

CALL OF CTHULHU®

23103

1920s

SECRETS OF NEW YORK



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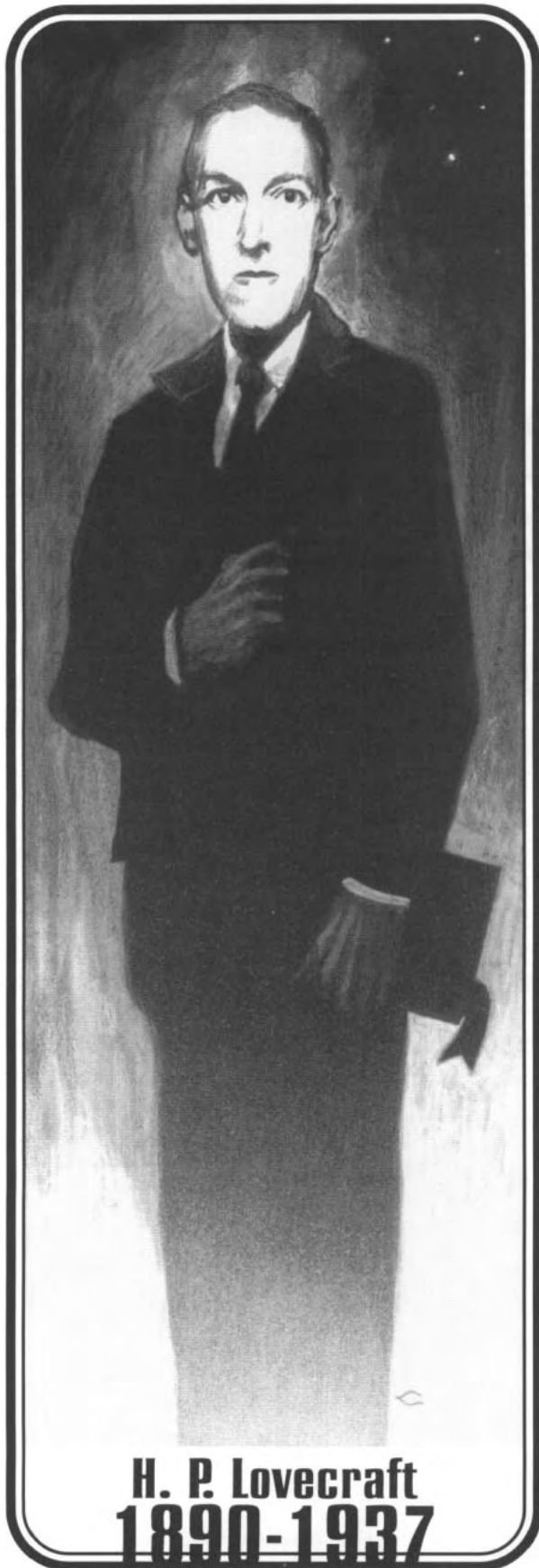


SECRETS OF NEW YORK

A Mythos Guide to the City that Never Sleeps
for *Call of Cthulhu*[™]



Powered by the *Basic Roleplaying System*



H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937



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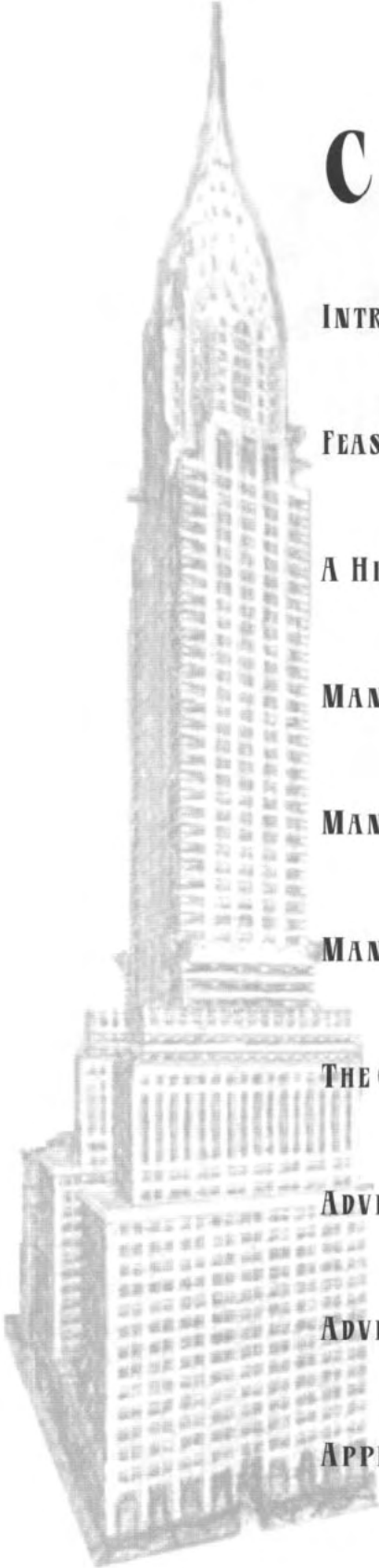
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INTRODUCTION

"New York is a great secret, not only to those who have never seen it, but to the majority of its own citizens. Few living in the great city have any idea of the terrible romance and the hard reality of the lives of two-thirds of the inhabitants . . . No matter how clever a man may be in his own town or city, he is a child in the hands of the sharpers and villains of this community, and his only safety lies in avoiding them. His curiosity can be satisfied in these pages, and he can know the Great City from them, without incurring the danger attending an effort to see."

— Edward Winslow Martin,
The Secrets of the Great City

Within the pages of this book is an intersection of New York City in the 1920's and the universe of Lovecraft. Here readers will find all of the famous landmarks and neighborhoods of the Big Apple, as well as its infamous ones, and those more elusive or hidden from the casual observer. From the golden streets of Park Avenue to the shambling slums of Red Hook, there are many secrets to be discovered in the city that never sleeps.

For convenience, *Secrets of New York* has been divided into Uptown, Midtown, Downtown and the Outer Boroughs. These chapters are further divided into districts and neighborhoods, hopefully making the locating of particular places easier. Even in the Roaring Twenties, New York City is a big place, filled with scores of people, speaking myriad languages, all confined within the city's boundaries. Therefore, it is not possible to capture the entire "gateway to America" within the pages of a book. Instead, the essence, the flavor, the feel of New York City has been seized for the keeper to use as a reference, and to build upon.

The whole of New York City is a patchwork of numerous neighborhoods, wards and quarters, divided by land and water and buildings, and then reconnected by subways, bridges and ferries. While many of these places are explored in this volume, others are merely touched upon or simply not included. Whenever possible, a neighborhood is described, providing the keeper with a sketch of the area. This is an important aspect to using *Secrets of New York*. While the entire metropolis is placed under one name, its people, locations and things form something much larger, something that cannot be contained by pages and words alone. To convey this, the keeper is urged to describe the cozy quarters of Uptown Manhattan and the gritty stretches of West Bronx. In every part of the city, a different language can be heard, a different culture can be found, a new world can be experienced. By using the section and the neighborhood descriptions, the keeper can bring the sounds, smells and sights of the Big Apple to life for players.

SECRETS OF NEW YORK

Readers are likely to notice that there are many factual and fictive elements here included. Like H. P. Lovecraft's work, the goal of *Secrets of New York* is to blur the line between "real" and "unreal." Often historical events have been colors, reshaped or entirely altered for the effect of creating a roleplaying setting, and not a historical document. There are countless scholarly pages dedicated to New York City, but there are very few dedicated to Chaosium's *Call of Cthulhu* New York City. For that reason, this book does not attempt to be a legitimate work of history; rather, it plays to the needs of *Call of Cthulhu*. And because of this, it is malleable. Reshape

it, add to it, remove from it, use it as a tool to create exciting and alluring adventures. It is not the final word on New York City, it is merely a gateway to the imagination.

Because New York City — in any universe — is a big place, putting it on paper required much assistance. There are many people, far too many to name, who deserve thanks for their help, and they played an important part in putting this book together. But, there are some who require mentioning: Dustin for his determination, Lynn for his patience, and Charlie for his never ending energy.

"Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferry boat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch Sailors' eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees . . . had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder."

The Great Gatsby
— F. Scott Fitzgerald



FEASTERS OF THE DARK

"Here rests the noblest of all human endeavors, and its rankest, most wretched secrets. In New York City, I see mankind's greatest hope, or the last spark of divinity forever extinguished. What will those who judge us decide?"

— Rudolph Pearson

I climbed the seesawing stairs of the fusty tenement building, only reaching the fourth floor after much arduous effort. The dimly lighted hallways and sullen doors kept me close on the heels of Detective Matthew Leahy. Being a professor of literature, I seldom frequented the darker places of New York City, or participated in any form of strenuous exercise beyond the carrying of texts — though there are a few works I do indeed consider strenuous in bulk and content.

"Dr. Pearson, you may need a moment to prepare yourself," Leahy said as we finally ended our expedition before an apartment door. Flanking this scarred and worn portal stood two placid uniformed roundsmen.

Detective Leahy himself was a stocky man with thick black hair, not too dissimilar to the roundsmen. Unlike the roundsmen, though, an ill-fitting gray wool suit covered his bulk, combined with sharp features and slow, seemingly calculated movements, making him reminiscent of a turtle toting about a cumbersome shell. This image, however, I found was quickly dispelled by his alert blue eyes that were always taking in the world around him.

"This is an—" The detective halted abruptly, not for lack of a proper word, but as a man might catch himself before putting forth a remark in which he did not fully and earnestly believe. His expression grew dark as though he had stepped from

light into shadow. I had the distinct impression that he felt there was no accurate means of describing what lay beyond the doorway.

"It is unusual," he finally concluded.

I was grateful for the brief lull, which allowed me a moment to catch my breath. As I stood huffing, I was certain I spotted a twinkle of amusement in the eyes of the previously stoic roundsmen. A Columbia University professor at the scene of a murder likely did seem ludicrous to these gentlemen, who most probably thought me nothing more than a mollycoddle. In honesty, it seemed such to myself. Had not Detective Leahy convinced me of the necessity for a literary scholar, I most assuredly would have thought my presence nothing more than a fancy, only likely to appear in the countless commercial literature plaguing the publishing houses nowadays.

Instead, I struggled to make my attendance seem commonplace, matter-of-fact, as if professors of English regularly patrolled New York City's streets enforcing good grammar, lecturing upon the literary canon, and solving crimes.

"I understand," I replied firmly. Then I committed myself to a course that would gnaw at my very soul for the remainder of my life.

As I followed Detective Leahy through the door, I realized I did not understand. I had no comprehension of what I was seeing, or its greater meaning.

The apartment was divided into two small rooms. There was neither a private bath nor room enough for anything more than the smallest of beds.

"This—" Leahy gestured toward a dark corner of the modest room. "This is where the landlord found the victim's body. His remains are being held at the medical examiner's office at the Bellevue Pavilion."

Reflexively, I withdrew a handkerchief and placed it to my face. The sickly sweet odor of dried blood permeated the room, making the already small space feel as immuring as a coffin. A single light bulb dangled from the ceiling, casting a wan light, making tall shadows on all of the walls, leaving the close corners of the room dark and gloomy.

I stepped forward, halting before a black stain that stretched from part of the floor to the wall. The discoloration extended toward the ceiling as though the blood had climbed upward with a life of its own.

"The way in which the blood has splattered on the wall," Leahy said, "indicates the victim, a Russian immigrant named Adrik Ziven, was killed at this spot." The detective extracted an electric torch from his overcoat and shone it upon the location. A circle of light danced in the grisly corner. "This is what I wanted you to see."

I followed the light as it sliced through the shadows along the wall, revealing letters scrawled there. They

were thick and ill-formed, writhing like snakes, obviously written in blood.

I studied the dark scribbling, immediately recognizing the words, though not wanting to confront their meaning. After scanning the ghastly writing several times, I read it aloud: "*Lætan riht onfindan æt scyldig.*"

Leahy looked at me expectantly.

"It is as you suspected," I said. "A form of English. Or more specifically, a degenerated form of Old English. It translates to 'Let justice discover the guilty.'"

I continued. "*He gearwian æt fyllo man hwa forlætan se leoht.* He serves the feast for those who have abandoned the light."

I turned away, hoping vainly that not seeing the words would distance their meaning from me. "How was Ziven killed?" I asked, a cloying nausea burning in my throat.

"The medical examiner believes he was eaten alive." Leahy moved to the wall, still shining his torch. "These high stains indicate arterial splashes . . ."

I raised a hand, interrupting him. The dreadful message already conveyed more detail than I desired.

"I apologize, Dr. Pearson," Leahy said. "My senses have grown dull to such horrors. In time, it all becomes puzzle pieces and nothing more. You must become inhuman to solve inhuman crimes."

As Leahy spoke, the memory of a text I had studied years ago came unbidden to my mind. It was a medieval text about religion, demons and devils. The part I suddenly recollected was identical to what I had just read on the wall. He serves the feast for those whom have abandoned the light.

It seemed unfathomable that a fiend capable of such an act would also be a connoisseur of medieval literature. I tried to convince myself that my mind was playing tricks on me; my unsettled state was causing morbid fancies, nothing more.

"What was Ziven's occupation?" I asked, attempting to divert my thoughts from their dark course.

"He was a petty thief and robber. Sentenced to three years at Blackwell's. Insignificant when compared to many others in his field." The detective shrugged his shoulders. "He must have made a bad enemy somewhere along the line."

I looked at Leahy. "Then maybe this message is an epitaph for Ziven?"

"Or a challenge to the law," Leahy countered.

"Have you consulted an alienist? Perhaps he may be able to shed light upon these writings."

"I already have, even though it was pointless." There was sharpness in Leahy's words. "Few alienists care to diagnose absentee patients. Most are interested in injecting drugs and applying straight jackets. They have little to gain from speculating about messages on walls in tenement houses, and often do not consider the death

of such a man as Ziven a crime at all. What the alienist did tell me — “Leahy gestured to the wall — “was that he thought this to be Old English.” The detective moved toward the wall, his gaze intent upon the mystery before him.

I could see passion in his eyes. To understand the meaning of this riddle gave him a purpose, a significance; it separated him from the senselessness of the crime itself. It provided him with the semblance of meaning in a world where meaning was often absent. I knew this because I too felt the need to understand tugging at me. The riddle on the wall called to me like it did Leahy. The meaning and purpose behind those words, in conjunction with such an unimaginable act, attracted me like iron to a lodestone.

I watched him scrutinize the wall for several moments before I spoke. “I believe I can assist you.”



I returned to my office at Columbia University by taxicab to scour my notes. I had hoped to find a hint or clue in my records that might lead me to the medieval text of which I had earlier been reminded.

I poured over volumes, notes and lists of references I maintained for research. I have always despised thumbing through endless cards in a catalog in pursuit of a text; so I developed, like most professors, a highly specialized list of commonly used and referenced works. This tack soon proved unproductive, forcing me to continue my research at the university library.

The library’s card catalog guarded the main entrance. Like the Sphinx, it sat silent and knowing, fat with knowledge, reluctant to disgorge even the slightest tidbit. I loathed the thing and needed it all at once, a horrible irony for any scholar, doubly so in my eyes.

Reluctantly I set to work. My desire to understand the meaning of the writing in the tenement overpowered my hatred for “thumbwork”. I focused my search upon the darker writings of the medieval period, the superstitious manuals about demons and devils and witchcraft.

Tedious hours passed as I skimmed countless volumes, many long forgotten or dismissed by scholars. Endless pages given life with words by dead authors worried my eyes. Eventually I set upon a curious text by Henry Hollowell — a pedant of whom I knew nothing.

The book was titled *Divine Feasts*, and was published in 1914. It described an medieval grimoire that Hollowell claimed to be lost, and most likely destroyed by the church. That book was titled *Haes of Gowles*. According to Hollowell this hoary and quite elusive tome held an account of an obscure monastic order that drastically deviated from their Christian doctrine. This handful of

monks practiced heretical rituals and spoke of fantastical creatures that lived in the bowels of the Earth. Years of pursuit by the church forced the monks into caverns and the deep places of the world only they knew existed. The surface was shunned, they ventured out only in darkness to steal away humans upon whom they feasted.

The cannibalism, Hollowell theorized, transformed these gruesome monks into creatures who resembled an unnatural mixture of humans and canines. And he stated that this very same diet also extended their lives far beyond the years of the oldest humans. The practice apparently was an element of their rituals; for the monks believed that they were devouring the evil of humanity, absolving mankind of its sins. Each ceremonial feast concluded with the writing of sacred phrases in the sinner’s blood. I must confess, for many moments I was unhinged by what I read next:

Let justice discover the guilty. He serves the feast for those whom have abandoned the light. We cleanse the path for those not of darkness. Our hunger consumes the flesh that sins. In us, the lost shall find a living Hell.

Although I cannot be certain, I now believe there is at least one copy of *Haes of Gowles* in existence. And it is held at the Oxford library in England. That is where I did my undergraduate studies, and that is where I believe I had previously read those putrescent words.

I do not know how long I stood there, frozen in place, grabbing the book in my hands, fingers clenching the pages. When I had recovered sufficiently, I carried the volume to a table, where I feverishly went to work copying the sections I believed most significant.

Word for word I hurriedly scribbled, not bothering to translate, fearing something might be lost in my rush. My attention was so intense, so focused, that I lost all awareness of the world around me. My only means of perceiving how many hours had passed was my blurry vision, and the remonstrations of Miss Webber, a pernickety librarian, who doggedly reminded me that all rare texts must be returned to the desk thirty minutes before closing.

When I had finished I was astounded, or perhaps horrified, to see how closely my scrawl resembled the script on the tenement wall. The likeness unleashed a hoard of scurrying chills across my flesh.



When I returned with Leahy to Ziven’s tenement on the Lower East Side, a vault of darkness covered the city. As we rolled down the street in his department-purchased Chevrolet, anemic

yellow light glowered from the narrow tenement windows like incandescent warning signs.

"You think this book is related to the murder?" Leahy asked, still trying to sort out the details in my hurried explanation.

"No," I replied. "The book explains — possibly explains — the writing." I wasn't yet ready to commit to any theory. Too often in my career I have learned that reality and theory do not meet; and in my present, frazzled state of mind, I wanted to avoid any sort of commitment, permanent or temporary. Yet, there was something about it that smacked of truth, a fearsome truth that I could not ignore. I needed to peer behind the curtain of reality to see what dark secrets lurked there, unknown to those of us going about our mundane lives.

"The book describes a religious cult," I said. "A cult that practiced cannibalism. The words on the wall belong to one of their ceremonies."

Leahy steered the automobile into an alleyway. "Eating people is part of their religion?" he asked skeptically.

"They consume the flesh of . . . sinners."

"I see," he said. "So if this is true, why haven't I heard of this gang before? There are many murders in New York each year, but this is the first act of cannibalism I know of."

Although I did not attempt to change Leahy's mind, I suspected there had been others in the past. Either they went unnoticed or had gone unmentioned. I feared with the continuing growth of the city's population, he would certainly see more in the future. And at that moment I was struck with a terrifying realization.

New York City was rapidly expanding skyward in an attempt to accommodate the immense hoard of urban denizens within its borders. Each day a new, taller building was erected. Apartment houses and hotels reached toward the heavens, overflowing with residents. But upward was not the only direction the city was expanding.

Without uttering a word of this to Leahy, I stepped from the automobile into the murky alleyway. Leahy promptly followed, asking about my intentions.

It took some convincing, but I eventually coaxed the detective into assisting me with the removal of a man-hole cover I found behind Zevin's tenement.

With a muted clank we pulled the heavy cover from its snug fitting. The exercise appeared to have little if any effect upon Leahy; while I found myself dabbing a handkerchief at beads of perspiration gathered on my brow.

"What do you think is down there?" Leahy asked, shining his electric torch into the depths of the glistening shaft.

"I pray nothing. My hope is that I am reading far too much into this entire episode."

He pointed the torch to my chest so it would cast a dim light upon my visage. With his face steeped in shadows, unseen to me, I could feel his hard eyes settling upon me.

"Are you sure you're up to this?" he asked. His words were anxious — not from fear, however. He too could feel the puzzle drawing us below. No matter how adamantly either of us denied the sanity of our actions, we both sensed an answer awaited us.

"I don't think waiting will prepare me any better," I said, then proceeded to climb into the sewer.

Cautiously I gripped the rusted and slimy rungs anchored into walls. Leahy followed, the light clamped in one hand.

A fetid stench awaited us at the bottom of the ladder, as did a dark stream of water.

"Which way?" Leahy asked, his voice bouncing off the stony walls, mingling with the plop and drip and splash of water. He guided the light down both ends of the passage. They continued endlessly.

"This way," I ventured a guess and started to walk.

"Hold up there," Leahy ordered. "Let me take the front." He produced a revolver. "I'm better prepared in case we do find someone."

The passage was narrow, forcing both of us to crouch as we slogged along. I did my best not to think of the ankle-deep water that flooded my shoes and turned my socks disgusting mires of damp cloth.

The further we drudged into the watery darkness, the more the place took on the appearance of a labyrinth. Here and there new tunnels intersected, stretching off into blackness. With each intersection, Leahy slowed, waiting for me to offer guidance. After a while, he understood there was no method to my navigation and began selecting the direction himself.

The further we delved, the more oppressive the putrid atmosphere became. A need to feel open air began to boil and churn inside me. I fought against the urge to flee back the way I came and return to the familiar embrace of the surface.

Just as I was about to suggest we abandon the sewer, I heard a strange cry, a sound akin to that made by a startled person. It was shrill and sharp, but brief. I could not discern if a man or a woman made it, a child or an adult. It was so . . . unusual that I wasn't sure it came from a human at all.

Immediately Leahy halted, his stocky frame blocking my progress. He quickly cast the light about, searching all directions. As he turned to shine it behind us, I heard another sound. This time it was a guttural gibbering of sorts. I sensed rhythm and structure. I knew it was a language. But I did not recognize it in the least.

Within a few seconds there was another gibbering, this time more distant and urgent. It was clear the sounds were coming from behind us.

"Stay here," Leahy said, dashing off after the sounds.

Before I could protest, Leahy bounded down the slimy corridor, quickly darting into a side passage, taking all the light in the world with him. I found myself in absolute and total darkness.

Standing there, alone, in festering water, I listened intently for any new sound. My hearing seemed almost supernatural, for in the darkness I could now hear rats gnawing at the refuse, cockroaches scuttling across the old and weary stone, and the worms wriggling in the silt and slime beneath my feet.

The desire for open air burned in my brain. I dug in my pocket, feeling for a matchbox, hoping to relieve the building pressure of the darkness. Fumbling blindly, I fiddled out a match and snapped it to life.

The small flame that danced on the match-head seemed insignificant against the menacing curtain of blackness that threatened to enshroud me.

Anxiously I squinted and peered into the surrounding void, hoping to glimpse Leahy's lantern. I carefully moved in the direction he'd bolted, taking only a few steps before the match flickered out. Ghosts of the flame lingered in my vision for several moments before they too vanished, leaving me in a deeper darkness than I had ever before known.

With greater urgency, I lit another match, and found something other than Leahy. It was beyond my imagination; beyond the conception of the fiction I had dedicated my life to studying. It was utterly unreal because it was all too real. Too, too solid flesh.

My blood chilled. My muscles froze. I was unable to cry out or flee in panic. I simply stood as still as a statue, brandishing a tiny flame in one hand.

Icy yellow eyes gazed upon me. Their fearful owner slouched low, its rangy arms dangling at its flanks. The sickly light of the match revealed a flesh of greenish tint, and a visage that had a nose and mouth that seemingly formed a muzzle.

I fully expected it to lurch forward, eyes wide with hunger, sharp teeth ready to rend flesh. But like myself, it remained in place, shifting from one foot to another in its low crouch.

The match burned low, scorching my finger and thumb. I instinctively waved it out and began to strike another.

"No," a rasping voice said. "No light."

I returned the matchbox to my jacket pocket.

"All right," I said congenially, hoping not to agitate it.

Moments passed without an utterance. Although I could not see the creature, I pictured it rocking from side-to-side before me. The image was unbearable. All I could do to quench the impulse to flee was to speak.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ad . . . rik," it hesitated as if stumbling of the words. "Adrik . . . Zi-ven."

"That's not possible. Ziven is dead."

The creature meeped and gurgled for several seconds, as though it too were subduing some urge.

"Not . . . dead," it finally said. "Ch-changed."

"Changed how?" I asked.

Before answering I heard its mouth smack as though it needed to contend with a growing pool of saliva. "Consumed," it uttered flatly. "He is in me," the creature continued, its words swollen. "I consumed his memories . . . knowledge."

I remembered Hollowell's book and his claims. His theories had become my reality. It was electrifying and repulsive at the same time. My mind spun at the knowledge contained in this creature, and others like him. It was a living library, replete with the lost secrets and memories of humanity.

"How many people have you . . . changed," I asked, anxiously.

"Many . . . many . . . many inside me."

"Are there others here like you?"

"Yesss." I heard a wetness in its answer as though it were losing a Pavlovian battle. "We are many. We have always been here. Your secrets draw us. Change us. Give us life."

My mind whirled. I was consumed by thoughts of discovery. This creature's knowledge and abilities could shape the destiny of humanity.

"Why do you hide?" I asked. "I — we — could help you. We could share knowledge."

The reply came in the form of a swampy hiss. "Nooo. We eat your secrets," it said harshly. "Sins . . . we consume your sins. The light is not ours."

With this confession, cold sanity returned to me. I was standing before a creature who was a repository of humanity's evil, a living collection of mankind's atrocities and dark secrets. It lived in a world of bounteous feasts, and possessed an insatiable hunger.

I could hear it slavering. I imagined long ropes of drool oozing from its muzzle. Terror burned inside my mind, fired by the realization I was its next feast.

In an instant I bolted from my spot. I ran blindly through the darkness, hoping against hope that I would stumble upon an exit from these loathsome tunnels. With each step my heart raced, pounding against my chest. My movements felt sluggish. With every stride, I sensed the vile creature on my trail.

I do not know how far I had fled before I slipped. Looking back, I now realize it was inevitable. The slick, uneven floors, crooked and cracked from age, were difficult to cross in the light. But in complete darkness, there was no hope.

With a single misplaced step, I tumbled forward, splashing in the tainted water, flailing to upright myself. Each time I reached out, my hand returned with a disgusting handful of sewage. I crawled on my

hands and knees, searching for an outlet. Unable to bear the darkness any longer, I reached into my jacket pocket and retrieved my matches. The box had miraculously avoided being doused. Hastily I fumbled with the matchbox, spilling matches as I delved for a single one. When I snatched it from the box, I heard the splashing nearby.

I gasped for breath, gulping the foul air, choking with every breath. Fearing my huffing would extinguish my solitary hope for light, I clamped my mouth shut, fighting my instinct to breathe. I snapped the match against my thumb, hearing reassuring pop of the chemical head of the match. A blinding light and a thunderous roar followed this. Flames filled the sewer, flaring in all directions.

For an instant I felt the burning tongues of Hell lapping at my flesh. Then I found oblivion.



When consciousness returned, it came turgidly and painfully, in the form of slow needle pokes. The pain eventually blossomed into a biting sharpness, shifting along my arms and legs. The world remained dark.

I was certain a pack of ravenous creatures stooped over me, feeding upon my flesh. Unable to endure this bleak fate, I screamed a pitiful cry. I screamed until my lungs ached. I struggled to upright myself, but insidious paws pressed me down.

"Rudolph," I heard someone utter my name. "Rudolph, be calm. All is well."

It seemed as though an eternity passed before I recognized the voice. It was Effram Harris, a dear friend of mine, and professor of physics at Columbia.

"You are at the hospital, Rudolph. The doctors are treating you for minor burns. They say you ignited a methane pocket in a sewer." I felt his hand press against my shoulder. "You really should read a few

more books on chemistry if you intend to go prowling the city's sewers."

I flinched at Effram's touch, not from of pain, but from the memory of fear, it coursed through me like a poison. I brought a hand to my eyes, feeling the bandages covering them.

"Those are only temporary," Effram assured me. "You'll be reading your books in no time."

"What about Leahy?" I asked, my voice as raspy as the creature I encountered in the sewer.

"He is safe. He found you. He said you were assisting him with a case, the details of which he was not permitted to disclose." Effram snorted. "Everyone has a secret. You will have to tell me this story sometime. I'm very anxious to learn how you became tangled up with a police detective, Rudolph. But for now, the doctors want you to rest."

I heard a chair scrape against the floor. "I must return to the university to update the faculty," Effram said. "I'll be back tomorrow. Get some rest."

I lay in the bed for sometime after Effram had departed, marveling at how Leahy and I had miraculously survived — and no doubt how the creatures had also survived. I was certain they were still in the shadows below the city, feeding off humanity's malevolence, waiting for their next feast. This was the answer for which I so desperately had been searching since I read the words on the wall. There was no satisfaction to be had from this dark knowledge. It only offered horror and despair. And there was nothing I could do to erase it from my mind, no way of ridding my soul of this foulness. It would always be present, lurking inside me, burrowing its black tendrils deeper into my brain. Forever changing me. How long? I wondered. How long before all the sins of humanity — all of humanity — is consumed and finds a new life inside the feasters of the dark?

CHAPTER ONE

HISTORY OF NEW YORK

"The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon.... Were our own industrious farmers to settle here, they would soon transform this wilderness into a Paradise where no man need ever go hungry Never have I beheld such a rich and pleasant land."

— Henry Hudson

THE ARRIVAL OF THE HALF MOON

In September of 1609, while under contract to the Dutch East India Company, an English explorer named Henry Hudson arrived in the New World. Hudson was captain of the *Half Moon*, and his goal was to find the ever-elusive Northwest Passage, a faster route to the Orient from Europe. Captain Hudson, however, was not the first European explorer to visit New York Bay. Over eighty years prior to Hudson's appearance, Giovanni da Verrazano, an Italian explorer hired by France to discover a Northwest Passage, anchored in New York Bay. Unlike Hudson, Verrazano was not impressed with what he saw, describing the land as "a pleasant place." To Verrazano the verdant shoreline was an obstacle; to Henry Hudson, it was "a Paradise where no man ever need go hungry." Where Verrazano departed without exploring the newly discovered territories, Hudson entered the bay, and navigated the *Half Moon* along the river later named "Hudson River."

Soon after arriving, the native Lenape Indians canoed to the three-mast ship, bringing gifts of food and tobacco. The Lenape Indians also traded pelts for trinkets, knives and hatchets. But soon the peaceful exchanges turned dangerous, when one of the *Half Moon's* crew began brawling with an Indian, resulting in the death of another crewman. The ship hoisted anchor and moved down the Hudson River. As the ship sailed along the wide, tree-lined river, arrows rained upon it from the shores. For five weeks the *Half Moon* explored the environs of the New York islands, searching for a passage to the Far East without success. Eventually Hudson sailed home, bringing news of the fertile lands rich in fur and resources.



In 1613, Amsterdam merchants returned. Sailing upon the *Fortune* and *Tiger*, merchants landed, building trading posts in hopes of doing a brisk business in fur trade. The *Tiger* burned, forcing the captain and crew to weather out the winter with the aid of the Indians. In spring a new ship was constructed, named the *Restless*, and it returned to Europe with maps and furs.

More merchants arrived in the following years, establishing forts, trading posts and farms across the five borough's area. Eventually the Dutch States-General awarded the lucrative fur trade to the Dutch West India Company, paving the road for future development.

NEW AMSTERDAM

On the southern tip of Manhattan Island is was the site the Dutch selected for New Amsterdam. Originally the location served as a trading post, with a scattering of farms surrounding it. Eventually, as the hostilities with the native Indians increased and as other European powers such France and England ventured further into the New World, it became apparent permanent defenses were needed. In 1626, with the arrival of Peter Minuit, Fort Amsterdam was established on the tip of Manhattan Island. Minuit was charged with the task of protecting the existing settlers and founding a permanent colony in New York. The rather lackluster director quickly purchased Manhattan Island from the Lenape Indians for a fabled \$24 (a trade of goods occurred, not currency), and commenced work on New Amsterdam.

The following seven years, life in New Amsterdam, under the directorship of Peter Minuit saw little if any improvement. The dwellings were often nothing more than hovels, supplies were high priced, and profits nonexistent. Though many new governors were sent to the colony, as were soldiers and slaves, the conditions changed little until 1647.

The best known, most successful and the most savvy of the colonial administrators to reign in New Amsterdam was Peter Stuyvesant. His arrival in 1647 brought changes to the Dutch colony that remained long after the American Revolution. Stuyvesant established a municipal government, creating assemblies that gave colonists a voice and representation in New Amsterdam's rule; land grants were given to farmers to promote tobacco farming; rights of citizenship were established to encourage the colony's growth. Along with these changes came increases in construction, improvement of existing structures and enforcement of laws. Under the governance Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam did not blossom, but it did begin to grow. Though it would not be the Dutch who profited from this fresh start; rather it would be the English.

THE COVEN OF THE HALF MOON

Before the *Half Moon* found its way to New York Bay, the ship had spent months exploring the far northern reaching of the New World, looking for an arctic passage to the Orient. Icy weather and sickness spurred unrest among the crew. Many desired to return home. By the time the *Half Moon* arrived at Manhattan Island, a few had resolved not to continue onward. They would rather dwell in the lush lands of paradise than die in the frozen hell of the far north.

In the last weeks of the *Half Moon's* stay along the Manhattan shores, a cabal of five crewmen headed by a sailor named Ambrose Mogens fled the ship. They hid in the wilds until the ship departed. There they lived with the native Indians, learning their language, learning to hunt and live off the land.

Ambrose Mogens, however, desired more. He sought out the elders and shaman of the tribes, stealing precious knowledge like a man steals pearls from oysters. Ambrose was not a sailor by choice. Debt had pressed him into the *Half Moon's* service, where labored as a mere sailor. Driven by a belief of a great destiny, Ambrose had studied witchcraft and the dark secrets of the past. He did not know his fate, but he was certain it was not to toil as a common man until the end of his days.

Soon after Mogens had jumped ship, he returned to his dark studies. He pried secrets and lore from the reluctant natives, and blended them with his occult practices. Then, one night, deep in the forest, hidden from the eyes of all others, Ambrose Mogens invoked the Black Man. The avatar of Nyarlathotep appeared before Mogens, silent, featureless and dreadful. Mogens struggled and writhed. Ancient knowledge squirmed through his mind, devouring sanity, leaving hideous secrets behind. In that awful instant, Mogens comprehended his fate, and delighted in its undertaking.

Free from the stifling religion of Europe, Mogens practiced his sorcery openly. The Indian tribes shunned him, and so did the members of the cabal. In retribution for what Mogens perceived as their betrayal, three of the former crew of the *Half Moon* found death. Mogens drained their life energy, using it to prolong his own life. One of the crew, Hendrick Van Klei, he spared. It would be centuries before Mogens' dénouement arrived; centuries before he came face-to-face with his destiny; centuries in which he would gain knowledge and power, and followers of the Black Man.

NEW YORK

In 1664, only 55 years after Henry Hudson first set eyes upon Manhattan Island, England took control of New Amsterdam. Peter Stuyvesant did not readily relinquish the Dutch colony to the English. He stood with fewer than 200 soldiers and a shambles of a fort against four frigates and almost two thousand men. The invaders offered peaceful terms of surrender. Stuyvesant refused and prepared to battle. Angry colonists gathered in response,



Coven of the Half Moon Sacrificing to the Black Man

protesting Stuyvesant's decision. Without hope of success, Stuyvesant capitulated.

After the surrender, Stuyvesant was ordered home to explain his actions. There he challenged the States-General and accused the Dutch West Indian Company of neglect and mismanagement. Eventually Stuyvesant returned to the colony, where he lived the remainder of his life.

The English wasted no time in renaming the Dutch settlement to New York, in honor of the Duke of York. Treaties were made with the Lenape, in hopes of securing peace. Life in New York carried on as it did in New Amsterdam. The colony continued to grow, and like before, a series of governors marched through office, each making changes and adjustments.

For over one hundred years, New York expanded. New settlers arrived, more slaves were brought for labor, and the Lenape Indians all but vanished. New York boasted of being the third largest port in the British Empire. And the war taking place in North America, between Great Britain and France, greatly added to New York's prosperity as soldiers and supplies passed through the city.

British rule attempted to alleviate the bloat of profits in New York City by the application of taxes and tariffs, justifying them as a cost of colony defense. The levies were not well taken in New York, or in any other British colony in North America. In place of profit, Britain reaped rebellion.

A NEW CITY IN A NEW NATION

When the American Revolution ended eight years later, New York City, like the rest of the new United States of America, needed to be rebuilt. Streets were renamed; counties, cities and buildings were renamed. New York City wasn't renamed, though much around it and within it was. A new economy emerged, with its roots planted in the budding New York Stock Exchange.

Over the next one hundred years, New York City's population exploded as immigrants deluged the thriving metropolis. Stolid stone banks and exchange houses replaced older wooden structures on Wall Street, while businesses and residences climbed ever further northward, and slums festered in the former neighborhoods. Fueling this conflagration of growth were two historic events, the introduction Robert Fulton's steam engine to transport shipping and the completion of the Erie Canal.

The former made New York Harbor the foremost shipping port in the world with the first scheduled cargo delivery system. Prior to the steam engine, cargo ships were at the mercy and whim of the wind; steam power allowed for travel in any weather, whenever desired. This combined with the Erie Canal, a man-made channel reaching from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, developed commerce with the distant ends of the United States (considered Indiana at this time) and granted access to the world.

In the 1860's, however, New York City's soaring growth was tempered with war. Like most American cities, the Civil War brought strife and turmoil. The passing of the Conscription Act raised the ire of many

northern states, especially within underclass communities of New York City. Many felt that the nation's first wartime draft unfairly targeted the city's poor, since service could be avoided by paying \$300, an amount available only to the wealthy. This great inequity created a schism in the city, a divide that ruptured New York City in 1863.

Two days after the draft lottery started, thousands gathered in the streets on the Lower East Side. The angry mob poured uptown toward the draft office. When the violence commenced, nearly fifteen thousand New Yorkers had enlisted in the riot. The draft offices were destroyed, the city's police and militia overpowered, buildings burned, and rioters looted. Blame for the war

NEW YORK CITY CHRONOLOGY

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1524: Giovanni da Verrazano arrives at New York Bay. | 1835 Fire ravages city, consuming over 600 buildings. |
| 1609: <i>Half Moon</i> , captained by Henry Hudson arrives at New York Bay. | 1845 <i>New York Evening Mirror</i> publishes Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." |
| 1613: Dutch ship <i>Tiger</i> is destroyed by fire, forcing crew to winter on Manhattan Island. | 1857 Elizabeth Blackwell, the first female doctor, founds the New York Infirmary for Children and Women. |
| 1620 Dutch purchase Manhattan Island from native Indians; New Amsterdam is established. | 1861 The Civil War begins. New York City is linked to San Francisco by telegraph. |
| 1623 Dutch ship <i>New Netherland</i> arrives with settlers. | 1863 New York Draft Riots. |
| 1647 Peter Stuyvesant becomes Director General of New Amsterdam. | 1869 "Black Friday" — an attempt to corner the gold market sends Wall Street plummeting. |
| 1664 British capture New Amsterdam, renaming it New York in 1665. | 1870 New York City's first subway opens. |
| 1688 Rebellions breakout in New York, Massachusetts and Maryland. | 1886 Statue of Liberty is completed. |
| 1699 New York Shipyard established on the East River. | 1898 Five borough consolidation occurs. Manhattan, Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond combine into New York City. |
| 1712 Slave revolt; slaves found responsible are executed. | 1901 New York State requires automobiles to have license plates. |
| 1732 Colonel government recognizes New York City by establishing rights. | 1912 Isabella Goodwin becomes New York City's first female detective. |
| 1774 First Continental Congress convenes. | 1920 Explosion on Wall Street kills 30 people; anarchists are thought to be responsible. |
| 1775 Continental army withdraws from New York City; riots and fires destroy parts of the city. | 1921 Albert Einstein lectures at Columbia University. |
| 1783 New York City celebrates end of the Revolution; Washington bids farewell to offices in Fraunces' Tavern. | 1925 Wall Street sets record high closing. |
| 1792 New York Stock Exchange is created. | 1926 Tabloid publications boom with a combined readership over 1.5 million for the <i>Daily Mirror</i> , <i>Daily News</i> and <i>Evening Gazette</i> . |
| 1801 Robert Fulton's steam engine is demonstrated on a boat in the Hudson River. | 1927 Charles Lindbergh arrives in New York City to a ticker-tape parade (June 13). |
| 1811 The "gridiron" plan for the city's streets is proposed. | 1929 Wall Street market crashes. |
| 1825 Erie Canal opening celebration. | |
| 1827 New York State abolishes slavery. | |

extended to the city's black inhabitants, many of whom were killed and their homes burned. The riot raged for three days. Businesses and residences blazed. Blacks were beaten and lynched in the streets. Finally, Federal troops fresh from the battle of Gettysburg arrived to quell the uprising. Order was restored at gunpoint.

FIVE BOROUGH CONSOLIDATION

The decades following the Civil War brought New York City to the very edges of Manhattan Island. With the continued influx of immigrants, and the lack of living space, the city only had one direction to build: Upward. A flood of multi-story tenement houses inundated Manhattan. Apartment buildings appeared as well, though these tended to be more dignified. Prior to the Civil War, New York City's upper society considered apartment living unrefined; but by the 1900's, that attitude, like living space in the city, had vanished. As the population increased, the poor moved into ramshackle tenements while the well-to-do dwelled in luxury apartments.

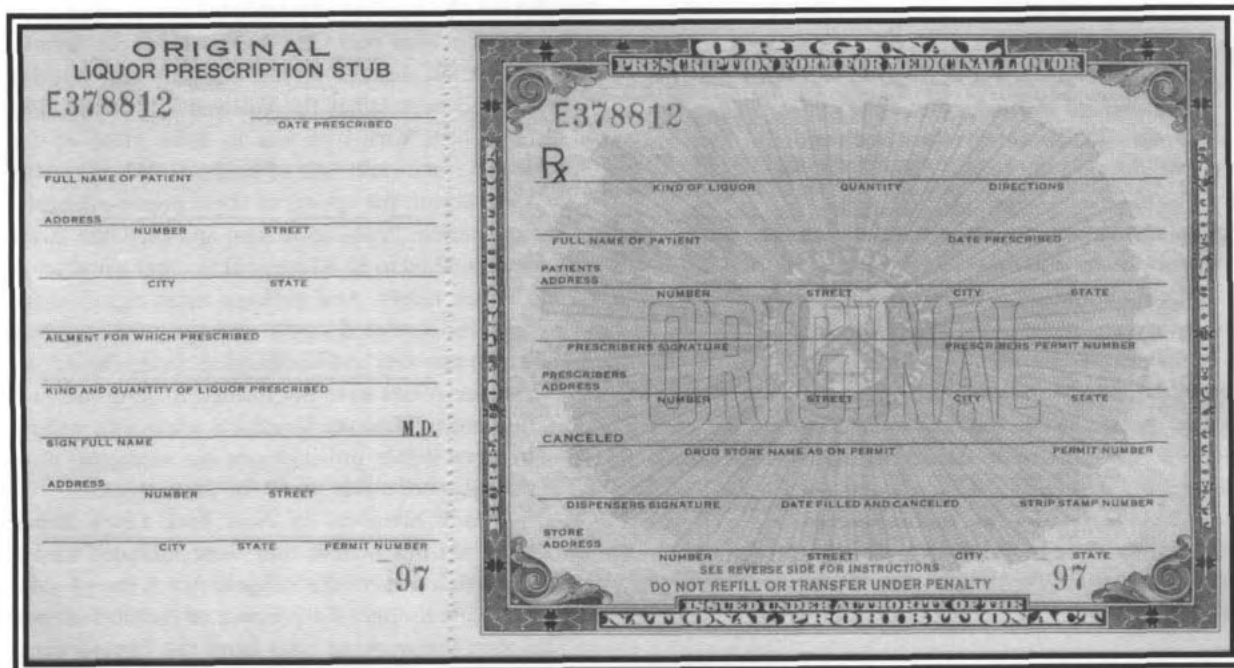
Businesses also climbed skywards. Giant, manmade canyons of stone formed the new geography of the city. Bridges, elevated rails and tunnels linked the Manhattan's urban landscape to the surrounding cities. Then, in 1898, a new city was created, not with bricks and iron, rather with legislation. New York City consolidated into a new metropolis of five boroughs. Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond united to create the second largest city in the world,

second only to London. The consolidation benefited all of the previous counties and towns that existed on the fringes of Manhattan, and Manhattan gained new land in which to expand. By the 1920's, the mass transit system connecting the boroughs was extended, allowing New Yorkers to work in downtown Manhattan and live in the outlying parts of the city.

THE RED SCARE

During the two decades prior the 1920's, New York City, and the nation as a whole, experienced great unrest. Labor unions protested. Women's Rights groups protested. Ethnic groups protested. Bolsheviks and anarchists protested. Anti-war groups protested. Anti-alcohol groups protested. Union Square Park in New York City's midtown became a gathering point for many of these protests. Thousands congregated there to speak with a single voice, a single that did not go unnoticed.

In 1917, the Espionage Act was passed in the United States, followed by the stronger, revitalized Sedition Act and Alien Act in 1918. With these biting policies, Federal and State government commenced calming the national turbulence. In New York City, socialist and communist papers were closed, the editors and publishers arrested. "Red Raids" were instigated throughout the city, rounding up suspected anarchists and Bolsheviks. In a single night, the Department of Justice, with the aid of New York City police, were able to arrest over 600 suspected Bolsheviks without substantial evidence. During the escapade, the raiders also demolished the



Prohibition Alcohol Prescription for Medicinal Liquor

homes of the mainly Russian group, making a statement that was shared by most of America.

Though the fear of subversive alien infiltration decreased as the 1920's came to an end, the restrictive immigration quotas remained in place. As intended, the quotas decreased the stream of immigrants entering New York City, particularly those from Eastern European countries. But before the 1920's could begin, other measures were taken to improve what was believed to be the declining moral character of the nation.

NEW YORK CITY MAYORS

| | |
|--------------|--------------------------|
| 1898 - 1901: | Robert Van Wyck |
| 1902 - 1903: | Seth Low |
| 1904 - 1909 | George Brinton McClellan |
| 1910 - 1913 | William Jay Gaynor |
| 1914 - 1917 | John Purroy Mitchel |
| 1918 - 1925 | John F. Hylan |
| 1926 - 1932 | James "Jimmy" Walker |

THE BIG APPLE IN THE ROARING TWENTIES

The First World War brought to New York City the money of Europe. For nearly sixty years, European investors had funded the expansion in the United States. But after the war in Europe began, the direction of the capital changed. Europe now needed money to fund their militaries, and New York investment houses were happy to oblige. In the four years of the Great War, New York City had won a centuries-old battle; it displaced London as the world's leading economic power. New York City in 1920 stood at the edge of an economic boom that would last until 1929; a social and cultural roller coaster ride that far exceeded anything to be found at an amusement park, even the Big Apple's own Coney Island.



NEW YORK STATE GOVERNORS

| | |
|-------------|-----------------------|
| 1918 - 1920 | Alfred E. Smith |
| 1920 - 1922 | Nathan L. Miller |
| 1922 - 1928 | Alfred E. Smith |
| 1928 - 1932 | Franklin D. Roosevelt |

URBAN GEOGRAPHY

New York City is comprised of five boroughs: Manhattan (New York County), the Bronx (Bronx County), Queens (Queens County), Brooklyn (Kings County) and Richmond (Richmond County). By the 1920's, all of the boroughs are connected by bridges, tunnels and subways, except for Richmond, which is a thirty-minute ferry ride across the East River from Lower Manhattan.

Of the five boroughs, Manhattan has the largest concentration of population and industry. New Yorkers commonly divide this borough into three sections termed downtown, midtown and uptown.

PROHIBITION

The invocation of the Volstead Act in 1919 fired the first shot of a cultural battle that took to the streets and cellars of New York City. The goal of Prohibition was to sober the nation's drunken character. Instead, it started a binge. Within the first few years of Prohibition, the number of establishments serving alcohol doubled in New York City. By the end of the decade, over 32,000 speakeasies served bathtub gin, bootleg booze and beer. What the Volstead Act did accomplish in New York City was to drive many of the exclusive restaurants out of business. When unable to serve liquor, the appeal of these pricey establishments waned. Prohibition also spawned the cover charge, a \$2.00 to \$5.00 fee paid to enter a nightclub or swank eatery. And perhaps most significantly, Prohibition created a new underground economy of rum running and bootlegging. In the Big Apple, these activities were not limited to gangsters and hoodlums, however. Unethical physicians willing to write liquor prescriptions for medicinal purposes turned a tidy profit for themselves.

Many members of New York City's upper class did not believe they were included under the restrictions of the Volstead Act. A few of society's elite thought the purpose of Prohibition was to save the working class from the demon rum. After all, liquor was an essential element of refined



social events, and certainly could not be excluded. For those who were socially inferior, alcohol brought nothing but ruin, leading to poverty and degeneration. The vanquishing of spirited drinks from the United States did not eliminate them; rather, it increased the cost of quality beverages. Consequently, liquor was not beyond the reach of New York City's affluent. And many well-heeled speakeasies hid behind the elegant facades of prosperous neighborhoods.

REAL CHARACTERS OF THE PROHIBITION ERA

Texas Guinan

One of the Big Apple's most fashionable and infamous speakeasy hostesses was Mary Louise Cecilia Guinan, commonly called Texas Guinan. Performing at numerous



Texas Guinan

speakeasies throughout her varied career, she co-owned a few as well, including the El Fey, Rendezvous, 300 Club, and the Argonaut, opening one as quickly as the last was padlocked by Prohibition agents. As the end of her gin-joint hostess routine in the 1920's approached, her outspokenness and fashion-

able speakeasies often rewarded her with over \$4,000 a week.

Mary Louise Cecilia Guinan, "Texas Guinan," 1884-1933

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: .38 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10.

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

Izzy and Moe

The Volstead Act brought fame to both sides of the street. While Texas Guinan's star was rising on Broadway, Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith became the dynamic



Izzy Einstein Before long, pictures of the dedicated pair of Prohibition agents adorned speakeasy walls across the city in an effort to help bartenders recognize them.

Isidor "Izzy" Einstein, 1881-1938

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
Grapple 45%, damage special.

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

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

Moe Smith, ?-1960

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

Damage Bonus: +1D6.



Moe Smith

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db
 Kick 45%, damage 1D6+db
 Head Butt 30%, damage 1D4+db
 Small Club 45%, damage 1D6+db
 .38 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10
 Grapple 55%, damage special.

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

Lucky and Dutch

Charlie "Lucky" Luciano, Syndicate Boss, 1897-1962

At the age of nine, Salvatore Lucania emigrated with his family from Sicily to New York. There he grew up on the streets of the Lower East Side. Quickly he acclimated to the gangs and crime of the big city. By the arrival of Prohibition, Salvatore had become Charlie Luciano, and was ready to do business. With the skills of an executive, Charlie organized the bootleggers and racketeers of New York, and operated the conglomeration like a business. By the beginning of the 1930's, Lucky Luciano was controlling a massive, growing crime syndicate that earned millions each year.



Lucky Luciano

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 13
 DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db
 .45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Credit Rating 60%, Dodge 45%, Sicilian 80%, Law 25%, Persuade 60%, City Lore(New York City) 70%.



Dutch Schultz, Bronx Beer Baron, 1902-1935

Born in the Bronx with the name Arthur Simon Flegenheimer, Dutch took to a life of crime from an early age. After serving time in Blackwell's Prison for burglary, he returned to his native borough with a new name and a job as a strong-arm for a Bronx bootlegger. By 1928, Dutch was a bartender in a speakeasy. This short-lived job catapulted him into his own speakeasy business,



Dutch Schultz

and eventually into bootlegging. The operation quickly spilled over to Manhattan, where he starting selling beer to his competitors. Not satisfied with his profits, Dutch entered the numbers racket. Along his ascent from petty thief to crime lord, Dutch made many enemies, the most significant being Lucky Luciano.

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 13
 DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
 Head Butt 40%, damage 1D4+db
 Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db
 Grapple 45%, damage special
 .45 Automatic 65%, damage 1D10+2.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Conceal 40%, Credit Rating 50%, Law 20%, Persuade 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, City Lore(New York City) 70%.



THE NEW YORK SOCIAL ORDER

HIGH SOCIETY

One of the many changes the 1920's brought was a schism in New York City's upper class. Prior to the 1900's, the city's upper society was composed of American Blueblood families who believed in

a social aristocracy, and whose wealth and position had long been established. Occasionally new money entered the elite social circle, but the new members strove to conform to the existing Old World standards of sophistication. Inclusion sometimes took a generation, but the new members eventually earned a social pedigree. This branch of traditional upper society is best depicted in the works of Edith Wharton and Henry James. Its members are a privileged class, well educated, loath to change tradition, living in austere mansions, whose leisure is mainly spent in social gatherings where matters of art and culture are discussed and debated. Such a description is simplified and stereotypical at best. But it does allow for a broad concept without delving into massive texts dedicated to the social sciences.

The new social elites the 1920's brought to New York are, in many ways, polar opposites of the old aristocracy. The decade brought with it many wealthy businessmen, investors and celebrities. F. Scott Fitzgerald often depicted the new members of upper society in his writings. Unlike the nouveau riche in the years past who were solitary and infrequent, these millionaires appeared in large numbers, forming their own social standards. They did not want to be confined within the stifling framework of Blueblood society; they desired to step beyond the bounds of all society. Loud music, garish attire, bohemian fashion and wild parties formed their creed. To them, the underclass was not a problem that needed to be dealt with, as the aged upper class believed. To these dilettantes and debutants, the underclass was an asset that could be bought, sold and used; additionally, underclass society was something to be experienced, not shunned.

MIDDLE CLASS

New York in the 1920's had a growing middle class. In some instances, this section of society was either one or two generations away from becoming upper class, or a couple of generations removed from the working class. Composed primarily of working professionals such as businessmen, lawyers and doctors, the middle class constituted a moderate proportion of the city's inhabitants. Most lived outside Manhattan, in the developing Queens or Richmond boroughs, with smaller numbers in Manhattan, Bronx and Brooklyn.

An innovation the economy of the 1920's brought to the middle class was the opportunity to travel and vacation. Even within the confines of New York City, working professionals spent weekends in Queens at the Rockaways or at Brooklyn's Coney Island. The profiting economy and booming stock market moved them out of apartments and subways, and into private homes and automobiles. The most successful danced in

nightclubs, dined in restaurants and were entertained on Broadway at theaters and movie palaces.

WORKING CLASS

The thriving industry of New York City needed an endless supply of laborers. Everything from expanding the city's infrastructure to manufacturing clothes required countless men and women to toil long hours indoor and outdoors. Their plight was to work at demanding jobs and live in squalor. Tenement houses were home to the majority of the working class. Some could afford better abodes, usually a flat or sometimes a low cost apartment. They lived near their work, even though the subway allowed the masses of the Big Apple to travel across the boroughs for a nickel. This opened Bronx Park and Coney Island to the working class, but low wages kept a short lease on most. Entertainment was limited to cheap theaters, tawdry pool parlors and speakeasies.

To represent social tribulation between investigators and non-player characters of opposite ends of the social spectrum, keepers can apply penalties by halving interaction skills such as **Bargain**, **Fast Talk** and **Persuade**. Such penalties should only be used when members of the working class and upper class interact, or if a character is mistook for a member of one of these classes.

THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE AND THE RACE QUESTION

Like the nation as a whole, New York City during the 1920's was plagued with racial prejudice. Blacks were prohibited entrance into most businesses, restaurants, hotels and schools. They were prevented from living in many parts of the city, either by refusal to rent or sell property to them, or by threat of harm. Also, they had a limited number of choices when it came to employment and careers; blacks generally received lower wages and worked mainly as laborers or servants. Even within Harlem, where the city's highest concentration of blacks resided, opportunities for professional trades were few and underpaid. And yet, with the anathema of prejudice plaguing every corner and every street of the city, the seeds of a cultural revolution took root in the Big Apple.

For years after the Civil War, blacks had been migrating from the south to New York City. By the 1900's, when a slump in real estate and high rent made finding tenants difficult for landlords, it created an opportunity for blacks in the city. Black renters willing to pay five dollars more a month were able to move into the first black apartment house in Harlem (West 133rd St., No.31). As the 1920's approached with climbing racial turmoil and

the lynching of blacks in the Deep South, Harlem's black population quickly increased. By 1919, several blocks in Harlem had become the home to black New Yorkers. This cultivated a sense of community and a desire to develop a new form of culture. Being led by intellectual leaders like W. E. B. DuBois and Alain Locke, the Harlem Renaissance was set into motion.

Many unique events took place in Harlem as the black colony expanded. Black newspapers and magazines gave voice to the community. Though the *New York Age* appeared as early as 1881, others like *Amsterdam News*, *The Challenge*, *The Crisis*, *The Messenger*, *Negro World* and *Opportunity* were published as the district developed. Similarly, educated, professional blacks were practicing lawyers and doctors within the boundaries of Harlem. Artists, poets and musicians thrived and were promoted by cultural leaders. Successful black businessmen invested in the community, opening restaurants, theaters and new businesses. Simultaneously, there was a growing interest among white New Yorkers to experience black culture. This curiosity centered the spotlight on Harlem.

Middle and upper class whites longed to experience the flavor of black culture in Harlem. Nightclubs like Connie's Inn, the Cotton Club, the Savoy Ballroom and Small's Paradise filled with white patrons. Blacks were not permitted entrance into these white owned clubs, unless as employees. Grand shows with song and dance catering to the notions of their white clientele were the venue of these popular nightspots. The owners grew rich, and few blacks profited.

As the Harlem nightlife boomed and roared throughout the 1920's, the tune of progress sounded during the daylight hours. Black entrepreneurs opened non-segregated theaters and clubs, increasing employment opportunities beyond service and entertainment. Black publications printed the writings of black authors, reviewed black books and music and employed printers, editors, managers, salesmen and clerks. Harlem Hospital employed black doctors and nurses, and started a nursing program to train new black nurses. Opportunities unimaginable only a year before blossomed across Harlem, though the renaissance in Harlem was never fully realized. Racism and prejudice and biased laws still stifled development inside and outside Harlem. The *Jazz Age* brought much advancement, but not enough for a complete American cultural renaissance.

To represent the racial prejudice and distrust of the 1920's, keepers might consider applying penalties to investigators and non-player characters of different races. Social interaction skills such as **Bargain**, **Fast Talk** and **Persuade** can be halved to simulate the social tension, making communication and trust more difficult for characters. Additionally, depending upon the circumstances, skill failures of 96-00 can result in physical conflict.



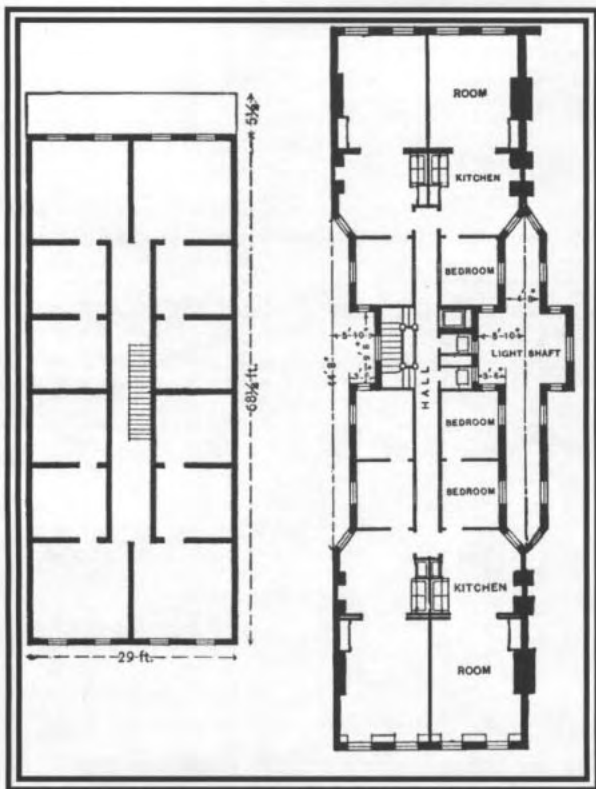
Closely packed tenement building.

THE OTHER HALF

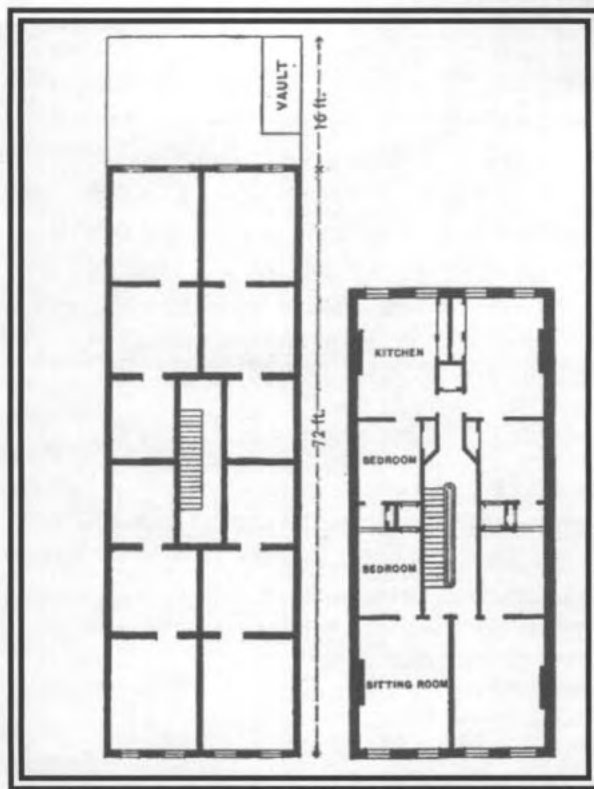
In the late 1800's, a New York City reporter named Jacob A. Riis wrote *How the Other Half Lives*, a book describing the horrid conditions in which the city's poor lived, and died. Riis focused upon the slums of the Lower East Side, Gas House and Hell's Kitchen, detailing the street gangs, crime and tenement houses. Though the book called attention to the desperate conditions of the slums, life in these areas, and the other growing slums, remained brutal and short.

Architects and landowners found a solution to New York City's overcrowding and lack of living space in the early 1800's. Tenement buildings, sometimes built on lots only 25 feet wide, could house multiple families at relatively low cost in a small space. The solution brought the construction of countless tenements across the city's Lower East Side. Thousands crowded into these dark, windowless buildings that provided little more than shelter from the elements.

The trend continued as landlords profited from the inexpensive buildings. By 1901, however, two housing laws had been passed to improve the abysmal conditions of tenement living. The first law, in 1867, required the addition of a toilet for every twenty residents. Following this hard-edged legislation was another law in 1879,



New Law tenement compared to smaller tenement.



Old Law tenement floor plan.

requiring each apartment built after 1879 to have access to fresh air; this was typically done by adding air shafts to the building's exterior, and setting windows into the shaft as it passed through each floor. In 1901, however, came the toughest legislation. Pushed strongly by New York State governor Theodore Roosevelt, it banned the construction of tenements on 25 foot wide lots, prevented new tenements from using the entire lot for the building, required the toilets all tenements to be moved indoor, increased their number to one for every two families, and specified that artificial and natural lighting be made available to each room of an apartment.

Tenements erected after this legislation were called New Law tenements. The ones constructed prior to 1901 were termed Old Law. Unlike previous housing laws, the 1901 law forced landlords to remodel their buildings, cutting deeply into their profits. This cost was naturally passed along to the tenants. By the 1920's, even with supporting tenement laws, the tenements were still overcrowded and the rent costly. Tenants often rented a bedroom to help pay the high monthly rent. Though tenement inspectors examined the buildings to verify legal conformity, there were numerous landlords who were slow to change, or found bribery cheaper than renovation. The tightly packed firetraps also made an excellent environment for the spread of disease. The death rate in tenement districts sometimes leaped fifty percent higher than other parts of the city.

OPTIONAL RULES FOR TENEMENTS

Tenement districts were grimy, squalid areas where dilapidated buildings sometimes stood side to side, with no space between them, rising as high as six stories. Access to tenements not facing the street were gained by passing through one building to the next, often without ever seeing daylight. Streetwise New Yorkers learned to walk the roofs of the buildings, crossing from building to building until they arrived at a new street or particular tenement.

To provide atmosphere, keepers can require investigators to use Navigation rolls to find their way through the maze-like buildings. The shadowy hallways and seesawing stairs also make pursuits difficult. Navigation rolls can be used to improve chances of hiding or eluding stalkers. Also, characters can make Jump rolls to leap over stairwell railings in hopes of traversing the stairs quicker (this only works when going down stairs). A failure results in 1D3 loss of hit points from tumbling down the stairs.

Because of the dangerous environment of tenements, and the hazardous conditions of the structures themselves, keepers can use the Tenement District Events chart when investigators visit these dire urban locations. Keepers should feel free to modify the chart to best suit their needs.

TENEMENT DISTRICT EVENTS

1D100 Event

Roll 1D100 to determine event.

01-79 No Event

80-84 Hoodlums: 1D3 hoodlums looking for trouble.

85-89 Gang: A gang of 2+1D8 toughs hanging out in the building don't like looking at the investigators.

90-93 Hold-up: Out of the shadows appears an armed robber, demanding cash and valuables.

94-95 Contagion: Random investigator (or have each roll Luck, and select the worst failure) contracts an infectious illness on a failed CON X5 roll. Roll 1D4: 1-Influenza, 2-Tuberculosis, 3-Cold, 4-Pertussis (Whooping Cough). See Contagion chart for details.

96-00 Fire! Someone cries fire. Keepers decide if there is an actual fire or not. In either case, all capable occupants immediately flee the building, causing a mad rush to the stairs and doors. Investigators attempting to flee an actual fire must make a Navigation roll to determine the safest exit. Some buildings have fire escapes, but Old Law tenements crowded together usually do not. Sometimes taking the roof to another building is the safest route.

Hoodlums

| | STR | CON | SIZ | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|----|
| Hoodlum #112 | 13 | 12 | 09 | 13 | 14 | 13 | +1D4 | |
| Hoodlum #212 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 12 | +0 | |
| Hoodlum #312 | 14 | 13 | 07 | 10 | 11 | 14 | +1D4 | |

(25% chance each hoodlum is carrying a weapon.)

Weapons: Club 57%, damage 1D6+db

Fighting Knife 52%, damage 1D4+2+db

Pipe 64%, 1D4+db

Switchblade 60% 1D4+db

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Head Butt 50%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 57%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 40%, Hide 70%, Sneak 64%, City Lore(New York City) 68%.

Gang Members (For larger gangs than listed, re-use stats.)

| | STR | CON | SIZ | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|----------|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|------|----|
| Tough #1 | 16 | 14 | 1210 | 11 | 11 | 13 | +1D4 | |
| Tough #2 | 14 | 14 | 1307 | 10 | 10 | 14 | +1D4 | |
| Tough #3 | 12 | 15 | 1409 | 09 | 10 | 15 | +1D4 | |
| Tough #4 | 11 | 11 | 1010 | 10 | 14 | 11 | +0 | |
| Tough #5 | 15 | 13 | 1408 | 10 | 09 | 14 | +1D4 | |

(10% chance one tough has a handgun, the rest have street weapons.)

Weapons: .32 Revolver 44%, damage 1D8

Blackjack 60%, damage 1D8+db

Brassknuckles 70%, 1D3+db

Club 60%, damage 1D6+db

Crowbar 60%, damage 1D4+db

Fighting Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db

Straight Razor 70%, damage 1D4+db

Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db

Head Butt 60%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 68%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Conceal 45%, Dodge 63%, Hide 60%, Sneak 38%, City Lore(New York City) 72%.

Hold-up

| | STR | CON | SIZ | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|--------|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|------|----|
| Robber | 12 | 13 | 12 | 1012 | 13 | 13 | +1D4 | |

Weapons: .32 Revolver 63%, damage 1D8

Straight Razor 66%, damage 1D4+db

Fist/Punch 57%, damage 1D3+db

Head Butt 47%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 55%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Conceal 55%, Dodge 60%, Hide 70%, Sneak 40%, City Lore(New York City) 72%.

CONTAGIONS

Keepers use random failed **Luck** rolls to determine if investigators cough, sneeze or experience other symptoms during important moments, such as hiding.

Influenza

Within 24 hours symptoms begin: Sore throat, fever, and coughing. Roll **CON X5** each day; the flu ends with a success.

Tuberculosis

Symptoms begin in 2D4 weeks: Difficulty breathing, fever, fatigue, and muscle weakness. Without treatment, the investigator permanently loses 1 CON each 6 months until death (CON 0). Make a halved **CON** roll each month of treatment; the disease is overcome with a success.

Cold

Within 24 hours symptoms begin. Sore throat, fever, coughing, nausea. Roll **CON X5** each day; the flu ends with a success.

Pertussis

Within 48 hours cold like symptoms commence, lasting 1D3+1 weeks, after which severe coughing begins, sometimes lasting up to 1 hour. After the 2nd week of the illness, the investigator temporarily loses 1 CON each week; also, roll **CON X2** each week without treatment, **CON X 4** with treatment; the illness ends with a success, all CON returns. Use the Tenement District Events chart when investigators visit these dire urban locations. Keepers should feel free to modify the chart to best suit their needs.

