Catalina (same cost), otherwise, they may have to pick up the telegram on Saturday morning to realize who the true madman is behind this diabolical *danse macabre*. A scenario tracking down Panaut in Europe could be quite an adventure! Perhaps Pritchard isn’t the only “seed” he planted.

The telegram is **Handout #4**, but the results are reprinted here:

**Registration Number** KP-145-87G-6

**Title:** Zahuty Rises

**Description:** Musical score for orchestra

**Claimant:** Kristof Panaut, composer

**Published by** Grand Musique

12 Rue St. Honore

15th Arrondissement, Paris

For Purposes of Foreign Copyright Holdings

According to US Copyright Law

Rights of Performance to Fred Pritchard

Also by Panaut:

“La porte et eux verouillent”, “L’ouverture de la manière”, “La Longue Vie”

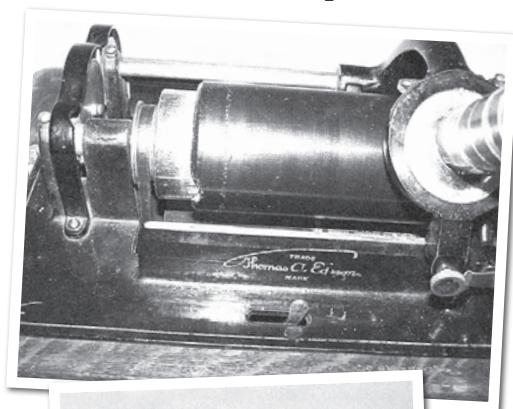
English version: “The Gate and the Key, The Opening of the Way, Prolonged of Life.”

## To Catalina!

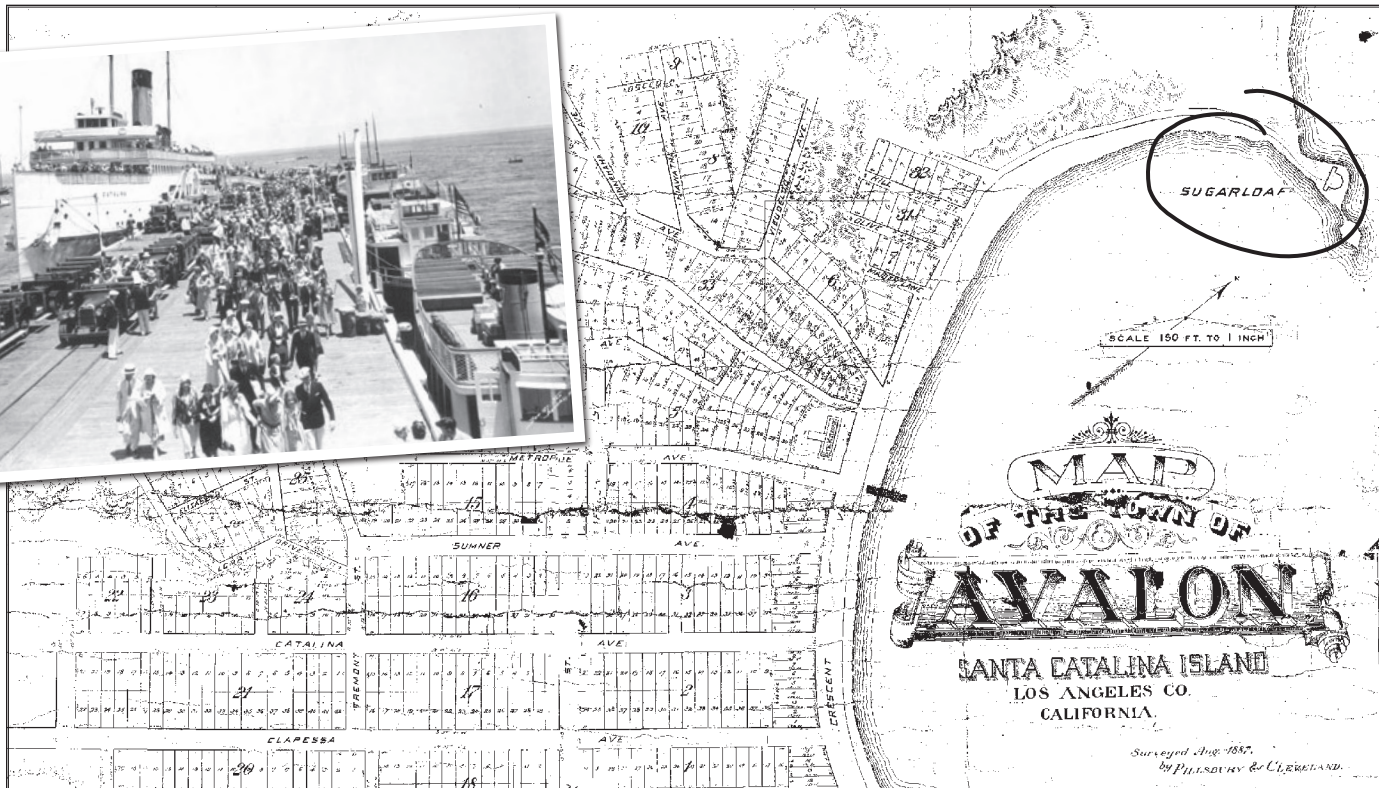
Use whatever means of transport the players reserved to bring them to the island; don’t forget to apply any penalties (seasickness or temporarily damaged hearing) due to their voyage. When they arrive, read the following:

Catalina Isle appears on the horizon as beautiful peaks hidden by gently moving wisps of fog. A natural inlet on the southeastern tip of the island cradles the city of Avalon, which features a long street of shops and restaurants along a pleasant boardwalk. Cute cottages and houses dot the slope behind the main avenue: homes for the thousand or so residents. A tall, mountainous ridge extends back and upward from Avalon.

Many other boats—mostly fishing vessels—and a few seaplanes bob up and down in the harbor. As you get closer, you see tiny figures of people walking along the beach or the promenade, some of whom stop to wave at you. All along the coast, fishing clubs and small piers poke out into the bay, some empty, some with boats moored to their wooden pylons.







To your right is a huge boulder jutting out like a giant's fang into the sea: Sugarloaf Point. Behind that is a striking octagonal structure, two stories tall and painted white with a red roof. It's quiet there now, but you know that soon the sounds of the Pharaoh and His Nile Orchestra will be wafting forth from that building, known as Sugarloaf Casino.

Taxi autos are lined up to take guests to their hotels. The drivers are not pushy; they smile and tip their hats if you choose to walk to your destination.

The sun is shining brightly through a bright blue sky, although a few white puffs of fog attempt to creep over the tall central ridge of the island, hundreds of feet above you. Despite the summer sun, most of the island is cooled by a pleasant sea breeze, and if that's not enough, the waters, clear and full of various small rainbow-colored fish, are refreshingly inviting.

There are many distractions on Catalina that the players can engage in if they choose: hunting, fishing, bird watching, swimming, hiking, sailing, or cruising around in a glass-bottom boat, looking at the unique flora and fauna of the island. Keeper's discretion on the time and cost of these events, but they should range between \$1.00 and \$10, and take anywhere from one to

six hours or possibly longer. If the players try to apply these expenditures to Wennekamp's bill, roll **Bargain** (Diplomacy DC 15) to see if they can pass them off.

Fred Pritchard has been on Catalina for the past few days; the rest of the Nile Orchestra members have been trickling in at various times, although all twenty-three of them will be on the island by 3pm Friday.

Pritchard has been little seen by anyone, and not just because the other musicians have preferred to enjoy the island's hospitality rather than the company of Pritchard. He can't be found, no matter how much the investigators look for him. He's not in the hotel; in fact, he is communing in the rugged wilderness at the north end of the island. Feel free to allow the investigators to look, of course.

## THE BAND

Once per hour in the city of Avalon, investigators can make a **Spot Hidden** roll (Spot DC 10) (or make one secretly for them) to find out where the Nile Orchestra is staying, indicated by the volume of traffic at their hotel, and the occasional but obvious instrument cases.

The band has reserved the entire top floor of the Hotel Atwater, on the loud promenade walk of Avalon.

Any contact with the band must be before 6pm Friday, after that, they don't talk to anyone they don't absolutely have to.

If the players speak to a Hotel Atwater employee or any of the band members coming in or out, a **Fast Talk roll (Bluff or Diplomacy DC 15)** must first be made, or the busy person will simply wave them off; someone else will need to be approached. A successful roll means the characters will be directed to talk to **Rube Bloom**, the semi-official spokesperson of the Pharaoh and his Nile Orchestra (so chosen because he is young, naïve, doesn't know very much and is very enthusiastic about what he doesn't know). Rube is in room 408.

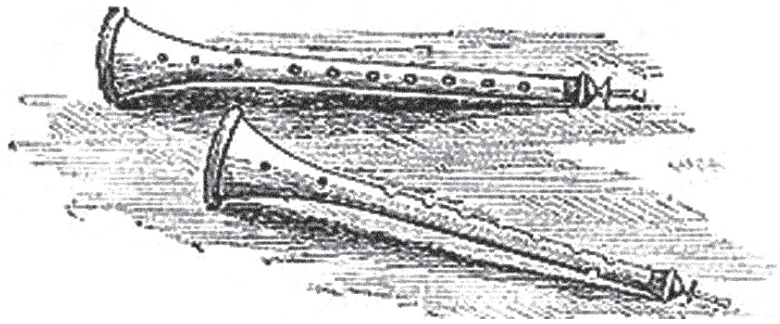
## ROOM 408

Room 408 is in the middle of the hall on the top floor, which is especially luxurious compared to the other floors. However, there are some strange stains and loose flower petals scattered on the carpet. (The stains are alcohol or hair gel, if the players investigate). The sounds of strange instruments tuning can be heard behind some of the closed doors, blending with the musical clink of cocktail glasses and giggling girls behind other doors.

Knocking on 408 will bring Rube out quickly. He'll ask "Yes?" and then let the players role play their way in (or demand a **Fast Talk/Bluff DC 10** if you like). Rube will buy almost any story the characters proffer, as long as it's not too outrageous.

The hotel room is small, with a single bed, nightstand, bureau, and dresser. There's a balcony outside with a gorgeous view of the ocean, along with two wicker chairs and a small Indian-made table topped by an abalone-shell ashtray full of cigarette butts and a lit Chesterfield (unfiltered). Rube, a baby-faced boy no older than 20, puts the cigarette in his mouth while brushing back an adorable curl of black hair off his forehead.

It's crowded with more than two people in the room, but make do (and make note if and where Anna Beth sits, for Rube will have trouble keeping his eyes off her).



Rube Bloom is one of the most outgoing and cheerful members of the Nile Orchestra. He also takes direction well, so he won't volunteer *any* of this information unless the players ask. But if they do, he'll explain to the best of his ability. Each bit of information is listed under the topic heading. Feel free to improvise this as much as you like.

Note that if the investigators mention anything about working for Gennett, or a record company, or suggest a recording deal, or anything of that nature, Rube will get really excited and energetic, probably fudging some of the information to make the band sound even better. He'll ask a lot of questions about the company, the deal, etc. He'd love to see Chicago and record there.

## THE BAND

Rube joined less than a month ago, asked to do so because he can play a bamboo flute (*shakuhachi*, *ryuteki* and *shinobue*), which he learned while living in Japan with his family (Bloom's father was an aide to the American ambassador to Tokyo). This is his third gig with the Nile.

Most of the musicians live in the Los Angeles area. A lot of them are young kids (like Rube) who don't have much experience, but they love the chance to play.

They don't mind playing the weird instruments, a lot of them have western equivalents: Magic Nay flutes are flutes, an arghool is like a saxophone, a lyre is like a harp, percussion is percussion, etc. It takes some getting used to, but they get some crazy sounds out of them.

The other band members are either touring the island, sleeping, practicing, late in arriving (they should all be here, all 23 of them, by 3pm Friday at the latest), or girl watching.

Pritchard pays the band consistently and well, so no one complains. He's always straight up with the guys, staying out of their business, so they stay out of his.

The band has already been paid for tonight (which is

Rube Bloom, young flautist				
STR	14	DEX	16	CON 14
SIZ	12	APP	15	POW 12
INT	13	EDU	12	
HP	13	SAN	60	Dm Bn +1d4
Art-Music (flute): 70				
Craft-Whittling (woodwork): 40				
Listen: 80 Natural History: 25				
Other Language-Japanese: 50 Swim: 60				



why most of the men are out, they're already spending their money). Pritchard will likely be reimbursed by the island company (who booked them).

Rube can't imagine anyone running off and stiffing Pritchard. "We just wouldn't do that."

Rube has not met George Watts, but heard some of the guys mention him. Usually something like, "George would never go for this," which is when they kick it and do it.

## FRED PRITCHARD

Pritchard isn't around, he's "preparing himself" for the concert, or whatever he does. He always goes off by himself to "clear his head" before a concert, so the band doesn't see him until a few hours before the show.

Pritchard arrived here at Catalina a week or so ago, supervising the decorating of the Casino and Sugarloaf (the big rock). He was very insistent on the decorum, and did a lot of work himself.

Pritchard pays fine despite the lack of shows. It's a big band, so some money must be coming out of his pocket, or someone's pocket. They're not selling out the Hollywood Bowl.

## KRISTOF PANAUT,

**their "Egyptian sound," and weird occurrences**

Rube never met Panaut, but a lot of packages come from and go to France.

What they play is strange for America, but the kids seem to like it, it gets them swinging.

Their music is a combination of dance tunes, old symphonies from the masters, and a bit of improv and experimentation. It seems like a grab bag, but it all flows well together. As long as it keeps the kids coming, they'll keep playing.

Weird things have happened at their concerts a few times, says Rube:

**People go a little crazy. Some say it's like that Negro voodoo stuff down in New Orleans. It scares me sometimes, but it's never serious, and always stops, and everybody cheers. It's like people start hearing something else besides our music, and start dancing in a weird way, which is kind of like what we're playing, but not.**



The band heard about that woman who died that night in the church. It's very sad, but maybe the elderly shouldn't be trying to keep up with the young.

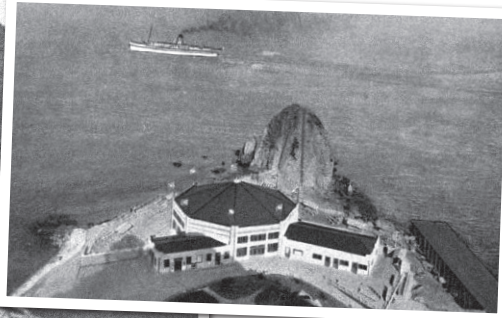
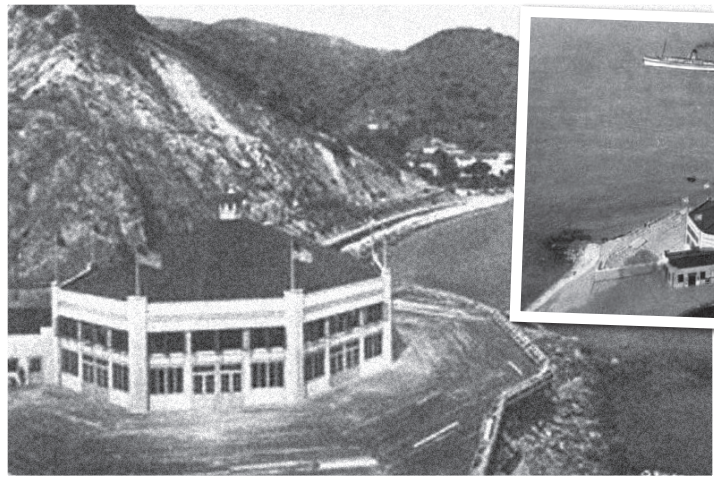
## TONIGHT'S GIG

Pritchard booked the gig here, doing a new tune, a new dance. After Alma Cummings, the woman who danced for 27 hours, they thought it would be fun to have a dance contest for this stuff. They only want the best dancers. Pritchard himself is offering \$100 to the winner, but he assures everyone it's a promotional fee that the composer is paying.

They will probably play their usual set (which Rube won't detail, but he will confirm they are doing "Zehuty Rises" if asked). A lot of the songs he doesn't know the title for, just his parts.

The players *may* be able to steal/sneak away some of Rube's score sheets, if they roll and role-play it correctly (Keeper's discretion). If there's still time, they can research the copyright and registration with the score in D.C., as per the above rules.

