



DEAD LANDS

THE WEIRD WEST
Boomtowns!



Boomtowns!

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TABLE O' CONTENTS

Posse
Territory.....3



**Boomtowns! A
Tombstone
Epitaph Special
Report.....3**

Introduction.....4

Chapter One:
**Liberty,
Montana Territory....4**

King Cattle.....4

Hazards of the Territory ..7

A Newcomer's Guide to
Liberty9

A Fond Farewell9

Chapter Two:
Tucson, Arizona10

Desert Flower or
Poisonous Weed?10

Tucson's History10

Tucson Today, 187712

A Quick Tour of Town ...14

Happy Trails!.....14

Chapter Three:
**Laramie,
Wyoming
Territory.....15**

Laramie's Founding15

Movers & Shakers15

The Law in Laramie16

Gunslingers and Other
Famous Folk17

Entertainments Strange
and Exotic.....17

Other Strange Doings.....18

Be Warned!.....18

Chapter Four:
**Bonasco,
New Mexico.....19**

A Little History19

Playing 'Nasco21

Good Luck, Partners!22

**The Marshal's
Handbook23**



Chapter Two:
**Secrets o' the
Boomtowns.....25**

Using the Building Maps 25

Boomtown Secrets27

Liberty,
Montana Territory27

Hazards o'
the Territory28

The Town31

Tucson , Arizona37

Bayou Vermillion in
Tuscon37

Ashtown38

The Eddies38

The Town39

Laramie, Wyoming
Territory47

Laramie's History47

Movers & Shakers47

The Law in Laramie48

The Town51

Bonasco, New Mexico56

Kangee56

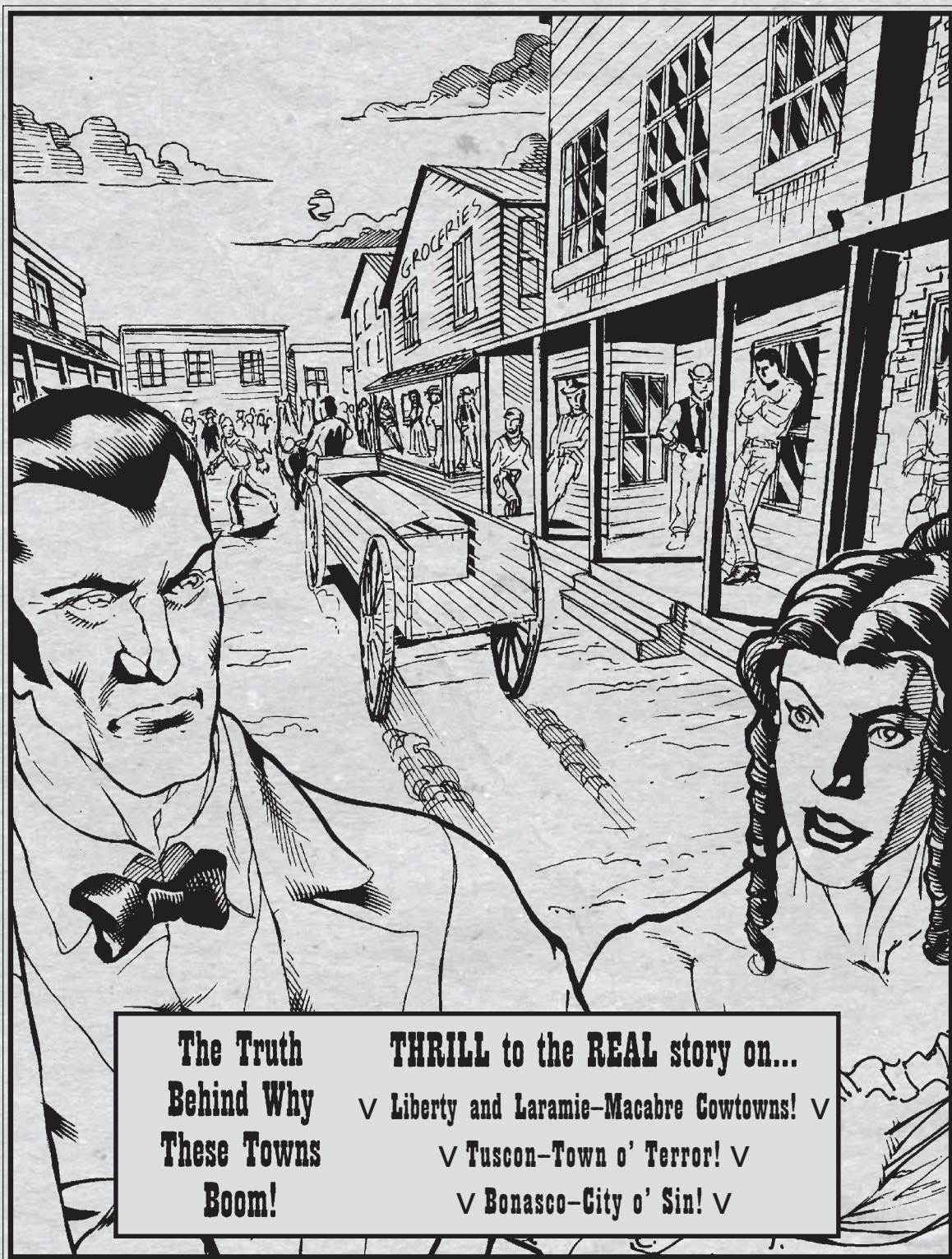
Kangee's Pawns58

The Town61

Bonasco, NM62

Boomtowns!

A Tombstone Epitaph Special Report



**The Truth
Behind Why
These Towns
Boom!**

THRILL to the REAL story on...

∨ Liberty and Laramie—Macabre Cowtowns! ∨

∨ Tuscon—Town o' Terror! ∨

∨ Bonasco—City o' Sin! ∨

Boomtowns! A Tombstone Epitaph Special Report

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Introduction

Lacy O'Malley here, friends, welcoming you to this very special *Tombstone Epitaph* report: *Boomtowns!* In the past, we here at the *Epitaph* have brought you profiles of the most important places in the Weird West. From the City o' Gloom to the Great Maze, the *Epitaph* has been there.

However, while important, these places are hardly the be-all and end-all of this strange land. Equally interesting (and sinister) doings go on in those small towns that seem to spring up almost overnight—boomtowns, that is.

Boomtowns can crop up for a variety of reasons. The most well-known cause is mining. Ghost rock, gold, silver—the discovery of a significant deposit of any of these can lead to a tremendous growth spurt for a town. Railroads can also be responsible for the rapid rise of a boomtown. The entry of a rail line into an area can change a previously unknown stagecoach stop into a vital resupply point.

But these are just the most common reasons. Anything that makes a town desirable can cause a boom. For instance, one of the towns profiled herein has boomed due to its gambling establishments. Military value, or natural wonders can also draw people to a town.

In any case, I put out the call for submissions and finally chose these four.

Leading off this document is Truman Cash's profile of Liberty, a small cattle town in the Montana Territory. As his submission was commissioned by the Liberty town fathers, I would council taking his profile of the positive Eden with a grain of salt.

Next comes Jonah Berk's interesting piece on Tuscon, Arizona. I have known Berk for a few years, and I must confess I consider the man a bit of a hack. Yet, in a rare moment of competence he's put together a good piece of work.

Laramie, Wyoming Territory, is the next stop on our little boomtown tour, and a new correspondent, Wallace Cassandrell, introduces us to the town that he makes his home in. Cassandrell, while a bit naive, shows a good nose for the secret evils that plague the Weird West. I look forward to hearing more from him in the future.

We wrap up this report with a submission from an amateur journalist, Ramon McWhirter. He profiles Bonasco, New Mexico, a place that those of you with a gambling bent have no doubt heard of.

Chapter One:

Liberty, Montana Territory

Friends, you are about to be introduced to one of the future metropolises of the growing Western frontier. Thanks to the foresight of the Cattleman's Association, you are being provided with an opportunity to become involved in the early stages of the development of the next Denver or Kansas City!

Greetings, my name is Truman Cash, and you may remember me from such informative articles as *The Great Maze: A Sportsman's Paradise* and *The Black Hills or Bust!* I've been asked by the community leaders of Liberty in the Montana Territory, as well as members of the local Cattleman's Association, to provide a fair and unbiased report on their new and expanding settlement.

Well, after my first glimpse of Liberty, I realized an unbiased view would be next to impossible for anyone to provide. Never in all my travels have I seen such a town with such potential for greatness!

King Cattle

What makes Liberty such a promising place to put down roots, you ask? I'll be more than happy to tell you!

The eastern part of the Montana Territory is a cattleman's dream. Anyone with the gumption to grubstake a herd and a bunkhouse can become a cattle baron. There are spreads up here it takes a good cowhand two days to ride across—or more. And with the secessionists down south being so stubborn about returning to the good old U. S. of A., there's never been a better time to pick up a saddle and branding iron!

Forget about ghost rock or gold. Those are a fool's pursuit. It doesn't make a lick of sense to dig around in the dirt, hoping to find a little bag of dust or some shiny rock, when there's honest work like cattle ranching available.

The Cattlemen's Association

The Cattleman's Association is a society of successful cattlemen and cattle companies. Although they are technically competitors, the members have put aside their differences in the interest of mutual assistance and benefit to the community as a whole.



27

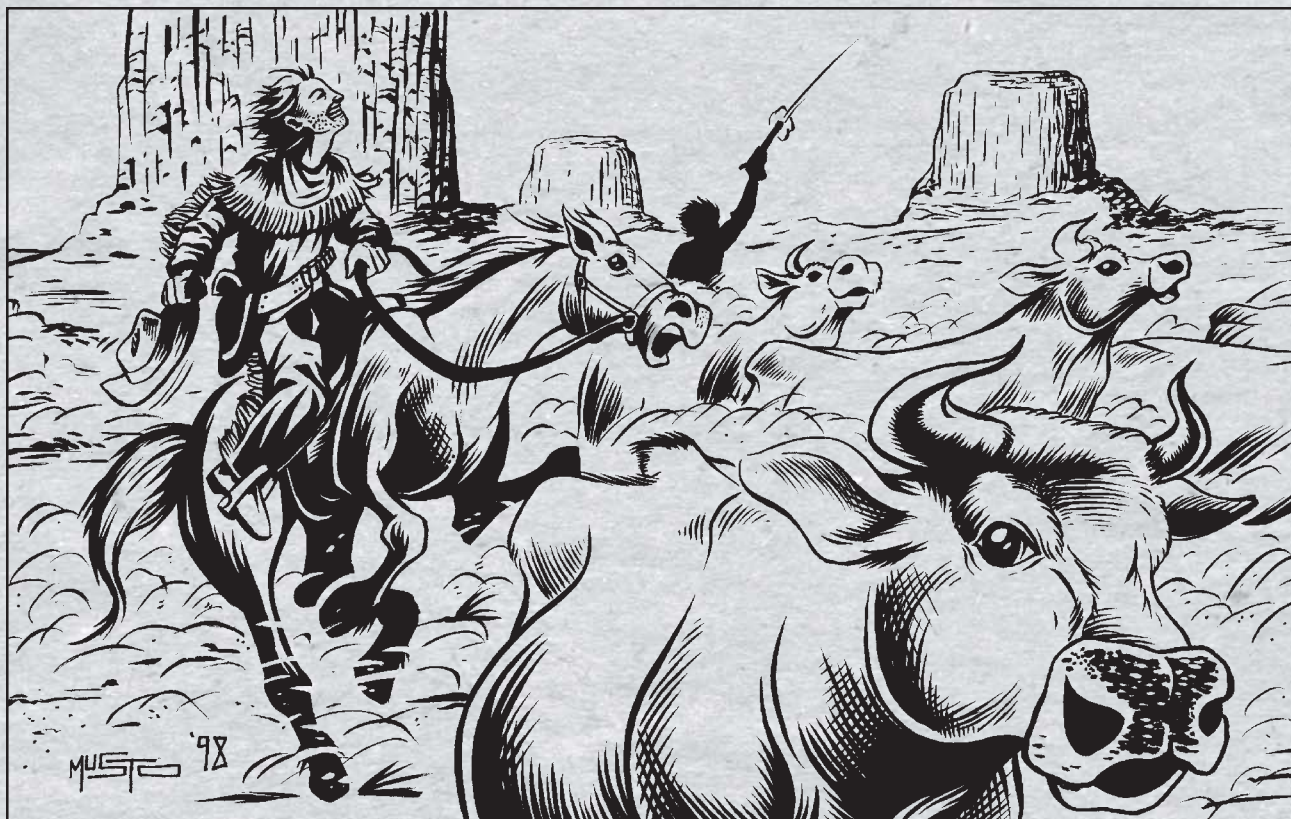


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Money on the hoof: Ranch hands round up a herd of errant cattle somewhere outside of Liberty.

Much of Liberty's success as a growing population center is directly tied to contributions by the Cattleman's Association. For example, the association has begun negotiations with Iron Dragon on behalf of the town (more on this later!). Additionally, the association's regulators help enforce law and order in Sheriff Dale's absence.

Financial assistance from members has also helped fund the building of the new Liberty Theater—the only establishment of its kind for over 150 miles around! To put it simply, without the Cattleman's Association, Liberty would be nothing more than another small, frontier settlement. The association even occasionally holds organized fox hunts for more cultured members of Liberty society—although a coyote is often used as a convenient substitute.

The association is headed by Stapleton Lowell, one of the pillars of the Liberty community. Mr. Lowell is also the only member to maintain residence in the town, but all members attend periodic meetings held in the luxurious Cowtown Saloon.

The Lowell Cattle Company, owned by Mr. Lowell, is the largest concern represented in the association, employing over 30

ranch hands, cooks, and other personnel. Other large member companies include the Froze-to-Death Ranch, located on the nearby creek of the same name, the Lazy 8 Cattle Company, and the Circle L Ranch. Each of these provides employment for 20 or more hardworking souls. Numerous smaller ranches are also represented.

Starting Your Own Spread

If this sounds like the life for you, by all means, saddle up and head on to Liberty! The Montana Territory is free range, so that means you can pretty much pick your own spread out here. Be careful to scout out your planned range though. Some other cattleman may already be running his herd there. And most of the ranchers here are tough customers used to fighting for what's theirs!

Another word of advice is bring your own herd with you. Cattle can be had fairly cheap down in Kansas or one of the other Disputed Territories. Just watch out for those Texas longhorns. They can carry some nasty ticks!

You're more than welcome to purchase a herd once you arrive, but that'll likely cut your profit by a good deal.

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Frontier justice: Sometimes folks take the law into their own hands.

Under no circumstances should you "maverick" cattle. Sure there's plenty of stray cattle wandering around out on the range, and a lot of those beeves may not be branded. But most folks around here consider mavericking just a half-step above outright rustling—and are liable to reward a fellow that practices it with a hemp necktie!

Other Employment Opportunities

Just because you're not ready to run your own ranch, don't think Liberty doesn't have plenty to offer you. If you've got skill punching cows, you'll find folks bidding for your services. There's no shortage of work for experienced hands out on the range. Why, even if you're not that experienced, you'll find plenty of ranchers willing to teach you the ropes of a profitable career in return for a little honest labor!

If working cattle isn't your cup of tea, don't be discouraged. There's plenty of other jobs just waiting for the right man or woman to come along! Liberty is a growing town, always looking for skilled professionals of any sort. Carpenters are particularly welcome. We are expanding daily, after all!

Still don't think you have any skills to offer the citizens of Liberty? Well, think again! We've got a brand-spanking-new church and a modest parsonage just waiting for a preacher to move in and provide the area with spiritual guidance. There's plenty of God-fearing folk in Liberty, but there's nothing like an ordained minister to weld a community together.

We're also on the lookout for veterans. That's right, if you've served your country with honor, we've got a place for you! Sheriff Amanda Dale is responsible for thousands of square miles of the Montana Territory, and she's told me personally she's in need of skilled deputies. But even if the sheriff doesn't have an opening, there's plenty of work with the Cattlemen's Association. With all the rustlers, Indian raids from the Sioux Nations, and whatnot, a good man with a gun can always find a place in Liberty!

A Warning to Rascals and Scalawags

Before I go any further, let me say rustlers, thieves, road agents, and scoundrels of all sorts are not tolerated in Liberty. Sheriff Dale is relentless in her pursuit of outlaws, and the few that escape her long arm still face the wrath of the veritable armies maintained by the members of the Cattlemen's Association. Such folk would be well advised to keep clear of Liberty!

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Sheep Not Welcome!

Although not an illegal practice, sheepherders should probably pay heed to this warning as well. The members of the Cattlemen's Association worked to tame the wilderness of the Montana Territory, and they aren't friendly to folks riding on their coattails and claiming land they fought the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Crow over. Besides, it's common knowledge sheep crop grass too short for cattle to eat and leave a smell no self-respecting steer will go near!

Sheepherders are liable to find themselves visited by "gunnysackers"—vigilantes who wear sacks over their heads for masks. Gunnysackers are more than happy to show sheepherders the strength of their beliefs. Many a sheep, sheepdog, and even, if the claims are to be believed, a few sheepherders have been put down by gunnysackers.

If you plan on running a herd of those wooly locust, look elsewhere. Why, even ordering mutton in the Cowtown Saloon is liable to start a fight!

The Iron Horse

Just over the eastern horizon, one of the great railroads participating in the race to the Maze is laying its tracks. Iron Dragon, belonging to the wealthy Mr. Kang, has finally finished its journey across the Sioux Nations and is heading into the open territory of Montana.

While Iron Dragon representatives refuse to comment, observers in the know claim the railroad is heading toward Liberty! This provides yet another chance for adventurous and ambitious souls to seize the opportunities provided before it's too late.

Currently, the Cattleman's Association is negotiating terms with the railroad. While the Montana Territory has always been treated as free range, there is little doubt that Iron Dragon's route will cut through lands traditionally held by ranchers in the area. The Cattleman's Association is seeking to secure equitable recompense for the land lost to the railroad's right-of-way.

Hazards of the Territory

It would be remiss of me to not inform prospective ranchers or other settlers of the variety of hazards faced by folks here in the Montana Territory. Of course, anyone with the drive and ambition to take part in the founding and development of a future

frontier city like Liberty will scoff at these minor obstacles. But, as the sage once said, "Forewarned is forearmed."

Indians

It seems the first thing that leaps to everyone's mind when they hear "out West" is a horde of stealthy Indian warriors stalking the prairie in search of scalps. Let me be among the first to state such is a fallacy perpetrated by dime novelists seeking to excite and titillate their audiences.

Now, don't take that to mean there is no danger from Indian attack. General Custer's defeat on the banks of the Little Bighorn and the continued existence of the Sioux Nations speak volumes of the power still remaining in the hands of Indian tribes. However, while the Sioux Nations themselves may appear nearby on a map, the closest Indian tribe to Liberty is a northern branch of the Crow.

The Crow Indians have long been allies with the United States against their less reasonable brethren. In fact, a Crow scout by the name of Curley stood beside General Custer at Little Bighorn. Their presence near Liberty helps deter any incursions from the more aggressive tribes to the east in the Sioux Nations.

Range Wars

Even in an enormous territory like Montana, folks do occasionally butt heads over a patch of ground. Now, I don't want to give my readers the impression that fisticuffs and, yes, even gunplay don't occasionally result, but certainly not to the extent some writers want to insist.

To refer to these minor altercations as "range wars," as some of my less-prudent journalistic brethren have done, is as inaccurate as calling a Colt Peacemaker a piece of artillery! Cooler heads prevail more often than not, and even should reason fail, the stern hand of Sheriff Dale is nearby to prevent a serious escalation of hostilities.

Rustlers

This is probably the most serious problem facing ranchers and Liberty as a whole. These shiftless outlaws feel no remorse over stealing a man's livelihood and claiming the fruits of another's hard labor as their own—often at gunpoint. For this reason more than any other, members of the Cattleman's Association hire skilled veterans and others with experience in gunplay as regulators.



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The weather up here in Montana can kill you as quickly as anything else.

The crime is taken seriously not only by those whose lives are directly impacted by this crime but also the community. Sheriff Dale has posted a bounty of \$200 dollars for the capture of Cole Dawson, the most notorious rustler in the area. The Cattleman's Association has offered to raise that reward by another \$1,000—with no stipulation of capture!

Vigilante Justice

Sheriff Dale has a jurisdiction nearly the size of some New England states. While she is an exemplary lawman and works far above and beyond the call of her office, the demands of this Herculean task occasionally surpass even her abilities. It's really no surprise that from time to time folks dedicated to seeing justice done sometimes feel the need to step in as surrogates for the local constabulary.

This is most often the case in crimes which evoke strong feelings in the citizens of the Territory—serious crimes like murder, rape, and horse or cattle rustling. When an example of frontier justice does occur, I've been assured by the Cattleman's Association that proper attention is paid to due process and the suspect is given a fair trial before hanging.

Weather

Montana Territory is certainly one of God's wonderlands. One only has to take a short journey to Yellowstone National Park, our great nation's first, to see proof of this. But while the territory is a startling example of the beauty in nature, its winter storms are also proof of nature's fury. It's unlikely many folks used to the tamer winters Back East can appreciate the awesome power and sublime danger of a Montana blizzard.

Another thing the territory's weather is famous for is its ficklemindedness. Folks out here (as just about everywhere, it seems!) are fond of saying, "If you don't like the weather, wait five minutes." Well, let me assure you there is truth to that claim. Old timers attest to temperature swings of 30 or more degrees in less than 10 minutes!

Although the winters are harsh, don't be frightened off by the extreme temperatures. Folks have put up with them for years now—and with the profits to be had, it's safe to assume they will continue to do so for the foreseeable future. Just remember to pack your Union suit and heavy coat!

Wild Animals

Lastly, a brief warning about the beasts a rancher or settler is liable to encounter is in order. I will limit this to natural animals whose existence has been proven and long accepted by natural science. I have no intention of discussing the more fanciful creatures people have imagined, like the wendigo, the so-called Montana rattler, or the jackalope!

The two creatures that pose the greatest threat to life and industry on the northern plains are the grizzly bear and the wolf. Although these animals usually limit their predacity to cattle, they are not above spicing up their diet with an occasion careless cowboy!

Grizzly bears are best avoided completely or chased off with loud racket. By no means should you attempt to bring down one of these beasts with a weapon of any less power than that of a Sharps buffalo rifle! Anything less will likely just annoy and anger one of these massive creatures.

However, of more concern to the residents of Liberty is the havoc that packs of wolves have wreaked upon cattle herds. Recently losses to the vicious predators have become so great that the Cattleman's Association has begun offering a bounty of \$2.50 a pelt.



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A Newcomer's Guide to Liberty



31

Before I end my discourse, I'd like to provide my readers just a quick glimpse of the folks and businesses that call Liberty home. This brief introduction is intended only to show the development already underway. To truly appreciate the town, one must visit it!

Movers and Shakers

Before I list the businesses and services already available in Liberty, I'd like to take a moment to present some of the more prominent citizens of the town. Without them, Liberty would be nothing more than an assembly of empty, wooden buildings lacking the warm hospitality that sets this town apart from other, less-thriving settlements.

I've already mentioned Mr. Stapleton Lowell, one of the guiding forces of Liberty. He and his wife Maureen have been instrumental in providing the culture and class evident in the town. Equally important are Mr. Lawrence Nichols—owner of the First Bank of Liberty, as well as the town mayor—and his wife Elizabeth.

One name that my readers are no doubt familiar with by now is that of Sheriff Amanda Dale. Sheriff Dale keeps order not only in Liberty, also the entire surrounding county—a task that would daunt many a US Marshal or vaunted Texas Ranger, I might add!

Finally, Liberty is already the home to at least one celebrity, albeit a minor one. Clement Marks, the popular dime novelist, has recently settled in town and set up his own weekly newspaper, the *Frosty Gazette*. Based on his previous work—some for the *Tombstone Epitaph*—I'm certain it will be an entertaining, if somewhat creative, read.

Liberty Businesses

The citizens of Liberty already have at their disposal a variety of services and a wide selection of shops.

Stores

Gentry's Hardware provides an excellent selection of tools, ranch, and building needs. Few cities can boast as well stocked a larder as Bradley & Co. Grocery does. And for diners of a four-footed variety, Harlan Jessup's Feed Store provides ample fare.

Shopping in Liberty need not be limited to merely subsistence items alone.

Wilson's Clothes stocks fashions both from Back East and handmade by Olive Wilson right here in Liberty. Clark Greene, the local cobbler, is a wizard with leatherwork of any sort.

Services

No civilized town would be complete with a first-class barbershop, and Lewis Tucker's ranks among the best. Dr. Zachary Ross not only serves the community with his skill in dentistry but also as a part-time surgeon, providing the best medical care for over 100 miles.

To protect the wealth of those earning their fortunes in the Montana Territory, Mr. Nichols has founded the First Bank of Liberty. It's reputed to be one of the safest such facilities north of Cheyenne.

Even without the profitable connection to the Iron Dragon railroad, Liberty maintains its ties with the hustle-bustle world Back East through its telegraph station. Stages arrive two or three times a week from Cheyenne and Miles City, and Eugene Carter's Overland Freight Company keeps the stores in town well-stocked.

And what cattle town would ignore the cowboy's best friend, his horse? An excellent blacksmith, Turner Jefferson, has made his home here—right next to Jared Spotts' stables.

Entertainment

After a hard day's work is done, many a cowpuncher retires to the Cowtown Saloon & Hotel to unwind with an evening's libations. Folks with a more refined tastes are regaled by monthly shows at the Liberty Theater.

Government

Liberty is currently home to Sheriff Dale's office and county jail. The Liberty Theater does double duty as a courthouse when the circuit judge arrives every two weeks or so to hold sessions. Luckily for folks standing on the other side of the law, Mr. Orrin Bagget, attorney-at-law, has recently set up practice in Liberty as well.

A Fond Farewell

With that, I bid both my readers and Liberty a heartfelt adieu. As taken as I am with the thriving community, my choice of employment unfortunately dictates I must continually travel the globe. However, I wish once more to advise those not so burdened with wanderlust to consider the merits of Liberty. Would that I could capitalize on the opportunity offered by this northern oasis. Please, friends and readers, don't let it pass you by as well!



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Chapter Two:

Tucson, Arizona

To most folks, the town of Tucson is a Johnny-come-lately boomtown stuck out in the middle of a barren desert, peopled with the dregs of the West. They might just be right.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jonah Berk I'm what most folks call a muckraker—though I have never cared for the title. Lacy O'Malley of the *Tombstone Epitaph* has asked me to put together a little piece for him illustrating the goings on in Tucson, so I've set aside our longtime rivalry (for the time being) and fashioned the following information on our fast-growing town.

Desert Flower or Poisonous Weed?

Tucson is a bit older than what many consider true boomtowns, but until recently it was little more than a Spanish missionary outpost. In most ways, Tucson is like any other boomtown: dirty, crowded, and packed to the gills with the worst sorts of scallywags. That's not to say it isn't without its charms. Far from it! In fact, folks are flocking to the town in search of their fortunes.

The Tucson Valley

The Sonoran Desert valley surrounds the busy town of Tucson. Unlike most deserts, the Sonoran is relatively lush and green from the many agave, saguaro, and other cactuses growing in the muddy soil. Native Tahona herbalists make use of the many plants for medicines and balms, a practice that has been adopted by the many Anglo Tucsonites.

The Santa Cruz, a muddy, slow-moving river, winds through the valley north to south, like a great, brown snake. The river spawns numerous seasonal tributaries which spring up when the rains come in late fall and early spring. Many of these waterways conceal precious stores of silver and copper washed down from the mountains.

Also, the valley floor is crisscrossed with ancient canals dug by a long-dead people known as the Hohokam. (More on them in a moment). The canal system is unusually complex but has survived the millennia more or less intact. Some of the small

farms in the outlying areas still use these ancient waterways for irrigation. The valley is rich in local wildlife. Antelope, mule deer, coyotes, and a host of native birds make the Tucson valley their home.

Tucson's History

The town derives its name from an Indian word: "Stjukshon," meaning "spring at the foot of a black mountain". After the Spanish took up residence, the word was bastardized into its present form of Tucson.

Who Were the Hohokam?

The Tucson valley was peopled, long before the coming of the Spanish, by an ancient race of Indians calling themselves the Hohokam. The Hohokam built their villages along the shores of the Santa Cruz river, thousands of years ago.

For the most part, the Hohokam are a complete mystery, even to other Indians. They died out roughly 1,000 years before the arrival of the Spaniards. What is known is that they built an extensive canal system in the valley, buried their dead in clay pots (following cremation), and they left behind vast quantities of broken pottery. In fact, you can hardly dig anywhere in the area without uncovering a brightly colored shard or two.

There's plenty of hearsay as to the fate of this long-lost tribe of Indians. What is known is that by the time the Spanish Jesuit missionaries came in 1775, the Hohokam were long dead, their villages were in ruins, and the lands were peopled by the Tahona O'Odham, the Pima, and bands of Apaches in the surrounding mountains.

The Spanish Arrive

The original settlers were missionaries and surveyors in service to the Spanish Crown. A soldier by the name of Hugo O'Connor was the first to survey the valley, but it was the Jesuit missionary Eusebio Kino who is credited with establishing the walled fortress town, or presidio, of Tucson. The original purpose of the holding was to bring Christ to the "heathen Indian"—and provide a secure fortress from which to search for El Dorado and the Seven Cities of Cibola. The mission of San Augustin del Tucson was built, along with a tall wall of stone and adobe.

The town of Tucson became part of Mexico when the country gained its independence in 1821 from Spain, and it remained a Mexican holding until 1854. That year it



37

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Hustle and bustle at the train station. The Bayou Vermillion rail line has made Tucson the boomtown it is today.

was sold to the US as part of the Gadsden Purchase. It would remain as such until 1863, when Arizona was proclaimed a territory.

Tucson & the Great Quake

During the upheavals brought on by the events in 1868 and the subsequent discovery of ghost rock, vast deposits of mineral wealth, including gold, silver, and small veins of ghost rock were unearthed in the mountains surrounding Tucson. The discovery attracted folks from all over, hoping to get rich.

Of course, with all the fundament being taken from the surrounding mountains, scoundrels, conmen, and opportunists were not far behind. The worst kinds of folk were drawn to Tucson like a fly to corpse, and in the intervening years the fortress town of Tucson changed. The presidio wall was dismantled, and the boundaries of the town swelled. Homes and businesses sprung up here and there, and new faces arrived by stage daily.

To satisfy the demand for all the new constructions, wood was cut and brought down from the mountains. In time, older constructions of adobe and stone were

laid low, and newer more "modern" structures were built on the old foundations. All the digging unearthed vast stores of ancient Indian artifacts, including wooden pots and bowls, small dolls of river clay, and other funereal items. Of course, this annoyed the local Indians. They believe the spirits of the Hohokam will seek revenge for being disturbed.