GETTING AROUND THE CITY

The image of millions of New Yorkers pushing and crowding in subways and on sidewalks, with buses, cars and trucks packed in long lines on streets and avenues is familiar to most everyone. Even during the 1920's millions of people swarmed across the city each morning and evening, going and returning from work by subway, elevated rail (the El), bus and car. Making the situation worse, the automobile, which had all but replaced the horse and carriage, turned urban travel into a leisure time activity for many New Yorkers, bringing traffic jams and slowdowns to the weekends. Investigators traveling around the city are likely to encounter delays and difficulty caused by the heavy day-light hours' traffic.

Elevated Rails

Since the 1870's, the elevated rail, or El, has been carting passengers around the boroughs. First operating in Manhattan, then later in Brooklyn, the El became an essential part of the city's transit system, reaching locations the subway could not. By the 1920's, the El was operated by the Inter Borough Transit Corporation (IRT) and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation (BMT), both of which were municipally owned. The price per person was five cents. The El operates twenty-four hours a day.

Subways

By the 1920's, the subways were the most commonly used mass transit system in the city. Operated by the IRT and the BMT, subway access to New York City was extensive and inexpensive. For 5 cents, a passenger could ride the entire length of a line, though transfers to another system cost an additional 2 cents. Because of overcrowding, the city began construction of a third subway system, the Independent Subway System (IND), but it was not operational until the 1930's. Like the El, the subways operated twenty-four hours a day.

Buses and Trolleys

By the end of the 1920's, bus and trolley use had dramatically decreased in the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Brooklyn. In the still rural boroughs of Queens and Richmond (Staten Island), the buses were more commonly used because of the limited access of subways. Tickets were 5 cents per person.

Taxicabs

A plethora of taxicabs existed in the Big Apple during the 1920's. They were higher priced than the municipal transit systems, but were capable of taking passengers directly to locations, and the drivers often have a good knowledge of the city. A **Bargain, Fast Talk** or **Persuade X2** roll convinces a cabbie to take an investigator to a speakeasy, and gets the investigator a business card allowing entry. Taxicab rates vary, though an average rate was 15 cents for the first quarter mile, and 5 cents every additional mile.

Optional Skill: City Lore 25% (New York City)

Investigators living in New York City six months or longer have likely grown familiar with the neighborhoods and boroughs. Therefore, they can use the City Lore (New York City) skill to access this knowledge. A City Lore (New York City) roll provides characters with knowledge about the city's districts, the location of buildings and monuments, of businesses, entertainments, and names of useful contacts. A successful roll, while providing information, does not indicate that the investigator has been to these locations or is personally acquainted with a contact. Characters without the City Lore (New York City) skill, but who have lived in New York City for six months or longer can make INT rolls.

Ferries

Ferries carrying passengers to Coney Island, Bedloe Island (Statue of Liberty), Richmond (Staten Island) and many other New York and New Jersey location were a common sight in the Twenties. Without road access to these locations, the only means of travel was by water. Investigators traveling to Richmond (Staten Island) and the New York Bay islands must use a ferry. The South Ferry Pier, in downtown Manhattan is the point of departure and arrival for the Richmond and bay islands ferry. Ferries traveling to Richmond dock at St. George. The ferries operate during daylight hours only, launching every thirty minutes. The fee is 5 cents a person and 40 cents a vehicle.

Optional Skill Use: Follow That Car!

Characters with the City Lore (New York City) skill, and at least six months of experience in the Big Apple, can use their knowledge of the city to find shortcuts and dump tails. In vehicle pursuits, when a character wants to make an unexpected turn down an alley or street, or take a shortcut through heavy traffic to head off a fleeing vehicle, a City Lore (New York City) skill roll can be used in conjunction with the Drive Automobile skill. First the investigator or non-player character rolls City Lore (New York City). Next, if the roll was a success, then a 10-percentile bonus is added to the Drive Automobile skill as a bonus for one action. Likewise, the opposing character can use the same tactic to prevent success. In this instance, the final Drive Automobile skills (with bonuses) are rolled against each other using the Resistance Table. If using the Vehicle Chases optional rules in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, then a successful City Lore (New York City) roll becomes a Drive Roll Modifier.

The Streets of New York

The roads of Manhattan Island can be divided into avenues and streets. Avenues typically run north and south bisecting streets, which run east and west, or cross-town. Some Avenues have names, such as Lenox Avenue and Madison Avenue, but each also has a number. The avenue numbers ascend from east to west, starting at 1st Avenue and ending at 10th Avenue. Similarly, some streets have names and numbers; south of Houston Street (SoHo) are mainly names; north of Houston Street are mainly numbers. Street numbers ascend toward northern Manhattan. Like most cities, these rules are occasionally broken. The older portions of the Big Apple, the original areas of the Dutch settlement, including downtown Manhattan, are more haphazard in layout. This is very evident in Greenwich Village, where streets have names and numbers and wind in all directions. The other boroughs do not follow this system, or any particular system.

BIG CITY TRAVEL

Travel in New York City can seem complicated to the uninitiated, and even sometimes to the experienced. Getting from one place to another can be rife with setbacks caused by delays, lack of passenger space, breakdowns and accidents. To bring the strife of big city commuting to Call of Cthulhu, keepers may consider using the following optional rules. It is suggested that these rules only be applied in dramatic situations. It is assumed that New York City traffic is a part of day-to-day life, and New Yorkers anticipate delays while going about daily business.

Mass Transit, Ferries, Taxicabs and Private Automobiles

Investigators using any mass transit system, or driving themselves in a vehicle, may encounter long lines and crowds at stations, traffic backups, accidents or mechanical failures causing delays. To simulate this, use the following table:

Commuting Table

| Luck Roll | Result |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Success of half or less | No delay |
| Success above half | 10 minute delay |
| Failure | 1 hour delay |
| Failure, 96-00 | Mechanical failure, 1D2 hour delay |

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Theaters

The theater is one of the Big Apple's oldest entertainments, and one of its most popular pastimes in the twenties. Plays, musicals, concerts and vaudeville filled the bill of fare for the New York Theater. New Yorkers and tourists alike descended upon the "Great White Way" (also called "Broadway") weeknights

and weekends by the thousands, filling the play houses and music halls that were scattered about Broadway Avenue in the Times Square district. Matinees were offered Wednesday and Saturday, with tickets selling for all shows at the box office and many hotels.

Beyond providing entertainment, many of New York City's theaters served as social milieus. It was often more important politically and socially to be seen at the theater than to see the performance in the theater. Investigators attempting to acquire tickets for a popular show, or socially fashionable show, must make a successful **Credit Rating** roll or **Bargain** roll.

NEW YORK CITY CALENDAR

This is a list of popular New York City events celebrated throughout the year. Events without dates indicate they have no fixed date and that they are held when convenient during the month.

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>January Chinatown celebrates Chinese New Year Madison Square Garden, Firemen's Ball Madison Square Garden, Policemen's Ball</p> | <p>February Madison Square Garden, New York Athletic Club Track Meet</p> | <p>March 17th, 5th Avenue, St. Patrick's Day Parade Madison Square Garden, Golden Gloves Amateur Boxing Tournament</p> |
| <p>April 6th, 5th Avenue, Army Day Parade 5th Avenue, Easter Day Parade Pratt Institute, Art Exhibition</p> | <p>May 1st, Labor Day Parade Coney Island opens Travers Island, New York Athletic Club Spring Games</p> | <p>June Pelham Parkway (Bronx), Outdoor Rose Show</p> |
| <p>July 4th, Independence Day Celebrations</p> | <p>August</p> | <p>September 1st Monday, Labor Day Celebrations Coney Island Mardi Gras Travers Island, New York Athletic Club Fall Games</p> |
| <p>October American Indian Day Ceremonies New York Philharmonic Concert Season begins</p> | <p>November New York Botanical Gardens (Bronx Park), Chrysanthemum Show Broadway, 110th St. to 34th St., Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade</p> | <p>December</p> |

Movie Palaces

As the popularity of Hollywood films grew in the Twenties, so did the size of movie theaters. The immense audiences movies were drawing in the early years of film were strongly felt by New York's theater district. Play houses and music halls, commonly called "legitimate theaters," resorted to grand designs and decor, with lighted marquees and big shows to keep their audiences. Not to be outdone, Hollywood funded enormous movie palaces, capable of seating thousands. Lavish interiors promised comfort fit for a king, while restaurants and arcades provided additional entertainment, and many palaces had live performance stages for vaudeville. Some movie palaces went as far as to include maternity wards, pet housing and medical facilities. Standing side-by-side on Broadway with legit theaters, these ostentatious bastions of Hollywood power advertised their films with bright lights and images of film stars adorning their facades. Matinees were offered nearly every day, as were midnight shows. Many of the palaces did not close until well after 3:00 a.m.

Nightclubs

Music, dance, society and drink are the staple of New York City nightclubs. From posh Park Avenue to Harlem in Manhattan, all the way to the distant edges of Bronx, Queens and Brooklyn, nightclubs in the twenties offered up entertainment custom made for the city's elite. With cover charges ranging from \$2 to \$25, only the well-to-do could afford these trendy scenes. Many of New York's swank clubs had long waiting lists, or required contacts to even gain entrance. Often these exclusive clubs hiked up their cover charge as the space started to fill. Still, debutants and dilettantes, burning to buy excitement and stave off boredom, herded into these entertainment establishments each night.

Admittance to these exclusive clubs were determined by many factors, each depending upon the club's management. A few private clubs required membership, with yearly dues sometimes as high as \$200. The semi-public nightclubs sometimes required social contacts or references, while most public nightclubs welcomed all who could afford the cover and looked like they could spend more money inside. Investigators visiting these establishments may need to flash a business card acquired from a club regular or taxicab driver in the pay of the club, or make a successful **Credit Rating** roll, or in some instances, **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** their way past the front doors.

Inside, investigators find water selling at \$2 a pitcher; tonic and drink mixes at \$5 a glass. Those hoping to purchase liquor, if they did not bring their own, must **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** the headwaiter, unless they are regulars, or are with a regular. In most pricey joints, Rye runs \$20 a fifth and \$25 for Scotch.

Speakeasies

New York City speakeasies came in every shape, size and color. Nearly every neighborhood in the city had one of these watering holes. They were hidden in penthouses on Park Avenue, in cellars in Harlem, in family houses in the Bronx, in hardware stores, office buildings, tea-rooms and restaurants everywhere in the city. Perhaps the most extravagant was hidden behind the façade of a synagogue on Manhattan's Middle East Side.

Entry to the city's myriad speakeasies was as diverse as their disguises. Many establishments hoping to maintain a dignified air issued membership cards, which were almost ritually dispersed by a speakeasy operator or manager. Additional significance could be added with the adornment of the issuer's signature on the backside of the card. These cards not only opened the door at the speakeasy that issued it, but would often open the doors of many other speakeasies willing to gain new customers.

Other speakeasies were blunter; solid doors with bells and sliding view slits provided security. These places only admitted regulars, or someone who looked like a regular, or someone who claimed to be a regular, or someone who claimed to know someone who was a regular, or anyone who mentioned the name a taxicab



Speakeasy membership cards.

Reproduction of a Bootlegger's menu

FREE OFFER

- 1 1/2 PINT CHICKENCOCK RYE OR 1 BOTTLE HIGH & DRY GIN WITH EACH PURCHASE OF \$3.50 OR OVER.
 1 PINT HIRAM WALKER'S CANADIAN CLUB RYE OR 1 QT. GIBLEY'S GIN WITH EACH PURCHASE OF \$4.00 OR OVER.
 1 QUART HIRAM WALKER'S CANADIAN CLUB RYE OR VCHOICE OF ANY HIGH GRADE SCOTCH WITH EACH PURCHASE OF \$10.00 OR OVER.

RYE

| | Pints | Case |
|---|---------------------|---------|
| Golden Wedding..... | \$1.75 3 for \$4.50 | \$32.00 |
| Four Aces..... | 1.75 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| *William Penn..... | 1.75 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| *Old Charter..... | 1.75 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| Old Dougherty..... | 1.75 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| Silver Dollar..... | 1.75 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| 7 Year Old Canadian..... | 3 for 8.50 | 54.00 |
| Genuine Hiram Walker's Imperial Quarts with new convenient screw cap..... | 2 for 7.50 | 39.00 |

Sealed in Tins

| | Pints | Case |
|---------------------|--------------|---------|
| Chickencock..... | 3 for \$5.00 | \$36.00 |
| Golden Wedding..... | 3 for 5.00 | 36.00 |
| Knickerbocker..... | 3 for 5.00 | 36.00 |

BOURBON WHISKEY

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------|---------|
| Indian Hill..... | 3 for \$4.50 | \$32.00 |
| Coon Hollow..... | 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| Old Log Cabin..... | 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |
| *Old Crow..... | 3 for 4.50 | 32.00 |

*Convenient Drinking Cup Included

**Phone SWIFT
ALgonquin 4-4231**

*All merchandise may be sampled
before you buy.*

GIN

| | Quarts | fi Case | Case |
|----------------------------------|--------------|---------|--------|
| High & Dry..... | 3 for \$2.25 | \$4.00 | \$7.75 |
| Picadilly..... | 3 for 3.00 | 5.25 | 10.25 |
| Nicholson..... | 3 for 3.00 | 5.25 | 10.25 |
| Gibley's..... | 3 for 3.25 | 6.25 | 12.25 |
| Burnett's White Satin..... | 3 for 3.25 | 6.25 | 12.25 |
| "House of Lord's"..... | 3 for 3.50 | 6.75 | 12.75 |
| Holloway's..... | 3 for 3.50 | 6.75 | 12.75 |
| Berry Bros. | 3 for 3.50 | 6.75 | 12.75 |
| Booth's Ultra (sealed tins)..... | 3 for 5.50 | 9.25 | 18.25 |

SCOTCH

| | Quarts | Case |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|---------|
| Johnny Walker..... | \$2.25 2 for \$4.00 | \$22.00 |
| Sandy Macdonald..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| Vat 69..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| Usher's Green Stripe..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| Teacher's Highland Cream..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| King George..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| Black & White..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| McCallum's Perfection.... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |
| Peter Dawson..... | 2.25 2 for 4.00 | 22.00 |

HIGH GRADE

| | Quarts | Case |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|---------|
| Buchanan's Oval..... | \$3.75 2 for \$7.00 | \$40.00 |
| Ne Plus Ultra..... | 3.75 2 for 7.00 | 40.00 |
| Lawson's Liqueur..... | 3.75 2 for 7.00 | 40.00 |
| Antiquary..... | 3.75 2 for 7.00 | 40.00 |
| (Guaranteed 20 yr. old Scotch) | | |
| Dunbar's 40 oz..... | 6.00 2 for 11.50 | 58.00 |
| Campbell's 40 oz..... | 6.00 2 for 11.50 | 58.00 |
| Irish Whiskey..... | 4.50 2 for 8.50 | 44.00 |

Bootlegger's price list

driver in the speakeasy's hire. Alternately, passwords or pass phrases such as "Sweeny sent me" or "Joe sent me" were used.

LOCATIONS IN A NEW YORK MINUTE

There are too many sites and places to include each and every one in this volume. Instead, here is a list of New York City hotels, and nightclubs that can be expanded upon and used by the keeper.

HOTELS

Uptown Hotels

Manhattan Towers (Broadway Ave. & 76th St.); Midtown Hotel (Broadway Ave. & 61st St.); Emerson Hotel (166th St. & 75th St.).

Midtown Hotels

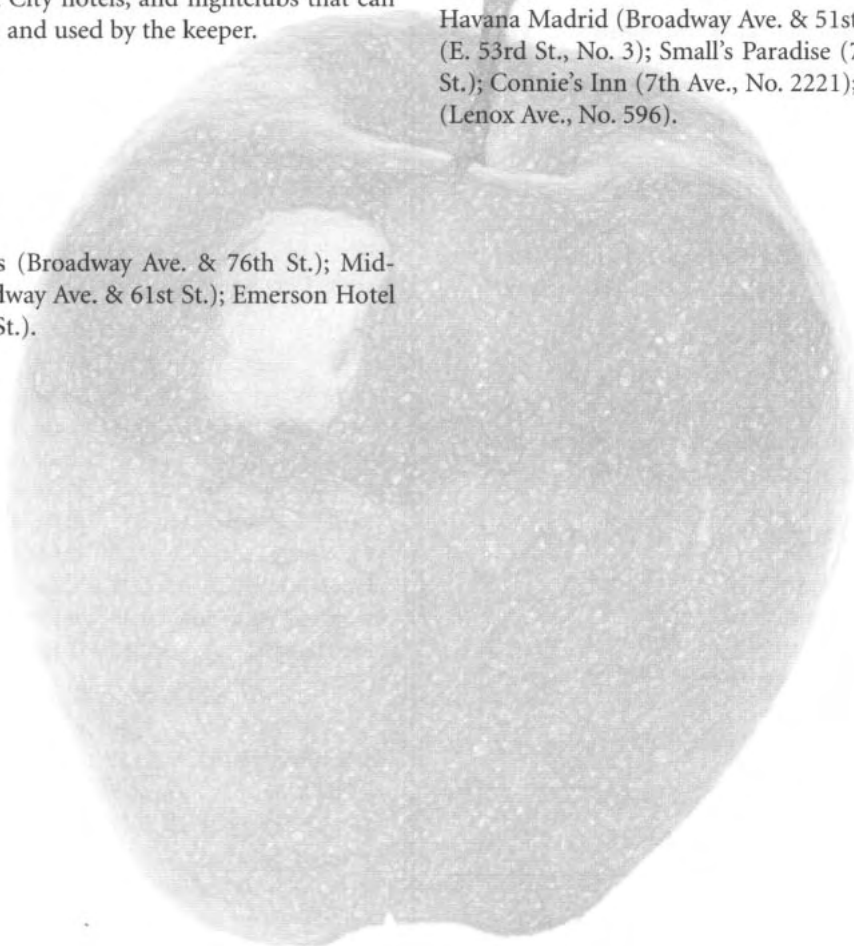
Blackstone Hotel (58th St., No. 50); Gotham Hotel (5th Ave. & 55th St.); Hampshire House (Central Park South, No. 50); Barclay Hotel (Lexington Ave. & 48th St.); Capitol Hotel (8th Ave. & 56th St.); Vanderbilt Hotel (Park Ave. & 34th St.); Pennsylvania Hotel (7th Ave. & 33rd St.); Imperial Hotel (Broadway Ave. & 32nd St.).

Downtown Hotels

Lafayette Hotel (University Pl. & 9th St.); Ledonia Hotel (E. 28th St., No. 42); Arlington Hotel (W. 25th St., No. 18).

Nightclubs

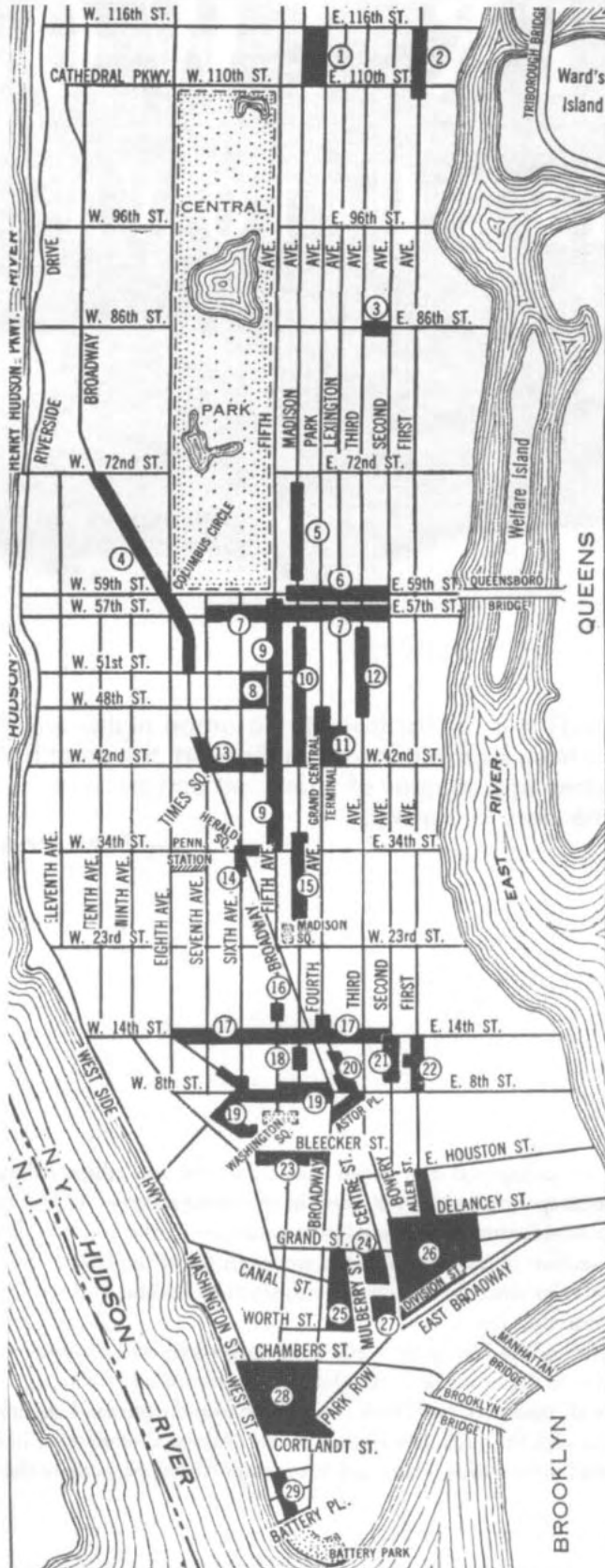
Havana Madrid (Broadway Ave. & 51st St.); Stork Club (E. 53rd St., No. 3); Small's Paradise (7th Ave. & 153rd St.); Connie's Inn (7th Ave., No. 2221); Savoy Ballroom (Lenox Ave., No. 596).



SHOPPING SECTIONS OF MANHATTAN

KEY

1. Spanish and Latin American Shops and Market
2. Italian Shops and Market
3. German Shops
4. Automobile Row
5. Antiques, Interior Decorations, and Apparel
6. Books, Antiques, and Curios
7. Art Galleries, Antiques, and Pianos
8. International Shops
9. Fifth Avenue Fashion Center
10. Men's Wear, Antiques, and Specialty Shops
11. Foreign and High Priced Cars, Boats and Sea-Going Equipment
12. Antiques and Curios, Office Furniture and Equipment
13. Popular Price Specialty Shops
14. Popular Price Department Stores
15. Floor Coverings and Draperies
16. Men's and Boys' Apparel
17. Low Price Retail Center
18. Auction Rooms
19. Art Shops
20. Secondhand Book Market and a Department Store
21. Russian Shops
- 22, 23, 24. Italian Pushcart Markets
25. Hardware and Machinery
26. Jewish and Italian Shopping Center
27. Chinese Shops
28. Washington Market, Imported Foods, Fireworks, Radios, Garden Supplies, Ecclesiastical Goods, and Jewelry
29. Syrian, Turkish, and Armenian Shops



Historic Manhattan Shopping Map

CHAPTER TWO

MANHATTAN : UPTOWN

[Is] New York the most beautiful city in the world? It is not far from it. No urban nights are like the nights there. I have looked down across the city from high windows. It is then that the great buildings lose reality and take on magical powers. Squares and squares of flame, set and cut into the ether. Here is our poetry, for we have pulled down the stars to our will.

— Ezra Pound

MANHATTAN ISLAND

During the 1920's, Manhattan Island's population was composed of a broad social, cultural and ethnic mixture that readily made it America's melting pot. The island itself spanned over 14,00 acres in an oblong shape of 12 and 1/2 miles in length and 2 and 1/2 miles in width. While no natural boundaries divided the island, New Yorkers sliced it into three sections: Uptown, Midtown and Downtown. The oldest section of Manhattan is the southern tip of the island, downtown, first to be settled by the Dutch in the 1600's. Over the centuries since the Dutch arrived, small farms and communities scattered across Manhattan Island developed and combined into the city.

In many ways, Upper Manhattan in the twenties is a slice of the Big Apple itself. With universities and hospitals collected on the West Side, middle-class apartments lining the streets to the north, jazz and dance clubs booming in Harlem, and tenement slums swarmed by factories on the east side, nearly all aspects of New York City can be found uptown. Keepers should emphasize the shifting urban landscape when investigators visit this area, describing the over-crowded tenements in Harlem and the grandiose architecture of the colleges, institutes and universities. These sudden juxtapositions best create the atmosphere of this cross-section of New York City.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

Like the nearby Morningside Heights, this district has many prominent institutions forming manmade canyons along the avenues and streets. Row houses also edge the streets, though many are being demolished in the twenties and replaced with apartments for the city's growing number of middle-class professionals.

Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, Broadway Ave. from 165th St. to 168th St.

Opened to the public in October of 1928, the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center spans nearly twenty acres, making this the largest collection of medical and research facilities in the United States through the end of the 1930's. The buildings are typical of many institutional designs of the 1920's, cold and efficient. The Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center is a collective of Columbia University College, Presbyterian Hospital Group, Sloane Hospital for Women, Babies Hospital for the City of New York, and the Neurological Institute. Also found at this location is the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, though it is not affiliated with the other four corporate groups in the medical center. Until the later establishment of a psychiatric wing at Bellevue, this is one of the better public locations for treatment of psychiatric disorders. Unlike the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island, this facility is not overcrowded and antiquated.

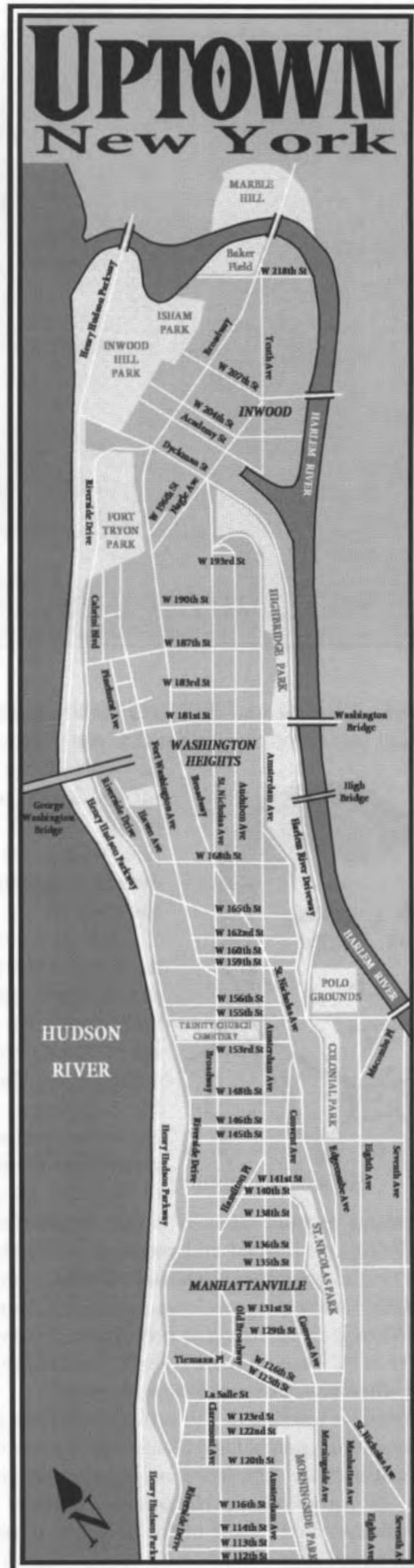
American Geographic Society, Broadway & 155th St.

Dedicated to exploration, discovery and research, the American Geographical Society is a useful resource for investigators. The Society, founded in 1852, is respected and esteemed by many influential members of the New York City aristocracy. While the Society's extensive library and map collection are open to the public, many prominent members of the AGS will not tolerate investigators ranting about strange forgotten races, or engaging in research that could sully the honored reputation of the Society. This means investigators must keep the true nature of their work a secret from all but the most opened minded of AGS members. The Society provides funding for expeditions and research projects of merit that promise to expand the sciences.

Fellows of the American Geographic Society hold meetings twice monthly. A donation is required to become a member requires of the AGS.

Hubert Broughton, Prominent Fellow of the AGS

Hubert Broughton is a retired newspaper tycoon and prominent member of the American Geographical Society; a member who funds a large portion of its endeavors. Shortly after WWI, Hubert sold his paper,





Lounge of the American Geographic Society

the *American Herald*, and dedicated his life to exploration and understanding. What this really means is he washed the ink off his hands so he could ascend the New York social ladder as a patron of the sciences.



Hubert Broughton

Hubert is a stout man, with a full head of hair, that is graying with dignity. He considers himself to be well educated, though his self-image outshines the opinions of many other members of the AGS; his prominent status is built upon a sturdy foundation of money. Being opinionated and prone to outbursts, he calls any venture that does not smack of solid science as “balderdash!” Many less prominent members are fond of saying “When it is balderdash to Broughton, it is worthless to the AGS,” because there is limited or no funding available when Broughton dislikes a proposal.

Investigators wanting to win Broughton’s favor need to understand his psychology. Doing this is more difficult than it appears. The jaded millionaire has grown immune to compliments. He informs anyone who attempts flattery that “Some of the brightest minds in the world have commented upon my razor-sharp intel-

lect and thoughtful insights—” though these were probably backhanded compliments, if they were made at all. It takes more than flattery to win over Hubert Broughton. If investigators do not have renown of their own, then it takes plenty of name-dropping. A successful **Oratory** roll at one-quarter normal wins Broughton’s favor.

Academic Standing is also important to Broughton, just as publishing credits and scientific achievements. Investigators hoping to impress him by this means must make a successful **Academic Standing** or **Credit Rating** roll. Clever investigators can learn one of Broughton’s weaknesses from other AGS fellows, or from a **Psychology** roll. He desires to be a member of an important expedition. Promises of inclusion quickly win him over, so long as the expedition does not seem like “balderdash.” Investigators learning this gain a 25-percentile bonus to their **Oratory** or **Academic Standing** skills answering Broughton.

Hubert Wade Broughton, Prominent Fellow, age 51

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 09 POW 10
DEX 09 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 20 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Weapon: Nickel-plated .38 revolver with a hand carved ivory grip, 26%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 75%, Bargain 68%, Business 60%, Credit Rating 80%, Fast Talk 45%, Persuade 35%, Pilot Boat 25%.

Trinity Church Cemetery and Mausoleum, Amsterdam Ave. & 153rd St.

Trinity Cemetery belongs to Trinity Parish (see Lower Manhattan). Built in 1915, the American Gothic chapel overlooks one of Manhattan's largest cemeteries, which was laid out in 1843. Tombstones bearing New York family names such as Astor and Bleeker stand among the century old trees. The cemetery remains in use during the 1920's.

College of the City of New York, Amsterdam Ave. from 136th to 140th St.

Founded in 1849, CCNY is free to the residents of New York City in the 1920's. On the campus are a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, a School of Technology, a School of Education, and a School of Business. Also, in 1917, CCNY allowed females to enroll in evening classes, broadening the student body, and furnishing female investigators in the twenties more latitude than some other cities of the period.

Morningside Heights and Manhattanville Districts

These two districts of upper Manhattan, though alike in their eclectic architecture and preponderance of institutional structures, form an area in upper Manhattan with distinct character in the twenties. Reaching through these districts are colleges and theological seminaries, hospitals and churches. The architecture is a two hundred year mix of Romanesque, Gothic and Colonial styles with a peppering of brownstones. Here investigators will find intellectual, artistic, spiritual and corporeal aid, all with the occasional spice of elitism. Rivalry amidst these learned landmarks is intense, and produces intellectual snobbery

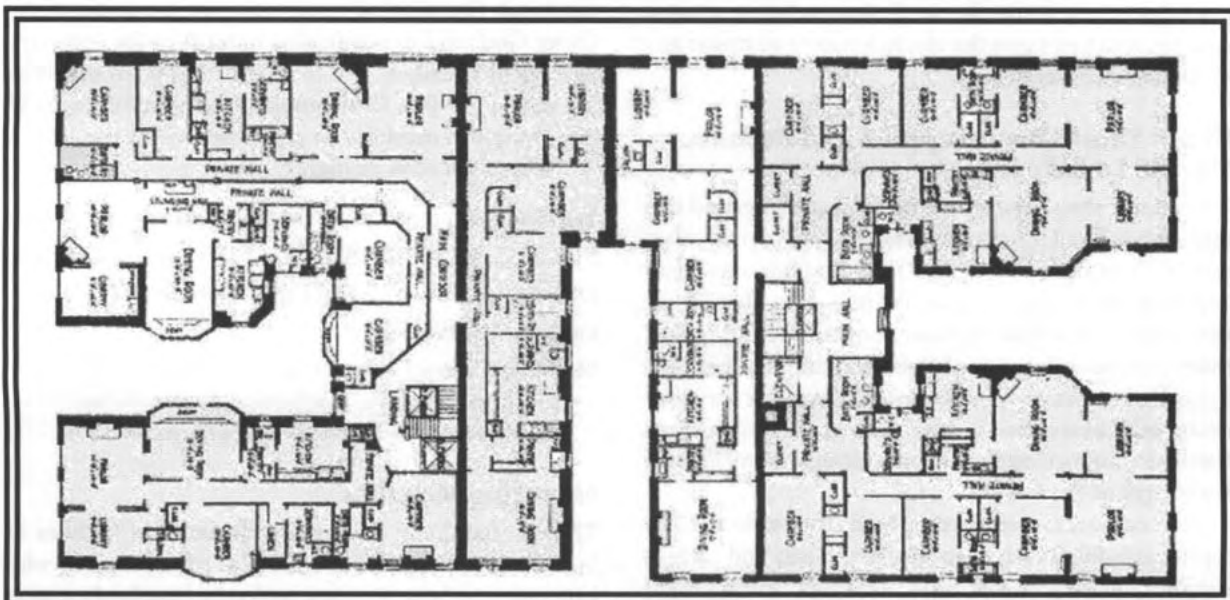


Manhassett Apartments

and good old-fashioned backstabbing friendships. Investigators must be careful to avoid being branded scientific or religious heretics. Like most everywhere in the Big Apple, bribery greases the wheels of the institutional machines of these districts, but professional accomplishment and public recognition are the best tools.

Manhassett Apartments, Broadway & 111th St.

This stylish apartment was erected shortly after the turn of the century, providing much need living space for the denizens of upper Manhattan. The spacious apartments are favorites among the middle class of the city, and also serve as home to a number of the faculty at Columbia University. Investigators who desire to call the Manhassett home are likely to be placed on a



Manhassett Apartments Floor Plan

lengthy waiting list. A successful **City Lore** roll quickly leads a prospective renter to the conclusion that bribery is the quickest means of moving up the list. Also a successful **Credit Rating** roll must be made before an apartment is available.

There are many advantages to living at the Manhassett. Residents promptly gain contacts to the social network of upper Manhattan, and should an investigator desire, the apartment can be used as a valuable bargaining tool. The offering of an Manhattan apartment buys many friends and favors.

Grant's Tomb and Claremont Inn, Riverside Drive

Just north of the Union Theological Seminary, Riverside drive forks, embracing Grant's Tomb and the Claremont Inn. Upon a hill stands the imposing marble and granite mausoleum of Ulysses S. Grant. Resting within are two sarcophagi holding the remains of Mrs. Grant and General Grant.

Further north is the white frame manor, constructed in 1783, which is now a restaurant with dancing and dining outdoors during the summer. In the evening the inn attracts both tourists and the more gregarious members of the nearby colleges and institutes.

Juilliard School of Music, Claremont Ave., No. 120-130

Endowed in 1920 by the Juilliard Musical Foundation, which was created according to the Will of Augustus D. Juilliard, the Juilliard School of Music quickly earned a reputation as one of the nation's finest schools of music. With a rapidly growing enrollment, Juilliard soon attracted students from all parts of the United States. And with its broad range of offerings in music studies, investigators undoubtedly can find a teacher or student who has touched upon the eldritch nature of music and its uncanny consequences.

Gray's Sheet Music, Supplies and Repairs, No. 180 La Salle St.

This quaint shop, frequented by local students and faculty alike, sells all flavors of music. The shop's vast selection of sheet music is popular with budding musicians and composers, who are usually anxious to blend some new American sound that can compete with Ragtime, Blues and Jazz. Because of these aspirations, this once unnoticed music shop is booming. Demands for more exotic and diverse music have pushed the small shop's owner to import obscure compositions from literally the fringes of the world.

The compact shop is composed of two floors. The top-most is filled with racks of sheet music, and various supplies hanging on the walls, alongside some instruments that Gray has repaired and placed for sale. The

basement holds a repair shop, and two practice rooms for aspiring musicians. It is in one of these rooms where Gray has potential prodigies perform "Echoes in Space" — providing they are capable virtuosos. Locked away in the basement storage are parts, additional boxes of sheet music, and in a steel case Gray's precious and dangerous score of "Echoes in Space".



Derrick Gray

Derrick Gray, Devotee of Tru'Nembra & Owner of Gray's Music

Derrick Gray opened his business in 1915. It was a slow start, but when Juilliard was founded nearby his profits swiftly multiplied. Desiring the momentum to continue, Gray searched out everyone from scholars of music to folk musicians in search of new melodies to procure. His far-reaching hunt ultimately brought him into possession of a score titled "Echoes in Space", composed by Rudolph Garret, a worshipper of Tru'Nembra. To Gray's frustration, the composition's full performance eluded him; his abilities were better suited to instrument repair than mastery of an instrument. He was only able to invoke dark melodies of the composition in a spectacularly pedestrian fashion. The frustration born by his lack of musical talent, and burning desire instilled by the score to hear it in its full glory, slowly deteriorated his mind. Nonetheless Gray longs for the favor of the Outer God, and has dedicated himself to the discovery of a talent worthy of Tru'Nembra. In hope of uncovering such a prodigy, Gray provides the haunting score to any ambitious musician or composer with a mastery in Art (Music) of 65% or higher.

Derrick Gray, Devotee of Tru'Nembra, age 47

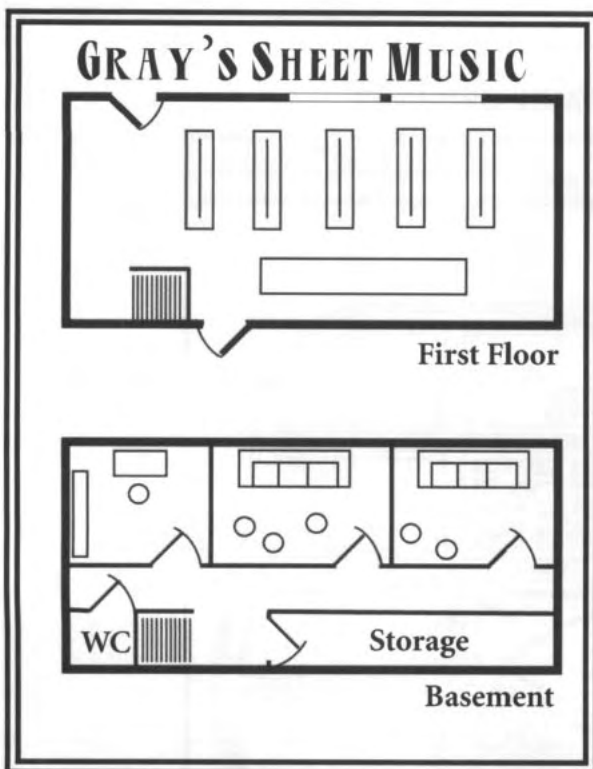
STR 08 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Art(Music) 48%, Bargain 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Fast Talk 20%, Mechanical Repair (Musical Instruments) 65%, Occult 20%, Persuade 40%.

Haunting Melodies

The successful and flawless performance of "Echoes in Space" creates both a beautiful and eerie song. All who listen long to hear the song performed endlessly, unless



lingering in their own minds. This is how the spawn transfers itself from one human to another, in the form of a memorable and gripping tune. Those unfortunate enough to become the host to an Aspect of Tru'Nembra quickly become obsessed with a variation on "Echoes of Space". So compelling is the spawn, that to purge it from the mind requires a successful **POW X4** roll. Each week the sonic aberration is present in a host, 1D3 Sanity is lost. Additionally, the host compulsively attempts to reproduce the elusive melody by any means possible, although it can never be successfully realized. This process continues until the Aspect is expunged or the host goes insane.

Columbia University, Broadway Ave. & 116th St.

Prior to the American Revolution, Columbia University was known as King's College. Established in 1754, it is one of the oldest colleges in New York City. By the 1920's, the pre-American college has grown to over sixty buildings, ranging from rather plain red brick structures to Romanesque style architecture. Also, Columbia has expanded its curriculum from liberal arts to include the study of medicine, law, dentistry, optometry, engineering, business, architecture, library service, journalism, political science and philosophy. The university campus includes Teachers College, Barnard College, the College of Pharmacy, the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Though Union Theological Seminary is associated with Columbia University, it has an independent administration. Additionally, Columbia University in the 1920's has non-segregated classrooms, making the university much more liberal than many others in the United States at the time.

Investigators can attend Columbia to learn new skills or improve existing ones. Doing such requires 1 year's

a successful **POW X3** roll is made. A proper performance of the score works like as a Contact Tru'Nembra spell. The successful performer loses 1D6 Sanity and 1 POW. Upon completion, the Outer God fills the performer's mind with an all-consuming melody, one that serves Tru'Nembra's needs. From this point, the performer longs to hear the music of the Outer God at least once a week, and will play the melody again, unless a successful **POW X3** roll is made to break from the cycle. Each successful performance repeats the Sanity and POW loss until the character is driven insane or his POW is reduced to zero — at which point, all willpower is lost, and the one-time masterful musician gazes into the distances, humming or whistling the damning tune.

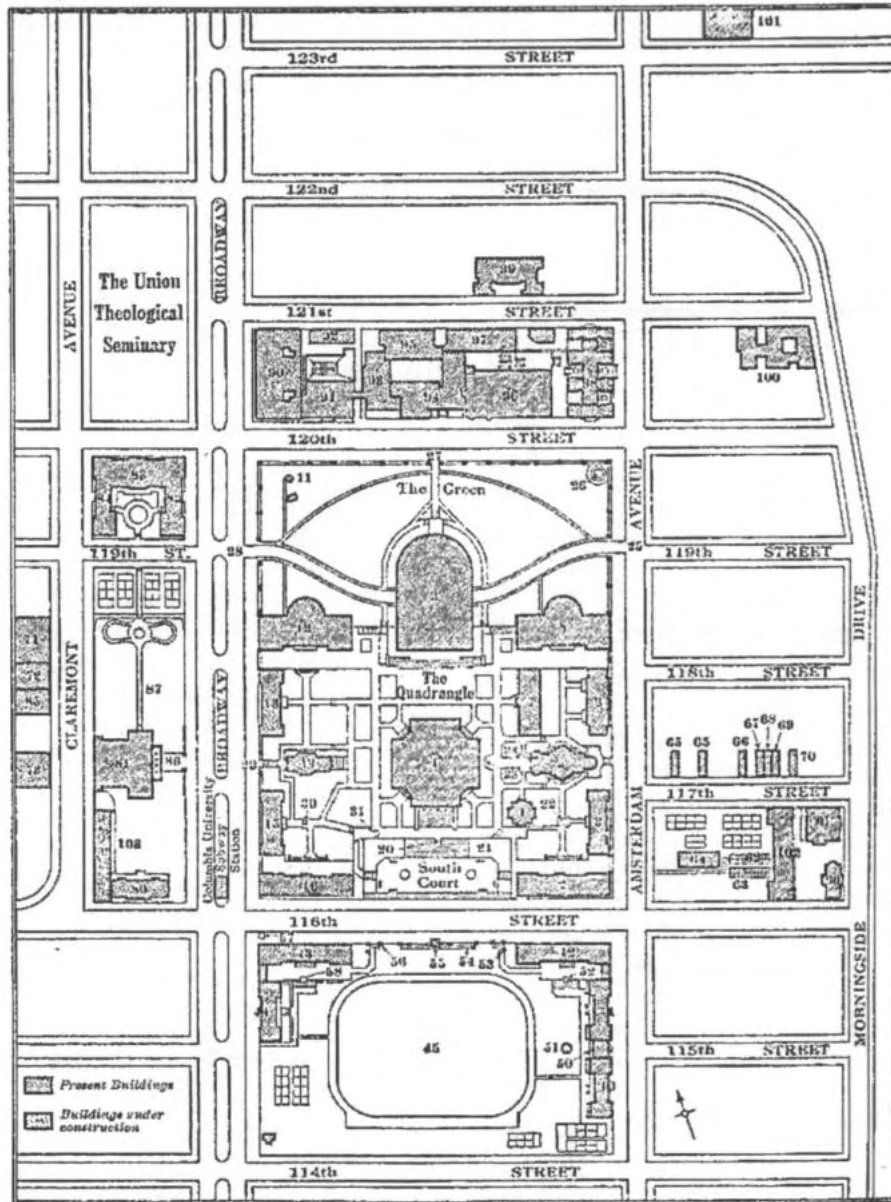
Aspects of Tru'Nembra, Spawn of the Outer God

The Aspects of Tru'Nembra are non-corporeal beings, nothing more than shadows of sounds that fill the human mind. Once Tru'Nembra has been contacted through the performance of "Echoes of Space", the obsessed servant of the Outer God tends to hum, whistle, sing or play upon an instrument, variations of the inhuman sounds that fill his head. These malicious melodies are the spawn of the Outer God, which are contagious in a manner of speaking. All who hear these otherworldly melodies find them



Columbia University in Uptown Manhattan

PLAN OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS



QUADRANGLE

1. Library
2. Kent
3. Philosophy
4. East
5. St. Paul's Chapel
6. Fayerweather
7. Avery
8. Schermerhorn
9. University
11. Wilde Observatory
12. Havemeyer
13. Engineering
14. Earl
15. Mines
16. School of Business
20. Statue of Alma Mater
21. Class of 1881 Flag Staff
22. Class of 1887 Well Head
23. Class of 1886 Exedra
24. Class of '93 Chapel Bell
25. Class of 1888 Gate
26. Statue of Great God Pan
27. Class of 1882 Gates

SOUTH FIELD

28. Mapes Gates
20. Class of 1801 Gates
30. Meunier's Hammerman 1889 Mines Class Gift
31. Lafayette Post Flag Pole
40. Livingston
41. Hartley
42. Hamilton
43. Journalism
44. Furnaid
45. Athletic Field
50. 1906 Clock
51. Van Amringe Memorial
52. Hamilton Statue
53. Mitchell Memorial
54. Rives Memorial Steps
55. Class of 1885 Sun Dial
56. Class of 1884 and 1889 Tablet
57. Class of 1890 Pylon
58. Jefferson Statue

EAST FIELD

60. President's House
61. Faculty House
102. Johnson Hall
62. Botany Greenhouse
63. Agricultural Greenhouse
64. Crocker Institute
65. College Entrance Bd.
66. Columbia House
67. Dean Hawkes
68. Chaplain Knox
69. Maison Francaise
70. Carnegie Endowment

CLAREMONT AVENUE

71. DeWitt Clinton
72. Morris
73. Tompkins

BARNARD COLLEGE

80. Brooks
82. Students

TEACHERS COLLEGE

82. Brickenhoff
83. Milbank
84. Fiske
85. John Jay
86. Helen Hartley Jenkin Geer Memorial Gate
87. Milbank Quadrangle
103. New Residence Hall
90. Horace Mann School
91. Thompson Building
92. Annex
93. Milbank Chapel
94. Main Building
95. Macy
96. Russell Hall
97. Grace Dodge
98. Whittier
99. Bancroft
100. Seth Low
101. Lincoln School

study in a given topic. New skills earn 1D6 percentiles after the first year, and existing skills earn 1D10 percentiles. Characters who desire to improve skills must still adhere to the Call of Cthulhu rules for skill improvement. Additionally, investigators can use the university's resources to gain assistance in research. The keeper should utilize the faculty and Columbia's resources as necessary.

Professor Sappington, Associate Professor of Classical Studies at Columbia University

This dry and dusty pedant is the author of two works that might catch the attention of investigators: *The Forgotten Cults of Rome* and *Ancient Magic in Thessaly*. While hesitant to discuss the Cthulhu Mythos openly, if investigators make a combined **Cthulhu Mythos** and **Persuade** roll, Professor Sappington can provide great insight on the ancient cults of Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath. Not yet tenured, Sappington is reluctant to publicly assist investigators; but once they have earned his trust, he will work diligently behind the scenes, researching and utilizing whatever resources available to him at the university and elsewhere. However, if public attention is drawn to investigators through newspapers, gossip or other means, the professor immediately distances himself from them, avoiding contact until the public spotlight vanishes.



Karl Sappington

Because of his fear of trees (dendrophobia), a phobia that appeared after a terrifying encounter with a dark young, Sappington avoids rural areas as much as possible. He also shuns Morningside Park at all costs, a favorite lunch spot for many professors.

Karl Sappington, Associate Professor of Classical Studies, age 45

STR 09 CON 07 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 09 APP 10 EDU 19 SAN 60 HP 08

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Academic Lore 22%, Academic Standing 14%, Ancient Greek 30%, Archaeology 17%, Art (Oratory) 40%, Credit Rating 40%, Classical Studies 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Folklore 20%, German 40%, Latin 47%, Library Use 65%, Occult 35%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 38%.

Professor Pearson, Professor of Medieval Literature at Columbia University

Rudolph Pearson is not a native New Yorker. He hails from a small town in North Carolina, West Jefferson. He moved to the Big Apple in 1920, and has had great difficulty dealing with the congested city's lifestyle. He longs for the fields and mountains of his home, but is nonetheless compelled to further his career.

After a few years in the city, he learned its many secrets — its obsession with money, its hunger for power, and its blindness to the teeming poor. He also learned of far darker things, unimaginable and horrifying. By far, Pearson is New York City's leading expert on a unique colony of ghouls who dwell beneath the sprawling metropolis. In fact, he may be the only expert. His trying experiences have also led him into previously hidden recesses of reality, learning of other fearsome things that exist within the boundaries of the city. Investigators in need of help will certainly find Pearson useful. However, there is a price to be paid for his assistance. He tends to "profess" quite often, lecturing upon nearly any topic that comes to mind. However, investigators must endure his lengthy diatribes. Rash choices and those who desire quick action put off Pearson, causing him to suggest, "help be found elsewhere."



Professor Rudolph Pearson

Persevering investigators are rewarded with his aid. Although he prefers reading to traipsing around the dark alleys and decrepit parts of the city, he does venture out when he believes action is the only option, or if there is something new to be learned.

Rudolph Pearson, Professor of Medieval Literature, age 42

STR 10 CON 09 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 21 SAN 65 HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Academic Lore 26%, Academic Standing 21%, Ancient Greek 25%, Art (Oratory) 48%, Art (Writing) 65%, Credit Rating 42%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Folklore 23%, Latin 57%, Library Use 72%, Literature 81%, Occult 20%, Persuade 52%, Psychology 41%, Religion and Philosophy 35%.

Nelly "Guardian of the Stacks" Webber, Librarian

The faculty at Columbia University have dubbed Nelly Webber "The Guardian of the Stacks," because of her strict adherence to university policy in regards to document and book loans. Paperwork is always the first order of business when dealing with Nelly. If not for her uncanny ability to locate obscure texts and insightful references quicker than her counterparts, most university faculty would avoid her. Investigators will find her useful if they are employed or enrolled at the university, or if they make a halved **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll to convince her they are employed or enrolled. If she assists an investigator, her competence and vast collection of knowledge adds a 15-percentile bonus to the **Library Use** rolls. She is skeptical, good at detecting deceptions, and very hard to befriend once she learned someone has tried to pull the wool over her eyes.



Nelly Webber

Nelly "Guardian of the Stacks" Webber, Librarian, age 32

STR 07 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 11

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Skills: Academic Lore 17%, Anthropology 3%, Archaeology 5%, Credit Rating 30%, Folklore 25%, French 25%, Geology 7%, German 33%, Hide 21 %, History 35%, Latin 22%, Law 20%, Library Use 70%, Literature 35%, Natural History 20%, Philosophy & Religion 20%, Physics 15%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 28%.

Morningside Park, Cathedral Parkway & 110th St. to 123rd St.

This charming park was built upon one of the bluffs in the Morningside Heights district, bordering Morningside drive to the west. At the summit of the park stands a semi-circle of polished stone benches, surrounding a large bronze statue of the Civil War general Carl Schurtz. A snaking path cut from the rough-hewn stones of the ridge leads up from 116th street to the park.

Church of Notre Dame De Lourdes, Morningside Drive & 114th

Constructed in French Renaissance style, and providing services in French, this church is a favored by language students. Inside, a beautifully lit grotto cut into the rock of Morningside bluff brings many sightseers to the church. Mrs. Geraldine Redmond donated the property for the church, and also had the grotto constructed as a testament of faith, after her son was said to be healed of an illness at Notre Dame Church in France

HARLEM

Flanked by the high crest of Morningside Heights on the west and the Harlem River on the east, is the Manhattan valley known as Harlem. Founded by the Dutch in 1658, the rich soil once supported many prosperous farms. During this period, Nieuw Haarlem (New Harlem) existed on the fringe of the Manhattan settlement, connected tenuously by a ten mile Indian trail that later became Broadway Avenue.

In the 1920's, the abundant farmland has transformed into a tawdry mass of tenements, aged apartments, small, nondescript shops and lively nightclubs. In the years after the American Revolution, Harlem became an affluent residential neighborhood, filled with mansions and smaller single-family homes. During the late years of the 1800's when the United States was at the high water mark of immigration, many immigrants found homes on the less established outskirts of the community. By 1900, when New York experienced a slump in real estate sales, numerous black Americans and immigrants took up residence within the quarter.

The Harlem of the 1920's is primarily a neighborhood burdened with waterfront factories, rail yards, overflowing tenements, and squalid alleys replete with hoodlums. Yet, sections of the district, such as Sugar Hill, display beautiful houses belonging to working professionals. Like Greenwich, Harlem is a city within a city, and is as diverse as the Big Apple itself. Historically Harlem was divided into Italian Harlem (Little Italy), Black Harlem (Little Africa) and Spanish Harlem. While each of these sections had their own characteristics, the prevailing interest in Harlem during the 1920's was focused in Black Harlem, the part of the district where the cultivation of art and culture known as the Harlem Renaissance began.

BLACK HARLEM

Black Harlem, or "Negro Harlem" as it was sometimes termed in the 1920's, is perhaps the portion of the Harlem most commonly seen by the world. It is where jazz, blues and dance clubs thrived, where dingy pool houses and dilapidated tenements shared the streets with shops and churches. During the 1920's, this area is home to the largest population of black Americans in the United States. Unlike in many other sections of the city, black Americans can rent apartments or buy houses in Harlem, though the prices are inflated greatly for

this privilege. While the threat of the Jim Crow laws are always looming, the menace is decreased in Harlem. For many blacks in the twenties, Harlem presented an opportunity to produce art and identify culture, opportunities absent elsewhere in America.

Harlem wasn't exclusive to blacks, however. During the 1920's and 1930's, many white Americans visit Harlem for entertainment. Most of the popular clubs have white owners, and many of them, though employing blacks, refused admittance to black customers. Harlem has an exotic and dangerous mystique about it, at least to the whites visiting the district.

SPEAKING HARLEMESSE

During the 1920's, Harlem developed its own slang that became popular among many Harlemites and those visiting the hotspots in Harlem. Even though some investigators may be familiar with 1920's slang, they must make an **Own Language** roll when conversing with someone in Harlemites, or listening to Harlemites.

Harlemese of the 1920's

Ain't Got 'Em: Worthless; no good.

Boogy: Black. Derived from the expression "Booker T." Often construed as an insult.

Boy: Close friend, comrade.

Bring Mud: To underachieve; bringing a person of the wrong social class to an event.

Bumpy-Bump: Often shouted when gyrating hips to a dance.

Busting Down: Smoking marijuana.

Catch Air/

Haul It: To depart quickly and urgently.

Chorine: A chorus girl.

Chorat: A chorus man.

Cloud: See Boogy.

Crow: See Boogy.

Dicky: One who is believed to act haughty; or one who is thought to imitate a white person.

Dog: Describes an unusual or extraordinary person or event: "Ain't he a dog?" or "Ain't this a dog?"

Fay: One who is presumed to be white; white.

Happy Dust: Cocaine.

Jive: Usually associated with love, or short-term love; language intended to flatter.

Jiver: A person who speaks Jive.

K.M.: Kitchen Mechanic; housekeeper; maid.

Lord Today!: A remark of wonder or amazement.

Mud: Usually refers to a disliked person. See Bring Mud.

Ofay: See Fay.

Oh, No, Now!: To show admiration.

Oscar: One who is dull witted or makes a dull witted remark.

Panatela: Marijuana cigarettes.

Poke Out: To stand out; to achieve.

Previous: One who assumes too much; to take advantage of a situation; a warning. A person who takes another's seat in a club might be warned: "Don't get too previous."

Put One In: Telling the police or enemy (often the same); or snitching on a person.

Rat: Opposite of Dicky; low class.

Reefer: Marijuana cigarettes.

Salty Dog: Intensified expression of Dog; see Dog.

See Me Go: To assist; to pay for something, though usually as a request. "See me go for lunch?" means "Do you want to pay for my lunch?"

Slip: To joke.

Smoke Over: To scrutinize. "I'll smoke over this."

Snow-bird: One who uses cocaine.

Struggle-buggy: An automobile, usually a Ford.

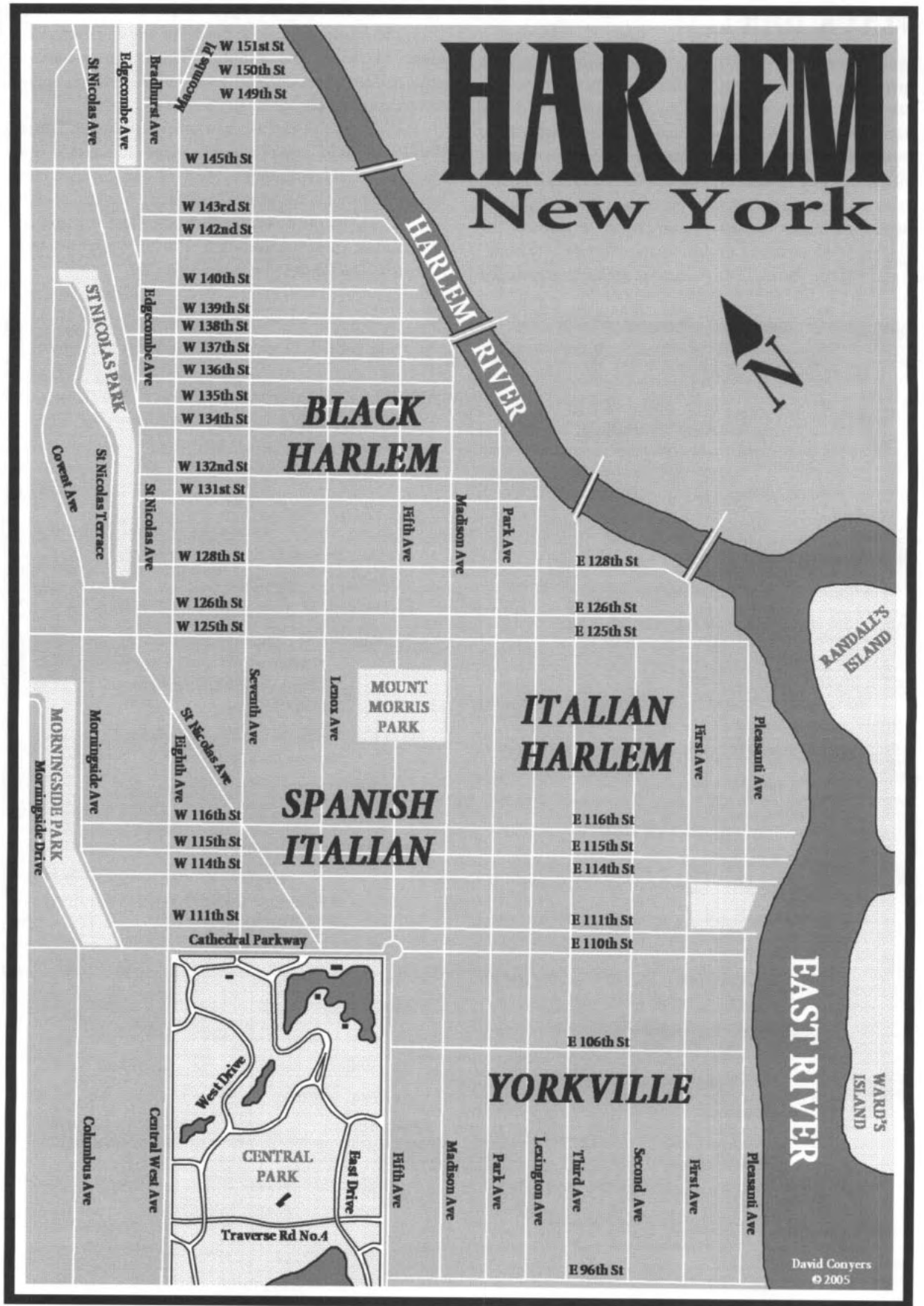
Tea Pad: Location where marijuana is smoked.

The Man: Authority.

There Ain't

Nothing to That: Signifies agreement; usually made in response to an agreeable statement.

Tick(s): Short measure of time; a moment. "Got a few ticks?" means "Have a moment?"



SUGAR HILL

In the northwest part of Harlem, bordering Colonial Park, is the affluent neighborhood Harlemites call Sugar Hill. The inhabitants of these clean, tree-shaded streets are successful, prosperous and sometimes famous. The avenues are framed with polished apartment buildings and single-family residences. The ragged, overcrowded appearance of the Valley is absent here.

THE VALLEY

A swath of shabby tenements, storefront churches, shops, speakeasies and pool parlors comprises the area of Harlem known as the Valley. On the streets are vendors selling food and fruit, newspaper stands and occasionally a table topped with a game of chess or checkers. In the years after the twenties the borders of the Valley extended, but during the Jazz Age the area was confined between 130th Street to 140th Street, east of 7th Avenue.

Cotton Club, Lenox Ave., West 140th St. No. 644

Opening in 1923, the Cotton Club was one of Harlem's popular nightspots, along with the Savoy on Lenox above 140th Street, and Small's Paradise on 7th Avenue, below 135th Street. Society from New York City, and as far away as London, visited this extravagant club to experience the "freshness" of Harlem. Operated by the New York mobster Oweny Madden, the club served as a focal point for bootleg operations, and as a "safe" means of experiencing the exotic culture of Harlem. During its heyday, many popular performers appeared at the Cotton Club, including Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, Ethel Waters and Adelaide Hall. The long dance floor, set before the bandstand, was flanked on three side by circular tables clothed in white linen. When open, the entertainment is continuous. Dancing and music keep the place jumping, and the attention of the spectators toward the center of the club.

A **Credit Rating** roll and a **Luck** roll is required for all investigators hoping to enter the Cotton Club, unless they have a well-placed contact employed by the club. Once inside, investigators can attempt to make contact with many of New York's society.

By 1929 this popular nightspot was purchased by Oweny Madden, a New York City bootlegger who had been paroled on a murder conviction in 1923. After taking over the club, Oweny relocated it to 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue. New York society continued to frequent the club, but so did a handful of notorious gangsters such as Dutch Schultz and Lucky Luciano.

Abyssinian Baptist Church, West 138th St., No. 132

With over 10,000 members, this blue stone building is Harlem's most renowned church. Built in 1923, the church and its auxiliary locations house the largest Baptist congregation in the nation. The weekly services are not segregated. It was the refusal to accept segregation that initially inspired the founding of the church in 1808. The Abyssinian Baptist Church also sponsors numerous community help programs, feeding, clothing and educating residents of Harlem.

Harlem Hospital, Lenox Ave., between 136th St. and 137th St.

The Harlem Hospital opened in 1887 as an extension of the Bellevue hospital. By 1907, the fifty-room, wooden building was replaced by a one hundred and fifty room, stone hospital with complete facilities. During the 1920's, the Harlem Hospital is the only city hospital where black doctors and nurses are employed; it is the only New York City hospital to have a nurse-training program for blacks.

LIFE IN HARLEM

Rent Parties

With the rent rates in Harlem sometimes fifty percent higher than elsewhere in New York City, Harlemites often resorted to creative methods of raising money. The rent party was one of these methods. A rent party was typically held on Saturday or Thursday, the usual nights off for domestic help, though they could occur on any night. Flyers were handed out on the streets, usually printed by neighborhood pushcart printers. Attendees paid admission fees ranging from 10 to 50 cents for an evening of music, food and fun. Local musicians often arrived throughout the night, filling the crowded, red-lighted apartments with music that overflowed into the alleyways and streets. Some of the cheaper parties used phonographs or radios, or a \$5.00 piano man. The air was redolent with the smell of food and the sound of laughter. Bathtub gin and rye served in "shorties" (quarter pints) added to the entertainment as did dance contests, card games and craps.

Hot Beds

Another means of meeting the high cost of rent in Harlem was by sharing apartments. Sometimes two to six people lived in a single room apartment, sharing half as many beds. This meant that as soon as one inhabitant left the apartment for work, another inhabitant, working a different shift, arrived to sleep in the already warm bed.

The Dark Tower, West 136th St., No. 108-110

The mansion of the Harlem aristocrat A'Lelia Walker is a popular location for many of the district's artists and writers. From 1928 to 1929, parties and celebrations were held at this location. Prior to 1928, Walker's soirees occur at a different address, a mansion in Irvington, New York, approximately fifteen miles north of Harlem, bordering the Hudson River. Both locales are lavishly decorated with expensive imported furniture, and paintings and sculptures from Harlem artists.

Guests and members of the Tower can gather on the ground floor for music and drinks, or they adjourn to the top floor library where they can enjoy conversation, read or play parlor games. Investigators who make **Luck** rolls encounter one of Harlem's established or upcoming artists, musicians or writers. If an investigator is able to impress the contact with a successful halved **Art** roll of any given specialty, then the investigator has established the basis of a friendship. After six-months the investigator gains a one time 10-percentile increase in Art of appropriate focus. An investigator cannot earn this bonus if the skill to be improved is already higher the contact's skill, or if the bonus has been previously earned.

A'Lelia Walker, Harlem Hostess

The popular Harlem philanthropist and intellectual dedicated her life to the advancement of black culture. In the Twenties she was a leader in what would later be termed the Harlem Renaissance. She funded her ventures and parties with the inheritance from her mother, Madame C. J. Walker, a successful entrepreneur, who marketed hair care products, including a treatment for baldness.

Investigators are likely to meet the six feet tall, sophisticatedly dressed millionaire at one of her parties

or charity events. Open to helping art and black culture, A'Lelia can be an influential contact, providing investigators can convince her they earnestly interested in similar topics. Befriending her opens a network of contacts throughout Harlem, and also grants white investigators to overcome the penalties for racial distrust as described in the Harlem Renaissance and the Race Question section of Chapter One.



A'Lelia Walker

A'Lelia Walker, Harlem Hostess, 1900-1931

STR 08 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 40 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Accounting 30%, Business 55%, Credit Rating 70%, Folklore 38%, Library Use 40%, Literature 48%, Occult 10%, Persuade 48%, Psychology 15%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Harlem: Peacock Club, Lenox Ave., No. 2266

A popular nightspot in Harlem, this club is open every day of the week, opening at 5:00 p.m., and closing at 2:00 a.m. It can seat twelve hundred people with plenty of space left for dancing, shows and bands. Like most white-owned Harlem clubs, no expense has been spared. Adorning the walls are brilliantly painted murals, depicting fifteen-foot tall peacocks, displaying their plumage in glory, speckled with tinted flecks of glass. Dimly lighted chandeliers hang from the ceiling, with two hundred round tables covered in spotless white linen, below. At each end of the club are orchestra stands. This means the music never stops at the Peacock Club. When one band is on break, the other is filling the space with popular dance tunes.

Investigators hoping to get into the Peacock Club after 7:00 p.m. need to make a **Luck** roll. Only one roll can be made for a group, but the highest Luck can be selected. A failure means the place is full. They can try each hour, though there is a 10 percentile cumulative penalty each hour after 7:00. It is also possible for an investigator to throw around some clout, if refused entry. Any investigator living in New York City six months or longer can make one **Credit Rating** roll a night. A success means the doorman recognizes the

The Invitation to the Opening of The Dark Tower



We dedicate this tower to the aesthetes. That cultural group of young Negro writers, sculptors, painters, music artists, composers and their friends. A quiet place of particular charm. A rendezvous where they may feel at home to partake of a little tidbit amid pleasant, interesting atmosphere. Members only and those whom they wish to bring will be accepted. If you

choose to become one of us you may register when first attending "The Dark Tower." One dollar a year. Open nine at eve 'til two in the morn.



A Lively Night at the Peacock Club

investigator and allows entry. Likewise, a card bearing the name of an influential Harlemiter or recognized figured associated with the club provides instant entry.