**Role-playing Rube Bloom:** *Rube isn't the guy foisted on the rubes, he is one. Because of his innocence, he will cover for the band, since he doesn't know, or doesn't believe, the mumbo-jumbo that he sees around him. It's all part of the act, and the act seems to be working well. Play a young kid, bright but inexperienced, maybe with a lot of "Golly gee!" phrases (certainly no swearing), and keep him virginal (in terms of euphemisms, sarcasm, innuendo, etc.). He smokes but doesn't drink, goes to church every Sunday, calls and writes his mom often, etc. He is a bit nervous, not just around a bunch of older guys, but also around a beautiful girl (if Anna Beth is there). Although a good kid, he might exaggerate a little to impress his guests, so feel free to fudge some of the data if the players seem especially interested in one part or another. Don't worry about giving out false info, just be sure to give them a lot of information. Rube might ask to meet with Anna after the concert, too.*



## Sugarloaf Casino

If the players wish to explore the casino before the concert, they may, but with limited access, as the crew is busy setting up for the dance, and doesn't have time for chit-chat.

Although called a casino, there is no gambling here. It is built of native wood in a clearing behind Sugarloaf Rock, which can be seen nearby. Investigators won't be allowed in, but they can peek through the windows (see diagram and a full description of the casino under "The Dance" section, below.)

There are benches around outside for couples to sit and either face the casino or, more commonly, the ocean.

A paved walkway diverges from the main promenade directly to the casino entrance. It is bordered by a painted wall on the left showing illustrations of native fish and topped with a canopy of vines that are intertwined with small hanging lights.

There are 30 employees taking care of the Casino on dance night, including the busboys, coat checkers, refreshment servers, etc. Although some of these people are big and strong, none are trained law enforcement officials nor have any weapons. In an emergency, they'll simply send their fastest runner to fetch the sheriff and deputies. At night, there's an active police force in Avalon of 12. Two can be summoned within ten minutes, and the other ten 1d10+10 minutes after that. If things get quite out of hand, sailors and shopkeepers will join in the posse.

## SUGARLOAF ROCK

Sugarloaf is a large rock just outside the casino. It stands over 60 feet tall, and has a set of steep and

rickety wood stairs that leads to the top, where a flimsy wooden observation deck rests. Tourists like to sit up there and watch the boats come in and out of the harbor.

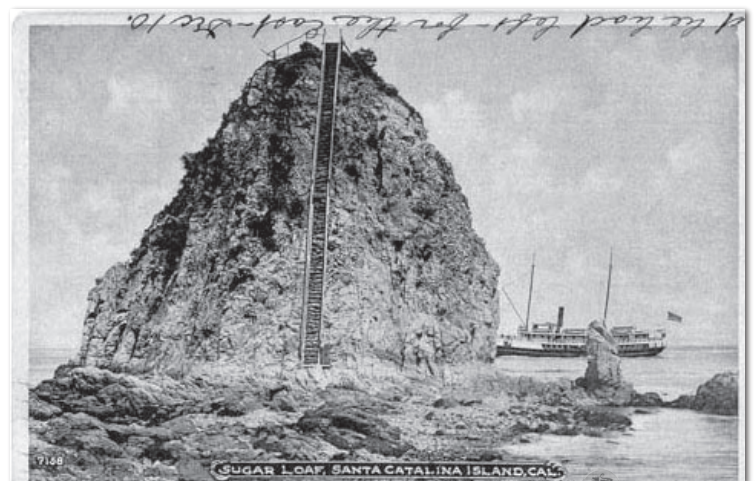
Sugarloaf also happens to be made of stone, and large enough to work as part of the Calling of Yog-Sothoth spell (the ultimate goal of the concert). However, a lot of work needs to be done to it, which Pritchard has been doing almost non-stop for the last week. He has finished by now, so he won't be found here if the investigators look. His handiwork can be, though...

If investigators climb the rock for any reason, and they make their **Spot Hidden rolls (Spot DC 15)** (make the rolls secretly for them), they notice that

**On various parts of the rocks, wedged in between the nooks of ocean-weathered fissures, are strange etchings of various sizes. They aren't very deep, and they look recent. But once you spot a few, you notice that these bizarre hatch marks, like Oriental characters, are dotted all over the rock, even on the areas not near the steps. Someone spent a lot of time and effort and personal safety decorating this stone.**

If authorities are asked (or anyone associated with the dance), they will mention that the bandleader, Pritchard, was out there earlier climbing around, but they didn't pay him much mind. They dismiss the etchings as all "part of the act."

If an investigator seeks to mar any of the designs,





they must succeed in a **Climb** roll (DC 10) (even if special equipment is used). If they fail, they take 1d6 damage from being battered around the rock. If they succeed, they can remove 1d4 etchings. For every five etchings removed, the time required to summon Yog-Sothoth increases by five minutes (giving the players more time to disrupt the ceremony). There's no way to completely wipe out all traces of the work; Pritchard was too obsessive and redundant.

## The Dance

Check to see what investigators are carrying. All weapons must be concealed! Feel free to demand **Hide** (DC 15) checks from those packing heat to avoid starting a mass panic.

Starting at five o' clock, each arriving steamer boat toots its horn as it pulls into port, loaded with giddy guests eager to disembark and discover Catalina. Some of the ships in the bay reply with their own horns, and people on the docks shout "Halloo!" and wave to the passengers, most of whom are dressed to the nines. The crowd is young and energetic, and there's a slight whiff of alcohol on their bated breaths.

Many of those arriving quickly dart to their favorite restaurants, grabbing seats before anyone else can take them. Others who file off the boat stop and point toward the Casino near Sugarloaf, squeezing the arms of their dates in anticipation.

Catalina's population almost doubles in just a few hours, especially after the five and six o' clock steamers arrive. Around half past six, many of the guests start walking, skipping, and sashaying up to the central entrance to the Sugarloaf Casino, which is nestled next to an ancient boulder jutting out of the island: Little Sugarloaf.

The Casino has been decorated in Egyptian style. There are short palm trees in pyramid planters in the corners, and more pyramids hold mounds of white sand cradling palm fronds and other flowering exotic plants. There are a few flickering torches on posts outside.

Inside, the building has a high

ceiling, draped with long silver streamers and yellow balloons that bounce and bobble amidst the ceiling beams.

Sugarloaf Casino is shaped like an octagon. Inside are a score or more round tables covered in fine, gold-trimmed linen and small, pyramid-shaped candles.

The center of the Casino is a huge dance floor, slightly raised from the carpet, and big enough for at least 80 people.

Set back against the walls is the stage, which has small podiums with the letters FPNO decorating them. There's a door on the right that leads backstage.

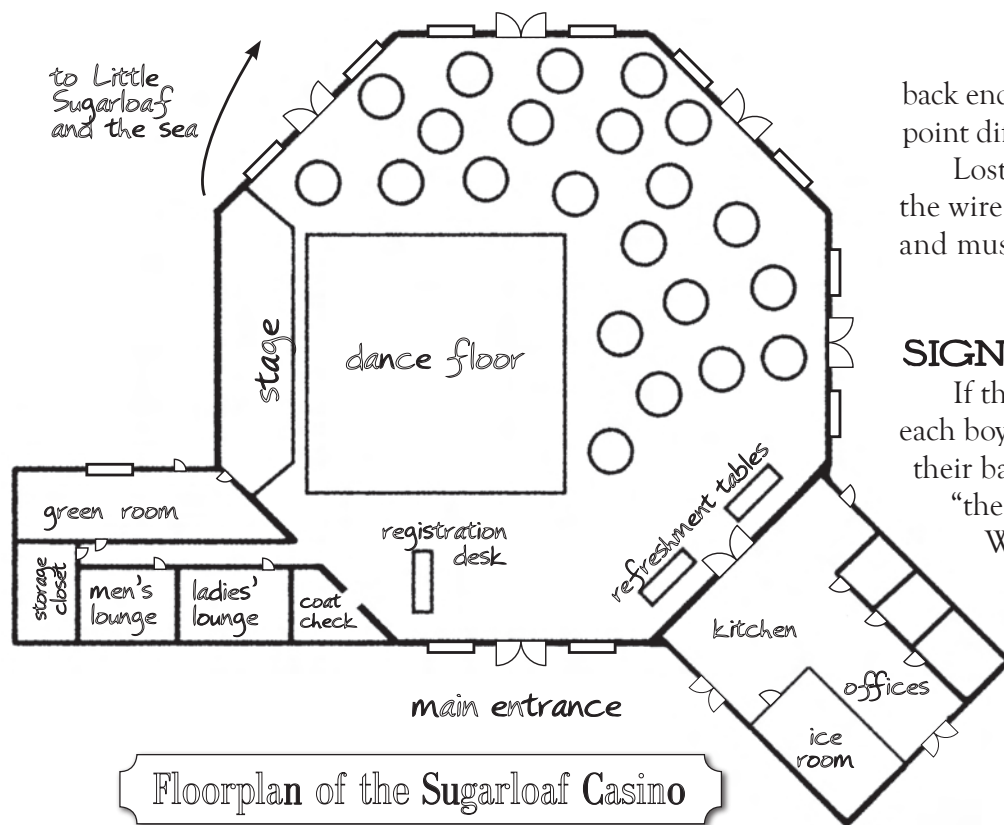
The sidewalls near the front contain a coat check, refreshment stand (lemonade, water, soda pop, coffee, dates, olives, grapes, crackers, cheese, Wrigley's gum, and Hershey's chocolate), and registration for the dance. A number of Latinos and possibly indigenous Indians in black and white finery lurk on the sides, setting up the last of the decorations, cleaning the trash, and pushing in the chairs as people slowly file in to the tables.

Everything inside sparkles like jewelry; rhinestones and glass beads adorn the walls, ceiling, and stage. The dancing reflections mingle with the placid ocean outside, which mirrors the clear, starry sky overhead.

It's going to be a beautiful summer night; the energy and excitement of the dancers is infectious, and you find yourself smiling at them occasionally; the folly of youth living life to the fullest, wonderfully oblivious to any danger around them.

The investigators need to check in and hand Wennekamp's passes to one of the four ticket takers at the entrance. If they wish to join the dance contest (which they are encouraged to do), the entrance fee is four bits (fifty cents) per couple, and they can sign up at a desk on one side of the octagon.

If the players arrive after 7pm, they might not get their first (or even second) choice of table (although if you want to role-play the detectives scaring away some kids at a table, feel free). No matter what time the players arrive, however, there will always be room for them inside.



## THE RECORDING MACHINE

The investigators are **not** allowed to take the box inside with them unless one of them (and only one can roll) can make a **Fast Talk roll (Bluff DC 20)**. Failure means they will be asked to leave it outside, or one of the ushers will be happy to check it at the coat check. If they fail, however, some characters can still go inside, and they could open a door or window for the other investigator to hand over the recorder (obviously, don't suggest this). It will be necessary to make a successful **Hide roll (DC 15)** to do this (only one player needs to roll).

The safest place for the recorder is to hide it under a table that the players commandeer. However, let the players decide where to put it. Remind them that it takes one **Mechanical Repair roll (Disable Device DC 15)** to start it (failure means it doesn't start, and five minutes go by until another attempt can be made by anyone). Once started, there's a second **Mechanical Repair roll (Disable Device DC 15)** required 1d20 minutes later to make sure the wire isn't tangled. If the machine isn't watched, the Keeper should make this roll for the player secretly. If the second roll is missed, the difference between the character's skill and the number rolled is how many minutes of recording time are lost, up to 60 (e.g., Billy has a 40 Mechanical Repair, and rolls a 50; ten minutes of recording time is lost from the

back end of the spool; or, five minutes per point difference from a d20 roll).

Lost minutes cannot be regained, for the wire is too damaged to record properly and must be cut off the spool.

## SIGNING UP TO DANCE

If they register for the dance contest, each boy and girl gets a number pinned to their back, a printed diagram describing "the Sheik shuffle" (the dance), a stick of Wrigley's Doublemint chewing gum plus a souvenir necklace: a thin leather strap with a shiny silver globe on it.

## THE AMULET

The globe is etched with vaguely Egyptian-like symbols (**Archaeology or History roll (DC 15)** to determine it's a poor attempt at Coptic). It is not silver, nor tin. Let the players roll to see what kind of metal it is, but don't tell them what it is, especially since they don't have access to a metallurgical laboratory here. Besides, the amulets are made of "no metal known to Earth." It is very lightweight and reflective.

No one will force the characters to wear the amulets if they don't want to, but other people who haven't signed up for the contest will ask the dancers if they can have the amulet as a souvenir. Note that the amulet just has to be carried by a person to work its magic (see below), it doesn't have to be worn around the neck.

## THE DANCE

The sketch shows the "Sheik shuffle" to be quite complicated. It involves a lot of twirling and circling between the partners, like moons around a planet. It involves more hand-holding than many other dances, so the kids are especially excited to try this out. After some practice, it comes much easier.

## THE FRIEND

At some point before the Pharaoh begins his show, a squealy girl shrieks in surprise and comes running over to the investigators.



### It's Juliette, a girlfriend of Anna-Beth!

(If Anna-Beth is not present, she's a friend of Clarence's).

She's so excited that Anna Beth came to the dance, and brought her handsome man-friends. Are these the gentlemen from her work? This girl is maybe 18, very thin, with a close bob haircut. She wears a cheap Egyptian tiara, and a slinky white beaded dress that spills around her powdered white knees like milk drops. She wears a long pearl necklace that she constantly plays with and gets tangled up in. She's cute.

Give the description of Juliette to Anna Beth now (see handout #5).

## JULIETTE

Juliette is a foil to disrupt the characters, a character to keep things dramatic, and to remind the players that they have to save even the naïve and ignorant. Have fun with her.

**Role-playing Juliette:** She wants to hang out and be a detective, like her pal Anna Beth. She genuinely wants to help, but is utterly unqualified for the job. She'll want to know if the players are spying on such and such cute guys, or if any of the characters are carrying a "heater" or a "cannon" (gun), and she'll want to see it (especially if she sees the butt of the gun under a suit coat, or feels it as she dances with someone). She'll probably want to play pretend with the gun, too (not a good idea). Make sure she asks lots of questions in a loud, teenage-girl voice. Try to (accidentally) blow the team's cover. If they show her the recording device, she will mess it up, requiring a **Mechanical Repair (Disable Device DC 15)** to fix. She doesn't have a dance partner (she came with her aunt, who's crashed out at the hotel), and keen to find one. She'll first flirt with Jackson, then Clarence, Billy, and lastly, Julius. She'll want to dance (and register for the contest, of course) and have fun and have men buy her drinks. Play her as annoying but cute, energetic, giggling, bubble-headed, endearing, and always eager for something to do or know. The best thing for the players to do is to dance with her (at least it shuts her up).

Juliette La Violette,  
actress, flapper, teenager

STR 10 DEX 15 SIZ 10 CON 14 APP 14

INT 10 POW 9 EDU 12 HP 12 SAN 45

Art-Acting: 30 Art-Dance: 60 Flirt: 40

Gossip: 80 Annoy: 60

You can't go wrong pretending to be any famous "party girl" from the 21st century as a model for Juliette. Try to affect a high-pitched Brooklyn accent, and make sure to flirt with every guy character (except Julius) at the table. Don't let the players ignore her nor hand her off to another NPC. Keep at them.

## The Big Show

Play some band music, preferably from the early 20's, if possible. Songs by Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra work well and are easily accessible at music stores.

