

A FANTASY GAMES UNLIMITED PUBLICATION

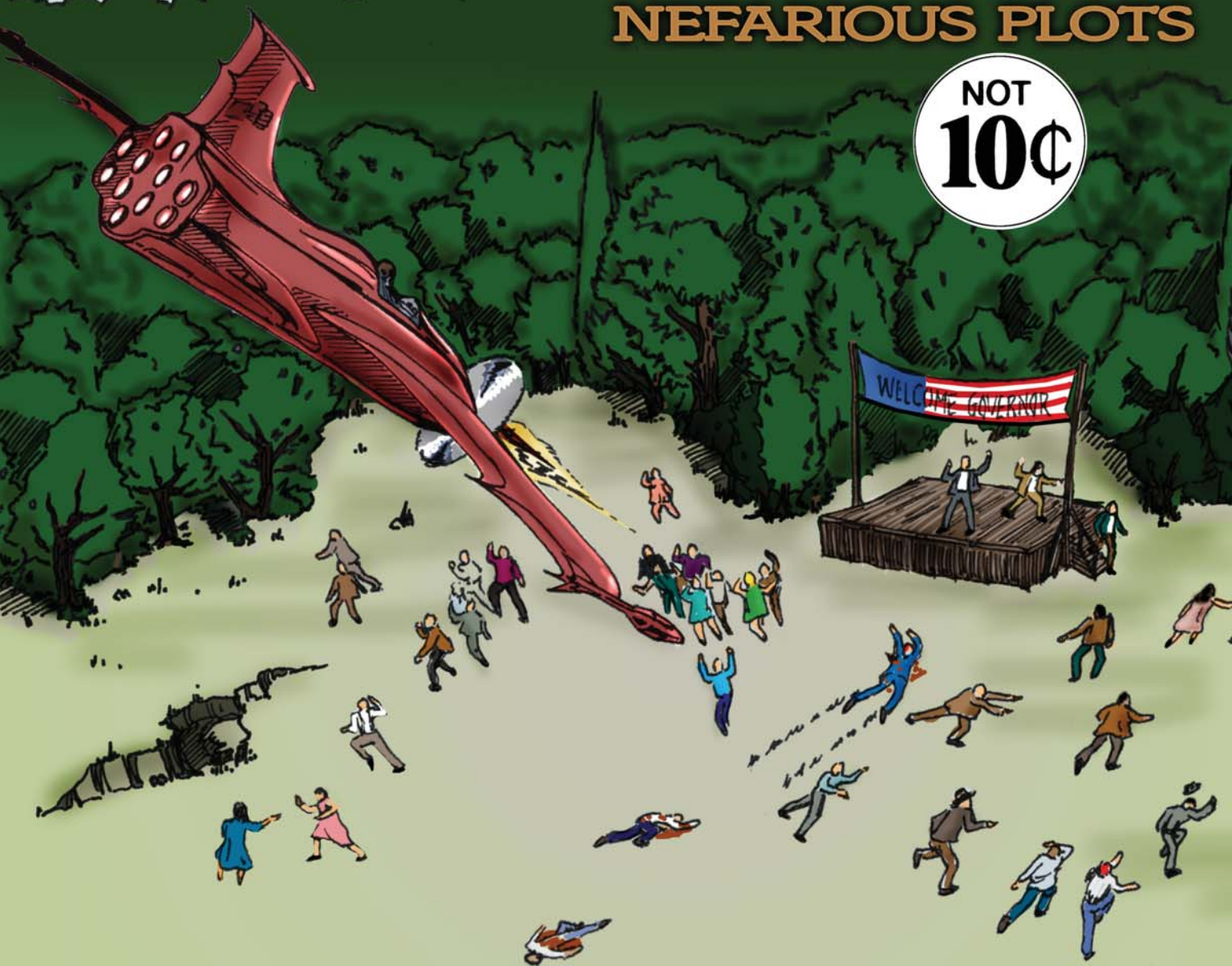
DAREDEVIL

AdventuresTM

Vol. 3 No. 1

NEFARIOUS PLOTS

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DAREDEVIL

Adventures™



IN THIS ISSUE:

CRIME OF
THE CENTURY
by
Stephen Dedman

TERROR OF
THE RED FIST
by
Stefan Jones

CURSE OF THE
COUNTESS
by
Stephen Dedman

DAREDEVIL ADVENTURES™ is a play aid for use with the DAREDEVILS™ Role Playing Game. It is not a complete game but rather a collection of plots and characters to help a gamemaster take his players along on action-packed adventures.



The FBI has received reports that Germany plans to hijack a supply of helium from the United States for its dirigible program. Helium sales to Germany have been banned so that the Germans can no longer purchase the gas legally.

From "Crime of the Century:"

DAREDEVIL

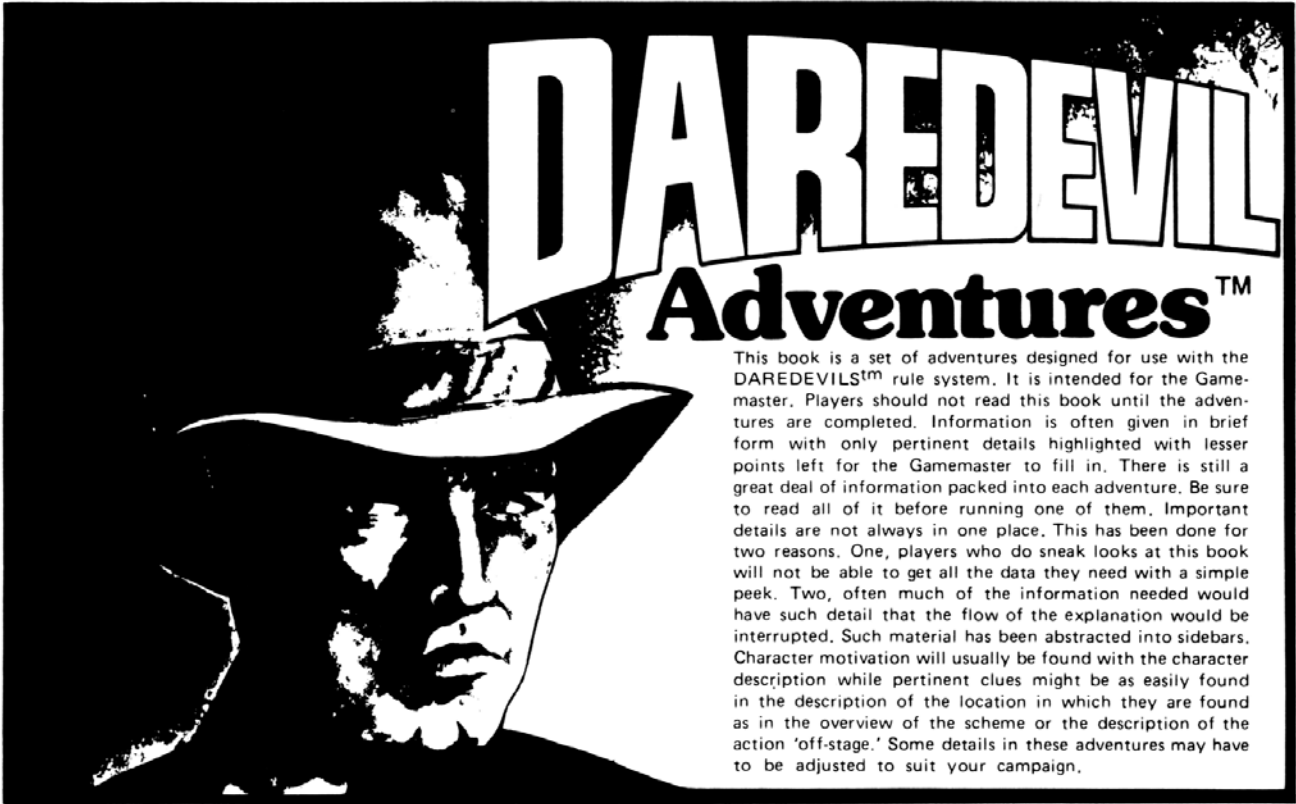
AdventuresTM

Vol. 3 No. 1

NEFARIOUS PLOTS



PO Box 1082
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This book is a set of adventures designed for use with the DAREDEVILS™ rule system. It is intended for the Gamemaster. Players should not read this book until the adventures are completed. Information is often given in brief form with only pertinent details highlighted with lesser points left for the Gamemaster to fill in. There is still a great deal of information packed into each adventure. Be sure to read all of it before running one of them. Important details are not always in one place. This has been done for two reasons. One, players who do sneak looks at this book will not be able to get all the data they need with a simple peek. Two, often much of the information needed would have such detail that the flow of the explanation would be interrupted. Such material has been abstracted into sidebars. Character motivation will usually be found with the character description while pertinent clues might be as easily found in the description of the location in which they are found as in the overview of the scheme or the description of the action 'off-stage.' Some details in these adventures may have to be adjusted to suit your campaign.

VOL. 3

No. 1

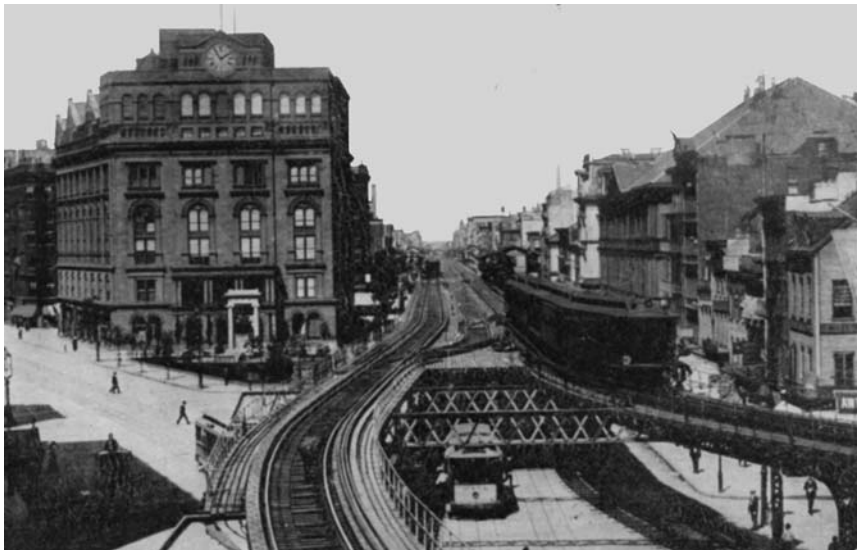
CRIME OF THE CENTURY.....by Stephen Dedman	3
Is it a Nazi plot to seize helium for their dirigible program, or is something else behind the heists and the murder of an FBI agent in New York City?	
TERROR OF THE RED FIST.....by Stefan Jones	26
Plans for an experimental aircraft have been stolen, and FBI agent has been killed while following the perpetrators, and an unknown radical group has plans to disrupt American elections.	
CURSE OF THE COUNTESS	39
An appeal for help from an archaeologist working in Romania brings the daredevils to that country. Are Eastern European legends true, are there really vampires, or is something or someone else behind the events in the Carpathians?	
THE ORIENT EXPRESS	60
The famous railway that linked Western Europe to Bucharest and Istanbul is outlined here with a description of routes, time required, and services offered.	

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A FANTASY GAMES UNLIMITED PUBLICATION



CRIME OF THE CENTURY

Written by **Dr. Stephen Dedman**
 Maps by **Tanya Schmah**
 Art and final maps by **James Bishop**

1.1 THE BRIEFING

Saturday, January 26th, 1935. 11 AM. The player-characters have each received an identical telegram.

Liam "Fibber" MacEvoy is an old friend of all of the daredevils. Since being demobbed from the Navy after the Great War, he has had a variety of occupations, mostly connected with shipping and the sea, but last year he joined the newly-empowered Federal Bureau of Investigation as an agent. Fibber – so called long before he joined the

<p>CLASS OF SERVICE</p> <p>This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.</p>	<h1>WESTERN UNION</h1> <p>W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT</p>	<p>1201</p> <p>SYMBOLS</p> <p>DL=Day Letter</p> <p>NL=Night Letter</p> <p>LT=Int'l Letter Telegram</p> <p>VLT=Int'l Victory Ltr.</p>
<p>The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination</p>		
<p>0A033 SSU166</p> <p>0.NY P236</p> <p>MUST MEET</p> <p>ROOM SIX LANG HOTEL LAKEHURST</p> <p>SATURDAY MORNING ELEVEN</p> <p>URGENT</p> <p>FIBBER</p>		
<p>NO _____ TO _____</p> <p>BY <u>It</u> AT <u>6:50a</u> TO BE <u>held</u></p>		
<p>(3316 112)=</p> <p>THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE</p>		

Fibber, because of his ability to spin tall tales at a moment's notice – may be a daredevil's legal Contact, or they may be his contacts in other subcultures (including criminal). Or, he may simply be a drinking buddy, or a former shipmate. Either way, an urgent invitation from Fibber is not to be turned down (fortunately, all the daredevils were in or near New York this weekend) and so they meet in a small hotel room in Lakehurst, New Jersey. From the window, they can see the Graf Zeppelin moored at the airfield.

Fibber seems unusually serious when he arrives. Subdued, even. He is wearing a new black suit with his favorite snap-brim hat, and carrying a new leather briefcase. Perceptive daredevils might notice a shoulder holster under his jacket. He greets everyone without his usual joking, and locks the door behind him before opening the briefcase.

Fibber removes a manila folder from his briefcase. It contains three 8 x 10 inch photos: the wreckage of the R-101, a British airship which crashed on its maiden voyage in 1930; the Graf Zeppelin; and a "mug shot" of an excessively ordinary looking man in street clothes.

"As you probably know," begins Fibber, "Germany has the best record in the world for airship safety. They haven't had a passenger killed or injured in more than twenty years of commercial flying. The Graf Zeppelin has flown close to half a million miles since it was launched in '28, without any accidents, and Germany's building a bigger and better one, to be launched early next year – the L129. They want it to be even safer than normal; they want to put a bag of helium around

each hydrogen gasbag, to make it almost fireproof. What's more, there's hardly a splinter of wood in the thing; all the fittings are duralumin. And, with typical German arrogance, a lot of the stuff was salvaged from the wreck of the R-101."

"It'll be even faster than the Graf – about ninety-three miles per hour – and specifically designed for a regular trans-Atlantic run from Germany to here. Commercial flights, of course, but . . ."