**Bamboo Inn,
7th Ave, between West 133rd St. and West
134th St., No. 2389**

Opened in 1923, this Chinese restaurant and dance club is a stop for Harlemiter society. It maintains a subdued atmosphere, though its dance floor sports a mirrored ball, adding a sparkle to the interior. Reserved Chinese waiters serve the well-dressed clientele, consisting of Harlem doctors, attorneys, and professionals, who are often accompanied by magazine models. Above the dance floor hangs a balcony, set aside for important patrons.

**Tree of Hope,
7th Ave and West 131st St.**

On the corner of 7th Avenue and 131st Street, reaching skyward, is the Tree of Hope. This popular Harlem landmark is rumored to possess magical abilities. Actors, musicians and writers visit the tree when unemployed. It is said that a touch or a kiss brings good luck.

Many Harlemites know this location as "The Corner". Unemployed musicians often perform here, providing entertainment and hoping to earn a little money.

**The Sugar Cane (Speakeasy),
5th Avenue and West 135th St.**

This is one of Harlem's infamous "black and tan" speakeasies, frequented by a racial mix of late night working-class revelers. The 25 by 125 foot long cellar usually houses a three-member band, sometimes accompanied by a torch singer. It also holds a handful of dilapidated wooden tables, and as many as one hundred guests. Opening in the evening and going strong until the sun climbs above the horizon the next morning, the raucous crowd drinks, sings and dances in the dank, confining subterranean space. At the top of a narrow flight of stairs sits a doorman who peers out a window, pulling a chain attached to a bolt-locked door, admitting entrants.

Occasionally professional musicians from the neighborhood nightclubs drop by after 3:00 a.m., closing time for respectable cabarets. They join the tumult, playing jazz for the celebrants, whom if pleased often throw wadded dollar bills at the players.

Investigators visiting the Sugar Cane for the first time and unaccompanied by a regular customer must either know the password or **Fast Talk** their way past the doorman. Dropping names of a few popular customers improves their chances, unless they roll 95-00; such a failure causes the doorman to send a gang of toughs after the departing investigators, thinking they are the cops or worse.

Isadore Merrit, Speakeasy Doorman, age 28

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 07 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 72%, 1D3+db
Head Butt 26%, 1D4+db
Kick 30%, 1D6+db
Grapple 43%, special
Club 62%, 1D6+db
Fighting Knife 48%, 1D4+2+db.

Skills: Art (Oratory) 66%, Bargain 10%, Block 30%,
Conceal 20% Dodge 25%, Gamble
58%, Hide 22%, Spot Hidden
42%.



Henry's Pool Parlor, 5th Ave. and 133rd St.

This Harlem pool house is primarily favored by working-class Harlemites. It is divided into two sections, a front bar and a rear game room. The front holds a long wooden bar and several battered round tables.

Isadore Merrit The backroom is partitioned from the front by a wall with an archway set in the center. This room contains two tattered pool tables, and a few small tables used for poker or other card games.

Henry Longfellow owns the place, and also tends bar. If Henry trusts a customer, he offers gin, rye or beer; otherwise, water and soft drinks are the only refreshments available. White customers are treated with suspicion, requiring white investigators to halve interaction rolls such as **Fast Talk** and **Persuade**. Because of racial tension and the numerous white gangsters working in Harlem, there is a suspicious attitude toward whites in the community. All of Henry's regulars make **Spot Hidden** rolls for weapons on white guests. Non-player characters finding weapons alert others and prepare for a confrontation.

Henry's joint has a secret cellar where alcohol, and the occasional friend fleeing the law, is hidden. Set into the wooden slates of the restroom is a door leading to a musty, basement cellar.



Henry Longfellow

Any investigator getting a look behind the bar can roll **Spot Hidden** to find it. However, white customers who are unknown to Henry tend to be followed to the restroom by one of the parlor's regulars.

Henry Longfellow, Pool Parlor Owner, age 41

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 6
DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 30 HP 13

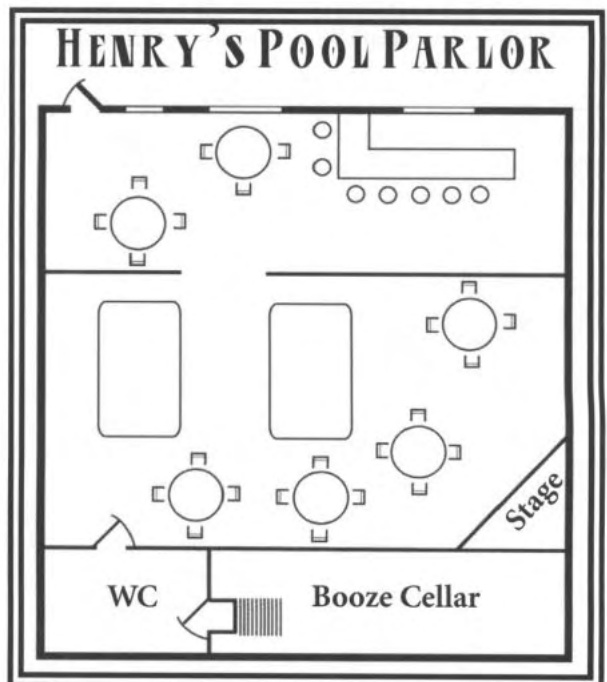
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 Revolver 46%, damage 1D10
Fist/Punch 56%, damage 1D3+db
Head Butt 12%, damage 1D4+db
Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Accounting 22 %, Bargain 28%, Business 35%,
City Lore (New York City) 44%, Conceal 20%,
Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 24%, Persuade 33%,
Spot Hidden 44%.

Foundation of Mosi, West 135th St., No. 160

Fenuku Mosi converted this old brownstone mansion into a temple of worship. The religion practiced here is of Mosi's own creation. The weekly meetings are private, and not segregated, though membership to the church requires proof of loyalty to Mosi, often involving some sort of criminal activity to his benefit. Every Thursday evening, starting at dusk, followers gather at the converted church to hear Mosi and his lieutenants preach. These long-winded sermons are designed to prepare the minds of the attendants for the afterlife. The proceedings occasionally continue deep into the night,



mixed with singing and testimonies by the congregation.

In 1913, Fenuku Mosi began building his empire. By the 1920's, the church's holdings are vast and clandestine. Across New York State, and expanding throughout the nation, are churches, gas stations and stores, designed to increase the wealth of the Foundation, and ultimately its name-sake. At these sites, new members are indoctrinated, sometimes freely, often times by force. Mosi and his closest followers worship the Great Old One Sebek.

Hidden in a large cellar beneath the church are the secret chambers of the cult. Dressed in masks resembling crocodiles, the members worship Sebek in secret, seeking power and yearning for immortality. In this hidden temple they keep their prized possessions, and enemies.

Crocodiles in circular stone pools guard the temple, attacking all who do not wear the white robes of the cult. These ferocious guardians are smuggled into the country, or appropriated from the Bronx Zoo.

Because of the Foundation's vast holdings, and great secrets, any snooping investigators are dealt with promptly. The members are clandestine and numerous in New York, extending Mosi's control to

nearly every part of the city. Any investigator getting too



Temple of Sebek

close to the truth is swiftly kidnapped and horribly sacrificed.

Fenuku Mosi, Priest of Sebek, age 38

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 09 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Crocodile Masks 77%, damage 1D8
Fist/Punch 62%, damage 1D3+db.

Spells: Command Crocodile, Contact Sebek, Create Bad-Corpse Dust, Create Zombie, Deflect Harm, Enchant Knife, Power of Nyambe, Send Dreams, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods.

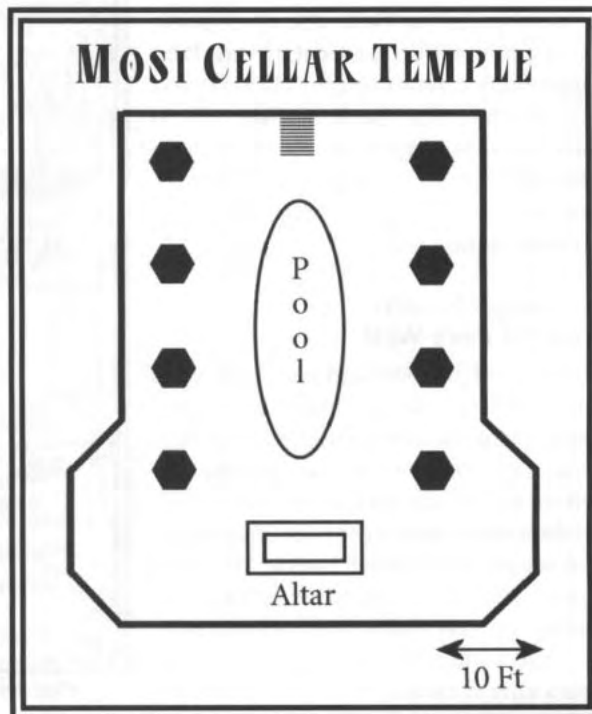
Skills: Accounting 23%, Bargain 42%, Conceal 33%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Disguise 32%, English 65%, Occult 40%, Persuade 48%, Philosophy & Religion 60%, Psychology 34%, Spot Hidden 38%, Swahili 90%.

**Apollo Theater,
West 125th St., No. 253**

The Apollo Theater, though operating in the 1920's, did not gain prominence until the 1930's. Opening in 1913 as a burlesque house, the theater favors vaudeville styled shows bordering upon the risqué. By 1934, the theater has earned a reputation for its amateur nights, and the appearance of many popular jazz musicians.



Fenuku Mosi



CENTRAL PARK

Reaching from 59th Street to 110th Street, the bottom of Harlem, the rectangular, 840-acre park is famous both inside and outside the city. Planning and construction on the park began in 1857 and has continued throughout New York City's history. Alterations, improvements and additions are continuously being made. Amid the rolling hills, and occasional rocky outcrops are secretive caves, lakes and ponds, playgrounds and tennis courts, all swathed in trees and greenery. A stone wall encompasses the park, with entrances at various points. On the grounds stands the Museum of Modern Art, which was founded in 1929.

CENTRAL PARK WEST

Central Park West rests at the base of a gentle rise that forms the higher elevations of Morningside Heights and Washington Heights. Towering buildings dominate the neighborhood, most with excellent views of nearby Central Park. The apartments, clubs and hotels in the Central Park West community cater to wealthy clientele, and require successful **Credit Rating** rolls to gain entrance. Keepers should insist upon references from investigators desiring to rent apartments in this district, along with a **Credit Rating** roll.

Century Theater, Central Park West

Constructed in 1909, and closed six years later in 1915, Century Theater is a monument to the vanishing bluebloods of New York City. The theater was dedicated to refined art, not commercialism, but its artistic dedication came at the price of commercial success. This grand marble structure made several attempts to attract the crowds of New York's theater-going public, but with little success. Twenty-one years after it closed, the dignified theater

was demolished and replaced with the Century Apartments.

Throughout the twenties it remains boarded without occupants — or at least any visible occupants. Shortly after its closing in 1915, a colony of "sin eater" ghouls slipped into the building from the sewers and utility tunnels below the city. Perhaps drawn by some long forgotten desire for civilized surroundings, this colony never ventures outside the building in daylight, and only rarely exits the theater above ground. To maintain their secrecy, the ghouls usually employ the subterranean passages. Though some residents have recently vanished, the police has listed the disappearances as "kidnappings". The Central Park West community has no notion of the ghouls' presence.

Majestic Hotel, Central Park West, No. 115

One of New York's popular hotels, the Majestic was built in 1893. With a rooftop garden and six hundred rooms, the lavish hotel was popular until 1910, after which it started to decline. Eventually the hotel was demolished and replaced with the Majestic Apartments in 1931.

Dakota Apartments, 72nd St. and 73rd St.

Facing Central Park, the Dakota is one of New York City's first luxury apartments. Constructed in 1884 in a German Renaissance style, it was originally built on an isolated location in the city, which was part of its intended appeal. After its completion, the apartments became the object of many jokes, most of which poked fun at its removed location, saying "it might just as well be in the Dakotas!" The name caught on, and the Dakota became one of New York City's most sought after residences. Hopeful applicants must make a successful **Credit Rating** roll to rent an apartment at the Dakota.



Historical Map of Central



Famous Dakota Apartments

New York Historical Society, Central Park West & 76th St.

Established in 1804, the New York Historical Society was chartered with the goal of being a repository of the new nation's history. In 1908 the Central Park West address was constructed, giving the Society a permanent home for its a growing collection of books, paintings, photographs, and items of society ranging from clothing and uniforms to vehicles. By the middle of the 1930's, two new wings were added, allowing the Society to add the American Museum of Natural History and the Hayden Planetarium.

THE EXPLORERS CLUB

Founded in 1904 by the surviving members of an ill fated Artic Expedition, the directive of this club was to fund and promote exploration. The club resided in the Majestic Hotel until it was demolished in 1931. Then it maintained a residence at the Majestic Apartments.

Investigators hoping to obtain funding for an expedition may learn it is not always easy. Big game hunters and roguish adventurers of moderately wealthy families are the staple of this club before the 1930's. Investigators must work hard to extract funding from this elitist club. They need to impress the members or provide an intriguing opportunity. Successful halved **Art (Oratory)** rolls gain investigators a meeting with the expedition organizing committee. But to win over the committee they need to provide tantalizing information or credible maps of unexplored locations. Keepers can decide upon the number and composition of the committee.

The Explorers Club library is relatively small. Mainly it is a collection of obscure texts and undecipherable maps, though sharp-eyed investigators can discover some useful items at the keeper's discretion.

Sin Eater Ghouls, Lesser Independent Race.

"Icy yellow eyes gazed upon me. Their fearful owner slouched low, its rangy arms dangling at its flanks. The sickly light of the match revealed a flesh of greenish tint, and a visage that had a nose and a mouth that seemingly formed a muzzle."

— William Jones, "Feasters of the Dark".

While there are many similarities to Sin Eater ghouls and those ancient creatures found dwelling beneath the surface of the earth, there is a distinct difference: Sin Eater ghouls dine upon living flesh. Like their loathsome brethren, they are capable of retaining the memories of their victims. However, they also gain aspects of the victim's personality.

Sin Eaters possess many of the physical features of a typical ghoul, including longevity. Oddly enough, the Sin Eaters are driven to consume the foulness of the world in hopes of being humanity's salvation. Those who dwell in the dark places of New York City are transplanted members of a medieval monastery — a group of monks reinterpreted the Christian doctrine, with the goal of embodying the faults of mankind by consuming the wretched living. Large cities such as New York prove to be a bounteous feeding ground. From the start their purpose was misguided and over the years it has become more corrupt. Still, their numbers continue to grow as humans are converted to their beliefs. By the middle of the 1920's, an unfathomable number of Sin Eaters lurk below the Big Apple. Years of persecution by the Church have made them secretive, unwilling to revealing themselves readily. When they do, it is usually because they can "smell sin" upon a person.

Sin Eaters, Those Who Have Abandoned the Light

| Char. | Roll | averages |
|-------|-------|----------|
| STR | 3D6+4 | 14 |
| CON | 2D6+4 | 11 |
| SIZ | 2D6+5 | 12 |
| INT | 3D6+6 | 14 |
| POW | 3D6+4 | 13 |
| DEX | 2D6+4 | 11 |
| Move | 9 | HP 12 |

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claws 45%, damage 1D6 + db
Bite 35%, 1D6

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up results.

Spells: Sin Eaters retain much knowledge and portions of a victim's personality. Those with an INT of 14 or higher are likely to have knowledge of spells. The number and types are left to the keeper to decide.

Skills: Burrow 55%, Climb 85%, Hide 70%, Jump 60%, Listen 75%, Scent Sin 80%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 if the creature is not recognized as a Sin Eater. 1D3/1D8 if the creature is recognized as a Sin Eater.

Anscomb Blakely, Ambitious Curator

Anscomb is very concerned with upward mobility in the New York Historical Society. He is eager to please his superiors, and is always seeking positive press coverage for the Society, and to improve his social status. Anscomb has learned that the ladder of success is not crowded with questions. He is willing to spend the Society's money to procure rare and newsworthy items for the museum collection, and not bother with the



Anscomb Blakely

details of proper ownership. Anscomb is interested in expanding the museum's collection of American Indian artifacts, and can be convinced to pay top dollar with a successful **Bargain** roll. Even flimsy evidence can provoke Anscomb into employing investigators. A **Persuade** roll accompanied by the inkling of a plan results in enthusiasm from Anscomb. Investigators who do not provide results without viable reason earn the wrath of the curator. Against such investigators, Anscomb uses his social contacts to sully their reputations.

Anscomb Blakely, Ambitious Curator, age 42

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 09 INT 11 POW 09
DEX 13 APP 09 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 9

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Archaeology 20%, Art (Painting) 25%, Art (Sculpture) 29%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 35%, French 45%, Greek (Ancient) 28%, History 52%, Law 10%, Library Use 60%, Natural History 25%, Persuade 30%.

YORKVILLE

North of Sutton Place is the district of Yorkville. Predominantly residential in the 1920's, the area has a scattering of small shops and stores. Many of the once-common brownstones were replaced after 1920 with taller middle-class apartments buildings in an attempt to satisfy Manhattan's need for living space. Also located in Yorktown is the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, a cutting edge facility built in 1901,

the New York Hospital and Cornell University Medical College.

Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies, York Ave. & East 81st St.

Located on the Mogens Institute research pavilion are laboratories dedicated to medical research and disease research. Like New York City's other philanthropists, Ambrose Mogens built these facilities to improve the human condition. Unlike his peers, Mogens has a rather diabolical conception of "improvement".

On the surface, the research center holds several drab-looking institutional buildings. There is a private cafeteria, library and parking lot. The self-contained facility has its own coal-burning power plant that is supplied with coal from the Mogens East River pier on East 82nd Street. To the general public, there is nothing unusual about the institute pavilion.

Hidden within the facilities are highly secure, secret research labs where a specially chosen assembly of scientists is attempting to advance human evolution by animal experimentation. These labs are usually located on the higher floors of the buildings, with security guards monitoring access, and electrical alarms providing additional security. Beneath the research center are additional laboratories with greater security than those high above. In these labs, Mogens' most trusted scientists carry out human experiments. Quarantined in these underground facilities are creatures once considered human. Rows of cells and isolated laboratories keep these experiments safe and hidden from the world. A subterranean dormitory provides living quarters for the clandestine staff, many of whom have no public identities. There is also an armory with an abundance of weapons for use by the security officers. As a final precaution, the underground facility has been rigged with explosives that can be detonated from a central control room, guaranteeing the destruction of the diabolical research and destroying all evidence.

Ambrose Mogens, Blueblood Industrial Tycoon

Born in Amsterdam in 1581, Mogens started dabbling in dark magics from a very young age. As a young man he hoarded every obscure tome he came across, squandering an inheritance and ultimately developing a burden of debt which he was unable to payoff. Driven into poverty, he was pressed into service aboard the *Half Moon*, where he toiled as a sailor. By the time the exploration ship arrived at New York Bay, Mogens had coaxed four other disgruntled crewmen to join him in jumping ship.

Shortly after the *Half Moon* departed from Manhattan Island, Mogens reveled in his new found freedom in the wilderness of North America. He practiced his black arts, gaining new knowledge, and in time contacted the



Ambrose Mogens Mogens set to work, ruthlessly draining the life of others to prolong his own, and assembling followers of the Black Man for the day when they would be needed.

Over the centuries, as New York City developed, Mogens integrated himself back into society. He used his arcane knowledge and ever-growing experience to earn riches. As each generation passed, Mogens adjusted his age, letting the years gray his hair and line his face. Once a generation passed from the world, he used dark magic to renew his youth and commenced the

process over again, each time claiming to be a descendant of the previous Mogens. By the 1920's, Mogens had amassed a vast fortune in enterprises and investments. To his contemporaries he appears to be the inheritor of a New York blueblood fortune, and a philanthropist dedicated to the betterment of the human condition. Beneath this façade, Mogens works to unravel the secrets of human evolution in hopes of spawning a new race of people who owe their existence to him; a race of worshippers and a race capable of shaping the world according to the will of Nyarlathotep.

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Ambrose Mogens, Ambitious Sorcerer, age 38

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 25
DEX 16 APP 14 EDU 20 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .32 Revolver 38%, damage 1D8
Sword Cane 49%, damage 1D6+db.

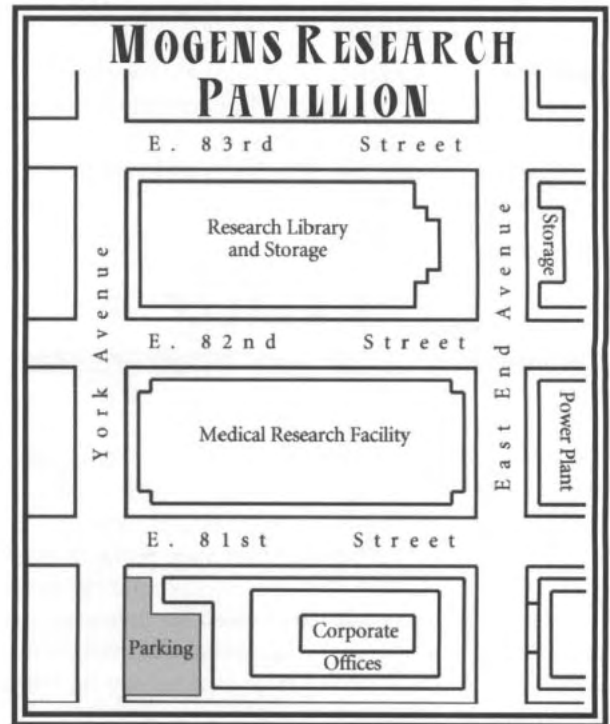
Spells: Augur, Call Black Man, Cloud Memory, Contact Nyarlathotep, Death Spell, Dominate, Enchant Cane, Enchant Knife, Enchant Whistle, Evil Eye, Flesh Ward, Power Drain, Pose Mundane, Shriveling, Steal Life, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler.

Skills: Accounting 44%, Bargain 60%, Business 70%, Conceal 41%, Credit Rating 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dodge 45%, Dutch 89%, English 85%, French 58%, German 62%, Hide 32%, History 81%, Law 65%, Library Use 59%, Occult 48%, Persuade 63%, Psychology 54%, Ride 44%, Spot Hidden 38%.

THE CULT OF THE HALF MOON

This secretive cult has evolved over the centuries since Ambrose Mogens first established it in the late 1600's. Dedicated to the worship of Nyarlathotep in the form of the Black Man, the original coven began with two members, Ambrose Mogens and Hendrick Vander Klei. Tirelessly working, Mogens indoctrinated other members, hand-picking each. Scientists, inventors, and innovative thinkers are most sought after by Mogens, though he welcomes many others whom he believes can serve the purpose of Nyarlathotep. Under Mogens' guidance the cult has taken on the semblance of a secret society, with many influential and well educated members attending the ceremonies in formal attire.

One of the determining factors for inclusion into the cult is what Mogens terms "the absence of atavism." He is obsessed with the future evolution of humanity, believing mental and physical weaknesses have hindered human biological advancement. Another key factor is a devout loyalty to Mogens and his goal. Every member of the cult is dedicated to unquestionably fulfilling the machinations of the powerful sorcerer, willing to sacrifice life and sanity to his end. Such beliefs and dedication make the cult a dangerous and powerful organization. Once initiated, each member wears a half-moon emblem to identify themselves to other members. A circle, half ivory and half ebony, set into a ring, necklace, tiepin, cufflinks or cane is the most common insignia. Members gather each month on the appearance of a first quarter moon. One of Mogens' mansions in Queens is where they congregate.



Eugene Vander Klei, Mogens Institute Scientist

A descendent of Hendrick Vander Klei, one of the members of the Half Moon cabal, Eugene has the trust of Ambrose Mogens. He is a reclusive scientist, and graduate of Miskatonic, who has been pushed into the lime-light as one of the Mogens Institute's head researchers. Eugene also runs the human experimentation program in the secret underground laboratories.

Driven to accomplish what he considers to be the greatest achievement in human history, Eugene works ceaselessly to perfect his evolved creations. The long-lived Mogens has tutored him in the secrets of the Mythos, and he has turned that knowledge into a hideous human experiment. Eugene is determined and diligent; notions of morality and ethics do not bother him. His burning desire to succeed in his task does cause him to be careless, a failing that Mogens tries to keep in check.

Unbeknownst to Eugene is his own evolutionary history. From the day that Mogens forced a vow of loyalty from Hendrick, the aged millionaire has been guiding the heritage of the Vander Klei family. By a process of selective breeding, Mogens has heightened the intellect

of the Vander Klei bloodline, hoping to create a genius capable of carrying Mogens' sinister plans to fruition. To Mogens, Eugene is an instrument, nothing more. If the enthusiastic scientist does not succeed, Mogens has no compunction against disposing of him and beginning with another new and improved Vander Klei, who is already in the works.



Eugene Vander Klei

Eugene Vander Klei, Demented Scientist, age 42

STR 08 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 20 SAN 60 HP 08

Damage Bonus: None.

EUGENICS IN THE TWENTIES

The notion of selective breeding, or "survival of the fittest," as Herbert Spencer termed it, blossomed in the nineteenth century, as philosophers and scientists turned an eye toward improving the human race. Others such as Gregor Mendel experimented with heredity in the 1800s, determining that there are certain "cellular elements" that are inherited from parents (although Mendel experimented with peas). But the term "Eugenics" wouldn't come into being until Francis J. Galton, the man who learned that no two human fingerprints were identical, translated the words "well bred" into the Greek *eugenics*.

By the early 1900s, a strong interest in "perfecting humanity" was growing. Eugenics journals with articles titled "Practical Eugenics" and texts such as *The Jukes: A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity*, *The Passing of the Great Race* and others espoused the benefits of tinkering with the evolution of humanity. In 1904, the United States was leading the world in the research and cataloguing of "inferior" classes of humans. All of this was focused at the "Station for Experimental Evolution" (SEE) at Cold Spring Harbor in New York State. And it was the founder of the SEE, Charles Benedict Davenport, who hoped to lead the world into the crafting of a superior race of humans, or more accurately, a super race of Nordics. In a speech given to his colleagues, Davenport argued, "Can we build a wall high enough around this country so as to keep out these cheaper races, or will it be a feeble dam . . . leaving it to our descendants to abandon the country to the blacks, browns and yellows and seek an asylum in New Zealand?"

The international eugenics fervor soon gave way to the First International Congress on Eugenics, held in London in 1912. In 1915 the Second International Congress on Eugenics was held in New York. And the final International Congress on Eugenics was held in New York as well, at the American Museum of Natural History, in 1932.

From the first conference to the third, the United States began a sterilization program aimed at limiting the number of "mental defectives" in the country. While categories were defined such as Feeble Minded, Idiots, and Morons, the general consensus was that non-Caucasian races, and all humans who lived in poverty, were capable of degenerating humanity. States passed laws allowing sterilization, and the Supreme Court upheld these laws until 1974. But during the 1920's and 1930's, "race betterment" became pro-active; not satisfied with prohibiting reproduction, propaganda campaigns were launched, suggesting the use of euthanasia on defective infants and adults in the "lethal chamber" — a humane device that used gas to bring about a painless death.

By the middle of the 1930's, much of the interest in eugenics had faded in the U.S. as a depression and a brewing war in Europe required attention. And by the end of WWII, America's infatuation with eugenics had all but vanished, although states continued to sterilize "defectives" for several more decades.



Eugenics through infanticide.



Residences along 5th Avenue.

Skills: Biology 75%, Biochemistry 62%, Chemistry 67%, Cthulhu Mythos 08%, First Aid 55%, Library Use 48%, Medicine 80%, Natural History 50%, Occult 10%, Persuade 45%, Pharmacy 55%, Psychology 43%.

UPPER FIFTH, MADISON AND PARK AVENUE DISTRICT

Along the borders of these avenues live some of New York City's wealthiest citizens. New money and old mingle in stately mansions and opulent, skyscraper apartment buildings along these avenues. Though by the middle of the 1920's, some of the wealthy families are selling their mansions and buying new ones elsewhere, there are plenty of new, affluent occupants to replace them.

Everything in this urban paradise is groomed and polished. Mansions belonging to the Carnegies, Astors, Vanderbilts and Woolworths grace these refined thoroughfares. The ostentatious dwellings of the well-to-do

are so common along Park Avenue, that it has earned the moniker "Millionaire's Row". However, like most prosperous environs, a group of unseen members silently exist. Unless investigators have a high **Credit Rating** skill, gaining access to the economic and social aristocrats in this community is difficult. It is likely investigators will find the servants more accessible. Those who prefer the direct approach, however, must make a halved **Credit Rating** roll to gain an interview.

Hotel Ambassador, Park Avenue, between 51st St. and 52nd St.

Foreign diplomats and members of the top rung of New York society favor this elite residential hotel. Completed in 1921, it opened its doors to only those of political and social influence. Investigators desiring to lease a residence here must make a **Credit Rating** roll at one-quarter normal ability.

Investigators who reside at the Ambassador for more than six months make many political and social contacts, permanently gaining 5 percentiles in their **Credit Rating** skill; this benefit cannot be utilized more than once by an investigator.

CHAPTER THREE

MANHATTAN: MIDTOWN

"The whole golden boom was in the air — its splendid generousities, its outrageous corruptions and the torturous death struggle of the old America. There seemed little doubt about what was going to happen — America was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to tell about."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald

After WWI, New York City was booming. The metropolis was growing and the sky was the limit. During the 1920's, the epicenter of this tremendous growth is located in the 5th Avenue shopping district, extending into Time Square and Grand Central. While the financially successful had to move northward, the success of capitalism culminated in midtown, bringing with it consumerism and commercialism. In this land of fashionable skyscrapers, New Yorkers shop in posh stores and dine in extravagant restaurants. It is the playground of millionaires. Yet, on the periphery are squalid tenements and grubby factories. Lurking in these shadowy places is the underclass of the city, the denizens of Gotham who do not fully share in the Big Apple's blossoming economy.

Central Park South, 57th St. and The Plaza

Starting at Columbus Circle, a congested mass of automobiles and pedestrians during the 1920's, Central Park South reaches eastward across the southern end of Central Park. Many chic and affluent shops, restaurants and hotels line this picturesque street, which ends at Grand Army Plaza. Paralleling Central Park South is 57th Street, which shares in the posh attitude and elite sensibility.



View of Midtown Manhattan.

Carnegie Hall, 7th Ave. & 57th St., No. 157

This world famous music hall, where symphonic giants such as Tchaikovsky and Toscanini have conducted, was a fiscal failure until the mid 1920's. Opening in 1891, the grand hall suffered from poor acoustics and lack of interest. After ownership changed in 1925, the hall was remodeled and its playbill included a broader range of performances. The structural changes not only corrected the poor acoustics, but also added an art gallery and fifty art studios for use by artists.

New York Athletic Club, Central Park South, No. 180

Located on Central Park South and 7th Avenue, this popular club, which was organized in 1868, completed construction of its new 21-story abode in 1928. Some of the nation's best athletes, along with a handful of politicians and New York's high society are members of this popular club. The club may be useful to investigators for making contact with important personalities, or to investigators who are athletes wishing to expand their social circle. While fame or athletic accomplishment is not a requirement of membership, these aspects assist in getting acceptance. Keepers should determine membership availability. Prior to the completion of the new

clubhouse, members gathered at the Knickerbocker Cottage, a Manhattan tavern located on 6th Avenue.

Café Europa, South Central Park, No. 150

Mimicking a French café, this pricey restaurant is usually crowded and requires a halved **Credit Rating** roll to gain admittance. Of course, investigators may attempt a **Persuade** roll at one-quarter normal to slip in, though a failure could blacklist them with the Maître d'. During the summer Café Europa has an outdoor dining area, with an occasional violinist. Many celebrities and social heavyweights drop by the café for lunch.

Grand Army Plaza

Grand Army Plaza is the southern entrance to Central Park. It extends from 58th Street to 60th Street, and also serves as a courtyard for some famous New York hotels.

Standing in Grand Army Plaza are two celebrated monuments. The Pulitzer Memorial Fountain, or Fountain of Abundance, rests at the southern end of the Plaza, while a bronze General William Tecumseh Sherman sits upon a horse toward the north.

Over the years, hostelrys have sprouted around the edges of the Grand Army Plaza. First to be built was the Hotel Plaza in 1907. Attracted by its success, the Sherry-

Netherland Hotel appeared in 1927, followed by the Savoy-Plaza Hotel in 1928, and the Hotel Pierre in 1930. Each are lavish, select, and attract New York's aristocracy like moths to a flame. Two of the hotels, the Sherry-Netherland and the Hotel Savoy-Plaza, are costly midtown residences, coveted by many New York playboys desiring a midtown residence for a discreet rendezvous.

To acquire an apartment at one of the residence hotels, investigators must make a successful **Credit Rating** roll at one-half normal. The waiting list is lengthy and may necessitate graft to be included upon the list.



Hotel Savoy — Plaza

FIFTH AVENUE SHOPPING DISTRICT

Formerly an affluent residential neighborhood, the mansions and houses that once framed the sidewalks of this area have moved elsewhere. Starting at 34th Street and continuing to 57th Street is the 5th Avenue Shopping District, the heart of New York City's exclusive retail business.

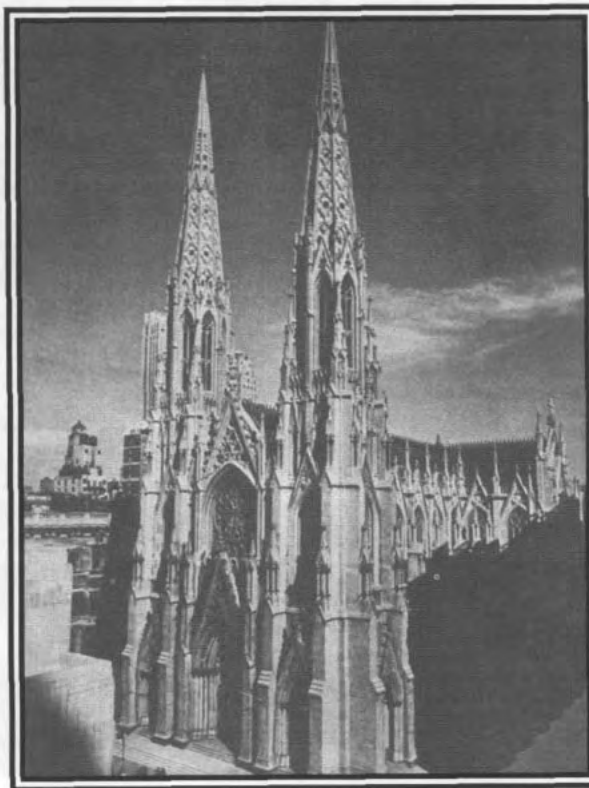
By 1910, the area had filled with classy shops, hotels and clubs. "Fashion" is the fire that forged this section of

5th Avenue, and "money" is the water which quickened it. Saks 5th Avenue, Lord and Taylor and Tiffany all have addresses in the stylish expanse, and all have exclusive clientele.

The extravagant architecture of the area cannot go unnoticed. The giant spires of the Gothic styled St. Patrick's Cathedral do not seem out of place amidst the towering skyscrapers of 5th Avenue. The underlying theme of this posh shopping district is wealth. And to visitors strolling down 5th Avenue, the flourishing buildings and grand designs sprouting from the city should indicate that the ground here is very fertile indeed.

Alexander's Antiques and Curiosities, Madison Ave. & East 59th St.

Hidden behind the rather drab brownstone façade of this 59th Street shop is a collection of antiques including furniture, mirrors, clocks, photographs, books and trinkets. Owned by Alexander Mylonas, the small shop has become a favorite stop of wealthy antique collectors. Alexander has managed this notoriety by not limiting his inventory to American antiques. His collection is seasoned with extraordinary curios from China, Egypt and Europe, and they are matched with extraordinary price tags worthy of his clientele. Anyone who Alexander believes would raise an eyebrow at his prices is expeditiously ignored; a failed **Credit Rating** roll invokes Alexander's disinterest in an investigator.



St. Patrick's Cathedral

Investigators wanting to hire Alexander to locate a rare or out-of-print book, or a peculiar item must make a halved **Credit Rating** roll. The elitist shopkeeper has little time for customers not equipped to properly pay for his time and effort. If successfully engaged, Alexander spares no expense in tracking down the item.

**Alexander Mylonas,
Antique Dealer, age 58**

Alexander values his time and his customers. He is meticulously clean, preferring to use a handkerchief to clean items he comes into contact with (this includes silverware at restaurants). He has many acquaintances in New York's high society, and utilizes them when procuring inventory for his shop or directly for



Alexander Mylonas

customers. He is remarkably disinterested in matters he considers mundane, such as local politics, sporting events, weather or similar small talk. He never hesitates to ignore someone attempting to engage him in such conversations, usually telling them "What you are saying does not interest me." Nonetheless, Alexander is a dedicated friend, always willing to help, once a person has penetrated his snobbish exterior.

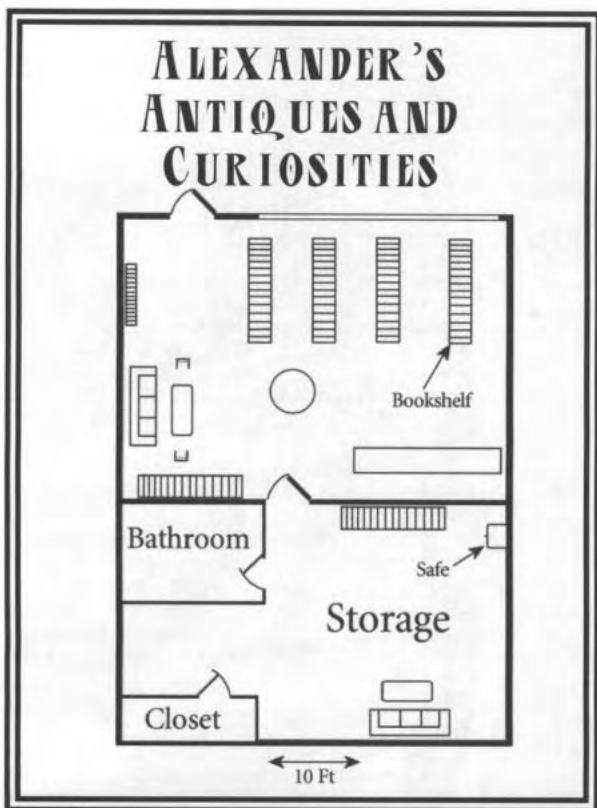
STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Arabic 30%, Art(Painting) 22%, Bargain 58%, Conceal 29%, Credit Rating 64%, Cryptography 18%, French 29%, German 18%, Greek 65%, History 52%, Library Use 40%, Literature 57%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Persuade 44%.



Shops Along 5th Avenue.



BECKMAN PLACE AND SUTTON PLACE DISTRICT

As with many parts of New York City, the neighborhoods in this area are a blend of businesses and residences, a juxtaposition of wealth and poverty. Beekman Place during the 1920's is a slum with appeal to the affluent; the rundown buildings are quickly being procured for the riverside view and convenient boat docks. Along the waterfront, the freighters and yachts clinging to the shoreline are testaments to this New York style of slumming. This unique form of urban renewal is transforming many sections of the community, replacing the old tenements and brownstones with mansions.

Brewery Restaurant, East 56th St.

This restaurant is popular with the locals because of its hard-to-get beverages, not its commonplace cuisine. Attached to the side of a closed brewery, the owners have taken full advantage of the convenient location, and are always supplied with plenty of gin. Naturally this convenience comes with cost. The local law enforcement is amply paid to look the other way. This restaurant is ideal for investigators looking to make East Side contacts. A **Luck** roll can be made each night the investigator visits the restaurant. A success brings a contact of the keeper's choice to the investigator.

Ark Apartments, Sutton Place South & East 55th St.

Between East 55th Street and East 56th Street is an apartment building known as the "Ark". Though in the 1930's it would be remodeled into a fashionable apartment building, during the 1920's its low rent appeals to many striving artists and writers. Investigators can find single room apartments in the Ark for \$9.00 to \$10.00 a month.

TIMES SQUARE DISTRICT

Times Square, "the crossroads of the world," or Longacre Square as it was known before 1904, is considered by many New Yorkers to be the heart and soul of the city. With its ceaseless glow of white lights and gigantic billboards, it demands the attention of all who pass through. Theaters, movie palaces, hotels, shops, restaurants and hundreds of thousands of people keep Times Square alive and jumping, truly making New York City a city that never sleeps.

Hollywood Theater, Motion Picture Palace, Broadway and 51st St.

The Hollywood is one of the new motion picture theaters that are rapidly overtaking the traditional theaters during the 1920's. Unlike the other "legit" theaters specializing in plays, musicals and vaudeville shows, the Hollywood offers motion pictures. With two large auditoriums, each lined with a screen and 1200 seats, and an interior décor worthy of any Park Avenue mansion, the Hollywood attracts sophisticated patrons from the prosperous nearby neighborhoods.

Astor Hotel, Broadway, between 44th St. and 45th St.

The opulent Astor stood across from the Times Tower during the first half of the Twentieth Century. Built in 1904, and sporting a lavish roof-top garden, a popular dining attraction in its day, the hotel lasted sixty years before it was finally replaced with an office building.

During the Roaring Twenties, many conventions were held at the Astor. Its spacious halls were popular with large convention groups, and its prime location brought many other guests who were visiting the city.

New York Yacht Club, West 44th St., No. 37

The façade of this building was cleverly crafted to imitate the stern of a 17th century tall ship. All the details are present: three bay windows create the image of the stern or captain's quarters, while dolphins leap from waves of stone.



Astor Hotel as seen from the Times Building.

The Yacht Club was established in 1844, and has been the sponsor of the "America's Cup Race" since then. This location was not the club's first home. It has occupied many others, until contracting this extravagant abode in 1901.

Harvard Club, West 44th St., No. 27

Designed to imitate its namesake, Harvard University, this red brick building with limestone trim is a popular meeting and dining place for many of New York City's professionals who work in midtown and downtown. The three-story club has libraries, meetings rooms and a clubroom.

Here investigators can make important business and social contacts. The top floor library is small in comparison to other private holdings in New York, but the club makes up for this failing with a classy interior and lavish décor. The library is a good source for unusual texts, volumes that may have been overlooked by mainstream libraries.

The Association of the Bar, West 44th St., No. 42

Stately in appearance, and perhaps even stylishly understated by architectural standards of the 1920's, this building is fronted with two single story Doric columns, and topped with Corinthian pilasters. Constructed in 1895, the building contains a vast law library for legal research.

Investigators doing research here will find the tremendous collection useful and time saving. Keepers may consider reducing research times by one half. This means an investigator could shave four hours off what would normally be an eight-hour research project by using this library. Of course this savings is strictly limited to legal research.

The Hotel Algonquin, West 44th St., No. 58-61

Frequented by writers and actors, this hotel opened in 1902. During the 1920's, it is the gathering place for the Algonquin Round Table, a writers' club. Dorothy Parker, James Thurber and Robert Benchley are a few of the members who assemble at this location.

Investigators who are aspiring writers can become members of the Algonquin Round Table, if they make a successful **Art (Writing)** roll or **English Language** roll at one-quarter normal ability. Because of the time required to produce quality writing, investigators must wait at least six months between attempts at becoming members. Successful investigators immediately gain contacts in the publishing industry and may increase their Credit Rating 2 percentiles. After being a member for one year, investigators are awarded a one-time, 5 percentile increase in either Art (Writing) or an equivalent skill selected by the keeper. To gain the latter benefit requires investigators to attend sessions on a semi-regular basis.

Hippodrome, East 43 St., No.51

The Hippodrome was the heavy weight of the theater district until it went down for the count to the silver screen in 1928. It was demolished in 1939. In the twenties, it is the Coney Island of Manhattan with outrageous water shows, prize-fights, chorus lines, circuses, vaudeville and nearly every species of entertainer performing under its roof. Constructed in 1905 with the capacity to seat 5200 people, the Hippodrome always had a spectacle for all to see. It is the location where Harry Houdini performed many of his amazing shows.

A broad swath of New York society frequents this location. Politics, graft, intrigue and any number of shady dealings can be found in the Hippodrome. Investigators hoping to learn information about the various middle class and working class communities will find the loose-lipped customers here open to disclosing secrets that would not normally be uttered.

Town Hall, West 43rd St., No. 113-123

"You Shall Know the Truth, and the Truth Shall Make you Free" is the inscription greeting all who enter the Town Hall auditorium. Opened in 1921 as a civic center and concert auditorium, it later was expanded into a motion picture theater and clubhouse. The popularity of this auditorium grew as radio broadcasts became more common. "America's Town Meeting of the Air" was a nationally broadcast radio show in 1935 that allowed the nation to join the local audience.

Times Tower, 42nd and Broadway and 7th Ave.

At the center of Times Square, stands the home of the popular New York Times newspaper, or also known as "The Gray Lady." Completed in 1903, its unforgettable Italian architecture with its tall arches made it an immediate landmark. In fact, it is from this building that Times Square derives its name. Also, the Times Tower is the progenitor of another popular New York tradition. To celebrate the opening of its new home, the



The New York Times Building.

New York Times staged a New Year's fireworks display. Thereafter, New Yorkers returned to Times Square to celebrate New Year's Eve.

Investigators hoping to land a reporters job at the Times require a substantial resume and must make an **Art (Writing)** roll at one-half normal ability. Also, the Times has an impressive clippings morgue. Gaining access usually requires inside contacts, or a dazzling **Fast Talk** at one-half normal ability. Once inside the morgue, the countless files on the *New York Times* are readily available. During business hours, a clerk typically locates desired issues. Research time here is reduced by one-quarter normal times. This means an 8 hour stint of thumb work can be reduced to 6 hours.

Metropolitan Opera House, Broadway, 39th St. to 40th St.

Occupying a city block, the MET was very fashionable during the 1920's. Since its establishment in 1883, the famous opera house has seen many difficulties, and many successes. A fire devastated the interior of this acclaimed "fireproof" building in 1892. But it was

quickly rebuilt, and in the process, several design flaws that limited sight of the stage were corrected. By 1915 the opera house was profitable and continued to be so until the stock market crash in 1929.

Casino Theater, Broadway and 39th St.

Directly behind the Metropolitan Opera is the Casino Theater. Its fare is musicals and comic operas, which compliment its unusual Arabesque style architecture. The Casino closed its doors for good in 1930. It is a lively alternative to the MET, that doesn't take itself quite as seriously.

GRAND CENTRAL DISTRICT

Grand Central houses one of the two major rail gateways in New York City, the other being Pennsylvania Station near Union Square. Visitors entering the Big Apple through the Grand Central Terminal are immediately privy to the wonders of the city. Enriched by the

money of numerous travelers, businessmen and tourists, the fertile ground here grows the tallest skyscrapers in the world. A cornucopia of restaurants, hotels and private clubs pervade the region. With railways running ceaselessly, the streets of Grand Central are never barren.

Empire State Building, 5th Ave., No. 350

One of New York City's most celebrated skyscrapers did not exist during the 1920's. The 1250-foot tall hangout for oversized Hollywood apes was built upon the site of the legendary Waldorf-Astoria hotel. Construction began in 1930, quickly completing one year later. For investigators of the 1920's, this popular landmark did not exist, though its spirit thrived in the skyward climb of many other New York office buildings. The Empire State Building symbolized the Roaring Twenties, a time when money was plentiful and the world seemed too small.

Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 5th Ave., No. 350

Built in 1893 and demolished in 1929, the Waldorf-Astoria was a renowned hostelry, attracting scores of wealthy and notable visitors to the city. It was



The Old Casino Theater

the “spot” for extravagant parties and celebrations, and set the standards of quality by which other hotels were weighed.

Investigators hoping to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria must make a **Credit Rating** roll at one-quarter normal ability. The keeper should determine the room rates based upon the type of room, single room or full suite, the season, and the year — by the mid twenties rent prices are soaring. An investigator lucky enough to be booked at the glamorous hotel earns a temporary 10-percentile bonus to all **Credit Rating** rolls, while at the hotel. Merely having a room at the Waldorf-Astoria produces notoriety among most social circles. However, acquiring a room is a difficult task. **Fast Talk**, **Bargain** and bribes do not influence the persnickety clerks at this esteemed hostelry.



New York Central Library, 5th Ave. and 42nd St., No. 476

Built in 1911, the main branch of the New York public library was formed by a merger of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox libraries, three of the city’s largest private collections. The neoclassical style with a colossal triple arch entrance is appropriate for New York’s largest circulating library, which is rivaled during the 1920’s and 1930’s only by the Library of Congress.

Study performed at this location provides a 20 percentile bonus to **Library Use** rolls, and expends one-quarter normal research time because of the vast collection of texts, and the accurate cataloging and retrieval system.

A considerable rare book collection is also held at this location, including original American and English manuscripts. Special permission is required to peruse the hoary tomes located in the Rare Book Room. Scholars and researchers can obtain permission without difficulty, however the process could take 2D12 days. A successful **Academic Standing** roll can reduce the approval period by one-half. If a college or university does not employ the investigator, then a successful **Credit Rating** roll is also required to complete the approval process. Letters of reference increase the chances of approval. An **Academic Standing** roll against the letter’s author earns a 5 percentile cumulative bonus for the applying investigator.

Elliot Hilston, Reclusive Librarian, age 35

Born in Mott Haven, in the Bronx, Elliot spent his youth reading. Prone to bad health, he remained a loner in his youth, and in adulthood, shunning athletics, and mainly



Elliot Hilston

experiencing the world through books. Age brought Elliot misgivings. He regrets not traveling more and taking more risks; a **Psychology** roll reveals this to investigators. This gangly librarian would find it difficult to turn down an offer to explore secret locations in other countries, though he

wouldn’t do it permanently. Rather, he’d take a sabbatical, returning in a few months. He desires adventure, just not too much of it at once.

Elliot is protective of the books at the library, and dubious about scholars using the library’s rare books alone. He is fanatical about folded pages and notes in the margins. Often he is seen checking books on the shelves for these horrid disfigurements.

Elliot Hilston, Reclusive Librarian, age 35

STR 07 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 09 APP 17 EDU 18 SAN 55 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 10%, Astronomy 35%, German 30%, Geology 30%, History 60%, Latin 26%, Library Use 75%, Literature 71%, Natural History 35%, Occult 10%, Psychology 10%, Spanish 18%.

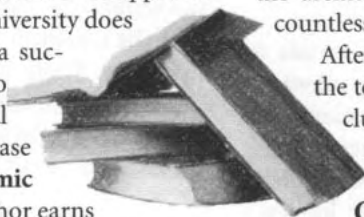
Chrysler Building, Lexington Ave., No. 405

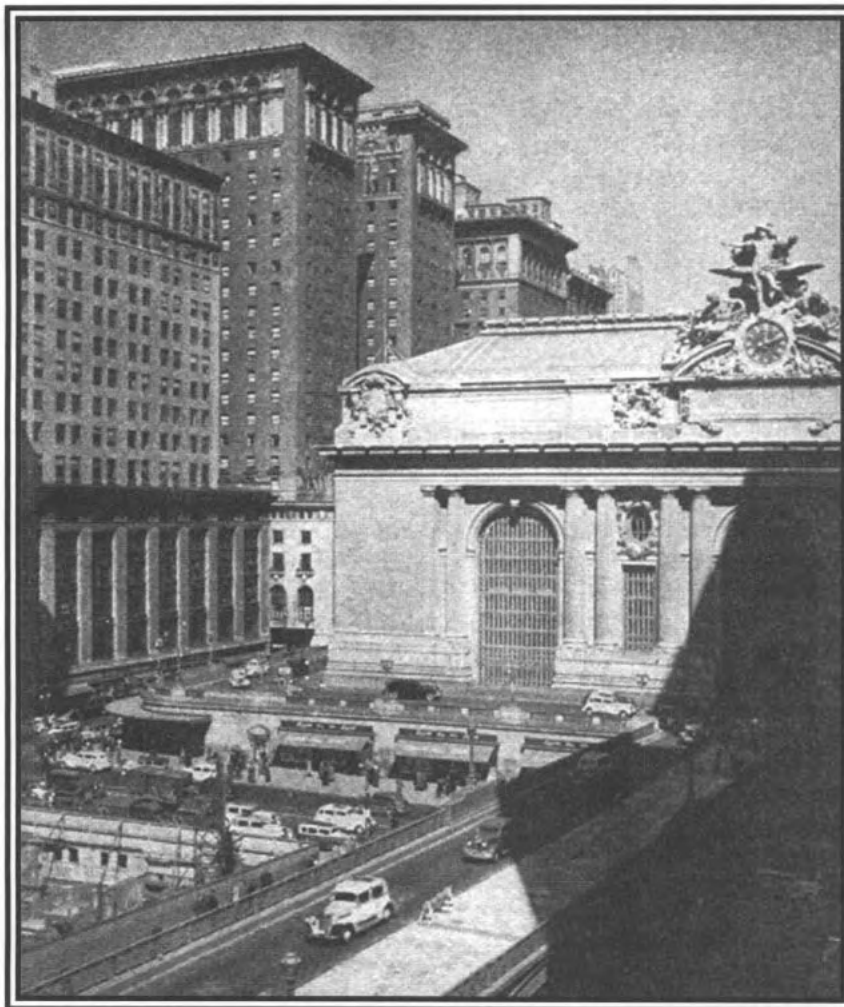
Standing 1046 feet tall, the Chrysler building was the tallest building in the world, until the record went to the Empire State Building in 1931. Completed in 1929, its Art Deco style and impressive height blazed the trail for the architectural frontier of the 1930’s, and attracted countless New Yorkers and tourists alike.

After its construction, the Cloud Club resided at the top of the Chrysler Building. It was an all male club for executives, with a wonderful view of the skyline.

Grand Central Terminal, East 42nd Street, No. 71 - 105

Spanning three city blocks, there is nothing small about Grand Central Terminal. Three tremendous multi-storied arches form the entrance of the terminal, each flanked by massive columns. The large scale French Beaux Arts style commands attention, even in a city





Grand Central Terminal

MURRAY HILL DISTRICT

By the 1920's, the once exclusive residential quarter of Murray Hill began to falter, eventually ceding land to the swiftly encroaching businesses of the city. Flanked by mountainous buildings of a new day, the few remaining post-Civil-War-era mansions seemingly huddle together as if in a final defiant act against the changing city. The unquenchable machine of capitalism slowly devoured the land once dominated by the pseudo-fictional aristocracy of the American novelist Edith Wharton, leaving a neighborhood with a dwindling number of New York bluebloods.

Hell's Kitchen

Tenement houses and factories nestle together in the 1920's neighborhood of Hell's Kitchen. The Kitchen has a long and shameful history of vice and lawlessness. Railways and the nearby western harbors brought workers to the city in search of employment, transforming the area into the industrial-residential blend

abundant with architectural marvels. Mounted above the central arch of the entrance is an extraordinary sculpture depicting Mercury, Hercules and Minerva with a 13-foot clock face beneath the Greek gods.

Inside the station, underneath a vaulted roof of metal and glass, the main concourse extends nearly 400 feet in width and 125 feet in height. Illuminated in the massive domed ceiling is an ecliptic of the zodiac, which by mistake runs in the wrong direction.

Following the stairs to the lower levels reveals a world of ramps and passageways connecting subways, trains, streets and an underground city of restaurants, bookstores, clothing stores, flower shops, newsstands and myriad other businesses. Many of the nearby hotels have walkways connecting directly to their lobbies. Below this is the train yard and power plant, which supplies the energy to run the colossal facility.

Keepers should utilize the maze of subterranean corridors snaking beneath the terminal. Undoubtedly there are numerous maintenance and electrical tunnels and sewer connections rife with mischief.

that remained throughout the early part of the twentieth century. Shantytowns sprouted around the factories, in time being replaced by tenement houses. The combination of poor pay and appalling housing inevitably led to gangs and street crime.

In the 1920's, the gangs who once vied for power and dominated the streets have mostly vanished. Factories and warehouses still skirt the edges of the district, encircling the tenement houses. Life in the Kitchen is rough and gritty. There is little time or money for luxuries. Any extravagant investigators visiting the neighborhood can expect distrust and ridicule from many of the working class denizens.

Polyclinic, West 50th Street, No. 345

The beds of this hospital are familiar to many of New York's law enforcement officers who have caught a bullet working the neighborhood. Because of the Kitchen's rough inhabitants, and the preponderance of empty warehouses, it is not unusual for a cop or a Fed to end

up occupying a bed at the Polyclinic. With over 300 rooms and a full surgical staff, this hospital treats the local residents and anyone who is dragged in off the streets. After 1925, the hospital's patient base expands. Once Madison Square Gardens relocates to 8th Avenue and 49th Street from the Madison Square District, the occasional prizefighter finds his way to the hospital.

SULLY BRANAGAN, MISGUIDED RUFFIAN, AGE 18

Sully's a hooligan who has grown up on the streets of Hell's Kitchen. He has heard the stories of the old gangs, and he is drawn to their way of life, and their self-imposed authority. His father died in the World War, leaving Sully's mother to struggle in a garment factory to support herself and her two children. Resentment of his lot in life has pushed Sully down a road of crime.

This misguided ruffian is a friend of Quinn O'Conner, a bouncer at Cavanagh's restaurant in Chelsea. Though Sully wouldn't admit it, he admires Quinn for doing real work — work other than sewing clothes. Sully is also well informed about goings-on in Hell's Kitchen, and can be useful to investigators as a local informant. While he dislikes authority, police and private investigators, he will cooperate, so long as there's something in it for him. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals to probing investigators that Sully's hardened heart has a soft spot for professionals. Reporters, doctors, professors, to Sully, all represent a way of life beyond his grasp. Because of this impossible dream, Sully tends to favor investigators whose careers are based on skill and intellect, rather than muscle and business. Such investigators use **Bargain X2** and **Persuade X2** when negotiating with Sully.

Sully Branagan, Misguided Ruffian, age 18

| | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| STR 14 | CON 13 | SIZ 14 | INT 13 | POW 11 |
| DEX 12 | APP 11 | EDU 08 | SAN 55 | HP 14 |

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+db
 Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db
 Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db
 Grapple 35%, damage special.

Skills: Bargain 30%, Conceal 25%, Fast Talk 20%, Listen 35%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Streetwise 70%.

Garment Center

One of New York City's primary business centers is located between Times Square, Hell's Kitchen and Chelsea. It is in this area that the garment trade plies its craft quite successfully, supplying most of the United States with suits, dresses and fur coats. A predominant-ly immigrant and black workforce produce clothing here.

Along the streets of this area are warehouses, cloth-ier shops and factories. Resembling a hive of ants busily working, trucks unload bolts of cloth and load finished garments for delivery, wholesale buyers patrol the ware-houses looking to make purchases for local merchants and those abroad, and a plethora of retail customers surge down the streets, flowing around "pushboys" who are guiding carts with racks of suits, furs and dresses. Standing tall among the smaller shops in the center are Macy's and Saks 5th Avenue, two of the city's largest retail stores.

Pennsylvania Station, 7th Ave, 31st St. to 33rd St.

Pennsylvania Station is teeming with travelers around the clock. It is the end of the line for the Pennsylvania and Lehigh Valley Railroad. From this station, millions of east coast travelers enter and exit New York City each year.

The station was built in 1910, with subterranean tunnels passing beneath the Hudson and East rivers, joining the station at an underground rail yard. When using Penn Station, keepers should focus on the crowds and confusion. Inside, great columns reach to the ceiling in Roman Style architecture. There are ticket booths and information booths, newspaper hawkers and shoeshine stands. It is an excellent starting point for an adventure in New York City, since investigators are immediately thrown into the grind of the Big Apple. It is also a paradise for pickpockets, who prowl the hurried crowds, collecting souvenirs from unsuspecting travelers.

Kip's Bay

Day and night factory chimneys spout smoke into the sky over an urban forest of mortar and steel in this riverside neighborhood. Seeking access to the riverfront, many of New York's manufacturing plants have settled in this area during the 1920's. Like Morrisania in the Bronx, a thin patina of grim and soot covers everything. Mostly local laborers occupy the fusty tenements and apartment houses around the enormous industrial plants; few others are attracted to this neighborhood.

In the twenties, the city attempted to reclaim some of the industrial wasteland, and commenced a twenty-five million dollar project to construct what came to be known as Tudor City. A collection of twelve apartment buildings styled after English Tudor cottages was erected upon a bluff overlooking the district. Though more appealing than the dilapidated tenements of the area, the new residences did little to improve the overall look of the heavily industrialized area.

PICKPOCKET AT A GLANCE

Pickpockets often work in teams, handing off the lifted goods or distracting the "mark." If pursued, a pickpocket uses his knowledge of the local area to help him hide (see Chapter I, Streetwise Optional Rules). If captured, he tries to Fast Talk investigators, making excuses about starving family members and sick siblings. Investigators who remain insistent upon bringing the law into the matter rile the light-fingered thief, provoking an attack or cries for help, which brings helpful, but unwitting citizens to the pickpocket's aid on a successful Luck roll. Anyone answering the cry of help potentially creates a distraction, giving the pickpocket a second chance to escape. Keepers can resolve situation as they best see fit.

| | STR | CON | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|
| Pickpocket#1 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 14 | 12 | +0 |
| Pickpocket#2 | 11 | 12 | 11 | 09 | 15 | 12 | +0 |

Weapons: Switchblade 54% 1D4+db
 Fist/Punch 61%, damage 1D3+db
 Head Butt 32%, damage 1D4+db
 Kick 47%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Conceal 28% Disguise 31%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 48%,
 Hide 70%, Jump 42%, Legerdemain 52%, Sneak 64%,
 Streetwise 65%.

Bellevue Hospital, 1st Ave. and 27th Street

Encompassing nearly twelve blocks, this prominent hospital is one of the oldest general hospitals in the United States. Incorporated in 1811, Bellevue is the largest and most skilled of the city's hospitals in the 1920's, capable of dealing with most illnesses.

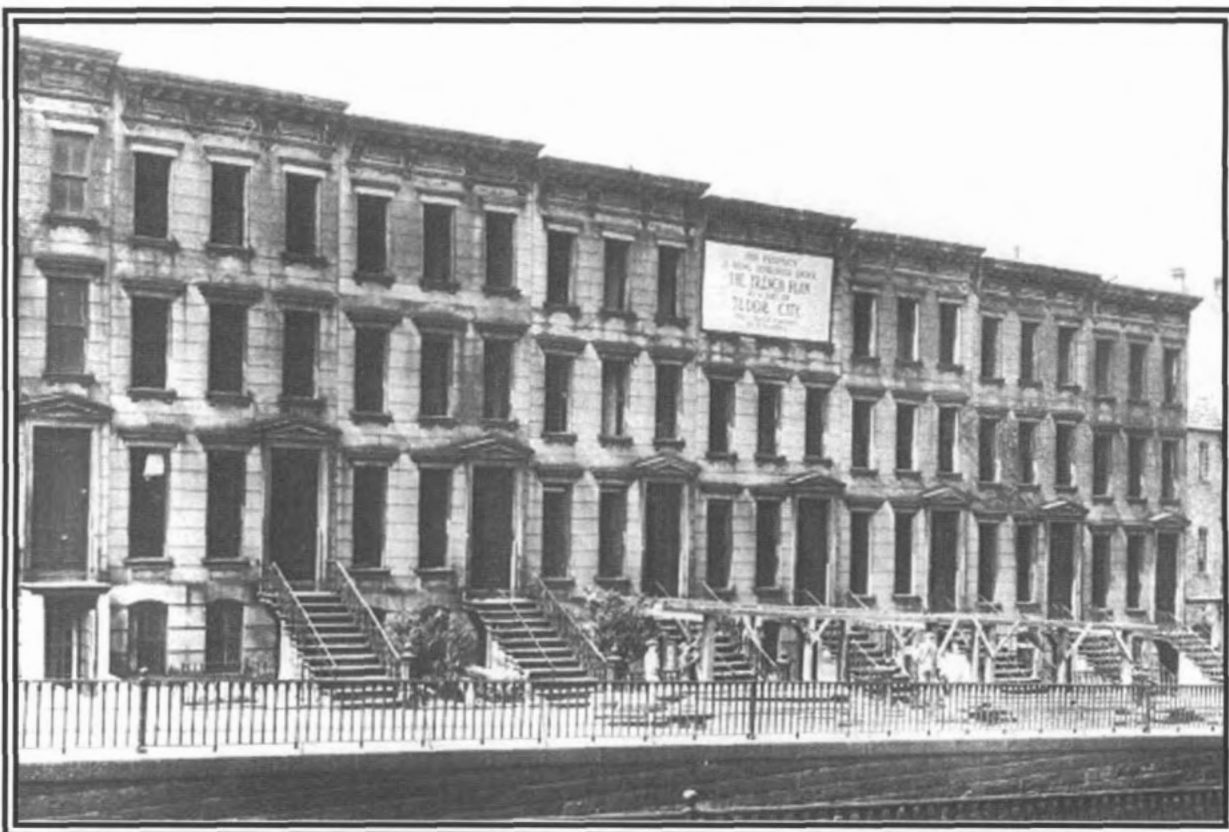
Known as the first ambulance-based hospital, Bellevue has been providing emergency service since 1868, when horse drawn buggies were used. In the 1920's, the automobile ambulance service is operating around the clock. With a telephone switchboard always staffed, the hospital is able to respond to emergency requests swiftly.

Medical Examiner

Located on the Bellevue premises are the offices of the New York City Medical Examiner. All of New York County's official autopsies are preformed at this location. Both claimed and unclaimed bodies are stored here until processed.

Franz Nefen, Overworked Medical Examiner

Franz does not get out much; most of his time is spent with dead bodies. Though there are other doctors employed by the city as medical examiners, Franz is the one investigators encounter most often.



Row-houses dubbed "Tudor City"

Years of exposure to the city's abundant dead have immunized Franz against death. He is clinical and cold when it comes to his work. Many of his coworkers think him downright macabre. Seldom does he make jokes or laugh. When working he is stolid and efficient, wasting little effort on unnecessary extravagances like politeness.

Those who have managed to overcome his seemingly dead exterior, learn of Franz's love of opera, food and his dislike of bureaucracy. To earn Franz's trust an investigator must make a



Franz Nefen

successful **Persuade** roll for two consecutive months. When attempting to befriend Franz, it is assumed an investigator is occasionally visiting Franz at his office or apartment in Stuyvesant Square during this period. Proffering opera tickets or inviting Franz to dinner at a nice restaurant earns a 5-

percentile bonus to an investigator's **Persuade**.

German is Franz's native language, which sometimes makes communicating in English difficult for him. A keeper should make occasional **English** rolls when playing Franz to see if he misstates himself. A failure results in either an absurd statement, or a misleading statement that investigators may believe is accurate.

Franz Nefen, Overworked Medical Examiner, age 44

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Biochemistry 51%, Biology 42%, Chemistry 40%, Forensic Surgery 65% Library Use 32%, Medicine 75%, English 55%, Italian 20%, Latin 23%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 49%.

PSYCHIATRIC PAVILION

By the end of the 1920's, Bellevue began to feel the pressures of their overburdened psychiatric ward. The ward's responsibilities of treatment ranged from clinical psychiatric patients to drug and alcohol addictions. The variety of patients and quantity soon led to overcrowding, forcing the hospital to create a separate psychiatric building in 1936. Within a few years, this facility was also overflowing.

The Bellevue's Psychiatric Pavilion in the twenties, which contains a separate men's and women's ward, is

used primarily for violent cases associated with crimes. Patients brought to this facility are typically being held while awaiting criminal charges or a trial. Vagrants or patients suffering from addiction are also likely candidates for a bed . . . or straightjacket.

Miranda Sorvin, Inquisitive Alienist

Working in the women's ward of the Psychiatric Pavilion is one of the city's few female Alienists, Doctor Miranda Sorvin. Each day in the ward condescending tones and dismissive glances reminds her of her gender's rarity in medicine. Being a Freudian psychologist also does little to help the circumstances. Still, she endures the smug attitudes because she believes in herself.

Occasionally Miranda's caseload includes a male patient; usually an immigrant or black who other doctors feel is a waste of their precious time. It is through one of these cases that Miranda became exposed to the eldritch world. Ever since, her curiosity has driven her to ascertain



Miranda Sorvin

more about the dark mysteries of the Mythos. Investigators will find Miranda a useful ally. Her friendly nature and open-mindedness immediately comes across to all who meet her, earning quick trust. However, she does have a tendency to analyze people, even casual acquaintances. Keepers playing Miranda should make intermittent **Psychoanaly-**

sis rolls. A success gives Miranda insight, the nature of which is left to the keeper and the level of success. She does not hesitate to utilize this knowledge openly when questioning an investigator's motives. Questions such as "Do you not trust the police because you disliked your father, who was an authority figure in your life?" are not uncommon from Miranda, and should be asked by the keeper at the most unsuspecting moments.

Miranda Sorvin, Inquisitive Alienist, age 34

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 18 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Bargain 46%, Biology 30%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Fast Talk 48%, German 35%, Hide 30%, Hypnosis 55%, Library Use 45%, Medicine 56%, Occult 4%, Persuade 58%, Pharmacy 33%, Psychoanalysis 48%, Psychology 66%.