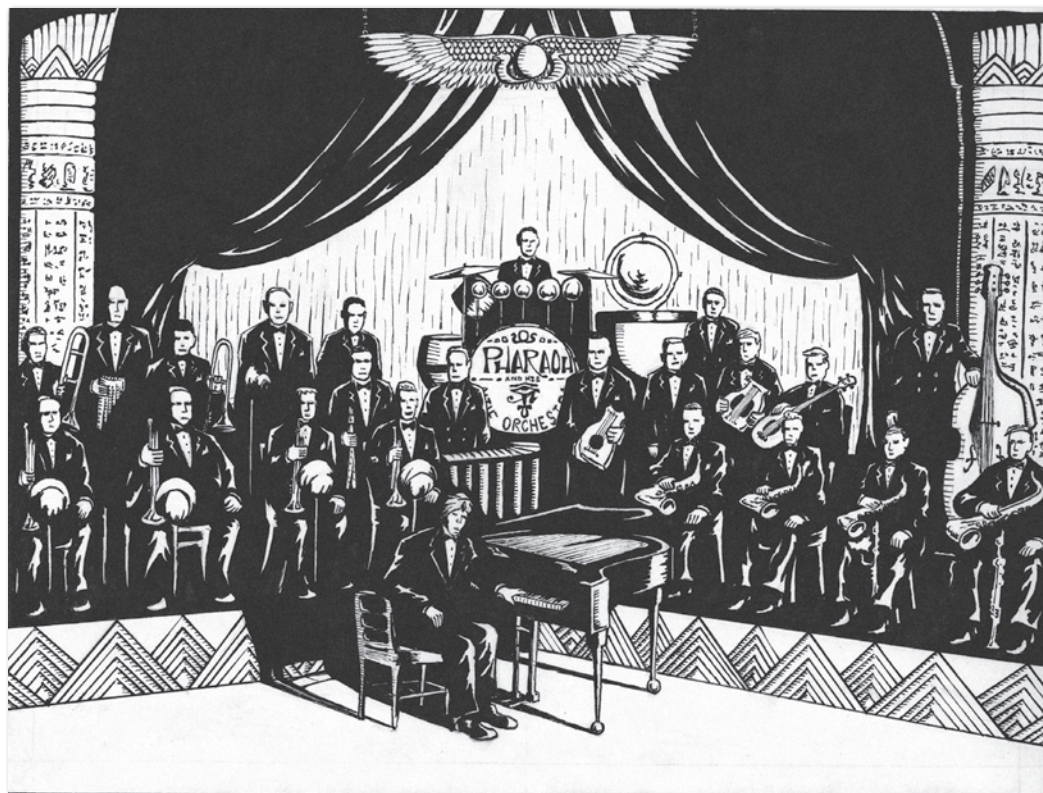
At 9 o' clock sharp the lights dim, but flashes of rhinestones and souvenir necklaces sparkle like starshine among the eager faces of the audience. Men in tight black suits, carrying shiny instruments, begin to file in from the side door, barely keeping straight faces as they take their places with the precision of a military unit.

Another man in a black tuxedo with tails, the host, comes out and takes the microphone, announcing "The Catalina Island Company and William Wrigley, Jr. are proud to present to you, for the first time on the Magic Isle, all the way from the Mysterious Sands of Egypt, please welcome, the Pharaoh and his Nile Orchestra!"

He turns and waves his hand with a flourish, and a spotlight falls on Fred Pritchard wearing a white turban, seated at a grand piano. He holds his hands up for a brief moment, his cuffs sliding back to expose his wrists, before bringing them back down on the keys as the band starts playing in time and in tune.

The audience applauds briefly, and then there's a rush to the dance floor. Girls grab their guys, guys grab their girls. Most of the audience is now either standing, foxtrotting, or dancing the Charleston.

Loose skirts flick about, and feet quickly dash and dart and glide across the floor to the loud sounds of the band. The casino's acoustics collect the sounds from the walls and bounce it all back to the dance floor, so it's louder there than



anywhere else. Kids running late hurriedly toss their belongings onto chairs or hop up and down while pouting and waiting at the coat check, then quickly stream onto the ballroom floor like spawning fish.

The dance is on!

For the next hour the band plays standards (regular 1920's music). They play well, in fact. The dancers have a great time warming up, and there are definitely some fleet feet out there. There's going to be some competition for this contest.

Feel free to have fun here, playing Juliette off the other players, fussing about with the Telegraphone, and otherwise lulling the players into a false sense of security. The band will be too busy to talk to anyone (Pritchard barely acknowledges the audience, and says nothing), but some of the musicians may wink and nod at characters they've met (Rube to Anna Beth, for example).

Everything seems to be running smoothly, and if they decide to record this first hour and then leave, they are welcome to do so. However, Yog-Sothoth will appear over the ocean as they return to the mainland, prompting at least a nasty SAN roll, perhaps even an attack if they are airborne.

If the detectives present Wennekamp with a recording of the standards, he will refuse to pay them,

because he's already heard this, and wants the *new* stuff.

At 10pm, Pritchard finally speaks as he thanks everyone for coming, and then announces a short break before beginning the dance contest. "Be sure to sign up at the desk," he says, "if you want to try for this..." and he holds up two crisp, new, \$50 bills, then pockets them with a smile.

The crowd claps heartily as the performers stand up and walk backstage, waving and smiling. The lights come up slightly around the walls, and a last-minute line forms at the registration desk.

The players now have a few moments to prepare the

recording box, get a drink, get into position, etc. If they try to break into the green room to talk to any of the band members, staff will firmly but politely escort them away. If the characters get belligerent, they will be escorted out of the casino. If the characters resort to violence, or brandish a weapon, the police will be called right away (and the band won't play with a madman running loose).

Players can, however, sidle up to the backstage door or try to spy from the outside (it's relatively simple to hide under the window; call for a **Hide roll** (DC 15), or better yet, make one for them, but they should succeed unless the players are doing something really obvious and/or stupid). The only roll of consequence here would be a **Listen** roll. Take into account any modifiers due to transport to Catalina, and impose a further -10% (-2 mod) (due to the loud crowd in the casino) to the roll. If the players are still successful, they hear Pritchard demanding, quite heatedly, that the band not screw anything up for this part. They have to get it right on the first try. Anyone who doesn't is out. And no matter what happens, keep playing.

Immediately after this pep talk, the door opens and the band members file back to their places, this time clutching a collection of weird and exotic instruments. And they all have long, serious faces.

Juliette will be dancing with someone now. Oh yes, she will.



# Dancing the Barrier Away

For this "new" music, try and pick something dissonant or cacophonous; some classical composers are Arnold Schoenberg (creator of the 12-tone technique) György Ligeti and Krzysztof Penderecki. Some religious world music might also be appropriate.

After the band has returned to their places, cradling their exotic instruments, there is a long pause as the lights dim. The musicians hold at attention, and, after some mumbling from the audience, there's an awkward silence as even the dancers stop giggling and twirling. Everyone is waiting. It is during this quiet that the side door opens once again, and Fred Pritchard strides to his place at the piano. His turban has a large dark opal in the center, and his long black tuxedo coat billows behind him. He stands and looks over the audience, eyeing everyone. He raises two crisp, \$50 bills from his coat pocket, and says "Let's see who can last the longest to get these!". He then turns to his band and nods. The players hoist up their instruments. Pritchard raises his hands and then brings them swiftly down. A loud, reverberating chaotic noise shakes the casino walls, vibrating the floor under your feet. The dancers back a few steps away

from the band, all of whom are hitting the same note as loud as possible and sustaining it. Some people cover their ears. Then the noise breaks apart and cascades into separate pieces, as harmony and rhythm appear from under the resonance. The top dancers quickly pick up the beat, and begin dancing. The rest of the crowd follows.

Allow the players some action here, notably, to start the recorder (likely the best time to do so).

The dance is strange to watch, as it doesn't seem to make any sense. But, after a few moments, a pattern emerges; it's a massive arrangement, as all the dancing couples are part of a larger movement. No one person or couple stands out, but everyone moving together reminds you of the mechanism of a giant clock or watch, with groups of people, some small, some large, turning together or against each other like gears. It's very syncopated and hypnotic. It doesn't seem like it could work, yet it does. No one runs into each other or steps on any toes. Even the clumsy dancers find themselves in a slower circle, able to keep up with the steps.

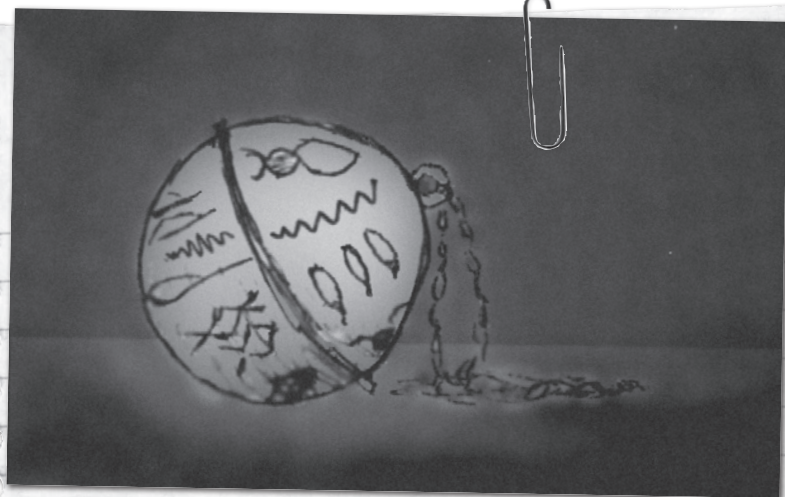
The flashing silver necklaces reflect light on the casino walls, like little stars. As the sky outside darkens to pitch, the house lights diminish, yet the sparkles continue, resembling swift-moving snowflakes. The cloudless, starry sky outside cradles the moving spots, and you

feel a sense of vertigo, like the void of space is swallowing you. If you are standing still, this imbalance and light-headedness is very strong; if you are dancing, it's not so bad, as you are moving in time to the reflections.

This is the beginning of the special spell **Call Yog-Sothoth** (see accompanying box). The chart on page 62 shows the effects of the spell, round by round.







## The Amulets

As the spell continues, the amulets that were handed out will begin to drain the Magic Points (Wisdom) of the wearer at a rate of one Magic Point per two minutes, adding it to the spell, until either

- The Calling is answered by Yog-Sothoth (in Tawil at 'Umr form).
- The Calling is stopped.
- The wearer runs out of Magic Points and faints.

This "drain" is easily attributed to simple physical exhaustion, so shouldn't be noticed by anyone until people start passing out (which is when all of their MPs have been drained). People unconscious due to MP drain appear to be in a very deep sleep. They will be groggy, unable to answer any questions, and will try to go back to sleep. It's as if there has been a mass case of narcolepsy.

As the dance continues and the little silver globes do their dirty work, they will start to glow with a shimmering, iridescent light. It's very faint but noticeable. This starts after two minutes (when the first MP is lost). As long as the spell (dance) is working, the necklace will glow, even if the wearer is unconscious or if MPs have been drained but the necklace has been removed. Only the complete interruption or cessation of the dance (fewer than a dozen dancers), the triggering of the spell (using the stored energy) or taking the mystical battery

(worn or not) more than 100 yards away from any other amulet will make it stop glowing.

A necklace can be removed by anyone (including the wearer) at any time with a successful **current Magic Point score of player vs. # of MPs drained by amulet** on the resistance table (or **Save vs. Will, DC 10**, but goes up for every point of Wisdom stolen). That is, as the globe drains more points, it gets more difficult to discard. Note, some wearers of the amulet might

not want some creepy stranger (like Billy or Julius) attempting to take their necklace off. A failed roll on the table indicates the amulet is too heavy to lift, although an attempt can be made on the next round (when it will likely be even more difficult to remove).

The globes will continue to drain MPs even if the wearer is *not* dancing or is unconscious for some other reason than lost MPs (for example, if they are knocked out from a blow). Death will stop the drain. Besides death or necklace removal, the only other method of preventing a complete Magic Point siphoning is for the wearer to be more than 100 yards from the next closest globe.

Any Magic Points drained are lost (until restored naturally). The MPs collected by the amulets will be emptied (used) at the conclusion of the spell. As long as they are within 100 yards of another amulet, the stolen MPs will be used for the casting.

*Do not tell the players they are losing Magic Points.*

Tell them that they are getting tired and light-headed, but don't actually mark on their character sheets or give them the obvious hint of "You just lost two Magic Points." As the minutes drag on, be sure, however, to give a player about to pass out that they are feeling very queasy and debilitated. A **Spot Hidden (Spot DC 10)** check notices their amulet is glowing. If they continue, they'll suddenly fall unconscious.



## THE DANCE OF OPENING

(aka, the "Sheikh Shuffle";

aka, Call Yog-Sothoth)

This is a special summoning of the Outer God that involves many parts working in conjunction. Participants in the spell do not need to know the spell, or even acquiesce to the casting of it.

First, the usual spell requirements of a cloudless sky and an open area are still needed. However, the "stone tower" can be substituted by a large rock at least 50 feet tall that is decorated with special runes.

Second, the casting involves a very convoluted dance by at least twelve people; no chanting or singing is required. In fact, no music is required, either; in the case of Pritchard, though, this music directs the dancers through the appropriate motions—the music pushes the dancers, and their dancing breaks down the barrier between themselves and Yog-Sothoth. It doesn't have to be the same twelve people throughout the dance (you can "tag-team"), but at least twelve people must perform the dance correctly for the duration of the spell.

Magic points are also expended in the casting of the spell to increase the chance of successfully opening the way. MPs must be voluntarily given to the spell; if not, some other means of taking them from the congregation must be sought. In this case, enchanted Egyptian globe amulets.

It is up to the discretion of the lead spellcaster as to when to "pull the switch" and send out the energy

gathered by the congregation toward the barrier separating us from The Key and the Gate, Yog-Sothoth. The longer the caster waits, the more energy will likely be available, and the greater chance of a successful summoning (see chart on next page).

There are two very important effects on the dancers and others in the vicinity during the casting of the spell:

First, observers are likely to be drawn into the dance by the motion and the music. Anyone observing the dance from any vantage must make a **POW vs. # of rounds watching** (after the first round) on the Resistance Table (**Save vs. Will** at **DC 10** first round, then up by one for every round after) to resist joining in (even if an investigator is physically unable to be with the other dancers, they will tap their foot or hand, nod their head, etc.). In other words, after five rounds of watching, characters need to roll their **POW** against four (don't include the first round).

If they succeed in their roll, they are free until the next (sixth) round, but the pull will grow stronger (**POW vs. five**). If a player removes himself from the dance, so they can neither see nor hear it, they are safe, and the counter resets. If they return to watch the dance, it starts all over again, skipping the first round, and going from **POW vs. 1**, then **POW vs. 2**, etc.

Second, it is difficult (and potentially dangerous) to break out of the dance once you have joined in the motion. As it is a fast-moving almost-riot, letting go and getting off the ride is no small feat. First, a **POW vs. # of rounds dancing** roll (**Concentration DC 10** plus the # of rounds danced) must be made to break the strength of the spell. The longer you are in there, the more your will is sapped. If the player succeeds, then a **Dodge roll (Reflex save DC 15)** must be made to avoid getting hit by another dancer.

If the Dodge succeeds, the character is free, although they could be drawn back in, as they have been watching the dance from the inside.

If the Dodge or Save fails, they keep dancing but also take 1d4 damage, as another dancer "bumps" them back into position.

If someone is rendered unconscious during the dance, they will be discarded from the motion, that is, they will be pushed out of the area by other dancers (no damage).

It is possible to be dancing without an amulet; in which case, the character won't lose any Magic Points, but they still need to keep pace with the dance.



Minute	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
Power	7	8 <sup>1</sup>	9 <sup>2</sup>	10 <sup>3</sup>	11	12	13 <sup>4</sup>	14 <sup>5</sup>	15 <sup>6</sup>	16	17	18
# drop	1	2	5	6	6	8	7	5	4	3	2	1
% success	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96

(1) Billy, (2) Juliette, (3) Julius, (4) Anna Beth, (5) Clarence, (6) Jackson

Anyone with or without an amulet can try another action while in the dance, say, taking a shot at the band as they swing around. Have them make a **POW** vs. **# of rounds danced** roll (Will save, DC 10 plus # of rounds danced) on the Resistance Table. If they succeed, they can take an action, but at -5% (or -1) **per round of dancing** (subtract the modifier **before** doubling the chance to hit with a firearm due to point blank range or any other bonuses). Example: Jackson tries to put a bullet in Pritchard's kisser as he swings by with Juliette in tow. He has been dancing for ten rounds, but easily makes his POW roll on the resistance table; he can perform an action this round. However, since it has been ten rounds, he is at -50% to his roll (10 rounds x 5% per round), so hopefully he can get real close to Pritchard to get a point-blank bonus, because he only has one shot...

## The Last Dance

If they wish, Keepers can disregard the time chart below and bring on the Elder God whenever they choose. The chart is an easy way to monitor time, Magic Points lost, and gives a raw percentage chance of the spell succeeding if the dance is seriously disturbed or if Pritchard is interrupted by the players.