A Civil Little War

As the War Between the States continues to rage, most of the Southwest has been spared. But even though there are no battles currently being waged between the Union and Confederate troops, there is a permanent Confederate presence in Tucson. A single Confederate barrack houses a handful of irregular army malcontents and dispossessed officers who have proved unfit for more frontline assignments.

The Coming of the Rail Baron

As the Great Rail Wars heat up, the need for safe travel to and from Tucson has prompted Bayou Vermillion to step up laying down track. At first the residents of

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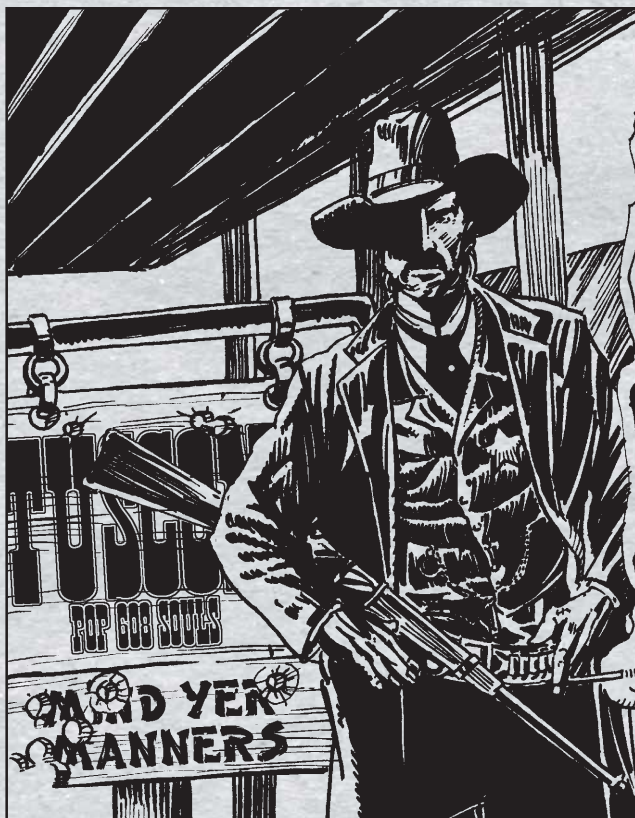
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Tucson resisted the railroad's advance, but that generous entrepreneur Baron Simone LaCroix's representatives charmed and, according to some, purchased the much-needed public support. For months prior to the trains coming, Tucsonites heard the pounding of railroad spikes day and night and prepared for their eventual arrival.

In the winter of 1876, the railroad finally came within sight of the town. On the morning of December 2, 1876, the train arrived bringing tools, building supplies, and 100 workers.

The Birth of Ashtown

Then something unexpected happened. Over the next several months after the BV's arrival in town, most of the town's non-Anglo settlers, mostly freed slaves and Chinese immigrants, were "persuaded" to relocate to a new community by the name of Ashtown, on the other side of the tracks. Not surprisingly, tempers ran hot among the displaced, many of whom had ancestors who had helped build the town. It became all too apparent that the mayor and the town fathers had cut a deal with LaCroix. For what purpose, nobody knows.



The Law of Tuscon: Marshal Wrath Thompson

Tucson Today, 1877

Tucson has changed virtually overnight since the railroad's arrival. New businesses spring up every month, competition for the best locations is brutal, and price gouging is fully in swing. Many of the older businesses have been remodeled with new storefronts, glass windows, and other "modern" conveniences. Tucson is fast becoming a town on par with Tombstone and distant Denver as far as civilization is concerned.

Keeping the Peace

The local government is reasonably efficient and democratic, to a point. Most of the everyday decisions are made by the Mayor T. Barton Essex and a handful of his advisors, representing local cattle ranchers, businessmen, and others. Other important decisions are made by popular vote at monthly town meetings. Here the mud (and a fair amount of bull) is slung with both hands. After everyone has had their say, an informal vote is taken, and the city fathers do what they want anyway.

The Law's Wrath

The law in town is currently in a state of flux. Originally, Marshal Wrath Thompson and his deputies handled things nicely, but with the coming of the Bayou Vermillion, even a dedicated lawman like Wrath has his hands full. Overworked and underpaid, Marshal Thompson was persuaded to give up some of his authority to an outside party in the name of the public good.

Bayou Vermillion "Railhounds"

To assist the beleaguered marshal, Baron LaCroix has "generously" lent a handful of his own "railhounds" to assist the Marshal in his obligations. The railhounds can be easily spotted by their distinctive Stetsons decorated with chicken bones, and the strange, white symbols on the lapels of their dusters. They always travel in pairs, and these days they seem to be everywhere. Of course, their brand of law is a mite harsher than that of the marshal. Most lawbreakers arrive at the jail bruised, bleeding, and missing a few teeth.

Here Comes the Judge!

Tucson has no judiciary of its own. A circuit judge makes his way through the region every month or so. For minor crimes, the offender is

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fined and serves out a short jail sentence. For more serious breaches of the law, the Marshal throws the offender in the pokey and waits for the circuit judge to arrive. If the accused is either too dangerous or the judge is unavailable, the offender is relocated to Yuma for sentencing.

Getting Around

Navigating Tucson is simple, although cattle drives through town and near-continuous construction can and do slow things down a bit. The current layout promotes smooth movement toward the plaza at the center of town.

Except for the plaza, the streets are unpaved. The constant movement of people, goods and cattle through the streets has pounded the earth into concrete hardness. Unfortunately, when it rains the streets turn into a greasy morass.

What Makes a Tucsonite?

The average Tucsonite is an odd mix of realist and opportunist with a generous helping of skeptic thrown in. Most folks are just too tied up with keeping themselves and their families fed to fuss over rumored supernatural occurrences. The average Tucsonite prefers to mind his own beeswax.

It is this respect for privacy that has allowed the diverse population of Tucson to coexist peacefully for so many years. Sadly, with the recent segregation instituted by the city fathers with the creation of Ashtown, it's only probably only a matter of time before there's going to be trouble.

The Native Peoples

The Indians have always been in the area, long before the coming of the Spanish. The local Pima and Papago are just about everywhere you look.

Few choose to stay in town. They prefer to live in small, modest communities in the foothills surrounding Tucson. Few of these settlements are self-sufficient. Most rely, in part, upon trade with Tucson for daily survival.

Like most aboriginals, the local Papago and Pima Indians are mighty superstitious. In spite of the best efforts of the Spanish missionaries to Christianize them, the Indians continue to practice the Old Ways.

In keeping with their beliefs, the Indians hold monthly festivals celebrating the turning of the moon with loud singing and dancing well into the night. The sound of drums and raised voices is carried on the night winds to the far corners of the valley.



The real Tucsonites: Local native traders come to town.

The local Apache and the Tucsonites have had a much more confrontational relationship. The Apache are more aggressive and direct in their dealings with the settlers of the region. In seasons past, the Apache have staged hit-and-run raids on stagecoaches, lone travelers, and have even stampeded cattle being driven up from Mexico. Recently, the Apache have turned their anger toward the work crews of Bayou Vermillion, killing workers, damaging property, and using dynamite to destroy track.

Tucson's Economy

The bread and butter of Tucson's economy are goods and services. All business is geared toward providing for the neighboring mines, the miners, and the various other enterprises associated with the trade.

As a strange aside, one would think that the Bayou Vermillion railworkers would also be a prime source of income for the town, but that's not really the case. The workers are never even seen in town. Only the work foremen and higher-up BV officials ever patronize Tucson establishments. Perhaps it's a condition of the workers' contract with the railroad.

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Prior to '68, the primary business was livestock, specifically beef. Cattle purchased in Mexico is herded and driven to Tucson where it's redistributed to the neighboring farms and ranches, slaughtered, or driven elsewhere. As a result, leather goods and beef are dirt cheap.

Since the Great Quake, the surrounding hills and mountains have been heavily mined. Whole communities spring up over night when a new vein of fundamint is discovered. When the vein runs dry, the miners pack up and move on to the next stake. Although some manage to make their fortunes and go on to found their own mining concerns, most go bust within the first six months. The miners usually wind up at the bottom of a whiskey bottle or in the bone orchard shortly thereafter.

A Quick Tour of Town

One really must see Tucson in person to truly appreciate what an interesting and vibrant place it is. In these paltry few words the esteemed Mr. O'Malley has allowed me, I can give but a brief overview of some of the highlights—and lowlights—of Tucson.



A rough night at the Painted Lady. Dangerous games like this are common.

The Graveyard

Some folks given to wander in the early morning hours or late evenings have reported seeing shadowy figures moving through the dense tracks of fog. This phenomenon wasn't reported until shortly after last Halloween. The local Texas Rangers are looking into the "disturbance," but they maintain there is no cause for alarm or idle rumormongering.

Ashtown

Across the tangle of train tracks squats the tiny community peopled by the displaced minorities of Tucson. Blacks, Hispanics, Indians—all must make their homes here. It's called Ashtown for the ash and dust generated by the trains.

The population pressures here are pretty intense. Fights and arguments break out almost daily. Marshal Thompson has deputized Wheaton R. Jefferson as constable of Ashtown, granting him limited police powers. The office entitles him to wear a sidearm and apprehend and question lawbreakers within his protectorate.

Important Establishments

There are many businesses that a traveler may wish to frequent while in our fine town. The Brass Tack Saloon is Tucson's finest watering hole and gambling hall. Here one can take a load off and wash down the trail dust. If you wish a place with a bit less class and a little more "atmosphere," you might try your luck at the Painted Lady Saloon.

The Dusty Trails Hotel can be a mighty nice place to hang your hat for a little while, and there's always the Standish Boarding House if your stay is going to be a little bit longer than a few nights.

In addition, Tucson offers a complete selection of tradesmen to fulfill any needs you might have. Even transportation to other parts of the state is a reasonable proposition here, thanks to the Nine Lives Stagecoach Company.

Happy Trails!

So as you see, Tucson is a town of many contrasts, From the riches generated by the ghost-rock mine and cattle drives, to the oppression and squalor of Ashtown, Tucson is a boomtown like no other. Whether that's a good thing or not, I leave for you, the reader, to judge.



39

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1877 Edition

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Chapter Three:

Laramie, Wyoming Territory

Greetings, truth seekers. Wallace Cassandrell of the *Laramie Hue & Cry*, at your service. Mr. Lacy O'Malley has commissioned me to write a piece on my home town of Laramie for his fine publication, and I am right proud to do that. It is time the mysterious occurrences in our town were brought forth into the harsh light of day. The cost may be high, but I am certain that the seekers of truth are stoic enough to bear them.



47

Laramie's Founding

Without the Denver Pacific Railroad and its backers, the Smith & Robards Co., the town of Laramie would not exist to this day. That mercantile organization does have its own secrets it does not wish exposed.

This journalist, for one, would like to know the nature of the aliens that were destroyed by Mr. Smith after their mysterious craft crashed at Roswell several years back, thus providing a model upon which the ornithopter was based. The truth must be known!

But the owners of the DP are forward-thinking men who recognized the value of establishing a bridgehead in this territory. This enabled it to be kept from the grip of indigenous people who form the Sioux Nations to the north.

A Mysterious History

The man who chose the location for Laramie was a notable personage indeed—none other than Major General Grenville Dodge, retired from the Civil War and of late in the employ of the DP. Alas, this illustrious warrior chose unwisely when he made camp, back in 1867, under a tree the local Indians had marked as a stopping place by hanging a rawhide doll upon its branches. The Indians hereabouts even claim the tree was the plug to a ghost-filled cavern that meanders below our very streets.

Dodge's Mistake?

According to these savages, whose beliefs may not be so primitive as we might think, the removal of the tree with a blast of stumping powder opened up an entry to

that place they call the Hunting Grounds. This let out all of the bad spirits the Arapaho call "vedauwoo" which translates roughly into our own English language as "earth-born spirits."

Hell on Wheels

Some say they called Laramie "Hell on wheels" on account of the way it was built. The first thing to roll in once the track was laid was a flatbed railcar with a saloon built atop it, and that night all hell broke loose as the surveying crew had their first taste of whiskey in a week. But according to my sources, the motto of our mystery-plagued town lies closer to the truth than the average man would care to admit. The nether regions themselves do lie below us.

Laramie Today

Our town has risen in population to nearly 150 souls (or more than 200, inclusive of the Line—a row of tents that house rough miners, barrel-and-plank saloons, and "soiled doves"—and the separate encampment of the Chinese railway workers). The horrifying fact is I have reason to believe that no few number of our citizens are walking this earth for the second time!

Even respectable society is not immune to the horrors of these restless spirits.

Movers & Shakers

The W.S.G.A.

The elite of Laramie are, without doubt, those wealthy ranchers who are members of one of Wyoming Territory's most powerful (and most secretive) political organizations: the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. The edifice to their power and prestige is the Cattlemen's Club.

Built of brick and surrounded by a wooden porch, the Cattlemen's Club is the largest building in Laramie. While it is currently a bit ostentatious for a small boomtown such as our own, its builders have no doubts that our fair town will one day grow in fame and population to warrant such a grandiose structure.

This journalist would like to know why he has repeatedly been refused admission to this elite establishment. Seekers of truth know that there must be more to it than the explanation given: that the club is a bastion of respectability, playing host only to the



47

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A portrait of Laramie's profiler, Wallace Cassandrell.

wealthy cattle barons of this area. Certainly this reporter was properly dressed and of polite manner when he was refused admission on the pretext that this was a private club for members of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association only. And yet a disreputable-looking gunslinger by the name of Horn has been seen to have free and easy access to this supposedly private club.

I can but speculate as to the true purpose of the W.S.G.A. private meetings held behind closed doors in the upper-floor rooms of this club. But sources close to W.S.G.A. president Thelonius Nunn, speaking on condition of the strictest anonymity, say that the meetings have something to do with the recent murder of a farmer by the name of William Browne, whose corpse was found riddled with bullet holes and yet with no bullets in the wounds.

The Denver Pacific Railroad

Laramie's whole existence has depended on one important thing: the Denver Pacific Railroad. Until a few years ago, the DP was only a minor player in the race to establish a continent-spanning rail link that would carry the ghost rock of California to the cities of the East.

Then it was purchased by the famous firm of Smith & Robards, which pushed DPR tracks west to Salt Lake City, east to link up with the Wasatch, Union Blue, and Black River railways, and north to Cheyenne. The latter line now extends as far as Laramie, its current railhead. Construction continues apace north of town.

Lately the Denver Pacific work crews, as well as the employees and passengers utilizing Laramie's train station, have suffered an unusual run of bad luck. Equipment malfunctions regularly these days, luggage is damaged or lost in transit, and tools go missing. These events happen with such regularity, that some have begun to whisper that perhaps a human hand lies behind them. I speak of sabotage, my friends!

The Law in Laramie

The territory of Wyoming has the proud honor of being the first in the whole of the Union to declare women's suffrage and equal pay for equal work legislation in 1869. As a result, 11 years on, the territory has drawn a number of strong, adventurous women. One such is Pearl DeGranville, known as the "woman with the iron jaw," our town's sheriff.

According to my source Back East, she was recently in the employ of the Pinkertons before taking up the mantle of defender of justice in our town. But this reporter would like to know what mysterious circumstances surround the sudden retirement of the previous sheriff, Samuel Meyers, in 1870, the year in which Sheriff DeGranville came to office. And yet, soon afterward Meyers was retained by Sheriff DeGranville as her deputy. This journalist would like to know why.

A Brutal Bludgeoning

This reporter would also like to know why the officers of the law have so much difficulty solving the rash of gruesome murders that have plagued Laramie of late. There are first of all the clubbings that have taken place in our streets. Is some band of preternatural robbers at work, waylaying innocents without ever once being spotted by its citizenry? The first such victim was William Wright, a stockboy in the employ of the Wholesale Shebang, that emporium of merchandise from the famed Smith & Robards line. Since then, at least three other bodies have also been found in a similar condition. Who can say where this gruesome trail of bloody murder will end?

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A Mysterious Lurker

One of our sources reports having spotted a shambling, unkempt figure which may have been that of a cowardly robber, outside of that drinking establishment known as McDaniel's Saloon. Other reports have it that this was a flight of wild imagination, prompted by the newsreels on display there—glimpses of the truth which the newly founded Agency and its ilk would suppress.

The Church Fires

The Agency could better spend its efforts uncovering the forces at work behind the latest arson of this town's Baptist church. This is the second time that the structure has burned in the last year.

A custodian of that building, lying abed dying in hospital after the blaze, was reported to have said that its pastor, a former slave who came from a land where voodoo and other black arts are practiced, called down the wrath of Heaven on his church by continuing to pay tribute to the dark gods of the land of his birth.

There are those who would put this story down to the ravings of a man under the grip of the morphine used to treat him, but we must wonder what they have to hide.

Gunslingers and Other Famous Folk

Many are the famous gunslingers that have passed through Laramie. It is said that Wild Bill Hickok stayed here for a time before his untimely assignation with the Grim Reaper in Deadwood.

Hickok's Photo

The gunslinger's picture can be viewed in the Verdad Photography Studio, the proprietress of which is the lovely and dusky-eyed Miss Consuela DaSilva. Several of this noted artiste's "spirit" photographs have appeared in the pages of the *Hue and Cry* in recent years.

That so lovely and unsullied a lady as Miss DaSilva has such a large collection of photographs of desperadoes is indeed intriguing. But it is said, by some well informed sources who once sought the hand of this independent young woman, that a guardian angel watches over her. It is rumored that Miss DaSilva has a more recent photograph of Wild Bill Hickok—one taken after his untimely death!

But this reporter's efforts to view it have thus

far been in vain. I have, however, had other, more disturbing successes in my quest for the truth.

Entertainments Strange and Exotic

Messages from beyond are observable (for those with eyes to see the truth) in the advertisements affixed to the curtains of this town's theater. It has become the custom, in the West, for the signmaker to create large cloth banners which are affixed to the curtains of our variety theaters.

This reporter, during one recent night at the theater spent reviewing a performance by a troupe of song-and-dance men, noted the words that formed when the curtain was drawn. If one observes the letters on the outermost fold of each curtain, reading backwards from right to left, a message of Satanic import is made plain.

This reporter cannot describe the full text of that vile missive, for upon realizing the message that was inscribed there and its prospective doom to those who would read it, I quickly shut my eyes. The message has failed to reappear, despite numerous repeat trips to the theater.



Miss Consuela DaSilva, proprietress of the Verdad Photography Studio

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1877 Edition

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Professor McDaniel's Wonders

Entertainment of a more exotic nature than the usual minstrel shows and performing bands is to be found at McDaniel's Saloon. This establishment was set up just this year by Professor James McDaniel, formerly a resident of Cheyenne. The saloon is one of the most popular establishments in the area, drawing people from as far away as 50 miles!

This worthy gentleman of means has filled his new saloon with stuffed trophy animals that seemingly animate of their own accord. These include a bear that rears up on its hind legs and roars, hissing snakes that coil about the rafters, songbirds that whistle popular tunes, and buffalo heads that bellow and snort steam!

But there is nothing of mystery about them. The professor was kind enough to give this reporter an inside look at the devices, which are animated by means of ordinary mechanical contrivances hidden under their musty hides.

Equally amazing are the stereoscopic machines to be found in a back room of the saloon. For the cost of a nickel, patrons can peer through the eyepieces of these boxlike devices and view moving drawings of the events of the day.

One can also view "movies" of a more titillating nature. McDaniel was recently fined after a county judge found these "peepers" to be "obscene and lascivious," but the \$25 fine didn't even come close to putting a dent in the profits to be had from these amazing machines.

The bartenders and serving girls in McDaniel's saloon are equally arresting. Among their number are a number of former circus freaks: a dwarf known only as the Lilliputian Wonder ("Lil" for short), the Circassian girl (an albino), and Miss Charlotte Temple, the famed English giantess who is noted for her feats of strength. When not otherwise engaged in slinging whiskey, Miss Charlotte likes to entertain patrons by bending a horseshoe with her bare hands or challenging Laramie's more burly cowpokes to a match of arm wrestling.

Other Strange Doings

Laramie is a town of mystery, but it is also an opportunity for prosperity. While the Black Hills themselves belong to the Sioux, the surrounding terrain still holds many prospects for miners, and a number of shafts have already been sunk. The hills are said to contain vast amounts of ghost rock.

The Hills Have Eyes

They are also, according to the Chinese who labor under the auspices of the Denver Pacific railroad in an effort to push a spur line north to Deadwood from Laramie, home to malevolent spirits. During a recent interview with local Asians (with helpful translation of their singsong tongue provided by their barber, who goes by the name of Chinaman Chung), this reporter had cause to hear firsthand accounts of the forces at work within those dark hills.

These malevolent spirits have caused the workers to suffer numerous, grave accidents, including the premature explosion of a case of sweaty dynamite that took the lives of 13 workers. Others among the Asians have remarked upon the frightful passions which seize upon them when they are attempting to lay track to the north of town. These strange emotions sent shivers down their spines and caused these normally industrious folk to be reluctant about their work.

Matters of Grave Import

According to some sources, it is said that, at the stroke of midnight, more shivers are to be had in the Laramie Cemetery. Your humble correspondent was unable to verify the rumor that the restless spirit of a famed gunslinger stalks the graveyard, haunting it in revenge for having received such an ignoble burial unfitting to his stature as a desperado.

I did see ghostly figures, around about midnight, but they were not of any white man. Instead they seemed to be the restless shades of savage Indians, the fires of revenge blazing in their eyes!

I cannot think what slight they would have to seek vengeance for. The site where Laramie was built was uninhabited when General Dodge camped under the tree. There are no claims by the Sioux Nation or any other tribe upon this land.

Be Warned!

In summation, there are mysterious occurrences aplenty in the town of Laramie. Your humble correspondent pledges to continue to uncover the truth, to sort out fact from rumor—and to publish it all each week in the pages of the *Hue & Cry*, heedless of those detractors who criticize the veracity and opinion of our brave newspaper.

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Chapter Four:

Bonasco, New Mexico



56

Hola, amigos! They say gambling and the drink are two vices no self-respecting gaucho could live without. Well then, get ready for a sinful life, because if you've got the ante, Bonasco's got the game, and if your throat is parched, there's no better place to wet your whistle.

Me? I'm not much of a gambling man myself. I'm just Ramon Enrique McWhirter, asistente to the mayor right here in Bonasco. Mr. O'Malley over at the *Tombstone Epitaph* telegraphed the office for a feature on our fine pueblo, and our esteemed Mayor Trapp thought I could do her justice. I hope Señor O'Malley doesn't mind me sprinkling Español throughout my little missive. It's from my madre's side.

I guess Ulysses B. Shea, the chief editor for the *Bonasco Golden View*, would normally be handling this, but his fatal accident in the press room two weeks ago shot that plan to Hell. I'll dedicate this piece in his memoria.

Rest in peace, compadre.

A Little History

Three years ago Bonasco wasn't even a gray stain on a surveyor's map. Since then, Bonasco's growth has been nothing less than explosive! To understand why Bonasco is how it is, a little bit of the town's recent history might be in order.

The Bandito Arrives

It all started in June, 1875, a few miles beyond Cranston, NM. Juan Bonasco, a man known to most as "El Nastico," had been hired by the Hutchinson Railway to "scout" the territory where Hutchinson's rival local rail company, Timmer Lane, just happened to be laying a track through. He was given a small force of men to help him in his endeavor, and they were all well-armed—in case of coyotes, of course.

Of course, the "scouting" turned bloody almost instantly, but Bonasco's people quickly got the worst of it. The better-armed Timmer Lane soldiers swallowed Bonasco's scouting camp in one huge, green-uniformed wave. All Bonasco's men could do was pray for mercy.

Now, God works in mysterious ways, but even His most faithful servant might raise an eyebrow or two at the Almighty's sparing El

Nastico, the same bandito who had routinely set orphanages and houses of the Lord aflame just because he laughed best to the screams of children and clergymen. Still, by dawn, after a long night of running, Bonasco found himself along in a nameless hicksville in the New Mexican desert.

Timmer's men had orders to bring Bonasco in dead or alive—minus the alive part, if possible. Frankly, I'd have laid better odds on the sun coming up blue the next day than Juan Bonasco seeing another daybreak.

Bonasco's Luck

For a man who never prayed before, it sure worked for El Nastico then. Bonasco made his stand right there in that little burg. All we really know is, when the smoke cleared, you could count on your hands the men in olive-green left standing, even if you had no fingers.

Bonasco took to this, his pueblo de suerte, so much he named it after himself, then elected himself mayor with a few well-placed "warning shots" into a crowd of residents.

It was the good townsfolk's turn to pray.



Bonasco's a gambling town, and cards are by far the most popular pursuit!

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El Nastico Takes a Powder

Flash forward to November, 1875. By then, Hutchinson Railway and Timmer Lane were memories, both gobbled up by Bayou Vermillion. Of course, both railroads had sent more men after Juan Bonasco. Timmer Lane still wanted him dead on principle, and since he'd run out on his contract, Hutchinson wasn't pleased with him either. El Nastico dispatched them all.

One night the bandito just disappeared, riding out of town under cover of darkness. He never returned and has not been seen since. Our best guess is that El Nastico started to get restless. He'd had a good time playing Mayor, but he'd been stuck in one place for months.

Or perhaps El Nastico's luck finally ran out.

Bonasco's Trapp

Meanwhile, 25 miles away in Sterling Ridge, Webbekiah J. Trapp completed a business transaction entitling the Olsen brothers (currently owners of the Money Trail, one of Bonasco's top nightspots) exclusive rights to a highly profitable mining operation. However, when a dispute erupted between the parties next day, Trapp graciously rescinded the contract and quickly left town. His travels soon brought him to Bonasco.

Trapp arrived in town without a penny to his name. He was, like the infamous outlaw before him, running on nothing but luck. In Bonasco, though, that was enough.

If there had been any decent papers back then, the headlines might have read "Trapp Finds Bandito Gold in Bonasco!" Poking around town, Trapp somehow stumbled upon some dinero that old "Mayor" Nastico had stashed away. Ever the enterprising businessman, Trapp put his newfound wealth to work instantly.

One casino went up, then another. One saloon went up, then another. Trapp was determined to repay the town for his good fortune. He had a vision for Bonasco, and his endeavors changed the town into a thriving boomtown almost overnight.

When Animals Attack

May of 1876 was a rough time for our little part of New Mexico. Something started ambushing people in the area. Out on lonely ranches, isolated mines, and even in the back alleyways of towns, people were found savagely killed, their bodies often partially eaten. The bodies started showing up in the

streets. No one saw the unknown attackers—no one except the victims, of course. For 50-some-odd days, no one in the entire county could turn a corner without peeking first.

It got so bad that the Texas Rangers finally showed up. They poked around for a couple of days, and I've heard rumors of a massive fight somewhere out in the New Mexico desert. Then the attacks and deaths stopped. Typically, the Rangers were closemouthed about what actually happened. To this day, no one is really sure what caused the slaughter.

And a slaughter it was. The final casualty toll was Thumbnail 96, Cranston 34, Sterling Ridge 47, Tattinger Junction an alarming 109. And Bonasco 15. Only 15.

While other burgs were losing as much as half of their inhabitants, Bonasco kept bucking the odds, some would dare say spectacularly. It was the safest place around, as the low body count is my witness.

Halbert Mining

There's one final player to introduce in our little town, and that brings us to September of last year. A lot of folks nearby moved to Bonasco after the killings. One sujeto said it could rain manure from sea to shining sea and this would be the only place that wouldn't stink.

One of the newcomers was Arcival Halbert. Actually, he was looking for some gambling action rather than a permanent change of address.

On one particular night, Poor Mr. Halbert probably wished it would rain buffalo chips to match his mood. He'd lost everything—even his stage ticket back home. He staggered dazedly out of the gambling hall before the dealer had even scooped up the chips.

Next thing Halbert knew, he was staring out at the plains, drunk and none too thrilled about hiking home. He let out a sigh and rested his back against a rocky outcropping.

Now, he's told me that to this day he's not sure why he turned around and looked at the rock face. "Must have been a little voice that told me," he says. What he saw there nearly stopped his heart.

When his heart started beating again, Halbert inspected the black vein that creased the rock face. He inspected it very closely and realized that he was leaning against a fortune.

Yes, señor: ghost rock.

He filed his claim the next day, and that's how Halbert Mining of Bonasco got started. Aside from gambling, its the biggest thing in town today.



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A gambler's paradise: Bonasco's main drag is lined with several large casinos. People come from miles around to try their luck!

Playing 'Nasco



61

Nowadays, you should worry more about holding your cards rightside up than how to get to the Biggest Lucky Little Town in the West. Almost every city inside 50 miles has stage coaches running to and from Bonasco three times a week—some daily during summer season. Riding in from Tattinger costs you but \$1.20. It's getting so we might have to widen the streets so nobody has to walk on anybody's shoulders.

We're fond of saying that the day a cowpoke can't recognize where he is when you drop him in Bonasco's main street is the day you should bury him. It'd be damn impossible to miss the signs and halls lining the street, especially the Grand Frontier, two stories full of the loudest bettors not on a riverboat. An Indian-chief statue at the door and tomahawk markers mean you're at the Hunting Ground. Pultzer's is quickly garnering reps for running rich tournaments. In fact, Mr. Pultzer should have another \$5,000 poker tournament around the time this sees print. The Money Trail hasn't got anything to be ashamed of, either, with dozens of

glitzy, one-arm banditos around the floor—and perhaps the prettiest hostesses in town.

Cards are by far the game of choice, but you can place all sorts of wagers here, from roulette to how many stray dogs will wander by in a given day. For the most part, the rules are very liberal: whatever you and the house agree upon. Cheat at your own risk. We sure as Hell don't condone it. A lot of times, the cheater might wish the law had gotten to him first.

The Bosscos of Bonasco

There are big players, then there are *big* players. In 'Nasco, they seldom come bigger than Arcival Halbert. "Luck" is what Mr. Halbert attributes his success to. I challenge anyone to offer a better explanation for how a penniless drunk located such a rich vein of ghost rock.

Mr. Halbert does his sitting these days in a beautiful mansion with a lovely esposa and two infant sons. He also sits at the head of the craps tables, seconded by his foreign bodyguard Luther. Meanwhile, his cash-cow of a mining company continues to dig profits up by the cartload. The ghost-rock baron's triumph has also contributed to the town's prestige,

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drawing potential commercial partners by the dozen—some from as far away as the Orient! Mr. Halbert should expand his financial empire soon—between rolls of the dice, no doubt.