CHELSEA DISTRICT

During the 1880's, Chelsea was the heart of Manhattan. Theaters thrived; hotels bore the burden of accommodating the crowds flocking to what was later called New York's "first Times Square." But as the new century arrived, most of Chelsea's entertainment industry shifted north to Broadway and 42nd street — the authentic Times Square. This caused the neighborhood to slump and become a dreary part of town with a scattering of older hotels and restaurants.

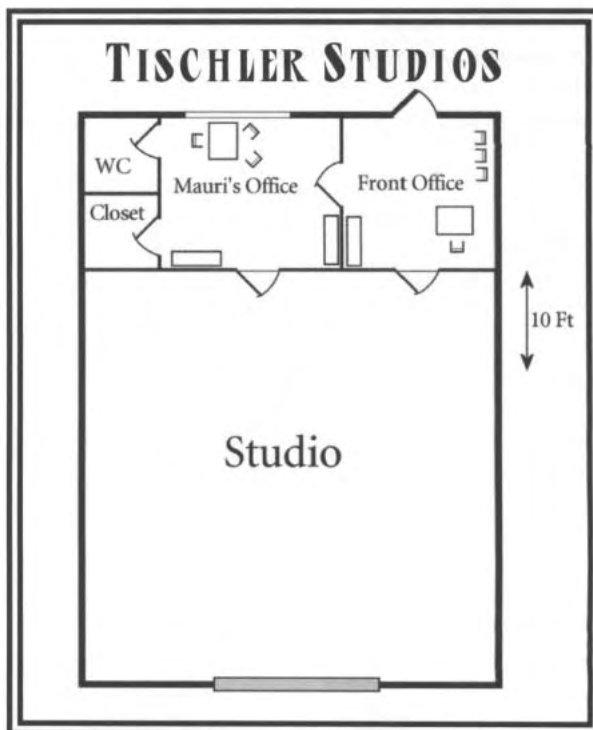
During the 1920's, Chelsea is mainly residential, with long rows of apartment buildings lining the streets, and a collection of churches, hospitals and small stores supporting the inhabitants of the aging district. There are a few landmarks like the Chelsea Hotel and the Booth Theater that occasionally draw out of town visitors.

Tischler Studios, West 21st St., No. 344

Dying a slow death, this tiny film studio is struggling to remain afloat in a sea of giant film industry fish. Located in a cramped, three-story redbrick building, once a warehouse, this small studio labors to produce five films a year. Tischler Studios opened in 1910 with *The Queen of the Desert*, a tremendous success that brought great acclaim and profit. By 1915, the studio began to fade. Its popularity with actors waned as eccentric directors continuously forced projects to fall behind schedule. The film production company ended the decade with a whimper. A series of fabulous failures forced it to commence production of lower quality films to survive.

MOTION PICTURES IN NEW YORK CITY

Until the 1920's, New York was the film-making capital of the United States, and Chelsea was the heart of the industry. During the early part of the twentieth century, many studios formed in the Chelsea district. Some of these early pioneers were businessmen from the nearby garment district, who decided to try the new fashion: films. After WWI, when the entertainment trade uprooted and moved to Times Square, many of the successful film studios relocated to the sleepy town of Hollywood, California. Not all of the studios left Chelsea though. Some remained and died a slow death as the West Coast studios quickly gained domination of the industry. This success did not keep actors and directors from returning to New York City — the city with the highest concentration of motion picture theaters in America. New York remained a hotbed for film stars, and often an East Coast residence.



Mauri Tischler, Desperate Film Producer

Mauri Tischler, the owner of the troubled Tischler Studios has tried not to be swallowed up by Hollywood studios for several years. Unable to compete with the big corporations, he has taken to producing sensational films, while looking for another success like *Queen of the Desert*. The failing business keeps Mauri in an agitated state. His wife divorced him in 1917, claiming he was unbearable. His financial stress combined with a severe coffee habit, have pushed him to the edge of a nervous breakdown.



Mauri Tischler

Investigators meeting Mauri can make a **Psychology** roll to notice his condition. He is jumpy and ornery, and always speaks about his "second chance". Mauri is interested in making travel films, and can be convinced to buy the film rights for an expedition, providing the destination is exotic enough. Investigators who are aware of his mental state can take advantage of his condition. If an investigator has made a successful **Psychology** roll, then she can **Bargain X2** or **Persuade X2** with Mauri.

Mauri Tischler, Desperate Film Producer, age 43

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 25%, Art (Film Making) 65%, Bargain 40%, Conceal 20%, Credit Rating 25%, Disguise 35%, Fast Talk 40%, Listen 35%, Persuade 50%, Photography 60%, Psychology 15%.

Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA), West 23rd St., No. 215

Across the street from the Hotel Chelsea is a hotel of a different sort. The Young Men's Christian Association opened its 23rd street branch in 1904. Like other locations in New York City, this branch provides modest accommodations with varying services such as apartments with and without kitchens. Here is where visitors to the city, on tight budgets, often stay while looking for employment. Like the Chelsea, many writers and artists are attracted to the YMCA, though usually they are of very limited financial means.

The Hotel Chelsea, West 23rd St., No. 222

The venerable Chelsea started life in the city as a cooperative apartment house, in 1884. Its elegant offerings attracted many wealthy renters, many of whom were artists desiring inspiration from the beautiful environment. After the entertainment industry migrated to Times Square, the Chelsea became a hotel. With eleven stories and a penthouse, the hotel managed to earn the attention of many new artists. Mark Twain and O. Henry are only two of the many talented regulars.

When using the Chelsea, keepers should expound upon the 18th century ironworks, both inside and outside the hotel. Cast iron balconies frame the windows of the hotel, and a beautiful iron staircase leads upward from the center of the lobby, turning not in a spiral, but at right angles through all the floors. The hotel also has elevators; they are the unreliable steam powered type, which spend more time down than up.

Cavanagh's Restaurant, West 23rd St., No. 258

One of the district's gaslight era successes is this posh restaurant. Since opening in 1876, little has changed inside this exclusive eatery. Because many actors, writers and politicians dine here, the place has earned a sterling reputation among New Yorkers. Of course, a good menu and excellent chef are also a part of its recipe for success. Numerous members of the city's up-and-coming social elite frequent Cavanagh's, hoping to be photographed with a celebrity.

Although much of New York City's paparazzi are attracted to this historical restaurant, keepers should not allow free reign to investigators posing as paparazzi. Management, though fond of the notoriety, still wants to limit inappropriate pictures from appearing in the hundreds of scandal sheets circulating in the Big Apple. Quinn O'Conner, the well-dressed house muscle, quickly dispatches any brazen treasure hunters who tromp through the front doors hoping to obtain an unseemly photograph. Persistent investigators find themselves not only under the close scrutiny of Quinn, but probably the police as well. Cavanagh's has a good relationship with the local police, who are always willing to hold reporters, detectives and photographers overnight on flimsy, trumped-up charges.

Quinn O'Conner, House Muscle, age 22

This confirmed tough from neighboring Hell's Kitchen has a talent for imposing his will upon others, especially others who are disliked by Cavanagh's management. When given the order, Quinn destroys any cameras and bounces unwanted snoopers onto the streets. He avoids harming them if possible, particularly if they are smaller than he; but when push comes to shove, the strapping bouncer will defend himself.



Quinn O'Conner

If investigators have enough time, a **Psychology** roll reveals Quinn doesn't enjoy his work. He dislikes bullying people, and dislikes those who do. He does his job because he is paid to do it, but will give investigators a break, so to speak, if they offer him a job with better pay. He fancies

becoming a private investigator one day, but is unwilling to share this without persuasion.

Quinn O'Conner, House Muscle, age 22

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 09 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+db
Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 50%, damage special.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Block 41%, Dodge 50%, Drive Automobile 35%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 30%.

**French Hospital,
West 30th St., No. 330**

Founded in 1841, this hospital, named after the French Quarter of the Chelsea district, lacks the fame and extravagance of many of New York's other hospitals. Still, thanks to the nearby Hell's Kitchen, it sees plenty of business. Over the years the hospital's growing patient base kept it expanding, eventually becoming a skyscraper in its own right.

**Chelsea Piers,
11th Ave, between 12th St. and 22nd St.**

Along 11th Avenue (West St.) are nine piers that serve as transatlantic docks for most of the passenger lines in New York City, including Cunard and White Star. At these weathered piers, built in 1902, ocean-bound New Yorkers depart and arrive.

**MADISON SQUARE
DISTRICT**

By the 1920's, most of the luster is gone from Madison Square. Even the champion of the neighborhood,

Madison Square Gardens (Madison Ave, between East 26th and 27th), relocated to a new northern address on 8th Avenue, between West 40th and 50th Street. Like so many other areas of the city, the theaters, shops and restaurants all passed through the vicinity on a northward trek to Times Square, leaving the district struggling to rebound.

Shortly after WWI, the buildings in Madison Square began to soar upward, making new space for commercial businesses and offices. Sixth Avenue became a congested knot of pedestrians and automobiles as New Yorkers shuffled to work at businesses ranging from insurance companies to toy manufacturers.

Madison Square Park

Nestled amid towering skyscrapers is Madison Square Park. When the nation was young, this band of ground was an insect-infested marsh. After it had been drained, the area served as a pauper's burial ground. In 1870 it was re-zoned and resized, and the land metamorphosed into the grassy park. Visitors to the park in the 1920's, most likely sightseers or employees on lunch, glimpse a world where the earth is blanketed in grass instead of concrete, and where shade is cast by trees, not tall buildings.



Madison Square Park — A Popular Lunch Spot for Local Businessmen

As business thrives in the area, it is not unusual to encounter someone of high standing in the city's corporate world enjoying lunch in the park. Investigators with a professional occupation, rather than a skilled trade, can use **Fast Talk** find gainful employment by initiating a casual conversation with a manager or any number of the businesses in the area. What type of business and whom the investigator encounters is left to the keeper.

New Occupation: Ad Man

The Ad Man is a popular figure in New York City. He either creates advertisements or sells advertisements. Both ends of the trade require diverse experience and creativity. The best in the trade are wealthy, while the newcomers are hungry. An Ad Man works for newspapers, magazines, radio or a private agency. Many successful Ad Men start their own agencies, relying upon contacts developed while employed with another company. Always looking for an edge or a new approach keeps members of this profession watching trends, fashion and the famous.

Earnings: Middle to Upper Class.

Contacts and Connections: Corporate connections are usually plentiful, and so are contacts in the higher strata of society, providing the Ad Man is working for a large firm.

Skills: Art (Oratory), Art (Writing), Bargain, Business, Credit Rating, Fast Talk, Library Use, Listen, Literature, Persuade, Photography, Psychology.

Special: +1D6 percentiles to Art (Oratory), Bargain and Fast Talk.

GASHOUSE DISTRICT

After WWI, gigantic gas storage tanks, rusting factories and crumbling old-law tenements dominated the area that once was a major production center for heating and lighting gas in New York City. By the 1920's, only the poor and desperate dwell in this bleak part of the city. Though gas consumption has considerably decreased in the twenties, being replaced by electricity and coal, there is still a demand. With no safety regulations governing the maintenance of the gas storage tanks, unfortunate residents are often exposed to deadly gas from leaky storage tanks. Like Hell's Kitchen, this stretch of New York is thick with ruffians and gangs, though the living conditions are much more abysmal. Immigrants are the principal inhabitants of the Gashouse District. Factories employ some of these local residents, while others work in bordering areas; all are low paid.

The numerous decrepit warehouses and tenements are also appealing to anyone desiring solitude. This area is ideal for unorthodox experimenters looking to build a private laboratory within the city. The industrial-sized

buildings provide ample space for the large endeavors, and the neighbors seldom ask questions.

GRAMERCY PARK DISTRICT

Defiantly standing in the center of Lexington Avenue, between 20th and 21st streets is the wrought iron fence of Gramercy Park. Access to this exclusive park is limited to residents of the neighborhood who have been approved by the Gramercy Park Board; all others are barred from entering the green solitude of the park.

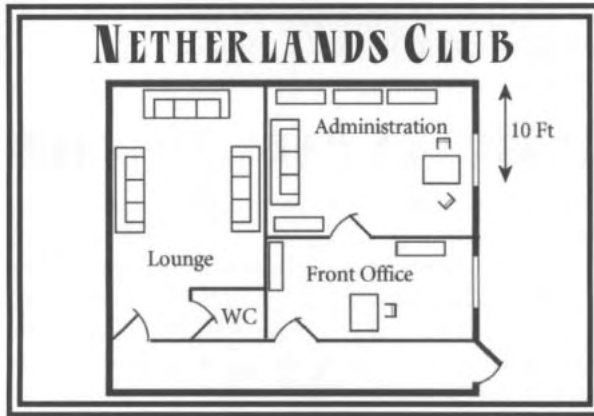
Samuel B. Ruggles, who promised those purchasing the surrounding land they would be among a select group with park privileges, converted the former swampland into an exclusive park in 1832. Initially keys cast in gold were distributed to the privileged few, but by the 1920's the keys, though still circulated, are more mundane.

Several times over the decades the park's inviolability has been tested. In 1890, the park was to be divided, allowing Lexington Avenue to pass through the center. Governor David B. Hill promptly vetoed the proposal. Later, in 1912 plans to expand Irving Place northward beyond 19th Street were thwarted by the Gramercy Park Association. Only during the 1863 Draft Riots did unwelcome visitors trespass upon the ground of the park when troops who were dispatched to establish order in the city encamped there.

Many of the homes originally constructed in the 1800's still surround the park in the 1920's. The brownstones and redbrick private residences have maintained their dignity and affluence. Tall apartment buildings have also sprouted in the district to satisfy the needs of the city's growing wealthy. Investigators who visit this district may need to make successful **Credit Rating** rolls before engaging in prolonged interviews with the residents. Additionally, any investigator looking for housing must make a **Credit Rating** roll at one-half normal ability, and supply at least one notable reference letter.

Netherland Club, Gramercy Park West Drive, No. 3.

This lavish redbrick abode is the meeting place of the exclusive New York club, with many of its members claiming to be descendants of the original Dutch settlers. Founded in 1903, the organization serves as a locus for planning activities and events to promote the city's international heritage. In 1912 it moved into the Gramercy Park address where it stayed until 1939. During the years after WWI, the severe immigration limits caused the club's popularity to decline, yet its existing members continued to gather and have annual dinners.



Player's Club, Gramercy Park South, No. 16

Edwin Booth, brother of the infamous assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, established the Player's Club in 1845 as a private club for actors. Though its name implies participation is limited to actors, others are welcome to join. The club has had many non-thespian members, including the renowned General William Tecumseh Sherman, and the famous American author Mark Twain. Fame and notoriety are

not essential requirements for membership; eligibility is often satisfied by social connections and masculinity, necessities that continued to exist well beyond the 1920's.

Investigators who become members of this exclusive club immediately gain contact to New York City's middle class and upper middle class society. Membership not only requires some sort of public notoriety, it also requires a successful **Credit Rating** roll.

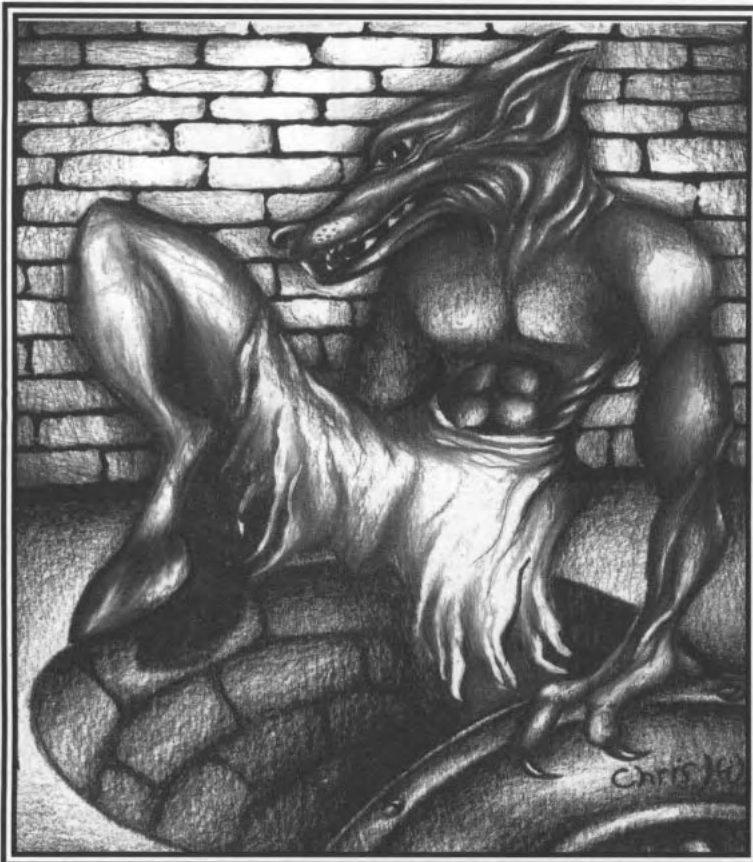
UNION SQUARE DISTRICT

Union Square is the Times Square of the working-class. It is filled with restaurants, theaters and shops, but at a price affordable to working-class New Yorkers.

Since its heyday in the 1800's, the aesthetic appearance of Union Square has declined. Buildings, once pristine and sharp, are drab and crumbling in the 1920's. A few old mansions still stand in the district, but mediocre apartments and low cost tenements designed to house an increasing number of urban laborers have replaced most of these affluent private residences.



Residences in Gramercy Park.



The Sewers of New York City Hold Many Dangers

Bustling with the life of New York's unglamorous working-class, the streets of this community have one of everything considered unfashionable by high society. Investigators visiting the area see streets filled with local shoppers and theater-goers; pitchmen calling to the crowds; human billboards advertising products and newspapers; street musicians filling the air with both cheery and mournful tunes, trying to earn their daily bread.

Union Square Park

Sharing the plight of the district, Union Square Park is suffering during the 1920's. With a reputation as a gathering point for socialists, anarchists, labor unions, protesters and troublemakers in general, few people visit the park for pleasure, excluding numerous neighborhood children.

Dividing Broadway and 4th Avenue, this park is the site of four great American landmarks. The Liberty Pole, and statues of George Washington, Lafayette and Abraham Lincoln are attractions that used to bring people to Union Square in bygone years. When the money moved north, interest waned in the park. Overgrown, noisy and untended, Union Square Park is viewed with disapproving eyes by the wealthier northern quarters.

Irving Place Theater, 14th St. and Irving Place

Originally a playhouse named the Amberg Theater, when it opened in 1888, it changed names and format when the entertainment district migrated north. In the twenties it is a neighborhood movie house named the Irving Theater, and is primarily frequented by the locals of Union Square. Its compact size and mediocre appearance, and low budget show-bill, attract few from outside the district.

By the 1930's, the Irving Theater once again changed its format, this time to burlesque. It gained short-lived notoriety when Gypsy Lee Rose made headlines with her bold and daring burlesque performances at the theater. Such infamy worked against the little theater, however. Shortly thereafter it was closed by the city, and recycled into a film theater. Eventually it died an anonymous death in the 1940's, closing permanently.

PLACES MOST FOUL

Spanning for miles beneath Manhattan is a vast maze of subways, sewers and maintenance tunnels. With surface connections littered all over the city, no part of Manhattan is isolated from what lies below. Many wretched and dangerous creatures dwell in these deep, dank spaces; things seldom seen in daylight. For every hour investigators explore the underworld of New York City there is a 10% chance of stumbling upon anything from alligators to ghouls to zombies, though rats and vagrants are most commonly found. Any investigator desperate or determined enough to enter this domain without an experienced guide or map must make a successful **Navigate** roll or be lost temporarily and unable to locate the original entrance point. Once an investigator becomes lost, the chance of an encounter increases by 10%.

Characters exploring the sewers also run a risk of slipping on slimy surfaces, and there is more at stake here than merely fouled clothes. If investigators run, climb, or attempt to move through the darkness without aid of a light they must make a **DEX X2** roll, failure results in a splash. Anyone who slips is exposed to the innumerable bacteria, and toxic chemicals flushed into the sewers by the factories above. Such characters must roll their **CON X5**. A success results in mild skin and eye irritation from the fetid water; a failure results in 1D3-1 damage points from serious irritation. Such a failure also produces rashes or vision loss, requiring medical treatment to alleviate.

DASHA CHAPAEV

Dasha Chapaev, Touched Old Woman, age 70

Usually Dasha can be found around Union Park, near 16th Street and Broadway. Passersby often see her conversing with the statues of Lafayette, Washington and Lincoln in the park. Dasha is unsettled, which is obvious to the most casual observer. Any investigators who take the time to speak with her learn what isn't so obvious. Dasha Chapaev isn't anchored in time. This bedraggled Russian-American woman possesses a strange ability. A few people, who have seen her talent at work, seek her out, offering money and food as payment for insight into their future or their family's past. Most think her nothing more than a senile old woman who wanders the park talking nonsense.

Dasha emigrated from Russia with her parents in 1861. They came to America hoping to start a new life, but found themselves in a country struggling against itself. Shortly before the Chapaev family landed in New York, the American Civil War erupted. Though Dasha's father never served in the war, it was still the means of his death. He was one of the unfortunates killed in the New York City Draft Riots of 1863. The loss traumatized young Dasha, setting into motion long repressed abilities, or what Dasha calls "the family curse."

Somewhere in the distant past of the Chapaevs, an ancestor, a sorcerer of great ability, mingled the family lineage with Yog-Sothoth. If Dasha's father knew this secret, it was buried with him long ago. In his daughter, however, the past has awakened.

Years of often-incomprehensible temporal visions and primitive psychiatric treatments caused Dasha's sanity to crumble. Over time, she has been able to maintain only the most menial of jobs. During the 1920's, she lives in a tenement in Hell's Kitchen, where she takes in sewing, supplemented by those who believe in her abilities. Religiously every morning she journeys to Union Square Park to speak with the statues, and most importantly with her father.

When Investigators meet Dasha, it is apparent she is not fully cognizant of the world around her. Unable to maintain prolonged conversations, she wanders from topic to topic and from time to time, speaking of the future and the past, occasionally finishing a future conversation with investigators before it happens. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals Dasha is at times cognate and alert, even when she is not speaking in the present moment. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll reveals her condition is related to some unnatural even in her family's past. Investigators familiar with Noah Whateley and his sons can see the connection with an **Idea** roll.

Staying in the present is a difficult task for Dasha. A **POW X3** roll is required to keep her mind from wandering through time. A failure sends Dasha's consciousness into another time, though these shifts are only short periods in the nearby future or pasts. These temporal jaunts are what cause Dasha to appear incoherent, as she repeats things she has said only moments before, or speaks of something that is yet to occur. The amount of time she shifts, is no more than a few seconds or minutes, and is left to the keeper's discretion.

Dasha also has the ability to transcend greater measures of time, though this is more stressful. Over the years since the ability first demonstrated in her, she has gained minor mastery over it. Though she is reluctant to use it, requiring hopeful investigators to make a halved **Persuade** roll. A failed roll causes Dasha to avoid the investigators for 1D3 weeks, preventing them from attempting another **Persuade** roll. If convinced the investigators' request is not frivolous, Dasha uses the Transcend Time ability.

Dasha Chapaev, Touched Old Woman, age 70

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 21%, History 50%, Occult 25%, Russian 80%, Persuade 25%.

Transcend Time

This ability is treated like a spell, but is innate. It cannot be learned or taught, it must be inherited or granted. When using this ability, the caster's consciousness slips through time and space, capable of looking for specific places and people. There is a 5% chance of locating a person or place unknown to the caster, but described by another. Each hour spent with the caster, providing details increases the chance of success. Places and people familiar to the caster can be located with a base 40% chance.

Each decade transcended, either into the future or past, costs 1 magic point. This ability does not send the caster physically into another time, instead it unleashes the caster's mind, permitting the caster to view and hear in the targeted time or place as if the caster were physically there. While doing this, the caster's body remains in its original time and location, able to speak, but unable to see or hear.

The ability is difficult to control, sometimes making it inaccurate. A successful **POW** roll allows the caster to accurately reach the time period desired. A failure causes the caster to vary 1D20 years. Failures between 96-00 result in immediate death, often through a stroke, leaving the caster's mind to wander endlessly in time and space. When transcending time, the caster is able to remain a number of minutes equal to CON. During that period, the caster can move about as if walking, passing through physical barriers, but unable to physically interact with objects directly. After transcending time, the caster becomes weak for 1D3 days, requiring bed rest to recover. Revelations learned while looking into another time can cause SAN loss for both the caster and the person desiring the knowledge. Keepers can determine the amount of SAN loss based upon the magnitude of the knowledge gained.



Dasha Chapaev



Dark Art Films

Due to the hard times that have fallen upon the theater, the manager often allows slightly less conventional films to be displayed. No questions are asked; the only interaction is the exchange of money. Investigators watching these films must make a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to notice precisely what is unusual about them.

Although all the movies displayed in the theater are silent, a narrator always accompanies the uncanny ones. During the early years of motion pictures, it was not uncommon to have a person standing alongside the screen, reading a script, and narrating the events unfolding before the audiences' eyes. In this case, the film has eldritch images spliced into single frames so as to go unnoticed by the conscious mind. Combined with these sigils or magic markings are the ritual chants of the narrator. While the viewers watch, enthralled by the spectacular images, the narrator casts a spell that drains 1D4 magic points from each member of the audience, and transfers it to himself. Any member of the audience who has experienced ritual magic can make an Idea roll to decide if something is afoot. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll will at least provide an inkling as to the nature of the magic. Nonetheless, all who watch the films come away with raving reviews.

The producer of these mysterious films and the creator's purpose is left to the keeper to expound upon. Cer-

tainly news of flicker-shows are likely to spread through the community, and possible seem suspicious enough to attract the investigators' attentions. Asking the manager reveals that the studio is named "Dark Art Films," but the location or any contact names are unknown.

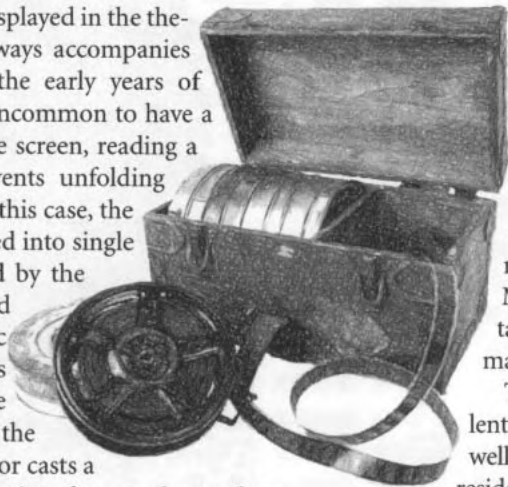
STUYVESANT SQUARE DISTRICT

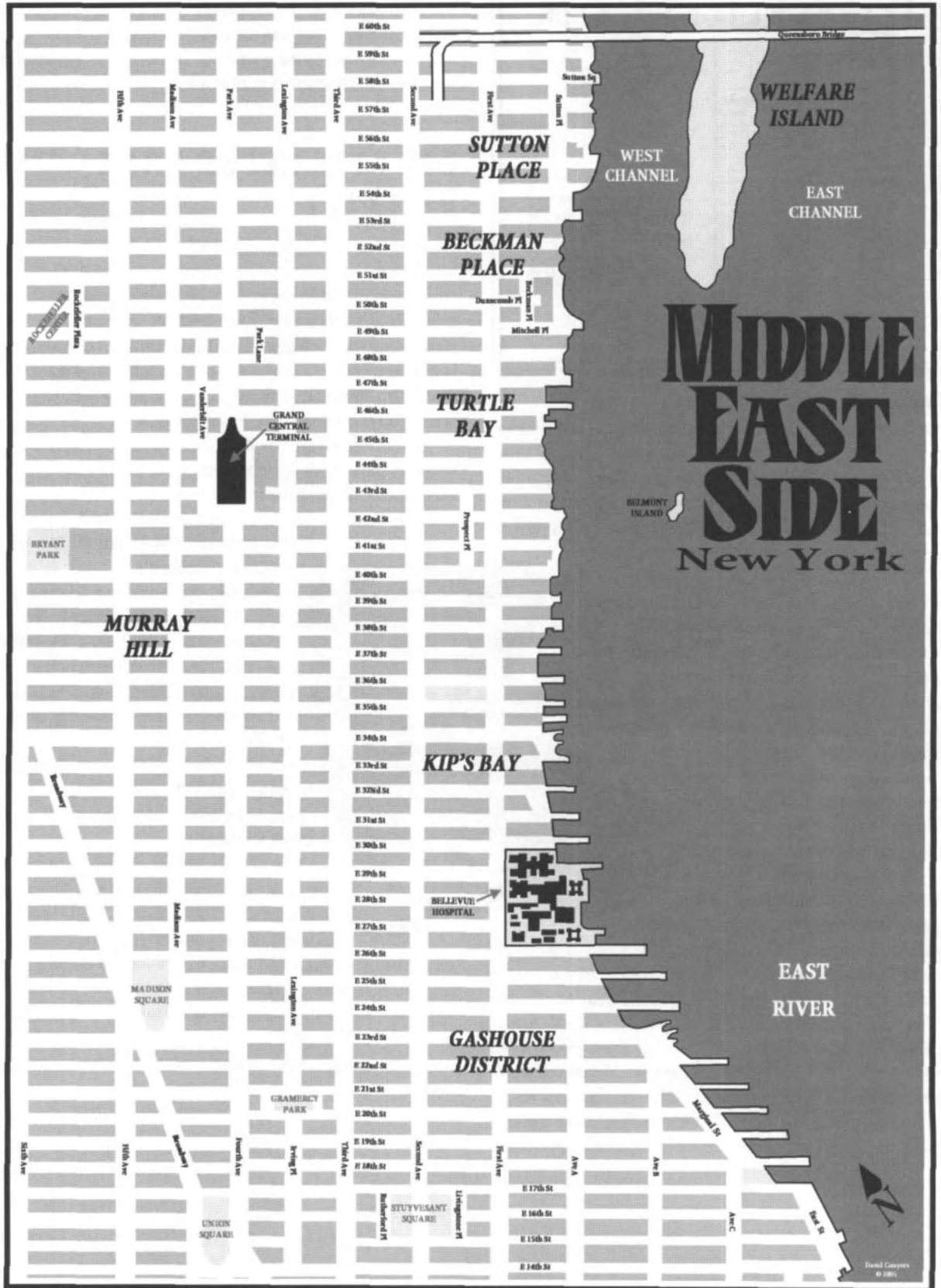
In contrast to neighboring Union Square, this ward is blossoming. Manicured and tended, the buildings and residences of Stuyvesant Square are stepping-stones to the affluent Gramercy Park District and beyond. The streets are not cluttered with sidewalk vendors and hucksters; rather, servants and nannies navigate the pavement here. Though just as old as the bordering districts, Stuyvesant Square has aged well.

At the center of the district is the Square proper, a verdant park with stately trees, lush grass and vibrant flowerbeds. Interrupting this picturesque scene is 2nd Avenue, with a flow of automobiles and bicycles, reminding visitors that they are still in the middle of a bustling metropolis.

Edging the park are Manhattan General Hospital, William Booth Hospital, Saint Andrew's Hospital and the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, which was created in 1851 by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to be awarded a medical degree in the United States. Mingled amid this assembly of hospitals are the manicured brownstones of many local doctors.

This neighborhood serves as an excellent location for professionals desiring a well kept and safe abode. But all hopeful residents must pass an interview with a community council and must have a **Credit Rating** of at least 45 percentiles. The council promptly rejects anyone without professional employment, musicians regardless of their success, and anyone who does not present themselves in a "dignified" manner appropriate for polite society.





David Cooper © 1981

CHAPTER FOUR

MANHATTAN: DOWNTOWN

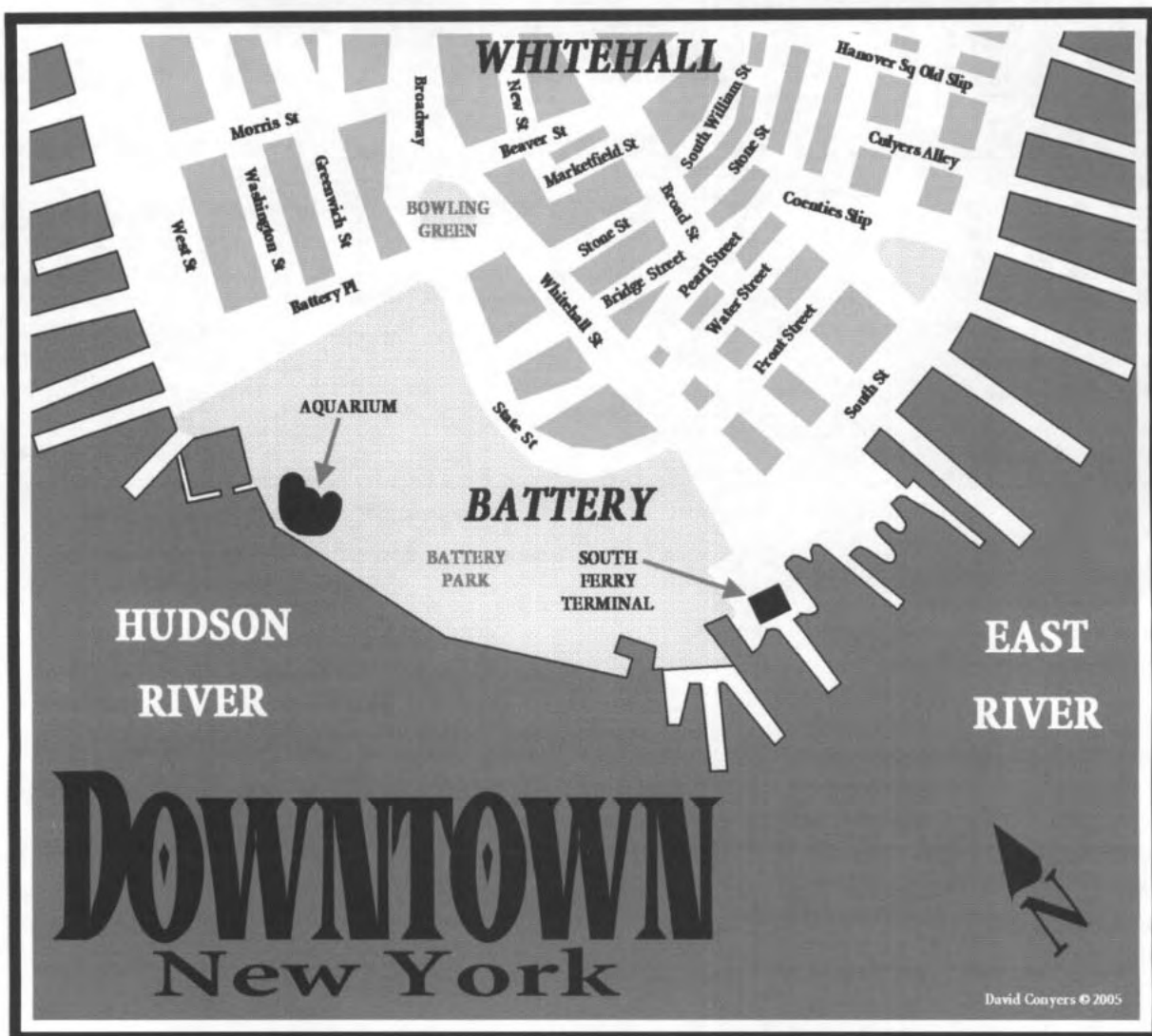
In one record day this month 21,000 immigrants came into the port of New York alone; in one week over 50,000. This year the total will be 1,200,00 souls, pouring in, finding work at once, producing no fall in wages. They start digging and building and making. Just think of the dimensions of it!

— H. G. Wells

Downtown Manhattan is one of the oldest sections of New York City. Its age shows in the seemingly haphazard paths of its streets and in the immeasurable profusion of buildings. Space is at a premium in Lower Manhattan, contested by factories, skyscrapers, markets, tenement slums, shops and a waterfront burgeoning with wharves and industry. Also to be found downtown is the nucleus of city government and the national, and growing international, economy. Town Hall, Criminal and Civil Courts, County Jails, the Stock Exchange and Commodity Exchange all add character to the persona of downtown. Keepers wanting to bring the overcrowded aspect of this part of Manhattan to the foreground can increase travel time (see Chapter I: Big City Travel for optional rules).

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Art and politics are as much the fabric of Greenwich Village as are the confusing streets, brownstone buildings and ironworks. For New York City, and arguably the entire nation, Greenwich Village is the birthplace of bohemian attitudes and counter culture. The home of Thomas Paine, O. Henry, Edgar Allen Poe, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Stephen Crane, Walt Whitman and Mark Twain was originally a small farm located north of the New Amsterdam defenses. The area sprouted into a village, which was eventually swallowed by New York City. In the 1800's, the Village was home to many of the city's social elite, who lived in mansions and dabbled in society. With the coming of the 1900's, when the engines of capitalism gained power, the community became the home of socialists, anarchists and other cultural rebels longing for a place that accepted free thought over the dollar. Frightened by the invasion of such non-American attitudes, most of the well-heeled inhabitants fled northward along 5th, Park and Madison Avenues, creating a residential void to be filled by writers and artists, attracted to the pic-



turesque neighborhood for both inspiration and low rent. Prior to WWI, Greenwich Village peaked. All-night parties, protest magazines, avant-garde theaters, women with short hair who believed they were equals to men, and men with long hair who believed they were equals to women transformed the once blueblood quarter into an intellectual playground. Word of their bohemian exploits traveled far, pulling tourists from abroad. As the war raged in Europe, the Federal Government began a battle of its own against the bohemian philosophy. Newspapers and magazines were closed, accused of being anti-American propaganda machines. Editors and publishers were jailed for being spies or anarchists. By 1919, the free-thinking neighborhood had lost much of its spirited voice. The tourists still came, however. But the intellectual stomping grounds sold out, turning into shops and teahouses capitalizing on the Village's reputation. Art became a business in Greenwich Village, and the name soon was transformed into "Greenwich Thrillage," or just the "Thrillage."

New School for Social Research, West 12th St., No. 66

This school of social sciences and psychology is where many of the avant-garde study psychology. Established in 1919 by James Harvey Robison and Charles A. Beard, the school focuses on theories and teachings considered too radical by most mainstream institutions. Here advanced students can learn modern "quackery" with abandon.

Anatol Babin, Forensic Psychologist

Many outside the New School for Social Research consider Anatol Babin to be a charlatan. His theories are thought ludicrous, and his endeavor to define a science of forensic psychology extreme. This, naturally, Anatol expects from those less informed, and continues his research unhindered. Investigators asking Anatol's advice quickly ascertain that he is a genius in his own right. Gifted in his knowledge of human psychology, he



is capable of classifying criminal minds, often describing the sort of person and personality capable of committing various criminal acts; although, such seemingly amazing feats require some physical forensic evidence.

Investigators who need help locating a criminal can enlist

Anatol Banin Anatol. Though he seldom charges a fee, his work at the school provides him with adequate income, he does tend to dominate investigations, taking control and assigning tasks to others. Those working with Anatol swiftly learn he is a perfectionist, despising sloppy work and failure. The brilliant psychologist wrestles with this aspect of his personality, and refrains from making comment upon another person's lack of success (failed skill roll) with a **POW X3** roll. When Anatol is unable to hold back comment, he suggests an increase in study or practice might improve an investigator's ability, "though one can only go so far without talent."

Anatol Babin, Forensic Psychologist, age 40

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 20 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .22 Automatic, damage 1D6
Fist/Punch 53%, damage 1D3+db.

Skills: Academic Lore(NSSR) 48%, Academic Standing 5%, Anthropology 12%, Bargain 30%, Chemistry 24%, Credit Rating 43 %, Cryptography 42%, German 62%, Library Use 50%, Listen 35%, Persuade 52%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychoanalysis 70%, Psychology 76%, Russian 61%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Washington Square Park

Once a swamp, this site later became a public gallows and a popular location for settling duels. In 1827, the location officially became a park. Shortly thereafter the New York University (then known as the University of New York City) appeared, as did many mansions. In the 1920's, the quaintness of the park remains, even though 5th Avenue traffic adds much noise. Trees fill the grounds, and many of the original surrounding residences are still standing.

On the northern side of the park, where 5th Avenue begins, towers the Washington Arch. Erected in 1889 in commemoration of George Washington's inauguration

one hundred years prior, the 86-foot high structure can clearly be seen above the streaming traffic of the avenue.

New York University, Main Campus

Sharing the grounds of Washington Square Park is the campus of New York University. Constructed in 1894 upon the site of the original 1831 building, the Gothic style university is one of the focal points of the Village.

Like Columbia University, NYU offers a number of specialists and advantages to investigators. Expanding upon the faculty and staff of NYU is left to the keeper. The quickest method is to appropriate the bonuses and characters from Columbia.

Salmagundi Club, 5th Avenue, No. 47

Formed in 1871, as a casual school for aspiring artists, the Salmagundi Club is not considered a serious endeavor by many of the remaining bohemians in the 1920's. Beyond offering classes in drawing and painting, the building houses an exhibition hall and a shop that sells local art and even handcrafted mugs.

Though shunned by many of the local artists, investigators can still use the Salmagundi Club as a source for finding local contacts. Some of the artists who detest the Club are not below teaching a session to help pay their monthly rent. A successful **Luck** roll places an investigator in the class of a bohemian instructor.

Reader's Digest, Minetta Lane, No. 1

The ever-popular magazine dedicated to brevity opened its doors in 1922. Investigators who are writers, journalists or photographers can find freelance work at the fledgling Digest with a successful **Luck** roll and a **Art(Writing) X2** roll.

The White Raven, Minetta Lane, No. 44

A popular naming trend of Greenwich Village involves the use of colors and animals. Other popular club names include the Black Parrot and the Vermillion Hound. During the Prohibition Era, some of these clubs had back alley speakeasies. Afterward, those remaining became honest cabarets.

Unlike other clubs in the Village, the White Raven is not for poseurs. Frequented by many of the less fiscally successful villagers, the club has music and poetry readings for entertainment. If an investigator has befriended a White Raven regular, then she may gain entrance into the backroom where the serious discussions take place.

THE WANDERING NECROMANCER

Investigators visiting tearooms, restaurants or speakeasies in the Village may hear tales about a mysterious man who sometimes appears on moonlit nights. Some rumors speak of him as a ghost; others name him a necromancer. An **Occult** roll reveals there is some truth to these rumors. Any investigator brave enough to venture into the dark Village streets in search of this mysterious man must make a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll and **Navigation** roll in order to locate the most likely area in the Village where he might appear. Different investigators can make these two rolls, though only one attempt can be made each night. Success leads the investigators down a foggy, twisting Greenwich Village street out of the past. In the gloom stands an aged figure, wearing antiquated Colonial garb, draped in a cloak. Upon encountering investigators, the mysterious man invites them to his house for a drink and conversation.

If investigators do not lose their courage, they may follow him back to his house where they can learn the secrets of the past and future.

The House

Through some catastrophic failure in magic, the necromancer's Georgian Colonial house has become temporally unhinged. It shifts through the years, appearing in a shroud of mist when the moon is high. Over the decades the necromancer has learned to guide the house's wanderings, halting it at points, allowing him to venture outside. Its interior is decrepit and moldy, with the only light coming from lamps, candles and a fireplace. In the library are numerous volumes, a few of which are peculiar in binding and shape. These Mythos and occult tomes the necromancer has collected during his travels. Investigators nosing about find *De Vermis Mysteriis*, the 1573 Edward Kelley's translation, *Unausprechlichen Kulte* (*Nameless Cults*), the 1845 Bridewell English Translation, and *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe*, a 1921 edition in English. These volumes can be studied inside the house, but should any of them be taken outside, they immediately decay into dust.

Once back inside the house, the necromancer allows the structure to return to its meandering through the years, going into the past or future. A **Persuade** roll convinces him to direct the house to a specific time, where investigators can observe through the windows. Watchful investigators can identify their own time with a **Knowledge** roll. It is possible for investigators to flee the house in another time, but they remained trapped in that time, unless they identify a means of returning to their proper time.

Upon entering, the old man warns investigators to stay clear of the cellar door. Should they not heed this warning, they discover a shoggoth. It immediately attacks anyone opening the cellar door. Not hesitant to consume intervening investigators, it is driving by centuries of hatred toward the necromancer, which it attempts to locate and destroy.

Cellar Shoggoth

STR 47 CON 24 SIZ 44 INT 07 POW 09
DEX 05 MOV 10 HP 34

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapons: Crush 70%, damage 4D6.

Armor: None, but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Spells: None.

Skills: Listen 26%, Sneak 18%.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points.

The Necromancer

The necromancer is thoroughly insane. Too many years of meandering across time has revealed visions no human mind can withstand. If **Persuaded** he gladly takes the house to another time, all the while adamantly refusing to let the investigators depart. When investigators request to be returned to their own time he becomes irate, insisting that they stay and join him in eternal discourse. This conflict can only result in the death of the investigators or the necromancer. If the necromancer is killed, the house ceaselessly shifts through the centuries, forward and backward. (See HPL's "He" for additional background.)

Necromancer

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 20
DEX 10 APP 09 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: Cane 65%, damage 1D6+db

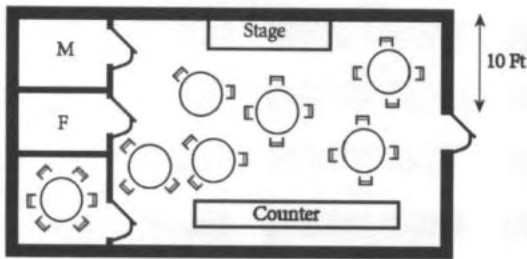
Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 28%, damage 1D6+db.

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Create Mist of Releh, Create Scrying Window, Create Self-Ward, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Cane, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Mesmerize, Mind Transfer, Raise Night Fog, Shriveling, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods.

Skills: Astronomy 19%, Conceal 27%, Cthulhu Mythos 48%, Dutch 65%, Hide 44%, History 55%, Navigate 58%, Occult 59%, Persuade 55%, Sneak 35%.

THE WHITE RAVEN



Hubert Pennly, Broke Philosopher

One of the White Raven regulars is Hubert Pennly, a graduate of NYU, who spends most of his time discussing reality with anyone who listens. Though shreds of pride remain in the severely unemployed philosopher, he is not beyond a charitable donation for his time. He justifies it with "It was good enough for Socrates; it is good enough for me." Blatant offerings are flatly and coldly refused. Such lack of discretion causes Hubert to pout with the person making



Hubert Pennly

the offer. When in this sullen mood, he avoids all conversations for a couple of days. When in a talkative mood, Hubert is a good source of Village information. An investigator welcomed into the backroom circle can learn even more as Hubert is willing to share his arcane Mythos knowledge.

Hubert Pennly, Broke Philosopher, age 26

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 08
DEX 13 APP 09 EDU 16 SAN 40 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Art(Writing) 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, German 46%, Ancient Greek 28%, History 52%, Latin 29%, Library Use 45%, Literature 49%, Mythos Language (Hyperborean) 6%, Occult 12%, Persuade 28%, Philosophy & Religion 62%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 31%.



The Shoggoth in the Basement



Northern Dispensary, Waverly Place & Waverly Place

Sitting upon a corner, where one of the Village's streets crosses itself, is the free clinic called the Northern Dispensary. Constructed in 1831 to treat the local residents, the clinic is still operational, and remains free in the 1920's. Its large collection of medical records includes an entry for Edgar Allen Poe as a patient.

Investigators can find medical treatment here with few questions asked. Walk-in services are available, although the Dispensary has minimal resources. Unless the keeper has a particular character with medical training in mind, all treatments are performed at Medicine 65%.

C.O. Bigelow Chemists, 6th Ave, between 8th St. and 9th St., No. 414

Bigelow is the oldest chemists in the country. Opening in 1838, its customers included Mark Twain. During the 1920's, its convenient location near the Northern Dispensary makes a likely stop for anyone in need of medication. This Victorian styled shop likely contains even the most hard to find items.

Prices at Bigelow's are typically 25% higher than elsewhere in New York City. Knowing that the Village has become a tourist trap, prices are inflated to maximize profits.

Polly Holliday's, 4th St., between 6th Ave. and MacDougal St.

Polly's is one of the original teahouses in the Village. Here bohemians drink tea and coffee and debate throughout the night. Investigators visiting Polly's must speak intelligently upon a variety of subjects before they are invited into any of the gathered clans. A successful **Art, Literature, Philosophy** and **Religion** roll at one-half normal ability assures the close-knit regulars that the investigator is not a poseur visiting the "Thrillage."

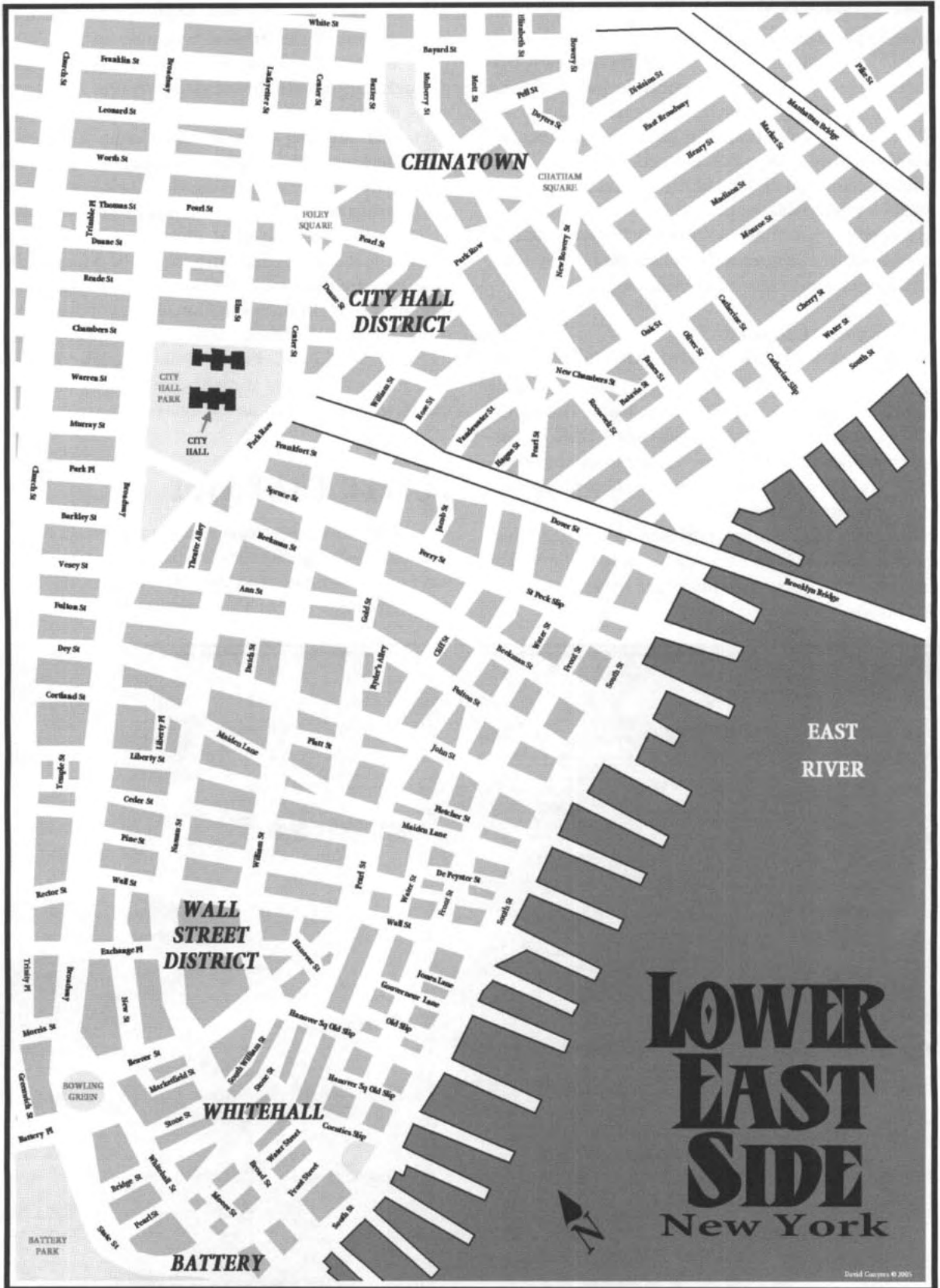
Once the inner circle at Polly's has been entered, investigators gain useful contacts in the Village. Likewise, they are privy to all the rumors spreading around. One of the recent ones is about cannibal poseurs who somehow gain the talents of true artists by consuming them. There are also rumors about a strange old man who roams the streets at night, although no one at the teahouse has ever seen such a figure.

LOWER EAST SIDE

New York City's Lower East Side is a mishmash of markets and tawdry speakeasies, insulated by ranks of bleak tenements crammed with the city's unfortunates. This conglomeration of small neighborhoods filled with



Lower East Side Tenements.



David Coopers © 2001



The Overcrowded Pushcart Market

slums and overcrowded streets have turned this part of the Big Apple sour. The city's first tenement building was constructed in the Lower East Side, and was followed by countless others, most of which are Old Law buildings even in the Twenties.

Before prohibition was ensconced in the law books, everything from opium to "knock-out drops" (chloral hydrate) was mixed into beer served in many saloons of this area. Once the Volstead Act was passed, availability decreased, but did not completely vanish. Unwary customers still end up unconscious and robbed in the Twenties. Most respectable New Yorkers are only caught dead in these neighborhoods. Nonetheless, the quarter radiates an attraction to many city journalists, who spend much time prowling the sordid streets looking for contacts or stories.

This quarter of New York City also has scores of reputable businesses ranging from foreign language newspapers to restaurants in every flavor. Romanian, Polish, German, and Italian are a few that could readily be found. Unlike many of the enterprises of the surrounding districts, these lack glamour and elaborate buildings, and are primarily frequented by local residents. Keepers should keep investigators on their multi-lingual toes in the Lower East Side. A different ethnic group, speaking a native language, dominates nearly each block. Interviews with denizens who possess low English language skills should be vague and confusing.

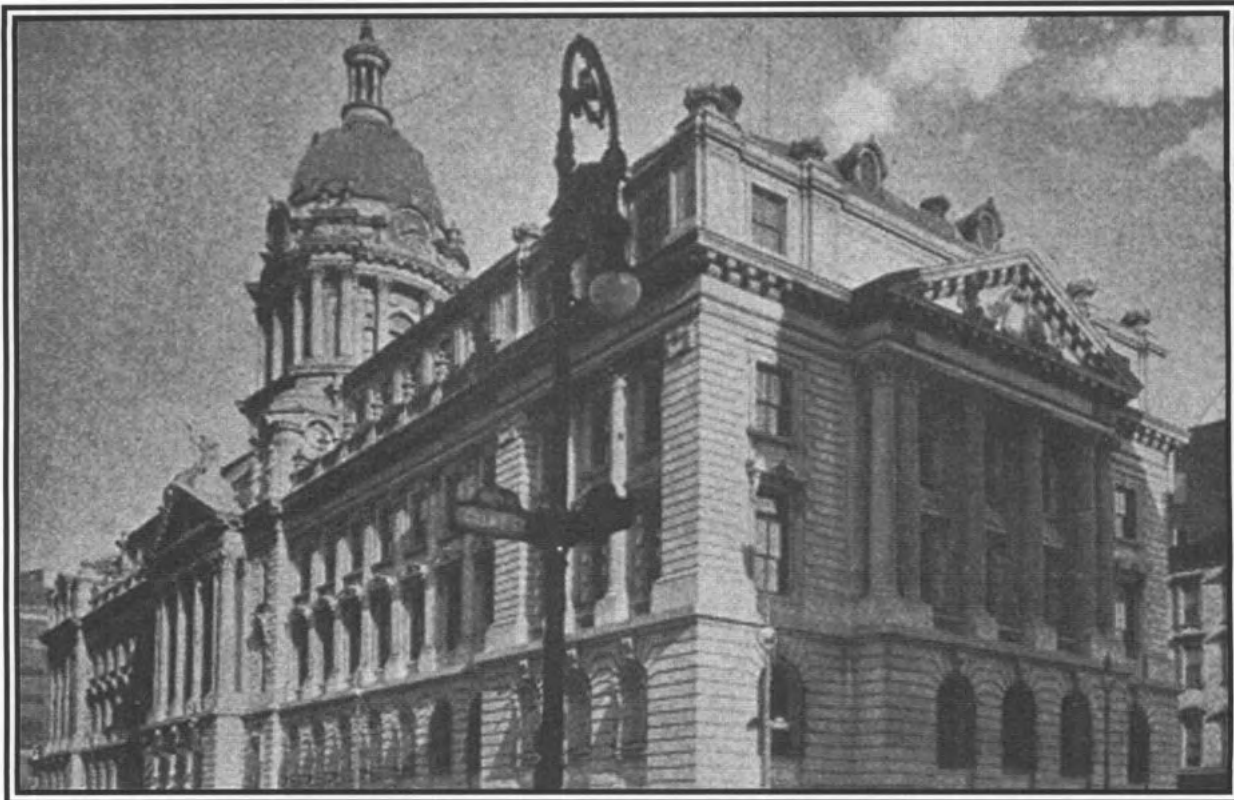
Pushcart Market, Orchard St.

Only one block from the rattling El is the Pushcart Market, named after the wooden carts used to display wares on the street. Hot food, fresh fruits and vegetables, clothing, furniture, tools and most any other kind of merchandise is sold here. Crowds of shoppers amble up and down Orchard Street and Delancey Street during daylight hours looking for bargains and visiting.

Most everything common and exotic, legal and illegal can be found in or around the Pushcart Market. Unlike most other areas of the city, it is expected that the customer haggle with the seller. But with the vast experience most of the street merchants have, all **Bargain** rolls are made at one-half normal ability.

Police Headquarters, Centre Street, No. 240

The New York City police made this location their headquarters in 1909. It houses the Police Commissioner, the Missing Persons Bureau and the headquarters of the Detective Division. From here the city's eighty-three precincts are guided and coordinated.



Police Headquarters

BOWERY

Commonly called The Bowery, this boulevard becomes 4th Avenue as it heads northward. Originally a small farm, the Bowery (or “Bouwerij,” the Dutch word for “farm”) has become tarnished over the years. Nuzzled along its length are dubious eateries, a handful of shops, mostly pawnshops, and cheap rooms available for hourly rentals.

Bowery Mission, Bowery, No. 227

Since 1889, the Bowery Mission has been helping the local inhabitants of the Lower East Side of New York City. Providing shelter, food and medical help, other than the Salvation Army Hotel across the boulevard, the Mission is one of the few organizations in the city assisting the needy of this community.

CHINATOWN

Chinatown once had a sinister reputation earned from murky opium dens, ruthless gangs and uncontrollable crime. By the beginning of the 1900’s these infamous traits begin to fade, leaving behind nothing more exciting than tourist traps. The neighborhood maintains its distinct oriental flavor in the twenties, but is mainly

populated with Chinese restaurants, theaters and souvenirs shops. Investigators visiting this area are likely to find themselves being treated as sightseers, with shop operators attempting to sell goods or direct them to high priced restaurants. This Chinatown façade can be overcome with a successful **Persuade** roll.

The Mountain Flower, Pell St., No. 38

Chen Li owns this herb and exotic spice shop. The Mountain Flower with its “authentic” variety of healing herbs and relaxing teas is one of the first stops made by most tour buses in Chinatown. Predominantly the buses stop because Li pays them to stop. Gullible tourists, anxious to purchase Far Eastern secret remedies keep the small shop in business. What Li sells is authentic, but she occasionally exaggerates upon an herb’s abilities.

The clever entrepreneur also offers many tradition herbal cures and poultices that many of the nearby residents purchase. Chen Li also has a few very rare offerings. Investigators making a **Persuade** roll convince Li they are not policemen, who suspect the Mountain Flower of selling illicit drugs, but serious customers. Once satisfied, Li shows investigators a blue powder she claims is capable of giving a person incredible dreams. Li always bargains with customers, trying to extract the highest price possible. If she is not satisfied with the proffered price, she claims to have little or no more left,

making the last very valuable. If this does not persuade investigators, then she settles for what the keeper believes to be an appropriate price. If investigators disagree, then the bargaining ends with Li informing them to "Take their business elsewhere." If the powder is purchased and imbibed, the user falls into a deep sleep for 1D10 hours in which she find herself in the Dreamlands (see Chaosium's Dreamlands supplement for additional information).

When Chen Li claims this potent powder is rare, she is being honest. The amount available to investigators is dependent upon the keeper. When Li's inventory is emptied, it is either permanent or temporary, depending on what the keeper deems appropriate.

Herbs, Poultices and Elixirs

Besides the unusual dreaming power, Li also has a variety of medicinal items. She sells tea that helps concentration; when consumed, the user gains a bonus of +5 percentiles to all skills involving INT. This lasts for 1 hour. Another useful item is salve that helps to heal scars. If this mint smelling, greasy green salve is used for two months, it can improve APP by +1 permanently, providing a character's APP has been reduced by scaring or burns. The salve is not a beauty cream, and cannot increase APP above the starting number, and can only be used once for each disfiguring scar. And one of Li's more popular elixirs is one that improves health. Ingesting this noxious liquid requires a CON X5 roll to keep it down. A successful roll returns 1D2 hit points. This can only be used once a month; otherwise, the human body becomes immune to it.

The prices and availability of any of these items is left to the keeper. The keeper is also encouraged to produce new and unusual items; however, Li is not performing magic, so the effects should be minimal but useful.



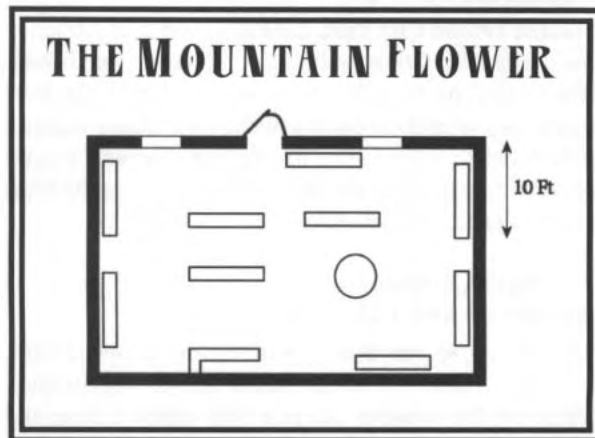
Chen Li

Chen Li, Talented Herbalist, age 28

STR 11 CON 09 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 09 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 55 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Accounting 28%, Bargain 43%, Chemistry 22%, Chinese(Mandarin) 80%, Credit Rating 20%, English 54%, Fast Talk 28%, Occult 6%, Pharmacy 63%.



CITY HALL DISTRICT

From this location New York City government regulates and performs the duties of the great metropolis. Sharing the municipal pavement of this district are many businesses, including several daily newspapers along what is known to New Yorkers as "Newspaper Row". This quarter also contains the infamous Five Points, named because of the pattern created by the intersection of three streets. During its heyday in the 1840's, the Five Points area was dominated by gangs with monikers such as the "Plug Uglies", "Dead Rabbits", "Forty Thieves", "Chichesters", and countless other bands of thugs with equally colorful names. Shortly after the Draft Riots of 1863, the area was razed, destroying the notorious brewery that once housed thousands of inhabitants in disturbing filth, both above and below the ground. In the 1920's, none of the squalor and crime of the Five Points remains.

City Hall Park

Fixed within the confines of City Hall Park are City Hall and the City Court Building. During the 1920's, the park has plenty of greenery, though it is latticed with cement walkways. Located in the park are the statues of Horace Greeley and Nathan Hale, both prominent New Yorkers.

City Hall, City Hall Park

Here are the offices of New York City's legislative bodies, commissions, and the Mayor's Offices. Erected in 1811, the structure required more than a decade to complete. The steps of City Hall is the spot where many municipal ceremonies are held, where awards

are dispatched and promotions are handed out to civic servants.

City Court Building, Chambers St. & City Hall Park

Located behind City Hall, flanking Chambers Street, is the costly City Court building, or Tweed Courthouse, constructed by Boss Tweed in 1872. Most of the estimated twelve million dollars of the courthouse expense is believed to have found its way into Tweed's roomy pockets. Nonetheless, this courthouse serves as the focal point of justice in New York City.

St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton St.

Erected in 1766, this brownstone, Georgian style church is where General George Washington worshipped. Much of the original interior still exists during the 1920's, including cut-glass chandeliers and a hand-carved pulpit.

Hall of Records, at Chambers St. and Centre St.

Since 1911, this has been the vault for New York City's records and deeds. Investigators researching real estate

purchases, asylum committals, births, deaths and most other city related interactions should start here. The number of documents housed in the Hall of Records is vast, reaching as far back as the original Dutch settlement. Because of the voluminous quantities of files, investigators can expect to spend long hours delving for information. A **Library Use** roll at one-half normal locates a desired record.

Tombs, Lafayette St.

The fortress-like building known as the Tombs is the jailhouse where those awaiting trial spend their days and nights. The unnerving name of the jailhouse came from the original building's architectural design, which to many looked like an Egyptian Tomb. In the twenties, the building resembles a castle more than a tomb, but the name has remained. Attached to the Tombs is a walkway reaching over Franklin Street to the Criminal Courts Building. The walkway, or "The Bridge of Sighs" as it was known, was used to transport prisoners from the jailhouse to the courthouse.



To the left stands City Hall. Just beyond, moving left to right is the subway shed for the BMT and the 3rd Ave. El, next is the beginning of Newspaper Row where are located the domed New York World newspaper building, the Sun, the Tribune and the former offices of the New York Times.



New York Stock Exchange

WALL STREET DISTRICT

The financial district is a collection of dizzying concrete towers with canyons of steel and stone, where bankers lend capital and brokers sell and buy commodities, stocks and bonds, executing national and international business. Wall Street itself was once the northern most line of the original Dutch settlement, a palisade wall built for protection. In the 1920's, it is thriving in an international economy starving for funds to rebuild a war torn Europe. This is the birthplace of many of New York's millionaires, and their place of death when the stock market plummets in 1929.

Trinity Church, Broadway Ave. & Wall St.

Trinity Church is one of the city's oldest standing churches. It was erected in 1846 with a dark brownstone exterior in an English Gothic style. The church's high tower topped with an octagonal spire has become a landmark and haven for many in the financial district. Each workday, New Yorkers seeking refuge from the tribulations of Wall Street lunch within the confines of the church's cemetery. Trees, benches, monuments and gravestones create a surreal lunch environment for the hungry financiers and brokers in heart of the district.

Unexpected Company

The verdant cemetery is also a favorite stop for a particular Yith with a desire to interfere with human affairs. On many occasions, the member of the Great Race has been known to occupy a human body, and attempt to

influence the everyday business the person or those around him. One particular example is when the Yith occupied the body of a thug under the employ of Bronx Beer Baron, Dutch Schultz. In this instance, the Yith prevented the death of a nightclub singer named Hannah. Although the time-traveling alien loathes humanity, it found Schultz to be even fouler than most humans. So, rather than let the gangster kill Hannah, he secreted her away to another state to start a new life with several thousand dollars of Dutch's ill-gotten money.

Overall the Yith longs for the destruction of humanity, but it cannot resist intervening now and again. The keeper is free to confuse, assist or stymie investigators with this unusual specimen of the Great Race. As the creature never appears in its actual form, the keeper is free to develop the characteristics for the human to serve as a host — this could be a close friend of the investigators, or someone who they believe is out to help them.

New York Stock Exchange, Broad St., No. 8

For most people Wall Street is synonymous with the New York Stock Exchange. Although the bustling pecuniary quarter holds many other exchanges, the most popular image is undoubtedly that of thousands of brokers trading stocks in the "U" shaped trading stalls of the enormous Great Hall. Moment by moment the large boards depicting stock prices around the world are updated and transcribed to feed the "wire", which is connected to innumerable tickertape machines across the city and nation.