Remember that Magic Points are lost by anyone wearing the amulet whether they are dancing or not, or even conscious or not.

Round one on the chart is after 14 minutes have already past and every amulet bearer has lost six Magic Points. However, feel free to start the countdown and drain sooner, but no one will really notice the loss of a few MPs (chalk it up to physical exertion).

For simplicity, assume there are 50 people (25 couples) on the dance floor, not including the PCs or Juliette. Modify if you wish.

## NOTES:

For the first 14 minutes, no one is drained of enough Magic Points to pass out, although the globes will be working. If the players stop the dance before this time, there's almost no chance Tawil at 'Umr will appear, and Pritchard will be very, very upset (see below for possible outcomes).

- Minute** is how many minutes have passed since the dance began.
- Power** signifies the starting Magic Points (Power) of the person who will fall unconscious due to their MPs being drained completely (dancing is irrelevant to fainting, it's just the alibi/excuse for falling over). If a character has this POW score, and has been wearing the amulet since the beginning, they will fall at the end of this round.  
A **superscript**(<sup>1</sup>) in this column means one of the PCs or Juliette will fall in this round (assuming their starting MPs have not changed). Also, this number is how many Magic Points each amulet-wearer will have lost at this point.
- # drop** is the number of people (not including players) falling to the ground like sand bags.
- % success** is the percentage chance of successfully summoning the god if Pritchard were to cast the spell in this round.

Always round down if something happens in between minutes.

**Superscript numerals:** If wearing amulets, Billy will pass out in minute 16, Juliette in minute 18, Julius in minute 20, Anna Beth in minute 26, Clarence in minute 28, and Jackson after 30 minutes.



# Coda

There are a number of ways this scenario can end. It is up to the Keeper's discretion, of course, but if the players manage to stop the spell and prevent Pritchard from intoning the final bars and disrupt the dancers from moving the final steps, Tawil at' Umr will not appear (but Pritchard could go berserk, which might make for a fitting climax).

## USING VIOLENCE

Some players might whip out their heaters and start blazing away. On the one hand, that is a surefire way of preventing the spell from being cast, assuming they can incapacitate Pritchard in one shot. If Pritchard doesn't drop after one shot (or one round of attacks), he'll attempt to trigger the spell immediately (roll for success, or arbitrarily determine if it works). On the other hand, firing at a band during a dance can lead to a panic and riot that is almost as dangerous as an Elder God (perhaps the two are related?)

Another option is to disrupt the (innocent) bandmembers by discharging a weapon, throwing a chair or something else, climbing onto the stage and taking their instruments, punching someone, etc. Any attempt of violence on any of the band members (including the leader) will lead to Casino security rushing over to tackle the radical (see stats below).

Pritchard will continue playing the piano at all costs (and the dancers will keep dancing, eager to win \$100), triggering the spell at the last possible moment. Most band members are too well-trained to stop unless something extreme (one of their number is injured or killed) occurs. They will continue playing, possessed by the energy themselves, even as they watch the dancers fall, or if characters climb onstage, try to take their instruments, etc. If only one character assaults the band, they'll keep playing and let security handle it, or a tuba player will bonk them with his brass. Unless the players are using melee on multiple people, or firing guns at the band, the show will go on.

If weapons are fired, the few people watching the dance (the employees) will panic. Some will run to fetch the police (see information for police on [page 54](#)), others will try to herd the dancers outside. This will lead to a large riot, as the dance "machine" is broken up, and a stampede ensues. It will take 1d10+10 rounds to get a sufficient number of dancers to stop dancing, so even in a riot, there's a chance the

spell will work (again, Pritchard will cast at the last possible moment).

If a riot occurs due to weapon fire (a fight, or throwing something on stage, will not lead immediately to a riot, maybe it's just the way some people show appreciation), be sure to ask for **Dodge rolls (Reflex save DC 15)** from many players to avoid being trampled. If they fail, they have fallen and take 1d6 damage per round until someone is able to rescue them (which requires the savior to make their own **Dodge roll (Reflex save DC 20)** to avoid trampling, plus a **STR vs. SIZ roll (Fortitude save DC 15)** on the resistance table; and, if Keepers are particularly cruel, a second **Dodge roll** (with a modifier for carrying a disabled person) can also be called for (or **Reflex save** with a penalty).

If players manage to kill or render Pritchard unconscious, there will certainly be serious consequences (an arrest). Unless the characters leave in a big hurry, an angry mob will chase them down the boardwalk, and no boat or plane will take them off the island. It's only a matter of time before the offending person is found (although it might take weeks if the character is adept at living in the wilderness).

## Pharaoh's Musicians (examples)

	Paul	Benny	Duke	Gil
STR	9	13	12	16
CON	9	10	11	17
SIZ	14	9	11	16
DEX	15	12	14	14
POW/ SAN	11 (55)	10 (50)	10 (50)	11 (55)
INT	13	14	10	12
HP	12	10	11	17
Dam Bonus				+1D4

### Skills:

Paul	Art-Clarinet: 80	Listen: 70	Swim: 60
Benny	Art-trombone: 82	Listen: 60	Bargain: 60
Duke	Art-tenor sax: 78	Listen: 90	Persuade: 60
Gil	Art-percussion: 73	Listen: 60	Fast talk: 40

## Fred Pritchard

STR 12 DEX 18 CON 13 SIZ 11 APP 14  
POW 16 INT 16 EDU 20 HP 12 SAN 40

Accounting: 20 Art-Music: 85

Craft-Play piano: 70 Craft-Conduct band: 80

Credit Rating: 40 Cthulhu Mythos: 25

Fast Talk: 55 Library Use: 60

Listen: 70 Natural History: 30 Occult: 65

Other Language-French: 50 Persuade 70

Spells: The Dance of Opening (see sidebar)

Arrested characters can comfort themselves in prison, knowing that they prevented some kind of occult spell.

Players can try to force Pritchard to trigger the spell prematurely, using the methods listed above, or, by affecting the dancers; either tripping them or breaking the dance up (use the rules for breaking the dance up, both to avoid being sucked in and being hurt if they go against the flow), or ripping the amulets off as many people as they can reach (using the amulet removal rules), etc. In this case, Pritchard will keep playing (as will the band), harder, until there are only twelve dancers left, and then he'll trigger the spell. Depending on how successful the players are, the spell still might go off as planned.

## The Gig is Up!

If Keepers are kind and the players resourceful and clever, they can break the spell so Pritchard fails (but is still alive). In this case, he'll call an immediate end to the concert, visibly frustrated. He'll stomp off without a word, although the band will look puzzled, and the dancers, some still moving, will wonder where their money is running off to. Depending on Keeper's discretion, Pritchard could escape to play another day (with another band, under another name), or, he can be lynched by an angry mob of dancers.

## CASINO SECURITY

Security is not interested in any explanations from the characters, they are there to restrain and hold suspects until the police arrive. They won't talk to the

characters except to say something like "Don't stand on the chairs," or "You're getting a little too rowdy," or "Come with me, sir." All questions will be referred (through a dismissing wave of the hand) to one of the Casino managers.

## What a Wonderful Night for a God...

If the investigators fail to break up the spell, or, if they disrupt it, but Pritchard is still able to cast the spell (perhaps with his dying breath), Keepers can either roll on the chart for a fair chance to see if the god appears, or, as most of us probably do, just bring out the Big Guy anyway.

If the spell is successful (like the climactic scene in Poe's *Masque of the Red Death*), Yog-Sothoth appears as Umr at' Tawil:

**The whirling dancers slow, then stop. In unison, the remaining dancers collapse to the ground like sacks of flour. A few slowly raise their hands to their aching foreheads, or moan in pain, or wipe the sweat off their brow. Standing in the middle of the crowd is a tall lone figure. Is that the winner? The figure is covered in an iridescent grey cloak, shimmering like the heavens with the winking white spots of the glowing amulets. The fabric completely covers the figure so that no flesh can be seen.**

**The figure slowly floats forward, the cloak rustling in a breeze that no one feels. It comes toward Pritchard, who falls over himself to greet the person. Movement has stopped, time holds its breath. You can't hear the crashing of the ocean waves outside, nor the panting of the exhausted dancers. The hairs on the back of your neck prick up as if charged by electricity.**

Here, allow characters to check their **Cthulhu Mythos** (or roll secretly for them) (DC 15), and at the very least, Anna Beth should get a "bad feeling" about this person.

If the players do nothing at this point, the following will occur:



Pritchard approaches the figure in grey, and kneels before it, like he was in church. The figure speaks in a voice that sings like the hiss of sand falling through an hourglass: "Where is the offering?"

Pritchard smiles and points east, toward the teeming city of Los Angeles. He smiles and says "There. Take your fill."

The cloaked figure then asks: "What is the desire?"

Pritchard then mumbles something, so soft it would be lost if not for the utter silence that surrounds the previously deafening concert. His words cut through the ringing in your ears, and you hear Pritchard's entreaty to the figure: "I ask for music to move nations and level mountains. Let me hear the Music of the Spheres, so that I may bring it to the world."

The cloaked figure then raises its arm, and a thin transparent globe, like a soap bubble, hovers in the air before Pritchard. It pops with a thunderclap, so loud you pass out...

The next day, you awaken to the sound of ocean waves. It is dawn, and there are a crowd of people milling out of the Casino in a daze. A thick fog rolls in off the ocean, obscuring your view. The band is gone, and a few workers are breaking down the stage.

You can't quite remember what happened last night... who won the contest? You are so sleepy. You need to go home.

When you return to Los Angeles, the headlines scream of a rash of mutilated bodies of all ages (some as young as two, and as old as eighty) and ethnicities that were found scattered along the length of the LA River. There are at least fifty so far, but police are still counting.

All the bodies have been burned and blackened, as if they were in a fire, but no other signs of conflagration have turned up anywhere near the bodies. In some cases, the bodies appear to have been dropped from a great height. The police are completely stumped as to what the cause of this might be, and the mayor is calling a private conference to see what can be done.

The only remaining evidence lies on some magnetic wire in a wood box sitting in a detective's office...

In this case, investigators will lost 1d20 SAN as they realize they allowed innocents in the city to be sacrificed to this figure so an insane man could gain knowledge. Perhaps Pritchard returns to the public later, a master of Erich Zann's music, able to open gateways to alien vistas with any instrument he picks up, or worse, any musician that plays one of his compositions will, intentionally or not, also open up these gateways.

If, however, the players move on Pritchard just *before* he is able to vocalize his request, they can take him down (subdual or gunfire) quite easily (he's not expecting this). However, the cloaked figure still demands to know why he was summoned. Someone has to reply to it. Here's an interesting situation for characters to role-play.

If the players are able to come up with a suitable offering to Umr at' Tawil (who demands some kind of sacrifice), they may be able to get ultimate power (and go insane in the process).

If players either attack the cloaked figure in any fashion, or if they refuse to provide (or gesture to) a suitable offering (human sacrifice is the expected payment, but maybe the players have something else a god could want, or are willing to sacrifice themselves or Pritchard), then Umr at' Tawil uncovers his visage, revealing his true form as Yog-Sothoth:

A few of the dancers look up, eager to see bubbles descending from the ceiling. But something must be wrong, for the bubbles are big, growing larger, and they are covered in a disgusting thick slime, like sewage foaming and descending upon the crowd. Someone panics as they look outside, witnessing in horror the bubbles frothing for miles over the ocean toward the mainland. A young girl, dazed, lazily reaches her hand up and touches one of the iridescent globes, becoming the first to die tonight.

Call for SAN checks from all players, as they are mere feet away from the full omnipotence of an Outer God (1d10/1d100 loss). If anyone manages to keep their wits about them, they now need to deal with Yog-Sothoth's wrath.

Once per round, the god fires a Silver Bolt that will randomly strike the dancers. If the players do anything to attract the attention of the god (like



shooting at it), they will become a target. As per the CoC rules, the silver bolt has an 80% chance to hit, and causes instant death in a 5-yard radius; however, the bolt can be **Dodged (Reflex save DC 15)**. Victims are burned and blackened where they stand, instantly immolated by the god's power.

If anyone is unlucky enough, or stupid enough, to touch one of the globes, they permanently lose **1d6 CON**. Yog-Sothoth also might choose, instead of the bolt, to reach its globes out to someone (100% chance to hit). This **CON** damage resembles corrosion of the part touched, and could result in an **APP (CHA)** loss as well.

This, of course, starts a riot of catastrophic consequences.

There is nothing the players can do, at this point, to stop the god. Feel free to call for some rolls, as it is entirely possible for the players to survive. After 10 rounds of randomly killing, the god will leave for better hunting in the large city miles away.

The mental state of anyone who witnesses this, however, is questionable.

## Play It Again

What happens to the recording device? Depending on when the investigators started got it running, it could have captured the entire tragedy on its wires. Either call for a final **Mechanical Repair** roll (**Disable Device DC 15**), or secretly roll for the character. If the music was recorded successfully, it could be replayed, and if anyone manages to find the steps to the Sheik Shuffle, Yog-Sothoth could be summoned all over again. Pritchard

would be pleased to know their concert was recorded; in fact, neither he nor anyone in the band will do anything to stop or seize the Telegraphone.

Roscoe Wennekamp will enter the office promptly at 10am, as scheduled, ready to get a full report and the recording. He hasn't heard anything about the night before.

What the players say, and how the recording scout reacts, is best left to role-playing.

## Consequences

If the players manage to stop Pritchard before the spell is cast without any deaths or injuries, reward them **1d20 SAN**.

If they stop Pritchard, but someone innocent is killed, only reward them **1d10 SAN**.

If Umr at' Tawil is summoned, but driven away by the players, reward them **1d12 SAN** (for facing down a god) or **1d20** if no one was killed.

If they fail to stop the spell, Pritchard, or Umr at' Tawil, it may be best to leave them at their current Sanity.

If anything bad happens to Juliette, the investigators lose another **1d8 SAN**, and their hearts and minds corrode further into despair and cynicism. From now on, maybe they should just work on Chinatown cases.



# Under The Boardwalk

## Handouts













Venice, California

Mama

Me estoy yendo. La época de la travesía está viniendo pronto. Roberto sabe que casi es tiempo, y él me necesita. Voy a ser una parte algo muy grande, más grande que usted puede imaginarse. Voy a hacerlo de me, mama. Todos de me. Te amo. Amo a papá. No intente encontrarme, y no grite. Será fino. Roberto prometió tomar el cuidado de mí.

Ha sido maravilloso con él. Tenemos porciones de diversión, viendo y haciendo cosas que había podido nunca imaginarme. Te amo, mama. Mucho. Adiós.