Our Fearless Leader

Alert readers might have noticed the mention of our "esteemed Mayor Trapp." In appreciation for his selfless devotion and effort, the residents carried Mr. Trapp overwhelmingly into the office of mayor in January of 1876. Despite founding three of the original casinos in town, only the Grand Frontier remains under His Honor's ownership, her sisters having been auctioned off charitably in interest of spreading the wealth. As one associating closely with Mr. Trapp, I can truly attest that the popularity and integrity of Nasco's political boss is hard to impugn.

The Law

Ship in enough bushels, and you're bound to get some rotten apples. Bonasco has seen plenty of lawless varmints and perpetrators of scams, but the one good apple here, Sheriff Garrett Cole, is deft at ridding the basket of bad ones

via a steady gun hand and a steel-cool demeanor. Many a robber gang knows firsthand the deadeye accuracy of the ex-sharps shooter, and many a fraud has learned close-up the justice dished out by his old one-two. Bonasco offers many pleasures. A business encounter with Sheriff Cole and his fine deputies isn't one of them.

Other Points of Interest

When all that hollering over your windfalls makes the throat a little hoarse, pay it some mind at a watering hole like the Snake Eyes. One-Eyed Louie loves to heat up a larynx with that special Bank Breaker mix of his.

At night, you have your pick of quality places to rest those weary, bone-rolling, card-flipping hands. Top choice seems to be the Jackpot Inn, although Rainbow's End ain't far off.

Speaking of pleasures, none should bypass the scintillating stage performance of Miss Phoebe Synclaire. Hardly a soul wouldn't raise a white flag to her southern charm and crystal chime of a voice. Miss Synclaire and her sisters-in-show provide a real standoff to the betting actions four nights a week at the Jakeman Theater, just behind the Strip. For you gents intending to deliver backstage bests, she professes a preference for lilacs.

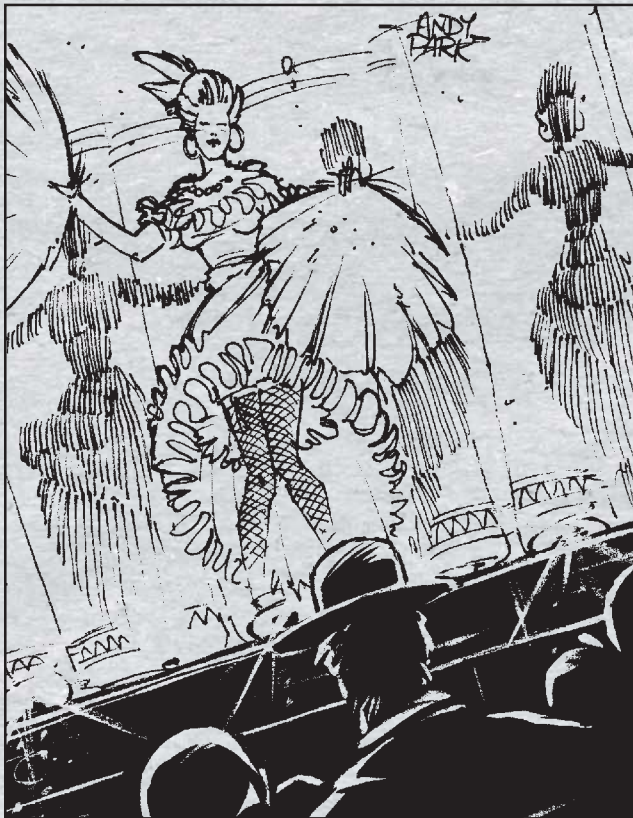
For less-competitive sightseers, the Halbert mine off the northwest stretch is a nice spot to visit. Big Boss Jimbo might even let you hold a ghost rock if you don't come off like a jackass. Lastly, you'd be a fool not to have Mama Tamarino's smoked jerky in the saddle bag when it's time to hit the trail.

Treasure Hunters

Everyone's welcomed in Bonasco, but get used to the stares if you haul out a shovel or two. You see, there are people who believe that the fortune Mayor Trapp unearthed was only a tip of El Nastico's legacy. You can make these locos out by the digging noise in God-awful hours of the night. I have no clue as to how the rumor got started, but we tolerate these sobbusters—as long as they don't bother anybody and cover up their mess.

Good Luck, Partners!

Well, looks like I'm down to my last hand here. Remember, sky's the limit in Bonasco. Who knows? If you come here, maybe Señor O'Malley will ask me to tell his gentle readers about your fortune in time. Adios, muchachos!



Some of the more ribald entertainment available in the gambling halls of Bonasco.

THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK



SECRETS





CHAPTER TWO: SECRETS O' THE BOOMTOWNS



USING THE BUILDING MAPS

All the buildings described in the following sections reference these maps. Let's go over a few things about each one.

BANK

This bank's lobby has tellers' windows along the back wall. The tellers work in the office area in back. The room in the very back is either a private office or the bank's vault.

BARBER SHOP

The front room of this place is devoted to tonsorial pursuits, while the room midway back holds a tub for those that wish to bathe. The back room is used for storage.

BIG HOTEL

The main area on the first floor is either a lobby or a bar. (Treat the bar as a check-in desk if it's a lobby.) If the place has a second floor, a balcony runs around this area. The kitchen is located in back of the bar, with a pantry within it. The two rooms in back can be used for servants quarters or offices. The other two rooms are private dining or meeting rooms.

The second floor consists of guest rooms. As mentioned before, a balcony runs around lobby/bar area, and doors lead outside to a porch that runs around the side of the building.

BIG HOUSE

A porch runs all the way around the outside of this place, blocked only by the breezeway that separates the kitchen from the rest of the house. One enters from the porch into a long foyer. A staircase leads up to the second floor. The first floor consists of an entry hall, a dining room, a sitting room, a mud room in the back, a parlor, and a study.

The second floor has a bathroom at the head of stairs, likely without indoor plumbing. The other small room is the sewing room. The three rooms in a row to the right of the stairs are bedrooms, as are the other two at the opposite corners. The slightly smaller room between them is a nursery.

BUNKHOUSE

The Bunkhouse is one of the most flexible maps. It has only one large room with a smaller one in the back. The main room is mainly filled by beds, while the small room is for the foreman or supervisor. This building could just as easily be used as a shop, workshop, storage shed, and so on.

CHURCH

The Church map can also be used for a meeting hall. Stairs lead up to the double front doors of the place, and the pews are laid out in two rows, facing the back of the room. The





SECRETS



area at the back of the Church is raised up two feet, and doors lead out of it to either side. The two tiny rooms are used for storage.

GENERAL STORE

The main store area out front has long counters for all the merchandise. There are two storage areas in rear for stock. The porch out front is often a popular hangout.

GENERIC SHOPS

Use these maps for any small shops. Both buildings are pretty simple, consisting mainly of one room. The right-hand building has a small storage area in the rear, while the left-hand building has only a shed out back.

GRAVEYARD

A trail leads from one end of the Graveyard to the other. The fenced in area is a family plot. The area with unmarked graves is the "paupers section," where the poor are laid to rest.

JAIL

This Jail consists of five cells in the back, three of them with doors, the other two just holding cells with metal bars. The two rooms in the front are offices.

MINE

We've made these maps so you can lay out a wide variety of mines. The Mine Entrance is the one fixed point. Outside of the actual entrance is a transfer building. Here, the fundement is transferred to other ore cars for transport away from the mine. A small shed lies to the right.

The mine tunnels can be lined up any way you see fit, Marshal. They are meant to be laid atop each other to link up, not edge to edge.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE

The newspaper's main office is right out in front. The editor has a small private office off to the side. The printing presses are located in the back along with some storage areas.

SMALL HOTEL

The first floor entry leads into the foyer, with a parlor on the right. The dining room is behind that, with a pantry and kitchen. The bathroom is connected to the kitchen, along with a mud room toward the rear. On the second floor, there are four guest rooms, as well as the proprietor's bedroom on the right next to the stairs. A small sitting room is at the top of the stairs too.

SMALL HOUSE

The main floor contains a dining room with a connected kitchen and a pantry beyond. The parlor lies on the right, with a sewing room and an office behind it. The second floor holds three bedrooms and a nursery.

STABLE

This small stable consists of six stalls and a tack room. A hay shed out front holds hay and other feed for the horses.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE

With travel in the Weird West taking as long as it does, the Telegraph Office is often a boomtown's lifeline to the outside world. The actual office is in the front, with the telegraph setup in the back room.

THEATER

Not every boomtown has a theater, and even in the ones that do, these building often sit empty until some sort of entertainment comes to town. One enters through the lobby after purchasing tickets at the booth in front. A coat room lies to the left of the door, and an office for the theater manager is to the right. Aisles run along the sides of the main hall, with rows of seats in the middle. The stage is elevated about six feet, with a curtain dividing the main stage from the backstage area. Dressing rooms for the "talent" lie on either side in the back.

TRAIN STATION

Most boomtowns on a rail line have a train station. The platform stands next to the tracks, elevated slightly so those disembarking don't have to step too far down. The central room is the ticket office, with the stationmaster's office connected to it. The detached building is the baggage office and storage area.

UNDERTAKERS

The front room is used for viewings, with the undertaker's office in the middle of the place. The room in back is where the actual embalming of the body is done.

THE FURNITURE

We've included as much furniture on here as we could, Marshal, but you may find yourself needing more. Feel free to photocopy the furniture sheet as much as necessary for your personal use, then cut the pieces out of the sheet and put them on the maps.



BOOMTOWN SECRETS

Now that you know a little about the buildings that make up the typical boomtown, let's get down to the real scoop on our four haunted hamlets.

LIBERTY, MONTANA TERRITORY

Fear Level 3

Truman Cash painted a bright and promising picture of this small Montana cowtown. He should have. The cattlemen paid him enough! Liberty is currently little more than a fiefdom for a group of powerful cattle barons.

CATTLEMAN'S ASSOCIATION

The Cattleman's Association is composed of wealthy cattle ranchers who seek to control the eastern part of the Montana Territory. Contrary to Truman's flowery speech, they don't welcome new ranchers. They actively seek to discourage or even destroy them! Rather than attract more ranchers, the association hopes Truman's article will draw folks to Liberty with skills necessary to turn their town into a thriving trade center.

The association presently dictates nearly all decisions of any importance in Liberty and the surrounding area. Its members usually maintain a veneer of concerned civic-mindedness. However, folks who become too troublesome may receive a nighttime visit from some of the members' regulators!

SMALL RANCHERS

It's possible to start a small ranch around Liberty, but it's not easy. A few do make it, either by luck, money, or just plain cussedness, but many are ground under the booted heels of the Cattleman's Association.

Heroes seeking to start their own ranch in the territory have an uphill battle on their hands. Not only do they have Indians, rustlers, and natural hazards to contend with, they've got to find a way to keep the other cattlemen from riding them down. The association has years of experience with running new ranchers out. The heroes are liable to face strong-arm tactics by regulators, financial leveraging, accusations of rustling, or even an outright range war!

Smart buyers can find cattle as low as \$8-\$10 a head, but buying them around Liberty can cost twice that. Later, cattle can often be sold as high as \$30 a head at the right time in places like Cheyenne, WY, or Miles City, MT.

A starting rancher can claim a homestead of nearly 200 acres for as little as \$25 with a commitment to work it for at least 10 years. However, the cattle barons seldom recognize such purchases, claiming "free range rights," "eminent domain," or other such legal nonsense.

OTHER EMPLOYMENT

Cowpunching is the easiest job to find in Liberty. There's always a ranch or cattle company looking to pick up a hand. The pay is a measly \$5 times the highest of the character's *animal wranglin'* or *ridin': horse* Aptitudes each month, but the ranch also provides three square meals a day, a bunk, and 25 rounds of ammunition a month.

A hero wishing to lead the spiritual flock in Liberty must follow the Christian religion have at least 3 levels of the *professional: theology* Aptitude or the *Edge religious rank* of at least level 1. That and good behavior are about the only requirements for taking on the position. Liberty is pretty desperate for a preacher. The position provides the hero with use of the parsonage, the church, and a stipend of \$25 dollars a month.





Sheriff Dale is looking for deputies. She's got a lot of responsibility to spread around. She can offer two positions at \$40 a month.

A job as a regulator isn't always steady work, but problems with Dawson's rustlers and Iron Dragon ensure a few months of pay. Regulators for the Cattleman's Association must be able to ride, and pay is based on the hero's skill with a gun. For steady work, the association pays \$10 dollars a month per level the character has in *shootin'*. Case-by-case fees are negotiable.

SHEEPHERDERS

The resentment the cattlemen hold for the sheepherders runs strong and deep. A number of factors play into this prejudice against the sheepherders. The cattlemen have a strong sense of ownership of the territory. They tamed the wilderness and founded the town. Without them, there would be nothing in eastern Montana. They see the sheepherders as squatters on their hard-earned territory.

Sheepherders also tend to be a good deal poorer than the average cattle rancher. It takes less money to start a viable herd. That herd can be kept by a single man and a few well-trained dogs, whereas a cattle ranch requires a number of experienced cowboys to run the herd. All of this combines to cause cattlemen to look down on and, in some cases, even despise sheepherders.

The Cattleman's Association has little qualms about using any means necessary to contain or even destroy any sheepherder's flock. Add to that the fact popular opinion rests pretty squarely against sheepherders in the area. Even Sheriff Dale isn't without a little bias on the subject!

THE IRON HORSE

The Cattleman's Association isn't attempting to gain "fair treatment" for Liberty. They're just trying to milk Iron Dragon for all they can. Many of the members are opposed to the railroad crossing the area at all. They're afraid the railroad's presence might disrupt their virtual stranglehold on the region.

Kang, however, is not about to be balked by a few self-important ranchers. If the association continues to delay an agreement with him, he plans to deal with them like he does with all his rivals: swiftly and brutally. Soon, Liberty may be embroiled in its own little corner of the Great Rail Wars!

HAZARDS O' THE TERRITORY

Here's the truth about some of the dangers of the Montana Territory that Truman seems to have glossed over.

INDIANS

In one of the few moments of honesty in his monograph, Truman actually provided a fairly true picture of relations with the local Indians. If the posse plays its cards right, the nearby Crow could prove a valuable ally against Iron Dragon gangs.

RANGE WARS

Contrary to Truman's depiction, it's not uncommon for the members of the Cattleman's Association to come to blows—and gunfights—with each other. Herds get intermingled, one herd monopolizes prime grazing land or a waterhole, or somebody just gets jealous of another's success. Sheriff Dale simply can't effectively intervene in a fight between armed gangs, so she usually lets the cattle barons sort it out themselves.

ASSOCIATION REGULATORS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8
Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, ridin': horse 3d6, shootin':
pistol, rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Guts 2d6, overawe 2d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Friends in high places 3 (Cattleman's Association)

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Winchester '76 rifle, a Peacemaker pistol, 25 rounds of ammunition for each gun, a horse, and 3d8 dollars.

RUSTLERS

Open-range cattle are a gift from above to rustlers like Cole Dawson. He and his boys round up a small herd from time to time and either run them up to Canada or down into the Disputed Territories and sell them off to the highest bidders. Dawson has 2d6 rustlers with him at any given time. Currently, they're holed up in a little cabin about 30 miles north of town, but they change hideouts frequently. The



rustlers know they'll end up at the end of some cattleman's rope if they get caught, so they won't surrender unless obviously outgunned.

However, not all the folks the cattleman accuse of rustling are actually outlaws. A few of them are legitimate small-ranch owners, often retired cowboys who've managed to scrounge up a small herd and a grubstake. Some of the cattle barons use the label rustler to justify eliminating anyone they find bothersome.

The heroes could certainly work for the association as regulators, but eventually they're bound to be faced with an innocent "rustler" their employers want removed!

COLE DAWSON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:1d8, S:3d6, Q:3d10, V:4d8
Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, ridin': horse 4d8, shootin':
 pistol, rifle 5d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d6, M:3d6, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d6
 Guts 3d6, overawe 4d6, search 2d10, trackin' 4d10

Edges: Keen, sand 2, thick-skinned

Hindrances: Outlaw 3, enemy 4 (Cattleman's Association), vengeful

Pace: 8

Wind: 18

Gear: A Winchester '73 rifle, a Peacemaker pistol, 25 rounds of ammunition for each gun, a fast horse (Pace 24), and \$45.

Description: Dawson is a thin, wiry man with thinning, blond hair and a scraggly beard.

DAWSON'S RUSTLERS

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:2d8, V:3d8
Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, ridin': horse 3d8, shootin':
 pistol, rifle 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
 Guts 2d6, search 2d8, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Keen

Hindrances: Outlaw 2, enemy 3 (Cattleman's Association)

Pace: 8

Wind: 14

Gear: A Winchester '73 rifle, a Peacemaker pistol, 25 rounds of ammunition for each gun, a horse, and 3d6 dollars.

VIGILANTE JUSTICE

As with most of his piece, Truman glosses over the real story. Vigilantes in Liberty are usually little more than regulators from the Cattleman's Association sent to execute folks the barons see as bothersome. Victims of the vigilantes range from actual criminals to professional gamblers to sheepherders.



Sheriff Dale's presence is usually enough to prevent the cattlemen from such a stunt. However, as Truman pointed out, the sheriff has an enormous jurisdiction and can't be everywhere at once.

THE LYNCHER

Recently, a band of vigilantes captured and hung a sheepherder by the name of Arch Stanton on a variety of trumped-up charges. Sheriff Dale is unaware of the murder. She was out investigating a lead on Cole Dawson at the time. Stanton was hastily buried in an unmarked grave out on the prairie.

Unlike the vigilantes' other victims, Stanton didn't stay dead. He's come back as a special type of abomination known as a lyncher, which occasionally occurs when an innocent victim is lynched.

First, a lyncher kills those that were responsible for its unjust death. Then, once all its murderers are disposed of, the lyncher pursues its own twisted justice, killing any that break a law and go unpunished—however trivial the offense. The abomination hunts a victim only one night each month, on the date it was hung.

SECRETS

The lyncher's head hangs unnaturally to one side from a broken neck, and the creature's bloated and blue tongue protrudes from its mouth. The noose from the hanging still dangles from its neck. In fact, the lyncher can animate the rope, extending it up to 25 feet, entangling (and potentially strangling) other objects or people with it. The horror's favorite method of killing is to strangle or hang its murderers with the same rope they used to lynch it.

Currently, the lyncher is stalking a number of regulators from the Cattleman's Association who were responsible for his death. Tom Scott (Lazy Eight), Dick Gaithers (Lazy Eight), John Cook (Circle L), Steve "Boots" Ramblin (Froze to Death Ranch), and Jane Franks (Lowell) all should expect a nocturnal visit sometime soon.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, Q:2d10, S:2d12, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 6d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Search 3d10, trackin' 2d10

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: 9



Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+Id6)

Hangin': The lyncher can use the end of the noose around its neck to strangle or even hang its victims. It must get a raise on its *fightin': brawlin'* roll to do so. The victim must win a test of his *Vigor* versus the lyncher's *Strength* or take the difference in the rolls in Wind. The only way to get free of the lyncher's noose is to get at least two raises on a *Strength* test or sever the rope (see below).

Immunity: Although the lyncher can be temporarily stopped by a maiming head or guts wound, only severing the noose around its neck puts it down for good. This is a called shot with a -8 modifier, and it takes 10 points of damage to cut the rope. It's supernaturally tough. Cutting the rope at any place but the neck has no adverse effect on the abomination.

Undead.

WOLVES

Raiding wolves have long been blamed for cattle losses in the area. A few months ago, the Cattleman's Association decided bullets and traps weren't working fast enough to rid the area of wolves.

The cattle barons decided to give the marvels of mad science a try. They hired a passing alchemist to concoct a poison that would be deadly only to the wolves. The first batch proved effective beyond the ranchers' wildest hopes, and the cattlemen were convinced they'd solved their problems once and for all.

Unfortunately, during production of the second batch of the noxious chemical, the alchemist spilled some *agua regia* on his notes and destroyed the only copy of the ingredients list. Rather than admit his mistake to his employers, he reconstructed the list from his (rather foggy) memory and proceeded with the brewing. He sold the second batch of poison—several barrels of it—to the Cattleman's Association and quickly departed for parts unknown.

Well, as you might have guessed, the alchemist's second batch has a few problems. It isn't fatal to the animals. Now it actually causes the wolves to rapidly change into bigger, smarter, and meaner critters! The resulting abominations resemble nothing so much as the evolutionary step between wolves and werewolves.



HOWLERS

The new abominations, while usually traveling on all fours, are capable of standing on their hind paws. Worse yet, their forepaws have become much more dexterous, capable of turning doorknobs, opening windows, and so on! The creatures also have a terrible near-human howl. Although no one has yet seen one and lived to tell about it, some cowpunchers have begun to call them howlers as a result of the unnerving cry.

Many howlers have begun to develop a taste for human flesh. These man-eaters actually prefer it to cattle or horse flesh, and their prehensile forepaws make it alarmingly simple for them to slip into a settler's home late at night for a quick snack!

Like normal wolves, howlers prefer to hunt in packs. The average howler pack includes 2d6 of the adult creatures and half that many young. Luckily, a regular Winchester bullet kills one of these critters almost as easily as any normal wolf.

To date, no one is aware of the creatures' true existence. Although the cowboys talk of "hearing a howler," most just think the cries come from a sick wolf or coyote. Any murders or lost cattle have thus far been blamed on a combination of rustlers, bandits, Indians, bears, and even regular wolves.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d4, N:3d10, Q:3d8, S:2d8, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 3d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:3d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d8

Overawe 2d6, search 3d8, trackin' 5d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR) and claws (STR+1d8).

Howl: The howler can spend an action once an encounter to deliver a bloodcurdling howl. Any creature within 100 yards who hears this howl must immediately make a Hard (9) *guts* check. Modifiers for bad hearing apply as a bonus to this *guts* check.

Prehensile Paws. The abomination's forepaws are closer to hands than a normal wolf's feet. Although they can't perform fine actions—like shoot a gun or play the piano—they are perfectly capable of lifting a latch, opening a door, or raising a window.

THE TOWN

1. BARBERSHOP

Description: Use the Barbershop map. The barbershop is actually a two-story wood building. The upper floor is a single room reached by an outside staircase on the right side of the building. Tucker lives in the upper room, but he eats at Holly's Boarding House.

Occupants: Lewis Tucker (46) serves as the town barber. He provides all manner of personal grooming from shaves and haircuts to private hot baths in the back room.

2. BLACKSMITH

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. Jefferson uses the main room for his work and keeps a small bed in the back room.

Occupants: Turner Jefferson (38), a former slave from Georgia, lives and works here. Jefferson is a very talented blacksmith who has skill in other areas of metal work as well. He's also a very pious man and protective of the town's children.

TURNER JEFFERSON

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d10, S:4d12, Q:2d8, V:4d10
Fightin': brawlin', hammer 4d10

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d6, M: 3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp: 2d10

Faith: Christianity 2d10, guts 3d10, trade:
blacksmith 5d6

Edges: Brawny

Hindrances: Loyal

Pace: 10

Wind: 20

Gear: Smith's hammer (STR+2d6).

Description: Turner is a massively built black man with a friendly face and a piercing stare.

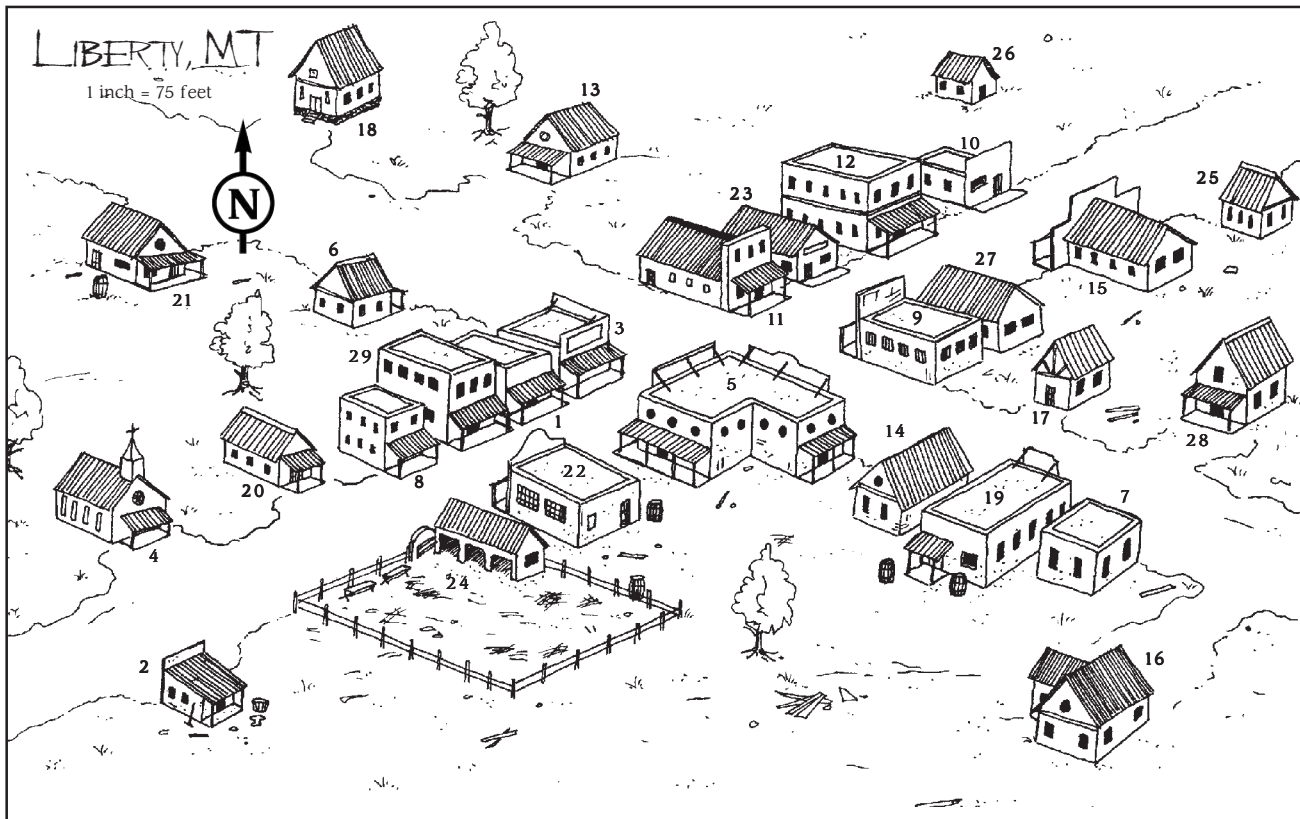
3. BRADLEY & CO.

Description: Use the General Store map. Bradley & Co. is a typical western grocery store. The shelves are lined with a variety of dry foods, like flour, beans, or cornmeal. Smoked and dried meats hang from hooks near the back. Containers of candy sit on the sale counter at the front of the store. Bradley gets a new stock of food about every two weeks when Carter's Overland Freight takes a trip to Miles City.

Occupants: During business hours, Ira Bradley (41) or his son Anthony (20) are in the store.



SECRETS



4. CHURCH

Description: Use the Church map. The citizens of Liberty have spared no expense on their house of worship. Although their church doesn't have a preacher yet, it does have genuine stained-glass windows.

Occupants: Usually no one. On the rare times a revival preacher comes to town, nearly the entire population turns out.

5. COWTOWN SALOON & HOTEL

Description: Use the Big Hotel map, first floor only. The bright-red, two-story Cowtown Saloon is the busiest place in town at any given time. This building serves as the social axis for nearly 100 square miles. Drinks are available throughout the day, although not on Sundays. The busiest days are always on the first weekend following the cattle company paydays.

Dances can be had for a paltry 50¢ a song. Ben Gage does his best to make sure only fair games are run in the saloon, but he does allow professional gamblers to set up shop for a 10% house cut of winnings. Rooms are available upstairs for \$2 a night.

The girls share the smaller of the servant's rooms downstairs, and the men share the other.

Occupants: Henry Thorpe (37): bartender/owner, Ben Gage (29): piano player/faro dealer, and Lynn Hicks (22) and Cynthia Young (21): dancehall girls. Any number of cowboys and drifters from 12 P.M. until 2 A.M. daily.

6. DALE HOUSE

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. The main room is a combination dining room/kitchen/bedroom, while the back room hides Sheriff Dale's one luxury: a full-sized bathtub.

Occupants: Sheriff Amanda Dale is here on the few occasions she isn't either riding her territory or in her office. See the **Sheriff's Office** (page 35) for her description.

7. DENTIST'S OFFICE

Description: Use Barber Shop map. The front room is where Ross sees his patients. The middle room is actually his living quarters. Various medical and dentistry supplies (along with a sizable liquor cabinet) are kept in the back room.



SECRETS



Occupants: "Doc" Zachary Ross (38) works here during daytime hours. Ross keeps a room at Holly's Boarding House.

Ross came west after his wife and child died during childbirth—while under his care. He's suffering from terrible depression and has turned to dentistry to pay the bills. Although he is a better surgeon than dentist, the death of his wife has made him reluctant to treat any wound more serious than heavy.

DOC ROSS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:1d6, S:4d6, Q:4d4, V:1d6
Shootin': shotgun 2d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d12, M:1d6, Sm:1d10, Sp:2d4
Medicine: surgery 3d12, professional: dentistry 2d12

Edges: None

Hindrances: Hankerin' 3 (alcohol)

Pace: 6

Wind: 10

Gear: A doctor's bag, a set of dentistry tools, and engraved pocket watch, a flask of "the good stuff," and \$21.

Description: Ross is a thin, pale looking fellow with black hair and handlebar mustache.

8. FEED STORE

Description: Use the General Store map. The back rooms are Jessup's living quarters. The store mainly carries feed for horses and other livestock, but Jessup also stocks a small amount of seeds for corn and other staple foods.

Occupants: Harlan Jessup (41) works and lives in the store.

9. FIRST BANK OF LIBERTY

Description: Use the Bank map. The door to the offices stays locked during business hours. The safe is kept in the back office under Martin's desk. Usually no more than \$500 is in the safe, but on the first of the month is payday for the cattle companies, and as much as \$10,000 may be on hand.

Occupant: During business hours, owner Lawrence Nichols (46) and teller Thomas Jennings (32) are here. Martin financed the bank with his funds, and he has reaped a tremendous profit. He's floated loans to a number of the smaller ranches around Liberty—many of which are having trouble keeping up payments. This makes him a valuable ally to Lowell and the other members of the association.

LAWRENCE NICHOLS

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d10, M:2d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Professional: banker 4d10, scrutinize 3d8

Edges: Dinero 5

Hindrances: Greedy

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Very nice clothes and a gold pocketwatch.

Description: Nichols is a portly man, obviously quite prosperous, with gray hair and a beard.

10. FROSTY GAZETTE

Description: Use Newspaper Office map. While the office has the newest equipment, it's obvious the *Frosty Gazette* isn't doing great business. Marks funds it from his bank accounts Back East.