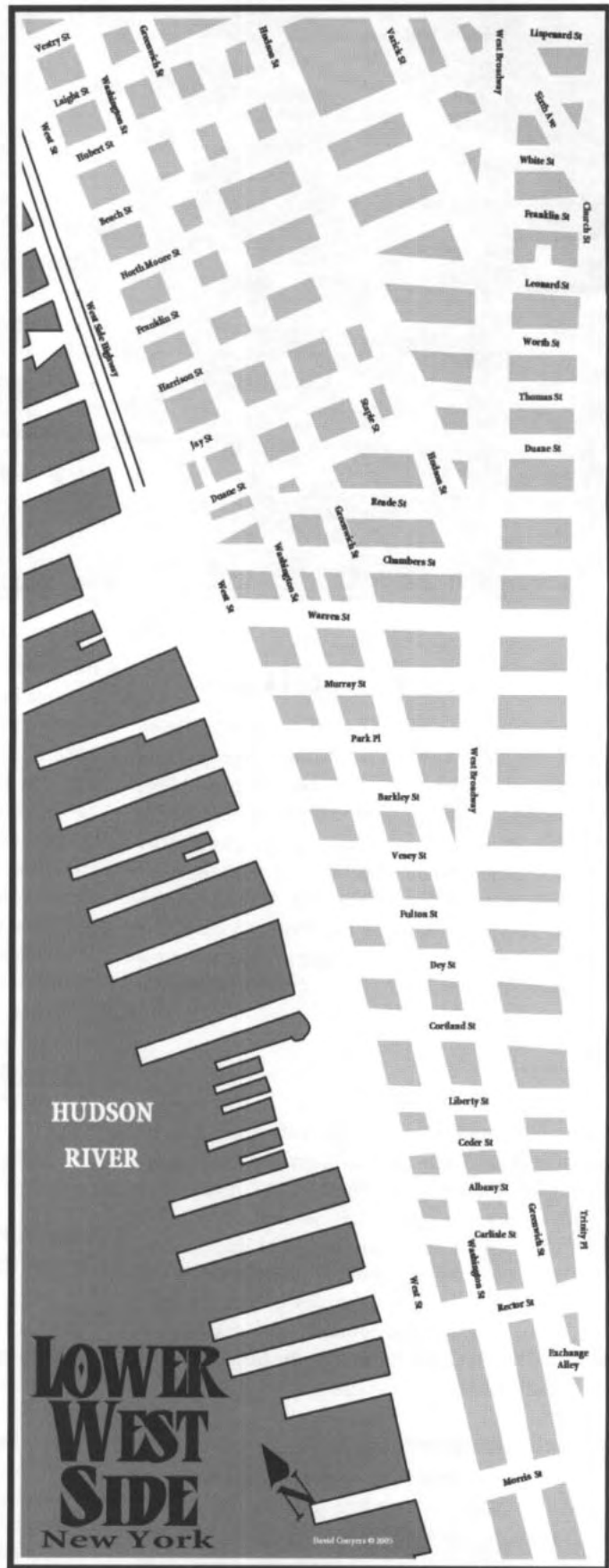
The neo-Renaissance styled building housing the world's largest securities exchange was constructed in 1903. The phenomenal growth of the exchange required the addition of 22 stories in 1923.

LOWER WEST SIDE

The predominance of the towering skyscrapers of finance along the western shoreline of downtown Manhattan can be misleading to visitors. Although this section of New York City runs rampant with executives, secretaries and clerks, it also has its proper share of sailors, laborers, and even farmers from Long Island, Staten Island and Connecticut selling produce at farmers' markets. By the time the sun reaches its pinnacle in the sky, the streets along the Hudson River, or North River as it is commonly called, are clamoring with activity. Likewise, the river mirrors this commotion. Trucks and automobiles move nosily, and slowly, to and fro, while ocean liners and freighters gallivant in the water. Businessmen and seamen alike march along the sidewalks, each going about their business. Prior to the Volstead Act this quarter was rife with saloons promising beached sailors plenty of liquor for the duration of the stay. By the 1920's, the number has thinned, and the remaining few have taken on the appearance of taverns and clubs.

West Street

The land beneath West Street was underwater before 1811. After the shoreline was filled in, businesses slowly began to build along its edge. Over the years docks and piers have amassed, but they lacked the vitality of South Street, another waterfront home of industry in New York City. In 1890 this changed. Numerous ocean lines began to buy space, both for passengers and freight. The deep waters of the Hudson allowed access to Manhattan by super-liners and large ships coming from abroad. By the turn of the century, West Street is buzzing with thousands of dockworkers, loading and unloading tons of cargo.



The Gangplank, West Street, No. 110

This salty dive is a favorite haunt of sailors on shore-leave or temporarily unemployed. Customers asking about “Ahab’s Cabin” are promptly brought into the backroom where harder beverages are served, and a surprise awaits them. While the front room gives the appearance of a dining area where jaws of sharks, ropes and portholes adorn the walls, the backroom is where the excitement is.

Investigators visiting the tavern know there is more interesting fare in the busy rear quarters with a successful **Spot Hidden**. Those who snoop around are likely to notice the strange sounds coming from the backroom. If questioned, the employees hint that a blind-pig exists in the back of the tavern. A **Psychology** reveals this is a flimsy fib. And observation reveals that no one ever leaves the backroom, they only enter it. Anyone who becomes too nosy is likely to find themselves experiencing the secret first hand.

A Fish Tale

The goings on in the Gangplank’s secret room is far from gambling and drinking. Instead, it is one of the meeting places of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. Hidden from sight are numerous deep ones in various stages of development. The downtown tavern is only one of their haunts; a place to introduce new converts to the Order. While most who join them do so of free will, occasionally an unwilling member is brought into the fold.

The backroom itself resembles the frontroom, except that it has a trap door that leads to a smuggler’s tunnel. This is how the fully transformed creatures venture from the Hudson River into the Gangplank — and how they escape if discovered.

Willy Harding, Gangplank Regular

For the last eight years, Willy has spent his nights at the Gangplank. He frequents the cheap dive so often that he has become an essential part of the waterfront tavern’s décor. Loved by the regulars, Willy entertains them in the frontroom with old sailor’s songs and seafaring tales, some of which are true and others manufactured. He is so liked that Louis Benson, the Gangplank’s owner

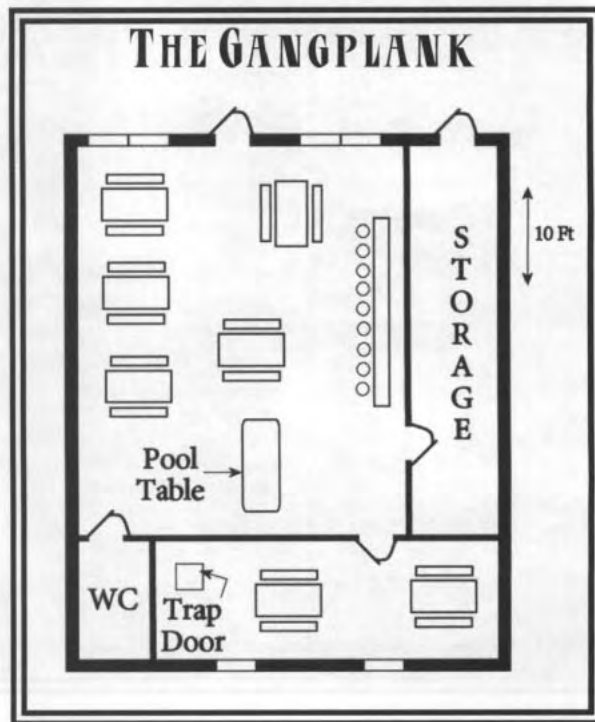


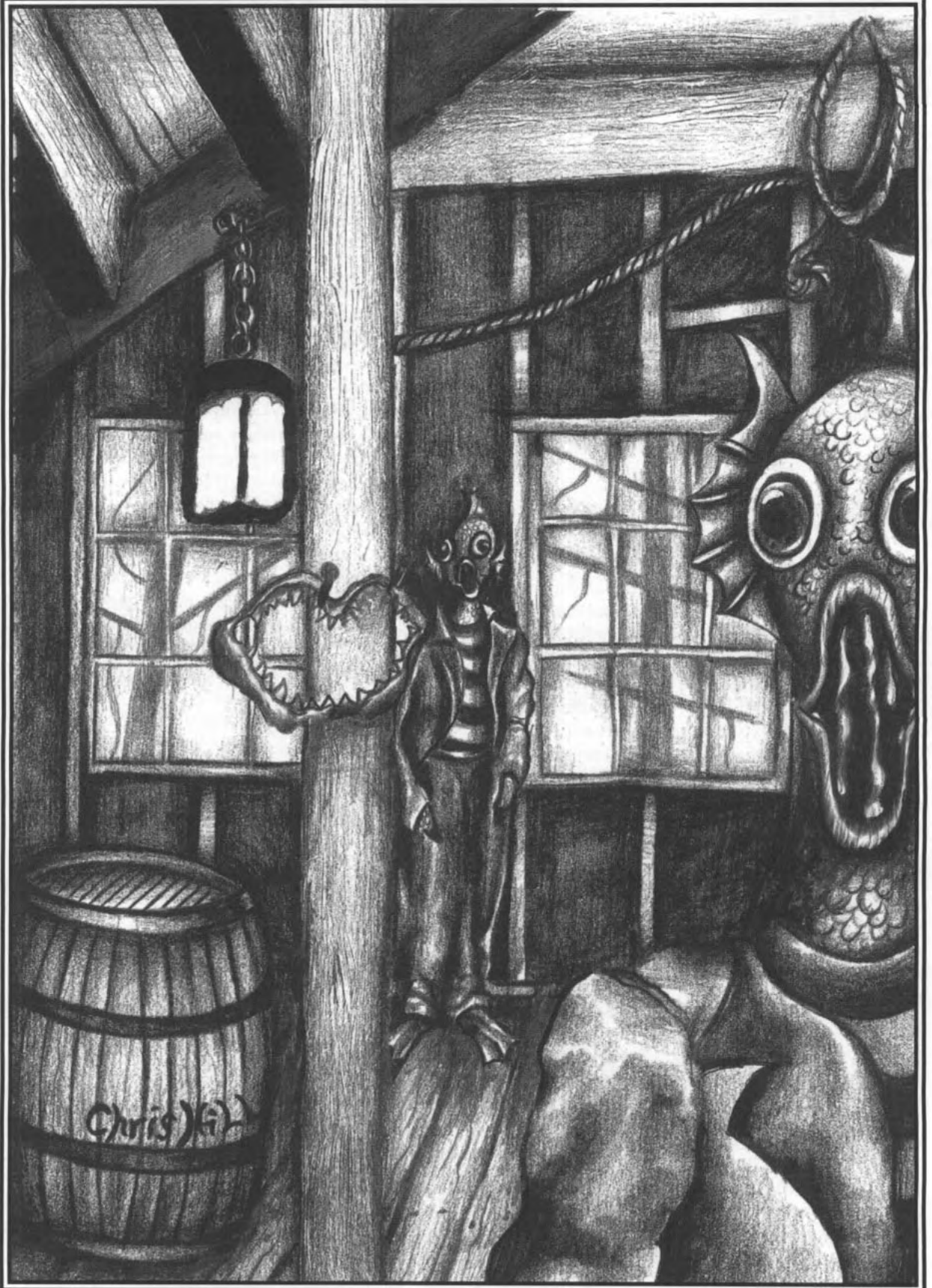
Willy Harding

and manager, never calls in the retired sailor’s tab, for fear the most customers might not return if Willy stopped his nightly routine. Besides, Louis has a soft spot for the old salt.

Willy has spent most of his life working freighters and traveling the world. While he is full of yarns, he knows a few more disconcerting stories that he is unlikely to reveal. Investigators listening to Willy’s oratory at the Gangplank can make a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to recognize some of the stranger, but true portions. If asked about his eldritch knowledge, Willy quickly disavows it, doing his best to turn the matter into a joke, saying he makes up the tales as he goes along and nothing more. A successful **Fast Talk** roll on Willy’s behalf should satisfy the investigators, though perhaps leaving them slightly suspicious. Any investigator making a **Psychology** roll notices the old man’s taut muscles and darting eyes when making his denial. Relentless investigators can use a **Persuade** roll to coax Willy over his reluctance, but only in private, and then he fidgets and is always glancing about as if looking for someone.

Once investigators have Willy speaking, they can learn much about the local Esoteric Order of Dagon. There are many members in Lower Manhattan, with secretive gathering places in the waterfront hotels and taverns. The old sailor is quick to reassure investigators that the Gangplank is not one of them, and that is why he keeps to it. A successful **Psychology** roll allows investigators to discern this as a lie also. If caught in this tall tale, Willy attempts to cover by saying that sometimes the strange cultists do visit the tavern. Based upon what old sailor conveys, it is clear that Lower Manhattan is





The Backroom of the Gangplank

not overrun with deep one hybrids; instead, it appears to be a gathering spot for many of the seamen who worship Dagon. But if investigators persist, Willy mentions some of the hybrids he's heard about in Throg's Neck in the Bronx and the Rockaways in Queens (see Chapter Three for more details on these areas). The motive for his reluctance to speak about the Gangplank is fear of losing his free bar tab.

How and where the Esoteric Order of Dagon convenes is left to the keeper. There are plenty of secretive locations in the Lower West Side of Manhattan, and aboard many of the freighters in New York Bay harbors.

Willy Harding, Gangplank Regular, age 71

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 06
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 30 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 31%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Astronomy 12%, Bargain 15%, Climb 31%,
Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Fast Talk 25%, Folklore 61%,
Listen 39%, Navigate 47%, Heavy Machine 44%,
Persuade 29%, Pilot Sailboat 64%, Spot Hidden
38%, Swim 51%.

**New York Evening Post Building,
West Street, No. 75**

Alexander Hamilton first established the New York *Post* in 1801. Most New Yorkers are familiar with the seventeen-story newspaper building, and the sensationalist reputation it had earned from the previous century. The fierce competition between the New York *Times* and the *Post* kept their respective journalists scouring the streets for spectacular scoops in an attempt to gain an edge in circulation and sales.

Unlike the *Times*, the *Post* is always on the watch for a new reporter. Even so, hopefuls must make a successful **Art (Writing)** roll, and have some previous experience. The *Post* has an extensive clippings morgue, but the material is stored rather helter-skelter, requiring all **Library Use** rolls to be made at one-quarter normal ability.

During the twenties, the *Post* is in a fierce rivalry with the *Times*. To gain an edge, the newspaper often resorts to colorful stories, often accompanied by shocking images. On other occasions, fanciful stories or gossip replaces traditional news. Unwilling to relent to the *Times*, the *Post* uses all tools available. Exactly how devious the paper's editor and owner become is left to the keeper.

**New York Telegram Building,
West St., No. 150**

By the 1920's, the *Telegram* had been doing business in New York City for over a century. Though with the enormous increase in newspaper publishers after the Civil War, its circulation started to wane. By 1931, the *Telegram* merged with another ailing New York daily, the *World*, becoming the New York *World-Telegram*. The offices of the *World* on Newspaper Row were closed,

**THE BUSINESS OF MUCKRAKING:
NEWSPAPERS, TABLOID AND
ADVERTISING OF THE 1920's**

During the American Civil War the news publishing industry in the United States flourished. With the advent of the telegraph came war correspondents and syndicated news. Magazines and newspapers attracted greater readership with reports of battles, and were able to purchase stories about locales where they had no reporters. Shortly after the turn of the nineteenth century, improvements in technologies significantly decreased the cost of photograph reproduction, resulting in an explosion of tabloids or "graphic" magazines dedicated to sensational journalism.

Soon the line between entertainment and news blurred as newspapers battled with magazines for sales, each questing for a scoop or an exclusive, each venturing deeper into "muckraking" or "yellow journalism," a practice of reporting secrets and gossip.

The beginning of WWI set the print publishing stage, with fast reporting combined with images from the war front. By 1920, New York City was the publishing capitol of the United States. Newspaper and magazine publishers, totaling more than 500 by the beginning of the decade, abounded in the Big Apple. Radio, which was still an orphan in the news industry, would not come to its own until the end of the decade, until then, the publishing industry bloated. The old industrial tycoons and commodity tycoons soon sat down to dinner with newspaper tycoons. Adding to this success was the fledgling film industry. With motion pictures came movie stars, and soon advertisers learned to place images of famous actors and actresses alongside products. The result seemed to many an endless supply of cash for the newly developing industry. Advertising agencies blossomed across the city, utilizing Hollywood celebrities to earn big profits. A few newspapers moguls purchased film companies, using one to build upon the other. A popular slogan of salesmen in the 1920's was "if Christ returned today, he would be an ad man."

In the lower rungs of the publishing ladder, competition was equally furious. Reporters and photographers bribed and fibbed to get stories, and hoping to inflate their payment rates. News worth printing was the news that was selling. Murder trials, killings and scandalous behavior attracted the public's attention in the 1920's, guiding hungry igators visit these dire urban locations. Keepers should feel free to modify the chart to best suit their needs.

moving operations to this location. Eventually the New York *Sun* was purchased and combined with the other two newspapers.

New Occupation: Muckraker

During the newspaper boom of the 1920's, sensationalism and journalist crossed paths to produce the "Muckraking Journalist." This flavor of reporter goes after a story with great gusto, not letting locked doors, private lives, or the truth stand in the way of a smash scoop. This class of journalist has many unusual skills that allow her to practice her craft with ease. Having a sixth sense about the news is more important to success in this career than writing ability.

Earnings: Upper Lower to Upper Middle class (depending upon the scoop).

Contact and Connections: Building relationships with city officials, politicians and businessmen is a tiresome process that slows progress. Instead, blackmail and bribery are the preferred means of building a network of contacts. In many cases, this process is more effective, granting the investigator a broader reach of connections than the typical reporter.

Skills: Art (Writing), Bargain, Climb, Conceal, Disguise, Fast Talk, Hide, Legerdemain, Listen, Locksmith, Photography, Psychology, Sneak, Spot Hidden.

Special: The Muckraker spends much time in the dire sections of the city, or figuratively and literarily prowling through someone's dirty laundry. This hardens the investigator to the world, making it difficult to Fast Talk or Persuade her. Likewise, she is immune to the horrifying scenes of illness, poverty and death. Seeing these things usually does not cause Sanity loss. Additionally, a Muckraker's suspicious nature earns +1D6 percentiles to Psychology and Listen.

Vivian "Vi" Torelli, Relentless Reporter

Vivian is always on the lookout for a good story. This tenacious journalist has contacts citywide, and keeps in touch with all of the latest society gossip. On occasion she has been known to dress in disguise and sneak her way into Park Avenue parties, rubbing elbows with the city's millionaires, then telling their secrets the next day. Of course this has not earned her many friends outside of the publishing industry, but it has earned the support of her editor.

Many years of working several different beats in Manhattan has exposed Vivian to a few bizarre stories, most of which she does not



Vi Torelli

see fit to file. Off the record, though, Vivian researches events, looking for explanations. She knows the latitude she has with the *Telegram*, and stories about bizarre cults and strange creatures from other dimensions would only get her a vacation. Murder, robbery and scandal are acceptable; ghosts, witches and ghouls are outlandish. Of course this does not keep Vivian from sprinkling hints in her more dignified stories. Any investigator reading one of these stories can read between the lines, recognizing the underlying meaning and play of words by making a combined **Cthulhu Mythos** and **Literature** roll. A halved **Cryptography** roll can be made instead of a **Literature** roll, but since there are no deliberate codes, only allusion, success discloses only that there is more to the story than meets the eye. If contacted, Vivian is always anxious to talk about what she knows, and more anxious to learn more information. Of course she is not beyond printing a few secrets or rumors about investigators with **Credit Ratings** above 50%.

Vivian "Vi" Torelli, Relentless Reporter, age 26

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 13 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: .38 Snub Nosed Revolver 27%, damage 1D10;
Fist/Punch 53%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 27%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Art(Writing) 66%, Bargain 31%, Conceal 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Disguise 38%, Fast Talk 46%, Hide 38%, Library Use 53%, Occult 8%, Persuade 45%, Spot Hidden 31%.

United Fruit Company, West Street, Piers 2,3,7 and 9

One of New York City's largest transatlantic lines occupies the lower reaches of West Street. From 14th Street to the Battery, the piers of the United Fruit Company are packed with crates overflowing with West Indian fruit, and crawling with workers hurriedly unloading ships and loading trucks. On occasion travelers can be seen disembarking from a United Fruit Company's passenger ship.

WHITEHALL DISTRICT

On the southern tip of Manhattan is Whitehall, one of the oldest wards of New York City. Within its borders are jutting skyscrapers, docks, offices and "The Battery." Many small shops, which pander to seamen coming ashore from freighters and merchant marine vessels,

congregate in this community. Likewise, many shops dedicated to unwitting immigrants give a New York style welcome as they work feverishly to extract monies from these unsuspecting souls disembarking from Ellis Island ferries. The streets are burdened with pedestrians and automobiles, making commuting not only a difficult task, but also a dirty one as plumes of black exhaust fill the air.

Cunard Building, Broadway, No. 25

This is the New York office of the famous luxury Cunard Lines, built in 1921. The transatlantic passenger line first visited New York City in 1840, and has been doing business in the Big Apple ever since. Lusitania and Mauretania are two of Cunard's popular ships that make the journey to the United States, though the Lusitania was a casualty of WWI. During the 1930's, after the White Star Line was suffering financially, Cunard and White Star merged to dominate transatlantic travel.

Custom House, Whitehall St., No. 10

Planted firmly in what New Yorkers call "Steamship Row," is the U.S. Custom House, operated by the Federal Government. Built in 1907, the large, two-story French Beaux Arts style building with forty-four Corinthian columns was an instant landmark. Adorning the building are four sculptures with a continental motif representing Africa, America, Asia and Europe. Twelve additional sculptures symbolizing the historical mercantile nations of Greece, Rome, Phoenicia, Genoa, Venice, Spain, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, Germany, England and France are stationed above the cornice, giving the building an auspicious air.

Fraunces Tavern, Corner of Pearl St. and Broad St.

Built in 1719, this popular location has changed hands and identities over the centuries. Beginning as a house for a Huguenot, then sold to become a store, the building was finally purchased by Samuel Fraunces and transformed into a tavern in 1762. Visitors in the 1920's see a Georgian Colonial style building that has been restored because of its historical significance. It was the tavern in which General George Washington bid



Battery Park in Downtown Manhattan

farewell to his officers after the end of the American Revolution. The first floor serves as the restaurant's long room, the second, third and fourth floors house a library and museum. The books and artifacts displayed on the upper floors of the original Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. Investigators requesting private access to the holdings must convince the manager. A successful **Persuade** roll gains access. Investigators who make a successful **Academic Standing** roll gain a 5-percentile bonus to their **Persuade** roll.

South Ferry Terminal, South St.

This slip and transit terminal is linked to Manhattan by the subway, El, buses and ferries. Located here are the docks for the Staten Island Ferry and Governors Island Ferry. Investigators going to any of the bay islands or Staten Island depart from this location.

Whitehall Building, Battery Place, No. 17

This building serves as the offices for many foreign consulates and shipping companies. Because of its close proximity to the harbors it also attracts importers and exporters. The original 20-story, built in 1900, was expanded with a second 32-story building in 1910 to accommodate the increases in trade.

Battery Park, South Tip of Manhattan Island

From the 21-acre park known to New Yorkers as "The Battery", visitors can see a constant flow of water traffic as ocean liners, merchant ships, tugs and ferries cruise the waters of the North and East Rivers. Like the other parks in the Big Apple, the Battery is a refuge from the hectic city. The name of the park is derived from a Dutch fort that once occupied the grounds. With clear sight of the surrounding waters, the fort contained several batteries of cannon for defense. Also on these grounds stood New Amsterdam's Governor's House, first occupied by Peter Stuyvesant.

Battery Park has expanded much since the Dutch first arrived. In the 1920's, it is dotted with trees and monuments. From the clearings near the southwest portion of the sea wall can be seen the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island.

The Aquarium

This popular place became a tourist attraction in 1902. Prior to this, it was a defensive battery originally constructed in 1807. Eventually the Federal Government gifted it to the city, and the circular structure became Castle Garden, which was used for public events. For thirty-five years, starting in 1855 it served as an immigration station, eventually being closed until it was reborn as a public aquarium.

The three-story building holds numerous small water tanks and seven floor pools filled with fish and reptiles. Under the control of the New York Zoological Society, the specimens held here are also used for marine research by several New York City colleges and universities. Private researchers are welcome at the Aquarium, though paperwork and bureaucracy can limit their access to specimens. A successful **Academic Standing** roll allows immediate access with minimal red tape. Investigators not associated with a university or research institute must wait 2d4 days before being granted access.

Battery Park, Harbor Police, Pier A

Docked at this pier are the harbor police boats and fireboats used to patrol the rivers. The station building, which is shared by the Department of Docks, is manned day and night.

Bedloe Island

If downtown Manhattan is the where heart of New York City is located, then Bedloe Island is where its spirit resides. Just south of The Battery, on the twelve-acre island, stands the 225-ton Statue of Liberty. Erected in 1885, the gigantic figure designed by Frederic Auguste Bartholdi is often the first recognizable landmark spotted by approaching seafarers. It was officially affirmed as a national monument in 1924.

Ellis Island

Nearly one mile south of The Battery is Ellis Island, and is used as an immigration checkpoint in the Twenties. Contained on the island are medical, sleeping and dining facilities. Due to the immigration quotas imposed by the Federal Government after WWI, the number of immigrants passing through the Ellis Island offices drastically decreased. By the 1930's, the island also served as a hospital facility for the U.S. military.



CHAPTER FIVE

THE OUTER BOROUGHS

"I was led to [an area] where five years previously there had been six families, and where there are now over two thousand.... The Bronx is different. The Bronx is beginning again, and beginning better."

— Arnold Bennett

The Bronx is the only New York borough that is part of the mainland. The Dutch West India Company purchased the 42 square miles of the Bronx from the Indians in 1639. Originally named Keskeskeck by the aboriginal Indians, the name was later changed to "Bronx" after the one of the first settlers, a Scandinavian named Jonas Bronk. The rolling hills that give the Bronx its distinctive look are the foothills of the Brekshires and Green Mountains. After the 1898 consolidation of the five boroughs, the Bronx, no longer a part of Westchester County, began to grow. First to expand were the western districts of Morrisania, Mott Haven and St. Mary's Park. These areas quickly filled with community apartments and industry. Meanwhile, middle Bronx and east Bronx sprouted more residential neighborhoods. In 1919, the economic boom of New York City caused new housing development in middle Bronx, leaving the eastern part of the borough sprinkled with more affluent houses.

When investigators visit the Bronx, keepers should be mindful of the different districts and the flavor of each. By mentioning the common appearance of trees and hillside apartments in University Heights or the haggard industrial structures of Mott Haven, keepers can generate the varied urban ambiances of the borough.

WEST BRONX

The greatest bulk of population and industry are found in West Bronx. Situated primarily along the Hudson and East Rivers where there is ready access to Manhattan, are schools, residences, apartments and industry. Dingy slums occupy much of the area's southern quarter where there are numerous factories and the borough's highest population density.

UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS DISTRICT

As the twenties commenced, new apartments with rugged stone masonry began to crowd the hillsides of University Heights. This community is an outgrowth of Manhattan and of New York University, after which it is named. Unlike the communities further south along the Harlem River, the residents of the Heights are mainly skilled tradesmen or professionals.

New York University, 181st St. and University Ave

Peering over the Harlem River, the Bronx NYU campus in the Twenties has the quaint look of a small-town college. Founded in 1891, the University Heights campus grew to include a number of pre-existing estates with the old residential mansions now serving the university's needs (see NYU listing in Chapter 3: Midtown).

Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, Sedgwick & Webb Aves

This building with flowing Romanesque architecture was constructed in 1894. The institute schools students in marine engineering and naval architecture, and provides assistance to aged shipbuilders. With a small enrollment of typically fifty students, the institute places graduates in positions among American shipyards and is an excellent resource for investigators looking for unusual information about naval or marine engineering.

Investigators looking to do research related to the institute's specialty are certain to find the archives and faculty useful. **Library Use** rolls in naval architecture and similar topics earn a 10-percentile bonus. The keeper is free to provide insightful staff to assist or answer questions if desired.

MOTT HAVEN DISTRICT

A hodgepodge of gritty factories, railroad yards, coal-yards and lumberyards form the backdrop of Mott Haven. Mixed in this industrial spaghetti are apartment buildings and tenement houses, homes to the thousands of laborers who toil at the industry of Mott Haven. The air is often thick with the acrid exhaust of the factories, which settles as a fine dust upon exteriors of the buildings in the area. Unlike the bright structures to the north, the colors of stone and steel here are dull and grimy.

Bronx Terminal Market, Exterior St. & Macomb's Dam Bridge

Also known as "Hylan's Folly", after the two term mayor of the early twenties, this is a market and distribution point for much of New York City's fruits and vegetables. Produce wholesalers rent the groupings of brick buildings, which form the 38-acre market. In its center stand a central warehouse and a refrigeration plant, which are linked by spans of railroad track. Many New Yorkers in the twenties view the market as a fiscal failure because of an annual cost five times greater than its annual income.

MIDDLE BRONX

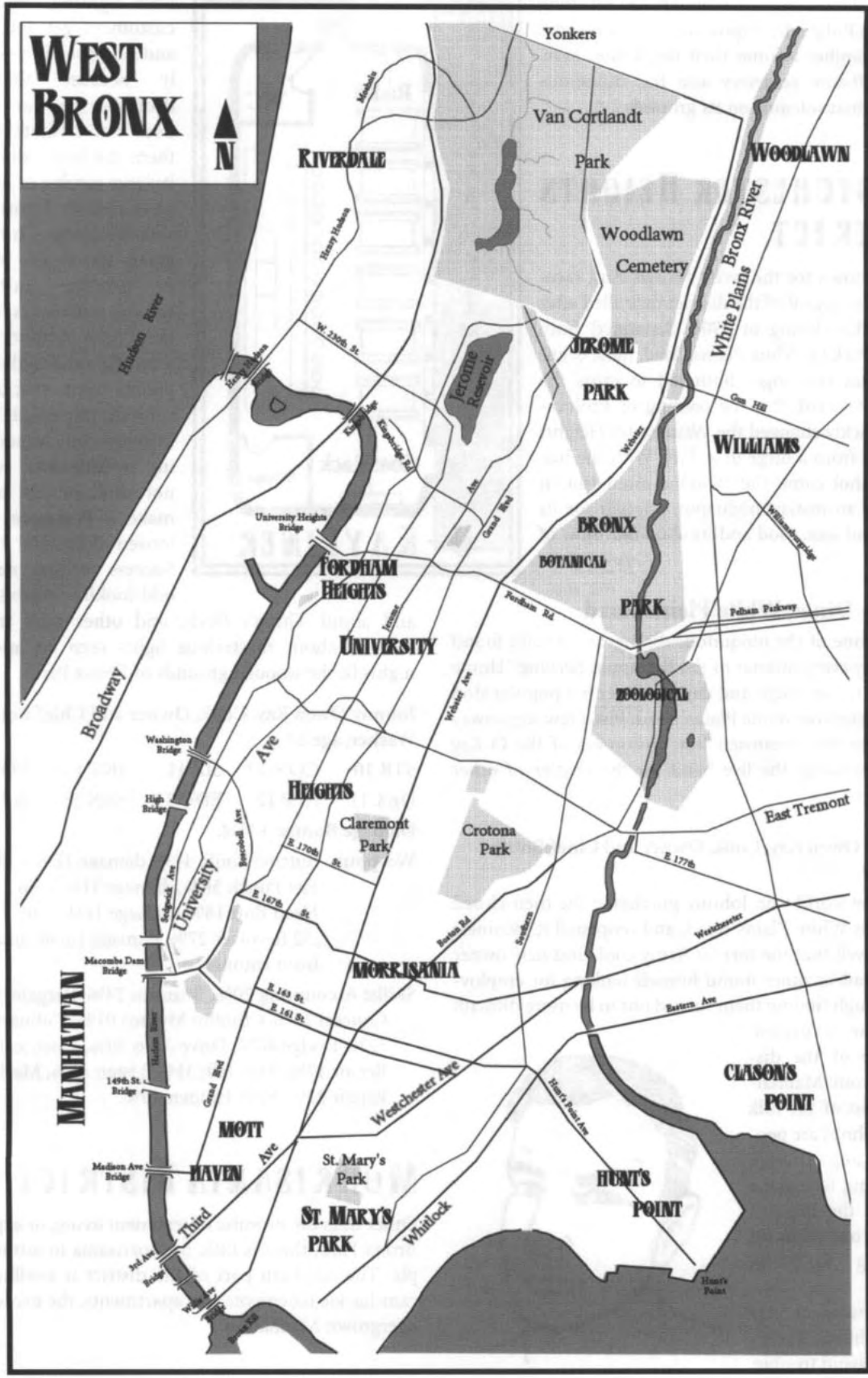
The fabric of middle Bronx is spun from a varied blend of social threads. In the center rests the New York Zoological Park and the New York Botanical Gardens, both of which form Bronx Park. New constructions begin to sprout to the north of Bronx Park in 1920, creating middle-class housing that is trimmed by marshlands. To the south, where Morrisania borders Mott Haven, the urban industrial theme returns, diminishing the overall suburban feel of the quarter.

WOODLAWN

Woodlawn is a scenic neighborhood in the twenties, distant enough from Manhattan to maintain a pleasant, small-town atmosphere. The community is primarily composed of private residences occupied by middle-class families.

Woodlawn Cemetery, Webster Ave. & 233rd St.

The grounds of this cemetery once served as a battlefield during the American Revolution. During the twen-



ties it is a much more peaceful place. Set along Forham Ridge, the remote location persuades many families to inter their loved ones here. The 400-acre cemetery also has numerous private mausoleums on its grounds.

WESTCHESTER HEIGHTS DISTRICT

Once known for the lavish Morris Park race-track, the appeal of the district dwindled after the park's closing in 1904. Separated from Bronx Park by White Plains Road, most Manhattanites no longer bothered to cross the road afterward. But the coming of Prohibition quickly changed the Westchester Heights anthem from a dirge to a ditty. With the ban on alcohol came the Woodmansten Inn. It became an instant nightspot, popular for its blues and jazz, food and its abundant flow of booze.

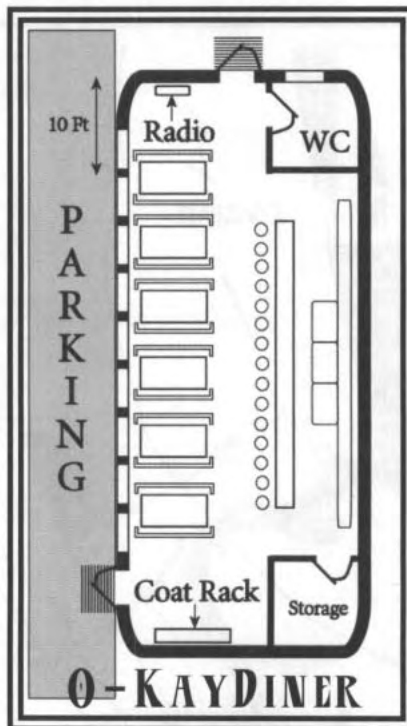
O-Kay Diner, White Plains Road

This is one of the ubiquitous dining-car eateries found in nearly every quarter of the Big Apple. Serving "Home cooked meals" night and day, the diner is a popular stop for travelers on White Plains Road. Just a few steps away from the Woodmansten Inn, customers of the O-Kay diner exchange the live band for the chatter of other diners.

Johnny Owen Kay, Cook, Owner and Chief Bottle Washer

After the world war, Johnny purchased the then-closed diner on White Plains Road, and reopened it. Business did so well that the former Army cook and new owner of the railcar diner found himself looking for employees, though finding them turned out to be more difficult than he expected. Because of the distance from Manhattan, most of the folk Johnny hires are people passing through or hoping to make a start in the Big Apple. No one plans on working for him long.

In business and life, Johnny always tries to avoid trouble, preferring talking



over fighting. But when customers get too rowdy and stop listening — mainly because they are drunk — the war veteran does not hesitate to give them the boot. Along with its large serving of inebriated celebrants departing the Woodmansten Inn, this greasy spoon gets its share of peculiar customers. Johnny attributes this to the diner's location next to a mostly rural highway. He prefers not to talk on such subjects, thinking it bad for business. But honest looking investigators, who do not stink of the law, can make a **Persuade** roll to loosen Johnny's tongue. Success brings news of odd-looking inhabitants in

and about Throg's Neck, and other tales travelers recount about mysterious lights seen on moonless nights in the wooded grounds of Bronx Park.

Johnny Owen Kay, Cook, Owner and Chief Bottle Washer, age 34

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 55 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Butcher Knife 44%, damage 1D6 + db
Fist Punch 56%, damage 1D3 + db
Head Butt 18%, damage 1D4 + db
.32 Revolver 27%, damage 1dD8 (under front counter).

Skills: Accounting 20%, Business 24%, Bargain 42%, Conceal 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Culinary Arts 32%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 50%, Electrical Repair 17%, Fast Talk 31%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 27%, Spot Hidden 40%.



Johnny Kay

MORRISANIA DISTRICT

Other than the promise of tenement living, or exploring Bronx Park, there is little in Morrisania to attract people. The southern part of the district is swelling with ramshackle tenements and apartments, the excess of an overgrown Manhattan.

BRONX PARK

Seven hundred acres of hills, rich forests and rough land constitute the Bronx Park. Gigantic glacial ice-sheets, which once held North America in a frozen grip, have left behind huge rounded stones and smoothly eroded boulders giving the natural landscape a pre-historic appearance. Wildlife fills the tall forests, lakes and waterfalls, creating an environment alien to most New Yorkers. Meandering through this natural reserve is the Bronx River, which stretches south to the East River. Nestled inside the park are the New York Zoological Park, founded in 1895, and the New York Botanical Gardens, founded in 1891.

Harold Hadin, Troubled Zoologist

During the summers, Harold used to work as an intern at the New York Zoo. Once he completed his studies at NYU, he accepted a full time position as a park zoologist. He loves his work and has a talent for dealing with animals. It is with humans he has his greatest difficulties. He is shy, and tends to mumble when speaking, always avoiding direct eye contact. To some, these timid traits make him a shady character; to others it gives him a boyish charm, quickly winning their favor. Harold is oblivious to the whole matter.

Recently, a group of Columbia University archeologists brought Harold the skeletal remains of what appeared to be a gigantic amphibian. The hardened old bones were discovered at a Siwanoy Indian dig at Clason's Point in the Bronx. The archeologists, hesitant to reveal the find to other faculty members, brought them to the Bronx Zoo instead. Some of the professors believe the bones are related to a religious ritual, though others argue for a hunting trophy. In either case, all are equally dumbfounded as to what sort of creature the bones belong.

Excited by the opportunity to identify a new species, Harold cares little for the why or the how of the issue. But as his work progresses, he does find himself haunted by the similarity between the amphibian bones and human bones. In fear of losing the specimens because of being thought unqualified, he has not mentioned this to the archeologists. Hoping to resolve this matter on his own, Harold has been interviewing residents or early American



Harold Hadin

homesteads along the Eastchester and Long Island Sound Bays, hoping to turn up other remains.

Harold Hadin, Troubled Zoologist, age 29

STR 10 CON 09 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 16 SAN 90 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Anthropology 33%, Chemistry 15%, Climb 40%, First Aid 40%, Hide 11%, Latin 6%, Library Use 45%, Listen 30%, Persuade 30%, Ride 52%, Sneak 38%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 30%, Track 40%, Zoology 77%.

EAST BRONX

Relatively undeveloped in the twenties, the upper part of East Bronx has a sprinkling of houses and mansions, with most of the larger neighborhoods collected to the south along the East River. Development and construction in Queens and Brooklyn decreases the attention given to this far side of the Bronx. Manhattanites who need to live close to their work are anxious to build in areas where the IRT reaches. Other than St. Mary's Park, which is close to Manhattan, the cottage industries and rural residences here go mostly unnoticed.

ST. MARY'S PARK

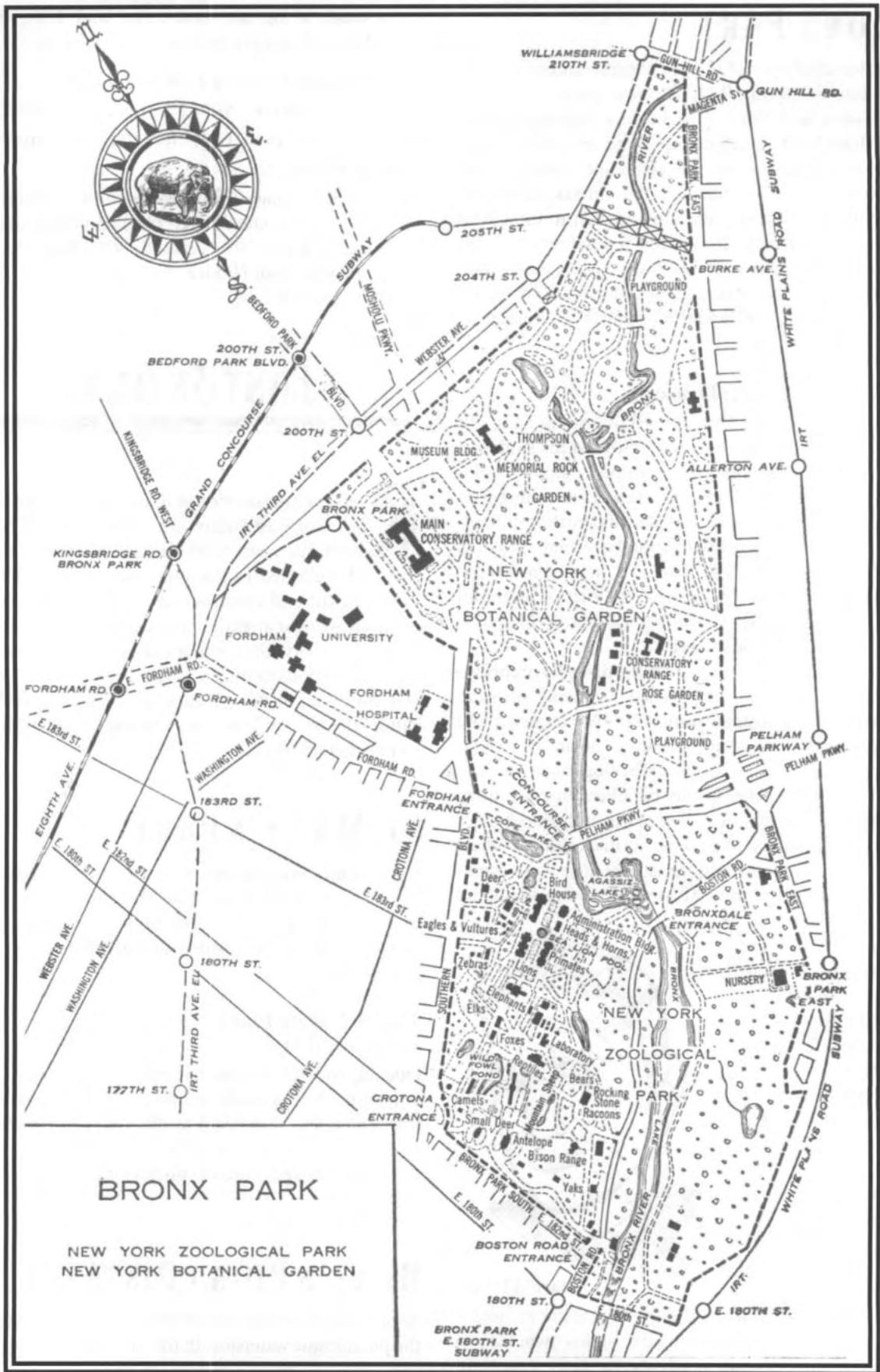
Brownstones line the upper part of this district, with tenements southward amid the district's industry. Low cost housing can be found in St. Mary's Park, though workers of the nearby plants already fill most available spaces.

The Hell Gate Plant, East 132nd St.

Opening in 1921, this electric plant provides the energy that keeps the Big Apple spinning day and night. Below the tremendous waterfront facility is a mile-long tunnel that slips beneath the East River into Astoria. This subterranean passage contains two gas mains and a handcar track.

HUNT'S POINT DISTRICT

At one time this large countryside estate sprawled along the picturesque waterside. In the twenties, a knotty mass



of industry has replaced the bucolic landscape of the past.

American Bank Note Company, Lafayette Ave. & Garrison Ave.

The revered American Bank Note Company prints much of the bonds and securities feverishly traded at the New York Stock Exchange. The printing house dates back to the earliest days of the United States, producing paper currency for the Continental Congress. In the twenties, its business ranges beyond the shores of America to distant overseas markets as well. Five stories high and one block long, this stout facility contains all of the machinery to produce plates and print large volume orders.

CLASON'S POINT DISTRICT

An Indian village prior to European settlement, this neighborhood in the mid-twenties has several active archeological excavations. Like many other districts in the Bronx, Clason's Point was zoned residential but remained undeveloped during the twenties. Besides archeology, an area attraction is a small waterfront resort and the Clason's Point Inn.

Clason's Point Inn, Sound View Ave.

This small stone and wood inn is a popular getaway during the Prohibition era. Music, food and drink provide entertainment for many of New York's elite society. Even New York City mayor James Walker threw parties with his entourage at the Clason Point Inn, with crowds of over two thousand bursting the seams of the old inn. Business at the Clason Point Inn boomed until the end of Prohibition when the place became little more than a tourist attraction filled with specious antiques.

Investigators visiting the inn are likely to hear tales about a "mysterious vine" growing on the premises. Rumors tell of the vine sometimes oozing a blood-red liquid. If these tales are looked into, the authority on the subject turns out to be the innkeeper, Henry Johns.



Clason's Point

"Captain" Henry Johns, Salty Innkeeper

Before finding his way to the Clason Point Inn, Henry Johns was a sailor and captain. In the twenties he resides at the inn, tending to its maintenance. Interviewing Henry reveals to investigators that the old man knows the history of The Point in detail. In fact, once Henry starts talking it is hard to stop him. He spends much time recounting the history of smugglers, the nearby coves, and the massacre of the Cornell family, the previous residents of the house the inn is built around. Though Henry knows local legend and history, he occasionally gives way to some fabrication of his own. A **History** roll or a **Knowledge** roll at one-quarter normal clues investigators onto the old captain's embellishments. Otherwise, keepers should toss a few red herrings to investigators just to keep them guessing.

The truth of the matter is that Johns is not sure what the truth is. Years of speculation and hoary tales have made Clason's Point into everything from a smugglers' base to a stretch of land haunted by the spirits of the murdered members of the Cornell family. What investigators can learn while exploring the environs is that there is indeed a strange plant with tendrils that grips onto surfaces, and when cut expels a thick, red substance. Additionally, investigators making a **Spot Hidden** roll discover a cove in the shore side cliffs near the inn.

Along the northeastern facing of Clason's Point is a cove once used by smugglers of bygone eras. This cove leads to deeper tunnels, eventually giving way to drier domains. Snaking for miles beneath the hilly terrain of the Bronx, these caverns reach to the surface in Bronx Park and the Baychester area. Unexplored in the 1920's, what lies in these dark domains is



Captain Johns

CLASON'S POINT SECRETS

The Massacre

Long before Europeans settled this part of the Bronx, tribes of the Lenape Indians dwelled in longhouses here. The natives migrated across the wilderness of this territory, fishing, hunting, and sometimes planting and harvesting. Along the shores of the East River and Long Island Sound the natives encountered a small band of deep ones. Quickly a limited trade of goods established between the two. But in time, the deep ones demanded greater trades, offering gold and jewelry for human females. The refusal of the Indians ignited a conflict that burned for many years. The local tribes warred against the foul creatures from the watery depths. Undaunted and driven, the deep ones repeatedly skulked through the moonlight, stealing away female members of the tribes. Meaning to destroy the demons, hundreds of Indian warriors prepared a trap in the forested land of Clason's Point. The warriors waited in the midnight shadows as the pernicious creatures ambled out of the waters, croaking and gurgling, lusting to snatch another innocent. As the group of deep ones hopped and stumbled through the night-black forest, the warriors attacked. The full wrath of the tribes was unleashed upon the amphibious beings. None were spared. To prevent the return of others, the warriors dragged the scaly carcasses to a cove along the northeastern side of Clason's Point, staking them to the watery bottom. Upon the black currents blood carried the warning to other deep ones. The raid promptly ended.

The Mysterious Vine

The prehistoric flora found near and about Clason's Point was intentionally transplanted there by the local Indian tribes. For generations the Indians dwelling along the eastern coast of North America knew of this blood-drinking plant that entangled mice, frogs and other small creatures. In hopes of preventing any future forays by deep ones, the Indians used the plant as a ward, believing its habit of consuming frogs and toads might be repellant to the amphibious monstrosities. For additional information, see the vampire tangle plant sidebar.

Optional Rule: Vampire Tangle Plant, "Deep One Bane"

The vampire tangle plant is a peculiar species of flora that is bordering extinction in the modern world. The plant, with its lengthy vines and tendrils, is only known to have existed along the eastern coasts of North America. This devious plant survives by entangling unsuspecting mice and frogs in a thick mass of tendrils. The plant does not stalk its prey; rather, they are ensnared when attempting to crawl through its vines. Strong tendrils grip and squeeze, seizing the prey. In time, the tendrils sprout roots that burrow into the flesh of the animal, seeking nutrients.

When examined, it is possible to see the blood of the plant's victims inside the leaves of the plant. Breaking a vine or tearing a leaf releases "blood", though it coagulates in minutes, preventing the loose of further nutrients. The plant does not reproduce by seed. The sinewy vines dig into the earth, and once deeply rooted, break free from the remainder of the plant, growing into a full sized specimen itself, and then repeating the process. During cold seasons the vines become barren, losing all foliage. When warm weather returns, new five-pointed leaves return.

At the keeper's option, this plant can be repellant to deep ones, and those who are tainted, similar to garlic to vampires or Belladonna to Lycanthropes. If the keeper chooses, deep ones encountering this plant, in the ground or in the hand of an investigator, make a **POW X3** roll or be temporarily repulsed. Tainted humans are less affected, making **POW X5** rolls. Repulsed creatures either walk around the plant or find a new target. Lacking these options, the creature presses forward, making another **POW** roll until the revulsion is overcome.



Vampire Tangle Plant

Vampire Tangle Plant, "Deep One Bane"

| Char. | Rolls | averages |
|---------------------------------|-------|----------|
| STR | 1D4 | 2 |
| CON | 1D6 | 3 |
| SIZ | 3D6 | 8 |
| (size measured in total length) | | |
| POW | -- | |
| DEX | 1 | 1 |

Move: n/a

HP 5

Av. Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Grapple(Tangle) 30%, damage 1D6 (requires 1D4 days to penetrate flesh).

Skills: none.



A Denizen of Throg's Neck

unknown. The sheer vastness alone presents danger enough to explorers, experienced and otherwise. Only the imagination of the keeper can determine what waits inside these deep recesses.

"Captain" Henry Johns, Salty Innkeeper, age 52

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 06
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 30 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 57%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 35%, damage special.

Skills: Archaeology 5%, Astronomy 30%, Bargain 27%,
Conceal 19%, Craft(Carpentry) 58%, Fast Talk
39%, History 51%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair
44%, Navigate 55%, Persuade 20%, Pilot(Ship)
63%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 46%.

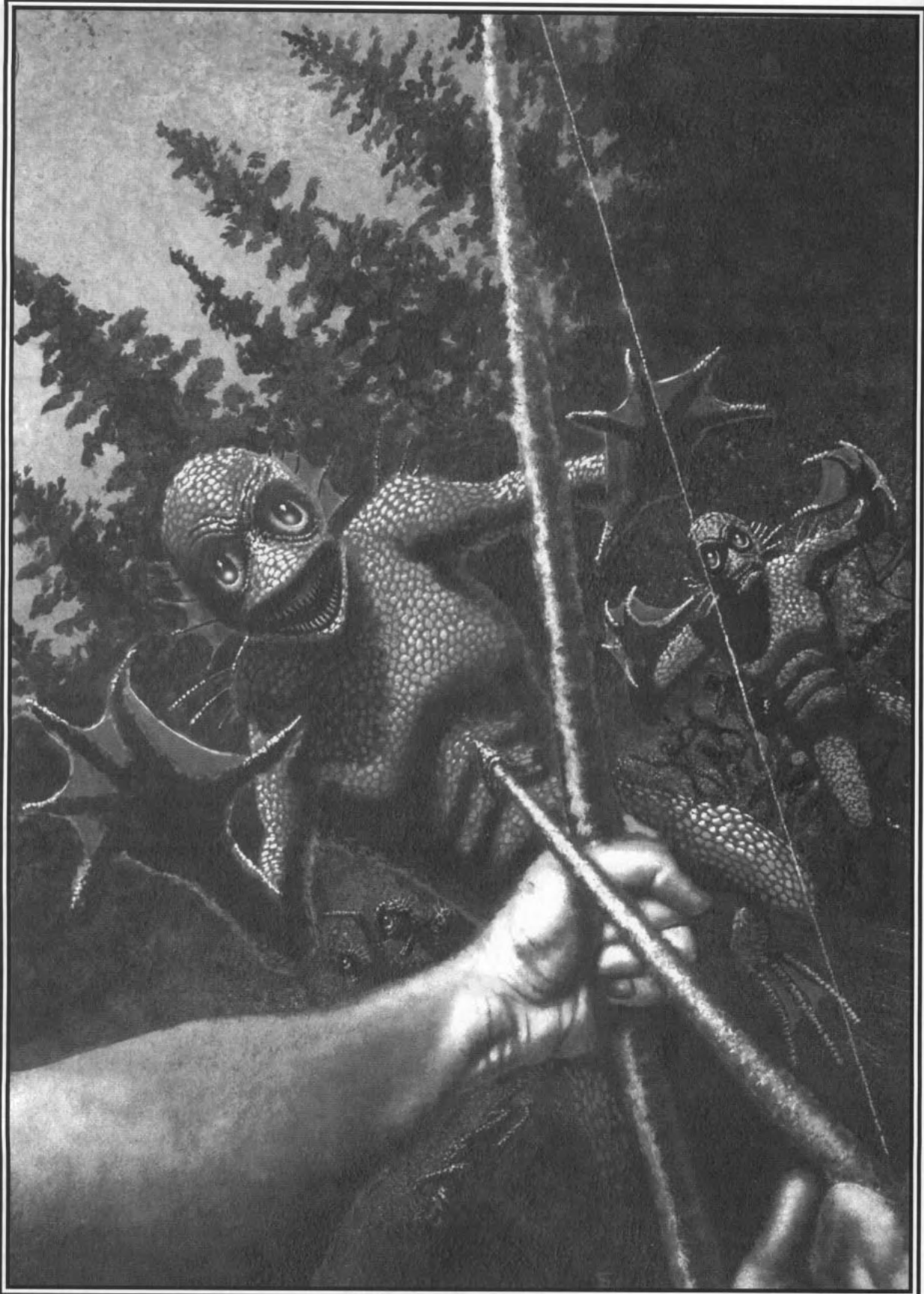
THROG'S NECK

This Bronx community once was the fishing grounds of millionaires. By the twenties most affluent residents have found new waters, leaving the large mansions and estates empty. A few smaller, distantly spaced homes dot the ward, and a few closed beer gardens. The occasional pleasure boat or high-society party drowns out the waves and calls of seagulls, but the community overall sees very little activity.

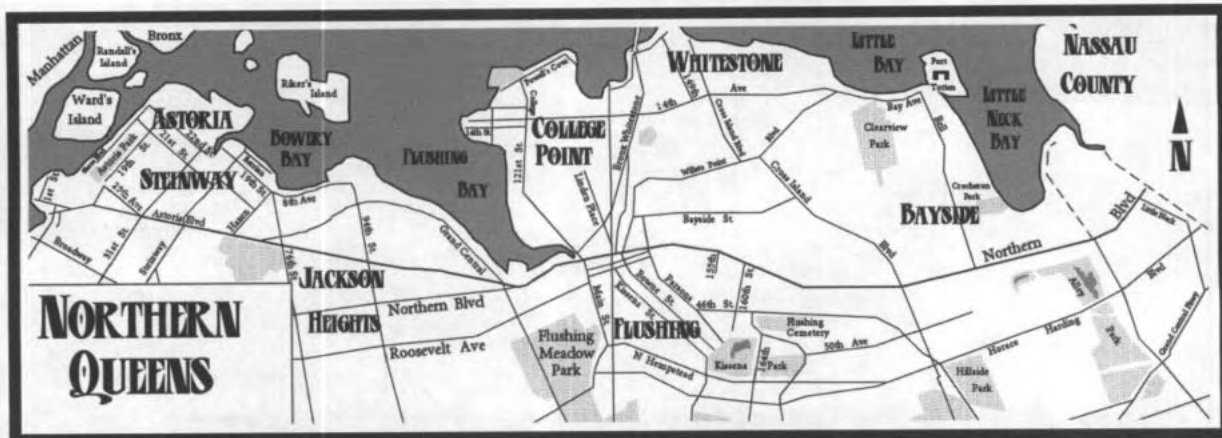
Keepers should note that a small number of the families living in Throg's Neck suffer from a deep one taint. A small number of early European settlers commingled with the deep ones, passing the curse to their descendents. Secretly, this limited number of Throg's Neck inhabitants has formed an Esoteric Order of Dagon, filling their ranks with sailors visiting New York City.

QUEENS

The 121 square miles of Queens is composed of a northern and southern plain divided by a string of hills. From the days of the Dutch settlers until the real estate boom in the 1920's, scattered farms and small villages have dotted the territory, painting a pastoral picture. Even after the subway extended into the borough, chiefly the northern wards were the only areas infected by urbanism. Most sections remained relatively unchanged.



The Clason's Point Massacre



Dutch settlers first occupied the land in 1642, establishing the village of Mespat (Maspeth). Other small colonies soon followed, building on the land purchased by the Dutch from the Rockaway Indians in 1639. In the Twenties, the subway line reaches a handful of formerly isolated communities, fertilizing the growth of new homes.

NORTHERN QUEENS

New York City's great economic boom, united with the growth of its mass transportation and highway systems, resulted in the sudden development, and perhaps over development, of the North Shore districts. In contrast to this early expansion, many of the neighborhoods that followed were more spacious. Consequently, the lack of congestion brought higher real estate values, and neighborhoods possessing a suburban character. Unlike Brooklyn, the residences in northern Queens are mainly single-family and double-family, with few apartment buildings. Adding pizzazz to charming abodes are recreation parks, tennis courts and golf courses.

ASTORIA

Old Astoria is one of the North Shore communities possessing an industrial temperament. Businesses and factories from Long Island City have migrated into the community of mansions, small homes and colleges, giving Astoria a Manhattan facade. Originally dubbed Hallett's Cove, the village was renamed in 1839 to Astoria, though not without strife and many accusations of bribery aimed against the leading advocate, John Jacob Astor.

Bohemian Hall, 24th Ave., No. 19-29

The dining rooms and bar of this beer hall were constructed in 1910. A generous outdoor garden, capable of serving large crowds in summer heat was completed in 1919, just before the enactment of Prohibition. Even with such bad timing, the Bohemian Hall survived by providing boisterous entertainment in an Old World atmosphere, and probably by using the basement as an underground beer garden. In the sweltering summer months the hall grills food in the outdoor garden. Residents of Astoria and neighboring communities frequent this establishment year around.

Marcelo's Auction House, 19th St., No. 61

Opposite Astoria Park stands Marcelo's Auction House. Originally a Georgian styled mansion built in 1834, it has become one of New York City's popular antiques and rarities auction houses. Marcelo's offers both public and private auctions. The public auctions present the standard fare. But the private auctions, by invitation only, sometimes put up for bid very exotic books, manuscripts, jewelry and other unusual artifacts. To be among the select at these private offerings, a halved **Credit Rating** roll is required of investigators.



Marcelo Roban

It is usually the private auction where Marcelo offers the items he suspects to be one of a kind or otherworldly. Befriending him, or being a member on his list, are the only ways to be invited to these special auctions. At these engagements, Mythos tomes, artifacts and items far more strange are put on the auction block, and bidding always starts high. Investigators hoping to take home something from a private auction must come prepared with an excess of funds. The type and value of the objects are left to the keeper to decide.

Marcelo Roban, Exclusive Auction House Owner,
age 35

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Accounting 43%, Business 40%, Bargain 48%,
Cthulhu Mythos 2%, Credit Rating 55%, Drive Auto
38%, English 80%, Fast Talk 27%, French 95%, Law
15%, Library Use 45%, Listen 30%, Occult 10%, Per-
suade 56%, Spot Hidden 37%.



STEINWAY

Bordering Astoria and Bowery Bay is the Steinway district. This community owes its name to the piano manufacturer, William Steinway, who built a factory here in 1870. Like neighboring Astoria, Steinway during the 1920's is populated with older mansions, homes and businesses, including the still operating Steinway and Sons factory.

JACKSON HEIGHTS

Once called the "cornfields of Queens," Jackson Heights has evolved into a scenic community for upper middle-class residents. The plowed fields of this farming community have been replaced with roomy apartments, playgrounds and golf courses.

CORONA AND FLUSHING

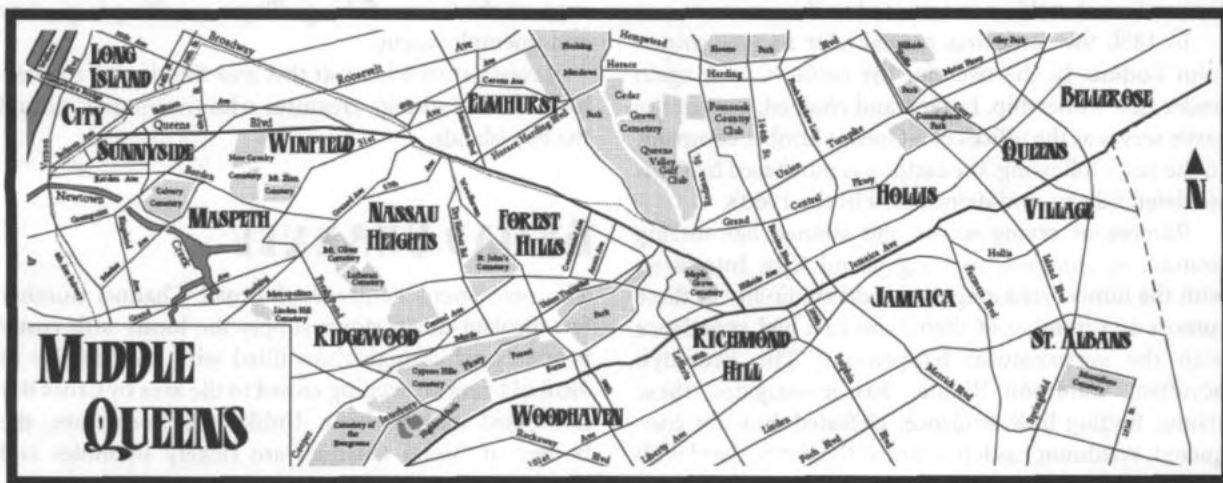
Faring worse than Jackson Heights, Corona and Flushing are less spacious, and by the end of the 1920's, resemble something akin to an apartment farm. Packed in rows along their streets are numerous apartment buildings and two-story rental houses.

COLLEGE POINT AND WHITESTONE

The communities of College Point and Whitestone were small communities before the twenties, and only expanded slightly throughout the decade. These districts house many small shops and businesses, churches and homes. The Poppenhusen Institute on 14th Road in College Point was established in 1868 as the nation's first free, adult education school. Still operating in the 1920's, it has expanded its repertoire from trades to arts and languages.

BAYSIDE

Settled in 1664, this area remained rustic until the middle of the 1900's. The few residences occupying this scenic section of Queens are costly and private, with the properties fronting Little Neck Bay, only falling into the reach of New York City's affluent.



DOUGLSTON AND LITTLE NECK

The homes of Douglaston and Little Neck are striking. Elaborate yards and ornate gardens, often focused around tremendous thirty-room mansions, give the bay community a storybook charm. Scattered amidst these elegant abodes are many smaller frame houses, though they also possess the same austere landscaping as their pricier cousins. Douglaston, once a part of Little Neck, earned its independence in 1835, after the Long Island Railroad received a donation of property from William B. Douglas.

Even though industrial pollution has stolen some of Little Neck Bay's beauty, nonetheless its waters are often speckled with yachts and pleasure craft.

LONG ISLAND CITY

On the opposite side of the Queensboro Bridge from Manhattan is one of the densest industrial quarters in Queens. Plumes of dark smoke blossom from countless factories as they churn out goods to be sold in New York, across the United States and throughout the world. Oil and ash cling to the street signs, roads and buildings. Crowded into apartment buildings are local factory workers and businessmen.

Bodine Castle, Vernon Boulevard, No. 43

Standing along Vernon Boulevard since the late 1700's is a castle. Built in the fashion of its medieval European counterparts, this American castle includes a dungeon and secret passage linking the keep to a nearby tower. An expatriated Frenchman built the unusual New York City structure, and it is rumored that he locked away his daughter and her lover in the dungeons. After discovery of their imprisonment by members of the village, the former French nobleman returned to France.

In 1850 the castle was named after its new owner, John Bodine. In the twenties the castle is once again under new ownership. Locked and chained, part of the castle serves as the offices of a Queens lumber company. In the years following, the castle was purchased by Consolidated Edison, and demolished in the 1960's.

Rumors of crying spirits and strange hammering sounds are common in Long Island City. Interviews with the lumberyard employees add credibility to these rumors as a number of them have first had experience with the supernatural happenings. The Brooklyn occultist, Waldmon Rhaner has investigated these claims, finding little evidence. Defeated, but not conquered, Waldmon has left a card at the lumberyard with

instructions to contact him day or night if something unexplainable occurs.

JAMAICA

The district of Jamaica was named in 1650, after the original inhabitants of the area, the Jameco Indians. Until the boom of the twenties, its population remained comparatively small to other villages in the borough. When the mass transit system finally arrived, so did New Yorkers looking for inexpensive housing. Low-cost homes swamped the quarter, followed by businesses setting up shop. The southern skirt of the district has a growing population of blacks, though the homes available to them are nothing more than shabby shacks.

SOUTHERN QUEENS

Throughout the 1920's and the 1930's, southern Queens remained mostly undeveloped. Occasional housing projects sprung up in the spacious districts, but for the most part the borough maintained the appearance of the previous century. The greatest changes took place along the southern shores, in the bayside locations once dominated by New York's wealthy. By the end of the 1930's, these small island and beachfront communities became popular weekend getaways and summer retreats for all of New York City.

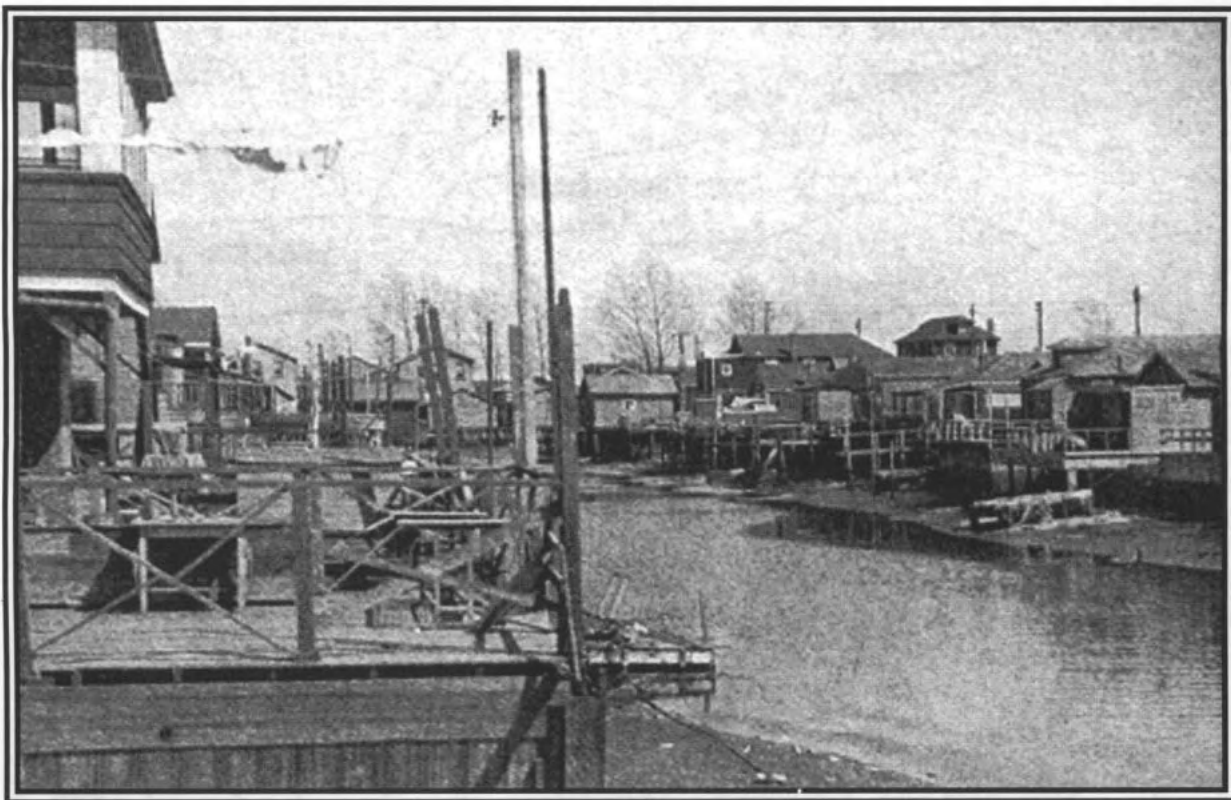
JAMAICA BAY ISLANDS

On the extreme edge of Queens is a collection of islands grouped under the names Broad Channel and Raunt. These low-lying landmasses are permeated by marshland and mud flats. Their remoteness from the heart of New York brought these islands isolation and sewage waste. By the 1920's, the local water is too polluted to support the former fishing villages, resulting in poverty and unemployment.

Investigators who visit this area find it easy to overhear tales of strange creatures who live in and around the bay islands.