"Hitler, Germany's Chancellor, has been making a lot of noise about what he calls lebensraum – living space. War cries. And with the fleet of zeppelins like these – there are already plans for a second L129, the Graf Zeppelin II – he could bomb most of the major cities on the east coast – or, worse, use poison gas or germ warfare. So, when he pulled Germany out of the League of Nations, back in '33 we put an embargo on helium. And only America can produce enough helium for an airship the size of the L129. Of course, that's supposed to be a secret."

"This chap," he says, indicating the mug shot, "was one of our men. He was chasing a rumor that someone had set up dummy companies to buy helium, and was going to ship it to Germany. He was working undercover, using the name Jimmy Dickenson. We found him dead last Wednesday in New York Harbor. Someone pistolwhipped him and dumped him off a boat with a weight on his feet. Rumor is that there's a leak somewhere in the Bureau. If there is, we can't afford to take any chances."

Fibber reaches into his briefcase and pulls out an envelope for each daredevil. Each contains six \$10 notes and eight \$5 notes, all unmarked. \$100 in all. "Expenses," he explains. "It was all I could get without having to explain it. I can't get you any guns, either; if you're caught with government issue, you're compromised."

His reasons for selecting the daredevils are at the GM's discretion: they may have Criminal, Political, or Business contacts that Fibber hasn't, or a proven ability to fit into many subcultures, or useful skills in burglary or interrogation; or Fibber may be able to blackmail some of them; or maybe they just need a paying job.

"In any event," says Fibber, "this isn't just an underworld case. There's money behind this, big money, and probably someone with friends in high places . . . so, if the worst comes to worst, you never heard of me, get it?" He smiles, very slightly.

"Dickenson" wasn't able to report in very often," he adds. "The last piece of useful information we got from him, last Sunday, was the address of a warehouse near the docks, and the name of the company that leases it – Eastern Agricultural Chemicals, Pty Ltd. Of course, no such company is registered, and we don't know who owns it."

Fibber will hand over the forensic information on 'Jimmy Dickenson' if asked, but he will not let the daredevils keep a copy. From the look of the wound, Dickenson was probably struck from behind with a Colt revolver, by a strong, right-handed man over 5'11" tall. He was wearing overalls (work clothes), and boots; his pockets had been turned out and a search of his cheap, one-room apartment suggests that his watch, wallet and keys had been taken. There were no signs of a struggle or search in the apartment, and his pistol, handcuffs, sap and folding camera were still hidden in a clothing drawer. No evidence was found among Dickenson's belongings. There were no fingerprints found on his body, or on the sack of ballast that was tied to his feet, and the only identifiable fingerprints in his apartment were his own and the landlady's (the room was dusted once a month or between tenants, whichever was more frequent). The autopsy report also states that salt water was found in 'Dickenson's' lungs, suggesting that he died from drowning in the harbor, not from his wounds. The time of his death is estimated at early Tuesday morning, but it is hard to be certain.

When the daredevils have finished with the autopsy report, Fibber will lock it in his briefcase, stand, and say, "Call me if you need any help, but really . . . it's up to you."

FIBBER MACEVOY

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
20	16	14	18	27	16	3	31



Weapons: Cold Police Positive in concealed holster.

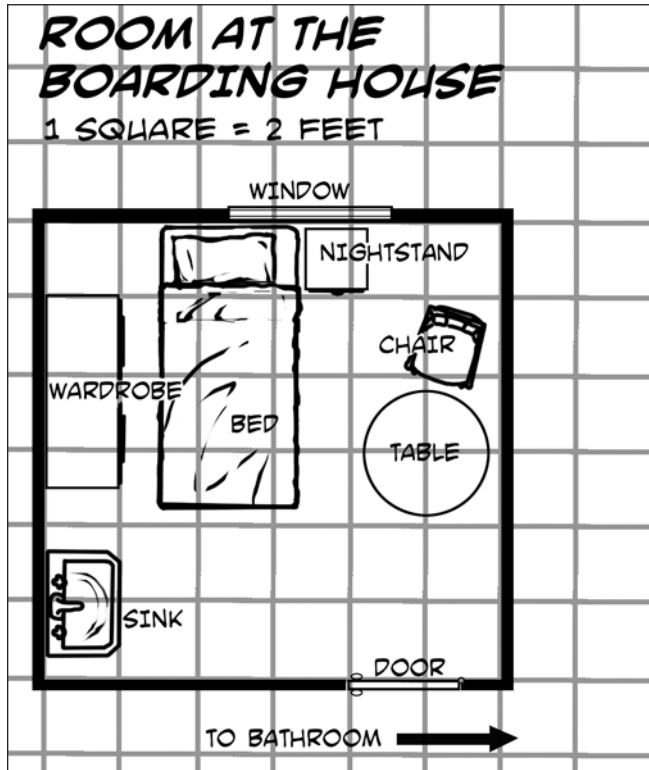
Skills: Pistol (18), Interrogation (19), Law Enforcement Subculture (18), Criminal Subculture (17), Forensic Science (16), Stealth (17), Driver (16), Cryptology (15), Martial Arts (15/4), Military Science (13), Brawling (13/4), Rifle (12), Law (12), Navigation (11), Politics Subculture (11), Swimming (9), Autofire (9).

Clothing: Street Clothes (AV 1) with a snap-brim hat.

1.2 THE APARTMENT

The apartment is cheap, a small one-room with fading wallpaper and sleazy furniture, one of the seven in Mrs. Watt's boarding house on West 48th Street. The only easy way into the second-storey room is via the door, which can be locked from either side and bolted from the inside. The window cannot be opened from the outside, and there is no fire escape. The window overlooks an alley; there is no view apart from the boarding house behind it.

None of Dickenson's personal effects remain in the room; Fibber has collected all of them. As the room is now vacant, Mrs. Watt will be happy to rent it out.



Watt is a sour fat woman in her late forties, who looks older. She can be easily bribed with money or drink, but has no useful information beyond what she told Fibber (who claimed to be Dickenson's cousin); that Dickenson was last home on Monday morning, and he left for work at six, as usual. He had no visitors in his room, was polite but not talkative, stayed out late most nights but came home fairly sober, read a newspaper every morning, and paid his rent on time. Treat Watt as Poor Quality Rabble.

Peter Guardino, a stevedore who lives downstairs, remembers seeing Dickenson at the docks a few times, and at Riley's, the saloon on West 51st Street and Amsterdam Avenue, though he wasn't exactly a regular there. Last Friday night, he remembers, he saw Dickenson with two men who didn't look like stevedores: one was Harry, the waterside workers' union rep, and the other was a guy in a pretty good suit, about forty, who he hasn't seen before or since. Harry is about six feet tall and 'built like a house himself, y'know, big and solid,' but the other guy was short and skinny, dark hair turning grey, little moustache, dark eyes.

Guardino is twenty-four years old, short and heavily built; he looks Italian, but his accent is Brooklynese. He has worked in the area and lived at Watt's boarding house for nearly two years.

PETER GUARDINO

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
11	16	18	13	10	18	2	35

Weapons: None

Skills: Swimming (11), Driver (10), Drive Heavy Equipment (13), Gambling (7), Seamanship (8), Brawling (11/3), Italian Language (16), Spanish Language (6).

Clothing: Work Clothes (overalls) with boots (AC2); wears a union suit in cold weather.

Arnie Vance, who has the room next to Dickenson's, will also remember seeing Dickenson at Riley's on a few nights, though never with Harry. He will also claim to have seen him with an attractive redhead named Charlotte, who he will describe in some detail. Unfortunately, he doesn't know where to find Charlotte, or her last name, or her husband's name, or his description. He seems certain she is married.

Vance is a clerk for the Indigo Line, and he moved into the boarding house eight days after Dickenson (nine days before he disappeared). He is also lying through his crooked little teeth, something he does quite well.

ARNIE VANCE

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	13	10	17	15	8	3	20

Weapons: Walther PP, (9mm short).

Skills: Business Subculture (10), Criminal Subculture (4), Cyclist (7), Stealth (7), Lockpicking (7), Pickpocket (9), Finance (6), Research (5), Rhetoric (9), Pistol (14).

Clothing: Cheap suit (street clothes), heavy overcoat (AC 2).

Vance moved into Watt's boarding house to spy on Dickenson, on the orders of his real boss, who he knows only as 'Pontius' and has never seen, and who communicates by typewritten notes which Vance immediately destroys (unless they include money). Vance keeps his pistol, a silencer, a concealed holster, fifty rounds of ammunition and a set of lockpicks hidden in his room. Vance can report to 'Pontius' by leaving notes in a 'drop' - a phone booth he passes on his way to and from work - and he will do so if the daredevils arouse his suspicion.

Vance is twenty-eight years old, 5'8" tall and quite thin, clean shaven with red hair, and slightly long-sighted (he needs glasses to read). Guardino doesn't like him, but Watt will defend him because, unlike Guardino, Vance always pays his rent on time.

1.3 THE WAREHOUSE

The warehouse on West 51st Street is one of many supposedly rented by Eastern Agricultural Chemicals, and has been carefully cleaned out. Nonetheless, it is still watched and guarded. In the loft of the warehouse directly opposite, hired by Highlight Photographic Sales, Lewes and Danny observe everyone who takes an interest in the warehouse. They cannot see the office door in the alley, but that is watched by Hendon, wedged shut with a chair, and electrified by a device inside. Anyone using metal lockpicks on the office lock will suffer an electric attack (1d10 x 3), unless protected by insulating gloves. The lock on the office door is Complexity 3, Barrier 20, and the padlock on the main door is Complexity 5, Barrier 20. There are no skylights on the roof.

LEWES

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
18	13	10	15	16	11	3	23

Weapons: Walther PP (9mm short) in a concealed holster, jackknife.

Skills: Driver (8), Interrogation (6), Lockpicking (8), Safecracking (16), Traps (17), Throwing (8), Pistol (8), Rifle (8), Knife (7/2), Electrician (8), Cryptography (13), Criminal Subculture (8), Law Enforcement Subculture (5), High Society Subculture (8), Physics (13).

Clothing: Street clothes, tailored.

Lewes was a professional photographer before the Depression, but hard times forced him to try a number of jobs, until he found work with the "Pontius gang." He is being well paid for this boring assignment – watching the warehouse with a high-speed camera on a tripod. Only if someone breaks into the Highlight Warehouse will Lewes use a weapon; he saves such barbarism for Danny.

Lewes is twenty-five years old, 5'10" tall, lightly built and good looking, with dark blonde hair, brown eyes, and a long moustache. He speaks with an educated English accent (he is actually from Boston). His fingers, long and spidery, are his most recognizable feature.

Lewes also receives his orders from 'Pontius' in typewritten notes. He suspects that 'Pontius' is Julia Norman, and will confess this if interrogated. He does not know what was hidden in the other warehouse, or where it was taken.

DANNY

Danny is nineteen years old, 5'8" tall, average build, with dark hair and dark eyes. He is wearing a good watch, which Fibber can identify as having belonged to 'Dickenson.' Treat him as Average Quality, except for the following skills:

Rifle (16), Autofire (16), Pistol (11), Brawling (12/4), Knife (10/3), Blunt Weapon (14/4).

Weapons: Thompson SMG, Sap.

Clothing: Street clothes (cheap, AC 1), snap-brim hat.

HENDON

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	9	13	13	16	10	2	21

Weapons: Knife-pistol, folding, with a brass-knuckle butt. The knife is Strength Group 2, WDM 1.1L. The pistol is a BBL snub, Action SA, magazine swing-cyl 6, Caliber .32, BDG 4, DUR 2, Weight .5.

Skills: Knife (15/4), Pistol (15), Brawling (13/4), Stealth (10), Disguise (8), Criminal Subculture (9).

Clothing: Street clothes over a union suit, (AC 2) old and dirty, old battered hat, mismatched shoes: dressed like a bum.

Hendon is thirty-eight years old, 5'6" tall and stocky, with thinning brown hair, blue eyes, and four days growth of beard in his bum disguise. He is left-handed and far more alert than he seems. Strangely, though he helped ambush 'Dickenson,' he has not been informed of his death: his orders were to take him alive. Hendon has no idea who 'Pontius' is, but he can, if interrogated, give a rough description of the crates brought into the warehouse on Wednesday and carried out again on Saturday: two thirds of them had airholes, and contained something bad-tempered; they were labeled "Livestock: Handle with Care." The others were labeled "Paint," and apparently contained large cans or tanks of some liquid. Hendon's personal theory is that it was printers' ink for forging currency. He does not know where those crates were taken, or remember the men who took them, but they drove a large Ford truck, of a sort common around the docks.

As indicated, the warehouse has been thoroughly cleaned out, except for the electric trap placed on the office lock. Not so much as an unsmudged fingerprint remains: 'Pontius' instructed his hirelings to wear gloves whenever on the job. Any forensic evidence found is a red herring.

The Highlight warehouse, however, contains some of the stuff removed from the other: the crates on the ground floor contain forty sticks of dynamite, ten electrical timers, six 50-meter flashlights, three crowbars, three small inflatable life-rafts, three one-hundred foot coils of one-half inch hempen rope and eight gasmasks. A thorough search of the warehouse will reveal a hidden trapdoor, leading into the sewers – a remnant of the days when bootleggers used the warehouse. But, be careful entering the sewers; there's a ten percent chance of encountering an alligator. No, I'm not kidding.

A thorough search of the alley outside the warehouse will discover Dickenson's fingerprints on the door frame (the door itself was wiped clean) and a key ring near the overflowing trash cans. One of the keys will be to Dickenson's apartment, another to the boarding house; the ring fell out of Dickenson's pocket after he was pistol-whipped.

Any photographs taken by Lewes will go straight to 'Pontius' (Lewes develops and prints them in the darkroom at his home) via a 'drop' in the nearby subway station. 'Pontius' will circulate the prints among the organization, telling everyone to be on the lookout for the daredevils.

Because the technology of 1935 does not run to nighttime photography, Lewes and Danny work a 6 AM to 6:30 PM shift, being replaced by Gene and Frank, Danny's identical twin cousins.

The GM should remember that, as this is winter in New York City, the ground outside is treacherous because of recent heavy snow.

**"We have time to get around
and enjoy life
a little these days"**

"It has always been said that dairy farming is a pretty confining job. Used to keep us pretty much tied down, but not any more. We have transportation now that takes the confinement out of the dairy business—a Ford truck and a Ford car.

"We got the truck this spring—a new V-8. The boy drives it to town every morning with the milk. He's back early and ready to do a good day's work.