Occupants: During daytime hours, Clement Marks (39), owner and sole employee, can usually be found here. Marks made a small fortune writing dime novels Back East. He's also done some work for the *Tombstone Epitaph*.

The Cattleman's Association sees Marks as a rabble-rouser and potential troublemaker—that's why they hired Truman Cash!

More so than anyone else in Liberty, Marks is likely to believe stories about the supernatural. That doesn't mean he's a fool, however. Marks can prove a valuable ally for a posse of heroes.

CLEMENT MARKS

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:3d8

Drivin': buggy 2d6, shootin': shotgun 3d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:1d12, M:4d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 3d12, guts 4d8, overawe 2d8, persuasion 4d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 2d10

Edges: Dinero 4, friends in high places 3

(*Tombstone Epitaph*), friends in high places 2 (senator), renown 3

Hindrances: Curious, stubborn

Pace: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A double-barrel shotgun and 20 shells (at home), a pencil, and a notepad.

Description: Marks' resemblance to Samuel Clemens is quite striking.

11. GENTRY'S HARDWARE

Description: Use the General Store map. Gentry carries all manner of tools, building materials, and the like. He also stocks a supply of work clothes. What makes him most popular, however, is his wide selection of firearms.





Any firearm (other than gizmos, Gatling guns, or artillery pieces) or ammunition listed in the standard *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook or *The Quick and the Dead* can be found either in the glass case at the rear of the store or on the rack behind it. Gentry can also special order any gun found in *Law Dogs*, although these take 2d6 weeks to arrive. For weapons on hand, he charges the standard book price, but special orders cost an additional 10% more.

Occupant: Borden Gentry (43), proprietor, is here during business hours. Occasionally, his son Dallas (8) is in the store. Gentry and his son board with Widow Wilson.

12. HOLLY'S BOARDING HOUSE

Description: Use the Small Hotel map. A number of townfolk call this white, wooden boarding house home, and just as many show up on Rebecca's doorstep at meal time.

The long-term boarders all have rooms on the second floor. Room and board costs \$5 a week. Nightly rates are \$1, which includes supper and breakfast. Individual meals are priced at 25¢ each, and Rebecca's cooking is well worth it.

Occupants: Rebecca Holly (45), owner, is always here. During evening hours, Delia Hawkins, Jared Spotts, Orrin Bagget, and Doc Ross reside here. At meals, Angus Scrimm, Turner Jefferson, and Lewis Tucker are usually found around the dinner table in addition to the regular boarders.

13. JENNINGS' HOUSE

Description: Use the Small House map.

Occupants: Thomas Jennings (32), his wife Peggy (28), and their daughter Marjorie (6) are here during evening hours and on weekends. The Jennings are quiet folks who would rather walk away from trouble than fight it.

14. LAWYER'S OFFICE

Description: Use the Barber Shop map. The front room serves as Orrin Bagget's office and meeting area. The other two rooms are actually libraries for his extensive legal collection.

Occupants: During daytime hours, attorney Orrin Bagget (27) can be found here. Bagget is a young and idealistic lawyer who firmly believes justice is blind. He's beginning to learn from court battles with the Cattleman's Association that money can often get justice a pretty twisted pair of glasses. Bagget currently rents a room at Holly's Boarding House.

ORRIN BAGGET

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d4, Q:4d6, V:2d8
Mental: C:2d10, K:2d12, M:3d8, Sm:4d8, Sp:3d8
 Guts 3d8, persuasion 4d8, professional: law 4d12, overawe 2d8, ridicule 3d8, scrutinize 4d10

Edges: "The voice" (soothing)

Hindrances: Oath -4 (defend the innocent and weak—in court)

Pace: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: A sizable law library (in office), a very nice pocketwatch, and a nice suit.

Description: Bagget is a handsome, clean-shaven man, with brown hair and blue eyes.

15. LIBERTY THEATER

Description: Use the Theater map. The Liberty Theater is nicely decorated. Deep crimson and purple curtains drape the walls and stage. Bench seats fill the first floor, but the upper boxes have tables and chairs. A genuine pipe organ sits in the orchestra!

Occupants: Usually unoccupied.

16. LOWELL HOUSE

Description: Use the Large House map. The Lowell house is richly decorated with fine oak furniture and Persian rugs.

Occupants: Stapleton Lowell (51), cattle baron, his wife Denise (49), and their housekeeper Elmira Withers (58). There are usually a few ranch hands nearby as well.

Lowell is the only member of the Cattle Association who lives in town. His large cattle company (which is miles from town) is overseen by his foreman, Douglas Curwen.

Lowell and his wife are very aristocratic and brusque. Denise Lowell was the driving force behind the building of the Liberty Theater, and she's a strident supporter of finding a parson for the town.

STAPLETON LOWELL

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:3d8
 Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, ridin': horse 3d6, shootin': rifle 4d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8
 Guts 3d8, overawe 4d10, professional: politics 3d8, scrutinize 4d8

Edges: Dinero 5, friends in high places 4 (territorial governor), renown 2

Hindrances: Greedy, stubborn, vengeful

Pace: 6

Wind: 16



Gear: Nice clothes and a wad of cash worth at least \$500.

Description: Lowell is a fit, hard-looking man, with brown hair and a goatee.

17. MARKS HOUSE

Description: Use the Small House map. This house, while modest in size, is nicely furnished. Marks is fairly wealthy thanks to the success of his dime-novels, and his home shows it. A few odd bits of occult paraphernalia, like a spent silver bullet slug, a stuffed jackalope (fake!), and so on, can be found around the premises.

The upstairs nursery and extra bedrooms are actually libraries for large numbers of books on just about any subject imaginable.

Occupant: Clement Marks resides here. See the **Frosty Gazette** (page 33) for his profile.

18. NICHOLS HOUSE

Description: Use the Large House map. Elizabeth Nichols competes with Denise Lowell for the most sumptuous house in Liberty. As a result, hers is just as richly decorated as the Lowell home.

Occupants: Lawrence Nichols (46), wife Elizabeth (44), and their servant Kirby Ross (51).

19. OVERLAND FREIGHT CO.

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. The front room of this single-story, wood building serves as a temporary storage facility, while Eugene Carter makes his home in the room marked "Foreman's Office." A strongbox under a loose board holds a bag filled with gold coins minted in China—payoff from Carter's Iron Dragon contacts.

Occupant: The owner of the Overland Freight Company, Eugene Carter (38), lives and works here. Carter owns a large wagon and mule team which he hires out for trips to Cheyenne and Miles City. Recently, during his trips to Miles City, Carter has begun supplementing his income by providing information on the goings-on in Liberty to Iron Dragon agents.

20. PARSONAGE

Description: Use the Small House map. Only the simplest furnishings—a bed, dining table, desk, etc.—are currently in the parsonage.

Occupant: Unoccupied currently, but perhaps one of the posse might be interested in the job.



21. SCHOOL

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. There is only one room to this building. Ignore the "Foreman's Room." The schoolhouse has 20 desks and a blackboard on the back wall and a number of textbooks on shelves along the walls.

Occupant: During the day, Peggy Jennings teaches class. She currently has nine students of various ages enrolled from both houses in town and from outlying homes.

22. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Description: Use the Sheriff's Office map for this stone building. A rack inside the door holds two Winchesters and a pair of double-barrel shotguns. Two boxes of ammunition for each weapon are kept in the desk in the front office, as well as keys to the cells. The back office is furnished as a bed for a duty officer. Currently, there are no other lawmen besides Sheriff Dale.

Occupant: Unless she's out on the range, Sheriff Amanda Dale (32) can be found here during the day. She's everything Truman paints her to be. While dedicated to her position, she knows the power held by the Cattleman's



Association. She doesn't let them run roughshod over justice is she can help it, but she does pick her fights with them carefully.

SHERIFF AMANDA DALE

Corporeal: D:1d10, N:1d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:2d8
Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, ridin': horse 4d8, shootin':
pistol, rifle 5d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Guts 4d8, overawe 3d6, scrutinize, 3d8, search
2d8, survival: plains 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Lawman 3, brave

Hindrances: Obligation 3 (Liberty), stubborn

Pace: 6

Wind: 16

Gear: A Winchester '73 rifle, a Peacemaker
pistol, 50 rounds of ammunition for each, and
her horse.

Description: Sheriff Dale is a handsome and
sturdy woman, with long, light-brown hair
and green eyes.

23. SHOES

Description: Use the Generic Shops map (the
building on the left). Although the sign on the
front of this small, wooden building says only
"Shoes," Greene provides all sorts of
leatherworking. He can make saddles, holsters,
belts, and more. Prices run at the standard rates.
Greene lives in the small back room of the shop

Occupant: Clark Greene (59) works and lives
in this small shop.

24. STABLES

Description: Use the Stables map. At any
given time, one to three horses are available for
purchase. Spotts charges high prices, since good
horse flesh is in demand. Add 20% to the
standard costs.

Occupant: Jared Spotts (35) works here
during the day. Spotts keeps a room at Holly's
Boarding House.

25. STAGECOACH STOP

Description: Use the Bank map. Tickets are
purchased in lobby. The back office serves as
the living quarters for Franklin. During the late
spring, summer, and fall, stages arrive from
Cheyenne on Thursdays, and Miles City on
Mondays and Fridays. Ticket rates to either are
at standard prices.

Occupant: Horace Franklin (35). Franklin is
the operator of the station, both living and
working in the office.

26. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Description: Use the Telegraph Office map.

Occupant: During daytime hours, the
telegraph operator, Delia Hawkins (21), is present.
Delia maintains a room at Holly's Boarding
House next door.

27. UNDERTAKER

Description: Use the Undertakers' map.

Occupant: The undertaker, Angus Scrimm
(59) works here during the day—and often late at
night. He sleeps in a bed in the office, but he
takes his meals at Holly's Boarding House.

Scrimm is an unusually tall and thin man,
well over 6'5" in height. His thinning, white hair
straggles down to nearly his shoulders, and he
perpetually dresses in a somber, black suit.
Scrimm has a deep, grating voice, but he seldom
says but a few words. The local schoolchildren
are convinced he's the bogeyman, but in reality
he's just a shy, reclusive, old man.

28. WILSON HOUSE

Description: Use the Small House map.
Borden Gentry and his son share the upstairs
bedroom beside the stairs.

Occupants: Olive Wilson (38), their daughter
Susan Wilson (17), and her boarders Borden
Gentry and his son Dallas (10).

Olive was widowed 10 years ago when her
husband was killed by a Cheyenne raiding party.
She's a strong-willed woman who has made her
own way on the frontier. Recently, talk has
begun going around about a possible romance
developing between her and Borden Gentry,
himself a widower.

Her daughter Susan is quite lovely and at
present is the most sought-after young lady for
a good two-day's ride around Liberty.

29. WILSON'S CLOTHES

Description: Use the Generic Shops map
(right hand/corner shop). While she sews many
of her own designs, Olive Wilson also works
hard to keep up with the latest fashions. Of
course, by the time the patterns for these
dresses reach the frontier, most of Olive's
"brand-new" dresses are already the better part
of a year old—if not older! Nonetheless, she
prides herself on her selection of dresses and
hats, which she claims is the best north of Denver.

Occupants: Olive Wilson or her daughter
Susan are always present during business hours.



TUCSON, ARIZONA

Fear Level 3

Unlike Cash's account of Liberty, Jonah Berk's profile of Tucson is straightforward and honest, but Berk is a little naive, and he fails to see what's really going on beneath the surface. Things are not good in this Arizona valley.

BAYOU VERMILLION IN TUCSON

Tucson has its fair share of sinister happenings, most centering on Tucson's most recent arrival: the Bayou Vermillion Railroad. The iron horse has very effectively linked the East with the ever-expanding West, and LaCroix has plans for the town and its residents.

LaCroix intends to supplant the local law and place minions loyal to his cause in key positions in local government. Adame LeChetelier—to most people an ineffectual BV administrator more interested in managing his saloon, the Painted Lady, than taking care of BV business—is actually one of LaCroix's most valued agents. (See the **Painted Lady Saloon** on page 43 for LeChetelier's statistics and description.) LaCroix has the mayor in his pocket too—politically, that is. The mayor has agreed to overlook certain peculiarities of Bayou Vermillion and see to it that the locals keep out the rail baron's business.

A SHAMBLING LABOR FORCE

There's a perfectly good reason BV work crews never come to town: They're all dead. LaCroix employs walkin' dead to lay track for him. These critters are perfect for LaCroix's purposes: They don't need food, water, or rest, they never complain or riot, and they're supernaturally durable.

LaCroix's people control these nasty varmints with little mojo bundles. Each bundle allows the bearer to command LaCroix's walkin' dead without the fear of getting her brains eaten.

Of course, the desert heat isn't too good for a labor force that's rotting, so the BV crews do much of their work at night. When the walkin' dead aren't out pounding the rails, they're kept in cold storage in a special set of refrigerated train cars that a mad scientist under LaCroix's thrall created for him. The zombies are stacked like cordwood to weather the Arizona heat.

The BV workers have about 50 of these things at their disposal at any one time, scattered among perhaps 10 different work sites.



LACROIX'S SANCTUM

LaCroix has one more surprise brewing out in the Arizona desert. About six months ago, he began construction on a hidden base about 20 miles outside of Tucson. He's run a spur off of his main line, heading south to a hollowed-out butte. Here he's establishing a base for lightning strikes against competitors, as well as marauding Apaches.

When completed, the facility will include a train repair yard, laboratories for the creation of his zombie labor force, and a voodoo temple venerating his evil masters.

The fortress won't be completed for another few months, especially if the local Apaches have anything to say about it. The local shamans have been stirring up trouble, causing cave-ins and demolishing the train tracks. LaCroix is currently negotiating with the governor of Arizona for a military action against the marauding Indians.

In the meantime, LaCroix's agent Adame LeChetelier has been secretly encouraging local CSA garrison commander Captain Nelson B. Turnbuckle to step up his patrols of the surrounding countryside.

SECRETS



ASHTOWN

LaCroix was in fact behind the formation of Ashtown. It might seem strange for LaCroix to be fomenting prejudice—he's black after all—but true evil knows no color. The baron knows that the fear, mistrust, and misery caused by the formation of Ashtown is exactly the thing for creating the palpable aura of fear that his masters love so much. At the rate things are going, a serious confrontation is bound to happen sometime in the next six months. That should push the local Fear Level up to a very respectable 4, at least for a while.

CONSTABLE WHEATON

R. JEFFERSON

The new constable is friendly, responsible, and forthright, and he embodies the plight of the black man in the CSA. Prior to Marshal Thompson deputizing him, Wheaton was a mill worker, and before that he toured the South as prize fighter. He takes his duties very seriously, seeing them as an opportunity to improve the lot of his friends and neighbors.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, Q:5d6, S:5d6, V:1d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 3d10, fannin' 3d8, fightin':
boxin' 4d10, horse ridin' 1d10, quickdraw:
pistols 3d6, shootin': pistols 2d8, sneak 2d10,
swimmin' 1d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:1d8, Sp:1d10
Guts 3d10, leadership 1d6, overawe 2d6,
professional: law 2d6, scrutinize 2d8, search
2d8, trackin' 1d8

Edges: Big ears, brave, law man 2

Hindrances: Heroic, obligation 4 (Ashtown)

Pace: 10

Wind: 18

Gear: Twin .44 Freeman Army Revolvers, 15 rounds for each, and a tin star.

Descriptions: Jefferson is a tall, slim man with an edginess lying just under the surface of his calm demeanor. His nose has a distinctive bend to it, a souvenir of his fighting days.

THE EDDIES

Tucson is host to an unusual fluctuation in the supernatural energies of the Hunting Grounds. The source of this is undetectable by normal senses, but it's got some nasty ramifications.

This phenomenon was brought on long ago by the ancient Hohokam who were attempting to create a stable gate into the Hunting Grounds. Their efforts proved their undoing, as the supernatural energies of the Hunting Grounds overwhelmed the region, consuming everything in a rain of fire and lightning. The Hohokam were no more.

The end result is a vast pool of ethereal energy combining the aspects of a geyser and a whirlpool. During times of high energy (like full moons, for instance), spirits of the dead, and occasionally manitous, are drawn into the vortex and sucked into the Weird West.

These entities then manifest in a sufficiently thick medium, namely the fog that often arises in the graveyard. Most of these spirits are harmless, merely frightening to witnesses and onlookers, but the occasional manitou does sneak through as well. When and if this happens we leave up to you, Marshal. You should consult *Ghost Dancers* for statistics on manitous and other spirits that might show up.

The spirits, regardless of their origins, are limited to movement within the soupy fog which usually swells outward from the graveyard.



THE TOWN

1. BUTCHER

Description: Use the General Store map. This small establishment takes care of most of the dressing work for Tuscon citizens and saloons and hotels.

Occupants: Joshua "Big Hank" Martin (54) runs this place, along with three assistants. Even at his advanced age, Hank still works. He's known for his terrible temper and his ability to throw half a steer carcass six paces.

2. APOTHECARY

Description: Use the right-hand Generic Shops map. This small shop sells nearly every balm, syrup, lozenge, and pill known to humanity. As a side business, the place grinds and sells spectacles as well.

Occupants: The pharmacist is a unassuming bachelor by the name of Dr. Stanton Emerson II (26), recently moved from Missouri. His interests include natural history and collecting insects.

3. BARBER & TOOTHYANK

Description: Use the Barber Shop map. This shop caters to Tuscon's dental and tonsorial needs. Haircuts cost between 15¢-25¢, depending on the amount of hair, and a shave averages around 10¢. All the local gossip is free.

Occupants: The owner of the shop, Cyrano is a little runt of a fellow with a quick mind for puns, dirty jokes, and rumors. While a wizard at cutting hair and shaving, his dental skills leave a bit to be desired.

4. BAYOU VERMILLION OFFICES

Description: Use the Telegraph Office map. This small office serves as the Bayou Vermillion administrative headquarters in Tuscon, as well as home base for the BV railhounds that "assist" Marshal Thompson with the local law enforcement. It is Spartanly appointed, with only the simplest of furniture and nothing of any value whatsoever inside.

This place is a front maintained by the LaCroix's men just to give their presence in town an air of legitimacy.

Occupants: This is supposedly Adame LeChetelier's office, but he can be found over at the Painted Lady most of the time. Only the direst of emergencies draws him away from his

card games and back to here. See the Painted Lady (page 43) for LeChetelier's profile. There's more to the man than meets the eye.

On an average day, two railhounds can usually be found here or patrolling the streets of Tuscon. There are eight of these bruisers total, but most of the time, they're out patrolling BV resources. As Berk mentioned, the railhounds are a good deal less respectful of due process than Marshal Thompson's men.

BAYOU VERMILLION RAILHOUNDS

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d8, Q:1d12, S:4d6, V:4d8
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, filchin' 1d10, fightin':
brawlin' 2d8, shootin': pistols 3d10, rifles 4d10,
speed load: rifle 2d10, sneak 2d8, quickdraw:
rifle 1d12

Mental: C:1d10, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d12
Scrutinize 3d10, search 4d10, overawe 3d8,
ridicule 2d6, guts 2d12

Edges: Tough as nails 3, "the voice"
(threatening)

Hindrances: Big britches, mean as a rattler

Pace: 8

Wind: 20

Gear: A 12-gauge, double-barrel shotgun, a double-action Peacemaker, 15 rounds of ammo for each, a duster, and a Bowie knife.

5. BLACKSMITHY

Description: Use the Stables map. This is a simple blacksmithy with all the trappings appropriate for the craft. An overhead loft is where the smith and his brother live in modest comfort.

Occupants: Two Russian immigrant brothers run this place. Pyter Illyanoskovych (25) is the smith, and Alexei Illyanoskovych (11) assists him. Peter does not speak English, only Russian, so Alexei must translate for his brother.

6. BRASS TACK SALOON

Description: Use the Saloon map. A small stage occupies the rear of the saloon. The shows are bawdy, and the current belle of the saloon is a performer by the name of Lilly Storm, whose singing packs folks in nightly.

A weathered upright piano stands besides the stage, and a dark-skinned, one-legged fellow by the name of Ivory Jones provides musical accompaniment when required.

Occupants: Smitty McGillis (41) runs the establishment, along with three bartenders and two bouncers.





Lilly Storm is worth a special mention here. She puts on quite a show as a plucky starlet and a consummate performer. She's a big draw for the Brass Tack, and McGillis knows it.

Lilly is much more than she seems. She's actually a rookie Agency operative, the only permanent one in Tuscon. Lilly always maintains an immaculate facade, playing the part of the spoiled showgirl to the absolute hilt. She's never without a bow in her hair or a parasol in her hands—or a high-caliber pistol tucked into her garter.

LILLY STORM

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:1d10, Q:1d10, S:2d6, V:1d8
Climbin' 1d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, sword 3d10,
filchin' 4d8, lockpickin' 2d8, shootin': pistol
3d8, sleight o' hand 2d8, sneak 2d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:1d12, M:4d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d10
Academia: occult 2d12, bluff 3d8, disguise 2d12,
guts 2d10, performin': acting 2d6, persuasion
3d6, scrutinize 1d8, search 2d8, singing 3d6,
streetwise 2d8

Edges: Friends in high places 2 (Agency), keen,
law man 1 (Agency), purty

Hindrances: Enemy 2 (Texas Rangers),
obligation 3 (Agency), tinhorn 2

Pace: 10

Wind: 18

Gear: The latest Parisian fashions, a hidden
rapier in her parasol, and a .44 derringer in
her garter.

Description: Lilly possesses a smooth, white
complexion, dark-blue eyes like a stormy sea,
and handfuls of thick, chestnut hair.

7. CLAIMS OFFICE

Description: Use the Bank map. Inside, a
handful of clerks labor away, determining the
futures of the countless droves of fortune
seekers. A large, topographical map of the
Tucson valley hangs on the wall, peppered with
thumbtacks and additions in ink. There are
several smaller offices for the head clerks.

Occupants: A pair of brothers run this place.
Zachary "Zak" Greene (23) and Douglas "Doogie"
Greene (26) are overworked and none-too-
helpful to most folks.

8. LYONNS' CLOTHIERS

Description: Use the Generic Store map,
right-hand shop. This comfortable shop sell
bolts of cloth, buttons, bows, and finished
clothing and hats for both men and women.

Occupants: The owner and sole proprietor is
a painfully pleasant woman by the name of Mrs.
Gertrude Lyonns (38).

9. CONFEDERATE BARRACKS

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. The
Confederate soldiers stationed here while away
their days by playing cards, talking tough, and
carousing in town. Most of the men are
troublemakers or incompetents, purposefully
stationed far away from important posts.

Occupants: The current officer in charge is
Captain Nelson B. Turnbuckle (25), a tinhorn
from Back East. Turnbuckle is known mostly for
his flashy but totally futile pursuit of the local
marauding Apaches. There are 20 soldiers in the
Confederate garrison.

10. DR. AUGUSTINE'S OFFICE

Description: Use Undertaker's map, minus
the embalming room. A chillingly sterile office
with a coat rack sits beside the entry.

The good doctor lives above his offices and
is available day or night. Costs are reasonable,
although he refuses to treat dental problems.

Occupants: Doctor Leland Augustine (36) and
his nurse Marjory Forester (24) are here during
the day.

11. DRY GOODS

Description: Use the General Store map. The
dusty interior of this store is filled with barrels
and sacks of grain, seed, and other essential
dry goods.

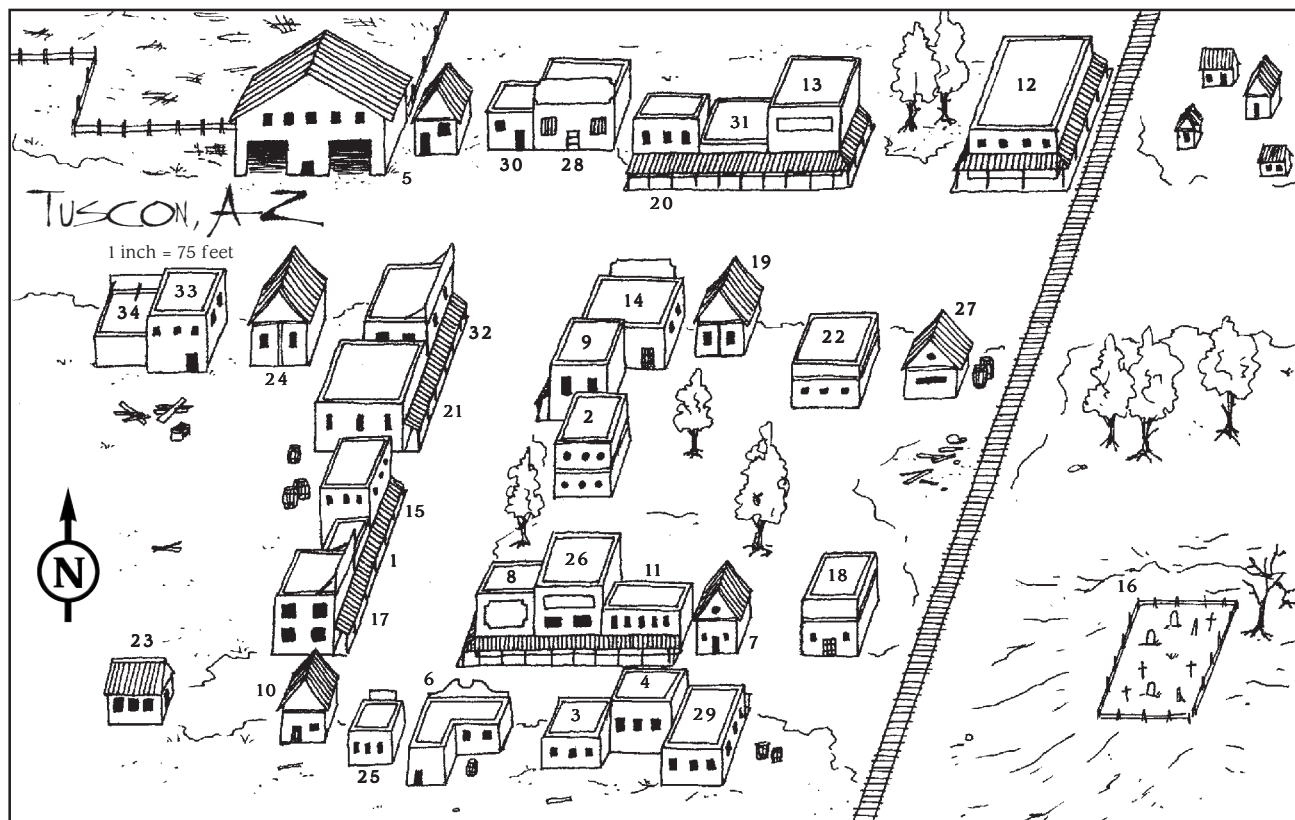
Occupants: The shopkeeper is a handsome,
toe-headed widow by the name of Cecily
Jeffreys (29). Mr. Jeffreys met with a grisly death
under the wheel of a stagecoach after a three-
day drinking binge.

12. DUSTY TRAILS HOTEL

Description: Use the Large Hotel map. Here
one can take a load off in relative safety and
comfort. The interior is reasonable, and the
linens are changed weekly—not necessarily
cleaned, but they're changed. Rooms are \$1 a
day, baths cost around 50¢, and laundry services
run about \$1 for a shirt and breeches. Of course,
nocturnal company costs extra.

Occupants: A ferret-faced man named Isaac
Desmond (37) is the day manager, while a greasy
leech named Archer Prewitt (19) oversees the
hotel's operations from dusk till dawn.





13. FIVE ACES GAMBLING HALL

Description: Use the Big Hotel, bottom floor only. The Five Aces is a rundown den of thieves, card sharps, and others down on their luck and looking to crawl into a bottle of rye whiskey and stay there. The interior is drafty, dingy, and rough. The furniture is on its last legs, and the female company doesn't look much better.

Occupants: The manager goes by the name of Gustavis Ambrosious Kirkenweld (35), a self-styled man of the people, who's run for various town offices but has been beaten every time. He employs 12 total bartenders, bouncers, dealers and dancehall girls to keep the drinks flowing and the suckers losing.

14. FOLSSEN'S GENERAL STORE

Description: Use the General Store map. This one-story building is in good repair. Well-ordered rows of goods ranging from saddles to rock candy to firearms are on display. Prices vary, but the more common goods are reasonable. Any specialty item, such as fancy fabric or an unusual firearm, must be ordered through Smith & Robards.

The Folsens have a strict policy concerning credit: no way, no how!

Occupants: Mr. Jon Folsen (42) and his wife of 22 years, Rebecca (39–32 according to her) run this establishment. They're assisted by their two sons Wayne (8) and Jasper (11), and their three daughters Jane (14), Tabitha (13), and Ruby Mae (7).

15. THE GILDED LYRE

Description: Use the Large House map. This is not your run-of-the-mill house of ill repute. The Gilded Lyre is three a reproduction of a Southern plantation manor, albeit a small one.

Within, one finds a series of comfortable, spacious rooms with precious wood floors, marble columns, and lush foliage. The walls are covered with erotic paintings, and busts of half-clad beauties rest on marble pedestals.

Prices at the Lyre are high, but that's only to be expected for the quality of "service" rendered.

Occupants: The Contessa Jessica Duprie reigns over this small kingdom. Also employed here are her bouncer Atlas Ebson (31) and a dozen lovely ladies of the evening. The soiled doves of the Lyre are expected to abide by the

SECRETS



unwritten laws of decorum, never to smoke, lose themselves in drink, or engage in idle gossip or petty theft or other common behaviors. The contessa takes this very seriously. Any girl who engages in inappropriate behavior is summarily dismissed.

The contessa's past is the subject of much speculation in Tuscon. In truth, she was the wife of a Romanian count who died mysteriously several years back.

The count's brother conspired with the rest of the family against the contessa, attempting to force her to marry him. She escaped the greedy brother's clutches, but she was pursued always for the small fortune in jewels that her husband left her.

She traveled around Europe, always a step ahead of her pursuers. Eventually she booked passage to the New World. She continued her migration west, arriving in Tucson in 1872.

CONTESSA JESSICA DUPRIE

Corporeal: D:1d10, N:3d8, Q:2d8, S:3d6, V:1d12
Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, filchin' 2d10, lockpickin' 4d10, shootin': pistols 2d10, sleight of hand 3d10, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:5d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d12, Sp: 2d10
Academia: history 2d10, academia: classics 3d10, arts: poetry 2d10, bluff 3d12, faith 1d10, gamblin' 3d12, guts 3d10, language: English 2d8, language: French 2d8, language: Italian 2d8, performin': acting 3d10, persuasion 4d10, professional: business 3d8, scrutinize 4d10

Edges: Brave, gift of gab, purty, renown 3, "the voice" (soothing)

Hindrances: Curious 3, intolerance 3 (rudeness), obligation 2 (to her girls)

Pace: 8

Wind: 22

Gear: Beautiful gowns and jewelry, a .44 derringer, an ornate fan, and a small fortune in gold and jewelry stashed in a safe.