Amo, Rosa







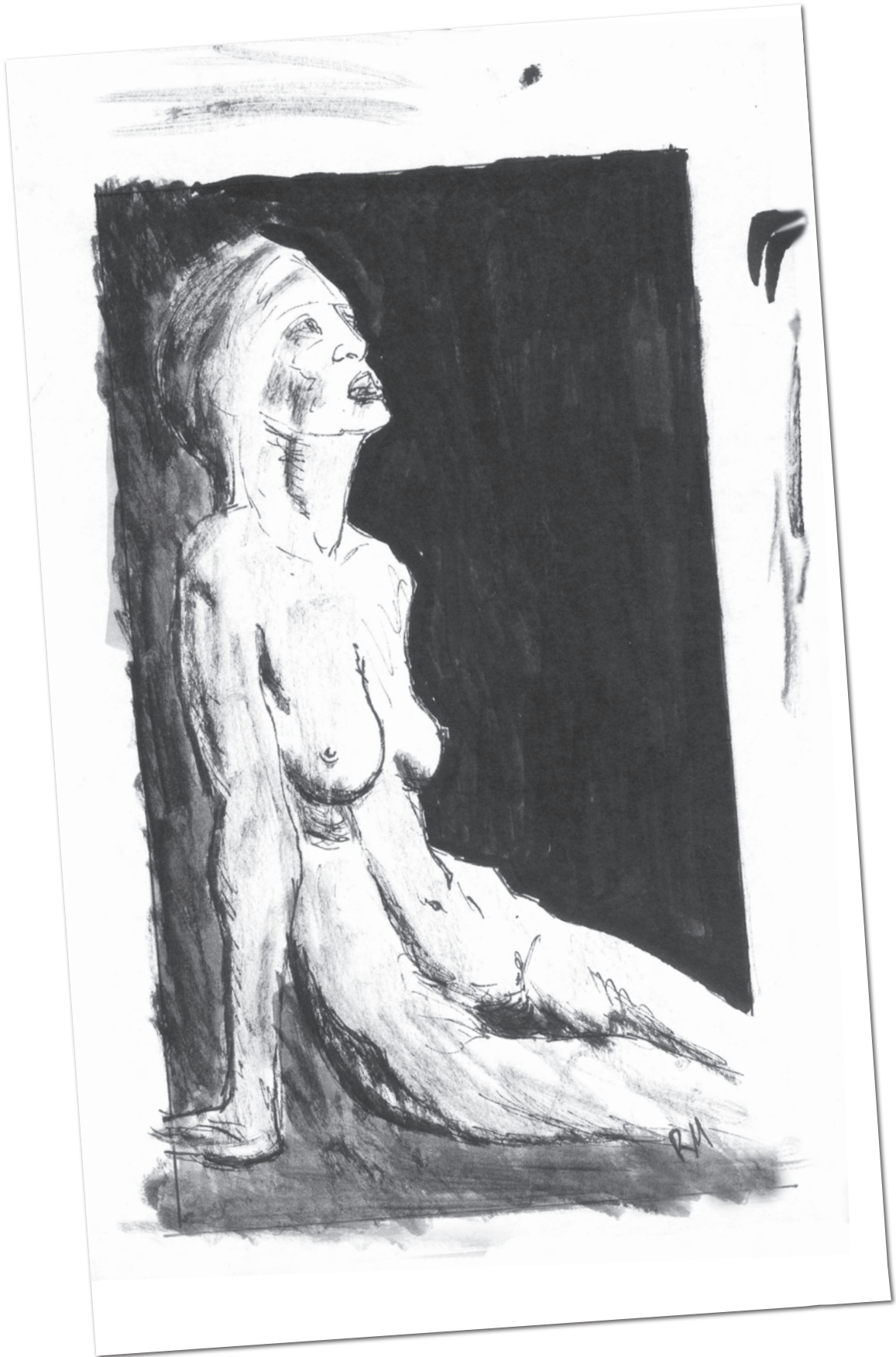












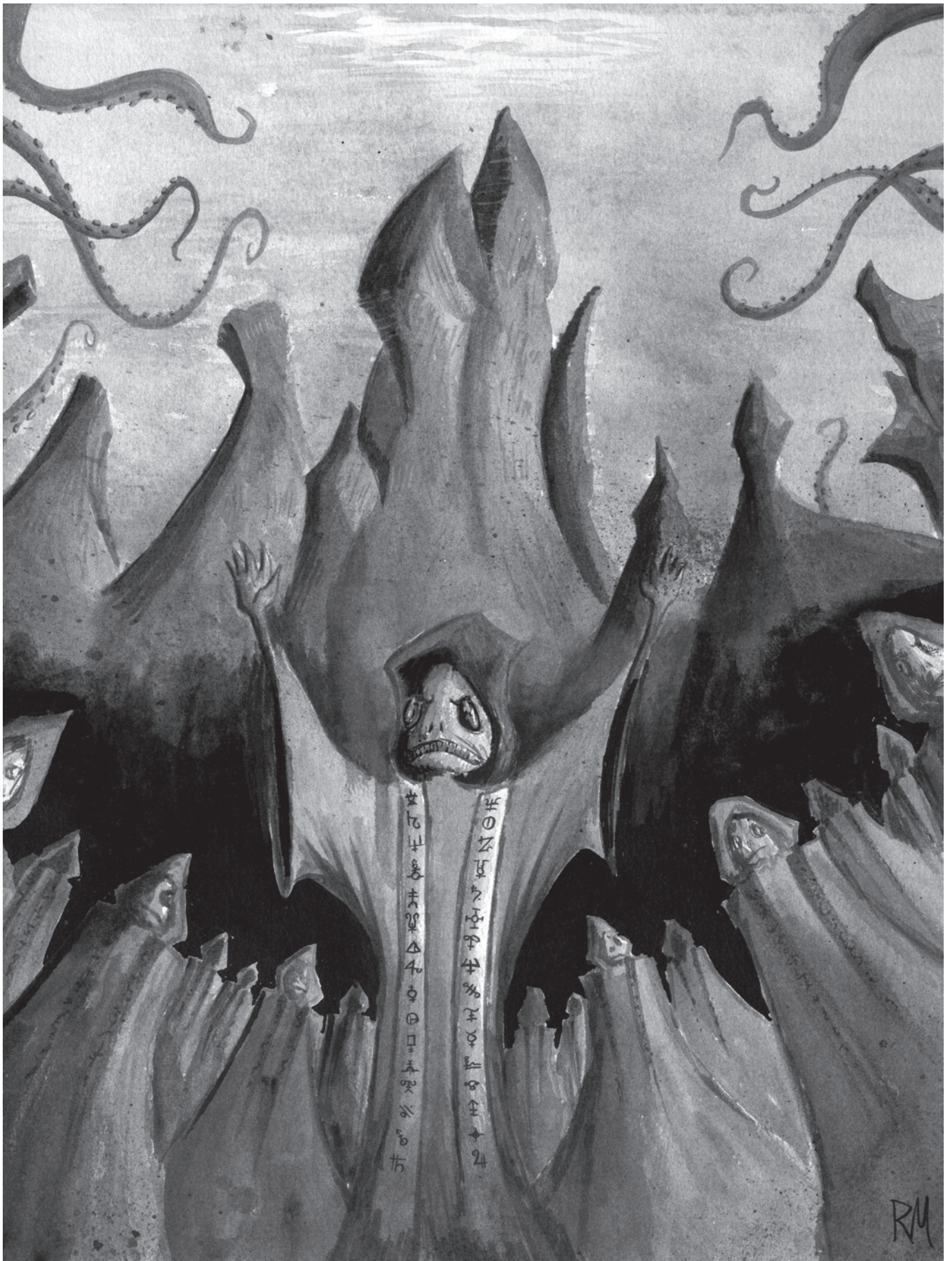






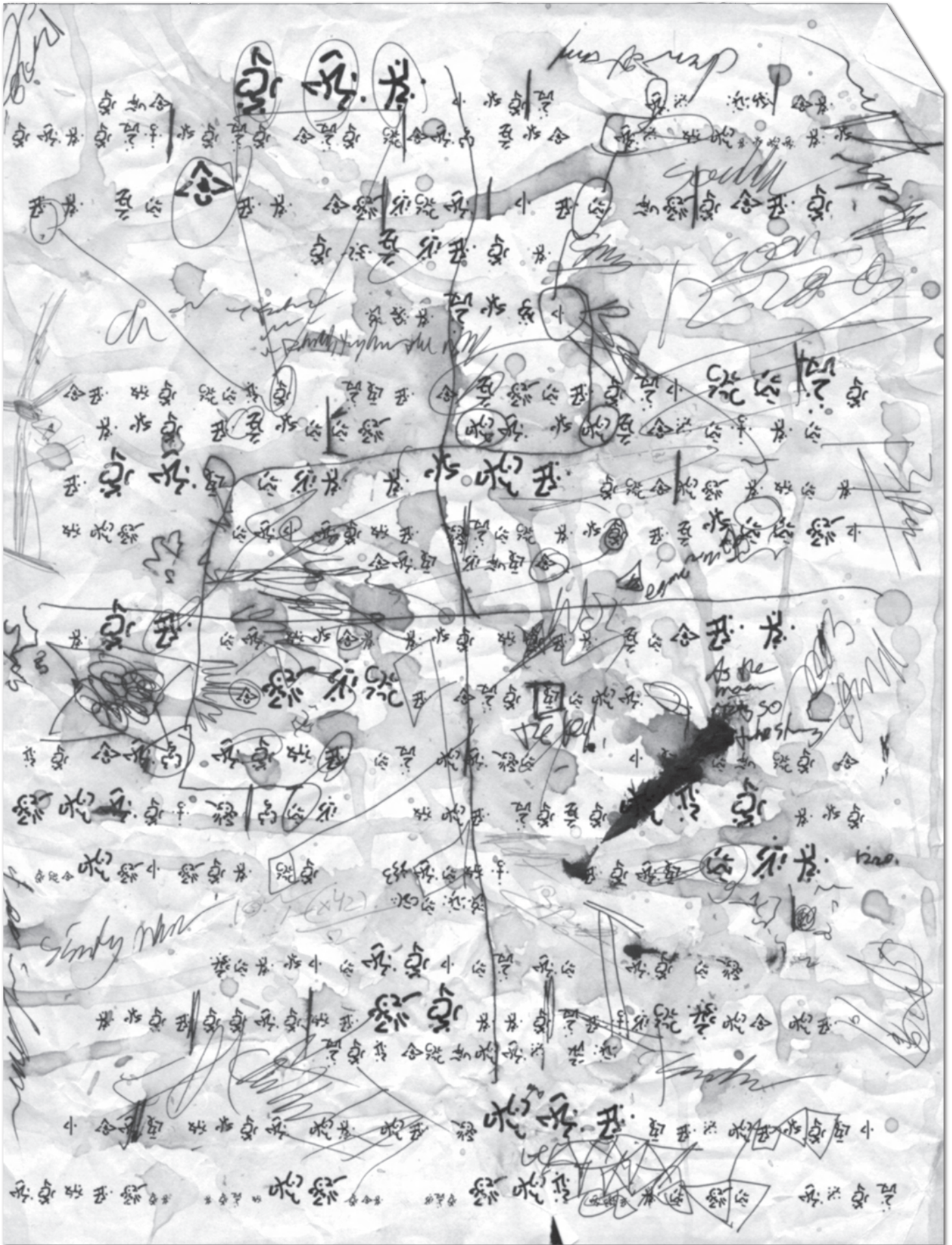






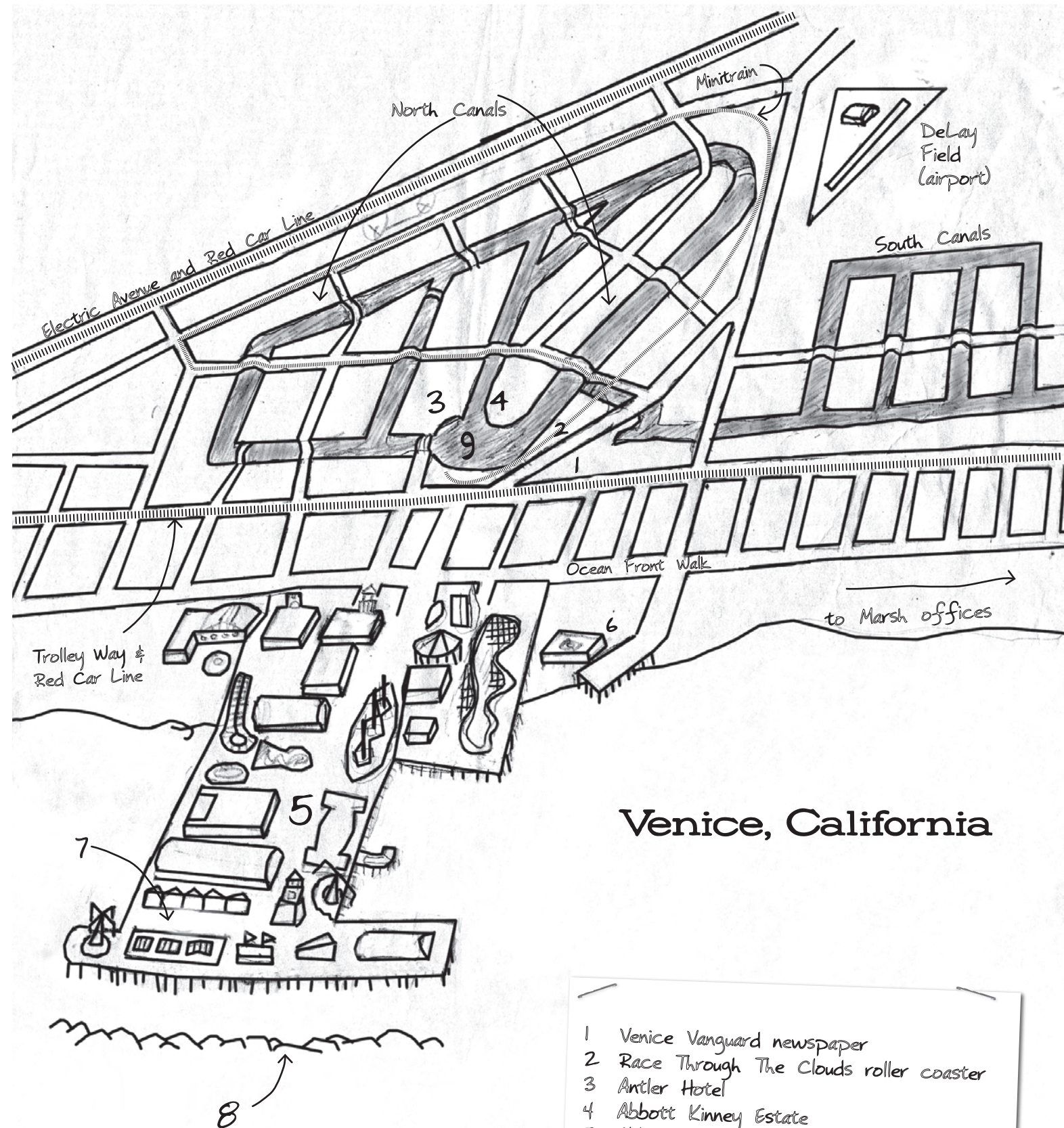












## Venice, California

- 1 Venice Vanguard newspaper
- 2 Race Through The Clouds roller coaster
- 3 Antler Hotel
- 4 Abbott Kinney Estate
- 5 Abbott Kinney Pier
- 6 Sunset Ballroom & Pier
- 7 Artists' Alley
- 8 Breakwater
- 9 Venice Lagoon





# An Enchanted Evening

## Handouts







## A Spool of Wire Speaks!

It is rather a weird instrument, this telegraphone. You see a box of something less than a cubic foot; you see two spools, five or six inches in diameter, filled with hair-like steel wire; you see an ordinary telephone transmitter and a pair of receivers.

The weirdness comes when you listen. The demonstrator has set the "speaking" switch, and you have spoken haphaz-

ard words into the transmitter; now the switch goes to "hearing," and you listen. And the words come forth—not after the "scratchy" manner of the phonograph, not with the side noises so often incidental to the telephone, but clearly, distinctly, with a pure, clear-cut, flowing quality difficult to describe, but astounding to hear!

The value of the telegra-

phone as a recording telephone as such can hardly be estimated. Once in action, the telegraphone gathers not one end of the conversation or the other, but every audible sound which passes over the telephone line! And when its work is over, it stands ready to deliver you the finished record, to be reproduced on the spot, or a year or a dozen years later!

The second interesting application comes in the telegraphone as a dictating instrument.

Our busy man sits alone, with the task of answering his morning letters. Before him stands the telegraphone; at his lips is the transmitter, he talks normally, for he has plenty of time. There are two miles of wire to run through that machine and another spool may be inserted in a minute or so when the present one is full!

In the automatic telephone station comes the third and probably most fascinating phase of the telegraphone: "Central" calls the office. The telegraphone answers with a little tinkling signal of its own! The man at the other end is informed that such is the case and that the conversation must be one-sided. He delivers his message to the telegraphone, and the telegraphone records it!

These are things which the telegraphone is doing. With science, ingenuity, and the demands of modern business behind the telegraphone, the speculations of to-day become the facts of to-morrow.





n months after the n Opera and Lin Theater announced tive commissioning w notes have been he composers have contracts, officials some have not even heir subject matter. with the busy Met er, the effort is gath- m. Peter Frank, the eneral manager, and Martin, artistic direc- coln Center Theater, eld a round of meet- the creative teams, al composers and writ- a interviews that they ted to develop ideas. the singer-songwrit- allen, appears to have progressed. ry eager to make en sooner rather Mr. Frank said. take a long time. e creative pro- s have con- ded time- itutions ement ing. re

# "MUMMY MUSIC"

## The Pharaoh and his Nile Orchestra Perform at the Orpheum Theater

*A. Leman, music critic*

The cacophonous din in our peaceful country has increased immensely since the advent of radio. With more and more ears straining to hear musicians squeezed to Lilliputian stature inside the latest Crosley contraption, more and more genuine full-size orchestras are futilely digging in distant lands for their compositional inspiration.