"We have used it in the field during harvest. We haul everything we sell to market. Besides we have made a few extra dollars trucking livestock for our neighbors. It's a mighty good truck—powerful and dependable in the tough spots and fast on the highway. And economical too.

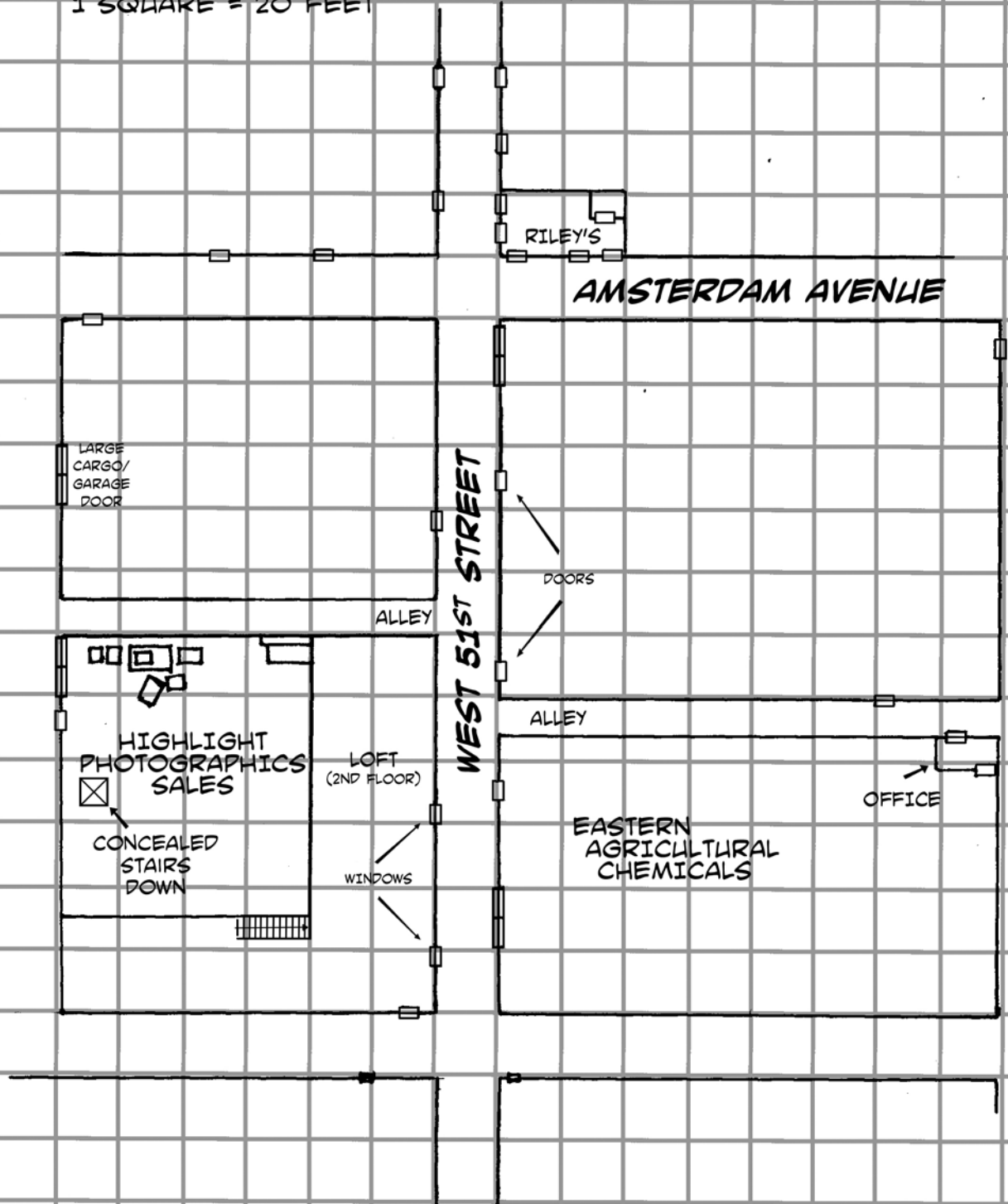
"We've had our Ford car a month, and what a difference it has made. We can go places now. We can spend a Sunday visiting—and we get back in time to do the milking and the rest of the chores.

"And what they told me about this V-8 was too mild. For instance, I was a little skeptical about an eight-cylinder Ford using less gas than the old 'four.' But this one certainly uses less gas. It's a roomy car—enough leg space for all of us. And the way it gets over the ground is a pleasure.

"No sir, this dairy farm doesn't keep us at home all the time any more. Whenever we feel like going, we go. No farmer need be tied down all the time these days. The Ford V-8 car and truck give him spare time. I'd recommend them to anybody."

THE WAREHOUSES

1 SQUARE = 20 FEET



1.4 RILEY'S

Riley's, on the corner of West 51st Street and Amsterdam Avenue, is a favorite hangout of some of the stevedores, particularly on Saturday (payday) evenings, when there will be a poker game in the back room. Other nights the only entertainment offered is drinking and brawling (for which Riley's is famous), and the radio.

RILEY

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
11	9	17	14	13	16	2	29

Weapons: Sap, Shotgun (under the bar).

Skills: Brawling (17/5), Gambling (19), First Aid (9), Driver (6), Seamanship (5), Law Enforcement Subculture (4), Criminal Subculture (8), Rifle (10), Rhetoric (4), Gaelic Language (9), Italian Language (6).

Clothing: Street clothes (AC 1).



Riley's shotgun is a Remington Model 32, open choke, loaded with birdshot; he keeps it under the bar, and will only use it if someone else pulls out a gun or lethal weapon. He will usually fire one round as a warning shot. Another four loose rounds lie in the change drawer of the till. Also under the bar are a sap, First Aid kit with ten 'bandages,' and a police whistle.



Riley will, if asked the right questions and offered a few drinks, tell the daredevils that Dickenson was talking to Harry Callaghan, the waterside workers' union rep, and a stranger, last Friday night. The last time Riley saw Dickenson was Monday night, about eight; he had two beers (he wasn't a heavy drinker, heavy gambler, or a brawler), spoke to a couple of the regulars about their shifts, and left. Riley is also a moderately valuable contact for criminal subculture (see below).

Riley's is often empty during the day, but every evening it will contain 3d10 regulars, most of whom will join in a brawl at the least provocation; one will probably break out while the daredevils are there if they visit during the evening. Because of this, the furniture at Riley's is extremely solid, and firmly bolted to the floor (if anyone does damage it, Riley will put the cost on their tab). Riley will not interfere in a brawl unless someone seems to be taking lethal damage.

During busy times, Riley is joined behind the bar by his wife (average quality), and will refuse to discuss criminal matters.

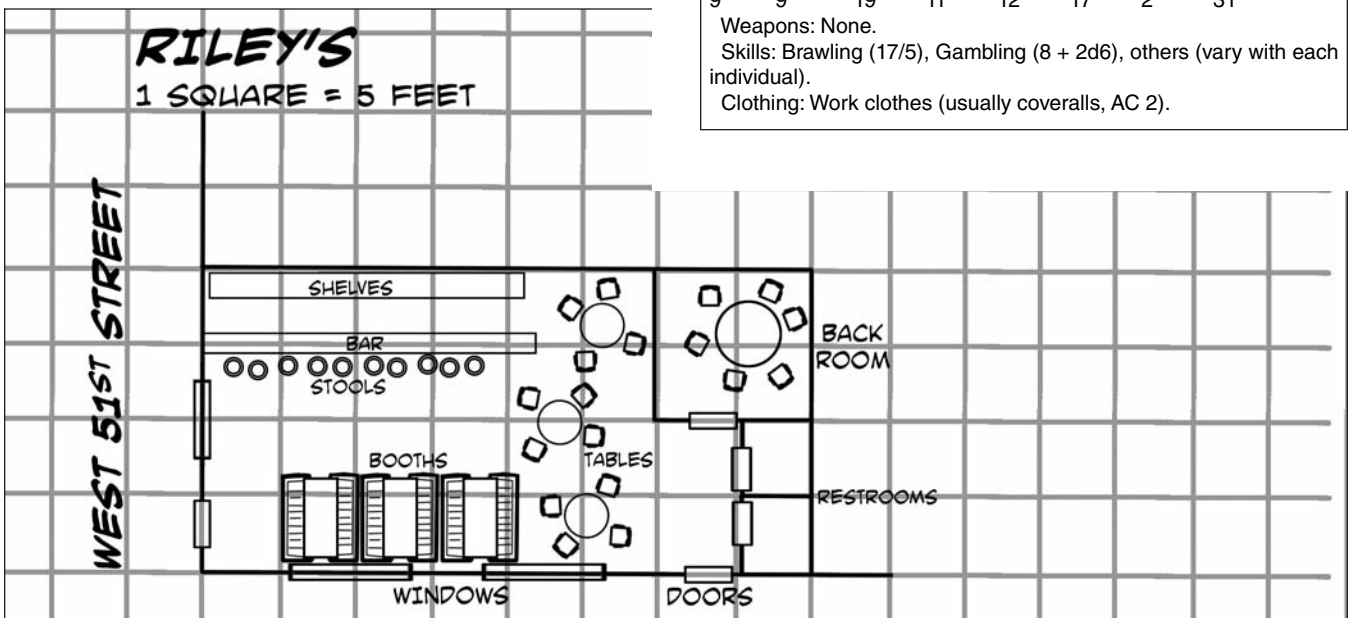
Bar Brawlers/Gamblers

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
9	9	19	11	12	17	2	31

Weapons: None.

Skills: Brawling (17/5), Gambling (8 + 2d6), others (vary with each individual).

Clothing: Work clothes (usually coveralls, AC 2).



1.5 THE DOCKS

Snooping around the docks or the S.S. Pandora without being noticed by the security guards requires a Stealth BCS or similar ability. The guards have the same characteristics as the Bar Brawlers at Riley's, with a BCS of 14 in Pistol and Nightstick, 9 in Interrogation, and 13/4 in Brawling. They carry Nightsticks and Colt Police Positive revolvers; they will use the nightsticks first, but they are not paid to be gentle.

Successfully questioning the guards, unbribed officials at the docks (average quality rabble), or Fred, the resident drunken bum (a poor quality extra), will yield a little information about the cargo offloaded from the Pandora. It came from Florida; about two-thirds of the crates had airholes and contained something heavy, alive and bad-tempered, and the remaining third of the crates contained large, heavy objects that rolled. Some of these guards and officials may be encountered at Riley's.

Attempting to bribe or coerce the Pandora's deckhands will be unsuccessful; your daredevils are unlikely to outbid Pontius. The hands have the same characteristics as the Brawlers at Riley's, with a BCS of 15/4 in Brawling, 13/4 in Knife, 18 in Seamanship, and 11 in Rifle and Pistol. Each deckhand carries brass knuckles and a jack-knife,

and hidden aboard the Pandora are two fire-axes, a machete, two Colt New Service .45 ACP revolvers, a Remington Model 34 Rifle (tub-mag 14, .22 long, BDG 8), and a Remington Model 31 12-Gauge Shotgun (open choke, fires birdshot for BDG 18). These weapons will only be used if the daredevils themselves use lethal weapons; otherwise the deckhands will take any unconscious daredevils and lock them in the brig until after the Pandora sails, when they will be brought before the Captain as stowaways; and (unless the Captain, an average quality NPC, is persuaded otherwise) locked in the brig until the first port of call – Hamburg, Germany. See The Justin Case for details of the results.

1.6 CONTACTS & CLUES

There are five subcultures likely to turn up useful information, if the player-characters ask approximately the right questions: Criminal, Political, Business, Law Enforcement, and High Society. Player-characters successfully making a Contact Task should roll a Value Number to determine who their contact is, and what he or she can tell them . . . or, failing that, what debacle they have precipitated by their efforts.

VALUE	CRIMINAL	SOCIETY	SUB-CULTURE		
			BUSINESS	LAW	POLITICS
+6	Lawrence A,G,J,M	Beaumont N	Rolfe N	Skye D,E,H,O	Edwards N
+2 or +4	Jansson A,D,F,G	Sylvia C,B,K	Meyer A,D,E,M	Fibber D,E,M	Ward I,L,M
-1 to +1	Riley D,H,O	Ford L,M	Greene A,B	Nobbs C	Shaw I,J
-2 or -4	Shorty D,F	Adrian C,K	Susan F	Shrike H	Fibber E,M
-6	Q	R	R	P	R

ADRIAN

Adrian is a manicurist at Chez Francois, a beauty salon where, in his words, the gossip alone could curl your hair (his is appropriately wavy). Attentive and with a remarkable memory, he will tell daredevils the latest gossip connected with any High Society name dropped in his presence. Treat Adrian as an Average Quality NPC.

MARIA BEAUMONT

Maria Beaumont is, at thirty-two, one of the younger grande-dames of the local High Society. She married sixty-four year old Eugene Beaumont while a debutante, and was widowed at twenty-one. She has not remarried, but runs her husband's businesses astutely, helped by her considerable charm and sharp hearing. Eugene was a friend of Norman's, whom she dislikes. Treat her as an Average Quality NPC.

JOHN EDWARDS

John Edwards is a fifty-year-old Junior Senator, an unambitious yes-man left over from the Harding era, forgotten, but not gone. Treat him as a Poor Quality Extra.

HARRISON GREENE

Harrison Greene is a stockbroker, with no non-professional interest in the Normans or the Indigo Line. His is forty years old, average height, balding and paunchy, but proficient in his work (BCS of 20 in Finance and Business Subculture). Treat him as an Average Quality Extra.

BJORN JANNSON

Bjorn Jansson is a photographer and freelance counterfeiter; probably the east coast's best forger of passports, citizenship papers, bills of lading and similar documents. He has very rarely been caught, but on the occasions he has, he turned informant. He has no connection with 'Pontius' or Norman, but very little news escapes him. Jansson is thirty-three years old, tall and thin, with blue eyes, pale blonde hair, and a thin beard; he speaks with a slight Finnish accent.

Jansson may talk if bribed or threatened, but if he disbelieves the threat and can reach the Tokarev hidden under his desk, he will fight. He will be far more cooperative if the daredevils appeal to his (Finnish) patriotism and his fear of Nazism (which may become apparent in a brief conversation).



WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
14	8	7	18	17	10	3	17

Weapons: Tokarev.