Description: A beautiful woman with lustrous, red hair, milk-white skin, eyes like emeralds, and an impish smile.

16. THE GRAVEYARD

Description: Use the Graveyard map. A lonely, windswept stretch of rocky, uneven soil interspaced here and there with wooden grave markers and rough-cut headstones.

Because of the unusual amount of supernatural energies focused on the town, a luminescent fog rises up from the ground on cold mornings and evenings and settles over the town below. Consult **The Eddies** on page 38 for a more detailed explanation of this particular phenomenon.

Last Halloween, a series of explosions swept under the graveyard. Apparently, a fire ignited a heretofore unknown vein of ghost rock under the place. The resultant blast caused the land to sink, swallowing the older graves and mausoleums and releasing other horrors, which the Texas Ranger have since taken care of.

Occupants: Unless there is a funeral in progress, the graveyard is usually devoid of living inhabitants.

17. MCFARLAND'S HIDES

Description: Use the General Store map. A single counter and many tables display fine leather goods.

Occupants: The proprietor, Clancy McFarland (33), makes some of the finest leather goods in the state. He's especially adept at making saddles and horse tack. His wife Georgia passed away two season ago from the flu. Mr. McFarland is assisted by his son Jeremy (14), daughter Jennifer (11) and his youngest Aaron (8).



18. MARSHAL'S OFFICE & JAIL

Description: Use the Jail map. The office has a wooden desk, a locked gun rack, and an iron safe with \$200 for bounties. The gun rack is packed with confiscated shootin' irons.

The cells are cramped and contain only wooden benches. The second office is the marshal's personal quarters. Wrath lives simply, with only a cot, a CSA Army blanket, a potbelly stove, a footlocker, and another gun rack.

Occupants: Marshal Wrath Thompson (34) and deputies Lance Makins (22) and Dan Jericho (20) can usually be found here during the day.

Wrath is known to be honest, straightforward, and dependable. He's the kind of fellow that most folks take to naturally.

MARSHAL WRATH THOMPSON

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:1d10, S:5d6, Q:2d12, V:3d8
Dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, horse ridin' 3d10, quick draw: pistols 3d12, shootin': pistols 4d12, rifles 4d12, teamster 3d10

Mental: C:1d10, K:1d8, M:3d8, Sm:4d6, Sp:1d8
Bluff 2d8, faith 1d8, guts 2d8, language: Apache 2d8, language: English 3d8, language: Spanish 1d8, leadership 4d8, overawe 3d8, professional: law 3d8, scrutinize 3d10, search 3d10, streetwise 2d6, trackin' 2d10

Edges: Brave, law man 3, tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Ailin' 3 (ulcer), enemy 3 (local criminals), obligation 4 (to uphold the law)

Pace: 10

Wind: 16

Gear: A Winchester '76, twin .45 Peacemakers in a quick-draw holster, 25 rounds for each weapon, a Bowie knife, and a tin star.

Description: Marshal Thompson is a handsome man in his mid 30s, with short, unruly black hair graying at the temples.

19. MAYOR'S OFFICE & HOME

Description: Use the Large House map. This three-story house has plenty of windows, a wide front porch, and numerous entrances with oval, frosted-glass windows. The interior is just as opulent, with plenty of imported crystal, fancy furniture, and brass fittings. The mayoral office dominates the second floor, while the third floor is the mayor's home.

Occupants: T. Barton Essex (51), mayor of Tuscon and Bayou Vermillion patsy, lives here, along with his wife Barbara (46), daughter Sally (17), manservant Archibald Hymns (34), and Archibald's widowed sister Mary Hymns (31).

20. NINE LIVES STAGECOACH CO.

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. Even with the arrival of Bayou Vermillion, there's still a need for safe, reliable travel in the Weird West. This sparsely furnished office is the home of the Nine Lives Stagecoach Company. Nine Lives offers weekly transport to almost every city in Arizona. Tickets cost double the usual amount because of the high security, but there's a money-back guarantee should trouble befall a passenger while in Nine Lives' care.

Occupants: The manager is an ornery cuss of a woman calling herself Cactus Maxine Brewer—Max to her employees. She's not much on female charms, but she has a level head for business and enough grit to stare down an enraged Apache on the warpath. Max has about eight drivers in her employ.

Cactus Max has a deal with the local Apache, providing them with firearms and other sundries in exchange for safe passage for her coaches and passengers. The Apache use the munitions to continue with the harassment of Bayou Vermillion's operations.

TYPICAL NINE LIVES COACHMAN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, Q:4d6, S:3d6, V:4d8
Climbin' 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, horse ridin' 2d8, shootin': rifle 3d8, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d6, M:1d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d8
Area knowledge: Arizona 3d6, guts 3d8, language: English 2d6, language: Spanish 2d6, medicine: general 2d6, medicine: veterinary 2d6, overawe 1d10, scrutinize 1d10, search 1d10, survival: desert 2d8, trackin' 2d10

Pace: 8

Wind: 16

Edges: Brave, nerves o' steel

Hindrances: Oath 3 (to protect passengers)

Gear: A .45 Peacemaker, a Winchester lever-action shotgun, 12 rounds for each, and a Bowie knife.

21. PAINTED LADY SALOON

Description: Use the Big Hotel map (bottom floor only). You'd be hard-pressed to find a den of worse repute within 100 miles. Most folks come for the games. Bloodsports are popular. Cockfights, arm wrestling over knives, and boxing matches are very popular.

Occupants: The owner and manager is a well-dressed creole named Adame LeChetelier (28). He employs two bartenders and three bouncers to keep order in his establishment.



SECRETS



LeChetelier is also the chief administrator for Bayou Vermillion in the area, a job which to all public scrutiny he seems to ignore almost completely. He prefers to spend his time at the Painted Lady.

But there's much more to LeChetelier beneath the surface. His dereliction of duty and uncaring attitude is a front. Adame is actually one of Bayou Vermillion's bokkors, or voodoo sorcerers—the only white man that LaCroix has allowed into his mystic inner circle.

While playing the incompetent, LeChetelier keeps a close eye on BV interests around Tuscon. The railhounds all know the truth about him and do his bidding without question.

Oh, and he's the owner of the Painted Lady.

ADAME LECHETELIER

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:2d8, Q:1d10, S:2d6, V:4d6
Dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, horse ridin' 2d8,
shootin': pistols 4d6, sleight of hand 2d6,
sneak 4d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:5d8, M:4d6, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d10
Academia: occult 4d8, bluff 3d8, faith: voodoo
3d10, guts 2d10, persuasion 3d8, professional:
journalism 3d8, scrutinize 2d10, tale tellin' 2d8,

trade: photography 3d8, printing press 3d8,
streetwise 1d8

Edges: Arcane background: black magic, friends
in high places 4 (Bayou Vermillion)

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler, stubborn

Pace: 8

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Cloak o' evil 2, forewarnin' 3,
puppet 2, spook 3, zombie 1

Gear: A pen and stylus, a box camera with
flash and powder, a worn carpetbag with
several photographic plates, the latest issue
of the *Tucson Citizen*, and a .22 derringer.

Description: LeChetelier is a thin, handsome
fellow with black hair and piercing, blue eyes.

22. SAN AUGUSTIN CHURCH

Description: Use the Church map. This is a
standard, mission-style church with a high
ceiling, stained-glass windows, and a stone altar
on a raised dais. A huge, wooden cross leans
forward over an altar surrounded by a blaze of
candles. Behind the pulpit is a narrow, wooden
door leading to the priest's rectory and his
personal cell. A tiny cemetery stands behind the
church, surrounded by a short, adobe wall.

Occupants: Padre Andrizzi Hidalgo Romero
(32) cares for this church and ministers to the
faithful in town.

23. SCHOOLHOUSE

Description: Use the Church map, minus the
bell tower and pews. This schoolhouse serves
the children of Tuscon.

Occupants: The school marm, Ms. Abril
Pascuala (24), is a dedicated, if softhearted,
educator of children ages six to 16. As per the
town's charter, she must remain unmarried to
retain her job.

24. STANDISH BOARDING HOUSE

Description: Use the Large House map. This
is a tall-spired, two-story house with narrow
windows, ornate fixtures, and a pleasant rock
wall around the entire structure. The interior is
very clean. The cost for a room is reasonable,
roughly \$10 per week, which includes dinner
promptly served at 6:45 in the evening, 5 o'clock
on the Sabbath.

Occupants: The boarding house is run by the
very proper Miss Victoria Standish (42), an old-
world biddy who is never called by her first
name. She employs a maid and a cook as well.



25. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Description: Use the Telegraph Office map. This is a dark and dusty place with stacks of papers strewn about with the remnants of half-eaten meals.

Occupants: The telegrapher is an overly cautious paranoid by the name of "Twitch" O'Shea (29) whose rude treatment of customers has done nothing for his popularity. His skills with the telegraph have kept him employed in spite of his attitude. Not surprisingly, his poor humor is a result of his responsibilities which also include train ticket sales and mail sorting and delivery.

26. TUCSON THEATER

Description: Use the Theater map. The Tucson Theater is a surprisingly well-appointed structure, considering Tucson does not as of yet have a performing arts company. Artists do on occasion pass through, usually during the summer and fall months when travel is less hazardous. The rest of the time, the building stands empty, except for monthly town meetings.

Occupants: Usually no one's here, but when a show comes to town, the place is packed.

27. TRAIN STATION & MAIL OFFICE

Description: Use the Train Station map. Amid the hustle and bustle, a handful of porters and conductors go about with dollies loading and unloading luggage, parcels, and mail.

Some believe the mail is occasionally perused by CSA agents for seditious material and hidden codes written by Yankee sympathizers lairing in Tucson. In fact, this isn't actually true. (Any Union agent foolish enough to be sending secrets through the mail wouldn't survive long anyway.) The actual culprit is Roderick Pennington, who's just incurable nosy and likes to read other folks' mail.

Occupants: Roderick Pennington (32) runs the station, along with two porters and a single engineer. Usually if there is a train problem, Bayou Vermillion calls in one of its own mechanics from Tombstone or Yuma.

28. THE TUCSON BANK & TRUST

Description: Use the Bank map. For a place as prosperous as Tucson, the bank actually looks shabby. That's because the proprietor refuses to spend the money to fix the place up.

The back room houses the vault. The walls of that room look like wood, but they're actually steel plates covered with wood (Armor 4).

Occupants: The bank manager is a self-important blowhard by the name of Leland Horne (51). Mr. Horne is a stickler for coldhearted adherence to mortgage and loan repayments. Horne employ three clerks/tellers, who he constantly yells at, abuses, threatens, and terrorizes.

29. TUCSON CITIZEN

Description: Use the Newspaper Office map. The *Tucson Citizen* is as notorious as any small, yellow rag popular in the Weird West, although the editor and head reporter is trying to establish a reputation for reliable and responsible journalism.

Occupants: The *Tucson Citizen* office is run by a pair of typesetters and the head reporter and managing editor Jonah Berk. Jonah is currently waging a war of words with the city fathers over their shady dealings with the rail baron Simone LaCroix. He's also run afoul of the Texas Rangers concerning the content of his articles over the last few months.

Smooth-talking and impulsive when pursuing what he perceives as the "TRUTH," Berk's been known to deliberately plant false rumors in hopes of stirring up a scoop. To him, the pursuit of the truth and freedom of the press supersede the needs of the individual, and to Hell with anyone who gets in the way.

JONAH BERK

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:2d8, Q:1d10, S:2d6, V:4d6
Filchin' 1d6, lockpickin' 2d6, shootin': pistols 1d6, sleight o' hand 2d6, dodge 4d8, horse ridin' 2d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:3d10, K:1d8, M:3d6, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d10
Academia: occult 2d8, bluff 3d8, guts 2d10
persuasion 3d8, professional: journalism 3d8, scrutinize 2d10, tale-tellin' 2d8, trade: photography 3d8, trade: printing 3d8, streetwise 1d8

Edges: Big ears

Hindrances: Curious, habit 1 (interrupting people), obligation 4 (the Truth), stubborn 2

Pace: 8

Wind: 16

Gear: A .22 derringer, a pen and stylus, a box camera and several photographic plates, and the latest issue of the *Tucson Citizen*.

Description: Berk has angular features, a pointed, Roman nose, and brown, curly hair.



30. TUCSON FUNDAMENT EXCHANGE

Description: Use the Bank map. With all the gold, silver, and ghost rock flowing from the mountains, folks need a place where they can trade in their hard-won fundament for cash.

Folks line up on Friday to have their fundament weighed and evaluated by the tellers, who sit behind an armored wall (Armor 4). The entire back area of the Exchange is also heavily armored, with only the Exchange manager and his three tellers having keys. Fundament exchanged here is shipped back eastward to El Paso every Monday on the BV line.

Three soldiers from the CSA garrison are on hand during the day to deal with rowdies trying to cut in line. The tellers pay standard rates for any fundament brought to them, less a 5% fee for "processing."

Occupants: The office is run by Maxwell Porter (60), a wizened, little man whose entire existence revolves around money. He employs three tellers: Garret Nelson (23), Buster Wentworth (27), and Phillip Langston (21). They all have keys to the building.



31. UNDERTAKER

Description: Use the Undertaker map. The head undertaker goes by the name of Truman Sweet. The front of his shop is dedicated to displaying coffins of various makes and manufactures. The room may also be rented for wakes.

Occupants: Tuscon's undertaker is Mr. Truman Sweet (38), a kind, compassionate, and deeply reverent man. He truly has a charitable heart, even though he gives most folks the creeps. Mr. Sweet cuts an impressive figure measuring 6'6". He's fond of wearing dark, outdated clothing that accentuates his frail and gaunt appearance.

32. VAN AAMES TRADING POST

Description: Use the General Store map. Almost anything and everything can be found here. All the locks in the building are well made (a Hard (9) *lockpickin'* check), while one-inch-thick bars cover both the windows and doors.

Occupants: The proprietor, Jules VanAames (43), is known for his miserly lifestyle. He's a humorless bachelor with no family to speak of. VanAames keep his two vicious dogs, Scar and Bone, on hand at all times.

33. WOODWRIGHT

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. This dusty shop is a converted carriage house, that now houses Tuscon's best (and only) carpenter.

Occupants: Alexandre Goodeson (46) is (fortunately for Tuscon, since he's the only game in town) a very skilled woodwright. His furniture is highly prized among the area's elite.

34. WHEELWRIGHT

Description: Use the General Store map, but ignore the counters. Owing to the number of folks venturing west these days, the shop is very busy. At least three wagons are on hand at any one time, in various states of repair or construction.

Occupants: Oslo Kestler (36) is the master wheelwright, and he's assisted by five apprentices. Kestler does a lot of work for the Nine Lives Stagecoach Company.

Recently, Adame LeChetlier offered Mr. Kestler a generous sum for the shop, which he turned down. Since then, Mr. Kestler has fallen strangely ill. He's bedridden one day out of three, with a wheezing cough and terrible, body-wracking chills.



LARAMIE, WYOMING TERRITORY

Fear Level 3

To call Wallace Cassandrell naive may be the understatement of the century, but he is on the right track. There are strange doings in Laramie.

THE HUE & CRY

The *Hue & Cry* is weekly tabloid journalism at its finest, with all of the sensationalism, overwrought headlines, and muddy photographs that one would expect.

Operated by Silas B. Milford (wags in Laramie like to joke that the B in his name stands for “bogus”), the newspaper exists solely to make a profit. Milford is a cynical businessman who has concluded that content is merely something to wrap advertising around. Unlike more idealistic editors, he has little time for truth.

Milford has recently hired Wallace Cassandrell, a brash, young muckraker from Denver. Wallace is accomplished at sticking his nose in other people's business and at unearthing all sorts of skeletons from closets. Unfortunately, the long tradition of questionable journalism practiced by the *Hue & Cry* means that nobody believes anything he has to say. Wallace thinks he's warning folks about all of the evil he's seen. In reality, no one's buying a word of it.

LARAMIE'S HISTORY

When Denver Pacific field boss Grenville Dodge, a retired general, founded what was to become the town of Laramie in 1867, he chose a site over the protests of one of his Indian scouts, who tried to tell Dodge that this was an Arapaho sacred site. To see the consequences of this, see **The Church Fires** on page 49.

MOVERS & SHAKERS

THE W.S.G.A.

The cattle barons aren't all bad. They certainly aren't as amoral and coldhearted as those ranchers in Liberty, MT, but it only takes one bad apple to spoil the whole barrel. The W.S.G.A.'s barrel-spoiler is none other than its own president, Thelonius Nunn.

Nunn has embarked on a personal crusade to eliminate farmers from “good, honest ranching land,” and he's come up with a scheme to scour Wyoming of them. Nunn, has discovered how to breed bloodwire (see *Rascals, Varmints &*

Critters), and he's sedating it and packaging it in with normal strands of barbed wire, with the intention of selling this death-dealing critter throughout the territory—and eventually throughout the Union.

If Nunn's plan goes well, soon farmers will be afraid to maintain their fences or even buy barbed wire. The bloodwire is being bred (don't even ask how) in a well-guarded section of Nunn's estate, about 10 miles outside of town.

TOM HORN

A former Union scout, Tom Horn was hired by the W.S.G.A. as a “stock detective.” As the organization's private bounty hunter, Tom became frustrated that the courts in Cheyenne were letting rustlers go free. He began plugging them instead of rounding them up, and he left a small, white stone under the heads of the men he had shot to mark his kills.

Tom doesn't realize it, but he's Harrowed. He died a year ago—about the time he started killing folks other than rustlers. The puckered scar of the bullet wound that killed him is exactly over his left nipple.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d10, S:3d6, Q:2d12, V:2d8
Dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, horse ridin' 3d10, shootin': pistol, rifle: 4d12, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Wyoming 2d6, overawe 3d6, search 3d8, trackin' 4d6

Edges: Friends in high places 4 (W.S.G.A.), keen

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler, self-righteous

Pace: 10

Wind: 14

Special Abilities:

Harrowed.

Harrowed Powers: Marked for death 3, silent as a corpse 2

Gear: Two Army pistols, a Winchester rifle, and a fast horse

Description: Horn is short, ugly fellow with thinning, blond hair, and a pallor to his skin.

THE DENVER PACIFIC

Just as Wallace reported, during the last little while the Denver Pacific Railroad has been suffering what some say is bad luck—and what others say is sabotage.

The problem actually stems from the recent shipment of a jackalope to the Laramie train station. This woeful beast—which brings bad luck in its hopping wake—was to have been





picked up by Sad Eyes Slim, a cowpoke who hoped to sell its paws as good-luck charms. Sadly, Slim was killed while riding the train when his pistol accidentally discharged as he was cleaning it.

The jackalope remains in its crate in the Laramie DPR baggage room, unclaimed and unfed since it ate up the last of its victuals. It's getting a mite ornery now, and the bad luck it causes is escalating.

For the jackalope's statistics, see the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook.

THE LAW IN LARAMIE

RECRUITER OF THE DAMNED

Pearl DeGranville is much more than a small town sheriff. She's an Agency operative on special "Harrowed operative recruitment" detail. Pearl has constructed her own version of Denver's secret "star chamber" (for more information, see *The Quick and the Dead*) in her private office.

Agency operatives in the area who have apprehended Harrowed that they believe to be redeemable are instructed to bring them to Laramie if the trip to Denver seems too impractical.

The rug on the floor of Pearl's private office bears a unique pattern: a pentagram enclosed in a circle of arcane symbols. When it's called for, she suspends a suspected Harrowed from the ceiling in chains so that he hangs at the center of this pentagram (leg irons weigh down his feet). Then she engages the manitou inside him in a contest of *Spirit* to help the Harrowed regain his self-control. If successful, she recruits the Harrowed for the Agency. If unsuccessful she kills the Harrowed with a well-placed knife at the base of the skull, right into his brain.

Pearl's deputy, Samuel Meyers, is the first of these Harrowed that she recruited. Meyers was the former sheriff of Laramie until he was killed by a derringer bullet in the heart in 1870. Meyers' untimely death (unknown to anyone but Pearl) forced his "retirement" from office and his later rehiring as a mere deputy (once he was up and walking again).

Pearl's been keeping a close eye on Tom Horn lately. She can sense that something isn't quite right with the man, but she doesn't have enough evidence to do anything—yet.

For profiles of Sheriff DeGranville and Deputy Meyers, see the **Law Office** on pages 52-53.

THE WOODEN KILLER

Poor William Wright. There is in fact more to his death than meets the eye. He wasn't killed by robbers, but by the carved, wooden Indian that W.O. Guthrie keeps in his store!

Guthrie purchased his "wooden Injun" on a visit to a curio store in New York City and brought it back west with him a year ago. It seemed ordinary enough—just a well-carved parody of an Indian with a hooked nose, a war bonnet, and gaudily painted buckskin trousers and shirt. It holds a bundle of cigars in one hand, a tomahawk in the other.

Guthrie discovered the statue's dark secret a few months later, after the statue clubbed Wright to death as he was helping Guthrie do inventory one dark winter night. Guthrie hid from the thing until daybreak. He left William's body out back of the store, hoping it would look as though the lad had fallen victim to robbers. Once Guthrie figured out the statue only animated at night, he got the crazy idea of using the statue as a guard.

The statue is inanimate during daylight hours. But at one hour after dusk, it comes to life. It does not possess enough intelligence to open doors or windows (and thus remains inside the store) but it knows a living creature when it sees one. It attacks any such intruders, striking with its tomahawk and cigar-clenching fist.

Then, one hour before dawn, the statue returns to its spot by the door, freezes in place, and becomes inanimate once more. Those who observe it closely over a period of several days may notice slight changes in its posture and expression—although these changes are subtle. Much more obvious are the dried bloodstains on its tomahawk and fist after the statue has claimed a victim. Try as he might, Guthrie can't clean the stains off.

The Indian has killed three robbers in the last six months, and Guthrie is running out of places to dump bodies.

WOODEN INJUN

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d10, S:3d12, Q:2d10, V:3d12+2
Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, Sneak 3d10

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d10
 Search 4d6

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 4

Damage: Wooden tomahawk (STR+2d6)



MCDANIEL'S MECHANAMAN

The shadowy lurking figure sighted near McDaniel's Saloon is no ordinary man. In fact, it's not a man at all, but a machine. Recently, Professor McDaniel's tinkering has taken a rather macabre turn. He has acquired a human corpse from the graveyard and has animated it just like the trophy animals in his saloon.

Designed specifically to play the "bit part" of the tough gunman, the mechaman is powered by a modified mechanical skeleton. It has no true brain function. Its motions and actions are instead preset by means of slotting into a hatch on its back a tiny, studded cylinder that is a coded program. This cylinder turns, and the tiny studs convey instructions that "play" the mechanical skeleton, much in the way a music box plays. The mechaman can thus be programmed to walk, climb, jump, shoot a pistol in a random direction, or throw uncoordinated punches—but it is unable to react to outside stimuli. It merely follows its program, regardless of obstacles and heedless of the reactions of those around it.

Due to its horrible, rotting husk, the mechaman is a terrifying sight that can unnerve even the toughest gunslingers. And it smells bad too—worse than a cowpoke after a two-month-long cattle drive.

This creation is kept in a locked room in McDaniel's house. McDaniel has been testing it late at night, taking it out for a walk through town when the streets are empty and silent.

Whether a manitou chooses to inhabit McDaniel's creation and give it "life" remains an open question. Certainly if the mechaman started acting of its own accord, McDaniel would be sorely surprised.

If the Mechaman does "wake up" one day, treat it as a veteran walkin' dead, but it has Armor 3 due to its metal skeleton.

THE CHURCH FIRES

Twice now, the church buildings that formerly stood on this spot have burned to the ground in the middle of the night.

Pastor Hawson suspects these arsons to be the work of agents of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, which he has railed against in vehement sermons that take the side of the "oppressed": farmers (many of them black) who are persecuted as a result of the ongoing farmland versus ranchland dispute. Dismayed at the lack of divine protection, he

has arranged to have the church guarded at night by members of his congregation who are handy with a rifle.

In fact, the "arsons" are the work of the Reckoners. The church was built on Laramie District Lot 13—the very spot where, in 1867, railroad field boss Grenville Dodge chose to camp under a tree that bore an Arapaho religious symbol: a humanoid figure, made of rawhide and about six inches long, that was tied to one of the tree's branches with thongs that passed through the figure's chest. This "doll" marked the tree as the sacred site of the sun dance, and it provided a link with the earth spirits that guarded this entrance to the Hunting Grounds. The "doll" has long since gone missing (it might be found in the home of one of the cattle barons, in use as a children's plaything), and the tree was blasted out of existence with stumping powder years ago.

Every 13th night, at 13 minutes after midnight, the church building enters the Hunting Grounds—a particularly nasty part on them actually. For a total of 13 minutes, those outside the church cannot enter it by any means, and those inside can exit only into a blasted wasteland of Hellfire and brimstone.





Looking out a church window into this wasteland is safe enough—although it does require a Hard (9) *guts* check. As soon as a window or door is opened, fire sweeps inside the building, setting it ablaze. Those who splash themselves with holy water from the font near the altar can survive this conflagration without harm. All others take 3d12 damage each round until the door is shut.

“CHINAMAN” CHUNG

His unsuspecting customers do not realize it, but Chung is an agent of the Iron Dragon Railroad. His rail name is Leung Kar Fai, and he serves the mysterious rail baron known only as Kang. (Kang hopes one day to run a spur line from Deadwood to either Cheyenne or Laramie.) Leung is a practitioner of black magic, and has mastered the ancient art of soul stealing.

Chung uses hair from his victims to create rice-flour mannikins that contain a slip of paper bearing the victim’s name in Chinese characters. He then sprinkles the mannikins with human blood to cast a *puppet* black magic spell.

Leung has been controlling DP’s Chinese railway workers, manipulating them into

sabotaging their own railway lines. These acts of sabotage are made to look like accidents.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d10, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Fightin’: straight razor 5d8, sleight ‘o hand 2d10, sneak 2d8

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d12
Bluff 3d10, **faith:** Reckoners 3d12, **language:** English 1d6, **language:** Chinese 4d6, **scrutinize** 3d12, **trade:** barber 3d6

Edges: Arcane background: black magic, friends in high places 3 (Iron Dragon)

Hindrances: Ferner, intolerance 3 (Anglos)

Pace: 8

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Dark protection 2, puppet 3

Gear: A straight razor, a set of ink and calligraphy brushes, and Chinese robes and slippers.

Description: Leung is a short, pudgy Chinese man with his hair cut in a traditional tonsure.

DISAPPEARING HORSES

Here’s a strange thing that Cassandrell missed. Any horse placed in Stall Number 5 (second from the tack room) of Mueller’s Livery disappears overnight. It’s come to be known as the “haunted stall,” and only a sucker or a tinhorn would insist on stabling his horse here.

Wolfgang Mueller, the livery’s owner, is a highly superstitious man. When he first opened the stables, he hung a horseshoe above every stall. The one above Number 5 came loose and twisted so that it was hanging upside down. Mueller believes the luck “ran out” and this is the cause of the missing horses. Most townsfolk put it down to simple horse thieving.

In fact, the horses are disappearing due to the livery being built over the lair of a relative of the desert thing family of abominations. This tentacled horror lives in a water-filled cave underground. It can smell the horses in the stall above, and when it does, it opens a hole, drags the horse down, then seals the hole again by jamming earth up to plug the opening.

Ever since Mueller stopped stabling horses in Stall Number 5, the desert thing has been getting hungry. Pretty soon its tentacles are going to start busting out of other stalls—and then Mueller’s luck will truly have run out.

Use the stats for the desert thing from the *Deadlands: The Weird West* rulebook for this formidable underground lurker.



THE TOWN

1. CASSANDRELL HOUSE

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map.

Occupants: This is the dwelling of Wallace Cassandrell, the author of Laramie's profile. A self-taught journalist, Wallace has a style that is decades ahead of its time. Wallace firmly believes in adding a dash of verbal "color" to his prose.

Although Wallace isn't very handy with a gun, this is the Weird West. He carries a big Navy revolver to protect himself, and he loads it with silver bullets to guard against the horrors he's certain he will one day encounter in his journalistic rounds. His knowledge of the occult is a strange mix of absolute nonsense and occasionally arrow-straight fact.

Wallace is a font of information on the mysterious doings of Laramie—especially if those he is speaking to appear to be experts in the occult, like himself. Once he has established a "friendship" with these characters, Wallace follows them around and pesters them incessantly, expecting them to supply him with juicy tidbits for the *Hue & Cry*.

WALLACE CASSANDRELL

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d10, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:2d8
Climbin' 3d10, lockpickin' 5d4, shootin': pistol 1d4,
sneak 5d10

Mental: C:2d12, K:4d10, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d6
Guts 4d6, professional: journalist 1d10, scrutinize
3d12, search 4d12

Edges: Brave, keen

Hindrances: Curious

Pace: 10

Wind: 14

Gear: A pen and a note pad, a Colt Navy pistol,
and 10 silver bullets.

Description: Wallace is a clean-shaven fellow
with brown hair and blue eyes. He is seldom
without his trademark bowler hat.

2. CATTLEMEN'S CLUB

Description: Use the Small Hotel map. The
Cattlemen's Club boasts plush carpets, several
meeting rooms on the second story, and a well-
stocked wine cellar. Home to Laramie's elite, this
private club insists on proper attire (collars on
shirts) and manners (no spitting chewing
tobacco on the floor) and serves such delicacies
as caviar, pickled eels, and Roquefort cheese.

Occupants: The club employs three full-time
employees including Hugo Wedgeworth (23) and
Anders Nelson (34) (valets) and Marie West (41)
(the cook). During the day, there may or may not
be any W.S.G.A members there, but in the
evening there are usually at least five ranchers
relaxing on the premises.

3. DENVER PACIFIC TRAIN STATION

Description: Use the Train Station map.
Because Laramie was never intended to be much
more than a stopping point, the DP train station
is an unassuming building in comparison to the
grand edifices that other railway lines have
built. Its simple wooden buildings include a
ticket office, a waiting room, and a baggage
room. A platform of rough-hewn planks out
front serves as a stopping point for the freight
and passenger trains that serve this tiny corner
of the Union wedged between the Sioux Nations
to the north and the Disputed Lands to the
south.

Occupants: Stationmistress Beverly Forrest
(30) runs the station, along with Jake Reston (18)
and Nolan Kelly (20), the porters, and Hector
Billings (24), the mechanic. Forrest has been
driving her employees crazy trying to get to the
bottom of the accidents at the station. The
jackalope in the baggage room has yet to be
discovered.