Witness the latest transition of the erstwhile Fred Pritchard Band: from an upright fraternity dedicated to playing only the most dulcet harmonies to accompany the perfect waltz or minuet, into the ghastly foreign-derived "Pharaoh and His Nile Orchestra," a mass of syncopated chaos whose only redeeming quality is their ability to drown out the caterwauling of felines in the alley behind whatever concert hall was forced to admit this travesty of proper music (in this case, the poor auditorium at St. John Catholic Church).

Never one to pass up a passing fad, the former Pritchard, now self-ordained "Pharaoh", has expanded his company to twenty-three, which isn't so much gilding the lily as

drowning it in Heinz catsup. He dropped only one regular, his first violin, George Watts, now of the Pasadena String Quartet.

To say that Pritchard leapt into the deep end of this new Negro jazz pool is an understatement—he also splashed in every gutter and sewer he could find in every backwater city around the globe, infecting his music with the complete set of symphonic diseases known to civilized man: 12-tone technique, interminable collective improvisation, disharmonic partial tones, absurdly exotic instruments, and, may Bach forgive us, lyrics worthy of D.H. Lawrence. Is it any wonder the youth of today are unable to listen to their elders? Their eardrums have been permanently pounded into mush by vulgarity.

Why Pritchard, who released two fine recordings last year, although their titles escape this reviewer at the moment, would make such an abrupt shift in style is baffling. Was Valentino's audacious performance in "The Sheik" so resounding that Pritchard wanted to hop on the camel-drawn Araby bandwagon? Or was it the desert air and Kubla Khan-mirages he experienced during his recent travels in Persia? Or perhaps Mr. Pritchard simply fancies himself better with a turban atop his head to disguise the lack of sense underneath it.

Fortunately for the few musical connoisseurs remaining, the Pharaoh and his Nile Orchestra have played only a few venues, and none east of the Rocky Mountains, so as not to embarrass our more cultured friends in Chicago and New York.

to finish the texts before thinking about the fanfare as part of sweeping plans by Mr. Gelb, who has just finished his first season, to

From the Los Angeles Times, March 30, 1923





## Local Musician Arrested

### *Band Cancels Holiday Concerts*

George Watts, violin player for the Fred Pritchard Band, was arrested last night after performing at the Mayfair Hotel on charges of public drunkenness and transport of alcohol, pursuant to the Volstead Act. This was the second offense for Watts, and he was fined \$400 and jailed for the night.

Watts is a founding member of the band with Pritchard. All subsequent holiday concerts by the Fred Pritchard Band have been cancelled. The bandleader, Pritchard, was unavailable for comment, as he was departing for an extended solo excursion to Europe.

No other members of the band were charged.

## Thieves Rob Ralph's Grocery

## Automobile Kills Bicyclist

### *Driver Accused of Drink, Negligence*

An off-duty city policeman riding his bicycle near his Hollywood home was struck early yesterday by a drunk driver who had lost control of his car, the authorities said.

The man, Alexander, was pronounced dead at the scene of the collision, which occurred at 1:13 a.m. at Beverly and Hollywood, an intersection near the man's home. The policeman, Officer Marks, was riding south on Pointsettia when he was struck head-on by the vehicle, a Model A.

The force of the collision slammed the bicyclist into the ground.





CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
TELEGRAM	
DAY LETTER	BLUE
NIGHT MESSAGE	NITE
NIGHT LETTER	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

# WESTERN UNION



# TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT    GEORGE W.E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
TELEGRAM	
DAY LETTER	BLUE
NIGHT MESSAGE	NITE
NIGHT LETTER	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

## RECEIVED AT

MPA191 R25CC 1F FT

AUG 18 1923

9:15 AM

LOS ANGELES CA

GUZMAN-WILLEN T AGENCY

REGISTRATION NUMBER KP-145-87G-6 TITLE: ZAHUTY RISES  
 DESCRIPTION: MUSICAL SCORE FOR ORCHESTRA  
 CLAIMANT: KRISTOF PANAUT, COMPOSER PUBLISHED BY GRAND MUSIQUE  
 12 RUE D' AUSEIL 15TH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS  
 FOR PURPOSES OF FOREIGN COPYRIGHT HOLDINGS ACCD. TO US  
 COPYRIGHT LAW  
 RIGHTS OF PERFORMANCE TO FRED PRITCHARD  
 ALSO BY PANAUT: LA PORTE ET EUX VEROUILLEN T L'OUVERTURE DE LA  
 MANIÈRE LA LONGUE VIE ENGLISH VERSION: THE GATE AND THE KEY,  
 THE OPENING OF THE WAY, PROLONGED OF LIFE



## JULIETTE

You know Juliette (La Violette, not her real last name), age 18, from your acting class. You both went to a few parties together (she was probably too tipsy to remember anything about what YOU did). She's a "biscuit" (a flapper girl who will engage in petting) looking for a "Candy Leg" (a rich, popular young man).







# Character Sheets



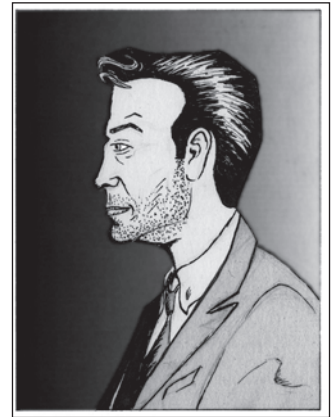
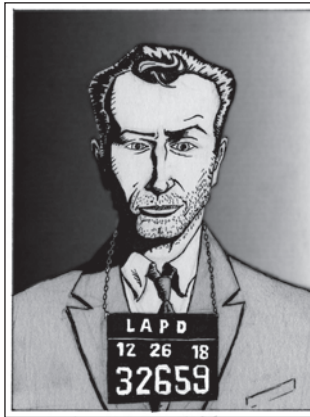


# LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

## FORM 75-A

### FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

NAME Jackson Guzman ALIAS The Guzzler  
 RESIDENCE Angelino Hgts PLACE OF BIRTH Los Angeles  
 NATIONALITY USA OCCUPATION Private Investigator  
 AGE 38 DATE OF BIRTH 05/12/1882  
 HEIGHT 5'11" COMP ruddy EYES blue  
 WEIGHT 180lb HAIR drk brn BUILD athletic  
 PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Always looks like he slept in  
his clothes and could use a drink



STR 14 SIZ 13 APP 15 INT 13 KNOW 60 IDEA 65 HP: 14  
 CON 14 DEX 11 POW 15 EDU 12 DB: +1d4 LUCK 75 MP: 15

UNCONSCIOUS  
 DEAD 0 1 2 3 4 5  
 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
 13 14 15 16 17 18

SANITY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

## SKILLS UNLISTED SKILLS ARE AT 01 EXCEPT CTHULHU MYTHOS, AT 00

ACCOUNTING	10	ELECTR. REPAIR	10	LISTEN	45	RIDE	05	FIREARMS		MELEE	
ART	05	ENGLISH (OL)	60	MECH. REPAIR	20	SNEAK	45	HANDGUN	55	FIST	65
BARGAIN	25	FAST TALK	35	MEDICINE	05	SPOT HIDDEN	55	SHOTGUN	30	GRAPPLE	25
CLIMB	40	FIRST AID	30	NATURAL HISTORY	10	SWIM	25	RIFLE	25	KICK	25
CONCEAL	15	HIDE	45	NAVIGATE	10	THROW	25	MACHINE GUN	15	HEAD	10
CRAFT	05	HISTORY	20	OCCULT	05	TRACK	10	SMG	15		
CREDIT RATING	15	JUMP	25	PERSUADE	50						
DODGE	32	LAW	35	PHOTOGRAPHY	25						
DRIVE AUTO	40	LIBRARY USE	25	PSYCHOLOGY	45						

**PERSONAL HISTORY** Guzman is a former LA policeman (and LA native) who retired from the force early due to "personal issues" (he got sick of the corruption). He lives alone and wishes he didn't, but realizes that bachelorhood is probably for the best.

Criminals don't like him because of his ties to LAPD, and the thin blue line thinks he's a coward for backing out of the force. Nevertheless, his ties to both help him solve cases.

He's very intuitive and always goes with his gut. He is the heart of the agency.

He is falling in love with his secretary, Anna Beth. Of course, he hasn't told anyone this, nor will he. Bad for business.

Everyone in the office knows that Billy impregnated his girlfriend, a Mexican woman. They plan on getting married very soon. Hopefully, before the baby is born.

**ACCOMPLICES** **Clarence Willent:** His partner, a smart guy. Without him, Jackson would just be a thug with good intentions. He provides legitimacy to the agency. However, when it comes down to it, a bullet is faster than a thought, and Jackson is better with the iron than Clarence.

**William "Billy" McGillis:** A good kid, great in a fight, very naïve. Jackson helped him off the street when he was being exploited by amateur boxing managers. Not that shaking down deadbeats is much better than taking a dive in the ring, but at least Guzman isn't skimming his paycheck. **Julius Stanton:** A lech, but keeps Jack connected with places he can't always reach. Also, he's Jack's best drinking partner, although lately Jackson prefers to drink alone. **Anna Beth Martin:** She has the youth and spirit that Jackson wishes he still had. Being close to her is like being close to life. He hopes that she never gets spoiled by experience, but he fears that she will.

**PERSONAL ITEMS** Weapon: .38 auto (dmg 1d10; 2 attacks/round; 6 shots; range 15 yards)  
 100 rounds of ammo  
 camera  
 Cash: \$32 cash on hand, and \$2600 in the bank.



# LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

## FORM 75-A

### FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

NAME William McGillis ALIAS "Billy"  
 RESIDENCE Compton PLACE OF BIRTH Houston  
 NATIONALITY USA OCCUPATION Assoc. Pvt. Investigator  
 AGE 24 DATE OF BIRTH 6/22/1896  
 HEIGHT 6'3" COMP pasty EYES brown  
 WEIGHT 277 HAIR red BUILD large  
 PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION A big lug with a boyish face.  
Short, curly red hair and freckles. He has a  
knife wound scar in his right armpit, and a  
tattoo of a shamrock on his left shoulder.



STR 16 SIZ 17 APP 11 INT 11 KNOW 60 IDEA 55 HP: 17  
 CON 16 DEX 13 POW 8 EDU 12 DB: +1d6 LUCK 40 MP: 8

UNCONSCIOUS  
 DEAD 0 1 2 3 4 5  
 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
 13 14 15 16 17 18

SANITY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	<u>40</u>	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

### SKILLS UNLISTED SKILLS ARE AT 01 EXCEPT CTHULHU MYTHOS, AT 00

ACCOUNTING	10	FAST TALK	05	LISTEN	25	RIDE	25	FIREARMS		MELEE	
ART	05	FIRST AID	30	MECH. REPAIR	40	SNEAK	10	HANDGUN	40	FIST	70
BARGAIN	05	HIDE	10	MEDICINE	05	SPOT HIDDEN	25	SHOTGUN	55	GRAPPLE	45
CLIMB	55	HISTORY	20	NATURAL HISTORY	10	SWIM	50	RIFLE	25	KICK	25
CONCEAL	15	JUMP	50	NAVIGATE	10	THROW	50	MACHINE GUN	15	HEAD	40
CRAFT	05	LANGUAGE		OCCULT	05	TRACK	10	SMG	15		
CREDIT RATING	15	ENGLISH	60	PILOT BOAT	36						
DODGE	36	SPANISH	30	PERSUADE	15						
DRIVE AUTO	50	LAW	05	PHOTOGRAPHY	10						
ELECTR. REPAIR	10	LIBRARY USE	25	PSYCHOLOGY	05						

**PERSONAL HISTORY** Billy is devoutly Catholic and very trusting of people. He is the youngest of a  
large Irish family (first generation immigrant). He fought most of his life against other kids. His  
parents were too tired (old) to discipline him, and his older brothers pushed him around. He joined  
the Army, but was discharged for being drunk and disorderly. He made it into the amateur boxing  
circuit, but it took him a while to figure out he was being beaten up for far less money than his  
manager and trainer were getting for sitting around and watching him get pulverized. He met Jackson  
in a bar in 1918, and they became friends immediately. He quit the ring and stayed in Los Angeles.  
Billy is trying to do well and fly right.

However, he impregnated his girlfriend, now fiancée, a former prostitute named Consuela. He  
hasn't been able to save up enough money to give her a good Catholic wedding yet. She's five months  
along, and he plans to elope. He hasn't told anyone about this. Billy is the muscle of the agency.  
**ACCOMPLICES** Jackson Guzman: A great guy, his boss. Billy trusts him with his life. Clarence Willent:  
His other boss. He's so smart it's kind of scary. But he's a good guy. Julius Stanton: A funny  
little reporter man who talks a lot and uses words Billy doesn't always understand. Anna Beth  
Martin: A sweet girl, but a little too headstrong for a woman. She could get hurt.

**PERSONAL ITEMS** Weapons: .45 revolver (dmg 1d10+2, 1 attack/round, 6 shots, range 15 yards)  
50 rounds of ammo.  
12-gauge double barrel sawed off shotgun (4d6/1d6 damage,  
1 or 2 attacks/round, 2 shots, range 5 or 10 yards) 50 rounds of ammo.  
about \$5 on him, and roughly \$112 in a shoebox in his apartment.  
a rosary  
a well-worn English pocket dictionary  
a flashlight  
a picture of his girlfriend Consuela



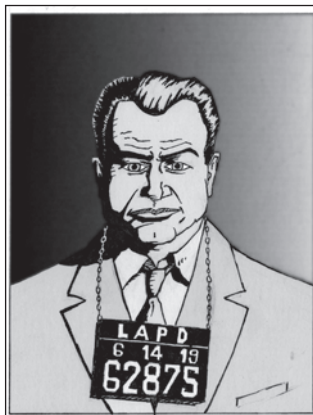


# LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT

## FORM 75-A

### FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

NAME Julius Stanton ALIAS Buzz (like a fly)  
 RESIDENCE Los Angeles PLACE OF BIRTH Tuscon  
 NATIONALITY USA OCCUPATION Journalist  
 AGE 28 DATE OF BIRTH 4/14/1892  
 HEIGHT 5' COMP greasy EYES brown  
 WEIGHT 130 HAIR black slick BUILD squat  
 PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION A loud-mouth little slimy  
weasel. Funny in an obnoxious way.



STR 12 SIZ 13 APP 10 INT 13 KNOW 70 IDEA 65 HP: 12  
 CON 10 DEX 16 POW 10 EDU 14 DB: +1d4 LUCK 50 MP: 10

UNCONSCIOUS  
 DEAD 0 1 2 3 4 5  
 6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
 13 14 15 16 17 18

SANITY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

#### SKILLS UNLISTED SKILLS ARE AT 01, EXCEPT CTHULHU MYTHOS, AT 00

ACCOUNTING	10	DRIVE AUTO	20	LAW	05	PHOTOGRAPHY	70	FIREARMS		MELEE	
ART/PAINTING	35	ELECTR. REPAIR	10	LIBRARY USE	50	PSYCHOLOGY	45	HANDGUN	20	FIST	50
BARGAIN	15	FAST TALK	65	LISTEN	25	RIDE	05	SHOTGUN	30	GRAPPLE	25
CHEMISTRY	30	FIRST AID	30	MECH. REPAIR	20	SNEAK	40	RIFLE	25	KICK	25
CLIMB	40	HIDE	40	MEDICINE	05	SPOT HIDDEN	45	MACHINE GUN	15	HEAD	10
CONCEAL	15	HISTORY	40	NATURAL HISTORY	10	SWIM	25	SMG	15		
CRAFT	05	JUMP	25	NAVIGATE	10	THROW	25				
CREDIT RATING	15	LANGUAGE		OCCULT	05	TRACK	10				
DODGE	32	ENGLISH	85	PERSUADE	45						

**PERSONAL HISTORY** Pessimistic and cynical, Julius wishes he could be Caesar. He's too smart for his own good, so he quickly left Arizona for the more cosmopolitan San Francisco and studied at the new college at Berkeley. The big news seemed to be with the burgeoning motion picture industry starting up in Los Angeles, so he skeedaddled Fogtown on the Southern Pacific. He loves and hates his decision ever since.

If he was able to write what he really wanted to write, and not what Hearst and his other publishers wanted, there'd be some serious earthquakes going on.