Skills: Criminal Subculture (20), Disguise (18), Lockpicking (10), Pickpocket (17), Safecracking (10), Traps (10), Finnish Language (16), Cryptography (20), Law Enforcement Subculture (5), Pistol (8).

Clothing: Street clothes (AC 1).

JASON BYRON LAWRENCE

Jason Byron Lawrence is, among his legitimate business concerns, a successful black marketer in guns and munitions, and very nervous about possible competition from 'Pontius.' Because of this, he will remember anything he hears about 'Pontius' or Norman, and will give this information away to anyone who seems to be working against them.

Lawrence is tall, with an average build, but often looks heavier because he wears a bulletproof jacket under his overcoat on 'business meetings.' His hair is silver, and his left eye is covered by a patch (his right eye is brown). There is an old scar from his left eye patch to the middle of his cheek.



WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	14	15	16	17	11	3	26

Weapons: Ceremonial sword in a sword cane, Colt M1911A1 in the back seat of his car, loaded with hollow-points.

Skills: Criminal Subculture (19), Business Subculture (19), Political Subculture (13), Finance (17), Law Enforcement Subculture (11), Driver (14), Fencing (18/5), Martial Arts (17/5), Pistol (16), Rifle (16), Autofire (16), Throwing (16), Demolitions (7), Military Science (15).

Clothing: Street clothes, heavy overcoat, broad-brimmed hat, gloves, bullet-proof vest (AC 6/11).

Lawrence rarely ventures out without his chauffeur/bodyguard, Reed. Reed is average quality, except for a BCS of 16 in Driving, Brawling and Pistol. Reed wears a chauffeur's uniform (AC 1) with a Colt 1911A1 pistol in a concealed holster.

MATTHEW MEYER

Matthew Meyer is a partner in the Argus Line, Norman's main competitor in shipping. A barrel-chested fifty-year-old of average height, with dark hair, a long beard, and dark eyes, he is an incurable pessimist. He has never met Norman personally, and does not know about his pro-Nazi stance; if he did, his professional competitiveness would become intense dislike, and he would be happy to help the daredevils. Treat Meyer as an Average Quality Extra.

PAUL NOBBS

Paul Nobbs is a nineteen-year-old police stenographer; the Blackwood scandal was the most memorable incident in his career. Treat Nobbs as a Poor Quality Rabble.

REICHARDT ROLFE & FRIDA

Reichardt Rolfe is a Munich businessman who speaks poor English and French (BCS 6), but excellent German, Danish and Russian. He dislikes Jews and Communists, and has been a member of the Nazi party since 1932. He is visiting the United States (having recently arrived on the Graf Zeppelin) to have the embargo on helium lifted. Any daredevil with good social standing, a tuxedo or evening gown, and adequate German, can accompany him to Norman's recital.

Rolfe is thirty-nine, still extremely handsome; tall, well-built, with thick blonde hair and bright blue eyes. His clothes – business suits and tuxedos – are tailor-made, and usually worn with a Nazi party badge on the lapel.



Rolfe is usually accompanied by Frida, his interpreter (English Language BCS 13), secretary, vallette and mistress. Frida is also blonde, blue-eyed and handsome. Treat both Rolfe and Frida as Superior Quality NPCs. Both are proficient pilots, drivers, and marksmen (BCS 13); Rolfe is also an excellent fencer (BCS 19), and Frida has Knife and Throwing skills (BCS 14/4).

Rolfe carries no weapons while in the U.S.A., but Norman will provide him with a sabre or Luger if he asks for one (he is fond of dueling, and will call out anyone who insults him, Germany, Hitler, Frida or Norman). Frida has a throwing knife hidden in her purse.

DR. RANDALL SHAW

Dr. Randall Shaw is a Professor of Modern History at a local college. He is forty-two years old, of average height, thin and bespectacled. His hair and beard are brown, long and usually untidy. He wears baggy street clothes, which look even cheaper than they are, and is absent-minded about day-to-day matters. He is, nonetheless, a genuine expert in his field, and was a valued member of Military Intelligence during the Great War. Though naturally talkative about things that interest him, he can usually keep a secret.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
26	13	7	13	12	8	2	18

Weapons: Nil.

Skills: Politics Subculture (19), Academic Subculture (18), European/American Culture (20), Finance (15), American History (18), European History (17), Rhetoric (11), Research (10), Anthropology (12), Law (16), German Language (12), Linguistics (14), Pistol (8), Martial Arts (6/2), Cryptography (18), Fencing (9/3).

Clothing: Street clothes (AC 1).

SHORTY

Shorty is one of the regulars at Riley's, an habitual brawler and gambler, and very talkative after a whisky or several beers. He is 6'2" tall (hence his name), hefty, and not particularly bright. He has red hair, blue eyes, a rosy complexion, and a trace of an Irish accent. Drunk or sober, he is almost perfectly ambidextrous.

LIEUTENANT SHRIKE

Lieutenant Shrike is an overworked and underpaid (or so he claims) city cop, who will give information to the daredevils only if he thinks it will make his work easier. He is slightly above average height, has graying hair, and wears street clothes and a snap-brim hat, plus an overcoat at night. He carries a Colt Police Positive in a concealed holster. Treat Shrike as an Average Quality NPC.

ABRAHAM SKYE

Abraham Skye is the assistant public prosecutor. He is aware of most of the crime in the area, and frequently frustrated at his lack of power to prevent any of it; he will be extremely happy to help the daredevils. He is twenty-nine years old, tall and homely, with brown hair and green eyes.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
19	17	11	16	17	14	3	28

Weapons: Colt Police Positive in desk drawer.

Skills: Law Enforcement Subculture (20), Criminal Subculture (15), Academic Subculture (15), Law (20), Cryptology (11), Interrogation (16), Forensic Science (17), Rhetoric (12), Pistol (12), Martial Arts (10/3).

Clothing: Street clothes, snap-brim hat.

SUSAN

Susan is a clerk for the Customs Bureau, usually considered too insignificant to pay off. Nineteen years old, petite, blonde, and only slightly pretty, she will give any handsome or exotic daredevils what information she can. Treat her as a Poor Quality Extra.

SYLVIA

Sylvia is an eighteen-year-old debutante, a dilettante whose only accomplishments are in athletics and riding. She is, however, fairly bright, with an excellent memory. She is tall, slim and attractive, with red hair and green eyes, and excellent dress sense. Treat Sylvia as an Average Quality NPC.

MICHAEL XAVIER WARD

Michael Xavier Ward is Edwards's thirty-year-old quarter-Navajo political assistant, press secretary, and manager. More alert than Edwards, he makes all of his decisions without the Senator noticing it. Born into a working-class family, waiting tables at college, and bankrupted during the Great Depression, Ward was determined to become a success. Ward will help the daredevils if he thinks they can do him a favor in return some day. He is tall and handsome, black-haired and dark-eyed, but with his Amerindian ancestry difficult to detect without an Anthropology BCS. Ward is charming when it suits his purposes, but normally he is businesslike and cool, and occasionally his toughness shows through the veneer.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	18	12	13	14	12	2	27

Weapons: None.

Skills: Political Subculture (20), Business Subculture (16), Law Enforcement Subculture (15), Academic Subculture (15), High Society Subculture (10), Finance (16), Law (18), Rhetoric (11), Research (19), Linguistics (8), Northern Amerindian Culture (17), Driver (9), Martial Arts (11/3).

Clothing: Dress clothes or street clothes (AC 1).

THE INFORMATION

A: Hugh Norman, who owns the Indigo Line, seems to have been creating a lot of two-dollar companies to hide the size of his business dealings. Some of them are in the name of his daughter, Julia.

B: Julia Norman's business dealings seem to be based on whim; they range from an alligator farm in Florida to a munitions company in Texas.

C: Julia Norman was engaged to Jonathan Blackwood, son of the oil millionaire, but Blackwood committed suicide last Christmas; convinced he was suffering from 'a social disease,' he shot himself in the head.

D: Harry Callaghan, the waterside workers' union rep, is on Hugh Norman's payroll; Norman also bought him his motorboat.

E: Unlike its competitors, the Indigo Line has never been hurt by union action.

F: The Indigo Line's S.S. Pandora arrived last Wednesday from Florida; it will be leaving for Hamburg (Germany) on Tuesday. Its cargo was not inspected, or even opened, by Customs.

G: Hugh Norman has a new business partner with underworld connections, known only as 'Pontius.'

H: Harry Callaghan shot a man – Guido, an underworld errand-boy – two years ago, but pleaded self defense and was acquitted at trial.

I: After the Nye Committee investigation into munitions makers, Congress is considering a Neutrality Act, banning the export of munitions to warring countries. Not all munitions companies are happy about this.

J: If the Neutrality Act is passed, a small but profitable international "black market" in American munitions is almost inevitable.

K: Julia Norman has all but become a recluse since her fiance's suicide, and seems fascinated by tropical flowers and orchids, and joining her father in business.

L: Hugh Norman is vocally pro-Hitler, either sincerely or for business reasons.

M: Hugh Norman is a 'generous' contributor of campaign funds to several congressmen and senators.

N: The player-character(s) receive(s) an invitation to a recital at the Norman House, to be held at 3:00 PM Sunday (formal wear required).

O: Harry Callaghan still carries the Colt revolver that killed Guido.

P: The police book one (or more) of the daredevils on suspicion of murdering Jimmy Dickenson. Fibber will be unable to help, and the daredevil will be confined for at least a day before a preliminary hearing. Arranging to have him released on bail will take a 20 point task for a lawyer, task period one day; release with acquittal will take a 40 point task for a lawyer, task period one day. If no lawyer is available, arranging bail will take a 25 point task, and acquittal will be impossible without a good lead on the real murderer.

Q: 'Pontius' is tipped off, and bribes Shrike into arresting one or more of the daredevils – see Item P.

R: 'Pontius' is tipped off and orders Vance to shadow the daredevils.

1.7 THE PLOT THICKENS!

The daredevils should, by now, have focused their suspicion on (1) Harry Callaghan and (2) Hugh and/or Julia Norman.

Harry Callaghan may occasionally be found in his office, occasionally on the docks, occasionally at Riley's, and occasionally at home (finding his address, however, may require a bribe to his secretary, or a sub-culture BCS in Business, Law Enforcement or Crime).

If Harry is challenged or threatened, he will attempt to bluff his way out of the situation. While doing so, he will slip his hands into his trouser pockets, and, if his bluff fails, use his fists and brass knuckles to clear a path to the door. If the daredevils draw their guns, he will draw and fire his own; otherwise, he will run to his car (a red Chrysler Airflow in excellent repair, with a half-full tank) and drive to the docks, where he keeps his motorboat. If he gets away, he will try to reach Mexico and lay low for a year or so.

Harry, who has been paid off by Hugh Norman for many years, suspects that 'Pontius' is Michael Tyler, Norman's bodyguard/chauffeur, or Julia Norman, or both. He knows that the cylinders of gas (which he believes contain helium; they don't) and the alligators were trucked

from the 51st Street Warehouse to the 52nd on Saturday. He killed 'Dickenson' on Pontius's orders, after 'Pontius' learned that 'Dickenson' was an F.B.I. agent, and he and Tom Mellors dumped Dickenson's body from Harry's boat.

HARRY CALLAGHAN

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	15	21	12	9	16	2	34

Weapons: Brass knuckles, Colt New Service (.45 ACP).
 Skills: Brawling (20/5), Pistol (16), Criminal Subculture (20), Business Subculture (18), Politics Subculture (16), Law Enforcement Subculture (14), Gambling (17), Finance (13), Driver (14), Drive Heavy Equipment (14), Seamanship (18), Rhetoric (12), Navigation (11), Interrogation (8), Lockpicking (4).
 Clothing: Street clothes (AC 1).



Harry is six-feet tall, right-handed, big-boned with a slight beer-belly, with brown hair, a bushy moustache and brown eyes.

HUGH NORMAN

Hugh Norman gives the impression of being a hard-working man who fought his way up from poverty to wealth and power. This impression is fairly accurate, but Norman's fighting days are far behind him; he ingratiated his way up through the local branch of the Ku Klux Klan, married his boss's daughter in 1904 and inherited the company in 1911, became partners with the local banker (and Grand Wizard) in 1912, and his life has been comfortable ever since. During the Great War, when his small investments in munitions, steel, oil and shipping paid off handsomely, he became rich. His wife died in 1918, and he raised their daughter, Julia, with the principles that had shaped his life – hard work, stubbornness, opportunism, and avarice. He survived the Wall Street Crash and the Depression by sheer ruthlessness, some investment in bootleg liquor and other shady dealing, and a lot of luck. He is politically very conservative, hates communists, Jews and negroes, and avidly supports the Nazi Party.



WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
17	17	11	10	11	12	2	26

Weapons: None.
 Skills: Finance (20), Business Subculture (20), Politics Subculture (19), Criminal Subculture (14), Law Enforcement Subculture (15), High Society Subculture (11), Law (12), Navigation (11), Seamanship (12), Brawling (7/2), German Language (16), Horsemanship (5), Driver (4), Rifle (6), Pilot Aerostat (10).
 Clothing: Street clothes or formal wear (tailored and expensive, AC 1).

Norman is a 'well-preserved' fifty-three, 5'7" tall, with an average build, grey hair and grey eyes. He is left-handed, and speaks with a slight Louisiana accent. His bearing is dignified, even arrogant.

JULIA NORMAN

Julia Norman is a slightly tough, but distinctly attractive twenty-six year old, who ostentatiously strives to be independent of her father, but who would be shattered if she were disinherited. There is no immediate danger of that; Norman is extremely proud of his daughter's college education and most of her accomplishments, though there is much about her that he doesn't suspect. Julia is 5'5" tall and athletic looking, with bobbed auburn hair and hazel eyes. Her mimicry skill enables her to play the part of a giddy flapper or dilettante, but she frequently startles her competitors and business associates by becoming stubborn, sharp, even vicious – especially when the business is illegal. Like her father, Julia hates losing; unlike her father, who will fume for a few days, calculate the odds and expenses and 'chalk it up to experience,' Julia has a passion for revenge.

Julia knows who 'Pontius' is, what is really in the crates and cylinders, the name of Pontius's contact in the F.B.I., and who killed Dickenson. Unfortunately, she does not know where the cylinders were taken after the West 52nd Street Warehouse.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
15	16	12	19	15	13	3	27

Weapons: Epee, Remington Model 30 (.35 Rem), Luger PO8 Long.
 Skills: High Society Subculture (18), Business Subculture (17), Criminal Subculture (15), Law (9), Finance (13), Archaeology (10), Occult Studies (9), Hunting (6), Rifle (12), Mimicry (19), Disguise (14), Horsemanship (12), Swimming (10), Driver (15), Seamanship (6), Fencing (13/4), Pistol (10), German Language (11), French Language (12), First Aid (5).
 Clothing: Always the best, be it formal, street clothes, or leathers.