BROAD CHANNEL

The permanent denizens of Broad Channel number few. Broken-down stores supply the locals with costly products, while nightclubs filled with the promise of alcohol bring an evening crowd to the area by Cross Bay Boulevard and by boat. Unlike the Rockaways, the houses of Broad Channel are rickety shambles and



Low Tide at Broad Channel

small cottages resting upon stilts above the tidal waters. The contaminated waters do little to attract sport fishermen. The ready access to the Atlantic Ocean, however, does appeal to Rum Runners. The local nightclubs openly serve booze, and have docks available for visiting yachts and the craft filled with cargos of liquor.

RAUNT

Boat or footbridges extending from Broad Channel grant access to Raunt. Long-legged catwalks fence the houses of this small island, with gangplanks extending from the stilted-shacks as walkways. The clutter and the lack of high ground make Raunt an alien sight to most New Yorkers.

Further eastward in the bay, beyond Raunt, are several forlorn islands with an occasional hovel standing on them. Even the reclusive inhabitants of Raunt seldom visit these places.

Pyt Thornly's Shack, Thornly Island near Raunt Island

Standing on stilts along the muddy shoreline of this little island is a rickety, whitewashed shack belonging to Pyt Thornly, a lifelong Jamaica Bay resident. Higher up, on the sickly gray soil beyond, grows a scraggly garden. Tomatoes and onions are all the plot can muster. Connecting the old shack to the water is a rotting dock, guarded by three scrawny, muddy-brown mongrels.

Pyt Thornly, Tortured Hermit

Pyt Thornly inherited this muddy heap of ground from his father, as did his father. Once a month he sets foot on Broad Channel to purchase goods, otherwise he keeps to himself. No one on Broad Channel or Raunt calls

THE WATERS OF BROAD CHANNEL

The industrial age brought with it advancements in manufacturing and improvements in human civilization. Accompanying these developments is the pollution of the air, land and water. With no government regulation limiting pollution in the early age of industry, factories ceaselessly spewed toxic chemicals and poisons into sewers, rivers and bays of New York City. As the city expanded, so did its need for waste. Lengthy sewers carried the polluted waters to the edges of the Big Apple, sharing the ecological destruction with neighboring areas. It is the exposure to these industrial cocktails that has brought about the mutation of the Thornly family. Similar effects can be seen in the wildlife in the water and on land in Broad Channel. Unsure of the cause, the deep ones have long avoided the area, though a growing collection of mutated hybrids are beginning to gather near the Rockaways, desiring to create their own ocean-bound community.



upon Pyt, the trio of snarling dogs sees to that. The locals know very little about Pyt. Sometimes he can be heard singing across the bay late into the night, other times he is yelling. Most folks in the bay avoid him completely, even when he is on Broad Channel.

Pyt bears the burden of a family secret. Since the days of Pyt's grandfather, the Thornly family has been tainted with deep one blood. This in itself is not unbearable to Pyt. Rather, it is his lack of change, and what has happened to his father and eldest brother that troubles him. The first indication something was amiss came when his father's transformation completed.



Pyt Thornly

Unlike most hybrids, Pyt's father severely mutated, becoming hideously disfigured, even by human standards of deep ones. These disfigurements reached deep, causing lesions, oozing sores, and culminating in the growth of a third arm, complete with webbed fingers. Then Pyt's older brother transformed, and like his father, he suffered from similar disabling mutations. In his brother's case, the mutations brought on death in place of immortality.

Other problems resulted from the Thornly family disfigurements. Unsure of the cause, the deep one colony in the nearby Atlantic Ocean exiled Pyt's father. Fearing a strange disease or genetic defect, the entire Thornly bloodline has

been barred from mingling with the watery civilization. Cast out and deformed, Pyt's father returns to the Thornly home at night when the tide rises. There Pyt sings to his father and consoles him, all the while, Pyt is waiting for his spin of Fate's Wheel.

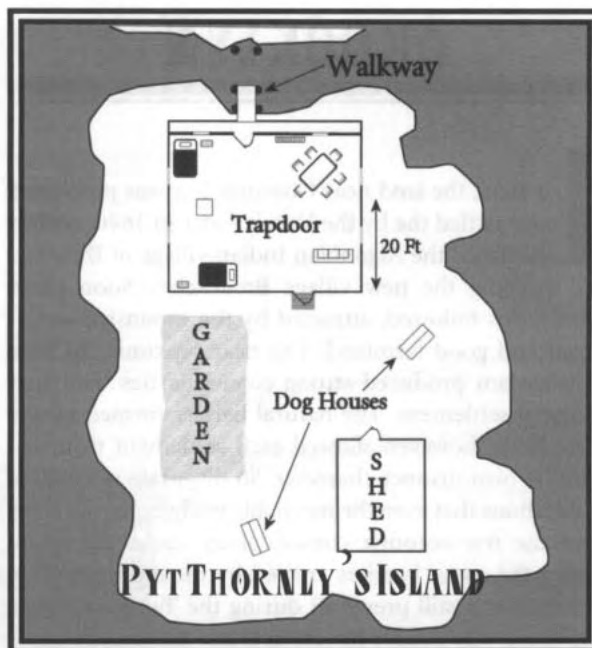
Pyt Thornly, Tortured Hermit, age 48

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 09
DEX 12 APP 09 EDU 12 SAN 00 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 12-gauge Shotgun 44%, damage 2D6+2/1D6+1/1D4.

Skills: Bargain 25%, Disguise 29%, Listen 37%, Sneak 46%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 56%.



ROCKAWAYS

There is little activity on the Rockaways during winter months. Most of the summer businesses close and wait for the return of the sun. When the cold weather finally does vanish, throngs arrive on the sandy shores. Hotels and restaurants come to life, amusement parks thrive, and vacationers relax on the beaches.

The narrow peninsula called the Rockaways is mostly beachfront property. Neponsit, Belle Harbor, Hammels and Arverne are the names of the popular spots along this strip of New York City shore. Prior to the real estate explosion in New York, these locations

were subdued, and visited by only those with expensive tastes. After the economic growth of the Twenties, construction began, and thousands poured into the area. Competition drove prices down, bringing lower income families to the resort hotels for the weekends. The addition of the Rockaway Park added popular amusements, putting a final nail in the coffin of this once exclusive community.



Rockaway Beach.— A Popular Summer Getaway

BROOKLYN

In 1636, the land near Gowanus Bay was purchased and settled by the Dutch. Later in 1646, settlers displaced the Algonkian Indian village of Ihpetonga, dubbing the new village Breuckelen. Soon other Europeans followed, attracted by the expansive waterfront and good farmland. The near proximity to New Amsterdam produced strong economic ties with that original settlement. The natural barrier formed by the East River, however, allowed each settlement to maintain its own distinct character. So disparate were these habitations that even the inevitable bridging of the river, and the five-borough consolidation could not break down the social barriers erected by these groups. This separation is still prevalent during the Twenties. There are those who believe Brooklyn is not and will never be a part of New York City.

Decades after the consolidation, Brooklyn and Manhattan remain competitive. In the 1920's, Brooklyn's population is second only to Manhattan; but it holds the record for the highest concentration of slums. Manhattan is a close second in that race, with a great lead on the remaining boroughs. After the consolidation, Brooklyn's collection of small villages and towns, mainly concentrated along the northern section of Brooklyn County, began to expand as an overcrowded Manhattan filled the empty spaces. The extension of the subway fueled the residential frenzy, skyrocketing the borough's population, making it the "home of New York City".

NORTHERN BROOKLYN

The northern half of Brooklyn during the 1920's is bulging with houses, apartments and tenements. A thinning number of mansions and private residences remain in Brooklyn Heights, but other communities along the East River, such as Greenpoint and Red Hook, are quickly cluttered with rundown slums and grimy industry.

GREENPOINT

Along the shores of the East River is a district of wharves, warehouses, factories and coal yards. Painted with grime and grit, and blanketed by murky smog, this ward unquestionably meets the definition of an urban sprawl. The flourishing green land once settled by native Indians has long vanished from this section of Brooklyn, being replaced by steel, cement and poverty.

WILLIAMSBURG

This long established neighborhood was once a resort community for New York's upper crust. After the completion of the Williamsburg Bridge in 1903, immigrants fled Manhattan's overcrowded tenements, smothering the area with a working-class population. The once fashionable houses quickly transformed into crowded flats, inevitably decaying, converting portions of the community into slums.

Keyes & Nelson Investigations, Kent Ave., No. 220

A rundown storefront located in the downtown area of Williamsburg serves as the office for Keyes and Nelson Investigations. Owned and operated by Herschel Keyes and Nicholas Nelson, the two investigators handle mostly "peeper" cases (spouse spying), missing persons and the occasional insurance scam. To keep costs low, both detectives live in separate apartments above the office. Friends from the war, they started the business together in 1921 and have been scavenging for work ever since.

Their first case was a signpost for the direction the pair would follow. Hired to follow the wife of a wealthy Manhattan attorney, the two private eyes promptly found themselves in the middle of a cult sacrifice. They prevented the woman's murder, but sacrificed a portion of their sanity instead. Haunted by the disturbing events of that night, they now pursue the uncanny and weird, struggling to make sense of a world that is turned on end.

Investigators hoping to hire the private eyes do not need to work hard in convincing them to take a case. Low money and curiosity motivate Herschel and Nicholas to readily accept most cases, no matter how bizarre.

Due to their low caseload, and outright lack of money, the team does not have a receptionist, although they maintain the ruse of having one. In the front office there is a desk, typewriter and photographs of "Betty's" family. Whenever asked, both private investigators always answer with "Betty has the day off." A *Psychology* roll reveals there is more to the story than is being told.

Herschel Keyes, Squeamish Private Eye

If Nicholas is the brawn of the investigative team, then Herschel is the brains. Herschel avoids conflict whenever possible. He is sharp-witted, but weak stomached. When necessary, he puts on a tough guy act, capable of fooling most people. But when push comes to shove, Herschel prefers to step back. Only if a situation becomes life threatening does Herschel resort to violence. Being an excellent marksman gives him a little more latitude in this area. However, not having a strong constitution sometimes takes a toll on Herschel. Any event involving blood, death, gore, or extremely noxious notions, makes

the squeamish investigator potentially nauseated. A failed CON X5 roll pushes Herschel's limit, causing him to become immediately ill for 1D10 rounds. During this period he is incapable of performing any act, except a quick-paced walk.



Herschel Keyes

Always interested in new sciences and forensic methods, Herschel is an avid reader in these areas. Combining these interests with his patient and observant character lets him often make seemingly stupendous conclusions, based upon what appears to be the flimsiest of evidence to others. In terms of play, this means keepers should feel free to use Herschel to lead investigators who have gone astray or have hit a dead end. Though a viable explanation always helps to disguise advice from beyond the keeper's screen.

Herschel Keyes, Squeamish Private Eye, age 30

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 48 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .45 Automatic 70%, 1D10+2
Fist/Punch 51%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 27%, damage special.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Conceal 40%, Cryptography 39%, Cthulhu Mythos 8%, Disguise 35%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 37%, Hide 40%, Law 23%, Legerdemain 19%, Library Use 55%, Listen 33%, Literature 46%, Locksmith 24%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Occult 6%, Persuade 46%, Psychology 28%, Sneak 42%, Spot Hidden 47%, City Lore(New York City) 70%.

Nicholas "Bullets" Nelson, Blunt Private Eye

If Herschel is the brains of the investigative team, then Nicholas is the brawn. That is how Nicholas sees it at least. Seldom does the straight-forward private eye have time for pleasantries, though he does occasionally attempt to employ them. When he asks a question, he likes it to be answered. He does not bother with innuendo or backhanded comments; he explains what he wants to know and waits, briefly, for an answer. The few times Nicholas has tried the softer approach of coy questions and charm, people either walk away or start

throwing punches. Nicholas' failing is not due to lack of intelligence. On the contrary, he is sharp and clever, but he does lack tact. Whenever a failure of 96-00 occurs while Nicholas is attempting Fast Talk or Persuade, it indicates he has "put his foot in his mouth;" he has said something unintentionally insulting that drastically changes circumstances. The keeper decides the course of the failure. Normally the insulted person walks away, or responds with physical action (a punch or a slap). Because of this weakness, Herschel tends to do the talking.

Nicholas also suffers from another oddity. His eldritch investigations have left him obsessive when reloading his revolver. Anytime Nicholas reloads his handgun, a POW X5 roll is made. Failure invokes his obsessive/compulsive behavior, resulting in the loading and unloading his of revolver, and repeatedly counting the bullets as he drops them into the cylinder and removes them again. This aberrant behavior continues for 1D4 minutes, or until someone snaps him out of it with a shake or a slap.



Nicholas "Bullets" Nelson

Nicholas "Bullets" Nelson, Blunt Private Eye, age 29

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 Revolver 58%, damage 1D10;
Fist/Punch 67%, damage 1D3+db
Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4+db
Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 48%, damage special.

Skills: Bargain 25%, Block 40%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Dodge 46%, Drive Auto 52%, Hide 46%, Jump 33%, Law 15%, Library Use 38%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 27%, Occult 7%, Persuade 31%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 41%, City Lore(New York City) 60%, Throw 37%.

Brooklyn Bridge

Since opening in 1883, the Brooklyn Bridge has been as much a part of New York City as the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building. Spanning 6,016 feet across the East River, the Brooklyn Bridge unites



Manhattan and Brooklyn. Supporting pedestrians, automobiles and the el by the 1920's, the bridge is seldom empty. The view from the it provides sweeping panoramas of Brooklyn, Manhattan and the East River. Closest to the embankments on each side are slums and industry, with wharves and piers lining the waterside. Beyond these blighted areas are bluffs dotted with pleasant looking residences toward Brooklyn, and awe-inspiring skyscrapers in Manhattan.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

This long-standing neighborhood rests upon a steep bluff along the riverside. Composed of a mixture of brownstone mansions, rooming houses, apartments and a handful of shops and churches, the clean streets and tidy yards make the neighborhood attractive to those who can afford the price. In the early 1800's, the community maintained an air of aristocracy, but shortly after the arrival of the BMT, the lavish residences transformed into multi-tenant houses. In the twenties, a smattering of writers and artists reside in the district. Their presence can be felt with the occasional street-side art show.

Long Island Historical Society, Pierpont St. & Clinton St.

Established in 1863, the Long Island Historical Society offers competition with its counterpart, the New York Historical Society. Its vast holdings include many Colonial artifacts, original manuscripts, pamphlets,

portraits, photographs, and an immense collection of family genealogies. Throughout the twenties, the Society operated a museum in their four-story redbrick building. Insufficient financing forced the museum to close in the 1930's.

Investigators researching New York family histories at the Society gain a 10-percentile bonus to Library use rolls. Any investigator researching at the Society, who decidedly looks for rare texts, discovers a complete edition of *Monstres and Their Kynde* with a **Spot Hidden** roll The book is not listed in the Society's catalogs, so Library Use is of no use in this instance. Imprinted on the inside cover of the obscure text is the name Godewyn Kersten, clearly the original owner who carried it across the Atlantic.

Melissa Anderson, Unlucky Photographer

Formerly employed by the Evening Mirror, Melissa became jobless after snapping a steamy picture of a New York politician and a less than reputable female escort. Her editor immediately published the photograph, and released the fiery photographer the following day, after the politician made a few telephone calls. Now she works for the Long Island Historical Society, taking pictures of locations in New York City of historical merit. On



Melissa Anderson

occasion, she freelances for Waldmon Rhaner, an occultist who investigates haunted houses in New York State. From her association with Rhaner, she has a collection of commonplace images from many of her expeditions.

Melissa Anderson, Unlucky Photographer, age 28

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 07
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 35 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Kick 37%, damage 1D6+db.

Skills: Bargain 39%, Climb 50%, Conceal 33%, Fast Talk 48%, Hide 43%, Jump 30%, Library Use 30%, Listen 32%, Locksmith 20%, Mechanical Repair 24%, Occult 7%, Persuade 26%, Photography 51%, Sneak 27%, Spot Hidden 35%, City Lore(New York City) 51%.

NAVY YARD DISTRICT

The area surrounding the yard caters to seamen and local laborers. The decrepit shops and restaurants offer items at low prices and questionable quality. Investigators visiting the locale only need make a **Luck** roll to find a speakeasy hidden amidst the jumble of storefronts and rooming houses.

United States Naval Yard, Flushing Ave. & Clinton Ave. and Navy St.

Since the days of the American Revolution, there has been a naval yard at this location. Over the years and with each war it has expanded. By the 1920's, it is approaching 200 acres, almost half of which are on the water. Laborers and naval personnel are employed at the yard, constructing ships for the United States Navy.

FORT GREENE PARK DISTRICT

With the insurgence of Manhattanites after the completion of the subway, this old residential neighborhood quickly faded. The distinguished single-family homes speedily became multi-tenant flats. Apartments and residential hotels and businesses appeared in the neighborhood, destroying its quaint appearance.

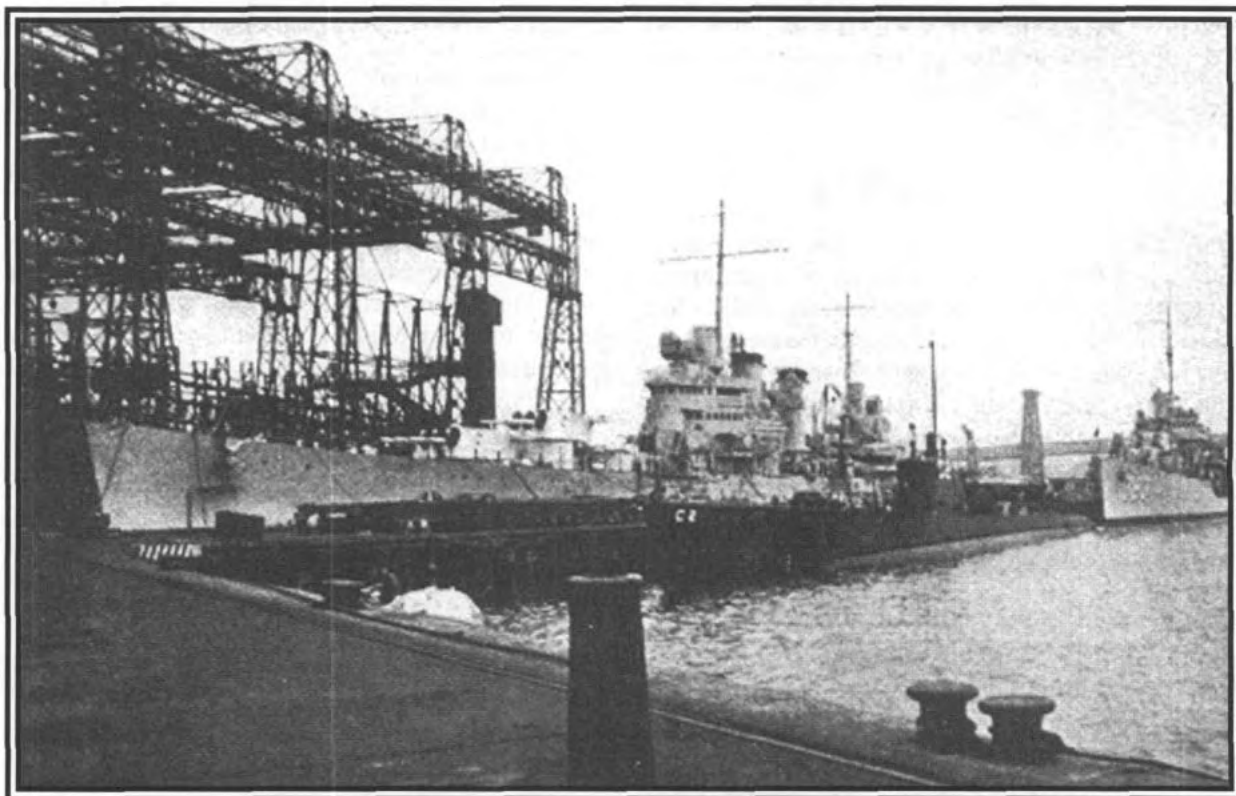
The Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument, in Fort Greene Park

In the bay where the Naval Yard still stands, is the former location of several British prison ships. Thousands of American captives were crowded into these aged, decrepit vessels during the American Revolution. The foul conditions and choked spaces spread infection and disease onboard to many of the unfortunate inmates. An estimated 11,000 American prisoners died beneath the foul decks of these floating tombs by the end of the war. To honor these dead the Prison Ship Martyr's Monument was erected. It served as a memorial and a place of interment for the existing remains of the American prisoners.

Over the decades the monument has been rebuilt many times. In 1908, a 148-foot Doric column, crowned with a brazier, was constructed to replace the previous memorial. The remains of the martyrs were exhumed and placed within a crypt beneath the new construction. By the 1920's, like the previous monuments, this one is also suffering from neglect.

RIDGEWOOD DISTRICT

On the Queens-Brooklyn border stands the neighborhood of Ridgewood, originally named "Ridge" by the English settlers, for the location's prominent geographical feature. The majority of houses and flats are



Brooklyn Navy Yard

occupied by working-class residents, many of whom hold jobs in Brooklyn, Queens or Manhattan.

BUSHWICK DISTRICT

Dubbed "Boswijk" by the Dutch Governor Peter Stuyvesant in 1661, this community survived the British invasion and the American Rebellion. After the Revolution, many of the elite German Hessian mercenaries who served the British during the war settled in this area. Most of the brownstones are still occupied by German families.

Rhaner Residence, Green St., No. 151

This old brownstone is a private residence of Waldmon Rhaner. He has lived in the neighborhood for nearly eight years, moving to Brooklyn to research Molly Francher in Bedford.

Waldmon Rhaner, Mathematician & Frustrated Occultist

When not teaching mathematics at St. John's University in Stuyvesant Heights, Waldmon is looking for ghosts and goblins. He does not try to hide his hobby from other faculty at the University, which has disturbed many, believing him unfit to teach the young minds of America. Unperturbed by these concerns, Waldmon



Waldmon Rhaner

continues his search for the hidden mysteries the occult world. His efforts have met with little success. Other than a few tales from witnesses about things that go bump in the night, the occultist has no evidence. A voracious chronicler, Waldmon keeps records of every interview, and every tale, organizing them by case and cross-referencing them by phenomenon. Included in his records are photographs of everyone involved and the locations (see Melissa Anderson in Brooklyn Heights). But what he lacks is hard, irrefutable evidence. Determined, he continues his work, at the cost of his job and quite possibly his sanity.

Waldmon Rhaner, Mathematician & Frustrated Occultist, age 43

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 15 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Academic Lore (St. John's University) 35%, Academic Standing (St. John's University) 5%, Bargain 10%, Drive Auto 36%, German 55%, History 59%, Library Use 57%, Listen 48%, Mathematics 72%, Occult 46%, Persuade 39%, Physics 40%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 24%, Spot Hidden 57%.

STUYVESANT HEIGHTS

Continuing the blighted urban theme is the old community of Stuyvesant Heights. This district is the borough's answer to Manhattan's Harlem. Rivaling the northern community's "Valley" in squalor, the Heights stands second in black population in New York City. The once middle-class homes surrounding St. John's University have fallen into disrepair since 1900, though the University still operates in the 1920's, with enrollment steadily increasing.

BEDFORD

Founded in 1662 by Dutch settlers, Bedford maintained a small-town atmosphere until the end of the 1800's. With the influx of residents from Manhattan after the borough consolidation, apartments and businesses soon crowded the elegant homes of the region.

Pratt Institute, near DeKalb Ave. on Ryerson St.

Since its establishment in 1887 by Charles Pratt, the school has been one of New York City's leading institutions for the teaching of science and technology. Designed with a Romanesque Revival style, the main building has a "blockish" feel about it. By the 1920's, the Pratt Institute is expanding its curriculum to encompass architecture, business management and library sciences. The campus also houses the Pratt library, built in 1896, which once served as one of Brooklyn's free public libraries.

When researching technology at the Pratt Institute, investigators earn a 10-percentile bonus to Electronics, Electrical Repair and Mechanical Repair skills from the assistance of experienced faculty. Asking for aid does run the risk of the institute's instructors snooping about and asking questions. Depending upon the keeper's judgment, the nosey faculty might request further involvement in the project. Reluctant investigators must

make a **Persuade** roll to convince meddlesome faculty otherwise. Failing this roll, investigators can resort to a **Bargain** roll.

Former House of Mollie Francher, Gates Ave., No. 160

This was the home of Mollie Francher, sometimes known as the “Brooklyn Enigma” and “psychological miracle”. Born in 1846, Mollie was involved in a horse cart accident thought to be responsible for her many strange psychological phenomena, and psychic abilities. After the accident, accounts of her life state she could no longer eat, and did not do so for fourteen months. It is also claimed that she became clairvoyant. Accounts indicate she could read sealed envelopes and see colors in the dark. Before her death in 1916, she became an international figure, earning the admiration of thousands of believers and the ire of many alienists and doctors. After her accident, she converted the first floor of her house into a shop.

The Medical Society of Kings County (Brooklyn Academy of Medicine), Bedford Ave., No. 1313

Since its establishment in 1822, the Society has amassed thousands of members and a vast collection of medical texts. By the 1930’s, its medical holdings are the fourth largest in the nation. Medically related research performed here earns a 5-percentile bonus to Library Use rolls.

PARK SLOPE

Some of the chief sites of interest in the Park Slope district are the Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Memorial Arch standing in the Grand Army Plaza (not to be confused with the Grand Army Plaza in Manhattan), the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, located in Prospect Park, and the Brooklyn Museum. The western fringe of Park Slope also has a residential section. The middle-class homes quickly blend into businesses and slums as they approach Red Hook.

BROWNSVILLE

Houses, shops, restaurants and motion picture theaters flourish in this community. The extension of the IRT in the early twenties inspired new residents to move to this chiefly Jewish neighborhood. The streets and avenues are trimmed with small shops and crowded with visitors and residents.

EAST FLATBUSH

One of the neighborhoods developed in the twenties, East Flatbush flourished as a residential neighborhood for working-class and middle-class families. Single-family homes and double-family homes dominate the streets of this community. At the beginning of the twenties, the area was mainly empty stretches of undeveloped land.

SOUTH BROOKLYN

Running along the southwestern shoreline of Brooklyn are the industries spawned by the East River and the Atlantic Ocean. A plethora of piers, ports, wharves and docks add character to the upper reaches of the shoreline, while a handful of small districts and Coney Island fill out the personality of south Brooklyn. Most of the borough’s population during the twenties is clustered along the western water’s edge, thinning inland and along the southern most ranges.

RED HOOK

The weary apartments and flats of Red Hook are the homes of many New York City immigrants. Bordered by wharves and warehouses, its shabby streets are vibrating with a polyglot of voices and the traffic. Rumors hold that many subterranean channels exist beneath the jaded streets of Red Hook, once used by smugglers. Tales of these watery passages leading to buildings within the district are so commonly told and so passionately believed by residents that the local police precinct has many times looked into the matter without much success (see HPL’s “The Horror at Red Hook” and the *Call of Cthulhu* Keeper’s Screen pack for more information).

Greenwood Cemetery, 5th Ave. & 25th St.

On nearly 500-acres of the highest ground in Brooklyn, this cemetery dates to 1838. Private and public mausoleums and a columbarium for cremated remains stand amidst thousands of trees and sculpted lakes.

BUSH TERMINAL DISTRICT

Across Gowanus Bay from Red Hook are the oversized Bush Terminal and a ragged residential area. Composed

of Norwegians, the inhabitants maintain a Scandinavian flavor with traditional customs and foods.

Bush Terminal

Nearly thirty thousand workers, a score of docked freighters, and rows of loft buildings, occasionally reaching twelve-stories in height, give the Bush Terminal the appearance of a village. Trucks, trains, cranes and an army of crates add image. Established in the 1890's, with a single pier and warehouse, this import and export terminal swelled over the years reaching a bloated one hundred and fifty buildings by 1935.

SUNSET PARK

More of a neighborhood than a park, this district is constituted of small businesses, restaurants and apartments. Unlike the neighboring communities of Bush Terminal and Red Hook, Sunset Park is clean and pleasant.

BAY RIDGE DISTRICT

In the late 1800's, this community contained many affluent homes. But in the Twenties, the number of residents is skimpy compared to other Brooklyn neighborhoods. The low population has assisted in keeping most of the neighborhood's wealthy residents, whom mostly live along the western borders.

Fort Hamilton, Fort Hamilton Parkway

Renamed in tribute to Alexander Hamilton, this military fort erected in 1831 was originally named the "Narrows". Standing within the 155-acre fort are a barracks and hospital. Nearly one thousand military personnel go about a daily routine within its confines.

FLATLANDS

Chartered in 1667, Flatlands is a meager residential quarter that failed to gain much attention throughout the 1920's and 1930's. This lack of interest left the area with a rural flavor. The southern most portions of the district are mainly uninhabitable marshland, contained within the borders of the Marine Park.

Although the residents of Flatlands dislike the topic, there are strange occurrences in the marshes. Rumors of animals lost to the consuming mires, and unusual lights that drift about the brackish waters at night abound. The denizens of the small quarter also offer tales of how plants won't grow near the swamp, and that every year

it expands, creeping ever more outward, killing trees, wild flowers and grass with its putrid waters.

Investigators who explore the marshlands are likely to notice other unusual aspects. The closer one plods to the center, the fewer the number of insects, birds, frogs and smaller wildlife there are. It is as if these creatures also avoid the swamp. An investigator who makes a successful **Spot Hidden** roll notices the occasion smattering of gray dust on dead or dying plants, or on the stagnant water.

Adventuresome investigators might entertain visiting the marshes of Flatlands at after sunset. On any given night there is a 25% chance of encountering peculiar flashes of light — vibrant in color and alluring as well. These brilliant lights dancing through the darkness soon vanish. They are always momentary, and at a distance. Sometimes the light takes the shape of glowing balls, and other times waves of color.

Research into the area reveals that for several generations there have been similar reports. Most of these accounts are to be found in private journals in the possession of the locals, or retained by various historical archives in New York City. All such items held by city operation or private archives require special permission to view (see the New York Public Library Rare Books section in Chapter Three: Manhattan: Midtown for rules).

While none of the accounts cited in any document reveals exactly what is occurring in Flatland, all repeat the same descriptions. And in some instances, there are reports of missing people. What the authors of these



Brooklyn Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch

writings do not know is that a young Colour Out of Space dwells in the marchlands, and has since it was a larva.

With the land being sparse before its appearance, its growth has been slow. Additionally, some early encounters with humans have made it very cautious. It prays upon vermin and the occasional large animal, but typically hides when intelligent beings are nearby. As a defensive mechanism, it sometimes reveals itself to lure potential threats away from its hiding place in the center of the marshland.

However, time has made it bolder. And it can sense the large quantity of life forces living in New York City. With each passing year the creature becomes more daring, stretching the boundaries of its lair, waiting for the day when it is strong enough to pour into the overflowing sections of the city and sate itself on the millions of beings.

If investigators wander too far into the marsh, they are likely to be attacked. If the Colour is not destroyed in such an encounter, its fear of humanity is quickly overcome. Upon defeating any intrepid investigators, the creature swiftly moves into the nearby Flatland neighborhood and gorges itself. Once all the life forces have been drained in this area, it waits a few days and advances to the next ward, repeating the process. This continues until it is destroyed, or it flees into space, or it reaches Manhattan. If the Colour enters the densely populated section of New York, it will stay and grow, consuming the huddled masses.

Young Colour Out Of Space, Life Force Feeder

STR 6 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 10 DEX 18

Move 12 pouring/20 flying HP N/A

Av. Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Feed 65%, damage 1D6 + characteristics loss
 Mental Attack 80%, damage 1D6 magic points + 1D6 SAN
 Disintegrate 80%, damage physical disintegration
 Grasp 60%, no damage.

Armor: none. Invulnerable to physical attack except by strong magnetic field, which can imprison it. Vulnerable to magic.

Spells: none.

Skills: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 Sanity point to see a Colour; 1/1D8 Sanity point to see a victim of a Colour.

Barren Island

Barren Island's name is misleading. It is not actually an island, though it has mostly remained barren throughout its existence. Being more of a peninsula than an island has still kept the location isolated from the rest of Brooklyn. No mass transit rails reach this easterly community, and the roads prior to the 1940's were narrow

dirt tracks, making access difficult to all but the most determined. The sparse residences in Barren Island keep the population small and reclusive.

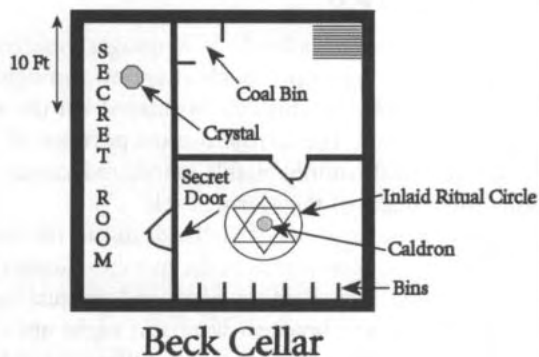
Old Dutch Mansion, Rockaway Road, No. 1

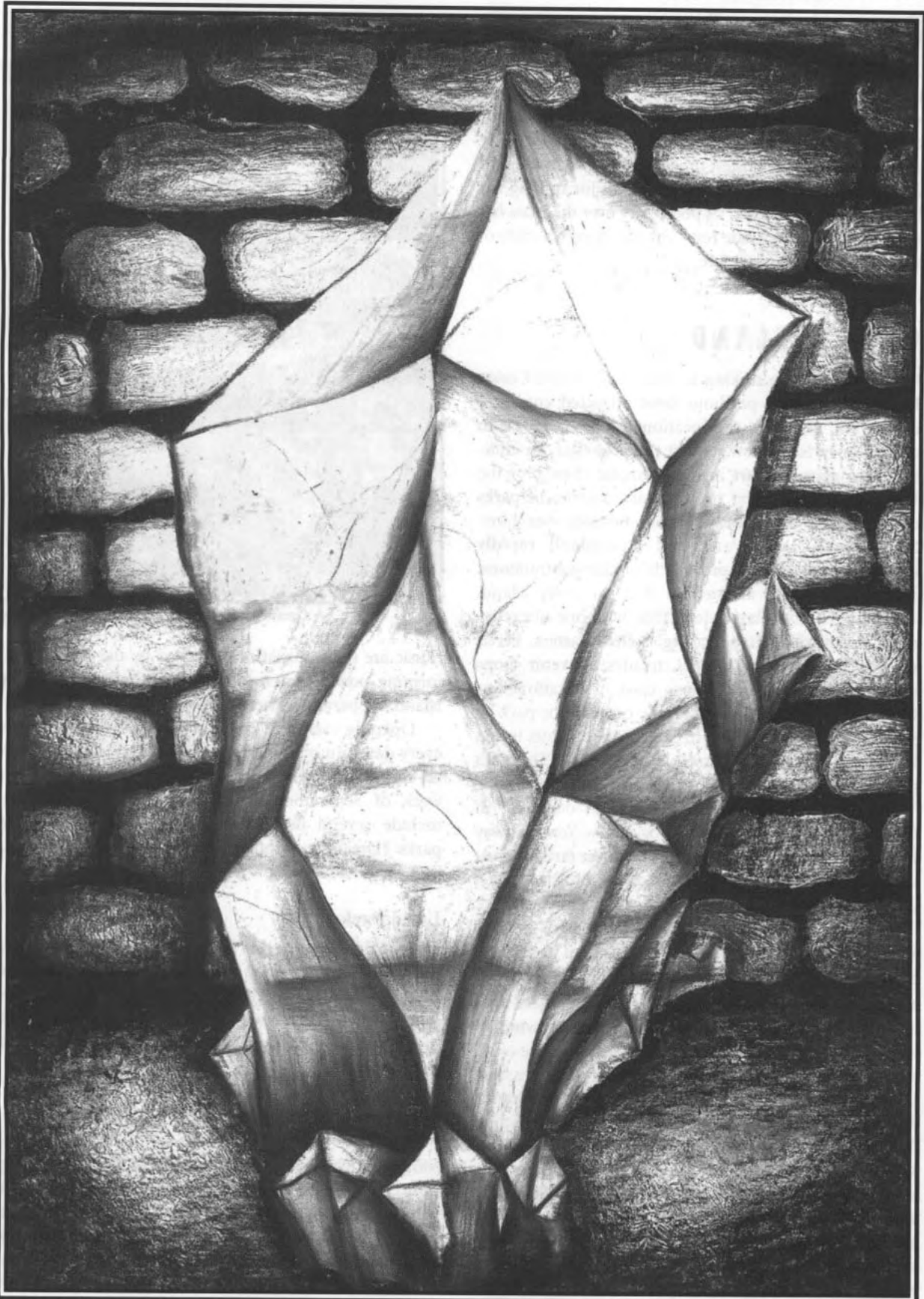
Abandoned long ago, this mansion has stood since the days of the Dutch. The large, two-story brownstone has been in disrepair for nearly one hundred years. The most recent residents, the Beck family, suddenly and unexpectedly fled the home, never to return. Old tales and whispers passed through the generations of the ward's inhabitants, tell of ghosts haunting the ruined house and creatures slithering out of the bay. There is no agreed upon explanation for the unannounced and sudden flight of the Beck family.

NATHAN BECK'S STRANGE DISCOVERY

Buried beneath the stony cellar-floor of the Beck mansion is an ancient Elder Crystal. Nathan Beck discovered the alien artifact in the spring of 1833 when plowing one of his fields. The peculiar crystalline object was once the plunder of the American profiteer and pirate, Charles Gibbs; buried there and long forgotten. Upon first discovering it, the cold, anvil-sized crystal led Nathan to believe it was bewitched. He secretly reburied it in a grove of trees near his farm. Fear soon gave way to curiosity, and Nathan retrieved the crystal, hiding it beneath the stony floor in the mansion's fruit-cellar. Nathan experimented with the ancient device, hoping to unlock its secrets. Returning to the notion of witchcraft, the unfortunate farmer used the device while uttering an incantation from an old book he secretly purchased. The spell worked to Nathan's surprise, invoking a horrid creature that rampaged through the mansion. Quickly the Beck family fled the homestead, never to return.

OLD DUTCH MANSION





The Crystal in the Beck Mansion

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

A getaway location from the sprawling metropolis, the village of Sheepshead Bay offers waterfront rentals and permanent residences. The primary activity of this Brooklyn community is sport fishing, and has been since the early 1800's. Except at the busiest times, anglers can always find fishing boats for rent, or a pleasure craft for trolling the bay or cruising the coast. Its popularity over the years has spawned many shore-side restaurants, serving a variety of the Atlantic Ocean's best fare.

CONEY ISLAND

Since 1829, people seeking to relax have visited Coney Island. Hotels and pavilions have attracted countless aristocratic guests to the location for many years. In 1894, Coney Island saw its first roller coaster, an addition that played a part in the dramatic change of the island. Within the next twenty years, a series of parks opened along the already famous beaches. Sea Lion, Steeplechase, Luna Park, and Dreamland rapidly appeared, each with the promise of amazing attractions. These parks added a vivacious flair to Coney Island, replacing its lazy, relaxed demeanor with one of excitement and thrills. Horse racing, roller coasters, Ferris wheels, fun houses, waxworks, arcades, souvenir shops and freak shows pulled a new class of vacationer to Coney Island. Thousands of people came to the park by steamboat and rail, hoping to experience exhibits toting hyperbolic names like "End of the World," "Dragon's Gorge," "Trip to the Moon", and "The Fall of Pompeii".

In 1920, another extraordinary event occurred on Coney Island. The extension of the New York subway brought thousands of new visitors from the farthest ends of New York City. Anyone who could afford a nickel could ride the subway from the Bronx to Coney Island. The "Empire of the Nickel" had been created, and the increasing crowds were as diverse as Gotham itself.

Coney Island is the Disney World of the twenties. Investigators visiting the island are exposed to endless lines and massing throngs of people — quite like downtown Manhattan. The sight to a first time visitor can be overwhelming. Adults, children, men, women, families, and couples, crowd the hotdog stands and restaurants, stream along the boardwalks and frolic on the beaches. The once famous quietude has vanished, and is replaced with a raucous sea of voices. Laughter, screams, singing and barker's calls resonate throughout the parks, beaches, restaurants and hotels. Popcorn and cotton candy are the staple of amusement seekers here; Skee Ball, darts and other arcade games are their sport; exciting rides such as the Cyclone and the Comet are the entertainment; themed hotels and restaurants with dancing and



A Crowded Coney Island in the Spring

music are their relaxation. Touched by the same transforming power that so altered New York City, Coney Island is a paradise where money buys happiness.

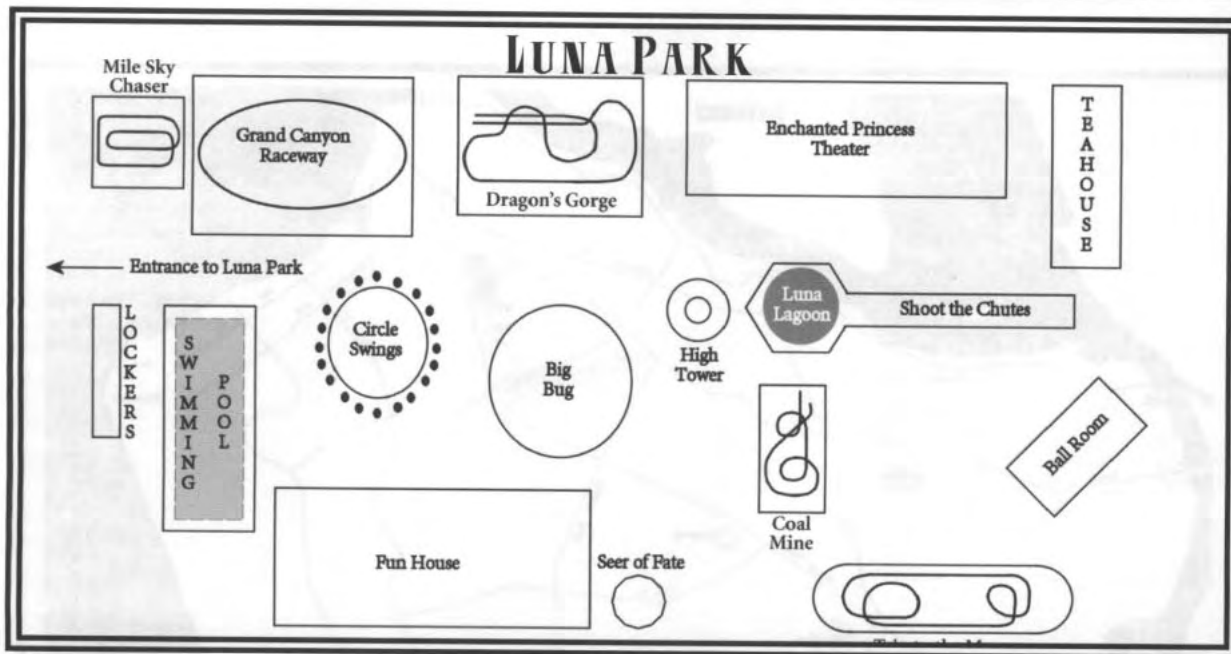
Opening each year on May 30th, the park operates every day, rain or shine until September, when it closes on the second week after Labor Day (roughly the 3rd week of September). During the 1920's, attractions include several beaches and Luna and Steeplechase parks (Dreamlands burned in 1911), hotels, arcades, baths and restaurants.

Luna Park

Open to the public in 1903, the 22-acre Luna Park remains one of Coney Island's steadfast attractions throughout the Twenties. The park's attendance ballooned when the subway station connecting the rest of the Big Apple with Coney Island was constructed next to the park.

Morgana, "The Seer of Fate," near the Luna Park Fun House

Morgana Kingston operates a small fortune telling house located behind the Luna Park Fun House. A heavy curtain divides this compact building, with one side a sitting room, where her customers can sip tea awaiting the disclosure of their fate. On the other side of the curtain is a shadowy room with a round, cloth covered table, behind which Morgana reads tarot



cards. The interior is liberally decorated with rugs, statues and candles, adding a mysterious ambiance to the place. The sweet aroma of incense washes away the Coney Island atmosphere of oil and fried food, making the transformation complete.

Morgana is not a typical Coney Island attraction, however. Most of the time she does not reveal a customer's true fate, instead telling the hopeful person what Morgana believes is longed to hear. Fiction is usually more profitable than fact. Sometimes, Morgana does reveal the truth; if she believes her patron does not consider fortune telling a mere hokum. To convey such sincerity to Morgana requires an **Occult** roll and a **Persuade** roll. A success convinces Morgana to divulge the "truth", and it raises her usual 25-cent rate considerably.

Investigators asking for a "real" reading must use **Bargain** to settle a price. The keeper and the circumstances determine the price. Keepers should note that knowing one's future is often worth much.

When speaking with Morgana, sharp-eyed investigators who roll **Spot Hidden** below one-quarter notice there is more to the fortune teller than she is revealing. Making this observation does not reveal anything concrete, it simply instills an uneasy feeling in the investigator. Perhaps a movement or gesture, a



Morgana Kingston

momentary expression, or a catch in Morgana's throat is detected. The dim lighting and bulky costume Morgana wears makes it difficult to discern much else. Talking with Luna Park employees garners similar uneasy feelings, but no concrete observations. In fact, no one interviewed is sure what is out of place; they can only agree that something is "different" about Morgana.

Morgana Kingston, Cross-Dressing Fortuneteller

Morgana Kingston was born Morgan Kingston. He lives in Brooklyn's Bush Terminal district, where he resides as "Morgan." One else is aware of his secret, and Morgan would be shattered it were discovered. Cross-dressing and transvestitism are not commonplace during the twenties, but each did exist in New York City, and the majority of society shunned both.

Though Morgan is impersonating a woman, he is not impersonating a fortuneteller. Morgan has the ability to read a person's future. He relishes this talent and fears it. His fear stems from not understanding his abilities, and knowing what he sees often comes true. This fear prevents Morgan from divining his own fate, creating nightmares where he accidentally sees the horrifying future awaiting him.

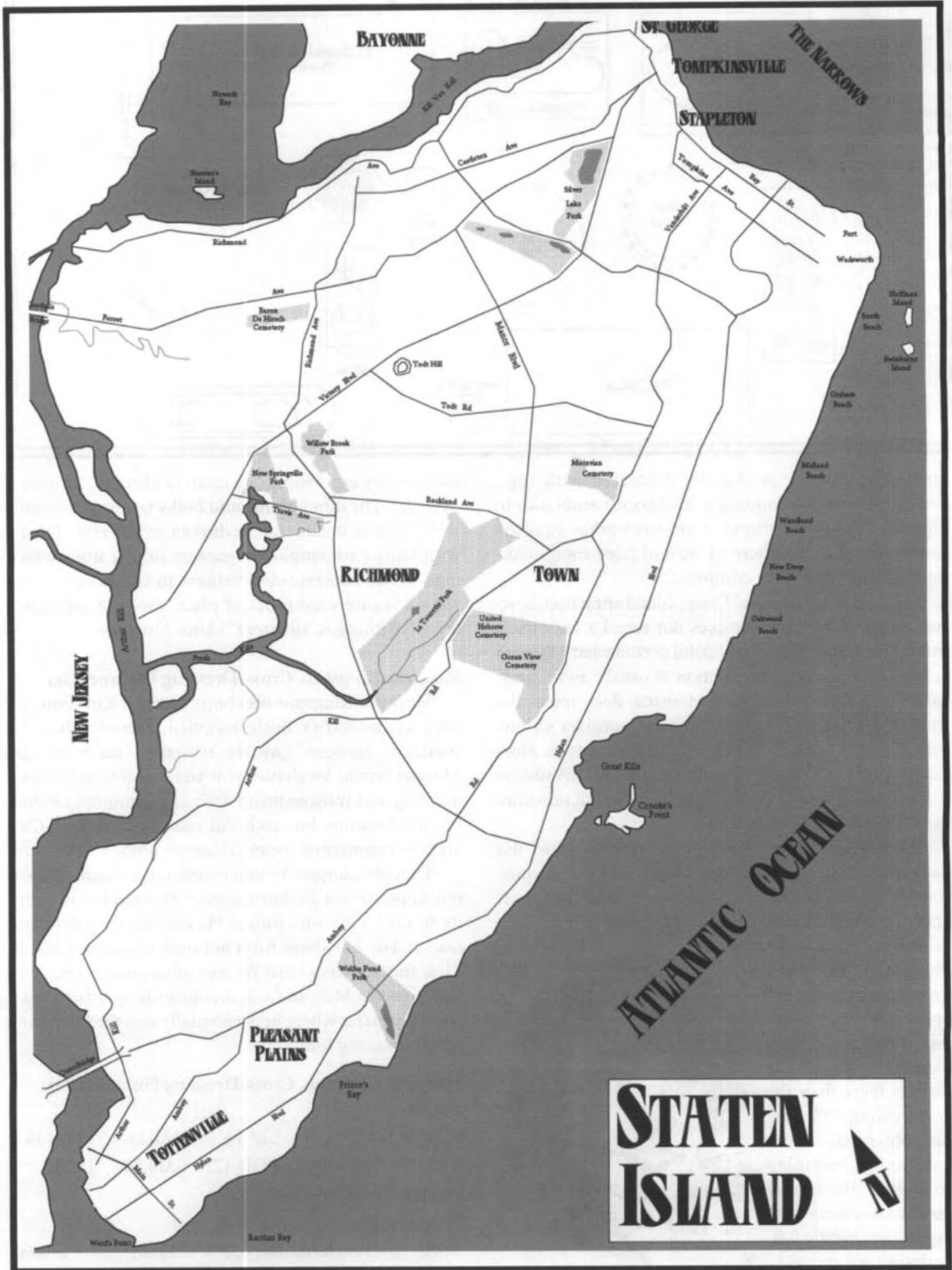
Morgana Kingston, Cross-Dressing Fortuneteller, age 22

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Spells: Augur.

Skills: Art(Ventriloquism) 30%, Bargain 35%, Conceal 41%, Disguise 60%, Fast Talk 46%, Listen 31%, Occult 24%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 10%.



STATEN ISLAND

Across New York Bay from Manhattan is the borough of Richmond, more commonly known as Staten Island, or the “forgotten borough.” Removed from the crowds of New York City, accessible only by a 30-minute ferry ride, the slow paced communities of the island have maintained their pre-consolidation way of life. Only along the north and northeastern shores has a stubble of industry grown.

In the early years of the Dutch colonies, many attempts to settle the island were made. Conflict with the Unami Indians each time resulted in the Dutch settlers re-purchasing the land from the natives. After the fifth purchase of the territory, the European settlers succeeded in sustaining peace. In the centuries since, the small farms have flourished and the number of villages increased. The Staten Island of the Twenties has made some concessions to urban life. The island’s development included a borough subway, bus lines, colleges and factories. Yet, these amenities of civilization are not appealing enough for most New Yorkers to make a half-hour ferry ride each day.

St. George

The northern district of St. George is one of Staten Island’s busiest wards. This district is the seat of the borough’s government. Passengers and vehicles to and from the island board and debark here. The heavy traffic brings with it apartments, restaurants and stores, though many of the older homes and mansions still stand.

Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences, Wall St. and Stuyvesant Place

Founded in 1881, the four-story museum (two-story prior to 1928) houses exhibits of Staten Island’s flora and fauna. It also displays a collection of historical artifacts from the island’s past, illustrating the lives of the native Indians, the early Dutch settlers and Colonial settlers. A small depository of historical documents is also maintained at the site.

Stapleton

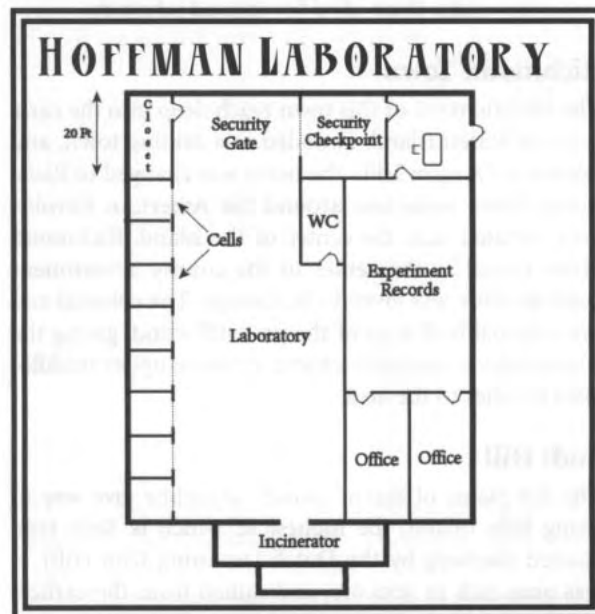
On the east shore of the Narrows rests the industrialized district of Stapleton. Crowded in this working class neighborhood are grungy apartments and flats occupied by the workers of the surrounding factories. On the outskirts of the neighborhood, seemingly untouched by commerce, are upper middle-class houses, encircled by greenery.

Hoffman and Swinburne Islands, Lower New York Bay

In 1872, two artificial islands, Hoffman Island and Swinburne Island, off the shore of South Beach, served as quarantine stations. The hospitals and crematory of Swinburne Island replaced those of the razed Tompkinsville Quarantine Station. As the flow of immigrants to America increased, Hoffman Island became a second quarantine island. By the early 1920’s, both facilities were closed due to the decreases imposed on immigration, transferring the function in 1921 to the Quarantine Station in Stapleton. The island stations remained closed until 1938 when the U.S. Coast Guard reopened them as a maritime school.

Prior to 1938, Mogen Institute for Advanced Research secretly leased the Swinburne Island facilities. The high lease price, along with extra funding to key civic officials kept the transaction off the records. The large institute style complex serves as the perfect place to lock away the unwilling members of Mogen’s experiments. The island is often visited by Eugene, but most of the operations are mundane tests and observations, most of which end in the death of the subject or severe physical and mental alterations. Everything from testing variations of Eugene’s serum, to limb grafting, organ transplants and alterations are carried out in this insidious location.

Day and night the facility operates, with the failures being incinerated, and the “successes” held for study. Occasionally residents on Staten Island can see lights on Swinburne Island. Most believe the Coast Guard is already using it—as that is the rumor Mogen’s has spread in the area. But there are some who are skeptical, and perhaps even a few who have taken a boat to the island to satisfy their curiosity. It is





Unfortunate Prisoners at the Hoffman Laboratory

possible that on any given night, an investigator can make a successful **Spot Hidden** roll to see the lights of functioning laboratory on the island — providing the investigator is within sight.

The keeper should utilize this location as best seen fit. If desired, it can serve any other purposes. The remote location of these two islands and their existing structures make them ideal for myriad schemes.

Richmond Town

The historic roots of this town reach deep into the early years of Staten Island. Founded as a mining town, and known as Dongan Hills, the name was changed to Richmond Town sometime around the American Revolution. Located near the center of the island, Richmond Town served as the center of the county government until the duty was given to St. George. The colonial and pre-colonial buildings of the past still stand, giving the community a venerable charm, drawing upper middle-class families to the area.

Todt Hill

The flat plains of Staten Island's shoreline give way to rising hills inland, the highest of which is Todt Hill. Named Yserberg by the Dutch (meaning Iron Hill), it was once rich in iron ore, and mined from the earliest

days of the island's settlement. In 1881, the mine closed when importing iron became less expensive than excavating it. Vegetation, in the twenties, has reclaimed the area, covering the scars of the shallow mines. Snooping investigators, however, might find an entrance into the abandoned shafts, or perhaps something much worse. A combined **Geology** and **Spot Hidden** roll can be made hourly to locate one of these forgotten entrances.

Tottenville

Edging the Arthur Kill River is the village of Tottenville. During the early years of the Dutch settlement, the area was a mere campsite with a trail leading northward from the riverside. In the 1920's, a quiet residential neighborhood has developed, mostly inhabited by upper middle-class families, many of whom have lived in Tottenville for several generations.

Madeleine "Maddie" Moreaux's House, Arthur Kill Rd., No. 233

Madeleine is an anthropologist who has lived on Staten Island most of her life. A graduate of Columbia University, she is employed at the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences, where she cleans and reconstructs native Indian relics. Most of her free time is dedicated to studying the Indian tribes of the island, and New York

State.

Madeleine lives alone in an English Tudor house, seldom visited by neighbors. She is considered "startlingly bohemian" by most of the reserved residents of Tottenville because she does not demur to male opinions she believes to be unfounded or false. Community gossipers unanimously predict that she will never find a husband because "she thinks too much."

Providing investigators are not too gender-centric, they will find Madeleine a useful resource for American folklore. She is broad-minded, and has had some exposure to the Cthulhu Mythos from her readings in *The People of the Monolith* and *Nameless Cults* (Golden Goblin Edition). Years of studying the legends and tales of native Indians has led her to devise a theory about the existence of a North American Black Monolith. Madeleine believes that long ago a primitive race of humans dwelled on the East Coast of North America before the Indians arrived. These ancient peoples,

according to her theory, were Monolith worshippers like those found in Europe. Other than a compilation of native folklore, and a shard of black stone she found at the institute, Madeleine has little evidence to support her theory. Nonetheless, she is fervently secretive about it, and only reveals it to trust-



Maddie Moreaux

ed confidants.

Madeleine "Maddie" Moreaux, Broadminded Anthropologist & Folklorist, age 29

STR 7 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Anthropology 65%, Archaeology 58%, Astronomy 20%, Climb 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Folklore 61%, French 53%, Geology 17%, History 55%, Library Use 47%, Natural History 25%, Persuade 38%, Psychology 24%, Ride 31%, Spot Hidden 29%, Swim 30%, Throw 25%, Track 46%.



A Black Shard

THE RIVER ISLANDS

Welfare Island

Previously known as Blackwell's Island, and later to be known as Roosevelt Island, this narrow strip of land is home to many of the city's municipal institutions during the 1920's. The 120-acre island, measuring over one mile in length and 750 feet wide, once housed much of New York City's unwanted. Penitentiaries, poor houses and nursing homes steeped in bribery thriving here. In 1935, after years of corruption and misuse, the Blackwell Penitentiary was closed, its occupants shuffled to the newly constructed Riker's Island Penitentiary.

Elevator Storehouse, Queensboro Bridge and Welfare Island

From 1916 until the 1940's, the only vehicular access to Welfare Island was by an elevator housed in a 10-story structure attached to the Queensboro Bridge. Automobiles, trucks and buses entered and departed by this tremendous vehicle elevator. The building also served as a materials storehouse for the island facilities, and later included Reception Hospital.

BLACK SHARDS

Black Shards are fragments of a dark obelisk from the Earth's primordial past. Destroyed long ago in a great cataclysm, residual power from this ancient monument still resonates within each dark chip. Sorcerers and cultists sometimes use them as a weapon, hiding them near a victim's bed, hoping to slowly erode sanity. Each shard radiates an eldritch energy, capable of influencing the mind of anyone sleeping within a 15-foot radius. Nightmares filled with scenes of bloody sacrifice and death torment dreamers under the influence of a Black Shard. Anyone unfortunate enough to sleep within the influence of a Black Shard must make a successful **POW X3** roll or be tormented by hideous dreams. A failure of 96-00 produces a deeply disturbing nightmare, resulting in a loss of 0/1D3 SAN. The foul effect of a Black Shard is not limited to the mind. Plant life sharing the soil in which a Black Shard is buried withers, new growth is not possible. This effect requires a proximity of 2-feet or less.

Blackwell's Penitentiary, Welfare Island

Replacing Newgate Prison in 1832, Blackwell's became home for nearly 7000 inmates by 1900. In the following decades accusations of corruption darkened the institution's doorstep, matched with claims of overcrowding, inappropriate treatment, and drug-use. Not even the drastic action of changing the name could save the operation.

Until 1930, little was done to correct the abysmal conditions of the prison and its associated workhouses.

Penitentiary Hospital, Welfare Island

On the southern end of the island is one of Blackwell Penitentiary's many support operations. The Penitentiary Hospital maintains a full staff of doctors and nurses, and share in the accusations of mismanagement. After the closing of Blackwell's Penitentiary, the one-thousand bed hospital became New York City Hospital.

Randall's and Ward's Islands

Until the election of Fiorello Henry LaGuardia in 1934, Randall's Island and Ward's Island served as locations for several municipal institutions. Occupying Randall's Island in the twenties is the Infant's Hospital and the House of Refuge, which are operated by the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. Ward's Island is the site of the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, which houses some of Blackwell Penitentiary's inmates, and utilizes them as nurses and orderlies too. Also located on Ward's Island is the city's largest potter's field.

After 1934, these East River islands were cleared for the construction of the Triborough Bridge that connected Manhattan, Bronx and Queens. The facilities on Randall's and Ward's Islands were transferred to Welfare Island.

Hart's Island

Located in the Long Island Sound, within sight from Throg's Neck in east Bronx, is New York City's larger potter's field, or public cemetery, and a Reformatory Prison that treated those deemed mentally unfit, the infirm, aged, drug addicts and the homeless. As a means of rehabilitation, the charges of the reformatory tended the facility and grounds, growing gardens and digging graves for the nearly 200 corpses that were transported to the potter's field each week. While many of the inmates of the island are given to flights of fancy and are less than reliable witnesses, investigators who visit the island are likely to hear tales about the dead who shift through the ground.

The Evil Beneath the Earth

For centuries the native Indians who dwelled in this region had stories of a foul creature that had no shape and many shapes. In the lore handed down over the years by

the local tribes, it was said that a great chief trapped this roaming evil on the island known to New Yorkers as Hart's Island. It was believed by the Indians that the ground itself was foul, and anything planted or buried there would become a part of the evil that lurked there.

With the passing of the Native Americans from the region and the passage of time, these legends have been long forgotten. Still, the tenants of Hart's Island know there is something wicked about the place. Those who work in the cemetery have seen things scuttling just beneath the surface of the soil. Or they have found holes burrowed from the newly made graves — with the occupants missing. Of course, the Reformatory administration considers this to be nothing more than the ranting of the disturbed. Nonetheless, the rumors persist.

Below the island is one of many chasms that lead to the dark abode of the Outer God Abthoth. Occasionally, it slinks a tendril to the surface, plucking a body from the potter's field and consuming it. Likewise, its children sometime escape its hunger, and make it to the upper regions. Their forms are always hideous, nothing more than fragments and mutations of the corpses that fill the earth of Hart's Island. It is these abominations that are seen scurrying beneath the surface like moles in the ground. Some are vertebrae with eyes, others are nothing more than hands, while some malformed torsos with inhuman extremities that assist them in burrowing. All of these hideous spawn are known as the Children of Abthoth.

Of course these creatures are the cause of some deaths at the Reformatory, and for the complete insanity of other residents. News of such things seldom makes it to the papers as the refuse of society is distasteful to gaze upon. There are many options available to the keeper for this location. Any encounter with one of these creatures should be terrifying and reality altering.

Children of Abthoth, Spoor of an Outer God

| Char. | Rolls | Averages |
|-------|---------|----------|
| STR | 1-4D10 | 10-18 |
| CON | 1-6D6 | 9-16 |
| SIZ | 1-3D10 | 10-12 |
| INT | 1D10 | 5-6 |
| POW | 1-6D6 | 9-16 |
| DEX | 1-3D6 | 6-8 |
| Move | 1-3D6-2 | 4-6 |
| HP | | 10-14 |

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Various D100%, as per mode of attack

Armor: None.

Spells: None.

Sanity Loss: varies from 0/1D2 Sanity point to 1/1D10 Sanity points to see very horrible children of Abthoth.

CHAPTER SIX

ADVENTURE: THE HALF MOON

"Mongrelization is overwhelming the purity of this world. Something must be done to halt it; otherwise, we all shall drown in a sea of degenerate and defective protoplasm."

— Ambrose Mogens

Before playing this adventure, the keeper should be familiar with the material and characters in the previous chapters. While locations are cited in the adventure, specific features and rules are not repeated. Likewise, carefully reading through the adventure provides the keeper and investigators much more freedom to vary or include additions to the scenario.

This adventure begins in early June of 1923. The dates are not essential to the adventure; however, the number of days in which the adventure occurs is important. Investigators who start play on June 1st have until the 6th to unravel the mystery. The keeper can change the dates as needed, but should keep in mind that the investigators need to remain under time pressure. They should be pushed to avoid lengthy bouts of research and endless collecting of facts before acting. If investigators are inexperienced, the keeper may wish to expand the number of days available to investigators, or use the Byron Fisher character to assist them.

This adventure can be used as a stand-alone game, or incorporated into a larger campaign. Options for doing this are included in the adventure, though it is suggested the keeper decide upon this matter before playing, since it influences the conclusion.



The Emblem of the Half Moon

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Sydney Silver has unexpectedly vanished, but by his own choosing. Sydney learned too much while researching a report of a "monster" in Yorkville, Manhattan. Feeling his sanity crumbling away, he fled to a Queens resort hotel, where he is in hiding. His urgent departure appears to be foul play. And it would have been, if the cultists pursuing him had arrived a little sooner. Realizing the truth, and the enormity of what he discovered, prevents Sydney from returning to his apartment in Brooklyn Heights. Meanwhile, the cultists are busy eliminating all other clues that might disclose the truth to others.

The prime mover behind this is the famous industrialist, humanitarian and ageless sorcerer Ambrose Mogens. What Sydney learned during his investigation is that the Mogens Institute for Advanced Research is conducting horrific experiments in an attempt to alter and improve humanity — to create a higher level of human. But the limits of technology require Mogens' underlings to use eldritch powers to bring about the changes desired. The scientists and sorcerers involved in these experiments are venturing into unknown territories, in some cases rekindling dormant aspect of human genes, and in other cases, radically mutating them, hoping for a successful outcome. Overall, it is luck that they are relying upon. Their desire is to create enough mutations until the scientists stumble upon the best — *survival of the fittest* is the euphemism used among them. Those that are not successful are disposed of.

This approach requires plenty of rare material, and the vagrants of New York City supply that. And sometimes the descendant of Mogens' enemies works as well. It is the goal of Mogens' to create a new species of humans who will be proper servants of the Black Man. The long-lived sorcerer believes that achieving this goal will earn the highest of favors from the one he worships.

GETTING INVOLVED

Investigators who are not already in New York City can be hooked into this adventure by various means. Erasmus Driggs, the Chief Editor of the *New York Weekly Messenger*, can contact them by telegram, requesting their assistance. Perhaps their reputation or a reference from an associate brings Erasmus to them. Another avenue is to make Sydney Silver, the missing journalist, a friend of one or more investigators, or have an investigator work for the

New York Weekly Messenger. Another approach is having an investigator read Sydney Silver article "Monster Moves Uptown," and allow an experienced investigator to sense that there is more to this story. The next step would be for the investigator to contact the newspaper, and from their the players can be drawn into play as Sydney's disappearance is revealed, making things seem all the more sinister. Once Erasmus Driggs is contacted, he is likely to be persuasive enough to gain the investigators' assistance.

The manner in which investigators are introduced is not important to the overall adventure. The keeper is free to devise whatever means works best. It is possible to bypass Driggs completely and use an opening that better fits with an on-going campaign.

Offices of the New York Weekly Messenger

A slow elevator ride to the eleventh floor of the *New York Weekly Messenger* brings investigators to the editorial offices. Jean Robbins greets the investigators upon entering Erasmus Driggs' office. She is the fiery secretary who keeps Driggs' schedule and his life in order. The reception room she occupies is small. The walls are lined with tall, metal file cabinets. A fading picture of Theodore Roosevelt and a large calendar adorn the



Jean Robbins

walls of this drab, windowless room. After investigators identify themselves, the pretty Miss Robbins promptly brings them to Driggs.

Investigators who are not New Yorkers, or unfamiliar with the Big Apple, can rely upon Miss Robbins for assistance. "Bronx is up and the Battery is down," is

the popular saying she quotes to the uninitiated. Although Driggs cannot afford to let her join the investigators, she is only a telephone call away. If investigators are befuddled, Miss Robbins can be a convenient means for keepers to pass along clues or warnings. She knows the city like the back of her hand, and has many valuable contacts.

Jean Robbins, Knowledgeable New Yorker, age 28

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 14 SAN 55 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Skills: Accounting 25%, Art (Writing) 52%, Drive Auto 23%, Fast Talk 47%, Library Use 56%, Listen 48%, Persuade 29%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 30%, City Lore (New York City) 60%.



Offices of the New York Weekly Messenger

Erasmus Driggs, Ornerly Editor

Erasmus Driggs' office is a stark contrast to his secretary's. A large, metal desk rests in the center of the spacious room, tinted a pallid olive-green. Behind the cluttered desk is parked a sour-looking man with a full crop of graying hair. Framing him are several narrow windows with a broad view of Park Row and City Hall Park. Towering stacks of newspapers balanced atop file cabinets mirror the tall skyscrapers in the view beyond.



Erasmus Driggs

Erasmus Driggs, Ornerly Editor, age 58

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Accounting 22%, Art (Writing) 74%, Bargain 55%, Business 42%, Fast Talk 59%, History 31%, Library Use 58%, Listen 36%, Persuade 52%, Photography 12%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 34%, City Lore (New York City) 55%.