He's a big fan of Mark Twain and the current enfant terrible, HL Mencken. He hopes to be as acerbic and witty as them. Despite his biting comments, he really does love the detectives. He's found that sticking with them yields great copy, too. He has been helping them with their investigations (for full access to the story) for the last year or so. He'd like to be more serious in life, but he's having too much fun. It's dangerous, sure, but it's better than watching cows in Arizona.

Julius is the spleen & intestines of the agency – the ugly-but-needed bits that process the waste.

**ACCOMPLICES** **Jackson Guzman:** A lion of a man. Too bad he's going to eat himself up one day. He's fun to drink with. **Clarence Willent:** A bookworm who's fun to offend. **Billy McGillis:** Even more fun to tease, because he's so gullible, but Julius has to be careful—everyone protects the palooka, and one thing he never wants to be on the receiving end of is a McGillis right hook.

**Anna Beth Martin:** A peach with some weird fuzz on it. He thinks both Clarence and Jackson have the hots for her, but no one says or does anything. He'd like to tell them to just get over it or fight it out, but it's too much fun watching the tension. And she's not too bad to look at, either.

**PERSONAL ITEMS** about \$3 and some change, \$675 stashed between hollowed out books at home, the bank, and the safe at the Times office.

a wide range of pens and pencils, and many notebooks

a 35mm camera with film and flashbulbs; a current press badge.







Anna Beth Martin  
6514 3/4 Selma Avenue  
Hollywood, California

Height: 5'2"      Weight: 102      Measurements: 28-23-26  
Hair: Brown      Eyes: Blue      Complexion: fair  
Age: 19      Birth Date: 2/16/1901

The daughter of a seamstress and a milliner, she has always wanted better. At age 17, Anna volunteered for the Red Cross and spent a few months in Europe. It completely changed her outlook on life. She became a little harder, a little more determined. She saw men dying futilely, terribly, and couldn't do much to stop it but maybe comfort them with a smile and a song. She returned to the States focused. Anna

wants to be an actress, to bring joy to millions. She takes singing and acting lessons, but hasn't been hired yet, despite her many auditions.

Her hero is Sarah Bernhardt (the dancer and performer) whom she saw once in France and once in Los Angeles. She met Clarence at the show, and he offered her a job, which she took gladly. She loves detective work, but she hasn't forgotten her dream of being an entertainer.

Anna Beth completely believes in Spiritualism, psychics, mediums, etc.

Both Jackson and Clarence have feelings for her, but she knows better than to get involved with them, although she dreams, sometimes...

Anna Beth is the spirit of the agency.

References: Jackson Guzman: He's very intense, but strong and solid inside. He's also sad, and she doesn't know why.

Clarence Willent: Her mentor, he's like a father figure.

Billy McGillis: He's like Anna's younger brother. He got a Mexican girl in trouble, but she knows he'll do the right thing and have a wonderful wedding with her and provide a good home for his baby. He hasn't said anything about this, but everyone knows. She wishes Billy would come clean with everyone; she so wants to be in the wedding party.

Julius Stanton: He's an annoyance. He's also very rude and smells bad. She doesn't know why the detectives let him hang around, doesn't he have his own job? He looks at Anna like the men on the docks look at her.

Anna Beth has:      a dollar and four bits (\$1.50) and \$56 hidden in her tiny one-room apartment.  
                         a few nice outfits  
                         a makeup kit and a compact mirror  
                         a flashlight, a notebook, and many well-sharpened pencils.

STR	10	SIZ	10	APP	17	INT	12	KNOW	60	IDEA	60	HP:	12	DEAD	0	1	2	3	4	5
CON	13	DEX	14	POW	13	EDU	12	DB:	--	LUCK	65	MP:	13	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
														13	14	15	16	17	18	

SANITY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

## SKILLS

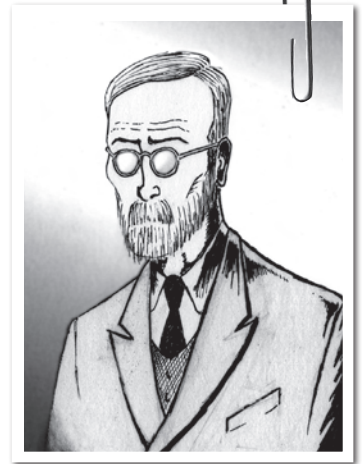
UNLISTED SKILLS ARE AT 01 EXCEPT CTHULHU MYTHOS, AT 00

ACCOUNTING	20	ELECTR. REPAIR	10	LOCKSMITH	25	PHOTOGRAPHY	20	FIREARMS		MELEE	
ART/SINGING	35	FAST TALK	20	MECH. REPAIR	20	PSYCHOLOGY	05	HANDGUN	35	FIST	50
BARGAIN	20	FIRST AID	40	MEDICINE	05	RIDE	05	SHOTGUN	30	GRAPPLE	25
CLIMB	40	HIDE	40	NATURAL HISTORY	10	SNEAK	45	RIFLE	25	KICK	25
CONCEAL	30	HISTORY	20	NAVIGATE	10	SPOT HIDDEN	45	MACHINE GUN	15	HEAD	10
CRAFT	05	JUMP	25	OCCULT	05	SWIM	25	SMG	15		
CREDIT RATING	15	LAW	15	LANGUAGE		THROW	25				
DODGE	28	LIBRARY USE	45	ENGLISH	70	TRACK	10				
DRIVE AUTO	20	LISTEN	60	PERSUADE	15						



## Curriculum Vitae

Clarence Willent  
1024 West Adams Boulevard,  
Los Angeles, California



**Birth:** 10/16/1878, Kansas City, Missouri

**Schooling:** Brown University 1896-1901. Left the PhD program after a few years due to lack of focus, but did obtain a Masters in Literature.

**1901-1903** Returned to Kansas City. Married college sweetheart, Marian.

**1903-1908** Conducted lectures on literature for social clubs back in Kansas City. Contributed articles to academic journals on mostly esoteric subjects.

**1908-1914** Marian's health declines. Clarence cares for her until her death in 1914.

**1914-1916** Remained with his family in Kansas, working on the books for family holdings. Soon becoming bored again, he moved west looking for opportunity.

**1916-1920** Answered Jackson's ad on a whim (probably his only whim in life), and the two became fast friends. For once, Clarence has a purpose. He is the brains of the agency.

**References:** **Jackson Guzman:** His partner. He's a little too emotional, gruff and coarse, but his heart is in the right place, and Clarence admires him for it. Plus, he knows Jack would take a bullet for him.

**William "Billy" McGillis:** A loveable bear. Billy is in a delicate situation with a Mexican girl, but he is going to marry her and give his baby, once it's born, a future. Billy hasn't told anyone yet, but everyone in the office knows.

**Julius Stanton:** A deplorable but necessary component to the team. He would prefer it if Julius did a little more research for the agency instead of hanging around the office all the time making crude jokes.

**Anna Beth Martin:** She has a curious, fresh, young mind. Clarence wants to develop it and protect her from life's cruelties. Plus, he is falling in love with her. He would never make any untoward advances, but still, he likes to see her smile.

**Clarence has:** about \$70 with him, and over \$12,000 saved.

Weapon: .22 short auto (dmg 1d6; 3 attacks/round; 6 shots; range 10 yards)  
and about 100 rounds of ammunition

35mm camera, and four rolls of film

a magnifying glass, a microscope, a pocketwatch, a telescope that he made from a kit and that he is very proud of.

**STR** 9 **SIZ** 13 **APP** 13 **INT** 16 **KNOW** 95 **IDEA** 80 **HP:** 13  
**CON** 12 **DEX** 14 **POW** 14 **EDU** 19 **DB:** -- **LUCK** 70 **MP:** 14

**DEAD** 0 **UNCONSCIOUS** 1 2 3 4 5  
6 7 8 9 10 11 12  
(13) 14 15 16 17 18

SANITY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	(70)	71	72	73	74
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

## SKILLS

UNLISTED SKILLS ARE AT 01 EXCEPT CTHULHU MYTHOS, AT 00

ACCOUNTING	40	CRAFT	05	JUMP	25	NATURAL HISTORY	30	SPOT HIDDEN	55	SMG	15
ANTHROPOLOGY	10	CREDIT RATING	45	LANGUAGE		NAVIGATE	10	SWIM	25		
ARCHAEOLOGY	10	DODGE	28	ENGLISH	90	OCCULT	10	THROW	25	MELEE	
ART/PLAY VIOLIN	35	DRIVE AUTO	20	FRENCH	10	PERSUADE	55	TRACK	10	FIST	50
ASTRONOMY	20	ELECTR. REPAIR	10	LATIN	20	PHARMACY	10			GRAPPLE	25
BARGAIN	35	FAST TALK	05	LAW	35	PHOTOGRAPHY	40	FIREARMS		KICK	25
BIOLOGY	10	FIRST AID	30	LIBRARY USE	65	PHYSICS	10	HANDGUN	30	HEAD	10
CHEMISTRY	10	GEOLOGY	10	LISTEN	25	PSYCHOLOGY	45	SHOTGUN	30		
CLIMB	40	HIDE	10	MECH. REPAIR	20	RIDE	05	RIFLE	25		
CONCEAL	15	HISTORY	40	MEDICINE	40	SNEAK	10	MACHINE GUN	15		





# D20 Characters and NPCs

(copy to the character sheet of your choice)

## Jackson Guzman

Profession: Detective

Level: 3

Age: 38

Gender: male

Height: 6'

Weight: 185lbs.

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Skin: Dirty

**STR:** 14 (+2)

**DEX:** 13 (+1)

**CON:** 14 (+2)

**INT:** 11 (0)

**WIS:** 16 (+3)

**CHA:** 14 (+2)

**HP:** 22

AC 11 (10 +1 for dex)

Initiative: +1 (dex mod)

Base Attack: +3

Current Sanity: 80

## Saving Throws

Fortitude: +3

Reflex: +4

Will: +4

Melee Attack Bonus: +5

Ranged Attack Bonus: +5  
(+4 if more than 30 ft  
away)

## Feats

Weapon proficiency:

pistol

Point Blank Shot

Persuasive

## Skills:

Bluff + 9

Gather Information +6

Hide +4

Intimidate + 10

Knowledge: Streetwise + 4

Knowledge: Local

(Los Angeles) + 4

Knowledge: Law +4

Listen +7

Move Silently +4

Search + 4

Sense Motive +6

Sleight of Hand +4

Spot +7

**Weapon:** colt revolver

Total attack bonus = +5

Damage = 2d8 +1

Critical = x3

Range: 20 ft

Type: Rev/D

Special properties:

multifire

Ammo: 6

## Gear:

\$32 cash on hand

\$2,600 savings

Half-empty pack of Lucky

Strikes

Lighter

Empty hip flask

## Clarence Willent

Profession: Detective

Level: 3

Age: 42

Gender: male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 170lbs.

Eyes: green

Hair: blonde

Skin: pale

**STR:** 9 (-1)

**DEX:** 14 (+2)

**CON:** 12 (+1)

**INT:** 16 (+3)

**WIS:** 14 (+2)

**CHA:** 13 (+1)

**HP:** 19

AC 12 (10 +2 for dex)

Initiative: +2 (dex mod)

Base Attack: +1

Current Sanity: 70

## Saving Throws

Fortitude: +4

Reflex: +5

Will: +3

Melee Attack Bonus: +0

Ranged Attack Bonus: +3

## Feats

Weapon proficiency:

pistol

Alertness

Sharp Eyed

## Skills:

Appraise + 6

Diplomacy +7

Gather Information +7

Heal +5

Hide +4

Knowledge: Art + 4

Knowledge: History +5

Knowledge: Accounting

+4

Listen +6

Move Silently +4

Performance (violin) +4

Research +9

Search + 11

Sense Motive +6

Speak Other Language

(Latin) +6

Spot +10

**Weapon:** .38 colt revolver

Total attack bonus = +3

Damage = 1d10

Critical = x3

Range: 20 ft

Type: Rev/D

Special properties:

multifire

Ammo: 6

## Gear:

\$70 cash on hand

\$12,000 savings

camera & film

magnifying glass

pocketwatch

spyglass (x3 magnification)

notepad, pen, paper

**William “Billy” McGillis**

Profession:

Associate Investigator

Level: 3

Age: 24

Gender: male

Height: 6’3”

Weight: 220lbs.

Eyes: blue

Hair: black

Skin: pasty

**STR:** 16 (+3)**DEX:** 13 (+1)**CON:** 16 (+3)**INT:** 10 (0)**WIS:** 8 (-1)**CHA:** 11 (+0)**HP:** 26

AC 11 (10 +1 for dex)

Initiative: +1 (dex mod)

Base Attack: +3

Current Sanity: 40

**Saving Throws**

Fortitude: +6

Reflex: +2

Will: +0

Melee Attack Bonus: +6

Ranged Attack Bonus: +4

**Feats**

Weapon proficiency:

melee

Power attack

Toughness

**Skills:**

Balance +5

Climb +5

Craft: woodcarving +2

Disable Device +3

Drive +5

Intimidate +6

Open Lock +7

Operate Heavy  
machinery +5

Repair +6

Speak Other Language  
(Spanish) +2

Spot +3

Swim +7

Use Rope +5

**Weapon:** crowbar

Total attack bonus = +6

Damage = 1d6 + 3

Critical = x2

Weight 3 lb

Type: bludgeon

Size: medium

**Gear:**

\$5 cash on hand

\$100 savings

Pocket Spanish/English  
dictionaryPhoto of Consuelo in  
locket

Flashlight

Rosary beads

**Anna Beth Martin**

Profession: Secretary

Level: 2

Age: 19

Gender: female

Height: 5’

Weight: 105lbs.

Eyes: brown

Hair: brunette

Skin: radiant

**STR:** 10 (+0)**DEX:** 14 (+2)**CON:** 13 (+1)**INT:** 12 (+1)**WIS:** 13 (+1)**CHA:** 17 (+3)**HP:** 12

AC 12 (10 +2 for dex)

Initiative: +2 (dex mod)

Base Attack: +1

Current Sanity: 65

**Saving Throws**

Fortitude: +1

Reflex: +5

Will: +4

Melee Attack Bonus: +1

Ranged Attack Bonus: +3

**Feats**

Trustworthy

Sensitive (psychic)

**Skills:**

Balance + 5

Diplomacy +10

Gather Information +10

Heal +4

Hide +4

Innuendo +4

Listen +3

Performance (sing) +7

Research +3

Read Lips +2

Search + 3

Sense Motive +6

Swim +5

**Gear:**

\$1.50 cash on hand

\$56 savings

Makeup kit

Compact mirror

Flashlight

Notebook, pen



**Julius Stanton**

Profession: Journalist

Level: 3

Age: 28

Gender: male

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 140lbs.