A daredevil attending Norman's recital and watching the guests might recognize (BCS in Law Enforcement or High Society, or an appropriate military background) Julia's latest suitor, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Graham of Army Intelligence. Graham has no business arrangements with the Normans, and, though he has heard rumors about Norman and 'Pontius,' he steadfastly refuses to believe them. He is a devoutly

COLONEL GRAHAM

Colonel Graham is thirty-six years old, 5'10" tall, muscular and good-looking, with sandy hair and blue eyes.



WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
14	21	15	14	12	14	2	32

Weapons: Browning HP35, in a concealed holster.

Skills: Pistol (18), Martial Arts (17/5), Rifle (11), Bayonet Training (10/3), Autofire (12), Cryptography (19), Demolitions (18), Interrogation (18), Traps (14), German Language (16), French Language (13), Spanish Language (10), Military Science (16), Law Enforcement Subculture (15), Driver (12), Pilot (9), Pilot Aerostat (9).
Clothing: Tuxedo (AC 1).

patriotic man, but he considers friendly relationships with Germany to be in America's best interests.

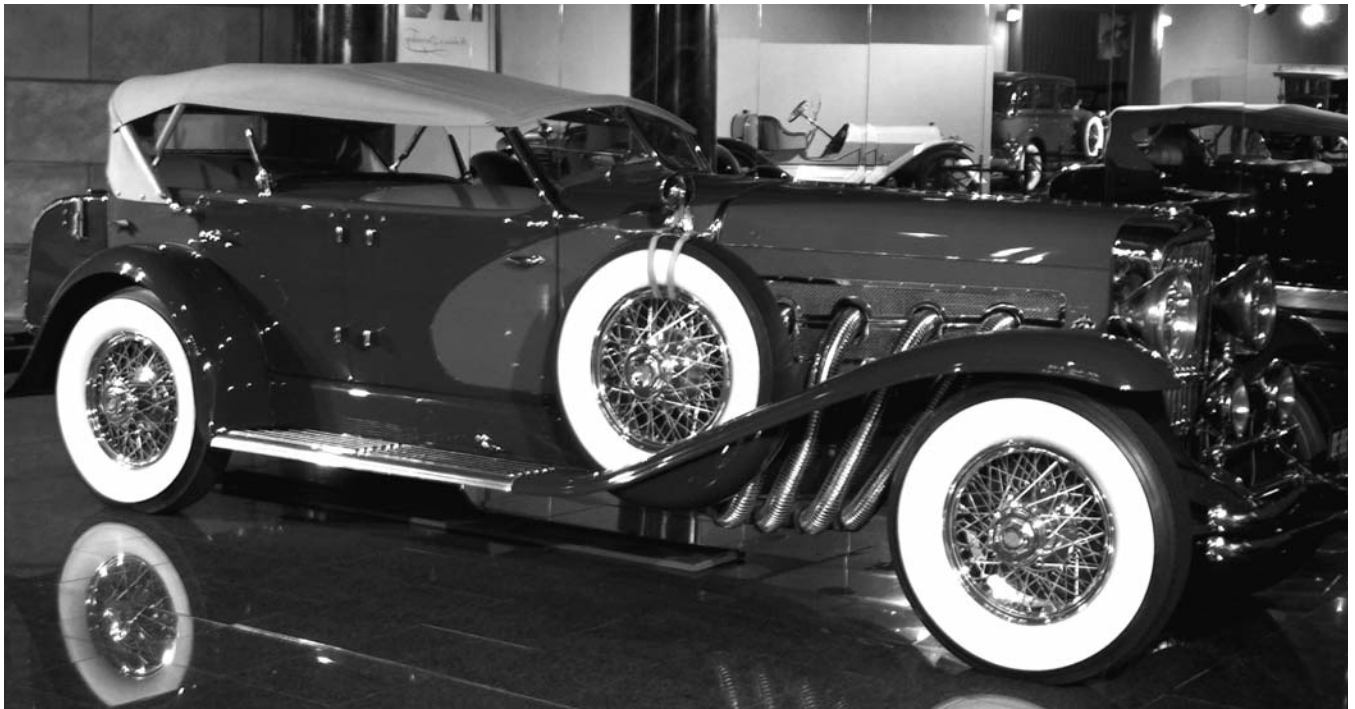
If not invited to the recital, the daredevils may be sufficiently reckless as to break into the Norman estate on Long Island's North Shore (the "Gold Coast"). This might be a mistake; the high walls and the iron gates exist not only to keep people out, but to keep Norman's Doberman Pinschers in. He has six (Guard dogs, DRT 23), and all quite savage with strangers, but usually kept in a kennel when Norman is expecting visitors. The dogs recognize and tolerate all the household staff, and most of Norman's business associates.

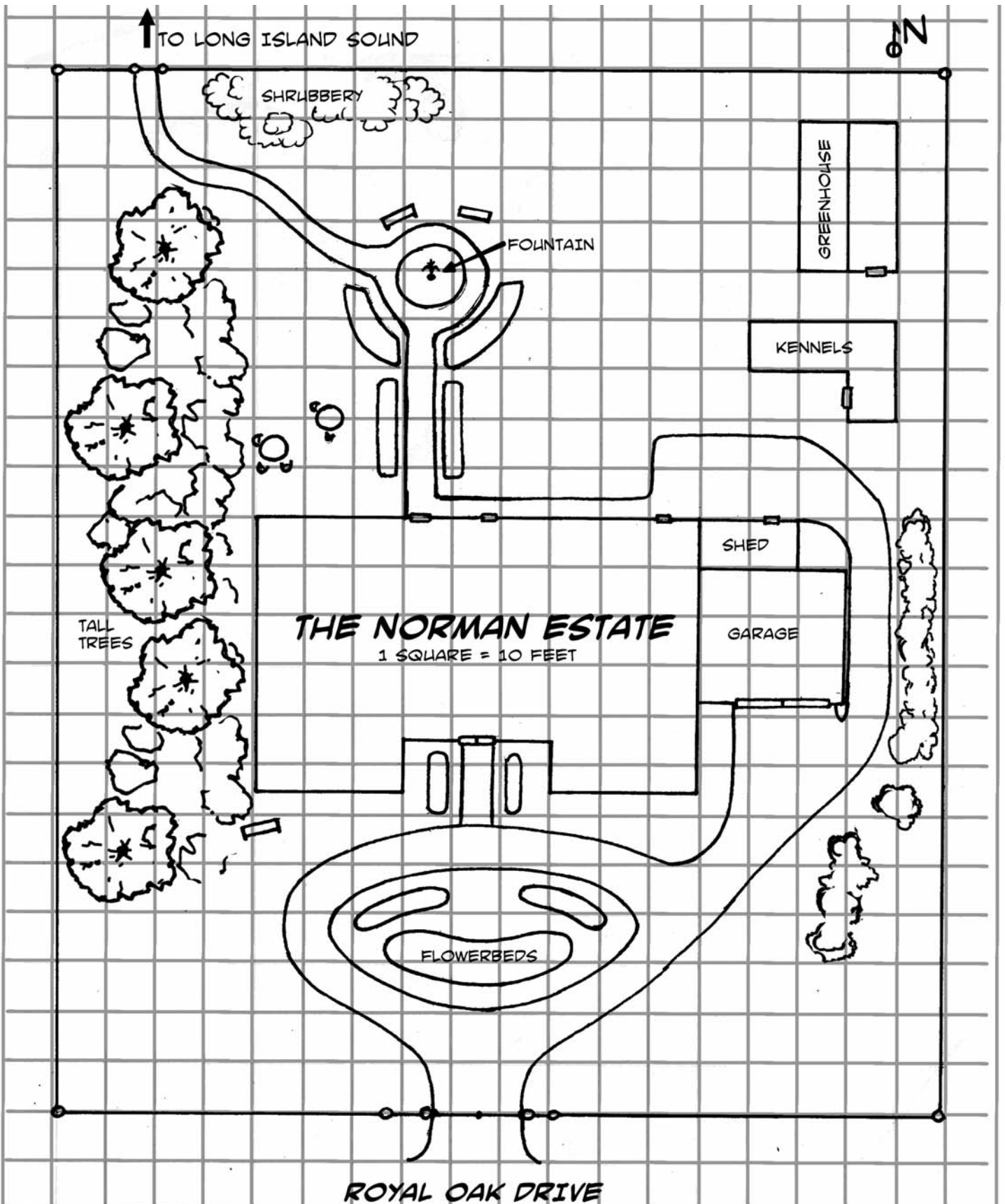
If the daredevils do break in successfully, or are invited to the recital and decide to explore the house, the player-characters may notice that: Apart from Norman and his daughter Julia, the manor is occupied by three maids, a cook, a butler, a chauffeur/bodyguard, and a gardener. They may also notice a young boy who (arrogantly enough) enjoys playing with the Dobermans. A politely phrased question (High Society Subculture BCS) will reveal that he is the adopted son of two of the servants.

In Julia's room, among the ball-gowns, riding boots and tropical gear, there is also a rifle, an epee, and a target pistol. In her library, among the Bronte sisters and Jane Austen, there are references in Occult Studies (BCS 17), South Amerindian Culture (15), Law (10), and Anthropology (7); texts on Botany (BCS 16), Chemistry (14), and Pathology (10); and manuals on Forensic Science (11) and First Aid (13). In her private ensuite bathroom is a First Aid kit containing, among more conventional medical apparatus, two vials of an antidote for curare.

Though the garden is rather poorly tended, the large greenhouse near the kennel is full of rare orchids and lush tropical plants. Many of these will be unidentifiable, but a BCS in Botany will enable a character to recognize *Strychnos toxifera*, the source of curare. Player-characters making a Wit CST may notice the croaking of frogs. A BCS in Zoology or South Amerindian Culture will enable anyone finding one of these brightly colored frogs to identify them as arrow-poison frogs, from whose glands curare is produced.

The garage usually houses a black Cadillac Fleetwood (Norman's), a white Dusenbert SJ (Julia's), a red Stutz Bearcat (Tyler's), and a black Ford Coupe (for the staff).