4. GRAVEYARD

Description: Use the Graveyard map. The
church is situated next to the Laramie Cemetery,
which was also built on District Lot 13. Anyone
digging around in the cemetery unearths not
only the remains of settlers, but also those of
the Arapaho who were laid to rest here a
century or more before Laramie was built.

Occupants: None except the dead. Strangely,
there actually isn't any supernatural activity
here, but the goings-on at the Baptist church
next door more than make up for that.

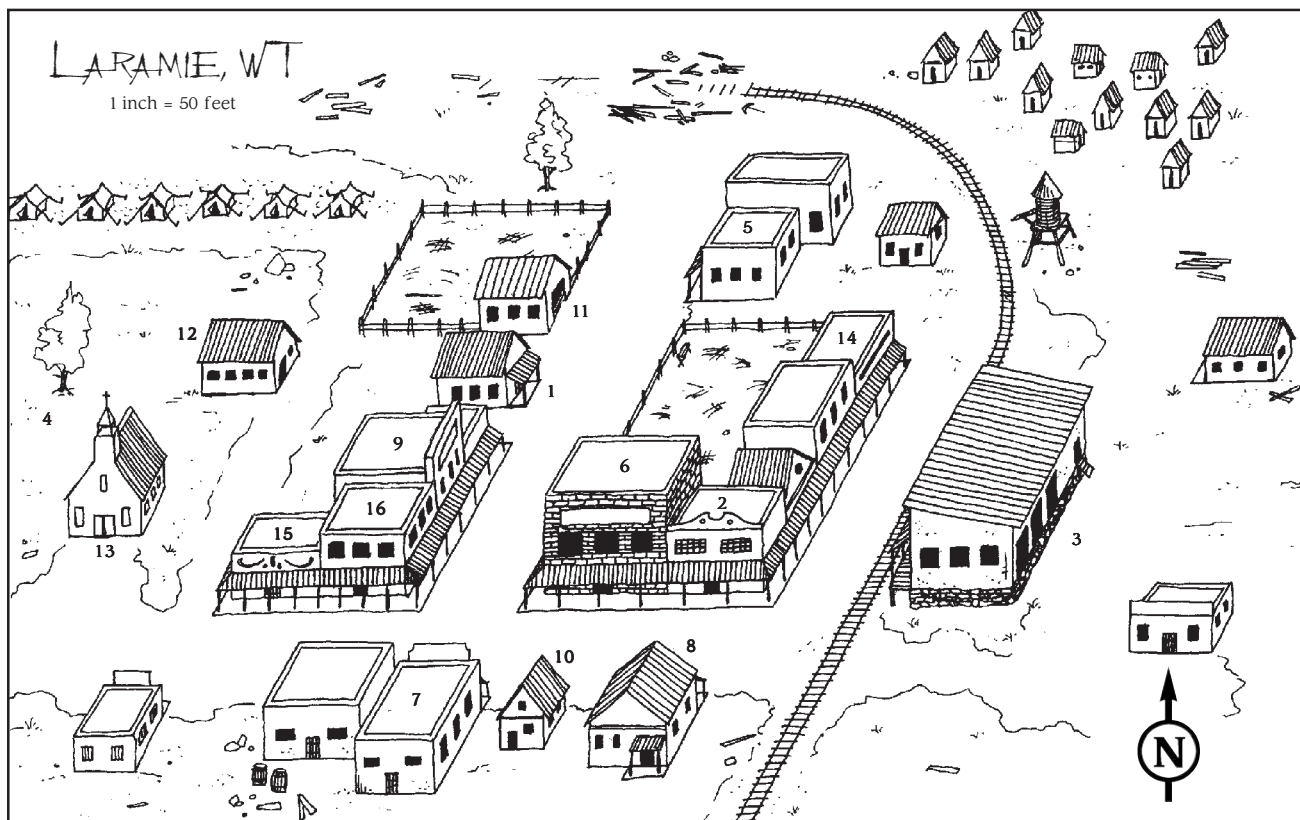
5. HUE & CRY

Description: Use the Newspaper Office map.
This room is crammed with jumbled piles of
paper—"evidence" of the Reckoners doings,
written in Wallace's chicken-scratch
handwriting.

Like all newspapers of its era, the *Hue & Cry*
is produced using a linotype (a kind of oversized
typewriting machine that sets type using molten
lead) and a hand-fed printing press, both located



SECRETS



in the back room of the building. Storage rooms hold reams of paper, ink, and frames for composing type.

Occupants: Wallace Cassandrell works here. See **Cassandrell House** (page 51) for more details on him. He occupies the small office at the side. The larger office out front is occupied by Silas B. Milford, who handles the sales of all advertising and “job work” (printed flyers, tickets, business forms, and so on). The presses are operated by the *Hue & Cry’s* resident printer, a young woman named Sylvia Adams (20). She has a terrific crush on Wallace.

6. LARAMIE THEATER

Description: Use the Theater map. The Laramie Theater has stood empty for several years, owing to a lack of anyone or anything to fill it. Recently, Professor McDaniel purchased the place and is in the process of renovating it.

Occupants: Currently McDaniel has employed Ed McBain (32) and Ferlin Terwhiliger (34) to fix the place up. They can be found here during the day. The two of them are taking their time with their work, and it’s going to be several months before the place is ready to open.

7. LAW OFFICE

Description: Use the Jail map. Sheriff DeGranville uses her private office for her manitou-taming activities. (The smaller, inner office, which has a stout, locked door.) This office has a secret door leading to the cell adjacent to it. This door can normally only be opened from the DeGranville’s office. Its a Hard (9) *Cognition* check to spot it from the cell.

Occupants: Pearl DeGranville (56) can be found here during the day, along with her deputy, Samuel Meyers (34). Laramie’s sheriff is a steely-eyed woman who looks as old as a mined-out mountain. There’s still a lot of spring in her step however, and she’s a crack shot—who—as long as she’s wearing her spectacles—can shoot out the eye of a snake at 50 paces.

Nicknamed for the nickel-plated, pearl-handled revolvers that are always holstered at her hips, Pearl is a somewhat grim, no-nonsense agent of the law. She keeps her Agency affiliations a secret, although she’s reelected as sheriff every term on a strict law-and-order platform. She arrests anyone for the slightest infraction of Laramie’s laws, and all arrests involve an overnight stay in the hoosegow.



SHERIFF PEARL DEGRANVILLE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d10, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:2d8
Quick-draw 2d10, shootin': pistol 3d12

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d8, M:1d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d10
Academia: occult 5d8, guts 4d10, leadership 5d6,
medicine 1d8, overawe 3d6, professional: law
2d8, scrutinize 2d10

Edges: Friends in high places 4 (Agency), law
man 4, nerves o' steel

Hindrances: Bad eyes, geezer

Pace: 8

Wind: 14

Gear: Two pearl-handled, double-action
Peacemakers, a sheriff's badge, a pair of
spectacles, and a smart horse.

Description: Pearl is a stocky, powerful
woman, with steel-gray hair and blue eyes.
Her bespectacled face is lined with age, but
there's always a glint in her eye.

DEPUTY SAMUEL MEYERS

Samuel Meyers is quite dead, but aside from
that, he's feeling fine. Sheriff DeGranville found
him soon after he'd been shot, and she helped
him master his manitou when he came back.
Needless to say, he's loyal as all Hell to her.

Sheriff DeGranville is getting on in years now,
and she relies upon Samuel to make the bulk of
the arrests. Her main focus is on interrogating
prisoners he brings in.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:2d10, Q:3d6, V:3d10
Dodge 2d8, shootin': rifle 4d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d8, M:3d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10
Search 3d6, trackin' 2d6

Edges: Friends in high places (the sheriff), law
man 1, two-fisted

Hindrances: Big 'un: husky, obligation 4 (Pearl
DeGranville)

Pace: 8

Wind: NA

Special Abilities

Harrowed.

Harrowed Powers: Charnel breath 2, claws 3

Gear: A Spencer carbine and a horse.

Description: Meyer's potbelly leads many to
underestimate him. He has brown hair, blue
eyes, and a slightly greenish cast to his skin.

8. MCDANIEL HOUSE

Description: Use the Big House map. The
windows to McDaniel's residence are kept
tightly shaded at all times. The inside is

remarkably sparsely furnished, especially
considering how well off McDaniel is. He just
doesn't really care for his own comfort. He's
much more interested in scientific endeavor.

The back three rooms on the top floor are
McDaniel's laboratory, where he works on his
clockwork wonders (including the mechaman).

Occupants: This is the residence of James
McDaniel (39), owner of McDaniel's Saloon. A
former props man who toured extensively
throughout the west with numerous circuses
and song-and-dance troupes, "Professor"
McDaniel settled in Cheyenne and opened his
first saloon there. He has since expanded his
business to include a saloon in Laramie, where
he currently resides. A consummate tinkerer, he
enjoys creating wondrous new spectacles for
the patrons of his saloon to enjoy.

PROFESSOR JAMES MCDANIEL

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:2d6
Throwin': knife 3d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d10, M:2d12, Sm:2d10, Sp:1d6
Disguise 2d10, performin': acting 4d12, scrutinize
2d10, tinkerin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist,
mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Big mouth, tinhorn

Pace: 8

Wind: 12

Gear: A tool kit and theatrical makeup and
costumes.

Description: McDaniel is a striking figure, tall
and lean with wireframe spectacles and short,
brown hair.

9. MCDANIEL'S SALOON

Description: Use the Large Hotel map,
bottom floor only. Famed throughout the West
as a watering hole where all manner of
entertainments might be had, McDaniel's Saloon
is filled with things to see, do, and drink.

"Professor" McDaniel has created a series of
"mechanimals" for his saloon. Animated by a
system of bellows and clockworks, they are
powered by a small ghost-rock boiler, which
occasionally emits an eerie, haunting whistle.

A back room contains the stereoscope
machines. The three-minute sequential images
they show are primitive newsreels of the day.
McDaniel has an artist in Cheyenne that draws
the sequential drawings for him, illustrating
events of the day.

Occupants: McDaniel himself sometimes
works here in the evening. The employees





include the Lilliputian Wonder, Cecily "Lil" Brigham (22), who works the bar, Elizabeth Bartlet, an albino who waits tables, and Miss Charlotte Temple, a mountain of a woman who stands near seven feet tall! She's the bouncer.

10. MILFORD HOUSE

Description: Use the Small House map. This garishly and cheaply appointed dwelling is that of Silas B. Milford, editor of the *Hue & Cry*. Milford has amassed quite a bit of money over the years, but you'd never know it from the quality of his possessions.

He's kind of like a magpie. If it's shiny, it's good enough for him.

Occupants: Milford lives alone. During the day, he's usually at the offices of the *Hue & Cry*. In the evening, he can be found either here or at McDaniel's Saloon.

11. MUELLER'S LIVERY

Description: Use the Stable map. Mueller's Livery is clean and well appointed, and Mueller takes excellent care of horses left with him. All would be well here if it wasn't for the critter

under Stall Number 5. (See **The Disappearing Horses**, page 50.)

Occupants: Livery owner Wolfgang Mueller (33) is a large, jovial, Teutonic man with a handlebar moustache and a leather farrier's apron that smells of horses.

12. PARISH HOUSE

Description: Use the Small House map. This parish house is sparsely furnished, but clean as a whistle.

Occupants: This is the home of Pastor Rufus Hawson (34). Formerly a slave in Kentucky, Rufus moved first to Nicodemus, Kansas (an all-black community founded in 1875) and then on to Laramie when a pastor's position opened up with the First Baptist Church. An ardent campaigner for the rights of the downtrodden, and a devout Baptist, Rufus is known for his entertaining sermons, which contain colorful reinterpretations of Biblical tales that Rufus has up and relocated to a modern, Western setting.

PASTOR RUFUS HAWSON

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, S:1d8, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Filchin' 2d8, fightin' brawlin' 4d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:1d12, Sp:2d10
Faith: Baptist 2d10, guts 1d10, scroungin' 2d12,
scrutinize 2d8, tale-tellin' 3d10

Edges: Arcane background: blessed, religious rank 1

Hindrances: Obligation 4 (to his congregation)

Pace: 6

Wind: 16

Special Abilities:

Miracles: Protection, sanctify, smite

Gear: A Bible, a hymnal, and a mule.

Description: Hawson is a dark-skinned black man with eyes like pieces of jet.

13. THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH OF FREEDOM

Description: Use the Church map. So named not because there are two other Baptist churches in town but because this is the third church to be built on this site, this recently reconstructed church houses a congregation of approximately 30 worshippers. These are mostly black folks from the surrounding area, but a few of the town's more open-minded residents have attended the Third Baptist Church a time or two. Pastor Rufus Hawson is the head religious man here. (See **Parish House** above.)



Occupants: During the day, Pastor Hawson can often be found here, ministering to his flock or just praying. At night, the place is locked and empty, although two members of Hawson's congregation have been camping outside of the church each night recently.

14. THOS.' TONSORIAL PARLOR

Description: Use the Barber Shop map. One of the first stops for dusty cowpokes after a long trail ride is the barber shop (or tonsorial parlor, for those who like them fancy, \$2 words). Here a man can treat himself to a shave (10¢), a haircut (25¢), and a hot bath in the back room (30¢, lye soap and towel included).

The shop features reclining barber chairs finished in red leather, a wide selection of scented hair tonics, and shelves of personalized shaving mugs, each of which bears the name of one of the Laramie area's prominent citizens, including many of the cattle barons from the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

Chinese customers receive this service in the storage area at the back of the shop, where Chinaman Chung does his work.

Occupants: Thos.' Tonsorial Parlor is run by Thomas Littleton (32), an impeccably groomed Easterner with a carefully waxed moustache and tonic-slick hair parted down the middle in a razor-sharp crease. He lets Chinaman Chung bed down in the back of the shop at night.

15. VERDAD PHOTOGRAPHY

Description: Use the Undertakers map. Formerly Matheson's Mortuary, this building was an undertaker's shop until a few months ago. Its rear room, which has been turned into a photographic darkroom, still smells of embalming fluid. The office area has been turned into living quarters.

The front office, formerly the mortuary's viewing room, contains various backdrops for photography. There is a large canvas painted in oils with a fall landscape, various chairs, a short pedestal, vases of flowers, heavy velvet curtains—and a black coffin, left behind by the previous tenants. A number of photographic images—including many examples of spirit photography and images of gunslingers—are pinned to the walls.

Occupants: Consuela DaSilva runs this establishment. Born and raised in Mexico City, Consuela struck out on her own after the death of her father, a noted photographer who specialized in "spirit photography"—the

capturing of ghostly images of deceased loved ones in family photographs. An accomplished photographer in her own right, Consuela satisfied her love of adventure by traveling throughout the West to capture images of famous gunslingers, including Wild Bill Hickok.

Consuela has been able to go into dangerous situations due to the fact that the ghost of her dead father watches over her. Should any man try to molest (or even merely seduce) his daughter, Guillermo DaSilva appears as a terrifying spectre (a Hard (9) *guts* check).

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:4d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:3d8
Shootin': pistol 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d10, M:4d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:3d8
Guts 2d6, persuasion 4d12, scrutinize 3d8, trade: photography 4d10

Edges: Purty, sense of direction

Hindrances: Habit: bluntness, stubborn

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: A Smith & Robards spirit camera, a tripod, several glass photographic plates, plenty of photographic chemicals, a .45 derringer, a horse, and a pack mule.

Description: Consuela is a beautiful woman of Spanish extraction, with long, brown hair and lovely, brown eyes.

16. THE WHOLESALE SHEBANG

Description: Use the General Store map. In the parlance of the Weird West, "shebang" is a slang term for general store. W.O. Guthrie capitalized on a popular phrase to advertise his dry goods store, which boasts in its advertising circulars: "Any item a man, woman or child could want, all at wholesale prices."

The store carries an unbelievably wide range of goods, from everyday items like tents, boots, rifles, stumping powder, cooking pots and blankets to such exotic specialties as canned oysters, Chinese silk, Gatling pistols, hurdy-gurdy players, the collected works of William Shakespeare, Cuban cigars, and Indian curios. The Wholesale Shebang also carries a wide range of Smith & Robards products, particularly that firm's line of elixirs and tonics.

Occupants: W.O. Guthrie is here during the day. He runs the entire place by himself. He just hasn't had the heart to hire anyone else after what happened to his poor stockboy, William Wright. Nobody is in here at night if they know what's good for them. (See page 48.)





BONASCO, NEW MEXICO

Fear Level 4

All right, partner, you're about to learn that truth beats a wide trail from fiction when it comes to Bonasco.

This place is downright weird, even for the Weird West. For starters, name another boomtown without a church. Even stranger is that nicks and scrapes on buildings tend to vanish overnight, as if they could heal. While it saves on repairs, the owners still scratch their heads when a window or pillar they saw smashed in a wild donnybrook is "unbroken" in the morning. The buildings also have a strange "sameness" about them.

Just about every story about the town's founding has gaps that you could run a land ironclad through—from exactly where Trapp first dug up his gold, to how the town got built, to why there's not a single original resident left in town. If the posse befriends the sheriff, he mentions bring up that *Bonasco Golden View* editor Ulysses Shea was preparing a story on all holes in Bonasco's history until his untimely death. The newspaper office may still have his research on file.

We'll spring the biggest secret of all on you right here Marshal. This town isn't really a town, but a diabolical, shapeshifting, carnivorous entity masquerading as one so it can snare unwitting humans for food!

KANGEE

The entity calls itself "Kangee," which is Sioux for "Raven." It's not *the* Raven, of course, but rather a creature from forgotten Indian legends.

The original story tells of a village ravaged by a spirit so foul that every hut echoed with the screams of the souls that it feasted on. No one entering the cursed village could hope to ever exit alive. Unfortunately for the people of Bonasco, this is one legend that was true.

Kangee lay dormant for hundreds of years, but was reawakened when the Reckoners' influence returned in '63. Upon awakening, it fashioned crude dwellings from its spiritual form, then lay in wait to dine on unwary travelers who chanced upon this small "community."

Eventually, after a few experiences with overly suspicious folks, Kangee hit on the idea of actually letting a few people live in the place, since that tended to lure others. It provided food and water for the "residents," just like a farmer

does for his cattle—although Kangee doesn't hesitate to eat his stock during the leaner times.

Kangee would probably had gone on indefinitely under the guise of a desolate hamlet, had Webbekiah J. Trapp not convinced it to transform itself into a destination of debauchery. These days, Kangee's tactics are the same as they ever were. Only the bait—in this case, rumors of easy money—is different.

Incidentally, Kangee was also the reason that Bonasco escaped the "animal attacks" mostly unscathed. The attacks were actually caused by a group of marauding wall crawlers which the Texas Rangers finally found and killed. The spirit didn't want to share its chow with anyone. After losing a few potential meals to the crawlers, the entity put its foot down—literally—and started crushing any pest creeping near its limits.

THE WALLS HAVE EARS

In the end, it all comes around to Kangee.

The entity is forever scouring the town for its next meal. It tends to spy around (especially in the casinos and saloons) before choosing its prey, usually someone it thinks won't be missed, like a small-time thief, a wanderer with little or no ties, and so on. Then it stalks the victim and strikes quickly when he's alone. With no witnesses and often no bodies, these killings were mostly swept under the rug of "mysterious disappearances."

Any one of the heroes can be picked for the next serving just as readily as anyone else. The first hint a hero might get is a hunch that he's being watched (a Fair (5) *cognition* roll). If he looks fast enough (a Hard (9) *cognition* roll), he could swear there was a blood-red eye over the mounted moosehead, or a fleshy feeler nudging the roulette ball, or a slimy stalk that just slipped under the floorboard.

PARANOIA STRIKES DEEP

Kangee is very edgy about blowing its cover, especially after the Texas Rangers were nosing around during the "animal attacks" of last year. Those coming even halfway close to finding anything out about it are instant targets for its wrath (like poor Ulysses Shea).

While not everything in Bonasco is a part of Kangee, it's still unwise to discuss plans out loud. The walls, in this town quite literally have ears. Make an Onerous (7) *Cognition* check for Kangee to see if it is eavesdropping when the heroes are inside one of its manifestations.



SECRETS

Raise the TN to Hard (9) if there's a large crowd, and reduce it to Fair (5) if Kangee is specifically pursuing the heroes.

Depending on if it's fed recently, Kangee might try to use his mortal pawns (including both Trapp and Halbert, the town's most influential men) against the posse before trying to make a meal out of them. If the heroes seem too savvy or tough, the spirit might try to run them out of town instead of snacking on them.

If the posse is starting to hit a little too close to Kangee's home, the last thing they want to be is alone—unless they don't care about being strangled by a “lamp post,” drowning in a “well,” or having a “cupboard” bite off their heads. Kangee is no slouch when it comes to making assaults seem like accidents, and it will surely do just that for the posse.

The statistics below actually just represent an individual manifestation of Kangee. The spirit is impossible to kill in a straight-up fight. It's hard enough just to drive it away for a short time. Kangee's one weakness is its heart: a large chunk of smoky quartz that lies at the bottom of the town well. It anchors the thing in this world, and destroying it disperses the spirit immediately.

KANGEE (INDIVIDUAL MANIFESTATION)

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:6d12, Q:5d6, V:4d10

Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sleight of hand: 3d8 (to shift things around unnoticed), sneak: 3d8 (to surprise prey)

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:1d10, Sp:4d10

Language: English 3d8, language: Sioux 3d8, language: Spanish 3d8, persuasion 4d10.

Size: Varies

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Animal Control: Kangee can control at will normal animals that are dog-sized and smaller. He mainly uses this to ensure that there is enough game around to feed his “pets.” He's after bigger game.

Damage: Tentacles (STR). If a hero is inside one of Kangee's buildings, Kangee can attack her with 1d6 tentacles each round.

Immunity: All. Destroying one of Kangee's buildings forces the spirit to go dormant for 1d12 hours.

Vulnerability: Kangee's “heart” (a large lump of smoky quartz) is hidden at the bottom of the town well. Maiming it disperses Kangee instantaneously. Treat the heart as Size 5, with Armor 1.



KANGEE'S PAWNS

Let's have a look at Kangee's patsies, as well as the real history of Bonasco, New Mexico. We pick it right up at June, 1876.

EL NASTICO

The “nameless hicksville” Juan Bonasco took refuge in shocked the bandito when the tiny hovels sprouted eyes, tentacles, and other ugly parts. Worse, it wanted to eat him for shooting up the citizens—its larder!

El Nastico got lucky. The Timmer Lane agents following him showed up at just the right—or, for them, wrong—moment. They were devoured, and Kangee let El Nastico live. It even let him name this living mausoleum after himself, but it wouldn't allow him to leave. After all, Timmer agents kept coming after him.

By November, the bandito was bored stiff. He also figured Kangee would just as soon treat him like a Thanksgiving meal if it got hungry enough. His plan was to sneak away in the middle of the night. Too bad this monster doesn't sleep like humans do. Kangee ate Mexican that night.



WEBBEKIAH J. TRAPP

Meanwhile, 12 miles away in Sterling Ridge, NM, Webbekiah J. Trapp had convinced the Olsen brothers to empty their purses for a map to the Lost Dutchman Mine. Trapp neglected to mention he's sold the same paper to eight other people.

Fortunately, Trapp had a head start when the Olsens finally figured out the scam and went after him. He eventually hightailed it to Bonasco. The parched con man hustled over to a well to get a drink, and he nearly wet himself when he saw it grow tentacles and eyeballs.

Before Kangee could swallow him down, Trapp assessed the situation (with a vision and clarity that shocked even him), and he proposed a deal to Kangee. Trapp told Kangee that he could bring him food—more than even Kangee could devour! For this plan, Kangee was all ears.

With the promise of a neverending herd of greedy men flocking to it's borders, Trapp coaxed Kangee into giving itself a gambling-town facelift. He then sold the world on the story of how he funded the town with nonexistent treasures he supposedly dug up. Smarter folks probably smelled fish in that crock, but how else could anyone explain Trapp's apparent good fortune?

If the heroes listen to Webbekiah Jolston Trapp long enough, they too might end up shelling out for a miracle potion or a piece of swampland, but no sales job was ever bigger than Bonasco.

Like all con men, Webbekiah is only out for his own interest. Currently, his interest is to keep Kangee happy—and himself alive—by ensuring a steady flow of visitors to Bonasco. Trapp knows that as long as the abomination needs a spokesman and a coconspirator with the clout to cover up loose ends, he's safe.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Dodge 3d6, filchin' 3d6, sleight of hand 4d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d8, M:2d12, Sm:2d10, Sp:2d6
Performin': acting 4d12, persuasion: 6d12,
scrutinize 4d10, streetwise 3d10, tale-tellin'
6d12

Edges: Dinero 3, renown (founder of Bonasco) 3

Hindrances: Tuckered 3, yeller

Pace: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Normally none.

Description: Webbekiah is a scrawny man in his mid-40s, with brown hair and blue eyes.

ARCIVAL HALBERT

Some time later, Arcival Halbert wandered into town, and soon after that, he was left to wallow in his own misery alone in an alley. At least he thought he was alone—until a voice started whispered to him. Arcival could make no one out in the dark. Actually, it sounded like the wall was speaking to him. The voice asked if he would like to be rich.

Would he? He couldn't holler "Hell, yeah!" loud enough. Would he keep this conversation a secret? He let out another resounding "Hell, yeah!"

The voice led Arcival to a nearby rocky outcropping. Once there, it pointed out one of the richest veins of ghost rock ever found in the state. An ecstatic Arcival staked his claim the next day, secretly thanking what he called his "guardian spirit," and Kangee had another pawn.

You see, Kangee, figured Trapp might get too big for his breeches one day, so he sought out a counterweight. He picked Arcival Halbert.

The abomination caused the ghost-rock vein to shift to the surface, then led the weak-willed bum by the nose to it. Just as the spirit guessed, the middle-aged Arcival has all the qualities of a perfect stooge, and he plays the part well.

As the big boss of Halbert Mining, Arcival can afford to entertain various ventures, but not without the approval of his "guardian spirit," which appears to him as a vaguely mouthlike orifice in his home's walls. He consults with it regularly—not a hard thing to do since his mansion is a part of the spirit.

Sometimes Arcival jokes openly about having a personal angel watching over him. With his success, there are folks starting to believe that. However, if Arcival ever learns the truth about this "guardian angel," someone better dig a new sewer for the mess he's going to make.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:1d6, S:2d6, Q:1d6, V:2d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d4

Professional: merchant 2d6, tale-tellin' 3d6

Edges: Dinero 5, "friend" in high places 5
(Kangee), renown 3

Hindrances: Clueless, hankerin' 4 (gambling),
superstitious

Pace: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: Dice and about \$500 in cash.

Description: Halbert is fat and bald, with watery blue eyes, and a perpetual look of bewilderment on his face.



SECRETS

LUTHER

Arcival's German enforcer is the most imposing human figure in town, which should tell you something. He knows his boss talks to his "guardian spirit" in private, but nothing beyond that.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d6, N:4d6, S:3d12, Q:2d6, V:2d12
Climbin' 5d6, fightin': boxing 8d6, fightin':
wrasslin' 6d6, shootin': pistol 5d6, rifle 6d6
Mental: C: 2d6, K: 2d6, M: 2d6, Sm: 2d6, Sp: 2d8
Demolitions 4d6, guts 4d8, language: English 2d6,
language: German 4d6, overawe 6d6
Edges: Brawny, thick-skinned, tough as nails
Hindrances: Big britches, big 'un: brawny, ugly
as sin
Size: 7
Pace: 6
Wind: 20
Gear: A Sharps Big 50 and a set of brass
knuckles (STR+1d4).
Description: Luther is a burly fellow with
blond hair, blue eyes, and a humorless stare.

TOURIST TRAP

Wouldn't you know it, all the deceit didn't dent Kangee's appetite one bit. The original "residents"—the ones who were in town when Juan Bonasco gave the place its name—were the first to go, taking the town's secret to the grave with them. Trapp is still breathing because he isn't deadwood—yet.

It doesn't pay to be nosy in Bonasco these days. That's why the *Golden View* no longer has an editor, because Shea's snooping around was hitting too many of the resident evil's sore spots. Of course, no one saw the print machine yank the dedicated muckraker into the press drums by his tie, so it had to be an accident.

If McWhirter could've divined the future, his brief on Sheriff Cole would've been switched to an obituary before it went to press. The lawman listened to one story too many from Shea, and all the quick-draws in the world weren't any good against a falling statue. No one saw Kangee's tentacle nudge the stonework over either, so it had to be an accident, right?

The new sheriff, on the other hand, isn't buying it. He may be next on the entity's plate. But Kevin Cole has a personal reason to search for the truth: Garrett Cole was his brother. He's determined to get to the bottom of it, even if it means risking the life of everyone in town. Must run in the family.



JUST PASSING THROUGH

Not many people come to Bonasco to stay, so the town has actually remained pretty small. A couple hundred people pass through Bonasco every week though, visiting the town's casinos, or looking to fleece some of those suckers that do. Bonasco is much more a place to go than a place to stay.

This is exactly as Trapp had planned. So many people come through town that a few disappearances from time to time are hardly noticed. Trapp does a good job of deflecting suspicion from the town when someone's is missed. This ready food supply keeps Kangee from eating town residents (usually).

DEUCES WILD

Trouble is what the heroes should expect if they indulge themselves in the town's primary industry. There are plenty of ways to part fools and their money, and this town is built around a lot of them.

Bonasco goes by the unwritten rule, "Live and let bet." Unless the offender is a branded fugitive or has fleeced mucho greenbacks, the

SECRETS

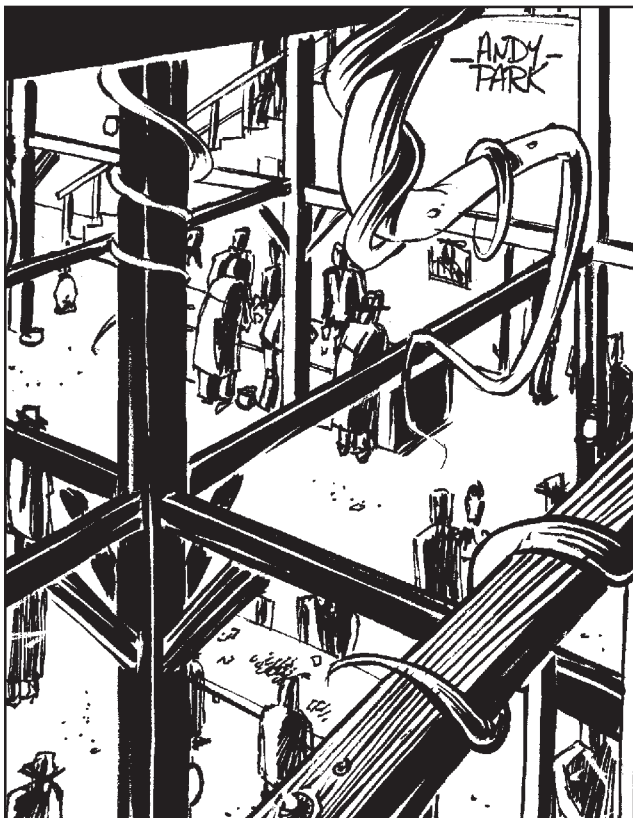
law is quite happy to let the parties settle their differences. How they do that is up to them, as long as no one else gets hurt and nothing important gets broken.