Erasmus gets straight to the point. He wants Sydney Silver found, and the cost, unless it is too high, is not an issue. He knows very little about Sydney's disappearance, saying simply "Sydney just stopped reporting in." Erasmus knows the missing journalist was working on a story in Yorkville, and suggests looking at Sydney's files if investigators want to know more. The editor wants to keep Sydney's absence secret, preferring not to go public with the news. If there is a story here, the canny editor does not want to be scooped. Besides, circulation would drop if the weekly paper's readers learned Sydney was missing. Erasmus tells investigators he can cover for the popular journalist with rehashed stories and a little improvising, but the longer the charade continues the more difficult it becomes. He believes that three weeks is the absolute limit this cover-up can survive. Of course Erasmus tries to convey his concern about Sydney, claiming the paper takes a backseat to a human life. A successful **Psychology** roll indicates the ornerly editor seems to care about Sydney personally, but is equally, if not more concerned, about the paper.

After his speech, Erasmus presents a folder containing Sydney's files. These files were in Sydney's desk. Erasmus explains that Sydney probably has others at his apartment in Brooklyn Heights.

INFORMATION GATHERED

Moon Papers #1, 2 and 3 are the only notes Sydney's had in his desk. Following-up on these clues should bring investigators to the conclusion that Sydney suspected a connection between the creature sighted at Yorkville, the Half Moon cult and Ambrose Mogens, although this is not immediately apparent. If investigators visit the New York Public Library (NYPL), information about Ambrose Mogens, Eugene Vander Klei and the Half Moon cult can be found. At the Hall of Records (HOR), are the deeds containing the address of Mogens' Bayside, Queens estate, Sydney never arrived at the Hall of Records, but already suspected Mogens. Investigators can find the address of the Mogens estate at the Hall of Records, as well as birth certificates for various ancestors of the sorcerer — or at least what appear to be ancestors. Should investigators look for death certificates, which are stored separately from the birth certificates, they find that there are none for any Mogens. Falsifying death certificates are much more difficult than birth certificates, and Mogens has no need for anything but a proof of birth.

Sydney Silver, Reporter at Large

Before Claude's account of the strange creature in Yorkville, Sydney was already researching similar gossip in the neighborhood. Because his contacts mentioned



Sydney Silver

clandestine activities on the Mogens-owned pier, Sydney had begun looking into Mogens' background. He found very little about the secretive millionaire. Dissatisfied, Sydney took another approach, looking into the industrialist's family history. Experience taught Sydney that New York millionaires are quiet for a reason, and that reason is sometimes buried in their past.

At Frances Tavern, Sydney found two clues to the puzzle. In a fragment of a sailor's journal, a crewman aboard the Half Moon told of a magic-practicing Dutchman named Ambrose Mogens. The author was quite relieved when Mogens and four others jumped ship. The second item Sydney found was a pamphlet published in 1788 by Victor Van Tassel, titled *Practixes of*

SYDNEY SILVER'S RESEARCH FOLDER

MONSTER MOVES UPTOWN!

"It crawled right out of the sewer," said Claude Porter, a Harlemitte employed by New York City's Department of Street Cleaning. "I never seen anything like it. It wasn't human, so I figure it must be a monster."

On May 28th, around 2:30 in the morning, Claude Porter found himself staring at someone, or something, he described as "fearsome ugly." Porter claimed to have watched the strange figure scamper out of a manhole, crawl down York Avenue a few yards, then, with no more effort than a man plucking a daisy from the earth, remove another sewer cover and vanish. The Harlemitte reported the incident to the local police

precinct. When asked to comment, Detective John Rees said, "normally we have more problems with drunks that time of night than we do with monsters." Rees said there have been no other complaints about Yorkville monsters, and that this report does not merit further investigation. "When it bites someone, then we will take it seriously," Detective Rees joked. "For the moment," he continued, "we are looking for other, more serious fiends; the kind breaking the law. If this guy wants to live in the sewer, then let him. We have a shortage of space up here anyhow."

— The New York Daily Word,
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #1

MUSIC, DANCE, AND ENTERTAINMENT

PEACOCK CLUB
2266 LENOX AVENUE

Moon Papers #2

Follow-up:

✓ Frances Tavern
✓ NYPL
HOR

Moon Papers #3

the Half Moon. This short text elaborated on a secretive coven and its rituals (see *Moon Papers #8*).

After reading the pamphlet, Sydney visited the New York Public Library where he researched witchcraft. There he found several references to the Half Moon cult. He believed the cult still existed, and Mogens to be a member, since one of the conditions stated in the Van Tassel pamphlet was that those whom enter the cult also enlist their descendants. Filled with dreams of a front-page story, Sydney searched out wealthy, influential New Yorkers whom he suspected of being Half Moon members. Thinking Claude's sighting was related to the cult's activity, the reporter staked out Mogens York Avenue pavillion, spending long hours looking for the elusive creature. Diligence paid off. Sydney Silver was present on the night employees from the institute re-captured the loathsome thing. The scene sent the reporter's mind spinning. In a panic he fled screaming. Later that night, unable to think clearly, and in a dire panic, Sydney departed for the Rockaways. Since May 30th, he has been hiding in the Rockaways, at the Hammel Hotel, battling with bouts of delusion and fever.

Shortly thereafter, news of the reporter's inquiries reached Mogens from worried cult members fearing exposure. Mogens promptly handled the matter, sending hired guns to kidnap Sydney. They emptied his flat of any notes, and commenced looking for Sydney. Mogens followed this action with the kidnapping of Claude Porter. The millionaire-industrialist dislikes loose ends. Sydney's whereabouts remain in question, but it is only a matter of time before Mogens locates him.

FINDING SYDNEY

The quickest way for investigators to hunt down Sydney is to visit his bank, the Brooklyn Savings and Loan. The reporter contacted the bank on May 31st, requesting \$1000 be wired to the Hammel Hotel in the Rockaways, Queens. Pursuing this trail leads investigators directly to Sydney's room, where he spends the days and nights in a drunken stupor. He is of little use, since the sight of the "Yorkville monster" dissolved his sanity. The keeper should feel free to obstruct investigators who take this approach too early. Hindering them can be accomplished by requiring appointments with the bank manager and documents from Sydney's employer before the records are revealed. A good point in the adventure to allow Sydney's discovery is after the investigators visit the Mogens mansion in Queens.

If the savings passport book located in Sydney's apartment does not cause investigators to visit the bank, then allow an **Idea** roll to give them this insight.

Sydney Silver, Reporter at Large, age 31

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

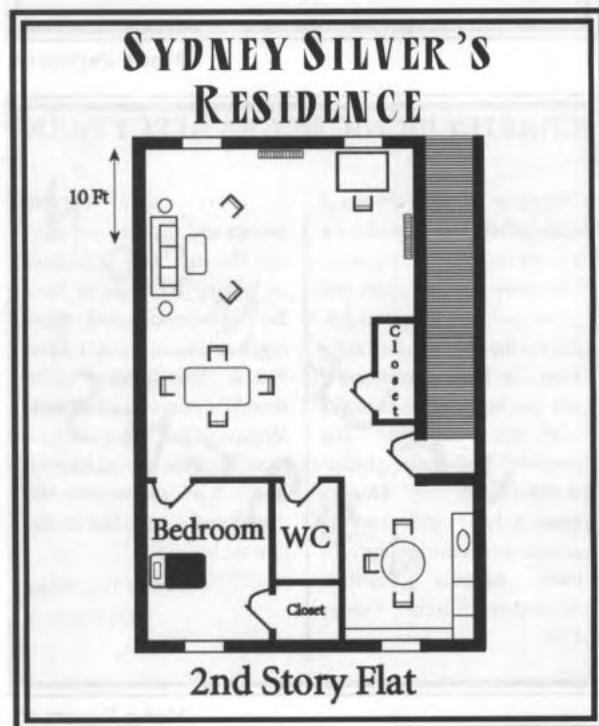
Skills: Art(Writing) 66%, Bargain 40%, Conceal 33%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Drive Auto 37%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 37%, Library Use 46%, Listen 30%, Locksmith 9%, Occult 8%, Persuade 25%, Photography 19%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 41%, City Lore (New York City) 72%.

OUT ON THE TOWN

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

**Sydney Silver's Residence,
Orange St., No. 22b**

Sydne Silver lives in the upper flat of a house in Brooklyn Heights. The residence is cramped, having been converted from a single-family house into two, separate flats. The door is locked, and the downstairs resident works days. Without a key, investigators must break-in or pick the lock. If muscle is used to gain entry, then up to two investigators can



combine their STR, rolling on the Resistance Table against STR 18 for the door. Otherwise, a **Locksmith X2** roll opens the lock.

Inside, it is obvious that someone has carelessly rummaged through the place. Books and papers and newspapers litter the floor. Couch and chair cushions are cockeyed and removed. Pictures hang askew; drawers sit open. Drawn curtains make the jumbled flat dark and shadowy during daylight hours.

There is little here to find; the frustrated cultists were thorough. They retrieved most useful evidence, leaving only scraps with which the investigators must work. Rummaging about the flat discloses very little.

CHARITY PICNIC IN GRAMERCY PARK

"Members of the Netherland Club gathered on May 25th for an afternoon charity picnic. The renowned Manhattan club raised over ten thousand dollars for the city's less fortunate. Even the brisk May weather did not keep the Big Apple's best from attending. The reserved millionaire-philanthropist Ambrose Mogens made a rare public appearance, accompanied by the brilliant Mogens Institute researcher, Eugene Vander Klei.

Many other notable movers and shakers were present, showing their dedication to helping the poor of New York City. Conspicuously missing was industrialist Leland Powell. Many insiders blame Powell's absence on a feud with Mogens. When asked to comment upon the rumor, Mogens said, "Any disagreements Mr. Powell and I have had in the past are behind us."

— New York World
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #4

CHARITY PICNIC IN GRAMERCY PARK

"Members of the Netherland Club gathered on May 25th for an afternoon charity picnic. The renowned Manhattan club raised over ten thousand dollars for the city's less fortunate. Even the brisk May weather did not keep the Big Apple's best from attending. The reserved millionaire-philanthropist Ambrose Mogens made a rare public appearance, accompanied by the brilliant Mogens Institute researcher, Eugene Vander Klei.

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— New York World
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #5

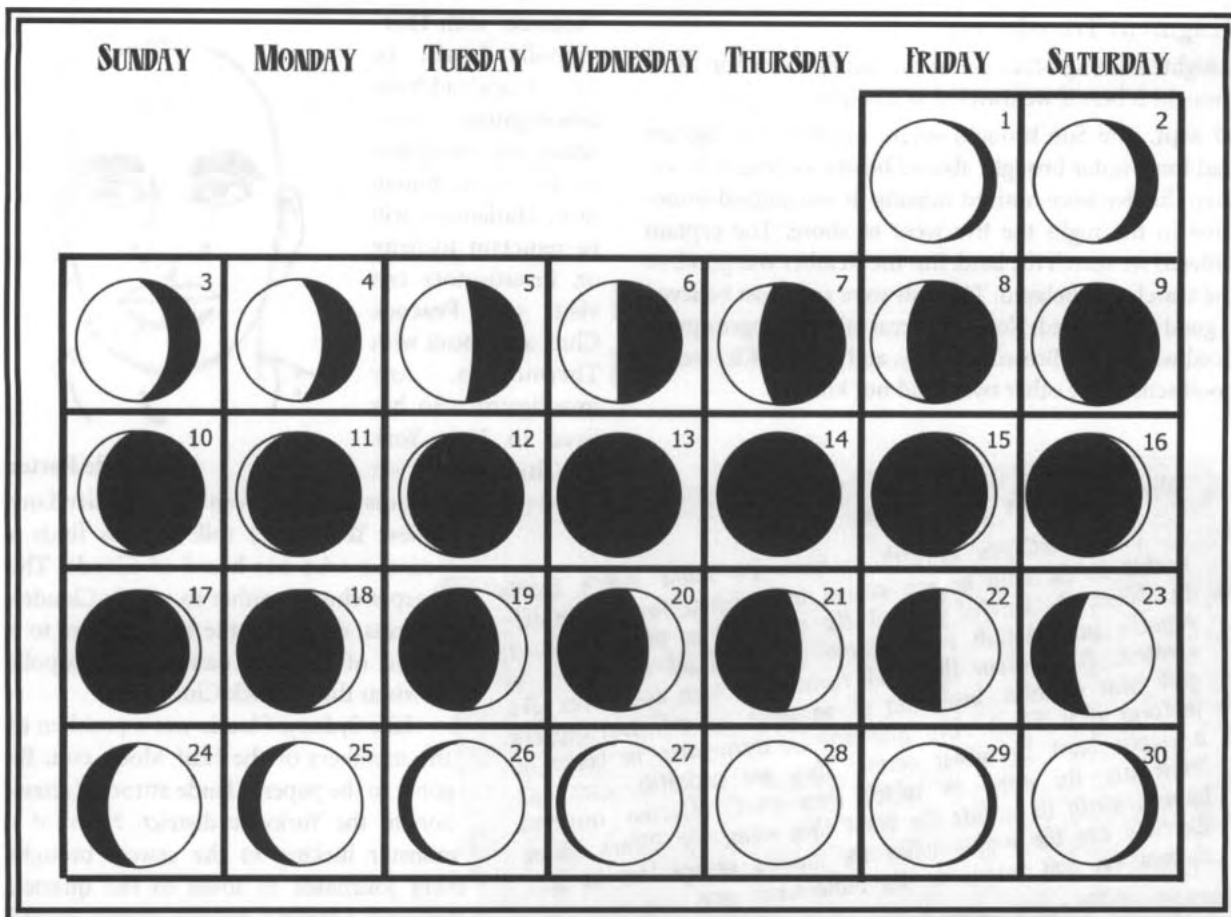
- ❑ A halved **Spot Hidden** roll uncovers a newspaper mixed in the clutter. Odd scribbling appears at the top of one of the articles (**Moon Papers #4**). Any investigator who is a journalist can make a **Luck** roll to find the article on the floor.
- ❑ The wall calendar in the kitchen still displays May. Since Sydney vanished on May 30th, he never pulled it down. There is little of importance on the calendar, except the phases of the moon. Later, investigators will find the June calendar useful (**Moon Papers #6**).
- ❑ Among the jumble of items scattered across the floor of the flat is a savings passbook from Brooklyn Savings and Loan. The book lists \$1,045 as the reporter's present savings. A **Spot Hidden X2** roll discovers the passport.

SUPERSTITIOUS WRITINGS

The strange marks on the Netherland Club article (**Moon Papers #4**) are Sydney's doodles. If players cannot make sense of the scribbling, then a **Cryptography** roll can be made once each day to decode it. After investigators solve the puzzle, then hand out **Moon Papers #5**. Investigators who are journalists can make an **Idea** roll to determine that the missing reporter was likely using a secret code or form of short hand when he scribbled on the article. Encrypting notes is common among journalists, protecting their leads from others who would steal them.

The article about the Netherland Club charity picnic links Mogens and Vander Klei. It also introduces Leland Powell, who is encountered in the Bad Moon Rising section of the adventure. Investigators visiting the Netherland Club for clues find nothing, other than both Mogens and Vander Klei are members. Keepers may wish to expand upon this, or use it as a red herring.

Should an investigator flip the calendar month from May to June, an "X" can be seen in the June 6th square. This is the date of the first quarter moon (June 6th). If the investigators show little interest in the calendar, the first quarter moon date can be derived with a successful **Astronomy** roll later. Keepers who change the dates of the adventure can either manufacture their own calendar, or access one of the many moon phase calendars on the Internet.



Moon Papers #6 (Moon Phase Calendar, June 1923)

WHITEHALL DISTRICT

Fraunces Tavern, Pearl St. & Broad St.

Travis Clarke, the manager of the historic Fraunces Tavern, certainly remembers Sydney Silver. He explains that Mr. Silver was looking at some old texts in the museum's collection. Travis gladly brings investigators upstairs to the texts, but only points out the exhibits from behind a rope cordon, indicating the *Journal Fragment* and the pamphlet titled *Practixes of the Half Moon* are the items which keenly interested the reporter. Investigators hoping to handle the old documents must get Travis' approval (see Fraunces Tavern in Chapter Four: Manhattan: Downtown).

Half Moon Fragment

This document is a partial journal written by a member of Hudson's crew (see "The Half Moon Arrives" in Chapter One: History of New York). Very little of the original exists, but what does remain is useful. The fragment contains the names of three of the five crew-

men who jumped ship, and associates Mogens with witchcraft.

The keeper can read the translation of the journal to investigators if they have difficulty interpreting the document's creative spelling. If there is confusion about meaning in the original, the keeper may consider making an **English** roll, before reading the translation.

... nighte, wanting others fore wee weighed anchore. Moost thought it best if we rode in daylight.
17 Sept. The Sun brooght severe weather. The captain had freshe water brooght aboarde for the saile. It twas then the five were noticed missin. It was judged sometime in the nighte the five went to shoare. The captain ordered we search the land. But the weather was goode, so the search was belaid. Sayle was set. Moost beleevved it goode the five fled. Noone were sailors true. Moogens practixed witchcraft, Browne was laze, and Wander Klee whittles. The other too I new not.

Moon Papers #7

Fragment Translation

...night, wanting other before we weighed anchor. Most thought it best if we traveled in daylight.

17 Sept. The Sun brought severe weather. The captain had fresh water brought aboard before we sailed. It was then the five were noticed missing. It was judged sometime in the night the five went to shore. The captain ordered we search the land. But the weather was good, so the search was belayed. The sails were set. Most believed it good the five fled. None were real sailors. Mogens practiced witchcraft, Brown was lazy, and Vander Klei lacked good sense. The other two, I did not know.

Practixes of the Salf Moon

... divers abilities granted to him. To make men's hearts wicked is the oath he has sworn in exchange for immortality. When the baleful face of the moon is in perfect balance, equally proportioned in darkness and in light his power is greatest. At this one time each month the coven assembles. As good men slumber, dreaming of paradise, the evil worshippers perform their black rites and unholy ceremonies in honor of a cloven devil in whose service they are dedicated. Lies and deceit are the wine in which they revel, offering innocent human souls to satiate the beast they name the Black Man. Terrible are the nights when the moon's visage lies in half shadow, for evil reigns in its malevolent gaze.

The Pamphlet

This short pamphlet speaks vaguely of the Half Moon cult's rituals. Skimming the document and making an **Astronomy X2** roll lets an investigator conclude that the cult meets on the first-quarter moon (commonly called a half moon) of each month, at midnight. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll assures the investigators that it is Nyarlathotep's avatar, the Black Man, who is being worshipped. Practixes of the Half Moon — in Archaic English, by Victor Van Tassel, 1799; Sanity Loss 0/0; Occult +2 percentiles; 1 week average to study and comprehend; no spells.

HARLEM

Claude Porter's Tenement, 7th Avenue & 139th Street

Claude Porter sleeps at room 4B, in a Harlem tenement. He is employed by the Department of Street Cleaning (sometimes referred to as the Distinguished Service Company, DSC), where he works the midnight shift in Yorkville. To help meet the monthly rent, Claude

“hotbeds” with Thermopolis Lewis. To find Claude's address, investigators must either ask about him on the streets, though most Harlemites will be reluctant to help; or, investigators can visit the Peacock Club, and speak with Thermopolis. Any investigator who has lived in New York City for six



Claude Porter

months or longer can make a **City Lore (New York City)** roll. Success finds a contact who has heard of Claude. The keeper chooses either to supply Claude's address, or points the investigators to a friend of Claude's named Thermopolis Lewis at the Peacock Club.

Like Sydney, Claude was a problem to the members of the Half Moon cult. By going to the paper, Claude attracted attention to the Yorkville district. News of a monster lurking in the sewers brought every journalist in town to the quarter. Realizing Claude's sudden demise would only increase scrutiny; instead, the cult devised a plan making it appear the

Moon Papers #8 Harlemite had moved. Removing all of Claude's belongings from his room, and leaving a note explaining his departure convinced Thermopolis that Claude willingly left New York City.

Claude Porter, Missing Person, age 39

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db
Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 26%, damage special.

Skills: Conceal 20%, Drive Auto 35%, Electrical Repair 21%, Listen 34%, Mechanical Repair 26%, Operate Heavy Machine 45%, City Lore (New York City) 45%.

Thermopolis “Theo” Lewis, Pragmatic Chorist

Theo is one of the club's male chorus line dancers. Every two hours, the dance floor of the Peacock is cleared and a forty-five minute show replaces the ambling customers.

The first show starts at 7:00 p.m., and the last one starts 1:00 a.m. During the shows, Theo is too busy to talk. In between shows, he usually hangs-out behind the club.

Investigators trying to find Theo must speak to one of the wait-staff or the manager to locate him. When approached, Theo is hesitant to speak about Claude. He blames Claude's sudden disappearance on the press. At least that is the reason Claude cited in his May 31st note, and it certainly seems true enough to Theo. Sometimes notoriety attracts the ire of others. Claude's claims of seeing monsters in the city brought a small backlash of racist threats. Theo does not want to be a part of that, preferring to let the matter rest. This means investigators must make a halved

Persuade roll before Theo talks about Claude. One means of improving the chance of persuading Theo is by dancing. Any investigator who takes to the floor before speaking with Theo, and passes an **Art (Dance)** roll is noticed by the chorat. Afterward, when approaching Theo, the hot-hoofing investigator can make a normal **Persuade X2** roll, indicating Theo was impressed with the investigator's talent. A success in **Art (Dance)** below one-quarter normal astounds Theo, allowing for a **Persuade X4** roll. Each investigator is welcome to hit the dance floor.

Thermopolis "Theo" Lewis, Pragmatic Chorat, age 27

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 07
DEX 17 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 35 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Art (Dance) 65%, Climb 52%, Hide 18%, Jump 32%.

WHAT THEO KNOWS

Theo knows flapper slang and Harlemese, and he blends the two freely. Investigators who are not familiar with Harlemese must make an **English** language roll to properly understand Theo. The keeper should make all investigators speaking to Theo roll before the chorat answers. A successful roll indicates the investigators understand Theo's slang. For failures, the keeper should use the Harlemese cited in Chapter 2, Manhattan: Uptown, allowing the players to unravel the meaning for themselves. If overrun by a gang of inves-



Theo Lewis

tigators, Theo declines to speak. One or two investigators at the most should approach him.

Theo believes Claude is telling the truth about what he saw in Yorkville. Theo also believes that Claude's imagination might have played a part in it. He describes Claude as reliable and level headed, but slightly superstitious. After spotting the strange figure crawling out of a sewer on East 81st Street, Claude visited a conjure man to ask advice. The conjure man, at least as far as Theo's concerned, made matters worse. Soon Claude's superstitious beliefs turned his dreams into nightmares filled with monsters and sorcerers.

- If asked about Claude's dreams, Theo says he paid little attention to such fancies.
- If asked about the conjure man, Theo chuckles. He provides the conjure man's address, but claims to know little else, except that the man is a con artist who plays upon the hopes and fears of the community.
- If asked about Claude's note, Theo does not have it, but tells investigators it said he was leaving for California where there are no monsters.

Conjure Man, West 130th St., No. 13

Living at this unlucky address is one of the community's spiritual cornerstones. Hidden behind the gloomy granite stonework of this two-story house is a man who is sometimes called witchdoctor or *hungan*, though he is neither. While the occasional conjure man is a fraud and swindler, most are legitimate; Byron Fisher is legitimate.

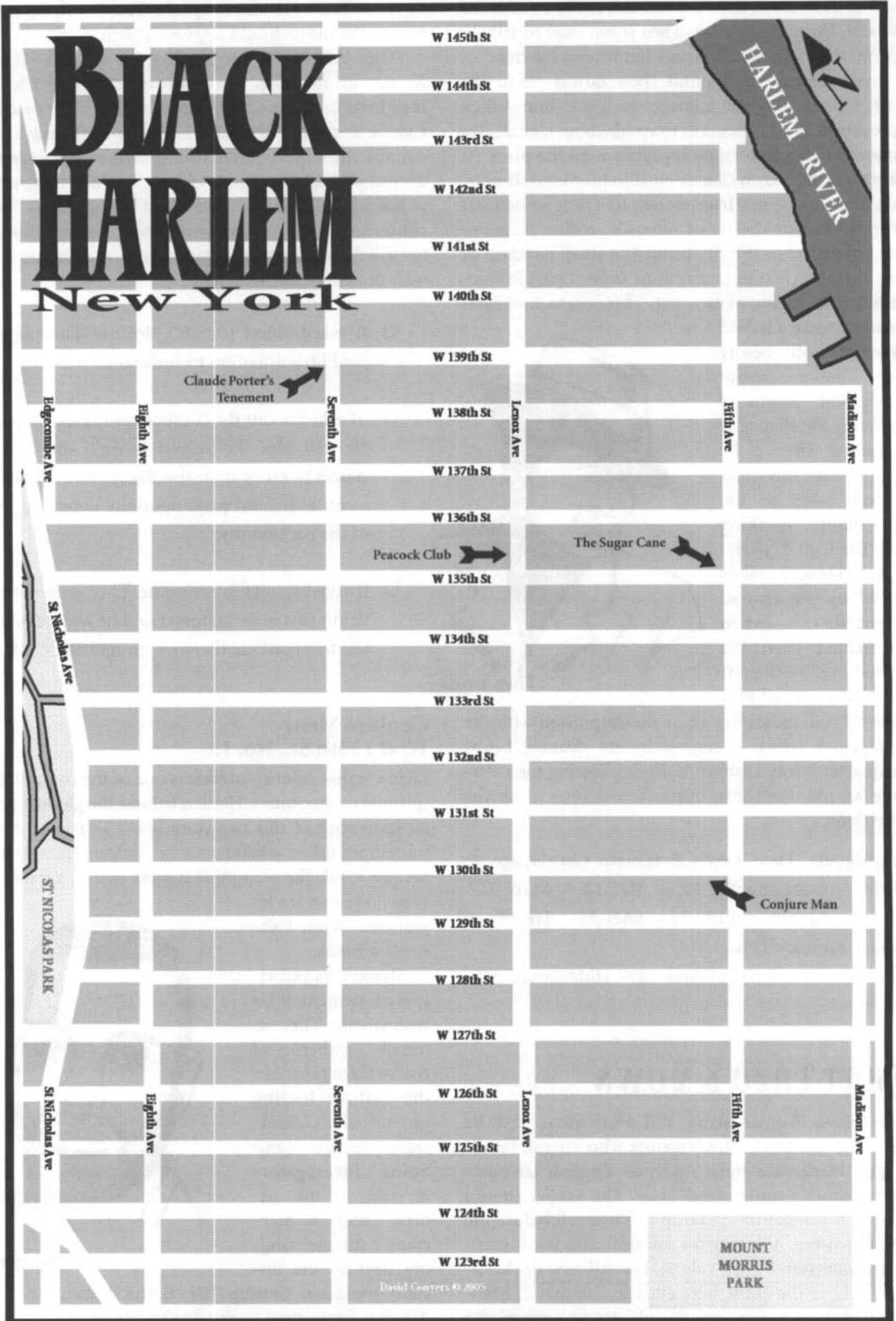
Byron's popularity is a testament to his authenticity. There is usually a gathering of two to three people in the hallway leading up to his second-story office and home. Investigators arriving at the address find a merchant's shingle hanging next to the upstairs entrance, bearing "Dr. Byron Fisher, Psychist." Another hangs next to the downstairs entrance, "Adam Seymour, Undertaker."



Byron Fisher

BLACK HARLEM

New York



David Coopers © 2005

MOUNT MORRIS PARK

New Occupation: Conjure Man (Black Investigators Only)

A conjure man, or woman, blends science, philosophy, religion and psychology to help the sick. In most cases, a conjure man is respected, well educated and completely misinterpreted by white society. Believed to be a fakir or fortuneteller, the conjure man is sometimes accused of fakery. But to those who believe, he is no different than a physician, alienist and pharmacist combined into one. Occasionally a conjure man dabbles in magic, trying to use its power to improve his skills. Most often, he simply practices the healing sciences, with his own admixture of philosophy. It is the added power of belief in the conjure man's abilities that brings people to him instead of a legitimate physician.

Earnings: Lower Middle to Middle class.

Contacts and Connections: Clientele, and many member of the community.

Skills: Art (Oratory), Credit Rating, First Aid, Folklore, History, Natural History, Literature, Medicine, Occult, Pharmacy, Psychology, Philosophy & Religion.

Special: If the keeper allows it, a conjure man may start with 1D6 spells of the keeper's choosing — all should be related to the profession in some manner. Additionally, because of the broad focus of study and dedication to being a conjure man, an additional 20 skill points to be allocated upon any skills. A conjure man also has access to a wide variety of herbs and natural medicines.

Unless the investigators are able to convince the clients already waiting that they have urgent business, the investigators must wait fifteen minutes for each person ahead of them. The keeper determines the number of people waiting.

In the hallway at the top of the stairs are several wooden chairs for those who, creating a makeshift waiting room. If investigators wait, they see the conjure man escorting a client to the hallway, and inviting the next. Unless severely impressed, the conjure man does not admit the investigators before their turn.

Byron Fisher, Conjure Man, age 49

Born in America, and educated at Oxford University in England, Byron Fisher has many skills. Instead of focusing in a single area, he has dedicated his life to learning and helping others. Harlem seemed like the best place for him to start helping, so in 1921, he opened up a "Psychist" office, though he has no psychic abilities. Playing upon African American folklore, he uses mysticism and psychology, with the occasional aid of herbal teas, to help his customers. It is their belief in what he represents that improves their health, solves their problems or chases away their fears. However, he is well versed in arcane studies, and knows a number of spells himself. His search for knowledge led him down many unfrequented paths, showing him a mysterious world, which his professors at Oxford never mentioned.

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 70 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .32 Revolver 24%, damage 1D8.

Spells: Augur, Bless Blade, Heal.

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Arabic 40%, Archaeology 24%, Astronomy 20%, Bargain 28%, Biology 44%, Chemistry 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Credit Rating 40%, Disguise 31%, Folklore 55%, German 49%, Hide 30%, History 53%, Hypnosis 28%, Latin 32%, Library Use 60%, Listen 33%, Literature 54%, Medicine 45%, Natural History 40%, Occult 62%, Persuade 44%, Pharmacy 50%, Philosophy 70%, Psychoanalysis 42%, Psychology 62%, Religion 53%, Spot Hidden 35%, City Lore (New York City) 66%, Swahili 51%.

Because of Byron's worldly experience and education, the optional rules for racial distrust should not be used (see "The Harlem Renaissance" in Chapter One: History of New York). When invited into Dr. Fisher's office, investigators discover it is the front room of his flat. Heavy green curtains cover the windows, and the space is lighted by a solitary table lamp with a fringed, green cloth shade. Byron offers the investigators their choice of a couch or two thinly padded chairs fronting his desk. The conjure man reclines into a chair behind his desk, placed half in shadow. Only when leaning into the light spilling over his desk can he be seen. Ornate wooden frames holding his various degrees from Oxford hang on the walls, alongside African tribal fetishes, separated periodically by stuffed bookshelves. Byron reminds investigators of his busy schedule if they take too much time admiring the décor or reading titles.

When asked about Claude, Byron settles into the shadows and tells his story. Read *Moon Papers #9*.

After his explanation, Byron answers questions, at least those within his power to answer. He is polite, but brief. Since Claude Porter was a client of his, Byron has an interest in the case. Until he is certain about whom the investigators work for, he is hesitant to supply much more information. Investigators can sense this hesitancy with a **Psychology** roll. If they are candid, Byron is forthcoming with much helpful information. Should the investigators remain secretive, Byron responds in kind. Below are the answers Byron provides.

- ❑ Byron believes something happened to Claude, and that the note left behind explaining his disappearance is subterfuge. This opinion is based on instinct and his experience with Claude, nothing more. He has spoken with Theo, and visited Claude's apartment. Everything seemed in place,

which feels out of place to the conjure man.

- ❑ If questioned about the Half Moon cult, Byron feigns ignorance. Investigators attempting to detect a lie need to make a **Psychology**. A success detects Byron's fib. If confronted, Byron refutes the accusation, claiming the observation is incorrect. (If investigators earn Byron's trust, then use the Helpful Conjure Man Answer in place of this one.)
- ❑ Byron knows little about Mogens, except that he is a powerful figure in New York's society and economy. He has heard about Eugene Vander Klei. The scientist is publicly known as the head of research at the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies.

The Conjure Man Speaks

I whole-heartedly believe Mr. Porter's amazing story. I've known him for two years; I have been his doctor of sorts, and he's not given to delusion. Of course, this isn't proof enough, but it lends credibility. He was so disturbed by this sighting that I thought it best to use hypnosis. I had hoped this approach would determine the matter to be fact or fancy. While mesmerized, Mr. Porter's creature did not wither into a mere whim of imagination. Instead, his description of the thing became more vivid, more detailed. Most striking was his account of the creature's haggard breathing, and unexpected loud gasps, physical aspects not commonplace in hallucinations. He also described the creature's movement, saying he watched for several minutes as the hideous thing loped and stumbled across York Avenue, before crawling into another sewer entrance.

Mr. Porter's revulsion melted into pity after watching the wretch. This, I believe, is also uncommon in hallucinations. It is emotion that generates the imagining; therefore, the emotion cannot be transformed into another state while the fancy persists, because without the inspiring emotion there is no delusion. In other words, I believe many people hallucinate because of a chemicals in the brain cause an unexpected eruption of emotion, such as fear, anger or delight. This unanticipated, but very powerful feeling, provokes them into manufacturing a cause for the effect they are experiencing. Something akin to a waking dream, one might say. Because some metaphorical cog or gear in the brain fails, they experience strong emotion. Immediately they look for a cause of that emotion, and their imagination promptly provides one from its collection of memories. But in these cases, the emotion does not suddenly change states, shifting from fear to pity, as was the case with Mr. Porter. No, I believe Mr. Porter experienced something much more than a hallucination. Something far more real.

Moon Papers #9

Helpful Conjure Man Answers (Used if Bryon trusts investigators)

- ❑ If asked about the Half Moon cult, Byron shows the investigators a tattered excerpt from *Natural and Unnatural Philosophies Revealed (Moon Papers #10)*. Elaborating upon this, Byron discloses his belief in the cult's continued existence, though he has little proof, other than an occasional story from a concerned cook, maid or driver, telling tales of strange happenings.
- ❑ Enthusiastic about learning more, Byron offers to assist investigators. He makes an excellent guide to the city for those unfamiliar with it, and he has many contacts. What Byron does not disclose are his arcane abilities. He only resorts to magic when the situation is extreme.
- ❑ Byron believes something happened to Claude, and that the note left behind explaining his disappearance is subterfuge. This opinion is based on instinct and his experience with Claude, nothing more. He has spoken with Theo, and visited Claude's apartment. Everything seemed in place, which feels out of place to the conjure man.

GRAND CENTRAL DISTRICT

New York Central Library, 5th Ave. and 42nd St., No. 476

Quick research at the library turns up a couple of texts about the Half Moon cult. Similarly, there are few articles about Ambrose Mogens. Mogens uses influence to prevent most stories from coming to press. Many Half Moon members placed in various city newspapers and magazines assist his efforts.

Researching Mogens and the Half Moon Cult

- ❑ Researching the Half Moon cult locates *Witches, Magic and the Unnatural*. This text describes several European and New World witch cults, providing details of their origins and practices. It identifies the Half Moon cult as a New World

cult, and describes its members as practitioners of black arts, whose emblem is that of a half-moon. It identifies the night of the first quarter moon (half-moon) as the chosen night of worship. *Witches, Magic and the Unnatural*—in English, by Edward Steffen, 1762; Sanity Loss 0/0; Occult +2 percentiles; 1 week to study and comprehend; no spells.

- Another text containing information about the cult is *Tenants of Darkness*. The book in the public stacks is a reprint of the original 1695 text. When reprinted, some sections were omitted, as were the spells. Investigators who find this volume can be shown **Moon Papers #11**. The text hints at the machinations of the Half Moon cult, associating them with science. *Tenants of Darkness*—in English, by Anonymous, 1843 (reprint); Sanity Loss none; Occult +5 percentiles; 1 week to study and comprehend; no spells.
- From the limited collection of articles about the present-day Ambrose Mogens, investigators piece together the information in **Moon Papers #12**.
- Other than the announcement to place Eugene Vander Klei in the position of Head of Research at the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies, there is little to be found about the scientist.
- Successful research on Leland Powell provides little useful information, other than a May 27th story about Leland's death. The article explains that the millionaire died in a yachting accident near Throg's Neck. An unexplained

explosion burned the yacht while on the water. No one survived, and no bodily remains have been retrieved.

Excerpt from *Tenants of Darkness*

... a foul blasphemy against those who are Righteous. The vows made by those of the coven are mortal heresies, oaths of evil, promises to serve eternally and to condemn their progeny to the same abominable fate. These dark servants cast aside True wisdom, replacing it with superstition and idolatry. They thrust vile principles of science upon the world, ravaging the faithful with fiery zeal.

Moon Papers #11

A Brief Bio of Ambrose Mogens

Born in 1885, Ambrose Mogens inherited his father's fortune at an early age. Ambitious, Mogens worked to expand his father's holdings, creating an industrial empire rivaled by very few in the world. Not satisfied with amassing a fortune, Mogens is a dedicated philanthropist. Quoting Charles Dickens, Mogens says, "Humanity is my business." Living by this principle, Mogens has erected the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies in New York City. The governing doctrine of this impressive research facility is to improve life and longevity for the human race.

Mogens is not a publicity seeker. He refuses interviews and declines requests for most public appearances. This shyness has not prevented the successful industrialist from winning the favor of New York City's high society. When galas and events are held, Mogens' name often tops the list.

Moon Papers #12

Natural and Unnatural Philosophies Revealed

... utterly impossible. Nonetheless, it is held by those less educated in such matters as not only possible, but inevitable. M- claims to have had success in controlled breeding. He espouses the philosophies of Darwin and others of Darwin's ilk, predicating his work upon theirs. When asked to account of himself, to make good upon his claims, he titters, offering nothing but his word. Such refusals only strengthen the argument against the preposterous theory of Natural Selection. Additionally, M-'s assertions are further weakened by the professions of former colleagues who say the experimenter dabbles in the occult, mixing science and magic, and that he cannot, and will never, produce evidence, because these experiments are conducted by members of a secret society whose identities are not to be revealed. This clandestine organization is only known to M-'s former, and very distant associates, as the **Half Moon Society**.

Moon Papers #10

CITY HALL DISTRICT

Hall of Records, at Chambers St. and Centre St.

The astounding number of records, and their seemingly haphazard storage, makes research time-consuming and unpleasant. If investigators look for birth certificates, they find them spanning over the centuries back to the American Revolution. What they don't find are death certificates. If the clerk is asked, he explains it away, saying "In the past, many families didn't report deaths, so sometimes death certificates never existed."

There is little at the Hall of Records to help investigators, except a deed for a property in Queens purchased by

Ambrose Mogens in 1877. Naturally it is to be assumed that it was one of the Mogens' ancestors.

THE HALF MOON APPEARS

The longer investigators are asking questions about Sydney Silver and Mogens and the Half Moon cult, the more likely they are to gain the attention of the cult. Once the investigators have learned of the cult's existence and of Mogens' potential connection, the keeper should have cultists start to appear. Being cautious, let the cult members watch the investigators, tailing them from location to location. Once this begins, allow investigators to make **Spot Hidden** rolls to notice, or, to prevent suspicion, the keeper can make the rolls. If investigators are using an automobile or taxi, the keeper should use the "Follow That Car!" rules in Chapter One: History of New York. Once detected, the cultists either disappear for a while, or if investigators are getting too close, the cultists strive to eliminate the snooping investigators.

| | STR | CON | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|
| Cultist #1 | 14 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 13 | +1D4 |
| Cultist #2 | 12 | 14 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 14 | +1D4 |
| Cultist #3 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 09 | 12 | 13 | +1D4 |

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D4+db
Grapple 45%, damage special
Black Jack 57%, damage 1D8+db.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 39%, Fast Talk 29%, Hide 40%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 36%, City Lore(New York City) 60%.

HALF MOON RISING

Before proceeding to this part of the adventure, investigators should be aware of the Half Moon cult, its rituals, and suspect Ambrose Mogens of being a member, if not the leader. They should also know when the next gathering is scheduled, placing them under time pressure. If these essential facts are not known, the keeper can utilize Bryon Fisher to fill in the missing pieces.

By this point it should be apparent to investigators that the swiftest means of obtaining information about Mogens and his link to the Half Moon cult is by invading his home. An **Idea** roll points to this course of action if investigators have not already come to this conclusion.

QUEENS: MOGENS ESTATE

Located on a fifty-acre private estate is a ten-acre, man-made pond, and the mansion erected by Ambrose Mogens in 1877. Constructed in an over-determined English Gothic style, the unrestrained, two-story mansion is surrounded by a six-foot stone wall. Blocking the front drive is an imposing cast-iron gate that is always locked.

At the appointed time each month, cultists gather here to participate in the Half Moon rituals. To outsiders, it seems nothing more than a celebration populated by Mogens' closest friends and employees. What is out of the ordinary is the dark decorum. Men are required to wear black tuxedos without any white trappings, while women don black evening gowns. A combined **Spot Hidden** and **Idea** roll brings this to the attention of anyone watching. The gathering occurs inside the large ballroom. Here the evil ceremonies dedicated to the Black Man are performed. Initiates share their blood, forever sealing their fates and their descendants' fates. Vows are made and secrets revealed. At least once a year the highest members attend a human sacrifice.

Security

There are always three armed guards, each with a dog, patrolling the Mogens estate. These zealous guardians are under orders by Mogens to restrain trespassers for interrogation. Fearing his wrath, they follow these orders as best as possible. Only if investigators give them no recourse do the guards use deadly force. They patrol the grounds every forty-five minutes, each in a different area. They are never together unless there is a call for assistance.

| | STR | CON | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|
| Guard #1 | 12 | 12 | 09 | 09 | 11 | 13 | +1D4 |
| Guard #2 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 12 | 11 | +0 |
| Guard #3 | 15 | 13 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 13 | +1D4 |

Weapon: .38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

| | STR | CON | SIZ | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|
| Dogs #1,2,3 | 08 | 10 | 05 | 06 | 12 | 08 | -1D4 |

Weapon: Bite 30%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Listen 80%, Scent Something Interesting 90%.

Servants and staff, who are all cultists, always occupy the estate. Scaling the wall and marching up to the mansion is not feasible during daylight hours. However, under cover of darkness, investigators have a better chance. Investigators who stakeout the place quickly

learn the rhythms of security and staff. Two nights should be sufficient to assure regularity in patterns, though investigators might not have the luxury of time. If investigators take time to observe the mansion, they discover that Mogens does not return here every evening. There is a 30% chance of Mogens making an appearance each night, usually after midnight.

The Mogens Mansion

Providing investigators have not selected June 6th as the night to skulk into the mansion, there are no unexpected surprises. The best point of entry is the library. It is removed from the rest of the house, and distant enough from the servants' quarters to buffer any unexpected noises. No matter how investigators gain entry, they must use either a window or a door. The windows have simple latches, allowing them to be readily jimmied; a **Locksmith X4** roll accomplishes this. The doors are more difficult, requiring a halved **Locksmith** roll.

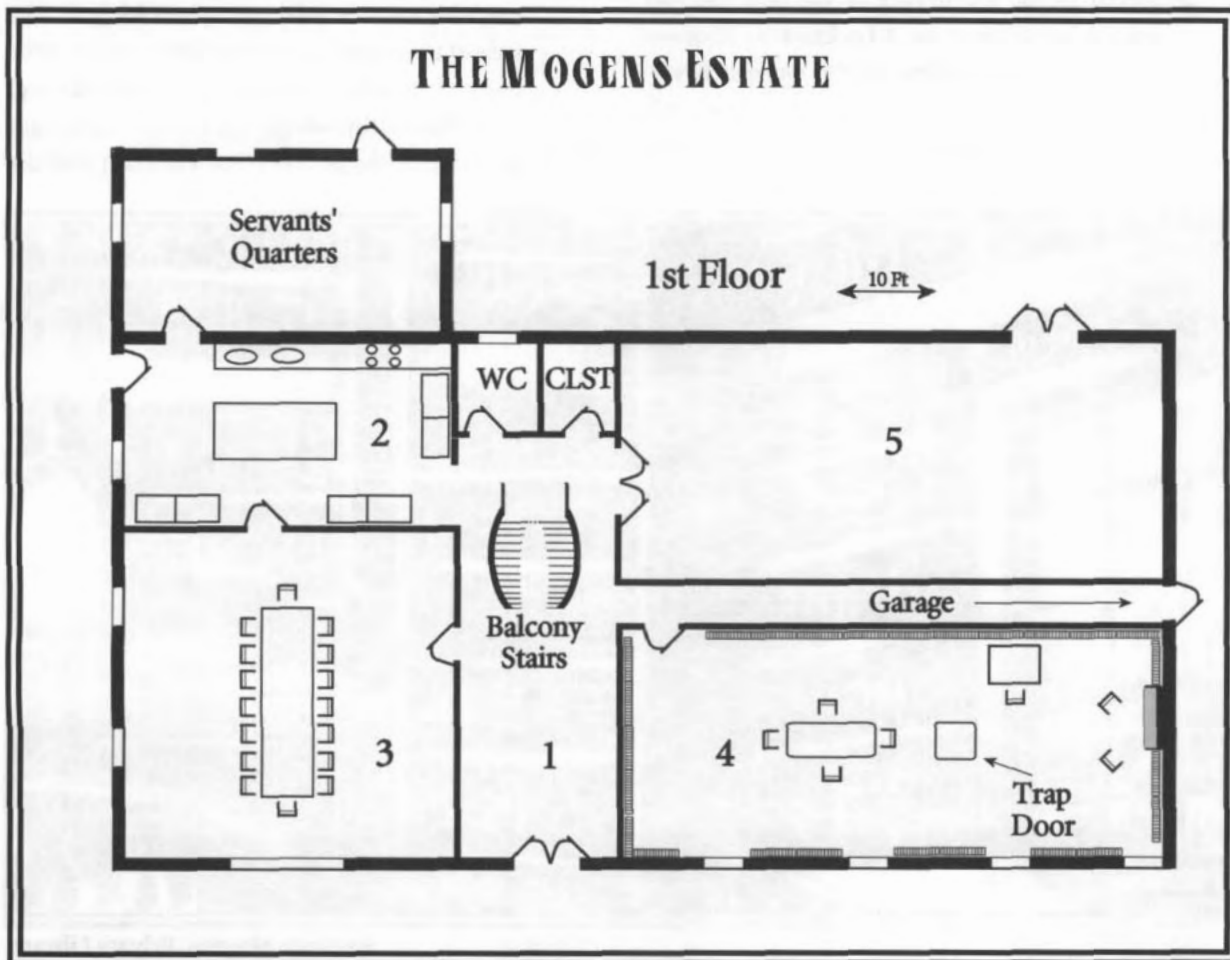
Once inside, the heavy curtains in most rooms can be closed to prevent the shine of flashlights from escaping. All doors in the house are STR 25, and windows are STR 10, unless otherwise noted.

The First Floor

1. Foyer - To the left of the main door are cloth-covered chairs and couches used by visitors waiting to be received or awaiting their chauffeurs. A large brass chandelier hangs from the ceiling of this room. The second floor balconies, with deep walnut banisters, can be seen from the ground floor. Facing the foyer, as though with open arms, two circular staircases lead up to a half-moon shaped alcove.

2. Kitchen - The kitchen is crowded with ovens, stoves, tables and cabinets. The tile surfaces of the counters are a brilliant white and spotless. The staff spends mornings, noon and evenings here. If not preparing meals for Mogens and guests, they make them for the estate's employees.

3. Dining Room - A twenty-foot long, rectangular oaken table occupies the center of this room, with an entourage of chairs. The large window to the rear of the room is draped in a flowing white, ceiling-to-floor curtain, making the room resemble an open casket instead of a dining room.



4. Library - Like the foyer, the ceiling of this room spans two floors. The bookshelves are lined with multi-colored volumes. A brass rail with an attached ladder booted with rollers provides access to the highest recesses. Interrupting the shelves at regular intervals are rectangular windows, trimmed with dark blue curtains. Four high-backed chairs, with firm padding and a sanguine-toned floral pattern face each other in the center of the room on top of a large oriental rug. A wide fireplace occupies the center of the right wall. Nearby is a small, walnut desk and chair; papers and folders are splayed across its polished surface.

Desk

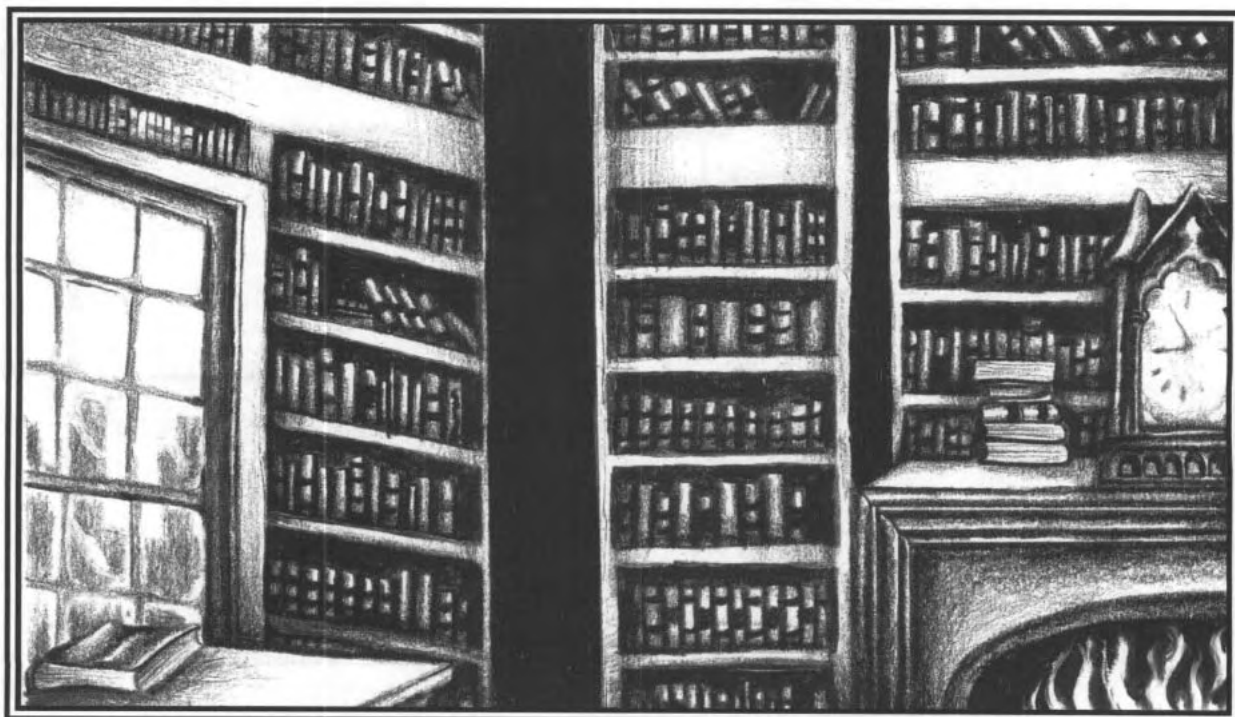
- ❑ Contained in a dark green folder is a report titled *Mutagen Analysis*. Written by Eugene Vander Klei, it details the progress of the human experiments (*Moon Papers #13*).
- ❑ Among the commonplace papers dealing with everyday business matters is a letter from Albert Day.
- ❑ Locked in the top drawer of the desk are two leather-bound journals. A **Locksmith** roll opens the STR 15 drawer. One of the journals is yellowed and aged. The inside cover bears the handwritten name of Ambrose Mogens, 1869-

1873. The other also contains Mogens' name, but the year is 1923-. A **Library Use** roll leads anyone reading the 1923 journal to entries on May 27th and May 30th, 1923. Give the investigators *Moon Papers #15*.

After reading this entry, investigators skimming the other journal have a chance of stumbling across a related entry in 1869. A **Library Use** roll locates it. If investigators do not find the entry, the last person to hold the book can make a **Luck** roll. This indicates an accidental glance, spotting the name Powell while flipping through the pages. What is learned from the entry is that Cornelius Powell publicly insulted Ambrose Mogens.

Bookshelves

- ❑ Hanging in front of the desk is a large oil painting of Ambrose Mogens. He is standing with one hand resting upon a cane, and the other hand folded across his abdomen. On his right hand is a ringed finger bearing the insignia of the Half Moon. A **Knowledge** roll highlights the striking resemblance of the figure in the portrait to anyone who has seen a photograph of Mogens. The style of the painting, and attire of the figure, gives the work an antiquated quality. An **Art (History)** roll or halved **Knowledge** roll allows an investigator to place the period (19th Century) and the



Ambrose Mogens' Private Library

artist (Thomas Waterman Cook). Hidden behind the sizeable painting is a safe containing the rest of Mogens' journals. The quality lock makes cracking difficult. A halved **Locksmith** roll is required to open the safe. If successfully opened, investigators find 40 journals, each averaging about five years, spanning the centuries of Mogens' life. The earliest is dated 1701, with the last dated 1920 — this excludes those in the desk.

- ❑ Mogens uses a complicated cataloguing system in the library. Only the truly insane appreciate and comprehend it. This presents a difficulty to investigators hoping to leaf through obscure texts they believe might be in Mogens' possession. Each halved **Spot Hidden** roll reveals a single text. If investigators work in pairs, this roll is increased to normal, but only one investigator can make it. More than two investigators working together do nothing useful. Investigators can search independently, each making a halved **Spot Hidden** roll, or in pairs, each pair making a normal roll. The keeper is free to add additional texts to Mogen's collection or modify those listed. Fear of losing such valuable tomes prevents Mogens from placing his entire collection at a single location. The following volumes are located in the library:

The Pnakotic Manuscripts — in English, author unknown, 15th century; Sanity Loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +10 percentiles; average 45 weeks to study and comprehend/ 90 hours to skim; **Spells:** Contact Winged One (Contact Elder Thing).

Unaussprechlichen Kulden — in English, Bridewell Translation, 1845; Sanity Loss 1D8/2D8; Cthulhu Mythos +12 percentiles; average 48 weeks to study and comprehend/96 hours to skim; Spells determined by keeper.

Tenants of Darkness — in English, by Anonymous, 1843 (reprint); Sanity Loss none; Occult +5 percentiles; 1 week to study and comprehend; no spells.

- ❑ Any investigator making a **Spot Hidden** roll while examining the library itself discovers a trap door hidden beneath a large oriental rug. Upon

pushing the shelf, it swings wide, revealing a spiral staircase leading down.

The Report

The report enlightens investigators about the secret human experiments taking place at the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies. At this point, an **Idea** roll links Claude Porter's creature to the institute and Mogens.

Prepared by: Eugene Vander Klei

Date: 1923, June 1st

Subject: Serum-M12 Alteration

The limited success of the Serum-M12 has provided new insight to the mutagenic approach. In serums prior to M12, the onset of cellular decay was rapid. In some instances, it demonstrated in as few as 5 hours. This, combined with the unpredictable and severely debilitating mutations, made experimentation nearly impracticable. Advancements in these serums led to Serum-M12. Though highly unstable, the mutations caused by this mutagenic are not as extreme as previous formulae, and the onset of cellular decay is greatly decreased.

Building upon the success of M12, I have made alterations to the serum that may manifest controllable physiological mutations. The dramatically enhanced muscular formations and sensory perception of subject K091L have provided insights in identifying key trigger chemicals. However, M12 persists in degenerating the brain, circulatory system and regressing heart and lung development, while intensifying emotional aggression (the cause for the test subject's unexpected escape). The modified serum, M12A, will be ready for testing on June 6th.

Moon Papers #13

The Letter

Albert Day mentions increasing security in the Red Lab to prevent incidents such as the one on May 28th. This strengthens the connection between the creature and the institute. It also identifies a laboratory beneath the Medical Research Facility on the Mogens pavilion, and discloses a means of gaining entry to the lower levels. An **Idea** roll indicates that a ceremony is being held on June 6th, which is the same day Eugene is injecting the new serum.

Any suspicions about Mogens' longevity are likely to be confirmed with the journals. The oil painting reinforces this notion. The 1923 journal also identifies the creature as Leland Powell, son of Cornelius Powell, and explains Leland escaped while being transferred to Mogens' estate. The journal alludes to Leland's presence on the estate. Doubtful investigators can confirm this with an **Idea** roll.

The 1869-1873 journal makes mention of a social slight made by Cornelius Powell (Leland's father) while

making an address at New York University. The off-hand remark infuriated Mogens, provoking his long planned revenge. This revenge is the transformation of Leland into an inhuman creature, and Mogens' personal attention to the tortured thing.

From: Albert Day, Chief of Security
Date: 1923, June 1st
Subject: Red Laboratory Security

The incident on May 28th, 1923, clearly indicates increased security measures need to be initiated at the Red Laboratory. Even though the cause of the test subject's escape was identified as procedural, I believe greater measures should be taken to limit access to the sub-levels of the Medical Research Facility. I recognize that stationing security personnel outside the generator-elevator and stairwell, both at the dock level and sub-surface level, would probably perturb the matter of secrecy, so I propose replacing all existing, non-participating dock personnel with trained participants. This action would provide greater overall security, while reinforcing the present level of security, thereby limiting future incidents.

As for June 6th, the established protocols will be used. Because of the limited number of personnel in Red Laboratory that night, I believe the usual reduced security staff should be sufficient. Once Dr. Vander Klei and Hallwell have completed the experiment, they will depart, and the facility will be locked down until 3:00 a.m. I anticipate no one returning from the ceremony at the Bayside estate will arrive before 3:00 a.m.

Chief of Security,
Albert Day

Moon Papers #14

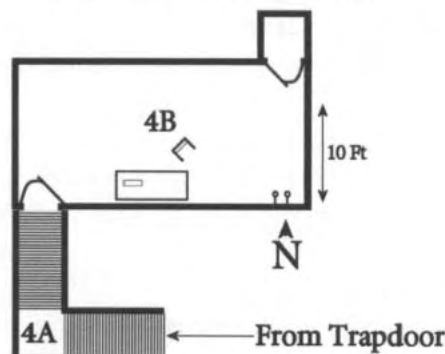
4A. Secret Cellar - The wooden staircase beneath the trap door in the library twists into the darkness below the mansion. At the bottom, the narrow cement-walled corridor halts at a locked door. Suspended in the center of the passage is a single, pull-chain light. Upon entering the light is not burning. A **Locksmith** roll opens the door.

4B. Hidden Chamber - A foul odor greets all who enter this chamber. Inside the oblong room is a haggard workbench, a rusting toolbox, overflowing with screwdrivers and picks, and a flimsy wooden chair. Set into the south wall is a pair of open shackles. Dried blood can be detected upon close inspection of the shackles.

Framed in the north wall, opposite of the restraints, is a steel door. This door, however, has a smaller, sliding door set in its base. Food is pushed through the small portal to the occupant on the other side. It is normally closed and latched. The larger door is locked, and can be opened with a successful **Locksmith** roll. Examining the hinges exposes its weakness. The hinges are rusting and poorly anchored.

Anyone in the room can make a **Listen** roll to hear the soft gurgling coming from beyond the door. Listening directly to the door does not require a roll. A fetid smell emanates from the narrow gaps around its edges.

THE HIDDEN CHAMBER



- ❑ Locked in this cell is what used to be Leland Powell, the creature spotted by Claude Porter. Investigators who have not already deduced the identity of the creature can do so with some assistance. Those who have skimmed the journals in the desk have a chance at identifying the creature upon seeing it. A successful **Knowledge** roll provides this conclusion. Hearing the wretched thing allows a **Knowledge** roll to associate it with the description recounted by Bryon Fisher.

Excerpt from Mogens' 1923 Journal

May 27. — ... finally satisfied. The years of waiting made my revenge all the more delightful. Eugene assures me that the process is intensely painful, and that Leland's cognitive abilities remained intact long enough for him to comprehend what I told him. I'm certain I recognized the burning anger in his eyes, I only regret that his father is no longer alive; I would have much preferred to exact my revenge upon him, instead of waiting half a century and settling for his son.

May 30. — Leland was captured today. It was perhaps a mistake to have requested him to be delivered to me. I had misgivings originally. I dislike taking such chances, but the urge to increase his suffering was undeniable. I remember his father well, and I regret not being responsible for his unexpected death — a death that denied me satisfaction. Alas, Leland is the best I can do. His days are so few that I didn't wish to waste a single moment — waste not want not. Now that he has my private attention, his agony has become all the sweeter.

Moon Papers #15



Stairs Leading to Mogens' Hidden Chamber

Investigators who open the smaller door are hit with a rank blast of air. A failure of a **CON X5** roll results in nausea and retching, continuing until halted by a successful roll. Checks can be made once a minute, or whatever time period the keeper decides. The wan light from the room does not brighten the dark cell. Investigators must use a flashlight when peering through the opening. Anyone who is not nauseated, and not looking through the small portal has a chance to notice the gurgling stopped when the diminutive door was opened. To avoid drawing attention to the sudden silence, the keeper should make a **Listen X2** roll. A success notices the absence of the noise, but this observation must be revealed in order of **DEX**. An investigator close enough to the door to make a **Spot Hidden** roll is close enough to be grabbed. The small size of the door and the poor lighting force investigators to make halved **Spot Hidden** rolls. Success allows the investigator to jump out of the way, before the creature reaches through the opening. A failure makes the event a surprise. If surprised, the investigator cannot react until it is too late. The creature attempts to grapple the investigator, and thereafter hoping to strangle or cause wounds.

Success or failure infuriates the creature. It begins to drool and gasp. Without an investigator in its grip to

curb its fury, its anger is directed against the decrepit door. The creature repeatedly slams against the **STR 28** door until it rips from the hinges (**STR 28** because of the weakened hinges). It then rampages through the mansion, killing everyone it finds. This is a good time for the investigators to flee.

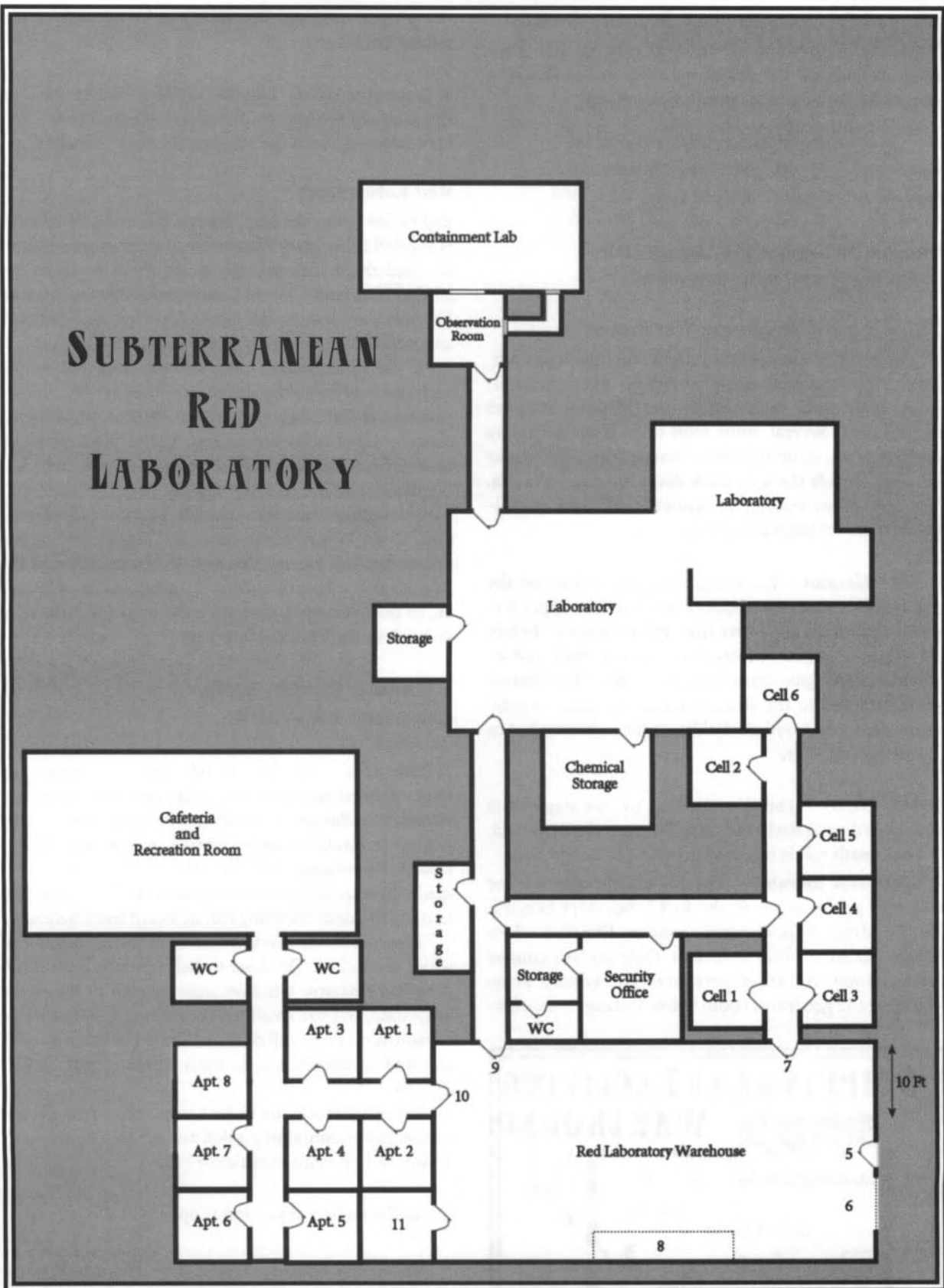
The Creature, Mutated Human, formerly Leland Powell

A wide range of mutagenic cocktails has transformed Leland Powell into a slaving monstrosity. Its treatment at the hands of Ambrose Mogens has further transformed it into a being bent on revenge, or at least what stands for revenge in its diminished mind. Its sickly, putrid flesh is slick with toxins excreted



Leland Powell Transformed

**SUBTERRANEAN
RED
LABORATORY**



Moon Papers #16 - Blueprint of the Red Laboratory

Mogens Institute Pavilion Security Guards

Patrolling the pavilion are three security guards. They make rounds of the buildings every hour, checking doors and looking for suspicious characters.

| | STR | CON | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|
| Guard #1 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 14 | 13 | +0 |
| Guard #2 | 13 | 12 | 09 | 12 | 13 | 13 | +1D4 |
| Guard #3 | 11 | 12 | 12 | 10 | 12 | 12 | +0 |

Weapon: .38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Shipping and Receiving Warehouse

Crates of office and medical supplies fill this large warehouse. The material is stored within the industrial-green walls until requested by the Material Supplies Department. Several lights with large metal reflectors are always on, illuminating the cement floor in circular patterns. Beside the four dock doors are two elevators, and two doors leading to stairwells, all have stencil-painted names identifying them.

1. MRF Elevator - The freight elevator, located on the south wall is used to transport material to the upper levels. It cannot go any lower than the warehouse. Before the elevator can be operated, the exterior door and an interior safety gate must also be closed. The exterior door, attached to the shaft, is metal; the interior gate, made of slatted wood, resembling a fence, is attached to the freight elevator.

2. MRF Stairs - The door leading to this stairwell is unlocked during daylight hours. The stairs lead upward. A **Locksmith** roll is required to open the locked door.

3. Generator Elevator - The freight elevator on the east wall grants access to the Red Laboratory beneath the building. This elevator operates like the other, except the outer door is locked. Only certain cultists have the key. All other personnel are warned away, claiming the generator room below is dangerous with-

out proper training. The lock can be opened with a halved **Locksmith** roll.

4. Generator Stairs - Like the similarly named elevator, this stairwell is disguised. It leads downward to the Red Laboratory. As with the elevator, the door is locked.

Red Laboratory

Eighty-feet below the Shipping and Receiving Warehouse is the Red Laboratory Warehouse. It mirrors the other in size and shape and content, except all of its crates are labeled "Generator Room". Additionally, this warehouse has only one elevator, the Generator Elevator, five doors and a fenced area used for pharmacy storage.

If the investigators have selected June 6th as the night they infiltrate the laboratory, there are few cultists present. All have departed for the ritual at the Mogens estate in Queens, leaving Eugene Vander Klei, his assistant Clifford Hallwell, and two of the security staff. It is Eugene's intention to inject Claude Porter at midnight, the proscribed time for commencing the experiment. Once done, he and his assistant will depart, leaving the guards behind. During this period, the guards wait for Eugene in the Security Office. Eugene and his assistant are in the laboratory, preparing the injection. Claude is sedated, in the Containment Lab.

5. Generator Elevator - See #3.

6. Generator Stairs - See #4.

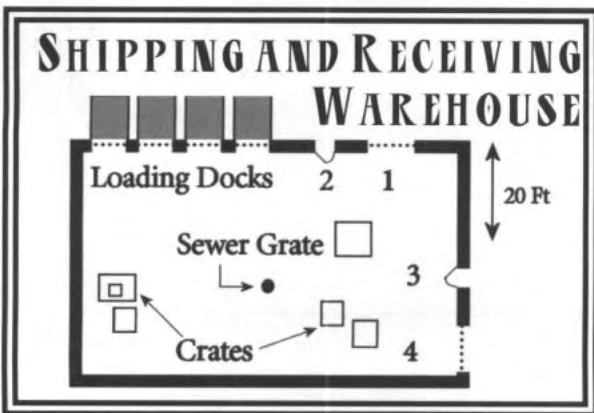
7. Cells Area - The door to this area has a single red stripe painted on it. To the researchers, this color is a reminder of danger. There is no window in the door. Its surface is scratched and chipped. A **Zoology** roll or halved **Knowledge** roll indicate that perhaps claws made the scratches. A halved **Locksmith** roll is required to open the door. Nothing can be heard from behind.