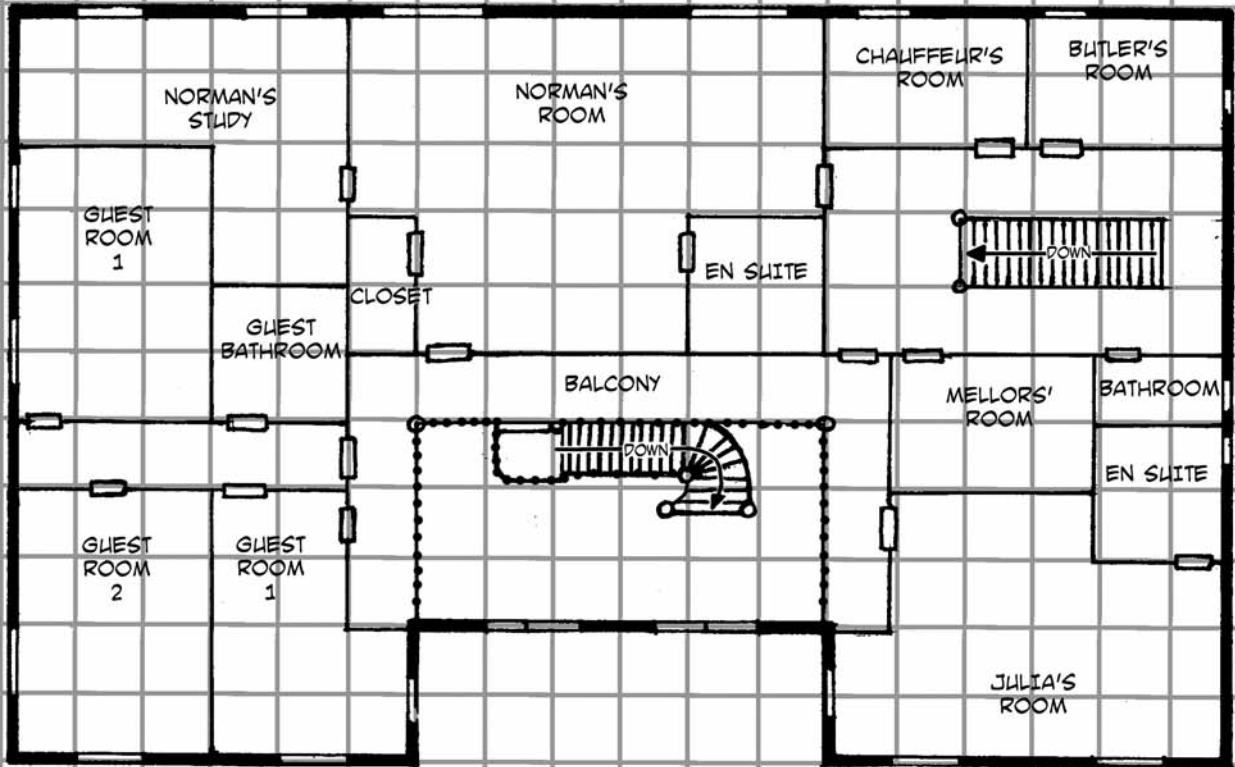




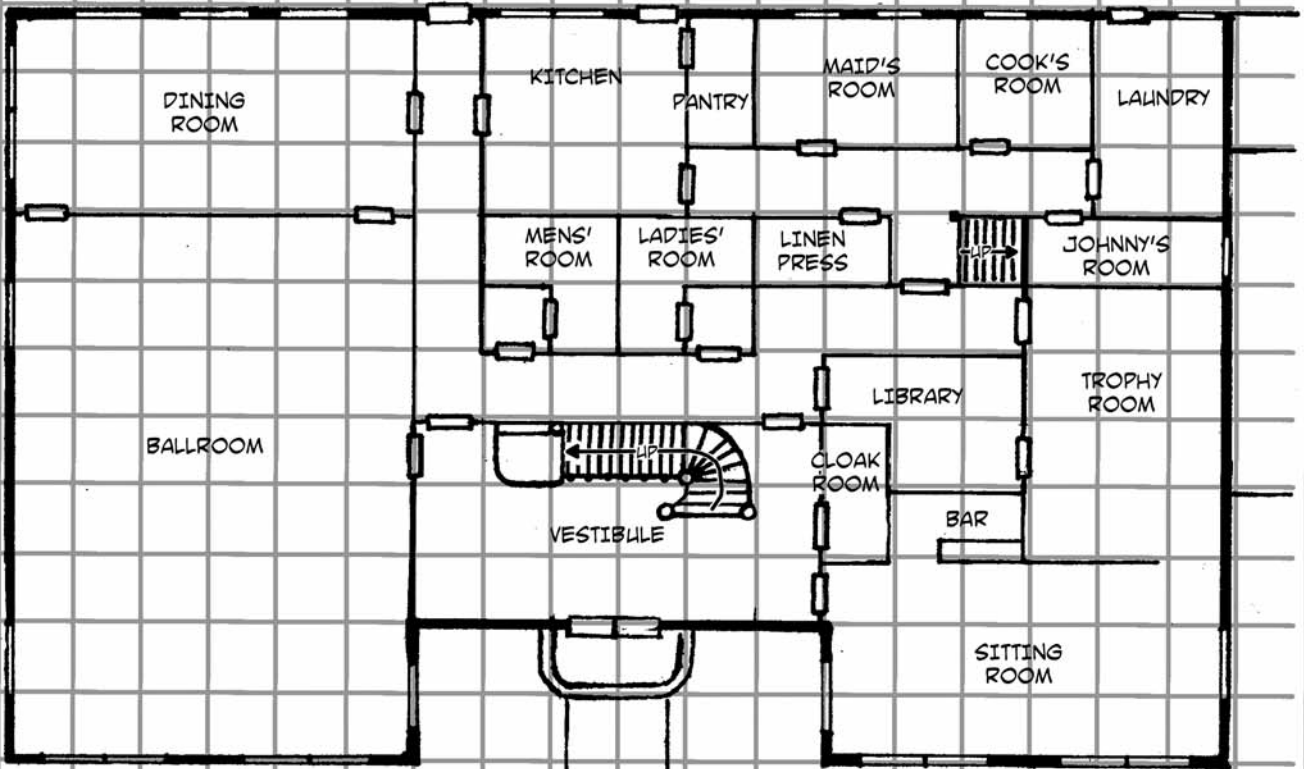
NORMAN MANOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR



TOM MELLORS

The gardener is Tom Mellors. A contact task in Law Enforcement or Crime (task period one hour, task value 5) will enable the daredevils to identify him as Tom Mason, an ex-con with a record for petty theft, apparently clean since 1933. A good photograph of Mellors will enable Peter Guardino to identify him as the man he saw with Jimmy Dickenson and Harry Callaghan (a photo, or a copy of his fingerprints, will also reduce the contact task value to 20). Mellors is 5'6" tall, weighs 47 kg., has dark hair turning grey, an ugly little moustache, and dark eyes. He is thirty-six years old, and most of the grey is dye (that, and the moustache, being his attempt at disguise). He and his wife have been with the Normans for nine months.

Mellors knows the identity of 'Pontius,' he knows who killed Dickenson, he knows there is a leak in the F.B.I. (though he doesn't know the leak's name), and he knows that the crates from the S.S. Pandora were taken to the warehouse on West 52nd Street on Saturday. He also knows about the alligators, but thinks that the cylinders of gas contain helium.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
11	9	11	17	13	9	3	19

Weapons: Bowie knife, Walther PP 7.65 mm.

Skills: Throwing (16), Pistol (15), Knife (18/5), Pickpocket (20), Criminal Subculture (15), Stealth (14), Lockpicking (13), Safecracking (6), Carpenter (12), Driver (6), Gambling (9), Disguise (5), High Society Subculture (4).

Clothing: Working clothes (heavy pants and shirt, AC 2), with a broad brimmed hat and insulated gloves. Outside the estate he wears street clothes and a trench coat (AC2), with the pistol in a concealed holster.



DELIA MELLORS

Mellors wife Delia (real name Amelia Harvey; the Mellors's marriage certificate is made out in false names and is of dubious legality) also has a criminal record for petty theft and solicitation, but no felonies, and nothing more recent than 1931. She is thirty-one years old, 5'5" tall, of average build and mediocre looks. Her hair and eyes are brown, and she usually wears too much costume jewelry. She works as Julia Norman's personal maid.

Delia knows nothing of Pontius's present plans, except that he wants a share of Norman's fortune.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
13	12	8	14	16	10	3	20

Weapons: Throwing knife, Walther PP 7.65 mm.

Skills: Pickpocket (18), Mimicry (20), Stealth (18), Tracking (16), Criminal Subculture (15), High Society Subculture (13), Disguise (12), Pistol (13), Throwing (15), Knife (12/4).

Clothing: Maid's uniform, AC 1. Outside of the estate, cheap street clothes, AC 1, with weapons in her purse.

MICHAEL TYLER

Norman's bodyguard and chauffeur is Michael Tyler, a dark-haired, burly six-footer, whose broken nose spoils his already mediocre looks. He is not employed by 'Pontius,' and knows nothing of the organization.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	17	19	17	21	19	3	37

Weapons: Colt M1911A1.

Skills: Pistol (20), Brawling (19/5), Driving (16), Mechanic (16), Law Enforcement Subculture (14), Criminal Subculture (12), Business Subculture (10), High Society Subculture (7), Gambling (13), Hunting (13), Tracking (11).

Clothing: Chauffeur uniform (AC2) with cap, and a concealed holster for his pistol.

The two other maids are Poor Quality Extras, the cook and butler are Average Quality NPCs.

JOHNNY MELLORS

Johnny Mellors is apparently a kid of eleven or twelve. In fact, he is one hundred nine years old. He was born Johann Albrecht Brucker, the son of the German explorer Lorentz Brucker.

Lorentz Brucker was lost in an expedition to Central America in 1834, where he was tracking down legends of the fountain of youth, to the amusement of skeptics. In the jungles of Tlalocan he found it, a brew of extremely rare plants, which native brujos used to prevent the aging process.

There were drawbacks. The potion did not reverse aging, and the older a person was when he started using it, the less effective it was, and the greater the danger of side-effects. Brucker was already forty-three, which the brujos told him was too old to safely start use of the potion. They also told him that it was fatal to women (here, they were lying, or it had been forbidden to women for so long that legend had buried the truth). The best possible treatment was to give the potion to a pre-pubescent male; a boy, given the treatment between the ages of nine and eleven, would not age perceptibly for forty or fifty years. The next dose would hold off the ravages of time for another forty years; some of the greatest brujos had, reputedly, lived for two hundred years. Unfortunately, they were sterile, with the appearance (and, to some degree, the natures) of ten-year-old boys.

Anyone who began taking the potion shortly after their growth spurt ended – in their late teens to mid-twenties – would find that it halved their normal rate of aging, but the dose would have to be repeated after twelve years, then nine, then six, then four, then three, then two ... a treatment missed would act as a disease, Virulence 2, Incubation Period 6 days, Cycle Time 2 days, targets Will and Health, with symptoms like a rheumatoid condition and pain. Worse still, the ingredients had to be fresh, and many were only found locally in Central America.

Brucker stayed with the brujos and their tribe for several years, using his knowledge of medicine and collection of gimcracks to establish himself among the brujos, then marrying an Indian girl, who bore Johann a year later. At the age of eight, young Johann Brucker was given the youth treatment, and stopped growing. His father left the tribe, hoping to show Johann off to the world, but died in Quixana as a pauper, unable to raise the money to return to Germany. Johann, with only a vague idea of his father's plans, stowed away on a boat to America.

Speaking no English and only poor German, Brucker was educated briefly in an orphanage, but all attempts to have him adopted were disastrous, until he was taken by a traveling carnival, where he lived as a sideshow freak – "the wild boy" – and, being small and agile, learnt petty crime. By the age of twenty, he was the best "snakesman" in the business. And unlike most snakesmen, who were kids whose growth had been stunted by poverty or disease, he was extremely clever and quick to learn.

At the age of fifty, he was secretly one of the major criminal bosses in New York, while masquerading as the son of a small-time working girl. He returned to Tlalocan and the tribe (which was, by now, almost extinct; sterilizing your brightest young men has its drawbacks), and, proving his identity to them, took his second dose of the potion. He also took a copy of the recipe and samples of the seeds for the plants required to make the potion. Then he returned to the USA, bought a greenhouse, and began raising the ingredients for the potion. He also performed a series of experiments which proved that the potion would work on women, and kept his 'mother' young (and working) for another few years before she died from the withdrawal symptoms.

In the fifty years since, Brucker has learnt more than most men would want to know. Physically, and in some ways emotionally, he is still a child, totally without morality, empathy, or the ability to love. His apparent support for the Nazi cause is not based on patriotism, but on his conviction that wealth and power are easier to come by in wartime.

Johnny Mellors/Johann Brucker/'Pontius'

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CD	DA	DRT
39	26	4	26	17	38	3		53

Weapons: Blowgun (see below), jackknife, derringer (see below).

Skills: Climbing (20), Jumping (20), Swimming (11), Mimicry (20), Stealth (20), Blowgun (16), Pistol (16), Throwing (13), Cryptography (20), Disguise (13), Lockpicking (20), Safecracking (20), Traps (20), Knife (13/4), Horsemanship (11), Criminal Subculture (20), High Society Subculture (19), Business Subculture (19), Political Subculture (18), Survival (7), Chemistry (20), Finance (20), Forensic Science (15), Law (9), Occult Studies (9), Botany (9), Zoology (9), South American Culture (18), Spanish Language (16), German Language (17).

Special Abilities: Hypnosis, Scientific Talent Power (inventing).

Clothing: Usually child-sized street clothes (AC 1).

Blowgun

Ranges: Point Blank 2 meters/yards, Effective 3 meters/yards, Long 4 meters/yards, Maximum 9 meters/yards. Can pierce AC 3, but no higher. Johnny carries nine darts, poisoned with curare (see Rules, page 30).

Derringer

BBL	Action	Mag	Caliber	BDG	DUR	Weight
Snub	SA	Break2	.22 short	2	1	.4

Requires an extra action to rotate the barrel manually to bring the next shot into line.

Johnny Mellors/Johann Brucker is 'Pontius,' though Julia Norman and Tom Mellors front for him whenever 'Pontius' has to make an appearance. Tom and Delia Mellors work for him for a piece of the action, but Julia's motives are less conventional; 'Pontius' is keeping her young with the potion.

What Julia does not know is that 'Pontius' murdered Blackwood, her fiancé, paralyzing him with a curare-poisoned blowgun dart, and then faking his suicide. Blackwood disliked and distrusted Johnny Mellors, and would have taken Julia away from him, and 'Pontius' could ill afford to lose his wealthy sponsor. The fakery, however, was excellent, and no one examined Blackwood for traces of poison, now that he has been embalmed, it is too late. If Julia could be convinced of this, she would denounce 'Pontius,' but (a) the law would be unlikely to believe her, even



if the Mellors backed her up, and (b) what little evidence there was is now gone. In fact, the daredevils are unlikely ever to suspect Brucker/Mellors of being 'Pontius,' let alone arranging a murder.

'Pontius' rarely carries his derringer (which looks like a child's toy, even down to its brand name), and has never used it, except for target practice; he prefers to leave such tasks to his underlings, and to carry nothing that suggests that he isn't the harmless little boy he appears to be.

Hugh Norman and Lt. Colonel Graham have been hypnotized by 'Pontius,' and if suspicion closes in on either of them, they will commit suicide – Norman with carbon monoxide poisoning in his garage, Graham by shooting himself.

Fibber is correct about the leak in the F.B.I.; it comes from an agent named Paul Burton. Fibber's clandestine checks on agents' finances have revealed nothing useful; Burton is not being paid, but blackmailed. Fibber will begin to suspect Burton in the first week of February because Burton plans to move himself and his family from New York on February 10th. He began house hunting after the gas was stolen and has, according to his wife, treated the matter with undue urgency.

Burton receives his orders and delivers information via a 'drop' in the

men's room in the gas station nearest his house. If he is arrested by Fibber, he will go quietly, but if tracked down by the daredevils, he will attempt to shoot it out, or run, under the impression that the player-characters are Pontius's men trying to silence him. Burton believes that 'Pontius' is Hugh Norman, or that Norman is badly in debt to 'Pontius' and working for him. He does not know precisely where the gas is, nor of Pontius's plans to spread it, but believes Pontius fully capable of such an act.



PAUL BURTON

Burton is thirty-four years old and 5'9" tall, with a medium build, brown hair, and no distinguishing features except for a permanently impaired sense of smell. He drives a black Chrysler Airflow in good repair (DUR 8).



WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
14	8	14	16	15	18	3	29

Weapons: Colt Police Positive in a concealed holster (when working), Colt M1911A1 in his car, Springfield in his house.

Skills: Pistol (20), Rifle (14), Autofire (7), Bayonet Training (7), Martial Arts (15/4), Law Enforcement Subculture (9), Criminal Subculture (9), Political Subculture (4), German Language (9), Driver (15), Cyclist (7), Interrogation (15), Forensic Science (15), Law (4), Cryptography (4), Demolitions (8), First Aid (7).

Clothing: Usually street clothes (suit and tie), AC 1.

1.7 CHRONOLOGY

JANUARY

- Fri. 11** A U.S. Army train is derailed in Nevada. Sixteen cylinders of NT (Mustard Gas) are stolen.
- Sun. 20** Paul Burton begins house hunting in Washington, D.C.
- Tue. 22** Jimmy Dickenson ambushed by Harry Callaghan, while investigating the warehouse, and dumped in the harbor to drown.
- Wed. 23** S.S. Pandora docks in New York. Its cargo of live alligators and gas cylinders is taken to a warehouse on West 52nd Street, registered to Woden Importers. The other equipment from the Eastern Agricultural Chemicals warehouse is moved across the street.
- Sat. 26** The daredevils are briefed by Fibber. Pontius's goons move the cylinders of mustard gas through the sewers to the basement of a tenement in East 123rd Street. To cover their tracks further, they release several live alligators in the sewers.
- Sun. 27** Recital at the Norman house.
- Tue. 29** S.S. Pandora embarks for Hamburg, Germany, with a cargo of high-quality steel and a clean bill from Customs.
- Thu. 31** Pontius make ultimatum to the U.S. Government; lift all restrictions on sales to Germany within ten days, or the stolen mustard gas will be released in populated areas of New York City.