In casinos, that means it's the dealers' God-given right to put holes the size of a barnyard through frauds. In private quarters, all bets are off.

The casinos are actually all honest. They don't have to cheat. The odds are with them anyway.

Unless the heroes want to roleplay every hand, use the gambling rules in the *Deadlands; The Weird West* rulebook. On a bust, you should deal them some trouble. Maybe they get caught cheating red-handed or are accused of being "too lucky," or possibly a gang of dudes with too much to drink just doesn't like the way they play. The trouble is there for the making, Marshal.

It's true that greed knows no bounds, since even the rich folks take their shot at becoming richer. Some of these moneybags may be ripe for the picking by unscrupulous heroes, or conversely they may become patron saints for the heroic ones who rescue them. The same could apply to rich heroes and those careless with their dinero.



TREASURE HUNTING

Speaking of scams, there's no shortage of dupes falling for the supposed hidden treasure of El Nastico. Trapp's lie has spawned a new mystique of its own. It's now an "open secret" that what Trapp "found" was small change compared to what still lies buried somewhere in the dirt.

The heroes may catch the tales making the rounds. They just might be gullible enough to buy a "treasure map" or go into a "partnership" when approached. Of course, there's neither cache nor trove. It's all another scam by Trapp to bring more food to town for Kangee.

WINDOW O' OPPORTUNITY

Should the heroes squander their dough like every other yokel in town, they might be inclined (or forced) to make an honest buck. The casinos always welcome a dealer who can shuffle cards and guns with equal aplomb (\$5 a week per the highest level the character has in *shootin'* or *gamblin'*; both skills required). Every bar can use another bouncer who can double as barkeep during peak hours (\$5 plus tips per week). Considering the amount of money and the kind of varmints filtering through, bank security is a profitable, albeit dangerous job (\$15 a month per level in *shootin'*). The artistic types might entertain thoughts of a stage career at the Jakeman Theater. It's an Onerous (7) *performin'* check to pass the audition.

Those with commercial propositions can seek out Bonasco's financial muscle, Arcival Halbert, who should be nursing his terrible hankering at a craps table. Roll 2d6. A 7 means Halbert got a few decent tosses in and is delightfully approachable afterward. Otherwise, his luck stays rotten as usual, and it takes a Hard (9) *persuasion* roll to get his ears without Luther the German bodyguard busting some heads.

Law dogging is another option. Sheriff Cole doesn't hesitate to recruit a hombre who's proved his worth, especially if the rumors of bandits returning prove true before long.

LAW AND DISORDER

If bandits are rats, then Bonasco is the cheese that makes them drool. There isn't a band of outlaws nearby not dreaming of cleaning out this town. Garrett Cole kept them away with fast guns and big rep. Now with Kevin in charge, not many people are willing to place their money on Bonasco.



The posse may be surprised to learn of Garrett's death (which happened while McWhirter's article was still at the printers). Either way, the townsfolk aren't putting a lot of faith in Kevin, even though he served valiantly alongside his brother and is every bit as capable. The rowdier ruffians are making a habit of testing the new sheriff's mettle. Kevin's taking it all in stride, but he knows he needs all the help he can get.

Another load on the badge's mind is his brother's murder, a case dismissed by Mayor Trapp (who knows better) as freak accident.

SHERIFF KEVIN COLE

Corporeal: D: 1d12, N: 2d10, S: 2d6, Q: 3d8, V: 3d6
Dodge 3d10, fight: brawlin' 3d10, horse-ridin' 3d10,
quick-draw: pistol 3d10, shootin': pistol 4d12,
shootin': rifle 3d12

Mental: C: 3d8, K: 3d6, M: 2d8, Sm: 2d8, Sp: 2d8
Guts 4d8, overawe 3d8, professional: law 4d6,
scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8

Edges: Law man 3, sand 1, "the stare"

Hindrances: Curious, enemy 2 (robber gangs),
oath 4 (avenge brother's death), obligation 3
(sheriff)

Gears: Two army pistols, a Winchester '76 rifle,
50 rounds of ammo for each gun, and a horse.

Description: Kevin is a tall, thin man who
wears his brown hair in a long ponytail.

THE DEPUTIES

Cole's two deputies are fine pieces of work. Trent Stallard and Bishop Lawson are their names, and neither of them is exactly a "good cop." Bikel would do almost anything to get Cole's job for himself, and while Lawson at least respects Cole, he'd abandon him in a second in a life-or-death situation.

TRENT BIKEL & BISHOP LAWSON

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:1d10, S:1d10, Q:2d6, V:3d8
Dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, horse ridin'
2d10, quick-draw 2d10, shootin': pistols 2d10,
rifle 2d10

Mental: C: 2d6, K: 1d6, M: 3d6, Sm: 2d6, Sp: 2d6
Guts 3d6, overawe 5d6, professional: law 3d6,
scrutinize 4d6, search 3d6

Edges: Law man 1

Hindrances: Yeller

Pace: 10

Wind: 14

Gear: A double-action Peacemaker, a .58
Springfield, and 20 rounds of ammunitions for
each gun.

THE TOWN

These are the more notable places in Bonasco, most located right on the Main Strip. Sites that are parts of Kangee have a "K" in parenthesis after their names.

1. FIRST WESTERN BANK (K)

Description: Use the Bank map. The smaller office is actually a vault holding at least \$10,000 dollars worth of cash and other valuables. This bank generally caters to a rich clientele. If the heroes think they can work with the highbrow manager, Mr. Beezer, the bank is looking to hire both tellers and guards.

Occupants: Floyd Beezer (45), tellers Lucinda Willis (36) and Beth Stratton (25), guards Amos Eggin (38) and Lawrence Bryce (28) (both armed with Peacemakers), and up to 10 upper-class customers during business hours.

2. THE GOLDEN VIEW (K)

Description: Use the Newspaper Office map. The main office is cluttered by desks swamped with press clippings, loose notes, coffee mugs, and typewriters in various states of disarray. The smaller office now belongs to the paper's editor.

The one item of interest is in the storage room, where most of Shea's old notes were moved into, including those that could attract Kangee's wrath for anyone reading them. These files pose dangerous questions (no record of construction for the original buildings, for example), and imply a unseen force might be at work—perhaps in accordance with Mayor Trapp!

Occupants: A nervous, harried Felix Youngworth (38) is the interim chief editor of Bonasco's weekly paper. He's assisted by reporters Patrick "Tinhorn" Keating (40), Benjamin Dunn (29), and Amy Sanderson (20), and head pressman Hatch O'Dell (44).

3. THE GRAND FRONTIER (K)

Description: Use the Big Hotel map. This extravagant building is one of the three original casinos—and the grandest of them all. Patrons are welcomed by the finely crafted double-doors, and they fill the establishment with nonstop betting from 8 A.M. till 2 A.M.

The saloon area of the first floor of the place holds the Grand Frontier's two roulette tables, and two table devoted to craps too. The cashier's office is also on this floor, as well as



SECRETS



offices for the casino personnel. Webbekiah Trapp keeps an office here.

The rooms on the second floor are devoted to all manner of card games, as long as there's betting involved. Blackjack, poker, cribbage—all can be played here. Patrons are free to wander in and out of these rooms, observing the action. These rooms are also available for private games. The balcony on the second floor offers a wonderful view into the saloon below.

Occupants: Aside from the approximately 200 patrons that fill the place every day (including Sunday), there are 12 dealers/croupiers employed by the place, two cashiers, two bartenders, and six armed bouncers (four of those are stationed on first floor). The Grand Frontier's accountant and manager Alfred White (40) is there on most nights, as is Arcival Halbert, a regular at the crap tables. Webbekiah Trapp, the owner, drops by occasionally as well.

4. THE HALBERT MANSION (K)

Description: Use the Big House map. Arcival Halbert's house is easily the most lavish in town. Kangee has seen to it that his main puppet is well cared for.

Occupants: Arcival Halbert (46), his wife Gwenyth (40), their sons Blyth (1) and Philip (2), their housekeepers Phyllis (55) and Thelma (43) and Arcival's bodyguard Luther (35).

5. THE HALBERT MINE (K)

Description: Use the Mine Entrance and whichever of the Random Mine maps you like. This ghost rock mine owned by Arcival Halbert sits at the northwestern end of Bonasco. For publicity, a limited number of visitors are allowed into the mine daily to get a glimpse of miners extracting ghost rock (and Kangee occasionally grabs one for a snack). Big Boss Jimbo might hire the characters for mining work (\$6 a week) if he thinks they're fit enough.

Occupants: Big Boss Jimbo (33) and 10 miners are here during work hours.

6. HALBERT MINE BUNKHOUSE

Description: Use the Bunkhouse map. Located about 25 yards from the mine, this is where the miners bunk down at night.

Occupants: Big Boss Jimbo and crew stay here during downtime.



7. THE HUNTING GROUND

Description: Use the Church map, but ignore the pews. This is a newer, smaller casino in Bonasco, one of a handful properties that's not a part of Kangee. It's a single-level building owned by Potvin and Stella Goodhart. Potvin's grandfather was a legendary Cherokee chief, and the Hunting Ground has an Indian motif with authentic decorations from many tribes in its interior. The employees all dress in "authentic" Indian costumes as well.

Occupants: Potvin (50) and Stella (44) Goodhart own this establishment and employ eight dealers. On a usual evening, there are 30 to 60 gamblers frequenting the place.

8. JACKPOT INN (K)

Descriptions: Use the Big Hotel map. The Jackpot is the hotel of choice in Bonasco. (Well, actually it's the only hotel in town.) A bed for the night runs 50¢, or \$2 if the hero wants a private room.

The Jackpot really pack them in, at two or three bunkbeds per room. It actually has four levels, the top three being guest floors. The top floor holds the private rooms.

Occupants: Jack Potts (53), a stocky money-grubbing native of El Paso, own and runs this place, along with six employees. Up to 50 hotel guests are present on a given night.

9. JAIL

Descriptions: Use the Jail map. This is where Sheriff Cole and his deputies hang their hats. If it's a good business night for Bonasco, the cells in the back are usually occupied. Most prisoners are there for disturbing the peace or being drunk and disorderly. Most killings in Bonasco are either silent and unnoticed (when Kangee takes another victim) or cases of self defense.

Occupants: Kevin Cole and his two deputies can usually be found here. The deputies live outside of town, but Cole keeps a bed in his office.

10. JAKEMAN THEATER (K)

Description: Use the Theater map. Its hourly afternoon shows at two and four run 20¢ a ticket. The night show starting at seven, however, costs 50¢ and is packed to the rafters because of its popular star attraction: Phoebe Synclaire. Miss Synclaire has her own dressing room next to the backstage office.

Occupants: Herbert Jakeman (55) owns the theater, but he leaves most of the management to his assistant Thomas Lockley (32). Jakeman employs five female performers for afternoon shows, 10 for night shows. Then of course there's Phoebe Synclaire (23). This auburn-haired southern belle first graced Bonasco last February, and the winter sure turned warm mighty quick with her pretty songbird set of pipes around. Words aren't so much spoken as chimed from Miss Synclaire's delicate lips like a gentle hymn accented by the sparkles of her sapphire-blue gaze and the intoxicating elegance of her soft figure's sway.

Phoebe is the pride of Bonasco. Many in her legion of admirers would sooner meet death than let her meet harm. Between her charm and renown, she could pry the innermost knowledge out of any man in town.

11. MAMA TAMARINO'S

Description: Use the Generic Stores map, right-hand building. This general store has a clean storefront with shelves and racks full of groceries and other necessities—such as cards, dice, and even guns (which are up on a wall behind the counter). It's also the home of Mama Tamarino's famous trail jerky, made-to-order in a week by Mama herself right in the front storage room.

Occupants: Mama Tamarino (40), runs this place, along with her husband Velberto (43), son Velberto, Jr. (16), and daughter Kathy May (14).

12. MAYOR'S OFFICE (K)

Description: Use the Barber Shop map. The room in the back left corner is actually Trapp's private office.

Occupants: Mayor Webbekiah J. Trapp, assistant Ramon McWhirter, and receptionist Rose Tilly (42).

McWhirter is a young, eager beaver of 20 years, and there are lumps of soft clay less impressionable than him. That isn't a good thing when you have Trapp for a boss. Ramon's been totally taken in by the mayor's ability to weave a story, and he idolizes Trapp the way Arcival fawns over his guardian angel. (Couldn't you tell from the brown-nosing in his *Epitaph* piece?) He is completely oblivious to the terrible things going on in town, wrapped up as he is in following the con man blindly. He has naive hopes of one day attaining the political "greatness" of his boss.





McWhirter is half Mexican (the Hispanic blood came from his mother), and he has a tendency to sprinkle Spanish throughout his conversation. When not busy with paperwork at the mayor's office, he wouldn't make a bad guide for showing the posse around (all the while lauding Trapp, no doubt).

Ramon is basically a good man however. If he were to even learn the truth about his boss and the evil creature he serves, he'd turn against them in a second.

RAMON ENRIQUE MCWHIRTER

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 4d6, dodge 4d6, shootin': pistol 3d6, teamster 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d10, M:3d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
Academia: politics 2d10, language: English 2d10, language: Spanish 2d10, persuasion 4d6

Edges: Friends in high places 3 (Trapp)

Hindrances: Yearnin' 3 (political power)

Pace: 6

Wind: 12

Gear: A .44 derringer and \$100.

Description: McWhirter is a plain-looking Hispanic man with slick, black hair and deep, brown eyes.

13. THE MONEY TRAIL (K)

Description: Use the Big Hotel map, first floor only. Parnell and Tyger Olsen received the Money Trail from Trapp as a payoff (you remember that little Dutchman's Mine incident?). Soon after, they invested in some one-armed bandits and placed them throughout the casino. So far, it's paying off. The Money Trail is a typical gambling hall, except half of its floor is stocked with two rows of back-to-back slot machines, taking anywhere from a penny to 50¢ per pull.

Occupants: Parnell (36) and Tyger Olsen (34), the owners, are here most nights, as are Cassie (22), Olivia (24), Yvette (24), the Trail's hostesses. The Olsens also employ two dealers, two bartenders, and a bouncer.

14. PULTZER'S (K)

Description: Use the Big House map. Abe Pultzer, an ex-textile tycoon, is a fan of high-stakes gambling. So when he bought his own casino, Mr. Pultzer naturally made it a point to run big-buck tournaments (with entry fees running about 5% of the pot). He just loves how money brings out the competition in people.

Pultzer's is smaller than the Grand Frontier, but thanks to the gambling contests with rich purses, it's almost as well-known.

Occupants: Abe Pultzer (54) is assisted by 10 dealers, two bouncers, and three managers.

15. RAINBOW'S END (K)

Description: Use the Small Hotel map. Despite being a lot smaller than the Jackpot Inn, the Rainbow's End still does good business. The dining area on first level is actually an eatery open to the public, offering hot and cold sandwiches at reasonable prices.

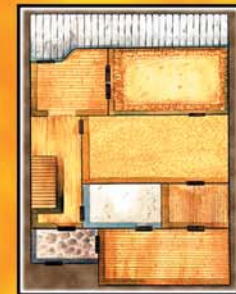
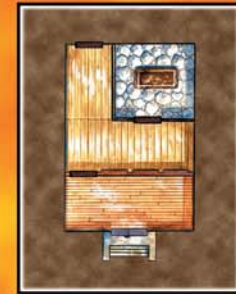
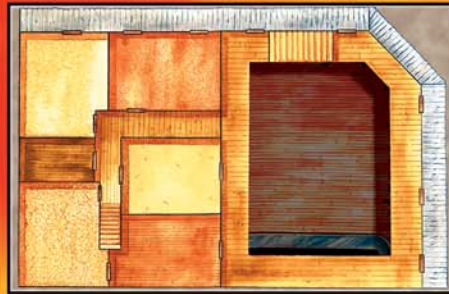
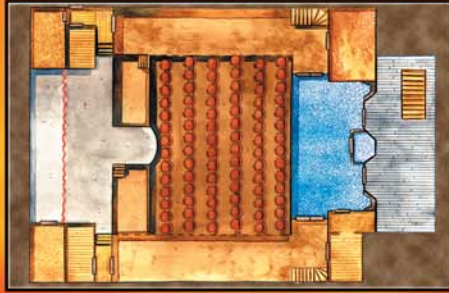
Occupants: Jack (48) and Mabel (39) Mulligan own and run this place, with three servants helping out.

16. THE SNAKE EYES (K)

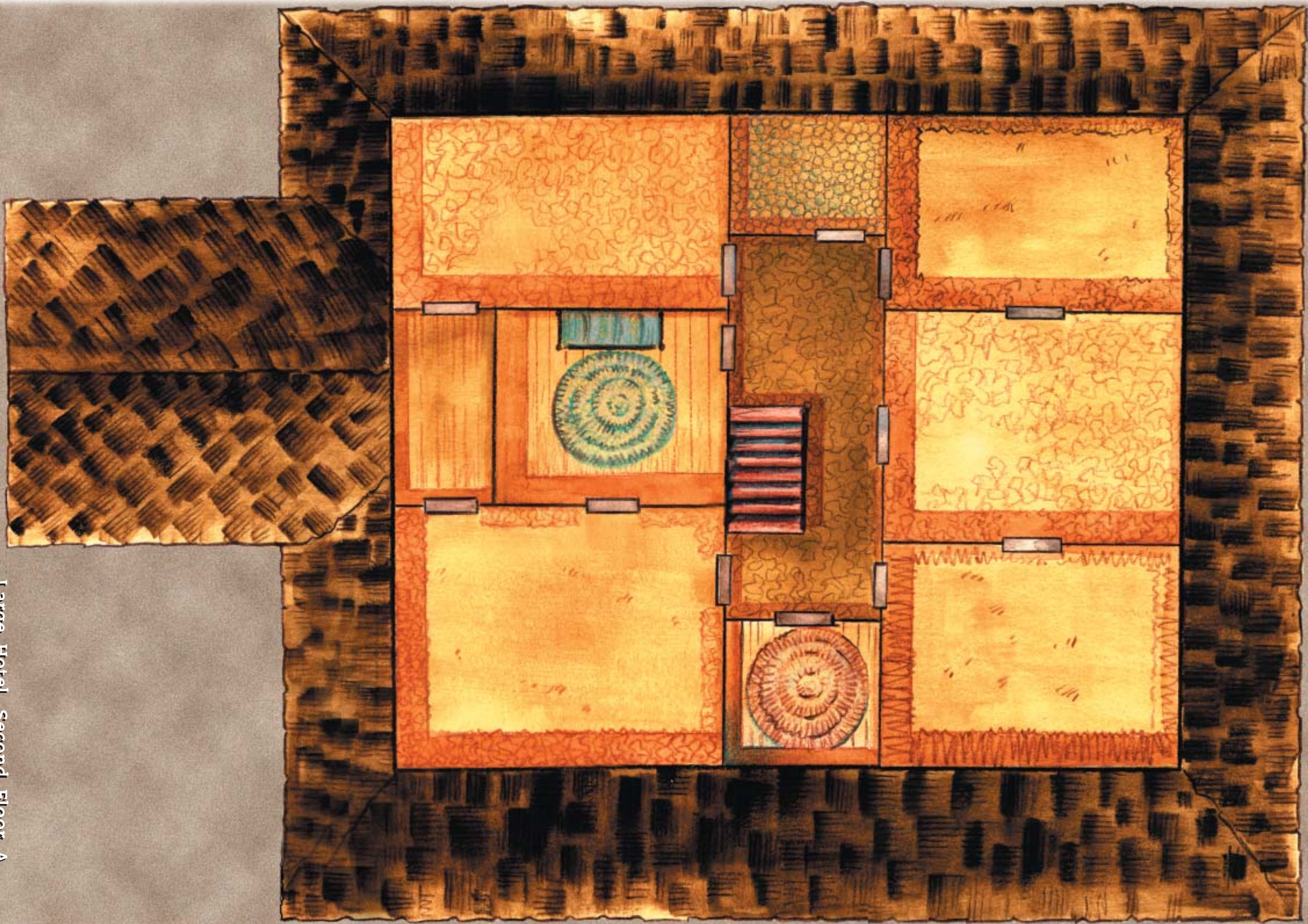
Description: Use the Big Hotel map, first floor only. Bonasco's favorite saloon is run by One-Eyed Louie, who whips up the meanest drink in town, the Bank Breaker (35¢ a shot; an onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or the drinker is Winded). The saloon has 10 tables, which are often used for heavy gambling by the night customers.

Occupants: Louie (46) usually mans the bar, with his cousins Buck (41), Isaac (40), and purty Cecilia (25), Deanne (28), Mary Jill (33), and Virginia (22) lending a hand when it's busy.