Eyes: brown

Hair: black

Skin: greasy

**STR:** 12 (+1)**DEX:** 16 (+3)**CON:** 10 (+0)**INT:** 14 (+2)**WIS:** 10 (+0)**CHA:** 9 (-1)**HP:** 13AC 13 (14-see feats) (10  
+3 for dex)

Initiative: +7

Base Attack: +1

Current Sanity: 50

**Skills:**

Craft (writing) + 8

Diplomacy +4

Gather Information +5

Hide +11

Innuendo +5

Knowledge: Streetwise +7

Knowledge: Local (Los  
Angeles) +8Knowledge: Photography  
(craft) +3

Listen +5

Move Silently +11

Research +7

Sense Motive +4

**Gear:**

\$3.50 cash on hand

\$572 savings

35mm camera, 5 rolls of  
filmpen, pencil, two  
notebooks

press pass

**Saving Throws**

Fortitude: +1

Reflex: +6

Will: +3

Melee Attack Bonus: +2

Ranged Attack Bonus: +4

**Feats**

Dodge

Improved Initiative

Stealthy

**Maria Machado, wealthy Mexican lady**2nd Level **HP** 7 **Init** +2 **AC** 12**ATK** Melee +1 Ranged +3**Save:** Fort +1 Reflex +5 Will +5**STR:** 10 **DEX:** 14 **CON:** 12 **INT:** 13**WIS:** 14 **CHA:** 13 **SAN:** 60**Skills:**

Appraise: +4 Craft-Music: +3 Craft-Sewing: +5

Craft-Cooking: +5 Knowledge-History: +4 Listen: +5

Other Language-English: +2 Diplomacy: +4 Ride: +6

**Feats:** Animal Affinity, Wealth**Tony Conero, King of Venice**5th level **HD** 5d6+2 **HP** 27 **Init** +3 **AC** 13**ATK** Melee +6 Ranged +7**Save:** Fort +3 Reflex +4 Will +7**STR:** 14 **DEX:** 16 **CON:** 14 **INT:** 15**WIS:** 16 **CHA:** 16 **SAN:** 80**Skills:**

Appraise: +4 Climb: +3 Bluff: +7 Diplomacy: +4

Drive: +4 Gather Information: +3 Hide: +3 Law: +6

Listen: +5 Innuendo: +3 Intimidate: +5

Knowledge-Streetwise: +8 Sense Motive: +4

Search: +4 Spot: +6 Swim: +5

**Feats:** Weapon Proficiency (pistol), Wealth, Sharp-eyed**Weapon:** Colt M1911 pistol – 2d8 dmg, crit x3,  
semi/S, mag cap 7, range 20**Alejandro**1st level **HD** 1d6+1 **HP** 7 **Init** +3 **AC** 13**ATK** Melee +1 Ranged +3**Save:** Fort +1 Reflex +5 Will +1**STR:** 13 **DEX:** 17 **CON:** 12 **INT:** 10**WIS:** 9 **CHA:** 12 **SAN:** 45**Skills:**

Craft-Cook: +4 Craft-Clean: +4 Hide: +4 Listen: +4

Spot: +5 Operate Hvy Machinery: +5 Repair: +4

Speak Other Language-English: +1

**Feats:** Dodge, Alertness**Dorothy**1st level **HD** 1d6-1 **HP** 5 **Init** +2 **AC** 12**ATK** Melee -1 Ranged +3**Save:** Fort +1 Reflex +2 Will +1**STR:** 9 **DEX:** 15 **CON:** 8 **INT:** 11**WIS:** 8 **CHA:** 8 **SAN:** 15**Skills:**

Craft-Clean: +1 Spot: +4 Listen: +8

Cthulhu Mythos: +1 Performance-Scream: +8

**Feats:** Run, Skill Emphasis: Scream**Thugs**

	Vito	Stefano	Mario	Gianni
Level	2	2	3	3
HD/HP	2d6+2/12	2d6+1/11	3d6+1/13	3d6+2/16
Initiative	+0	+3	+3	+0
AC (all wear heavy coats for 1pt armor)	11	14	14	11
Melee/Range Attack mod	+3/+2	+4/+5	+5/+6	+6/+3
Fort/Ref/Wil	+2/+2/+1	+1/+3/+2	+4/+4/+2	+5/+1/+3
STR	12	14	14	17
CON	14	13	12	15
CHA	11	13	16	10
DEX	11	17	17	10
WIS/SAN	13 (60)	10 (50)	13 (65)	15 (75)
INT	13	14	10	12
Skills:	Intimidate +5 Drive +5 Spot +4 Listen +3 Sense Motive +2 Search +3 Demolitions +4	Intimidate +4 Drive +3 Spot +3 Listen +3 Sense Motive +5 Search +4 Open Lock +5 Repair +3	Intimidate +9 Drive +5 Spot +4 Listen +3 Sense Motive +2 Search +3 Forgery +5	Intimidate +6 Drive +5 Spot +7 Listen +2 Sense Motive +5 Search +7 Bluff +5
Feats:	WP: pistol WP: shotgun	WP: pistol WP: shotgun	WP: pistol WP: shotgun WP: SMG	WP: pistol WP: shotgun WP: SMG

### Robert Marsh

3rd level HD 3d6+2 HP 16 Init +3

Spd 30/20 swimming AC 13

ATK Melee +4 Ranged +6

Save: Fort +5 Reflex +4 Will +3

STR: 12 DEX: 17 CON: 15 INT: 13

WIS: 14 CHA: 14 SAN: 30

#### Skills:

Craft-Draw/paint: +6 Spot: +6 Listen: +6

Sense Motive: +5 Cthulhu Mythos: +2 Hide: +4

Escape Artist: +4 Sleight of Hand: +4 Swim: +9

Feats: Spellcraft, Nimble, Sharp-eyed

Spells: Curse of the Stone, Contact Creature (Deep One), Contact Deity (Dagon) (as per d20 rulebook)

### Norman Marsh, hybrid Deep One close to transformation

Deep one Hybrid 6th Level HD 6d6+3 HP 40

Spd 30/30 (swim) AC 14 (+1 dex, +3 natural)

ATK Melee +7 Range +5

Save: Fort +5 Reflex +6 Will +7

STR: 16 DEX: 12 CON: 16 INT: 18

WIS: 20 CHA: 6 SAN: 10

#### Skills:

Knowledge-Architecture: +8 Knowledge-Law: +3

Knowledge-History: +4 Knowledge-Occult: +5

Knowledge-Astronomy: +3 Knowledge-Engineering +4

Knowledge-Chemistry: +4 Knowledge-Geology: +2

Cthulhu Mythos: +5 Spot: +7 Swim: +9

Diplomacy: +4

Feats: Alertness, Wealth, Endurance, Combat Casting

Spells: Contact Creature (Deep One), Contact Deity (Dagon), Wave of Oblivion, Grasp of Cthulhu, Breath of the Deep (all per d20 rulebook)

### Buncha Deep Ones

	#1	#2	#3	#4
HD/HP	2d8+4/15	2d8+4/15	3d8+4/22	4d8+4/28
Initiative	+2	+2	+1	+1
Speed	20ft., 40ft. swim	20ft., 40ft. swim	20ft., 40ft. swim	20ft., 40ft. swim
AC	15	15	15	15
Attacks	2 claw +5, bite +0	2 claw +5, bite +0	2 claw +5, bite +0	2 claw +5, bite +0
Damage	Claw 1d4+4, Bite 2d4+2	Claw 1d4+4, Bite 2d4+2	Claw 1d4+4, Bite 2d4+2	Claw 1d4+4, Bite 2d4+2
Face/reach	5 ft. x 5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft. x 5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft. x 5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft. x 5 ft./5 ft.
Special	Low-light vision	Low-light vision	Low-light vision	Low-light vision
Saves:	For +2, Ref +2, Wil +3	For +2, Ref +2, Wil +3	For +3, Ref +4, Wil +3	For +4, Ref +3, Wil +3
Feats	Alertness	Alertness	Alertness	Alertness
STR	17	18	15	19
CON	12	13	16	18
DEX	15	14	13	12
WIS	8	10	17	14
INT	15	15	16	10
Skills: Climb +10, Hide +7, Listen +7, Move Silently +5, Spot +7 (+4 to Hide, Listen, Spot if underwater)				
SAN: 0/1D6 CR: 2				



**Roscoe Wennekamp,**

**Agent of Gennett Recording Company**

3rd Level **HD** 3d6+2 **HP** 25 **Init** +0 **AC** 10

**ATK** Melee +3 **Range** +1

**Save:** Fort +3 **Reflex** +3 **Will** +5

**STR:** 15 **DEX:** 10 **CON:** 14 **INT:** 14

**WIS:** 15 **CHA:** 10 **SAN:** 75

**Skills:**

**Appraise:** +2 **Bluff:** +8 **Diplomacy:** +5 **Intimidate:** +4

**Gather Information:** +6 **Listen:** +6 **Repair:** +3

**Sense Motive:** +5 **Knowledge-Accounting:** +4

**Knowledge-Music:** +9 **Knowledge-Streetwise:** +3

**Feats:** Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Music), Toughness

**Deacon McInnis, devout Catholic and ex-boxer**

4th level **HD** 4d6+2 **HP** 21 **Init** +2 **AC** 12

**ATK** Melee +5 **Range** +5

**Save:** Fort +3 **Reflex** +6 **Will** +1

**STR:** 14 **DEX:** 15 **CON:** 14 **INT:** 12

**WIS:** 11 **CHA:** 10 **SAN:** 55

**Skills:**

**Performance-Sing:** +6 **Knowledge-Bible** +5

**Knowledge-History:** +4 **Jump:** +4

**Knowledge-Catholic Church Law:** +3 **Research:** +5

**Diplomacy:** +6 **Sense Motive:** +4 **Swim:** +3

**Feats:** Dodge, Mobility, Martial Artist (boxing)

**George Watts, Washed Up Violinist**

2nd level **HD** 2d6 **HP** 10 **Init** +3 **AC** 13

**ATK** Melee+2 **Range** +4

**Save:** Fort +3 **Reflex** +6 **Will** +0

**STR:** 12 **DEX:** 17 **CON:** 10 **INT:** 15

**WIS:** 10 **CHA:** 9 **SAN:** 50

**Skills:**

**Performance-Violin:** +5 **Listen:** +5

**Operate Heavy Machine:** +4 **Knowledge-History:** +4

**Performance-Whine:** +5 **Repair** +7

**Rube Bloom, young flautist**

1st level **HD** 1d6+2 **HP** 8 **Init** +3 **AC** 13

**ATK** Melee +2 **Range** +3

**Save:** Fort +4 **Reflex** +3, **Will** +3

**STR:** 14 **DEX:** 16 **CON:** 14 **INT:** 13

**WIS:** 12 **CHA:** 15 **SAN:** 60

**Skills:**

**Performance-Flute:** +10 **Craft-Whittling (woodwork):** +4

**Diplomacy:** +8 **Listen:** +6 **Knowledge-History:** +3

**Other Language-Japanese:** +5 **Swim:** +6

**Feats:** Trustworthy, Skill Emphasis (Flute)

**Juliette La Violette, actress, flapper, teenager**

1st level **HD** 1d6+2 **HP** 8 **Init** +2 **AC** 12

**ATK** Melee +0 **Range** +2

**Save:** Fort +4 **Reflex** +4 **Will** -1

**STR:** 10 **DEX:** 15 **CON:** 14 **INT:** 10

**WIS:** 9 **CHA:** 14 **SAN:** 45

**Skills:**

**Performance-Acting:** +6 **Performance-Dance:** +5

**Performance-Flirt:** +4 **Gather Information:** +6

**Feats:** Trustworthy, Acrobatic

**Fred Pritchard, Occult Bandleader**

4th level **HD** 4d6+8 **HP** 20 **Init** +4 **AC** 14

**ATK** Melee +3 **Ranged** +6

**Save:** Fort +5 **Reflex** +5 **Will** +7

**STR:** 12 **DEX:** 18 **CON:** 13 **INT:** 16

**WIS:** 16 **CHA:** 14 **SAN:** 40

**Skills:**

**Concentration:** +4 **Cthulhu Mythos:** +3 **Diplomacy:** +8

**Knowledge-Music:** +10 **Knowledge-Occult:** +4

**Knowledge-Philosophy:** +3 **Listen:** +9

**Performance-Piano:** +8 **Performance-Conduct Band:** +12

**Research:** +5 **Speak Other Language-French:** +5

**Feats:** Skill Emphasis: Conduct Band, Ambidexterity, Endurance

**Spells:** The Dance of Opening (see sidebar)

## Members of the Pharaoh's Orchestra

	Paul	Benny	Duke	Gil
Level	1	2	2	2
HD/HP	1d6/6	2d6/10	2d6/9	2d6/16
Initiative	+2	+1	+2	+2
AC	12	11	12	12
Melee/Range Attack mod	-1/+2	+2/+2	+2/+3	+5/+4
Fort/Ref/Wil	+1/+2/+2	+3/+1/+3	+3/+4/+3	+3/+2/+3
STR	9	13	12	16
CON	9	10	11	17
CHA	12	12	14	8
DEX	15	12	14	14
WIS/SAN	11/55	10/50	10/50	11/55
INT	11	13	11	11
Skills:	Performance: Clarinet +8, Knowledge: Music +5, Listen +5, Concentration +3, Innuendo +4	Performance: Trombone +9, Knowledge: music +7 Listen +9 Concentration +5, Innuendo +3	Performance: Tenor sax +10, Knowledge: music +6 Listen +6 Concentration +6, Innuendo +4	Performance: percussion +7, knowledge: music +6 Listen +6 Concentration +9, Intimidate +2
Feats:	Ambidexterity, Skill emphasis, performance	Alertness, Skill emphasis, performance	Lightning reflexes, skill emphasis, performance	Endurance, skill emphasis, performance

# Outside Contacts:

## HISTORICAL VENICE

[www.westland.net/venicehistory/](http://www.westland.net/venicehistory/) (Jeffrey Stanton's site)  
[www.veniceofamerica.org/](http://www.veniceofamerica.org/) (Venice Historical Society)  
[www.uncanny.net/~wetzels/vsline.htm](http://www.uncanny.net/~wetzels/vsline.htm) (Ride the Red Car!)

## HISTORICAL CATALINA

[www.catalina.com/history.html](http://www.catalina.com/history.html) (Main tourist site)  
[www.catalinainfo.com/Early.html](http://www.catalinainfo.com/Early.html) (History of island)

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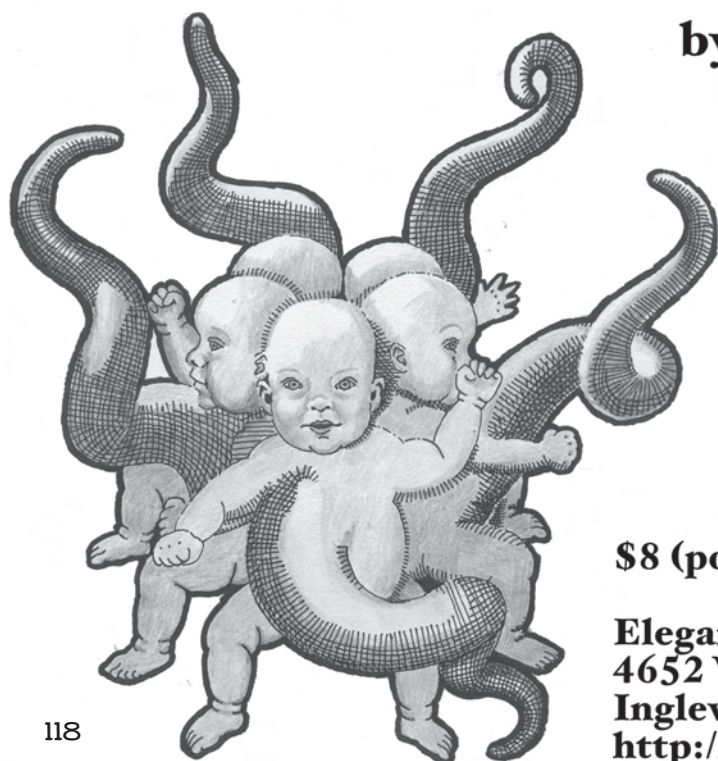
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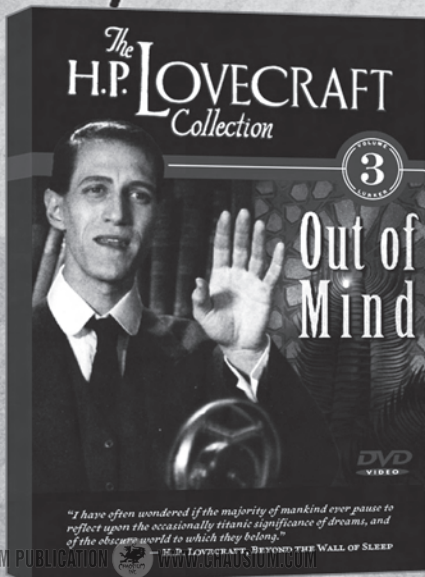
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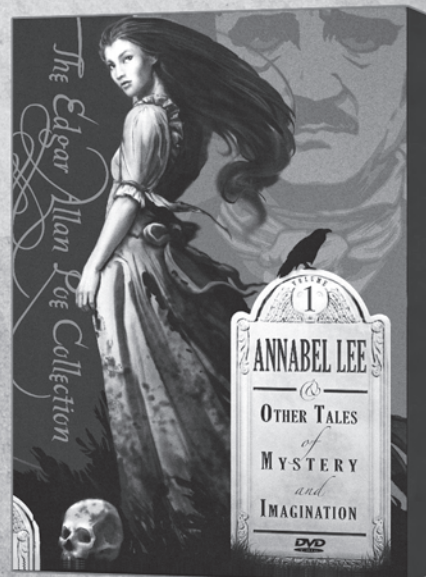
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