There are six cells in this section of the facility, five of which are locked. The door to Cell-6 stands open. Each door has a narrow window, large enough to locate the inhabitant, but too small to reach through. A red stripe is painted on every cell door. A halved **Locksmith** roll is required to open the lock. Each sturdy, metal door is STR 45.

Though five cells are locked, most are empty. Each is a small room, containing a bed and solitary light, which is switched on from outside the cell.

The hallway door stands open.

Cell-6 is lighted, and the door also stands open. The room is readied for the return of Claude Porter, once he has been injected.



❑ Cell-3 holds an occupant. When approached the cell is dark. The exterior light-switch must be flipped to see what is inside. A successful **Listen** roll allows investigators to hear a gurgling sound. Anyone placing an ear to the door automatically hears this, but doing so agitates the cell's occupant. It immediately hurls its bulk against the door, knocking any investigator backward, unless a successful **Dodge** roll is made. A failure causes 1D3 damage points; a failure of 96-00 stuns the investigator.

Locked inside the cell is a creature, similar to Leland Powell. In this case, the experiment was performed upon a vagrant found in the Lower East Side.

Second Creature

STR 25 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 03 POW 09
DEX 10 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, Damage 1D4+db.

Skills: Hide 34%, Jump 44%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D8.

After five minutes of prolonged activity, the creature may collapse. Failure of a **CON X5** roll results in death. A roll should be made each minute of extreme activity, including running, combat or similar stressful actions.

❑ Turning on the light also agitates the cell's occupant. Once angered, it attempts to bash through the door until it tires. Though the sound the creature makes is muffled by the door, its hammering against the door is not. A guard hears the sound with a successful one-quarter **Listen** roll. Upon hearing the sound, one of the two guards investigates.

8. Pharmacy Storage - A cyclone fence secures this area. It stands twelve feet high, with the top fenced as well. A padlocked gate bars entrance. Protected by the fence are several racks with bottles and cardboard boxes. A successful **Pharmacy** roll is needed to recognize this as a well-stocked pharmacy, with many exotic pharmaceuticals. Wire-cutters can be used to snip a hole through the fence. Bolt-cutters can cut the padlock with a successful

STR X3 roll on the Resistance Table against the padlock's STR 35. A **Locksmith X2** roll works as well.

Hundreds of drugs and chemicals are stored here. Investigators making **Chemistry** or **Pharmacy** rolls find everything from the mundane to several unknown items (this is because Eugene Vander Klei developed some). A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll with a successful **Pharmacy** roll tells investigators that a few of these items are arcane in nature. Destroying this vast pharmaceutical collection would be crippling to the project. An **Idea** roll reveals this.

9. Laboratory Area - A single blue stripe is painted on this windowless door. The blue color indicates decreased danger. It leads to the laboratories. The door appears unscathed, and like the other is locked. A halved **Locksmith** roll is required to open it. Nothing can be heard from behind this door.

The door at the north end of the hallway is wedged open, providing a clear view of the laboratory behind. Several workbenches are covered in racks, populated with test tubes containing chemicals and liquids in a variety of colors. At various places are large beakers brimming with bubbling liquids. A jumble of rubber hoses and glass tubes connect most of them in a confusing web. Here and there are large machines that rattle and vibrate as they go about their mysterious business. And every wall displays a chart or diagram. Sprawled on a table is partially dissected body. It too suffers from the same grotesque malformations, as does the Leland creature. Seeing the creature requires a **Sanity** roll.

A successful **Spot Hidden** allows an investigator to notice the alarm buttons on most every wall.

Eugene and his assistant are in section B of the laboratory, preparing the mutagen serum to be placed in a hideously huge syringe. At 11:50 p.m. they will move to the Containment Lab, ready to finish the ugly task at midnight. Eugene performs the injection with Clifford waiting in the Observation Room.

Should either one spot or encounter investigators, they activate the nearest alarm. Clifford will fight to the death, protecting the project. Eugene will flee, understanding his importance.



Clifford Hallwell

Clifford Hallwell, Dedicated Assistant, age 28

STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 60 HP 11

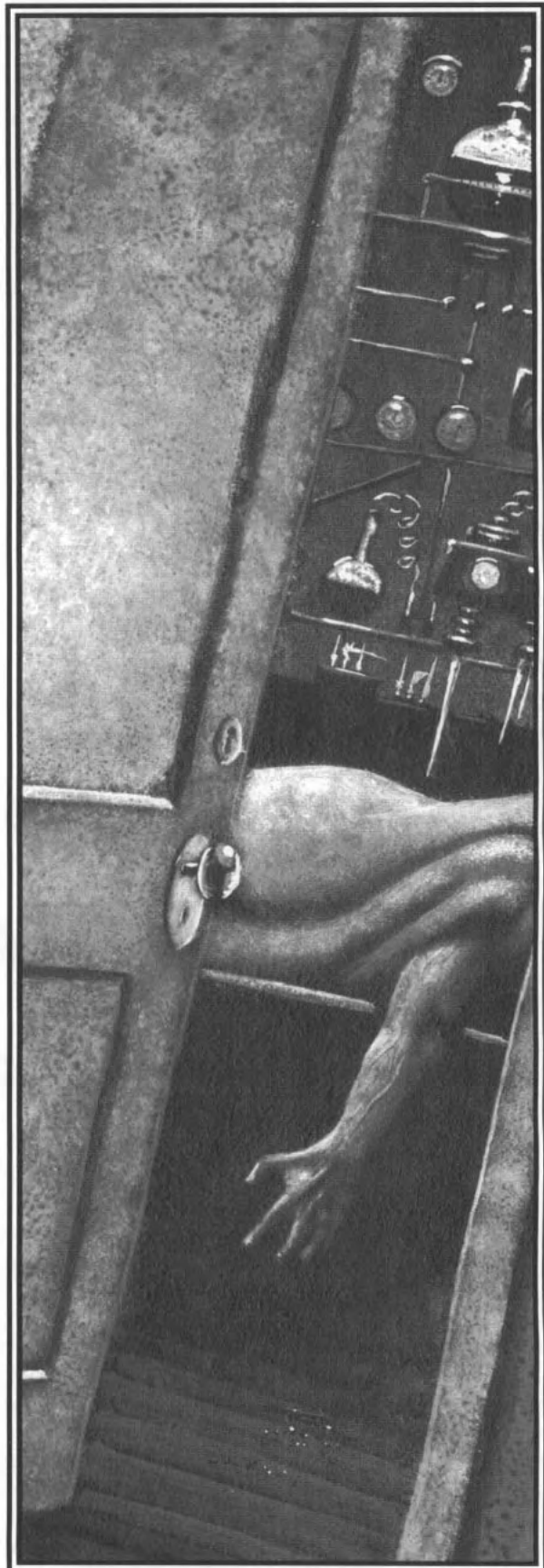
Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Biochemistry 46%, Biology 40%, Chemistry 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Latin 15%, Library Use 49%, Medicine 65%, Occult 22%, Pharmacy 56%.

10. Dormitory - Following suit, this door is marked with a single green stripe and is windowless. This color indicates no danger. Like the others it is locked and silent. A halved **Locksmith** roll opens the door. This area houses the researchers, providing each with cramped, private apartments, showers and a dining area. During the day a cook prepares breakfast, lunch and evening meals. All other times the cultists must fend for themselves. There is very little of interest in this area, though keepers should elaborate if inspired.

11. Office - A window in this door reveals the office's interior. The only light in the room spills through the window from the warehouse. There is enough light to discern a metal, paper-strewn desk, and three file cabinets. A nameplate sits on the desk. A halved **Spot Hidden** roll allows an investigator to read the nameplate on the desk: Dr. Vander Klei. The door can be opened with a halved **Locksmith** roll.

- ❑ On top of Eugene's desk are several commonplace reports dealing with the facility's inventory and personnel. The insignificance of these documents quickly becomes apparent to anyone making a **Knowledge** roll, or any other appropriate skill roll.
- ❑ In the center drawer of the desk is a chain containing replacement keys. There are duplicates in the Security Office, but Eugene also keeps copies. There is a document titled "Housing". It contains eight names, each assigned to an apartment. If desired, the keeper can manufacture names for the list to suit the scenario needs.
- ❑ In the top, right-hand drawer of the desk is Eugene's latest formula for the mutagen serum. The formula's complexity requires a successful combined **Biochemistry**, **Medicine** and a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to make sense of it. Investigators making a **Knowledge** roll understand the notes and figures on the paper are probably the mutagen serum, though there is no explication of function.



Experiments in Red Laboratory

- ❑ The drawer also holds a copy of the spell Enchant Serum. This spell is used by Eugene to accelerate the mutating properties of his serum. Only investigators who understand the formula realize this spell's purpose, all others must study it understand to gain comprehension — though this does not give them an understanding of the formula.
- ❑ The lower drawer contains a .45 Automatic. Eugene keeps this in case of emergencies. There is also a full box of ammunition.
- ❑ After reviewing the documents in Eugene's office, investigators can make an **Idea** roll to realize that Eugene is essential to the project. This leads them to the notion that his death would put an end to the project for many years, providing they have not already figured this out on their own.

checking doors, looking for anything out of place. But the special circumstances on June 6th keep them in the office, playing cards, waiting for Eugene to leave.

| | STR | CON | INT | POW | DEX | HP | DB |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|------|
| Guard #1 | 11 | 12 | 10 | 09 | 12 | 13 | +1D4 |
| Guard #2 | 12 | 13 | 09 | 08 | 11 | 13 | +1D4 |

Weapons: .38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

NEW SPELL: ENCHANT SERUM

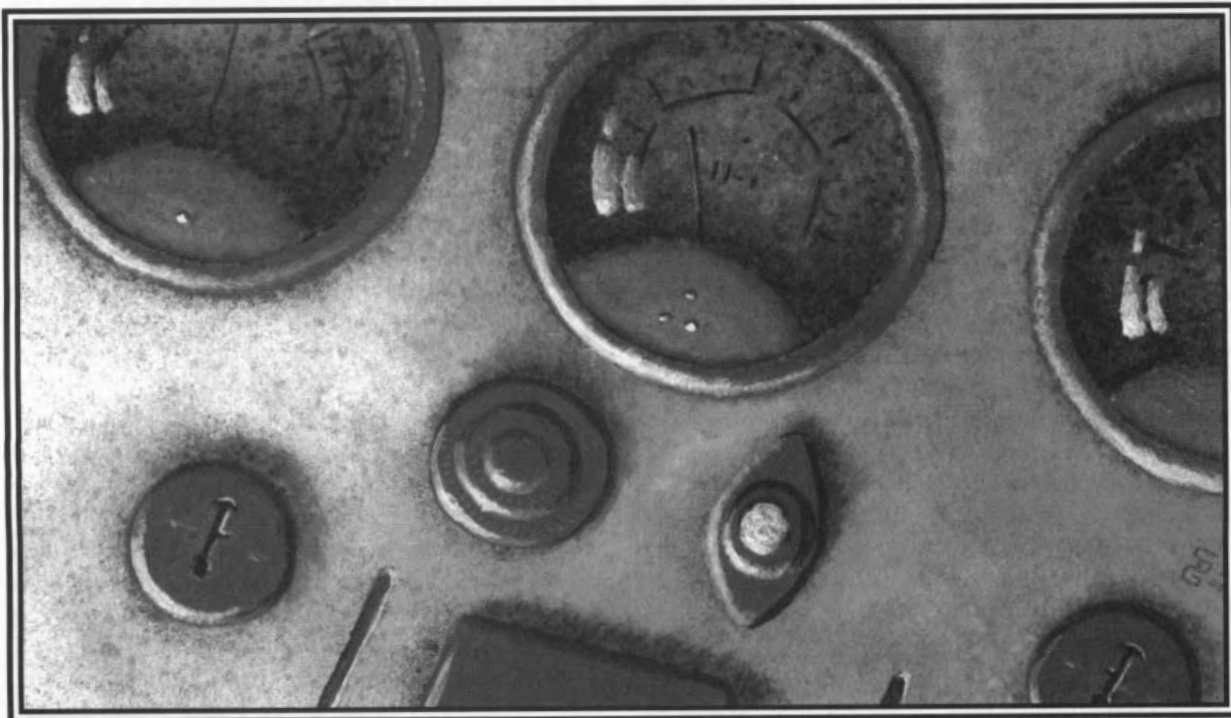
Enchant Serum enhances a pharmacological mixture, accelerating its interaction with the subject upon whom it is used. The normal speed of effect is increased by a factor of ten. Therefore, a drug normally requiring 10 hours to operate is reduced to 1 hour. Casting this spell requires 2 hours and 2 POW. Each time the spell is used, the caster loses 1D3 Sanity Points.

For the spell to function properly, the target drug must be placed in a container that has been prepared in human blood. The casting requires boiling the blood and the container together for 2 hours, while chanting incantations.

Also located in the office is the control board used to trigger the explosives set into the walls of the Red Laboratory. Engaging the detonation timer requires two separate keys, one held by each guard, and three interlock switches that must be engaged. Once activated, the process cannot be halted. Five minutes after it has been started, the facili-

Security Office

Located in the hallway between the laboratory and the cells is the control center for the facility's security. The door to this office is normally closed. A metal desk, three chairs and two filing cabinets furnish this room. Hanging on the south wall is a map of the facility, and a large ring of door keys. On all nights except for the 6th of June, the guards venture out, walking the hallways,



Security Control Panel

ty erupts into a whirling storm of stone and fire. The last-measure security system is designed to incinerate evidence and collapse the structure of the Red Laboratory, all the while leaving the upper facility shaken, but intact. Mogens has mandated that only under the direst of circumstances is this system to be activated. All other courses must be attempted before taking this route.

An investigator making a successful **Electrical Repair** roll can decipher the purpose of the control panel. However, the degree to which the ensuing explosion is contained cannot be fathomed by examination.

A NEW DAY

There are many possible outcomes to this scenario. The resolution with the greatest catharsis for the investigators and the best outcome is to save Claude Porter before he is injected with the serum, and bring evidence to the police and newspapers that reveal what is actually taking place in the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies. Accomplishing this requires a considerable amount of evidence, as the police are not likely to barge into the Medical Research Facility on the word of the investigators — Mogens is too powerful a public figure for that. Even if investigators bring documents and inhuman corpses to the police, there is still little evidence linking Mogens to these things. After all, documents can be forged and there is no physical proof connecting a mutated body with Mogens.

Thwarting Mogens

Investigators need photographs and the confession of a high-ranking person in the Mogens operation, such as Eugene or Clifford or another cultist. Even this is risky, as Mogens would have any such witness killed without hesitation. Such evidence would be damning — at least to the degree of proving inhumane experiments. If the investigators do manage to do this, and tumble the Mogens empire, each should be awarded 1D10 Sanity, 1 POW, 2 percentiles in Cthulhu Mythos, and lavish public attention that promptly places them in New York City's spotlight — if not a worldwide spotlight, increasing their Credit Rating by 10 percentiles. Additionally, thwarting Mogens may hinder him from gaining power in years to come.

Ensnaring a Sorcerer

Should the investigators manage to prove Mogens is the man behind the hideous experiments, bringing Mogens to justice is still extremely difficult. He has lived too long to be easily trapped. Instead, with the first indication that he

might be revealed, he is certain to vanish, and reappear elsewhere under a different identity. If this is the case, then the investigators might have caused more problems than they solved. Mogens' first refuge will be Europe. The growing tide of tension is to his liking. And in a few years, he'll be able to practice his art again, unheeded. Keepers who are playing ongoing campaigns need only to wait for the return of Mogens. Hinting to the players about his whereabouts, however, will produce dramatic irony, as the investigators do not know of the troubles coming from fascist Germany in the future, but the players will. There is no need to penalize the players for this, as the knowledge of what is to come should haunt them enough.

Halting the Experiments

Another possible resolution to the scenario is one in which the investigators halt the experiments by the destruction of essential research material, key personnel such as Eugene, or the destruction of the Red Laboratory. For accomplishing this investigators should be awarded 1D6 Sanity, but they remain unsung heroes as the city does not know what has been stopped. If Claude is saved, he does become a strong ally, and is always willing to help the investigators, providing he doesn't decide to move to California where there are no monsters.

Stopping the experiment does not mean that Mogens has been thwarted. Moving through society with impunity allows him to re-establish his laboratory and eventually begin experiments again. Additionally, Mogens is not one to forget and forgive — Leland Powell is proof of that. If he is not stopped, one of his priorities will be to repay the investigators for being a thorn in his side. Mogens will go on in the years to come to become an active member in the U.S. Eugenics program, helping to establish laws that will cull the lower 10% of the American population. Eventually, he'll be a reigning member of the Third International Eugenics Conference, where the United States and many other countries, including Germany, share information, pseudo scientific research and technology for controlling the "lower strata" of humanity. Again, this is a result that can be revealed over time, allowing the players to comprehend what the investigators cannot see.

Complete Failure

If the investigators have no luck at saving Claude, stopping the experiments, then it is likely that Mogens will track them down and eliminate them, or at least use the investigators for experiments. In this instance, investigators suffer a Sanity loss of 1D4, knowing that it is only a matter of time before the Half Moon cult gets revenge. Investigators have gained an enemy for life, one who never stops until his thirst for their death is quenched. The keeper should note that Mogens has labs on Hoffman and Swinburne Islands (see "Staten Island" : Chapter Five: The Outer Boroughs).

CHAPTER SEVEN

ADVENTURE: TRANSGRESSION

"He'd said his portal could only sustain the bridge between this world and the other for mere minutes. I knew even minutes were far too long a time. What Effram had seen as a transcendence of nature was really a transgression against nature."

— Rudolph Pearson

INTRODUCTION

The keeper should familiarize herself with the locations used in this scenario. Primarily, it is set at Columbia University and Effram Harris' warehouse in the Gashouse district. To enhance the dichotomy between the upper middle class Morningside district of Columbia and the dilapidated factory and tenement infested ward of the Gashouse district, the keeper should expound upon the descriptions of the two, and even make getting to the Gashouse district difficult, as some taxi-cabs are likely to refuse to venture into the neighborhood.

Although this scenario takes place during the 1920's, the keeper is free to set the year to any desired. Similarly, there is no set period of play in which the investigators must unravel the mystery. This allows the keeper to expand the adventure as needed, allowing investigators to traipse around the Big Apple as long as desired. The only factor that might be considered is the demise of Effram Harris. If the investigators take too long, he is likely to use his contraption and be lost on another world or in another universe. If and when this happens is left to the keeper to decide

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Professor Effram Harris, a long time friend of professor Rudolph Pearson, has gone missing. Both scholars work at Columbia University, although Harris is a physicist and cares little for the bookwork of Pearson's field. Harris often teases Pearson about doing too much reading and having a fanciful imagination. Yet, the two men are more alike than either realize. Harris also has an active imagination, and one that this time gets him in trouble.

During the 1921 Columbia University symposium of "Physics and Nature," Effram Harris encountered a Russian physicist named Luca Dyakonov. The Russian claimed to have the schematics to a machine that could



Effram Harris

"revolutionize transportation the way the telegraph revolutionized communication." Dyakonov's claim that "Where the telegraph made the world smaller, this machine would make the universe smaller." Of course, he'd made several attempts to construct the device, but each had failed due to lack of proper materials. And he'd

willingly give the schematics to Harris so long as Dyakonov's name would be included if Harris successfully built the machine. Such a claim intrigued Harris, and he did not hesitate to take the plans, promising to let the Russian share in the glory once he had produced an operational prototype.

After examining the plans and design of the contraption, Harris spent months researching the unusual theories of physics on which the machine was premised. This led Harris into a world that was part science and part metaphysics. Undaunted, the persistent professor pressed forward.

The actual construction of the device required many bizarre components, most of which had to be fabricated by Harris, and others that had to be cobbled together from existing technologies. In some cases, Harris had to redesign portions in order to compensate for components he had no means of acquiring — if such things even existed. All in all, Harris was obsessed by the genius of the design and the uniqueness of what he termed the "dimensional portal".

To be certain, Harris wasn't sure if he could produce a functioning prototype, but he was certain that he could not build the contraption in his Columbia physics laboratory. Instead, he rented a warehouse in the Gashouse district, and commenced construction. After a series of failures and minor successes, Harris managed to complete a working "dimensional portal". But as he neared completion, he stopped appearing at Columbia, missing lectures and meetings. The department chair had encountered such periods with Harris before, but this time the physicist was not in his lab. This was unusual, but he was reluctant to contact the police

because he didn't know how to report a missing physicist who was prone to manic bouts of working.

LOCATING THE PROFESSOR

If the investigators know Rudolph Pearson (see "Columbia University" in Chapter One: Uptown), then he is likely to turn to them for assistance in locating Harris. Optionally, investigators with contacts in the city might be asked to investigate the unusual electrical draws in the Gashouse district — as the prototype requires large amounts of energy to function for mere minutes. Of course, news of the strange appearance of

OLD GAS WARD RUNS OUT OF POWER

Over the last week, numerous complaints from factory owners have streamed into the Hell Gate Power Plant, complaining about the loss of electricity — and the loss of production. Even though the authorities were made aware of the problem, no one at the power plant has been able to isolate the problem.

"There is some old factory or large piece of equipment that is drawing too much power," said Richard Stemple, manager of the Hell Gate plant.

"The problem is not on our end. Someone in that district is using faulty equipment. That is causing the failures."

Stemple went on to assure that everything is being done to locate the source and remove it from the power grid. At the present, the problem is still perplexing, and no factory owners have come forth claiming responsibility.

— New York Telegram,
Vivian Torelli

Transgression Papers #1

OUT OF THE PARK!

Mrs Haley of Clason's Point reported to the local police that she had found a baseball in one of her locked clothes trucks. The reason for her reporting it to the police is her concern that someone had entered her house and placed it there.

"Many strange things are occurring in the Point as of late," claims Mrs Haley. "People are lurking about in the dark, and peeking in windows. The baseball is just one more thing,

and it is time something is done about it."

When asked for a comment, the police refused to speak on the matter, other than to state that there were no signs of forced entry, nor any other indications that someone other than the Haley family had been in the house. At present Mrs. Haley's mysterious baseball is still under investigation.

— New York Evening
Post, Staff

Transgression Papers #2

baseballs might intrigue investigators. To test his machine, Harris throws baseballs through the portal, each is numbered and bears his signature. During these tests he uses small quantities of electricity to open the inter-dimensional gate, so the baseballs are appearing throughout metropolitan New York. Some appear in living rooms in the Bronx, others spring into existence in bank vaults. As Harris' writing is difficult to read, no one has been able to decipher the scribbled signature. A **Cryptography** roll deciphers the signature as belonging to Harris. Should none of these suggestions be suitable, the keeper can concoct the best hook that attracts the investigators to Columbia University.

STRANGE PHYSICS

**Columbia University,
Broadway Ave. & 116th St.**

Regardless of how the investigators are brought into the scenario, they should arrive at Columbia university, either to ask a someone about the potential causes for the large power drains on the city grid, by deciphering Harris' scrawl on the baseballs, or by direct contact with Pearson. Once at the university, they are quickly conducted to Pearson, who is known to be one of Harris' closest associates. Here is revealed Harris' unusual behavior over the last few months — even strange for Harris. Interviewing Pearson also provides the physicist's home address, Apt. 414, Manhasset Apartments in Manhattanville, and confirms that the scribbling on the baseball is does indeed belong to the absentee professor, but is just the sort of thing Pearson would expect of the man. Additionally, the investigators are conveyed to Harris' office to look for anything useful.

EXPLORING EFFRAM'S OFFICE

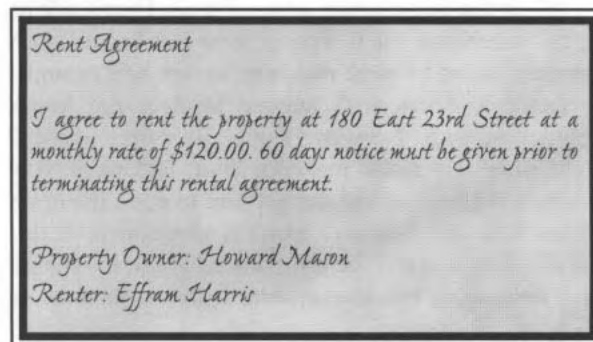
The office of Effram Harris is cluttered with journals, texts, coffee cups, notes scribbled in an illegible script and phenomenal stacks of upgraded student papers. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll and about an hour of searching uncovers a newspaper article about power outages in the Gashouse district (*Transgression papers #1*), an article describing how a resident in Clason's Point found a baseball in a locked clothes trunk (*Transgression papers #2*), and a rent agreement for a warehouse on East 22nd Street in the Gashouse district (*Transgression papers #3*). The agreement is very minimal, nothing more than a handwritten agreement. An investigator making a successful **Law X2** roll under-

stands that the agreement is intentionally vague. Clearly the owner of the property never intends to enforce it in a court of law. Rather, thugs and ruffians will extract payment if needed. In fact, it is unlikely that the owner of the property even used his real name.

If an investigator makes a **Library Use** on the myriad notes found, one stands out among the rest. It describes a machine that requires immense quantities of power to operate, and is followed by some calculations which result in a time measurement of about 1 minute. Alone, the note has very little meaning.

Another hour of searching and a successful **Spot Hidden** roll locates a scrap of paper where Harris jotted down some engineering changes to the device. A combined roll of **Physics** and **Electronics** reveals that this partial schematic belongs to a larger diagram, and that some of the components are entirely new inventions. If investigators have little luck deciphering the schematic, there are certainly professors at Columbia that can assist.

Once the partial diagram is understood, a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll provides an investigator with a basic operation of the entire machine. From the partial schematic, it appears that the electronic monstrosity acts similar to a Gate spell (see Call of Cthulhu rulebook for details), except it appears to be able to transgress dimensional boundaries as well. The potential of such a device is both amazing and dangerous as probing the unknown regions of reality can wake many foul things.



Transgression Papers #3

Visiting Hell Gate

If investigators trek to the Hell Gate power plant, the keeper should play up the massive size of the dynamos that provide the electricity for all of New York City. It is quite easy to get lost in the complex, as towering machines, and many dangerous locations exist in the power plant. However, the greatest difficulty is gaining entrance. The plant manager, Richard Stemple is tired of speaking with reporters, and refuses to talk to investigators if they identify themselves as such. In fact, Stemple is reluctant to discuss the matter with anyone but the police, so it takes a successful **Fast Talk** on the guard shack phone at the entrance to convince Stemple to

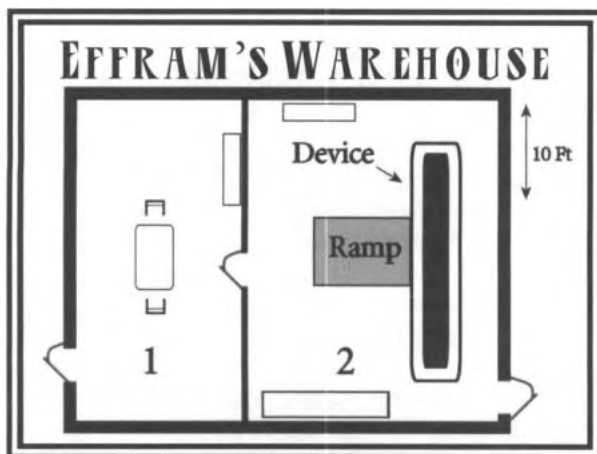
meet. The keeper should allow only 1 attempt to **Fast Talk** Stemple per day, and each attempt should increase with difficulty, as the manager's patience wears thin.

If the investigators are glib and gain a meeting with Stemple, he only answers direct questions — and usually with “We are looking into it.” He is not willing to volunteer information, as it is his job that is at risk. A **Psychology** roll indicates that Stemple has more worries than just lost power. This information combined with an **Idea** roll aims the insightful investigator toward Stemple's nervous tapping and qualified answers, revealing that he is in fear of losing his job. If the man can be soothed, assured that the investigators can help, he does relate that the problem is occurring somewhere between East 23rd Street and East 24th Street in the Gashouse district. That is all he knows, but the offer of helping him clearly alleviates some anxiety.

The Warehouse

Once the investigators have located Harris' warehouse, the most prudent thing to do is visit it. By the time the power outages started, Harris has already briefly opened portals to unknown places, and retrieved an artifact. It is left to the keeper to determine if Harris is preparing to open a prolonged gate — which will cause a blackout throughout the East Side of Manhattan — or if investigators encounter an obsessed physicist who is in the process of upon opening a portal across an unfathomably vast distance.

When the investigators arrive, Effram Harris will be in the warehouse. He is wary of strangers knocking on the door asking to speak with him. In fact, he'll promptly refuse to speak with anyone he does not know, responding with “Leave me! I don't have time to speak right now.” He slams the door shut, locking it. Any amount of pleading will not get him to open the door, unless Rudolph Pearson's name is mentioned. If this occurs, Harris opens the door, asking about his friend, and welcoming the investigators inside — anxious to show off his creation.



The ramshackle warehouse is divided into two rooms. At one time it was clearly used for some other purpose, but as the neighborhood declined, many businesses moved out, leaving empty, and often useless, hulks. Nonetheless, the building suits Harris' needs, even in its rough shape.

Effram Harris, Obsessed Physicist, age 38

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 19 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 21 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Cryptography 33%, Cthulhu Mythos 5% Electronics 60%, Fast Talk 39%, Listen 28%, Mechanical Repair 58%, Operate Heavy Machine 40%, Physics 82%, Spot Hidden 35%.

1: Front Office - This room clearly served as a front office at one time. Now it has a table and a solitary light hanging from the ceiling. Two chairs are huddled close to the table, and an object wrapped in a blanket sits on top of the table. Where there one was a wide window is now a brick wall. One of Harris' first tasks was to seal off all the entrances to the building, excluding the front and back door — both are STR 30.

2: Workroom - To make space for his oversized contraption, Harris has gutted what once was a factory area, transforming it into a laboratory. Crowded into the room is an array of electrical and mechanical devices, tool chests, charts, schematics and countless crates. Standing in the center of the room, towering twelve feet in height is a circular device, which resembles a ring with its center empty. Wrapping around the ring are cables and copper wires and large magnets. Stretching from its base and sides are anchoring lines and what appear to be power cables. Before the thing is a vast control panel, with gauges, switches and dials. The entire scene looks like a patchwork machine.

The Prize

If Harris invites the snooping characters into the warehouse, he promptly displays the item wrapped in a blanket on the front office table. He explains that it is the most beautiful thing he's ever seen, and proudly displays it, nestled in his arms like a parent might display a newborn baby. All who look at the mysterious, ovoid object must make a **POW X2** roll. Failure causes the character to reflexively step away from the object, filling the investigator with revulsion. Harris is oblivious to such reactions, as the thing mesmerizes him. Those who pass the roll find a strange attraction, a desire to protect the object from harm.

Once Harris sets the alien artifact on the table, the investigators are free to examine it, unless they are repulsed. Another test to overcome the revulsion can be made in twenty-four hours. For those who can examine

it, they find its surface cold to the touch, and filled with blackness — it does not reflect light. Etched upon its surface are strange markings. In all likelihood it is an unknown language, but there is no earthly way to tell — Harris isn't even sure where he found it. He simply opened the gate, stepped through and brought the thing back.

Unbeknownst to Harris, his prize is actually a "life stone". It not only comes from another world, but from another universe. The egg-shaped object contains the life force of an alien being — this is what causes the revulsion and attraction. To release the fearsome creature requires the incantation carved upon its surface to be uttered. Decoding this cryptic language is a project in itself, requiring much research and several successful **Cryptography** rolls. The difficulty of doing this, the time required, and the exact form of the released entity are left to the keeper to decide. It is likely to make for an interesting scenario in itself.

OPENING THE GATE

After exhibiting his prize, Harris invites everyone into the workroom. There he begins twisting dials, flipping switches, adjusting and fine-tuning the machine. This takes several minutes, and a simple **Idea** roll lets the investigators comprehend what he is doing. It is not possible to **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** Harris. If he is physically restrained he fights wildly to free himself. His mind is gone, and all he cares about is venturing into a place where no human has ever set foot. If he is not stopped, then things progress smoothly, and the room is filled with the hum of coiled transformers and other strange devices.

It is possible that a zealous Harris, with a successful **Fast Talk** roll can convince one or more of the investigators to assist. The physicist's enthusiasm for discovery is seemingly contagious, and investigators might find themselves at odds about allowing Harris to proceed. Any investigator convinced should be covertly instructed to do her best to sway the other investigators with viable reasons they might accept — even if the viable reasons are boldfaced lies. The keeper need only make one attempt to **Fast Talk** each investigator, and any character who is converted should be allowed to disagree if it goes against the investigator's personality. For instance, some-

one who loathes technology is unlikely to be convinced of letting the device be activated. Barring this, anyone caught up in the moment is likely to be infatuated with activating the device, and go along with Harris' plan.



Effram's Precious Prize

THE FINAL MOMENT

What happens at this point is determined by the investigators' actions. It is possible all might be convinced to work with Harris, or perhaps none of them are persuaded. Regardless of the onlookers' actions, unless he is stopped, Harris does activate the machine, drawing fiercely upon the energy from the Hell Gate plant, opening a portal to another place. Without hesitation, the enthusiastic physicist bolts through the gateway into the unknown. The keeper should leave it up to the investigators to follow. Even those who were supportive of Harris might have a change of heart when they see the cyclopean spires that are shattered across the surface on the alien landscape that is visible in the center of the "ring". The horizon is filled with similar constructions, but many are still standing, stabbing into the purple tainted sky.

For the purposes of this scenario, it is assumed that the portal will operate as designed. Harris has tinkered with the design, and boosted the power, allowing him to reach an otherworldly distance. However, continued operation of the device adheres to the rules as cited for "The Mutli-Dimensional Transgressor" at the end of this scenario. The longer it is functional, the greater the risk of the portal closing, trapping all who passed through on the alien world. There is also the possibility of starting a fire. The old warehouse is unsafe, and the extremely hot electronics have a 10% cumulative chance of sparking a fire for each minute of operation. Once a fire starts, it quickly spreads throughout the building. There are no fire extinguishers. Fleeing is probably the best option.

STOPPING HARRIS

It is possible to stop Harris by damaging or destroying the machine. This certainly enrages the physicist, and he will attack anyone who attempts to harm his construction. Harris is not the sort to own a weapon, but a hammer, screwdriver or welding torch suffices.

If Harris is subdued, and the gate is not opened, the investigators have achieved many goals. The manager of the Hell Gate plant is spared his job, Harris' unnatural experiment is impeded, and given time to think matters over (a few weeks), Efram Harris will realize the insanity of his efforts. The reward for these accomplishments should be 1D6 Sanity, and 3 percentiles in Cthulhu Mythos. If Dyakonov's blueprints, which are copied from Lapham's originals, are found and comprehended, 1D6+2 Sanity and 4 percentiles in Cthulhu Mythos should be awarded because investigators have a greater understanding of what was at risk.

Of course, there is always the chance of failure, and it comes in many varieties in this scenario. Harris may succeed, the investigators might join him in his madness, or if the device is destroyed, investigators might attempt to rebuild it from Lapham's plans. This possibility is left for another scenario — one where the investigators are likely to find plenty of trouble on their own.

If the investigators do not manage to stop Harris, or destroy or at least turn off his device, the keeper should require Sanity rolls at a 1/1D4 loss. This, however, does not prevent investigators from gaining percentiles in Cthulhu Mythos. The amount is left to the keeper and the situation.

THE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL TRANSGRESSOR

THEORY

In the early part of the twentieth century, Harold Lapham, a scientist, philosopher and experimenter, came upon the notion of inter-dimensional travel. Although his contemporaries scoffed at his theory of parallel universes and higher dimensions, Lapham was undaunted. Driven by the arcane knowledge of ancient texts he'd studied, Lapham set out to prove his theories correct.

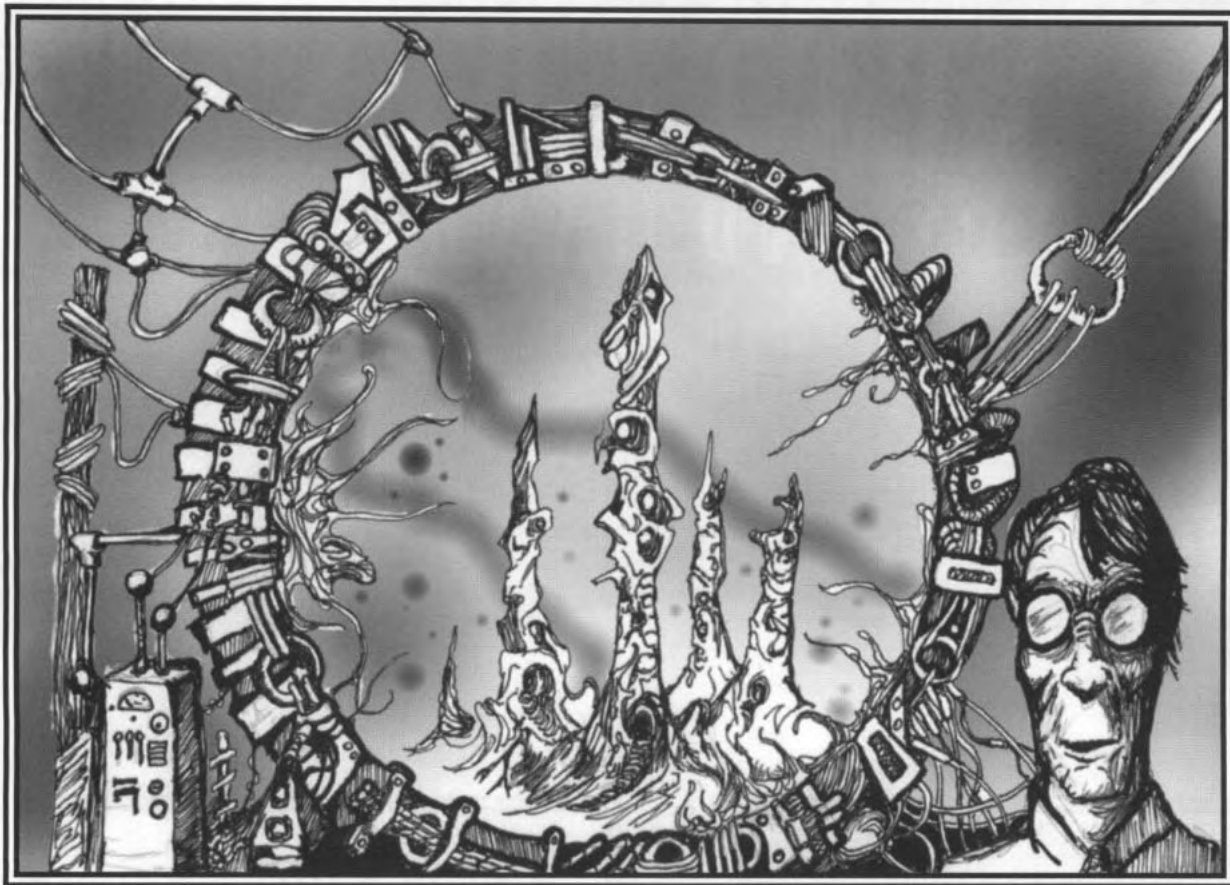
Discarding Newtonian physics long before it was in vogue with the rest of the scientific community, Lapham theorized a universe of unlimited dimensions, each interconnected in a glorious symmetry. Understanding gravity to be a symptom or reflection of the symmetry of the dimensions of space and time, Lapham conjectured that it must be that magnetism reflected deeper symmetries of internal dimensions within known reality, and that these sub-dimensions were perhaps infinite. With this foundation, Lapham developed the plans for a device he thought capable of unbalancing the local dimensional symmetries of the cosmos. He believed this device, if constructed, could generate a temporary portal between two remote points anywhere in the universe — in essence, creating a gateway, allowing humans to step from one world to another.

The plans Lapham put to paper in 1904 were technically complex and esoteric, involving great knowledge of physics, engineering and mythos. The original design required technologies unavailable to Lapham, and quantities of energy not obtainable by most experimenters. Anyone attempting to understand Lapham's schematics must roll a combined success in **Physics**, **Electronics**, **Heavy Machine** and **Cthulhu Mythos**. Only one roll can be made for each week the schematics are studied — and this roll must be a success for all skills. A success causes an immediate **Sanity** roll 1D4/1D8. Similarly, prolonged study for several months without success challenges **Sanity**: 1/1D3 (keeper's discretion).

HOW TO

Construction of the multi-dimensional transgressor requires 4+1D8 months. The keeper should make the necessary components difficult to find — scenarios revolving around acquiring them are appropriate. Successful rolls in **Electrical Repair** and **Mechanical Repair** are required each month the device is under construction. Failure results in a month's work being lost, and is not counted against the total construction time.

To the untrained eye, the completed device resembles a gigantic doughnut. The 12-foot circular structure has an open center that forms the gateway in which a person or object of SIZ 25 or less may enter. Surrounding the gateway is a technological spaghetti of magnets, coils, inductors, capacitors and a knotty mass of wires. Heavy, difficult-to-cut STR 30 cables connect the device to a control console. From the console, a trained operator can tune the multi-dimensional transgressor to a desired location with a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll (made by the keeper). Anyone involved in the construction automatically possesses the training to operate the device. Those who are unfamiliar with the device must make a successful **Heavy Machine** at normal ability or a **Knowl-**



Effram's Machine Operating – A Gate is Opened

edge roll at one-fifth normal ability to turn it on and off. Untrained users tune the device randomly. Keepers are free to select destinations when tuning failures occur or when random locations are selected.

FLIPPING THE SWITCH

Operation of the multi-dimensional transgressor requires large amounts of electricity. A successful construction assumes the proper power levels have been obtained previously. However, it does not assume that these power levels can be maintained for long periods. The nature of the device lends it to thermal runaway. This means the longer the device is in operation, the more heat it generates. High heat levels cause the device to use more power. With higher power consumption comes higher heat levels. The cycle eventually leads to failure of the device due to insufficient power — or overheating.

Each minute the device is in operation, keepers should roll on the resistance table to determine if operation con-

tinues. The multi-dimensional transgressor starts with a POW dependent upon the distance to be traveled. This number is identical to those found in the Create Gate spell table (see *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook). For example, the multi-dimensional transgressor's starting POW for opening a gate 1,000,000 miles away is 5. Each minute of operation increases the POW by 1. The machine's POW (passive) is rolled against the electrical supply's POW (active), which is a constant 10. This means if the initial POW of the machine is 5, there is a 75% chance of operation; after 10 minutes of functioning there is a 25% chance of continued operation; 15 minutes results in automatic failure. Intentionally turning off the device or accidental failure both result in the closing of the gateway. If a 95-00 is rolled while checking for failure, the results are critical; an essential component of the multi-dimensional transgressor has failed, requiring replacement before the machine can be activated again.

APPENDIX

MAPS AND HANDOUTS

MONSTER MOVES UPTOWN!

"It crawled right out of the sewer," said Claude Porter, a Harlemitte employed by New York City's Department of Street Cleaning. "I never seen anything like it. It wasn't human, so I figure it must be a monster."

On May 28th, around 2:30 in the morning, Claude Porter found himself staring at someone, or something, he described as "fearsome ugly." Porter claimed to have watched the strange figure scamper out of a manhole, crawl down York Avenue a few yards, then, with no more effort than a man plucking a daisy from the earth, remove another sewer cover and vanish. The Harlemitte reported the incident to the local police

precinct. When asked to comment, Detective John Rees said, "normally we have more problems with drunks that time of night than we do with monsters." Rees said there have been no other complaints about Yorkville monsters, and that this report does not merit further investigation. "When it bites someone, then we will take it seriously," Detective Rees joked. "For the moment," he continued, "we are looking for other, more serious fiends; the kind breaking the law. If this guy wants to live in the sewer, then let him. We have a shortage of space up here anyhow."

— The New York Daily Word,
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #1

Follow-up:

✓ Frances Tavern

✓ NYPL

HDR

Moon Papers #3

MUSIC, DANCE, AND ENTERTAINMENT

PEACOCK CLUB
2266 LENOX AVENUE

Moon Papers #2

CHARITY PICNIC IN GRAMERCY PARK

"Members of the Netherland Club gathered on May 25th for an afternoon charity picnic. The renowned Manhattan club raised over ten thousand dollars for the city's less fortunate. Even the brisk May weather did not keep the Big Apple's best from attending. The reserved millionaire-philanthropist Ambrose Mogens made a rare public appearance, accompanied by the brilliant Mogens Institute researcher, Eugene Vander Klei.

Many other notable movers and shakers were present, showing their dedication to helping the poor of New York City. Conspicuously missing was industrialist Leland Powell. Many insiders blame Powell's absence on a feud with Mogens. When asked to comment upon the rumor, Mogens said, "Any disagreements Mr. Powell and I have had in the past are behind us.

— New York World
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #4






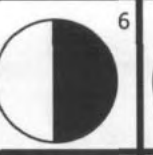
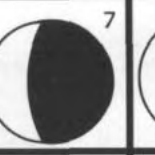
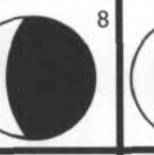
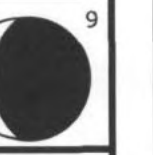
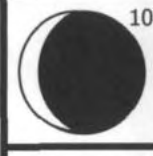





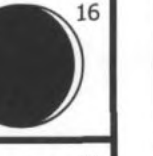









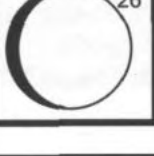




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— New York World
Staff Reporter

Moon Papers #5

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|--|--|--|--|--|---|--|
| | | | | |  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 |

Moon Papers #6 (Moon Phase Calendar, June 1923)

... nighte, wanting others fore wee weighed anchore. Moost thought it best if we rode in daylight.

17 Sept. The Sun brooght severe weather. The captain had freshe water brooght aboarde for the saile. It twas then the five were noticed missin. It was judged sometime in the nighte the five went to shoare. The captain ordered we search the land. But the weather was goode, so the search was belaid. Sayle was set. Moost beleevd it goode the five fled. Noone were sailors true. Moogens practixed witchcraft, Browne was laze, and Wander Klee whittles. The other too I new not.

Moon Papers #7

Practixes of the Half Moon

... divers abilities granted to him. To make men's hearts wicked is the oath he has sworn in exchange for immortality. When the baleful face of the moon is in perfect balance, equally proportioned in darkness and in light his power is greatest. At this one time each month the coven assembles. As good men slumber, dreaming of paradise, the evil worshippers perform their black rites and unholy ceremonies in honor of a cloven devil in whose service they are dedicated. Lies and deceit are the wine in which they revel, offering innocent human souls to satiate the beast they name the Black Man. Terrible are the nights when the moon's visage lies in half shadow, for evil reigns in its malevolent gaze.

Moon Papers #8

Natural and Unnatural Philosophies Revealed

... utterly impossible. Nonetheless, it is held by those less educated in such matters as not only possible, but inevitable. M- claims to have had success in controlled breeding. He espouses the philosophies of Darwin and others of Darwin's ilk, predicating his work upon theirs. When asked to account of himself, to make good upon his claims, he titters, offering nothing but his word. Such refusals only strengthen the argument against the preposterous theory of Natural Selection. Additionally, M-'s assertions are further weakened by the professions of former colleagues who say the experimenter dabbles in the occult, mixing science and magic, and that he cannot, and will never, produce evidence, because these experiments are conducted by members of a secret society whose identities are not to be revealed. This clandestine organization is only known to M-'s former, and very distant associates, as the Half Moon Society.

Moon Papers #10

The Conjure Man Speaks

I whole-heartedly believe Mr. Porter's amazing story. I've known him for two years; I have been his doctor of sorts, and he's not given to delusion. Of course, this isn't proof enough, but it lends credibility. He was so disturbed by this sighting that I thought it best to use hypnosis. I had hoped this approach would determine the matter to be fact or fancy. While mesmerized, Mr. Porter's creature did not wither into a mere whim of imagination. Instead, his description of the thing became more vivid, more detailed. Most striking was his account of the creature's haggard breathing, and unexpected loud gasps, physical aspects not commonplace in hallucinations. He also described the creature's movement, saying he watched for several minutes as the hideous thing loped and stumbled across York Avenue, before crawling into another sewer entrance.

Mr. Porter's revulsion melted into pity after watching the wretch. This, I believe, is also uncommon in hallucinations. It is emotion that generates the imagining; therefore, the emotion cannot be transformed into another state while the fancy persists, because without the inspiring emotion there is no delusion. In other words, I believe many people hallucinate because of chemicals in the brain cause an unexpected eruption of emotion, such as fear, anger or delight. This unanticipated, but very powerful feeling, provokes them into manufacturing a cause for the effect they are experiencing. Something akin to a waking dream, one might say. Because some metaphorical cog or gear in the brain fails, they experience strong emotion. Immediately they look for a cause of that emotion, and their imagination promptly provides one from its collection of memories. But in these cases, the emotion does not suddenly change states, shifting from fear to pity, as was the case with Mr. Porter. No, I believe Mr. Porter experienced something much more than a hallucination. Something far more real.

Moon Papers #9

Excerpt from Tenants of Darkness

... a foul blasphemy against those who are Righteous. The vows made by those of the coven are mortal heresies, oaths of evil, promises to serve eternally and to condemn their progeny to the same abominable fate. These dark servants cast aside True wisdom, replacing it with superstition and idolatry. They thrust vile principles of science upon the world, ravaging the faithful with fiery zeal.

Moon Papers #11

A Brief Bio of Ambrose Mogens

Born in 1885, Ambrose Mogens inherited his father's fortune at an early age. Ambitious, Mogens worked to expand his father's holdings, creating an industrial empire rivaled by very few in the world. Not satisfied with amassing a fortune, Mogens is a dedicated philanthropist. Quoting Charles Dickens, Mogens says, "Humanity is my business." Living by this principle, Mogens has erected the Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies in New York City. The governing doctrine of this impressive research facility is to improve life and longevity for the human race.

Mogens is not a publicity seeker. He refuses interviews and declines requests for most public appearances. This shyness has not prevented the successful industrialist from winning the favor of New York City's high society. When galas and events are held, Mogens' name often tops the list.

Moon Papers #12

Excerpt from Mogens' 1923 Journal

May 27. — ... finally satisfied. The years of wasting made my revenge all the more delightful. Eugene assures me that the process is intensely painful, and that Leland's cognitive abilities remained intact long enough for him to comprehend what I told him. I'm certain I recognized the burning anger in his eyes, I only regret that his father is no longer alive; I would have much preferred to exact my revenge upon him, instead of wasting half a century and settling for his son.

May 30. — Leland was captured today. It was perhaps a mistake to have requested him to be delivered to me. I had misgivings originally. I dislike taking such chances, but the urge to increase his suffering was undeniable. I remember his father well, and I regret not being responsible for his unexpected death — a death that denied me satisfaction. Alas, Leland is the best I can do. His days are so few that I didn't wish to waste a single moment — waste not want not. Now that he has my private attention, his agony has become all the sweeter.

Moon Papers #15



Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies
York Ave. & 81st St.
New York, New York

Prepared by: Eugene Vander Klei

Date: 1923, June 1st

Subject: Serum-M12 Alteration

The limited success of the Serum-M12 has provided new insight to the mutagenic approach. In serums prior to M12, the onset of cellular decay was rapid. In some instances, it demonstrated in as few as 5 hours. This, combined with the unpredictable and severely debilitating mutations, made experimentation nearly impracticable. Advancements in these serums led to Serum-M12. Though highly unstable, the mutations caused by this mutagenic are not as extreme as previous formulae, and the onset of cellular decay is greatly decreased.

Building upon the success of M12, I have made alterations to the serum that may manifest controllable physiological mutations. The dramatically enhanced muscular formations and sensory perception of subject K091L have provided insights in identifying key trigger chemicals. However, M12 persists in degenerating the brain, circulatory system and regressing heart and lung development, while intensifying emotional aggression (the cause for the test subject's unexpected escape). The modified serum, M12A, will be ready for testing on June 6th.



Mogens Institute for Advanced Studies
York Ave. & 81st St.
New York, New York

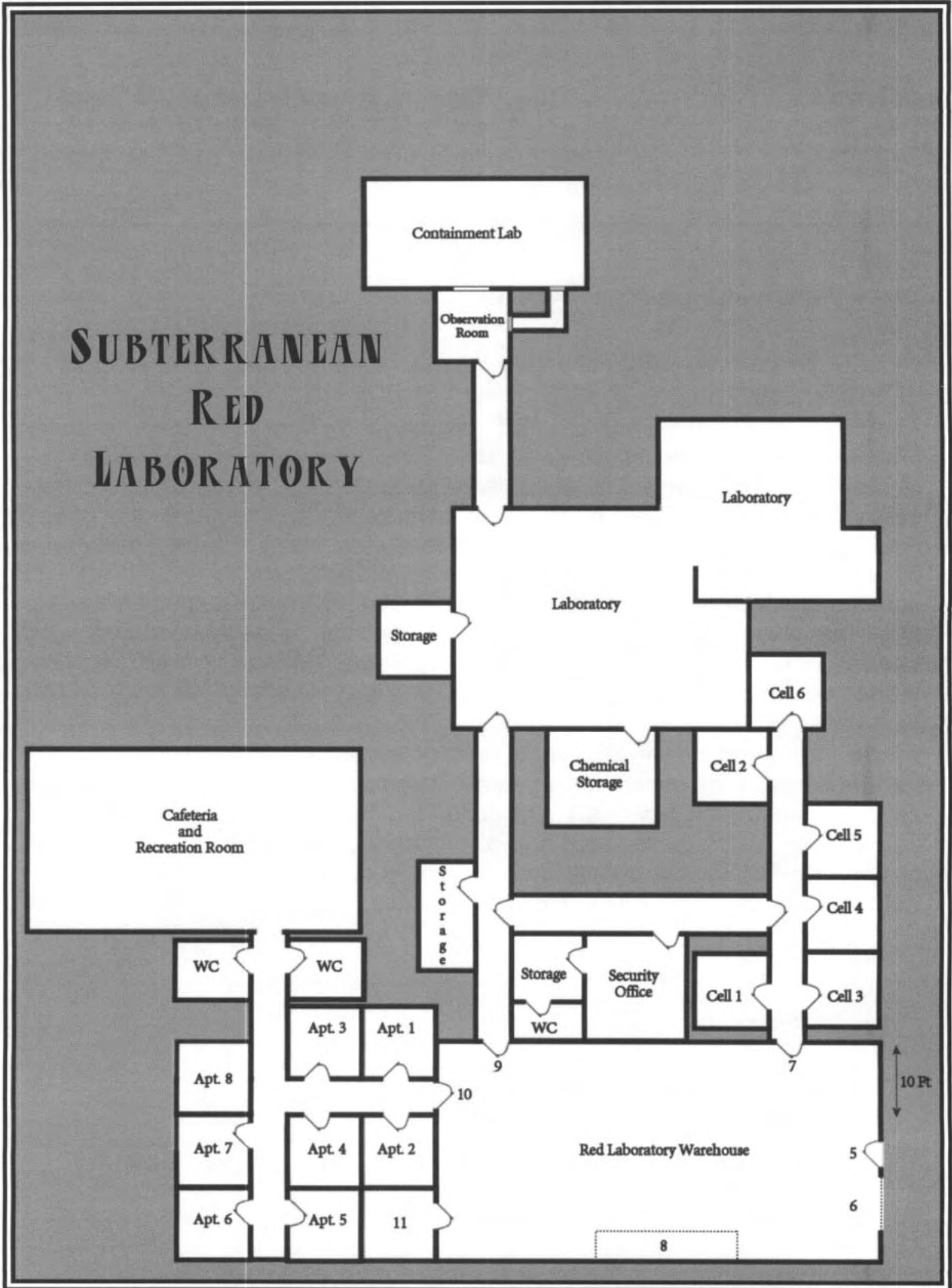
From: Albert Day, Chief of Security
Date: 1923, June 1st
Subject: Red Laboratory Security

The incident on May 28th, 1923, clearly indicates increased security measures need to be initiated at the Red Laboratory. Even though the cause of the test subject's escape was identified as procedural, I believe greater measures should be taken to limit access to the sub-levels of the Medical Research Facility. I recognize that stationing security personnel outside the generator-elevator and stairwell, both at the dock level and sub-surface level, would probably perturb the matter of secrecy, so I propose replacing all existing, non-participating dock personnel with trained participants. This action would provide greater overall security, while reinforcing the present level of security, thereby limiting future incidents.

As for June 6th, the established protocols will be used. Because of the limited number of personnel in Red Laboratory that night, I believe the usual reduced security staff should be sufficient. Once Dr. Vander Klei and Hallwell have completed the experiment, they will depart, and the facility will be locked down until 3:00 a.m. I anticipate no one returning from the ceremony at the Bayside estate will arrive before 3:00 a.m.

Chief of Security,
Albert Day

SUBTERRANEAN
RED
LABORATORY



Moon Papers #16 - Blueprint of the Red Laboratory

OLD GAS WARD RUNS OUT OF POWER

Over the last week, numerous complaints from factory owners have streamed into the Hell Gate Power Plant, complaining about the loss of electricity — and the loss of production. Even though the authorities were made aware of the problem, no one at the power plant has been able to isolate the problem.

“There is some old factory or large piece of equipment that is drawing too much power,” said Richard Stemple, manager of the Hell Gate plant.

“The problem is not on our end. Someone in that district is using faulty equipment. That is causing the failures.”

Stemple went on to assure that everything is being done to locate the source and remove it from the power grid. At the present, the problem is still perplexing, and no factory owners have come forth claiming responsibility.

— New York Telegram,
Vivian Torelli

Transgression Papers #1

OUT OF THE PARK!

Mrs Haley of Clason's Point reported to the local police that she had found a baseball in one of her locked clothes trucks. The reason for her reporting it to the police is her concern that someone had entered her house and placed it there.

“Many strange things are occurring in the Point as of late,” claims Mrs Haley. “People are lurking about in the dark, and peeping in windows. The baseball is just one more thing,

and it is time something is done about it.”

When asked for a comment, the police refused to speak on the matter, other than to state that there were no signs of forced entry, nor any other indications that someone other than the Haley family had been in the house. At present Mrs. Haley's mysterious baseball is still under investigation.

— New York Evening
Post, Staff

Transgression Papers #2

Rent Agreement

I agree to rent the property at 180 East 23rd Street at a monthly rate of \$120.00. 60 days notice must be given prior to terminating this rental agreement.

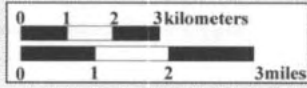
*Property Owner: Howard Mason
Renter: Effram Harris*

Transgression Papers #3



GREATER NEW YORK

New York



**NEW
JERSEY**

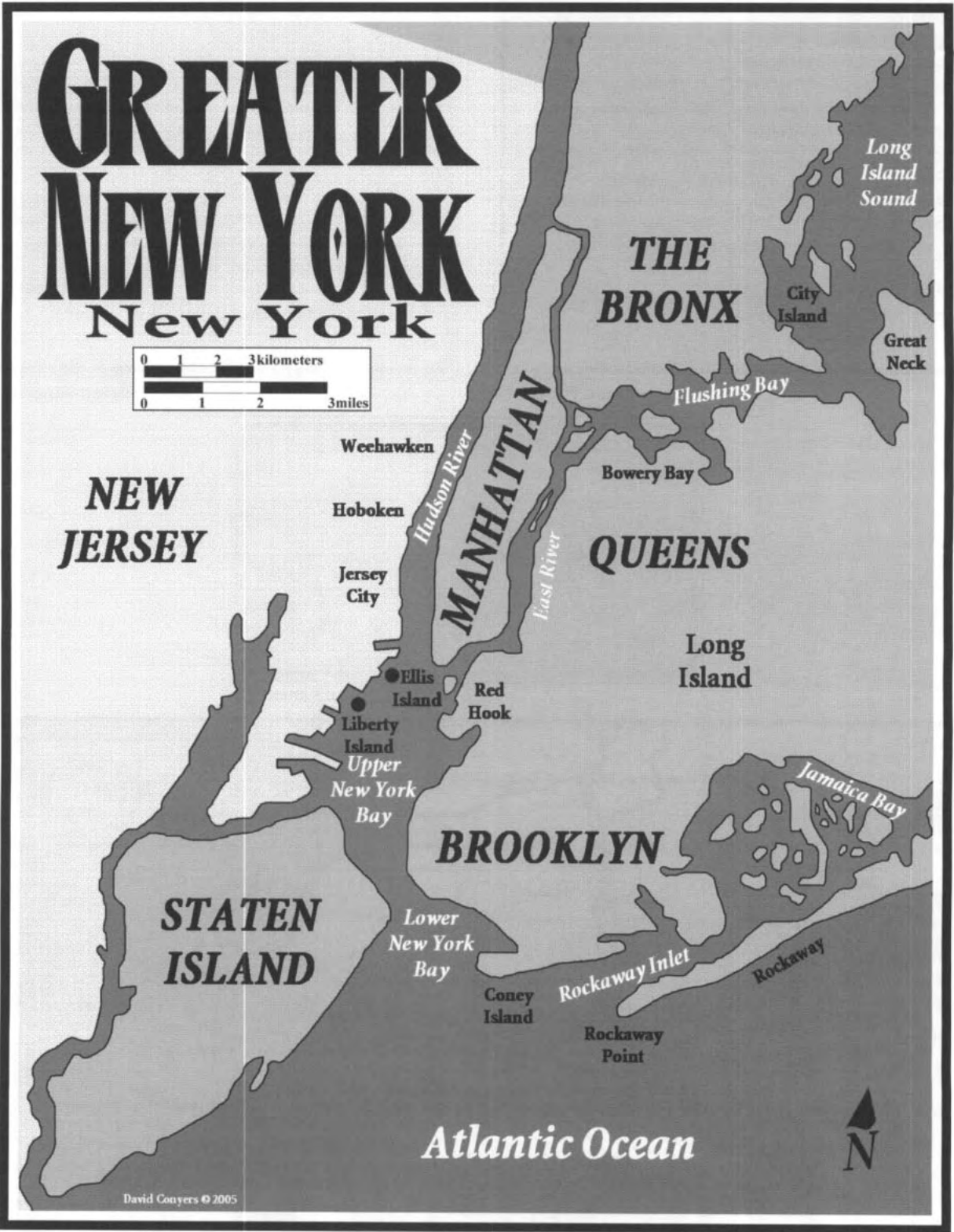
**THE
BRONX**

QUEENS

BROOKLYN

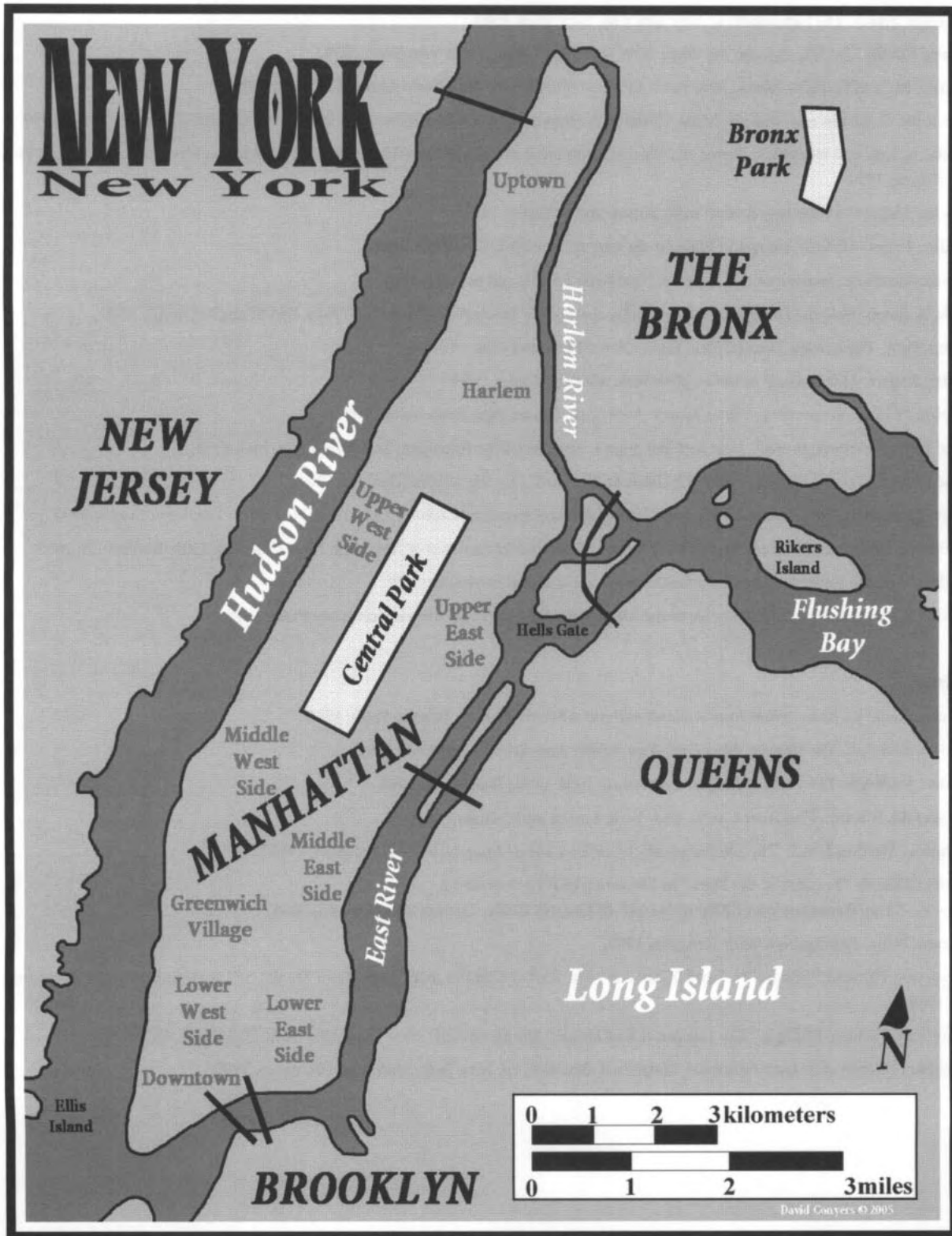
**STATEN
ISLAND**

Atlantic Ocean



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APPENDIX



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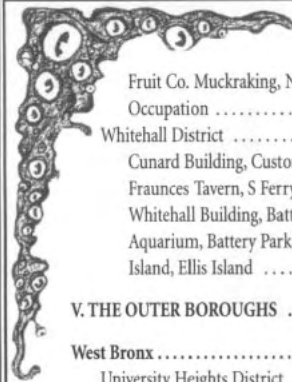
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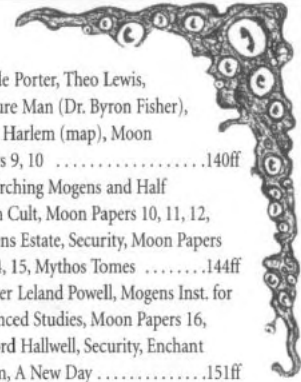
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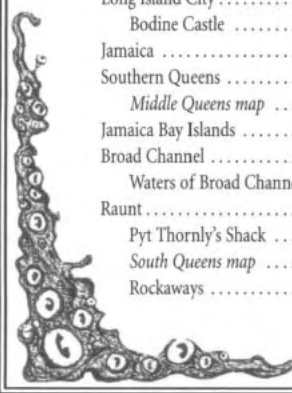


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23103

SECRETS OF NEW YORK

A Mythos Guide to the City that Never Sleeps

IT IS THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS. During the day ships, barges, tugs, and pleasure boats ply New York's bay and rivers, dashing beneath bridges and disgorging thousands of people upon the city's shores. Each brings hope and dreams of a new life. At night the city blazes with myriad lights, diamonds dazzling in buildings that scrape the sky. Music, food, dance, dark rituals, and clandestine cults flourish beneath the mantle of New York City.

Since that first landing of Henry Hudson's ship *Half Moon* to the Declaration of Independence, dark things have suckled on New York's underbelly; the city's boroughs have always hidden secrets countless, sinister, and horrifying. From the savage massacre at Throg's Neck to the things beneath the earth on Barren Island, New York City has always been protective of its mysteries — now all come to light in one book.

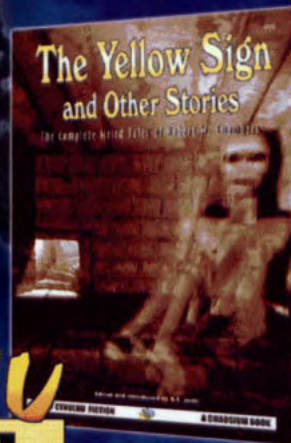
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