The Maps



Large Hotel, Second Floor A



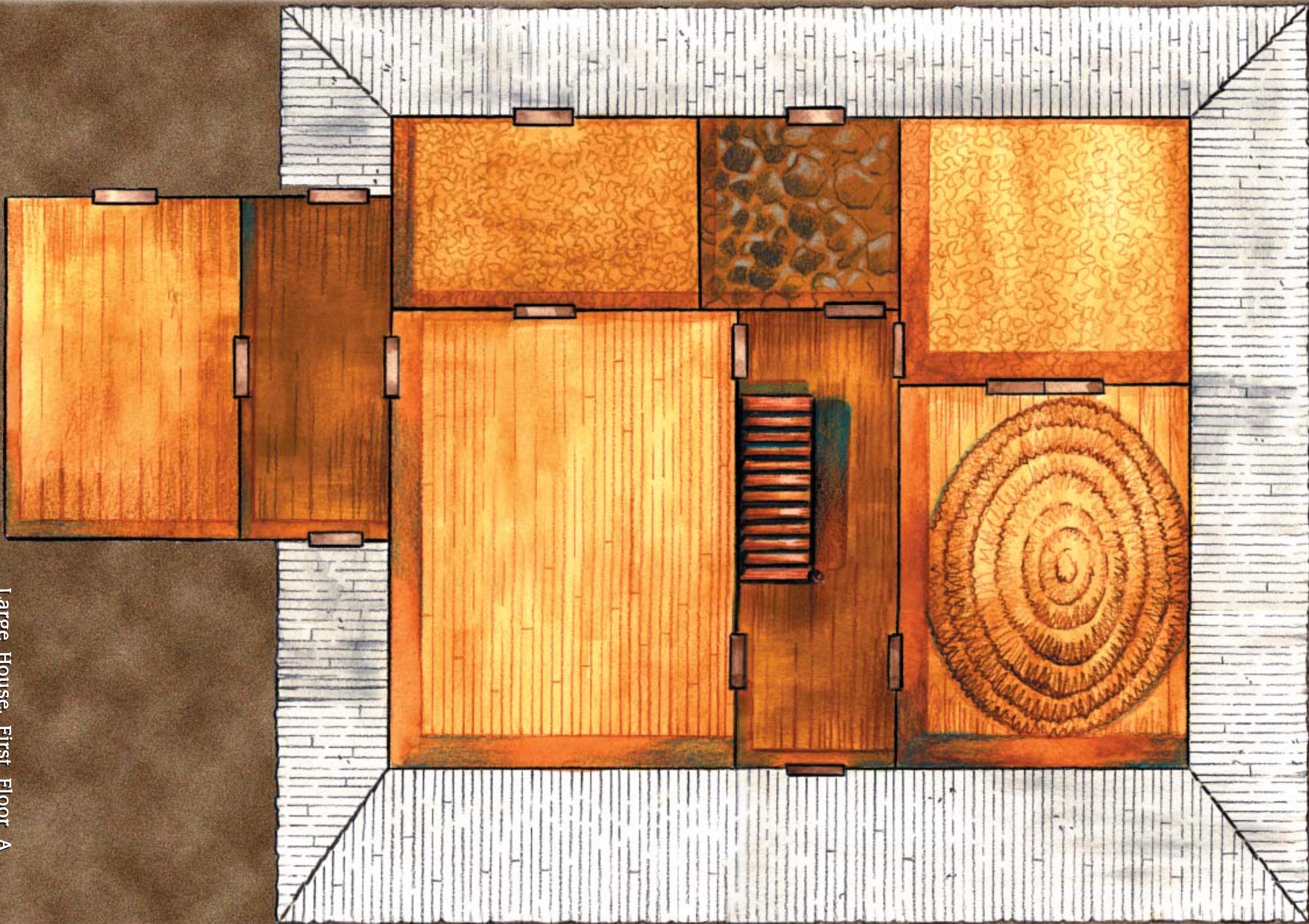
Large House, Second Floor B

Large Hotel, Second Floor A



Large Hotel, Second Floor B

Large House, First Floor A



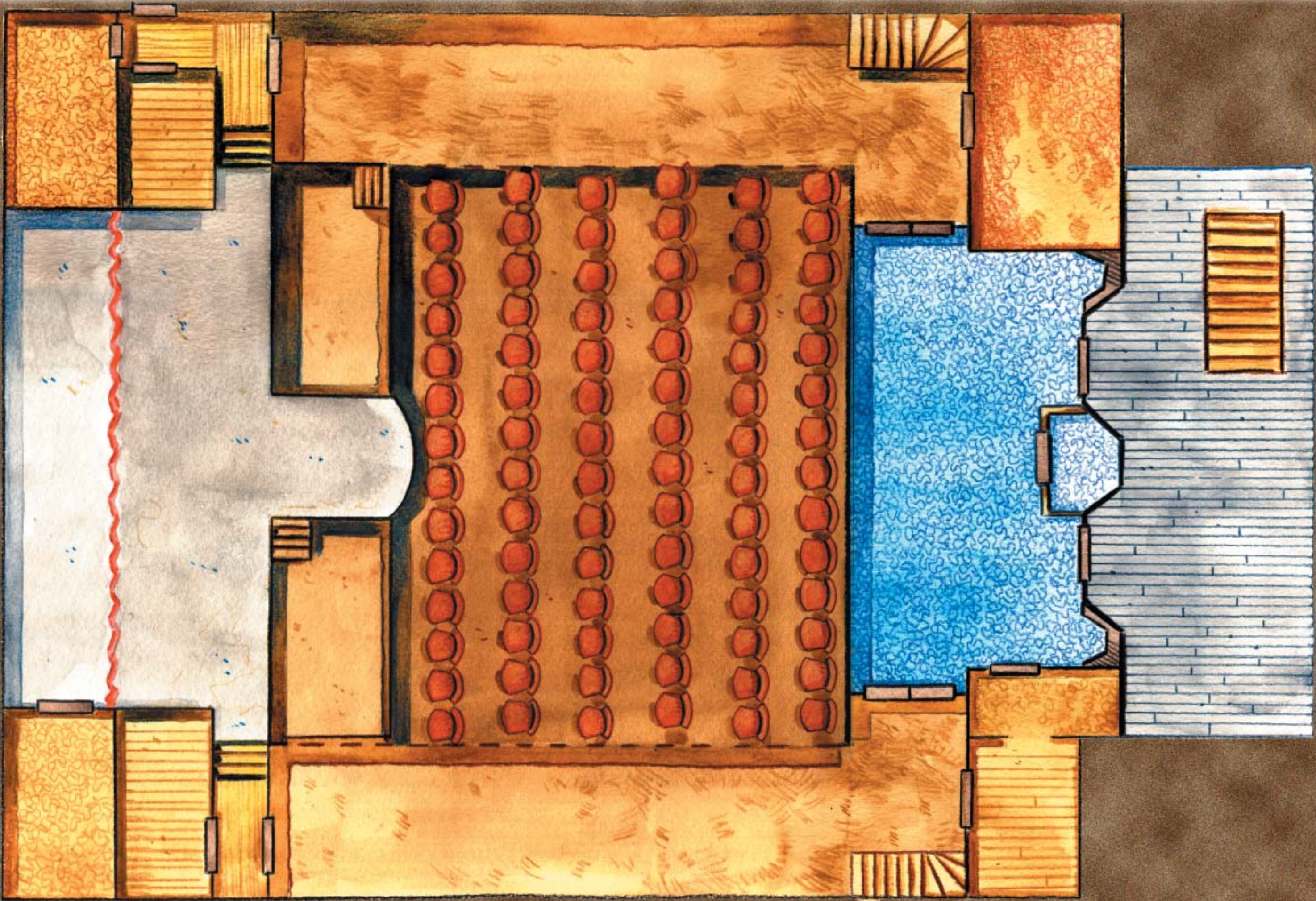
Large House, First Floor B

Large Hotel, First Floor A



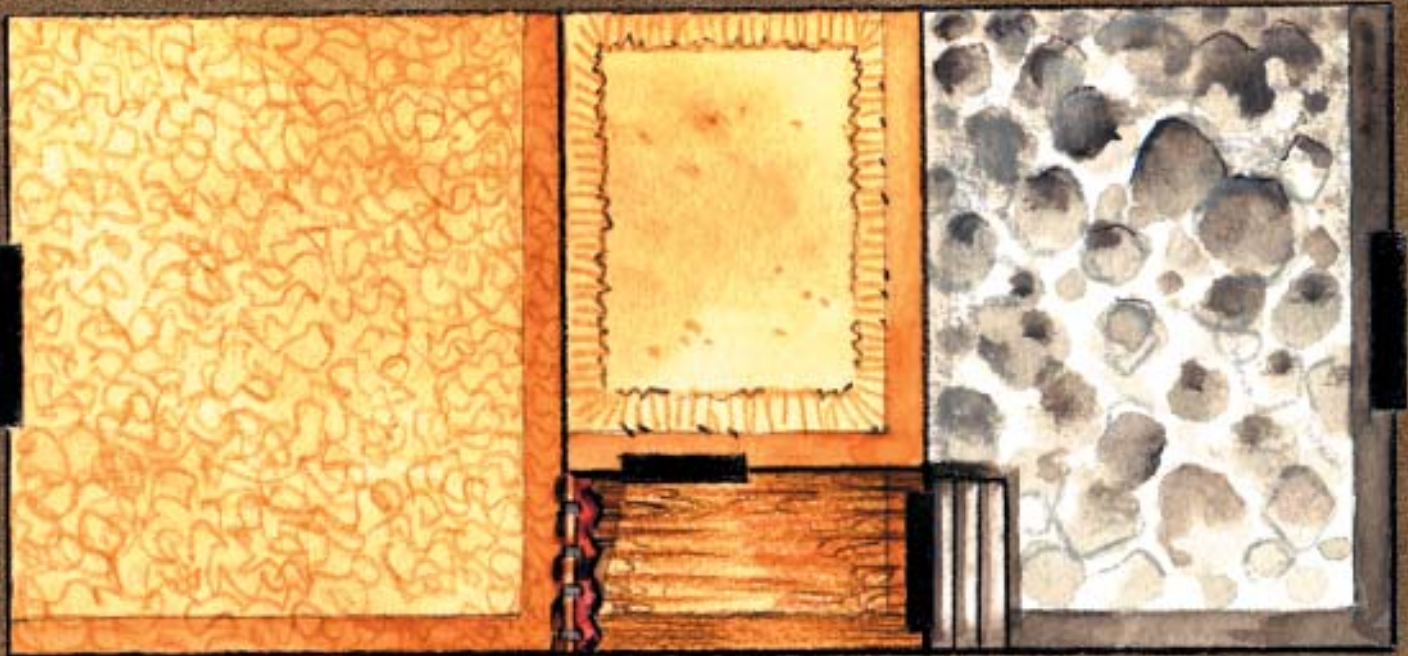
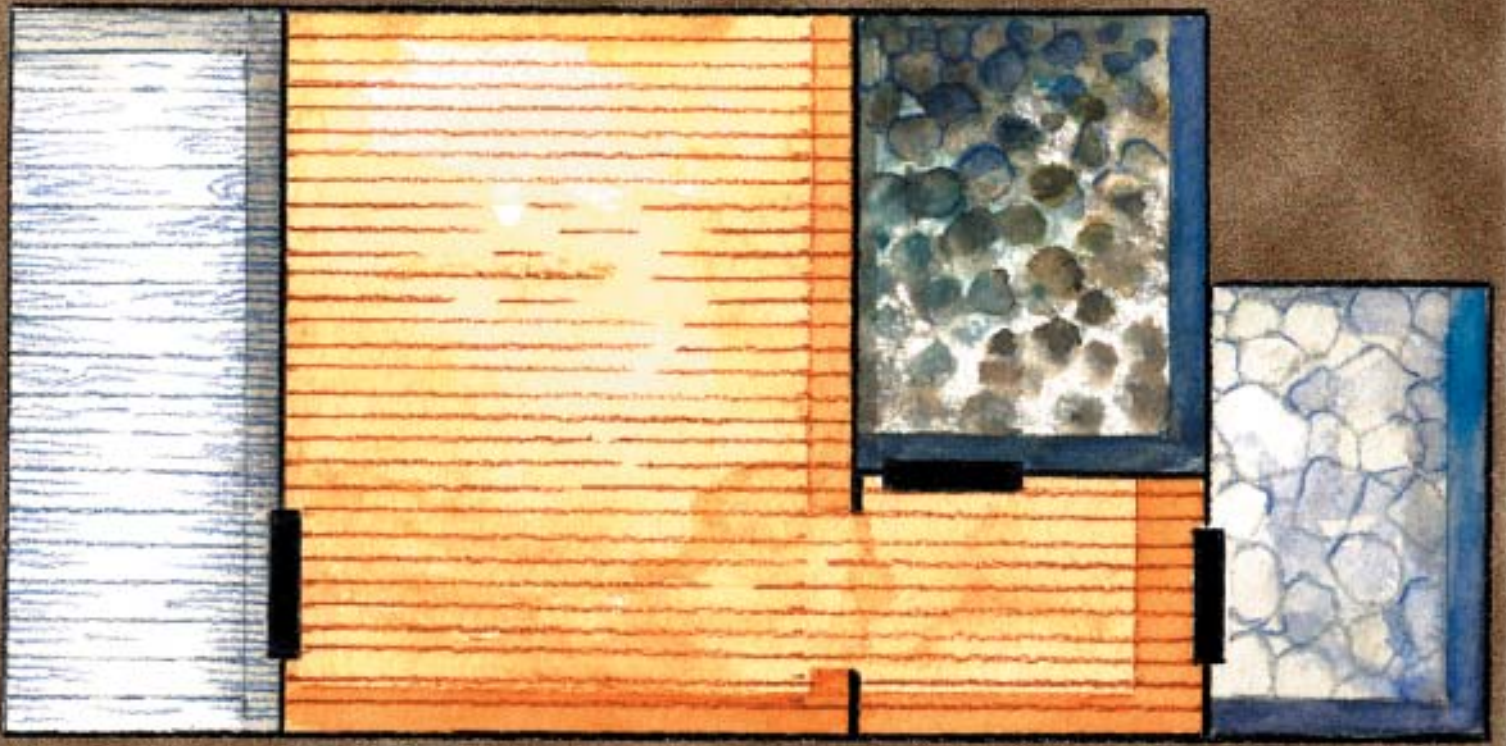
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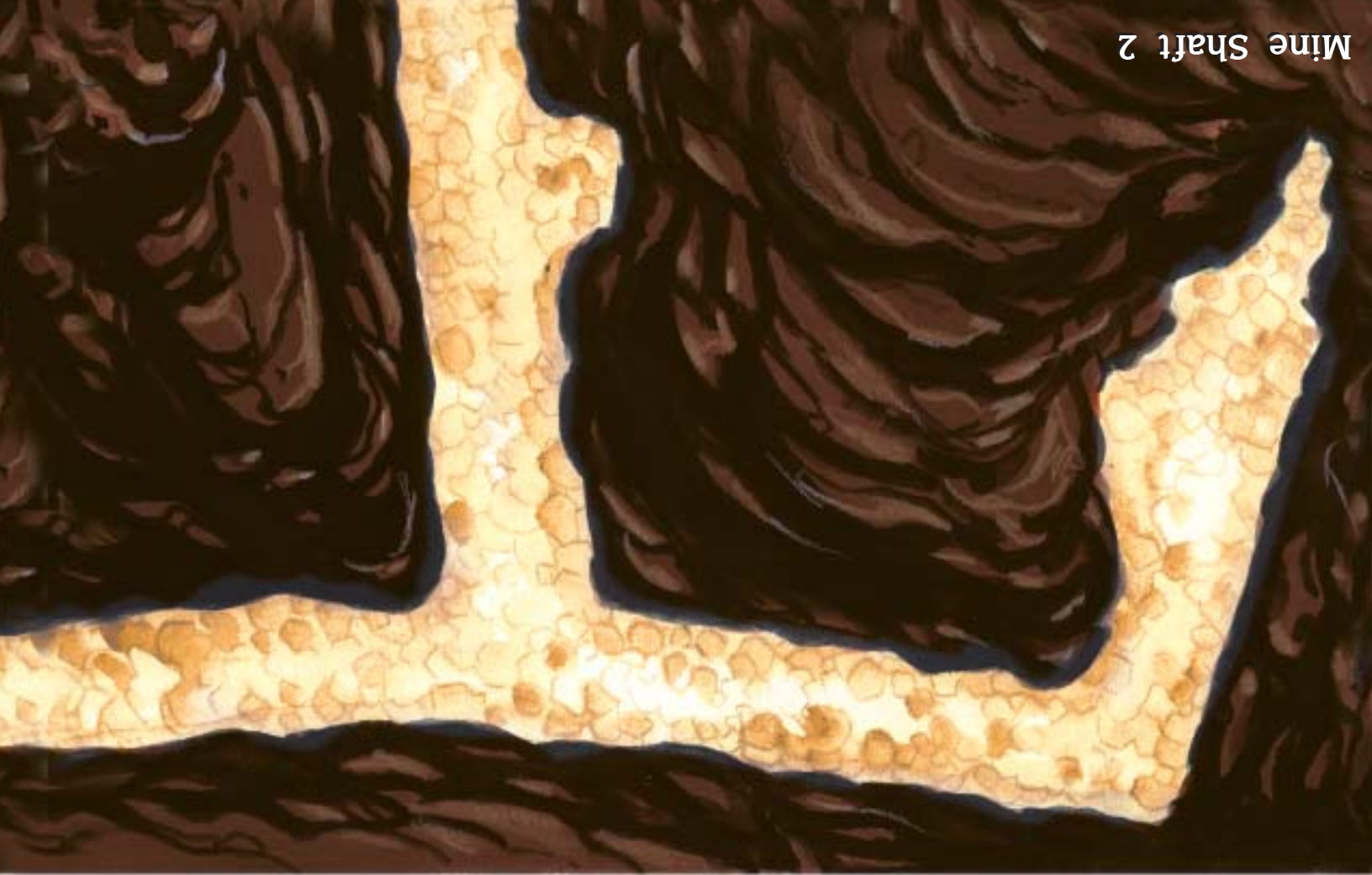




Theater A

Theater B







Bank



Stables

Mine Shaft 1

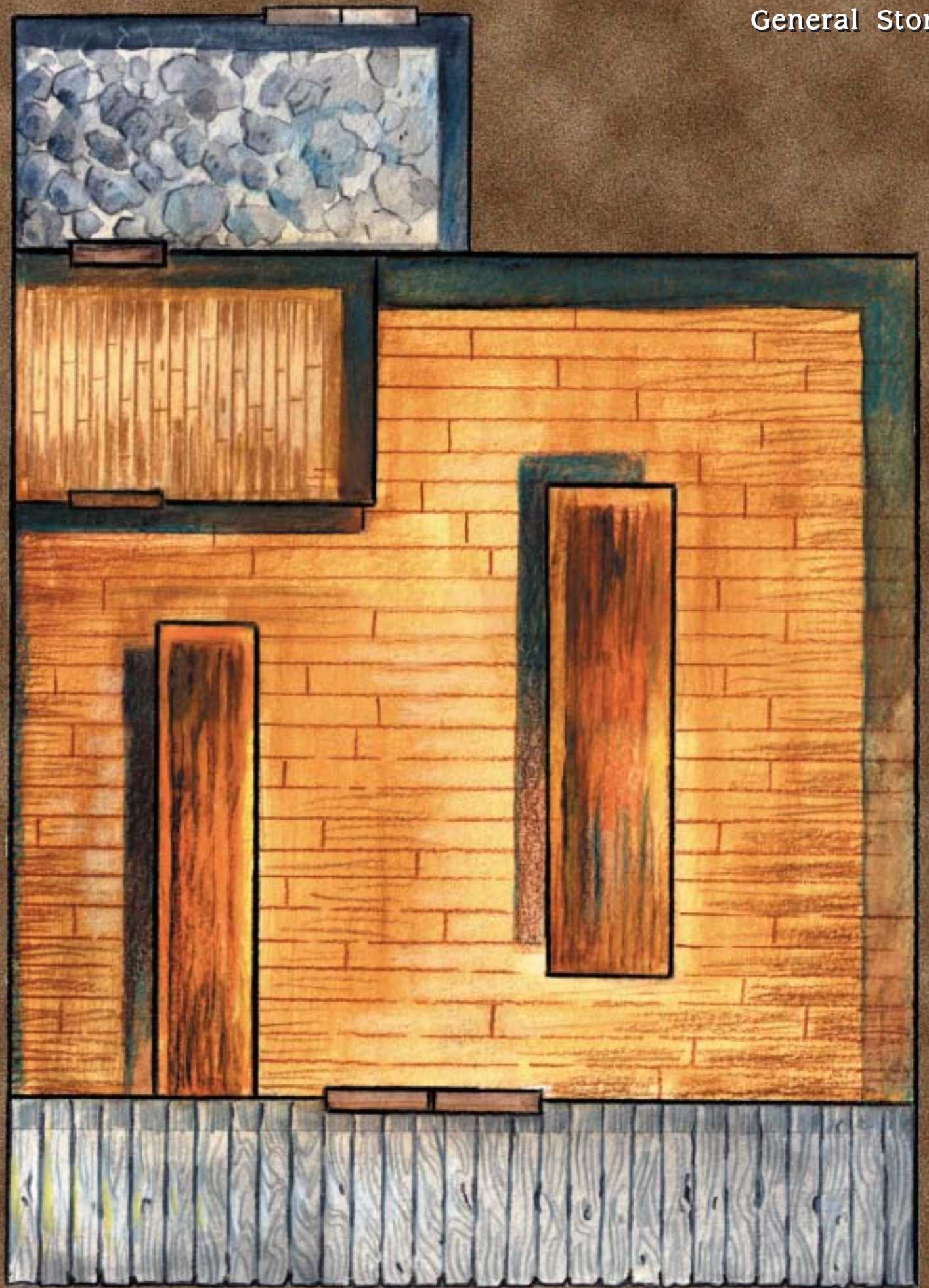


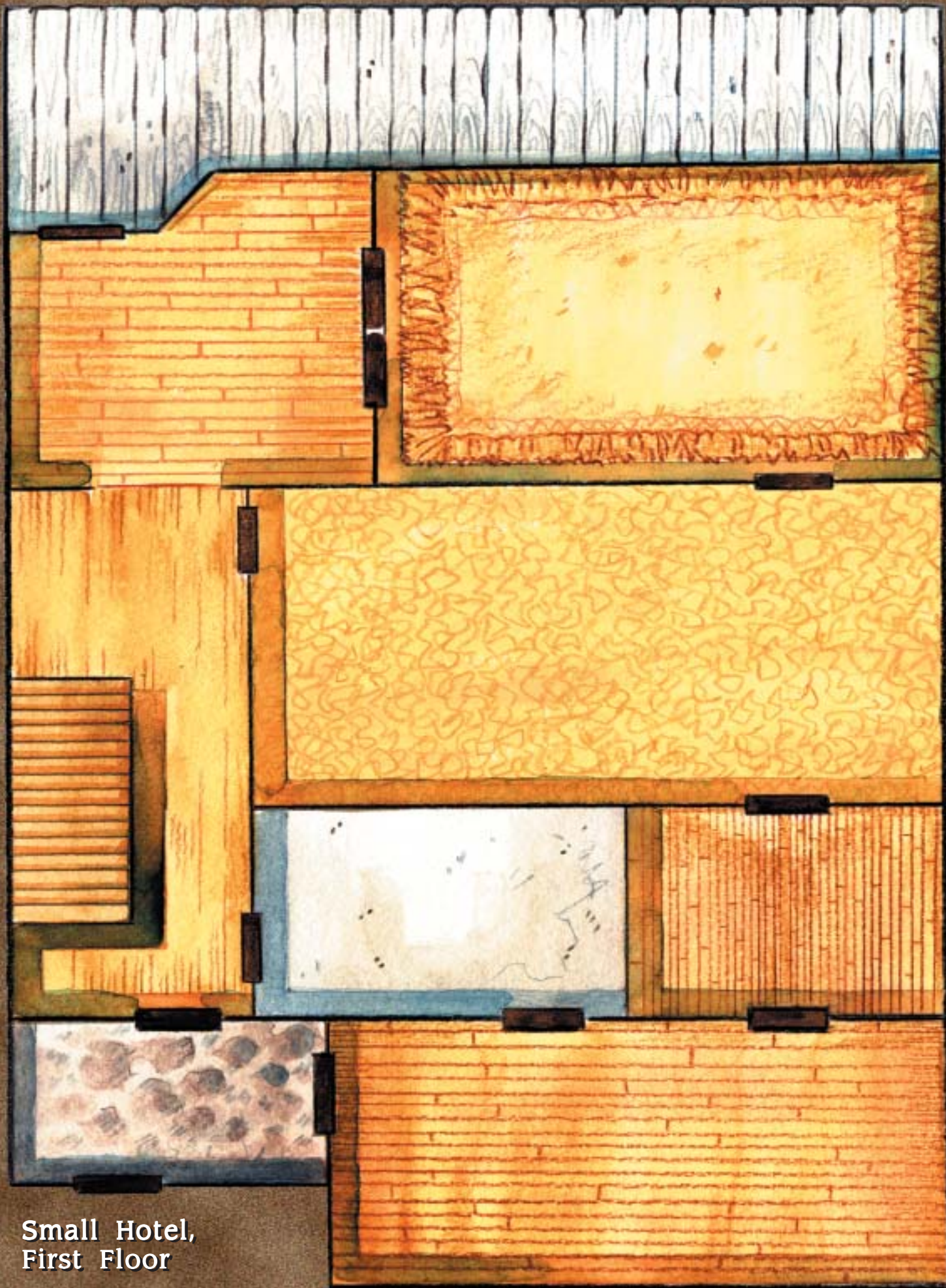


Church

Mine Entrance

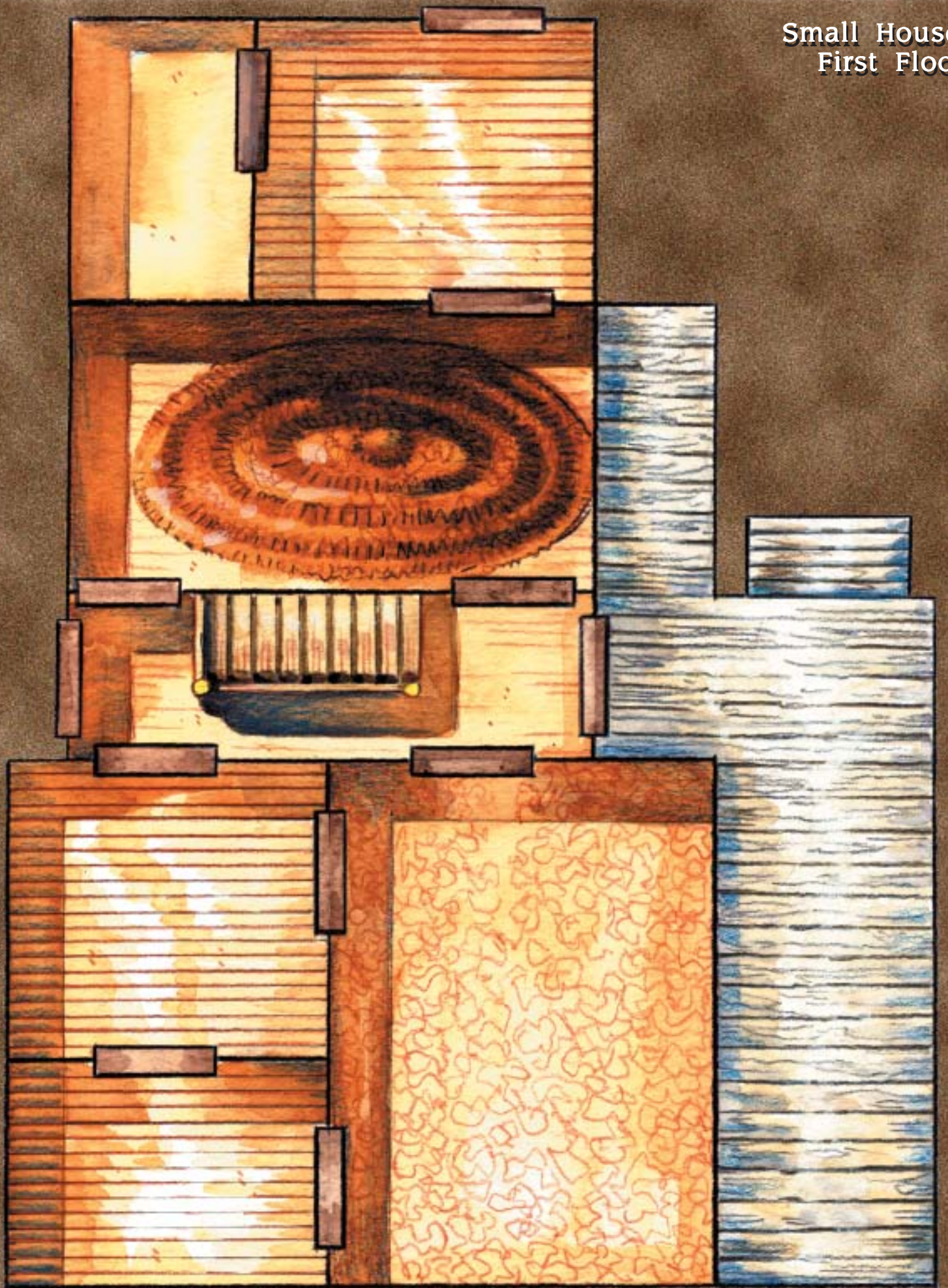


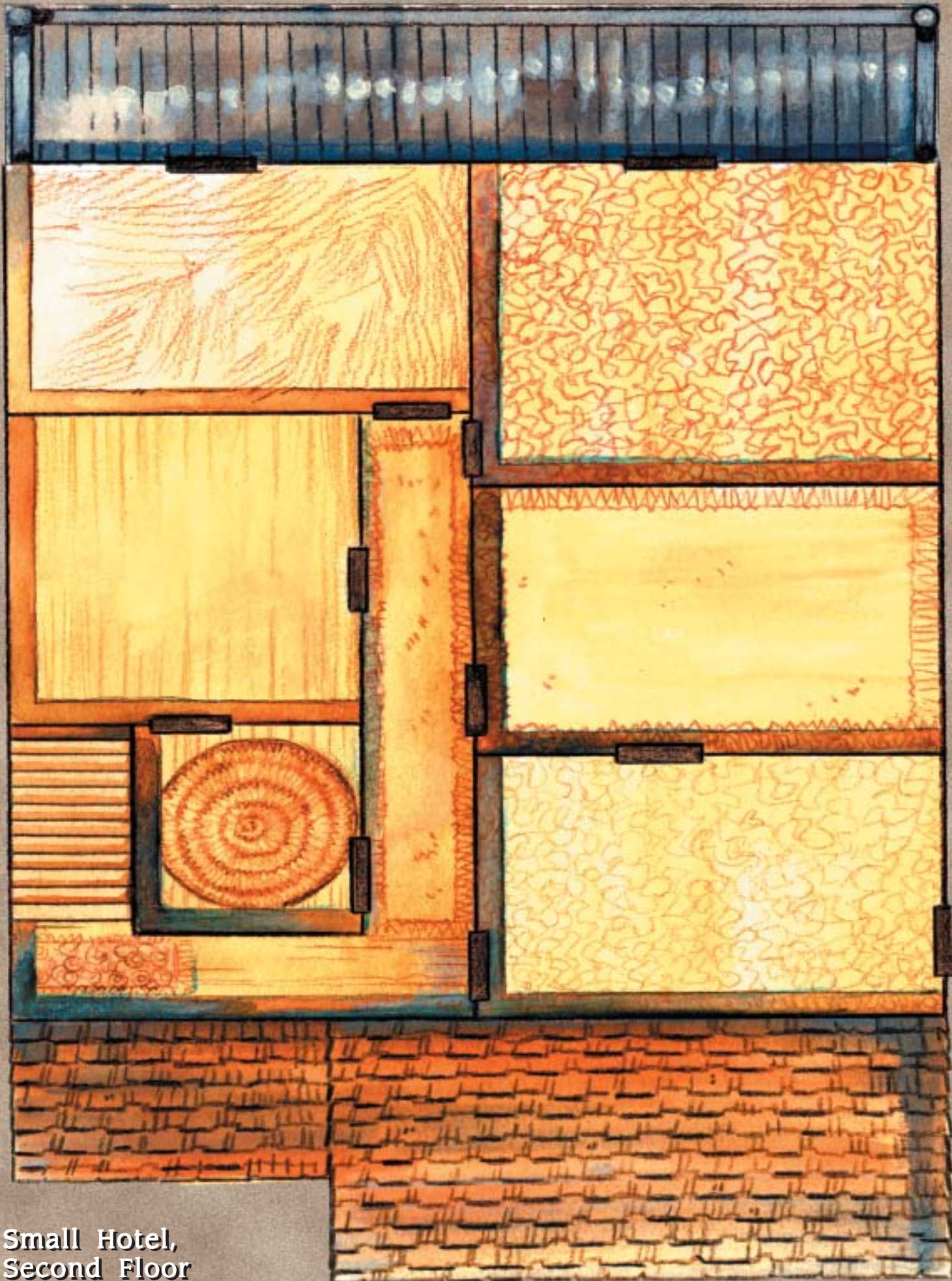




Small Hotel,
First Floor

Small House,
First Floor





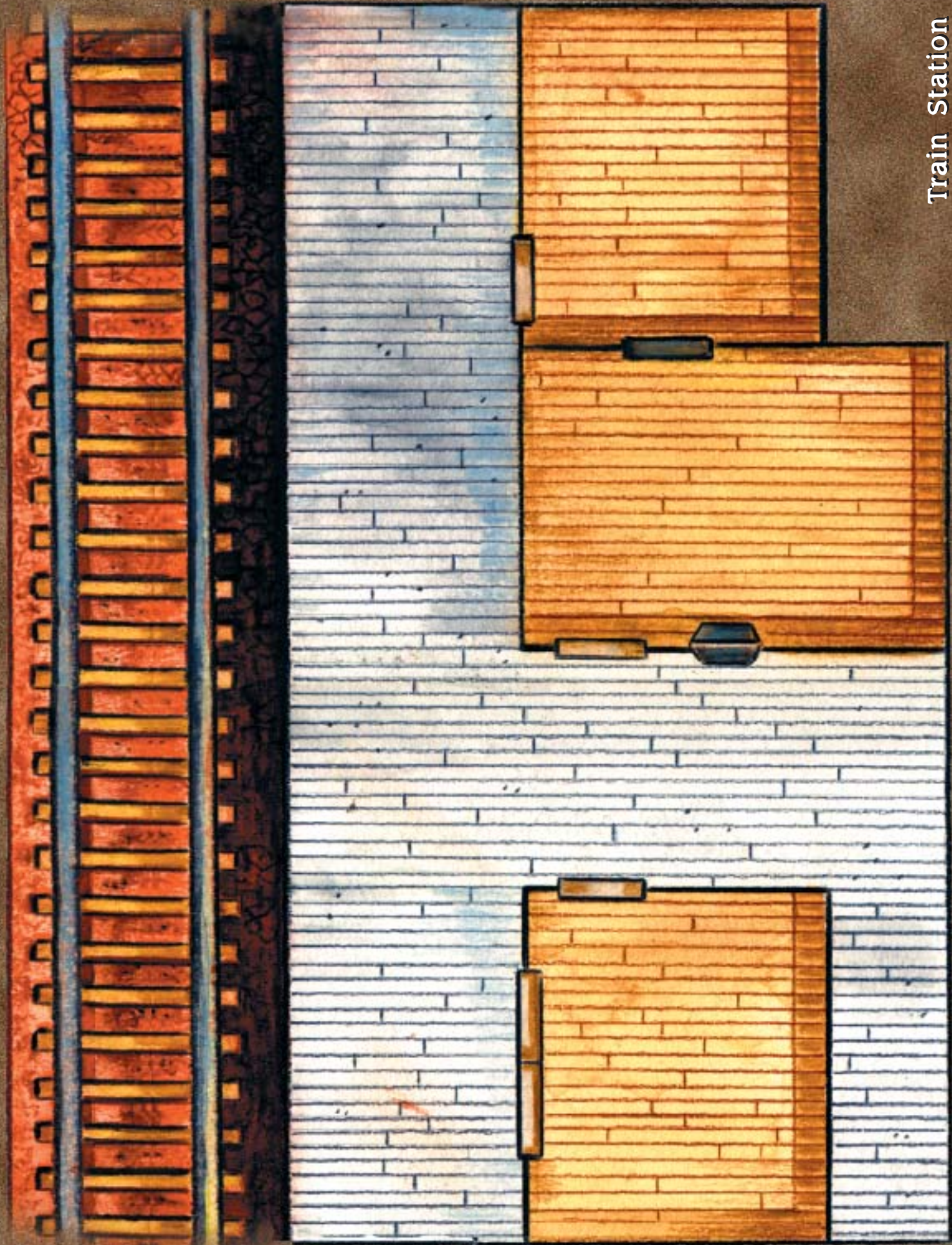
Small Hotel,
Second Floor

Small House,
Second Floor





Jail



Train Station



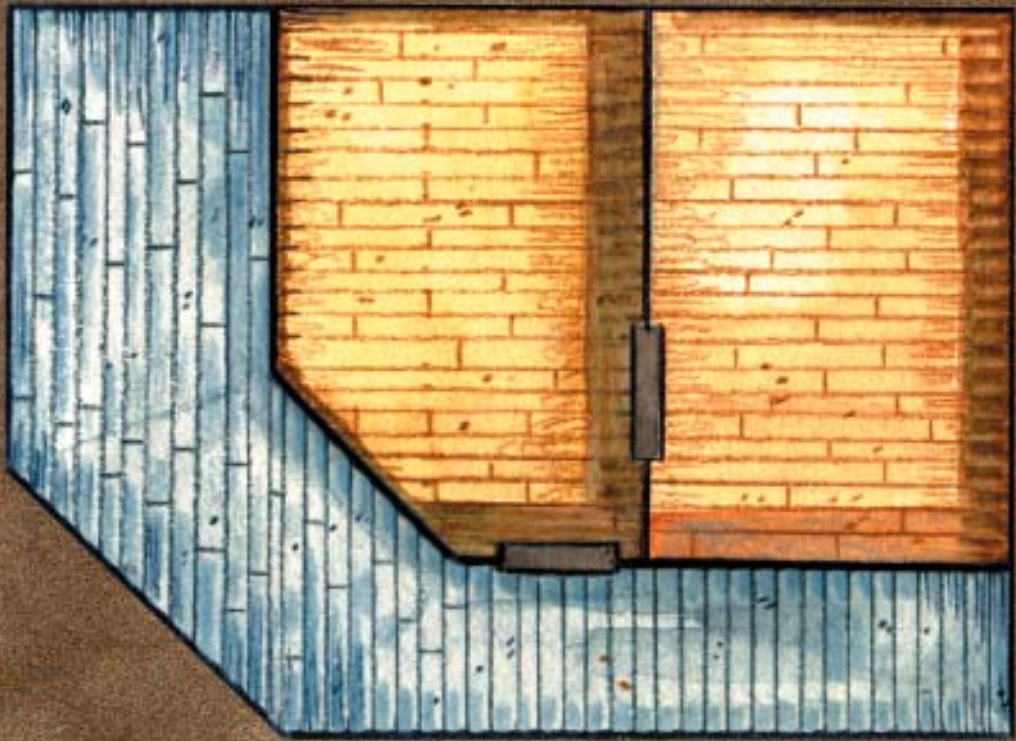
Newspaper Office



Generic Shops



Bunk House



Telegraph Office



Don't Get Caught In The Same Old Web

Pinnacle Entertainment Group invites you to check out our Weird Website™ devoted to Deadlands™: The Weird West™, Deadlands: The Great Rail Wars™, and Deadlands: Hell on Earth™. We've crammed the site with sticky strands of tasty tidbits sure to please that ornery imagination, and we update the site regularly. So come on by and visit for a spell, or two, or three...

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FOWLER
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