FEBRUARY

- Fri. 1** The Government decides not to make public the Pontius ultimatum. Fibber and Burton, among others, are officially assigned to track down the mustard gas. If Fibber is able to contact the daredevils, he will advise them of this new development; if not, the only way to learn of it is through Political contacts.
- Thu. 7** Rumors of the Pontius ultimatum reach the upper levels of Criminal Subculture.
- Sat. 9** An eight-foot, one hundred twenty-five pound alligator is captured on East 123rd Street.

Mon. 11 If it has not been tracked down, the New York Police Department will be advised that sixteen cylinders of stolen mustard gas are suspected to be hidden within the city.

Thu. 14 Pontius plants the cylinders of mustard gas under railway freight cars, on trains scheduled to pass along the elevated railways. A timer is set to release the gas at 7:15 AM.

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1.8 GASSSSSS!

The cylinders of Mustard Gas are crated and hidden in a basement of a condemned tenement building on East 123rd Street. The tenement is kept empty by irregular, but frequent, visits by an armed guard hired by the owner (an undeniably extreme measure, but typical of businessmen in the Depression). The guard has also been paid by Pontius, and instructed to keep out of the basement.

If the daredevils try to investigate the tenement building, there is a 5% chance of encountering the guard (statistically, it should be less, but let's make things more interesting) or, if they arrive early enough on the morning of February 14th (about 4:30 AM), six of Pontius's goons will be encountered. The goons will enter by the back door and carry the crates out the front to a truck, then drive back to the Woden warehouse on West 52nd Street, uncrate the cylinders and place them in four smaller trucks. They will be joined at the warehouse by four other goons; they will then split up, three to a truck, and take the cylinders to the railway depots.

Guard							
WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HCH	CDA	DRT
9	9	20	11	12	20	2	34
Weapons: Nightstick, Colt New Service (.45 ACP, BDG 6).							
Skills: Nightstick (14/4), Pistol (13), Brawling (13/4), Criminal Subculture (5), Driver (10).							
Clothing: Leather jacket and heavy fabric pants (AC 3).							
Goons							
Average Quality Rabble, armed with trench knives, S&W Magnums (loaded with hollow points), and saps. They wear working clothes (railway uniforms), work gloves and bullet-proof vests (AC 7/12). There are four Thompson SMGs in the large truck, one in each small truck, and a gas mask for each man.							
Large Truck							
Maximum speed is 88 kph, Acceleration 30, Hand 1, DUR 10, BAR 10, Range 380 km, Passengers 3.							
Small Truck							
Maximum speed is 110 kph, Acceleration 35, Hand 1, DUR 8, BAR 8, Range 315 km, Passengers 3.							

The gas is still in the sixteen metal cylinders, which require six points of damage to cause a leak. Though the guard is unaware of the precise contents of the cylinders, he will not fire in their direction; as far as he knows, they might contain acetylene, or some similarly flammable substance, and besides, he has been paid to protect them.

In case something does cause a cylinder to leak, Mustard Gas (dichlorethyl sulphide) is actually a brown liquid, smelling like mustard or garlic, which evaporates to act as an aerosol poison and a dermal vesicant (causing blisters). Strength 3, Incubation Period 1 Combat Turn, Cycle Time 1 Combat Turn, Type Lethal, Side Effects Pain (blisters) and decreased resistance to Pneumonia.

The cylinders each weigh 30 kg. Any damage done to a cylinder will cause a leak proportional to the damage done over six points. A cylinder receiving seven points of damage will create a cloud of gas with a one meter/yard radius in the first combat turn, two meters/yards in the second, for a hundred combat turns. A cylinder receiving eight points of damage disperses the gas twice as fast; nine points, thrice as fast; ten points, four times as fast, and so on. In a largely confined area like the tenement basement (where the only exits are the stairs and the hole in the floor leading to the sewer), it will take the gas cloud 2d10 + 10 hours to disperse.

The after-effects of mustard gas linger, with a cycle time of one hour once out of the cloud. The percentage chance that a victim will contract pneumonia afterwards, if he fails a Health AST, equals the number of Health points lost to the poisoning. (The statistics for pneumonia can be found on page 30 of the Daredevils rulebook.)

Worse still, gas masks alone do not fully protect against mustard gas.

While in the cloud, the victim is subject to a Strength 5 acid attack (see Rulebook, page 32) which has no effect on clothing or armor. Fortunately, clothing is effective protection against the gas, reducing the strength group by one per point of armor class. Characters not wearing gas masks will be subject to Acid Special Effects (Rulebook, page 32). These effects do not continue while outside the gas cloud.

Mustard gas has a high boiling point, and in the winter weather, much of the liquid will seep into the floor and the frost, to thaw in spring and create a new, equally dangerous cloud (it can, fortunately, be neutralized by a thick coating of bleach).

The GM should go out of his way to prevent a tank leaking – unless, of course, the daredevils are being extremely careless or stupid.

Attempting to track the path of the gas cylinders through the sewers will be (a) hazardous, because of the alligators (the daredevils will meet at least one in their attempt; don't forget that the sewers in winter will be at least knee-deep in murky, half-frozen water) and (b) difficult, because of the surroundings, Pontius's careful attempts to conceal the trail, and the age of the trail by the time the daredevils investigate (-7 to BCS, -3 per day elapsed).

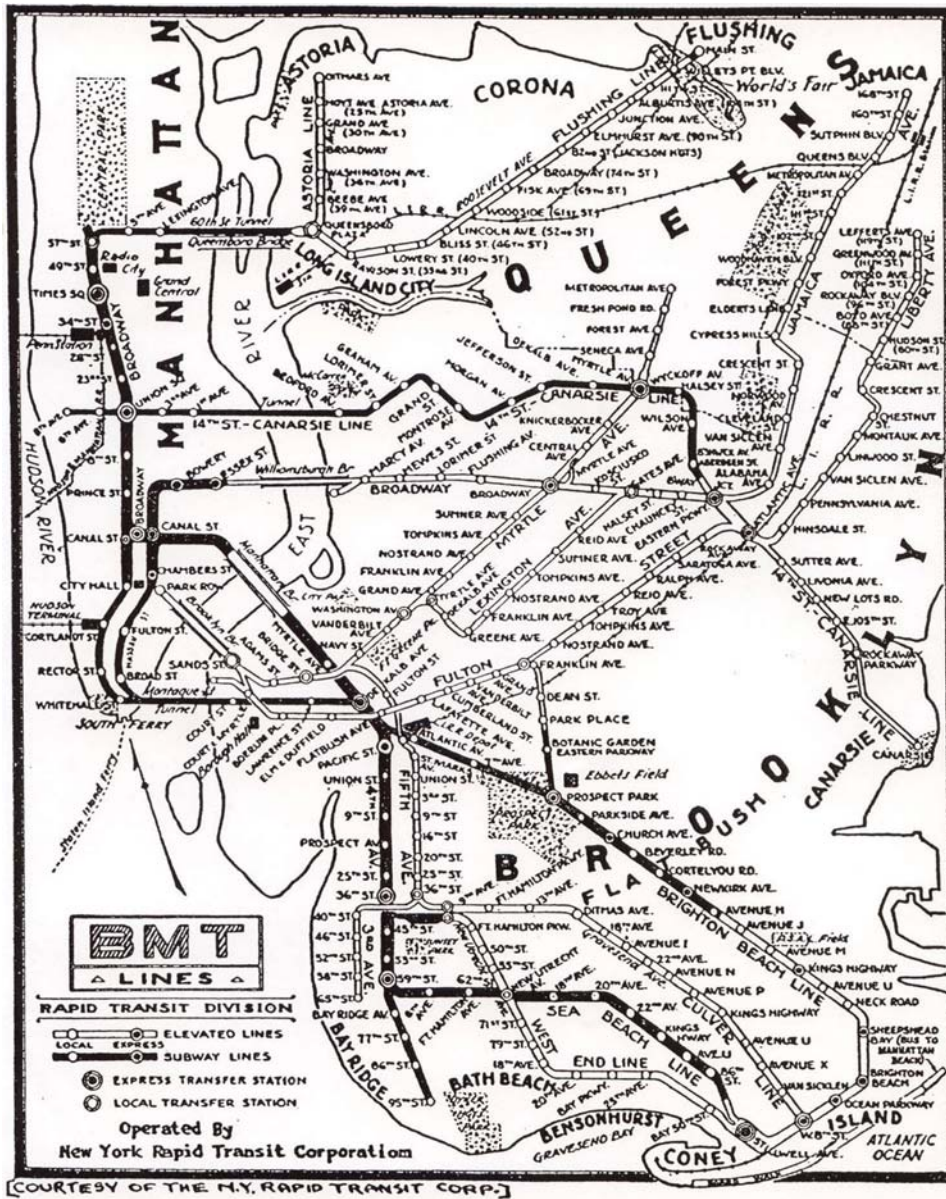
1.9 ENDPLAY: THE SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

Pontius has designed a device to produce slow leaks in the tanks of gas; acid eats away at a patch on each cylinder, which, at 7:15 AM, releases streams of mustard gas at five meters/yards per combat turn for twenty turns. The trains should be moving at about fifty meters/yards per turn, creating sixteen slowly drifting miles-long strips of pungent, but almost invisible vapor.

According to my calculations, the successful release of the mustard gas in New York City, according to Pontius's plans, would kill approximately 690,000 people, more than ten percent of the 1935 population, and nearly eight times as many as were killed by poison gas in the Great War. Approximately half of those not killed would be injured, often seriously or permanently, and the incidence of pneumonia would reach epidemic proportions. The surrounding hospitals would be hugely overworked, and the task of evacuating the city and cleaning the frozen mustard gas from the snowy streets would severely tax the resources of the army's Chemical Warfare Service.

As this is not the sort of incident that history is likely to gloss over, and as it may prevent you from using Manhattan for anything other than "Escape from New York" for the rest of the thirties, the GM should foil Pontius's plot if the daredevils fail to do so. Daredevils with a





background in Military Intelligence may make a WIT CST and anticipate Pontius (tanks of phosgene mounted on railway engines were used by the British at Ypres in 1918). A hobo roused from his bunk below a cattle car and complaining to a cop, an alert railway guard, a sharp-eyed kid who counts the cars on trains . . . any or all of these should help the daredevils and/or the police track down the cylinders before they leak – or, at least, before they leak too much.

Of course, one of the secrets of good Gamemastering is to suit an adventure to the players. Crime of the Century has been designed to be “winnable” by sheer detective work, but if your daredevils are expert brawlers or burglars, they will probably resort to brawls or burglary very early, and possibly with good results. If they are fond of firefights and car chases, there are several opportunities for these in the course of the adventure, but only if they’ve found the right people . . . and, of course, dead informants are about as useful as dead daredevils.

However the daredevils discover the plot to gas New York City, a solution should be found that suits their abilities. The police may track down ten, twelve, even fifteen of the cylinders and stop the trains before the leaks start – but at least one should remain a threat. The daredevils may have to fight it out with Pontius’s goons, with any missed shot likely to puncture a gas cylinder, or beat a train to an

intersection and block the tracks with seconds to spare, or jump from an autogyro to a moving train and railway car, leaping from car to car, finally climbing down the side of the caboose in a dark tunnel . . .

HISTORICAL NOTES

All of the characters in this adventure are, of course, fictitious, except for the alligator; an eight-foot, one hundred twenty-five pound gator was captured alive (though nearly frozen) on East 123rd Street on February 9, 1935. The incident was chronicled in the New York Times on February 10th (and later in *The People’s Almanac* #3, by David Wallenchinsky and Irving Wallace, which I found extremely useful in creating this adventure).

The details of Germany’s airship industry are also true; the L129 went down in history, and in flames, as the Hindenberg.

For the facts about U.S. stockpiles of poison gas, (they did exist, and thousands of tons of the stuff were dumped into the sea after World War II, at an approximate cost of \$500 million), the methods of dispersal, and the possibility of biological warfare in the early 1930’s, I am indebted to Robert Harris and Jeremy Paxman for *A Higher Form of Killing* (1982). The ‘formula’ for mustard gas is from *Aftermath!*, Book 3.

2.THE JUSTIN CASE

If any of the daredevils are pressed aboard the S.S. Pandora, the following scenario should (a) keep them occupied, (b) get them out of trouble momentarily, and (c) help them to find and plug the leak in the F.B.I.

Aboard the Pandora is a young American courier, Derek Justin Jr., nephew of the U.S. Ambassador to Germany. He rarely leaves his cabin, except for meals, and is always careful to lock his cabin door. He boarded with an attaché case cuffed to his wrist, stuffed with official documents which he has not read. The day before the Pandora arrives in Hamburg, he will receive a telegram telling him that due to unforeseen complications, he will not be given an escort from Hamburg to Berlin; instead, he has been booked into a hotel for the first night, and a car is waiting for him there. Nervous, he will bribe the Pandora's captain into releasing the daredevils, who he will try to hire (with an equal blend of patriotism and expense account) as chauffeur and bodyguards. The daredevils may scent a set-up; if so, they will be absolutely correct.

Fibber is using Justin to determine whether or not there is a leak in the F.B.I., each office has been given a different rumor, and Burton has leaked the story that Justin is carrying papers to the Military Intelligence officer in the U.S. Embassy. The fact that the SS will be waiting to pick Justin up will narrow the leak down to Burton's office.

Military Intelligence has other plans for Justin; it would be extremely advantageous to them if the papers he is carrying were to fall into the Nazis' hands and be perceived as genuine. The coded papers describe the U.S. Military's readiness in vague, but glowing terms, and gives a list of high-ranking Nazis who may be open to bribes or blackmail. The first is propaganda with some slight degree of truth, the second is pure libel designed to discredit a few potentially dangerous people; the whole is designed to occupy and confuse the SS for a time.

The case itself will frequently be cuffed to Justin's wrist. As well as the papers, it contains phials of a green dye, which will burst if the case is damaged, the lock is forced or picked, or the chain is detached. Reading and decoding the dyed documents will be even more time consuming for the SS.

Justin is a 'career diplomat,' an underqualified dilettante who has achieved his post through nepotism; his father, grandfather, and uncle all rank highly in the diplomatic service. Treat him as Poor Quality Rabble, with these exceptions: BCS 12 in High Society Subculture, 10 in German Language, and 9 in Political Subculture. He has no combat skills except fencing (BCS 5), and carries no weapons.

As the captain of the S.S. Pandora will have impounded any weapons the daredevils were carrying, and will not hand over their guns

whatever blandishments Justin may offer, the daredevils may choose to acquire guns on the black market in Hamburg: a task with a value of 15 and a period of 1 hour, averaging Criminal Subculture skill with German Language skill. Prices will be inflated; \$(30 x 1d6) for a pistol (Luger P08, Mauser C96, or Walther PP) and \$(2 x 1d6) for fifty rounds of 9mm ammunition. Justin will balk at handing over more than \$100, and buying rifles, shotguns or SMGs will take longer than he is prepared to wait.

SS LEUTNANT DIETER HERZOG

The SS group which follows Justin will be led by Leutnant Dieter Herzog, a handsome man of twenty-eight, tall, dark and grey-eyed. Herzog is a loyal, though not fanatical, Nazi; basically an idealist, he disagrees with the Nazi treatment of the Jews, but otherwise praises Hitler for making Germany 'feel good about itself again.' Outside working hours, he is a pleasant man, well-educated and happily married; on the job, he is a paragon of German efficiency.



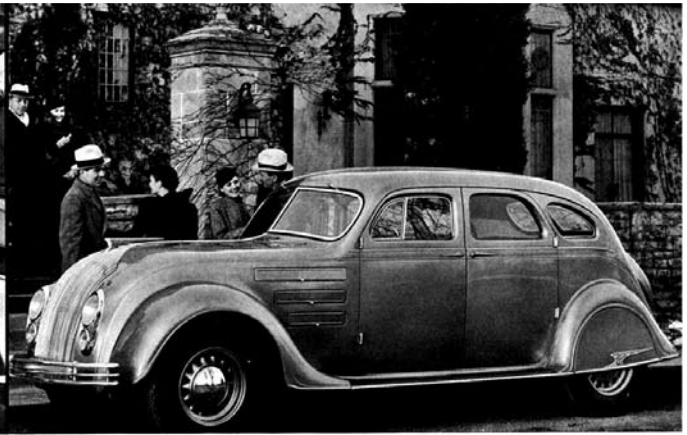
WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	18	16	16	12	17	3	34

Weapons: 100-meter/yard flashlight, six-cell battery, used as a nightstick; Luger P08 (BBL stan); ceremonial dagger (treat as a belt knife).

Skills: Pistol (19), Martial Arts (15/4), English Language (13), Cryptography (13), Interrogation (19), Traps (13), First Aid (13), Military Science (13), Knife (14/4), Fencing (13/4), Pilot (10), Rifle (13), Autofire (10), Stealth (17), Driver (13), Tracking (19), Nightstick (18/5), Law Enforcement Subculture (13).

Clothing: SS Uniform (AC 1).





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A car that cleaves the air like a bird—as it gives you the Floating Mile—because the Airflow body and the principles of Dynamic Balance are an ideal functional combination.

New Engine Location

Chrysler engineers have put an entirely new distribution of weights into the new Airflow Chrysler to achieve true Dynamic Balance. The engine is over the front axle. The rear seat is twenty inches forward of the rear axle. Passengers ride at the center of balance... suspended between the two axles.

You'll get an idea of what that means if you'll think of the children's teeter-totter. If you sit at the ends, you ride through a violent arc, but

if you sit at the middle, you scarcely move at all. But that's only part of the secret! With Airflow design, the front springs are independent units at the rear. When the front wheels hit a bump there is no reaction on the rear springs to force them down... as in the conventional car. Therefore when the rear wheels pass over the obstacle, there is no extra stored up energy in the rear springs to jounce the passengers.

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Everybody knows that a long roll in the rind is less jolting than a sharp lump. Chrysler engineers have discovered a way to take advantage of that truth. They have slowed up "spring periodicity"—or rate of motion—to the precise point that is most agreeable to human nerves. The car does, of course, move up and down as it speeds over a very bad road. But the motion

is a glide... not a jolt... a feeling of floating on a cushion of air.

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With Airflow design come other comforts that revolutionize the pleasure of motoring. Doors are wide as house doors. Seats are like divans... three adult people can ride in comfort, front or rear. Back at the rear seat is a spacious dustproof compartment for luggage.

Airflow makes possible a perfect ventilation system without wind roar. So perfectly is the air stream carried back of the car that dust and mud never gather on the rear of the car.

You ride in the Frame!

Airflow body and frame are one in the new Airflow Chrysler. You ride inside a bridgewalk of steel... with strong steel girders actually

over your head! Obviously this is the safest motor car the world has seen.

Steering the Airflow Chrysler is delightfully easy and positive, and there is an entirely new steering position which enables you to guide the car with a simple forearm movement.

To feel the refreshing modernity of the Airflow body, Chrysler designers have created an entirely new decorative treatment inside. There is the sleekness of a racing yacht's cabin in the interior roof treatment... a suggestion of a modern penthouse apartment in the rich new upholstery fabrics and gleaming chromium trim.

But you must see the Airflow Chrysler... above all you must ride in it... to realize how completely it revolutionizes all previous motor cars... to appreciate the truth that it brings an entirely new form of land transportation.

Two Distinguished 1934 Model a Chrysler Airflow Roadster... Airflow brings you performance in a new form. See the new Chrysler Airflow Roadster... with 120-hp. performance... from engine of 170 cu. in. The price of 1200 is available... from dealer and Chrysler Corporation.

Airflow Custom Special... The finest expression of Chrysler Airflow styling... 140-hp. Magnificent... individualized body type.

See Chrysler See... A new, larger, more comfortable... 160-hp. with all steel body, super steering, more spacious... and four... independent... suspension... with riding... 41-hp. 110 and 120 inch wheelbase... All 1934 Chrysler models have approved... engine... safety... and... features... all... available... from... dealer... and... Chrysler Corporation.



Herzog's men are Average Quality, except for one with a BCS of 16 in Rifle and Autofire; their weapons and clothing are the same as Herzog's.

Herzog's car (staff cars were rare in the Ss in the early '30s) is a 1929 Mercedes-Benz SS 4-seat tourer. The car left for Justin is a Chrysler Imperial. If more than four daredevils have been suborned into this, the only cars available for hire are Mercedes-Benz type 170H coupes. Herzog, who will be driving, will give Justin two minutes to leave Hamburg before following him, and will then follow. He should catch Justin after fifteen minutes, fourteen clicks from Hamburg, and will attempt to pass the Chrysler Imperial and signal it to stop. If the driver of the Imperial refuses to stop, Herzog will attempt to force it off the road. The roads between Berlin and Hamburg are good, traffic is light to negligible, and there is no official speed limit; it is, of course, late winter, and the GM may add rain, snow or fog as he pleases.

If the passengers in the Imperial (or in the Type 170H) have acquired guns in Hamburg and open fire, the three passengers in Herzog's car will fire back, two with Lugers; one (the rifle/autofire expert) with a ZK383 submachine gun. If the daredevils decide to abandon the car and fight it out off the side of the road, Herzog and his men will prefer to use their flashlights as clubs, but if the daredevils use lethal weapons, Herzog will draw his Luger and his men will follow suit.

There should be an SS man for every daredevil; any who cannot ride in Herzog's car will be on motorcycles.

Vehicle	Max.Speed	Accel.	Hand	DUR	BAR	Range	Passengers
SS Tourer	180 kph	'80	4	7	8	150	4
Type 170H	120 kph	'35	2	6	8	400	5

Justin is a coward, but not an entirely stupid one; once the first daredevil is downed, he will rip the chain out of the briefcase (drenching the contents in dye) and throw it to Herzog. Herzog will quite happily disengage from fighting to claim it, and head for Berlin. The daredevils may choose to chase and intercept him, even though

Justin is unlikely to cooperate.

If the daredevils are able to interrogate Herzog successfully, they will learn that his superiors are buying secrets from an F.B.I. agent, code-named 'Hinbad' (Herzog's men are more easily broken, but they won't know the code-name). A daredevil who makes his BCS in Arabic Culture (or a moderately well-read player) will recognize 'Hinbad' as a character from The Arabian Nights, which was translated into English by (BCS in Linguistics or History) Sir Richard Burton. This information, if relayed to Fibber, will cause him to focus his attention on Paul Burton.

If the daredevils kill any of the SS men, or any innocent bystanders, it will be extremely difficult for them to leave Germany alive, without resorting to disguises, forged passports, and the like (Justin has diplomatic immunity; they probably do not). Allow until 9:00 PM for Herzog's disappearance/capture to be noted by the SS, 2d10 hours for the bodies to be found (longer if the daredevils hide them) and 1d6 hours for the APB to be sent out. If the daredevils fake a road accident or something similar (1 hour task period), average a range of skills – Disguise, Driver, Mechanic, Pathology, Forensic Science, etc. – to produce a BCS modifier for the Forensic Scientists (experts with a BCS of 19).

It may be necessary for the daredevils to take the first and fastest method of transport to anywhere: there probably won't be (GM's discretion) a boat back to the U.S. for several days, even if they could



afford the passage, and Hamburg will be the first place the SS will look. Their hired car would also be stopped at the border and easily recognized. Catching a train would be their best bet, and surely no one would think of looking for them in Transylvania . . .

SEQUEL SUGGESTIONS

As I have previously pointed out, capturing Pontius will be extremely difficult; trying to make charges of attempted mass murder stick against an apparent ten-year-old kid will be almost impossible. Thus, Pontius will almost certainly return, in the most insidious Fu Manchu style, adopting another pair of parents and manipulating the world from beneath. He is not necessarily vengeful, but any individual who suspects him is a potential menace, and Pontius will take a malign interest in his further career.

High Norman is not a man to be crossed lightly, and he has friends and associates in most walks of life. If he is (unjustly) harassed, his blacklisting may reduce the daredevils' Subculture BCSs: -1d10 in Business and Political Subculture, -1d6 in Law Enforcement, and -1d3 in High Society. Provoked further, he will have the police investigate the daredevils with excessive thoroughness.

Julia Norman is equally fond of revenge, and can reduce the daredevils' High Society Subculture BCS by -1d10, and Business Subculture by -1d3. Given extreme provocation, she may attempt or sanction violence (perhaps the best way to deal with Pontius is to prove to Julia that he killed Jonathan Blackwood, but this will be extremely difficult). Please note that if she is arrested, the withdrawal symptoms from the potion will become apparent and lend some credence to her story that Johnny Mellors is Pontius. This may not help the overzealous daredevil who is convicted of murdering an unarmed boy; the death penalty was rather more common in the 1930's . . .



The New York Times

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1935

SHOCKING NEWS

Alligator Found in Uptown Sewer

Youths Shoveling Snow Into Manhole See the Animal Churning in Icy Water

SNARE IT AND DRAG IT OUT

Reptile Slain by Rescuers When It Gets Vicious—Whence It Came Is Mystery

The youthful residents of East 123d Street, near the murky Harlem River, were having a rather grand time at dusk yesterday shoveling the last of the recent snow into a gaping manhole.

Salvatore Condulucci, 16 years old, of 419 East 123d Street, was assigned to the rim. His comrades would heap blackened slush near him, and he, carefully observing the sewer's capacity, would give the last fine flick to each mound.

Suddenly, there were signs of clogging ten feet below, where the manhole dropped merged with the dark conduit leading to the river. Salvatore yelled: "Hey, you guys, wait a minute," and got down on his knees to see what was the trouble.

What he saw, in the thickening dusk, almost caused him to topple into the icy cavern. For the jagged surface of the ice blockade below was moving; and something black was breaking through. Salvatore's eyes widened; then he managed to leap to his feet and call his friends.

"Honest, it's an alligator!" he exploded.

Others Look and Are Convinced

There was a murmur of skepticism. Jimmy Mireno, 19, of 440 East 123d Street, shouldered his way to the rim and stared.

"He's right," he said.

Frank Lonzo, 18, of 1,743 Park Avenue, looked next. He also confirmed the spectre. Then there was a great crush about the opening in the middle of the street and heads were bent low around the aperture.

The animal apparently was thrashing about in the ice, trying to get clear. When the first wave of awe had passed, the boys decided to help it out. A delegation was dispatched to the Lehigh Stove and Repair Shop at 441 East 123d Street.

"We want some clothes-line," demanded the delegation, and got it.

Young Condulucci, an expert on Western movies, fashioned a slip knot. With the others watching breathlessly, he dangled the noose into the sewer, and after several tantalizing near-catches, looped it about the 'gator's neck. The he pulled hard. There was a grating of rough leathery skin against jumbled ice. But the job was too much for one youth. The others grabbed the rope and all pulled.

Slowly, with its curving tail twisting weakly, the animal was dragged from the snow, ten feet through the dank cavern, and to the street, where it lay, non-committal; it was not in Florida, that was clear.

And therefore, when one of the boys sought to loosen the rope, the creature opened its jaws and snapped, not with the robust vigor of a healthy, well-sunned alligator, but with the fury of a sick, very badly treated one. The boys jumped back. Curiosity and sympathy turned to enmity.

"Let 'im have it!" the cry went up.

Rescuers Then Kill It

So the shovels that had been used to pile snow on the alligator's head were now to rain blows upon it. The 'gator's tail swished about a few last times. Its jaws clashed weakly. But it was in no mood for a real struggle after its icy incarceration. It died on the spot.

Triumphantly, but not without the inevitable reaction of sorrow, the boys took their victim to the Lehigh Stove and Repair Shop. There it was found to weigh 125 pounds; they said it measured seven and a half or eight feet. It became at once the greatest attraction the store ever had had. The whole neighborhood milled about, and finally, a call for the police reached a nearby station.

But there was little for the hurrying policemen to do. The strange visitor was quite dead; and no charge could be preferred against it or against its slayers. The neighbors were calmed with little trouble and speculation as to where the 'gator had come from was rife.

There are no pet shops in the vicinity; that theory was ruled out almost at once. Finally, the theories simmered down to that of a passing boat. Plainly, a steamer from the mysterious Everglades, or thereabouts, had been passing 123d Street, and the alligator had fallen overboard.

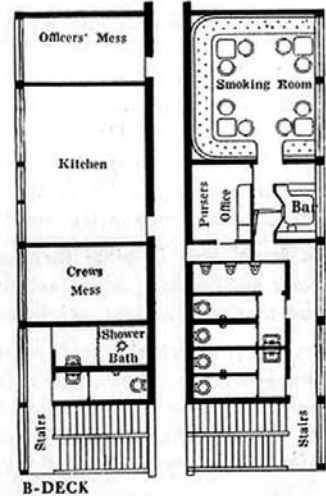
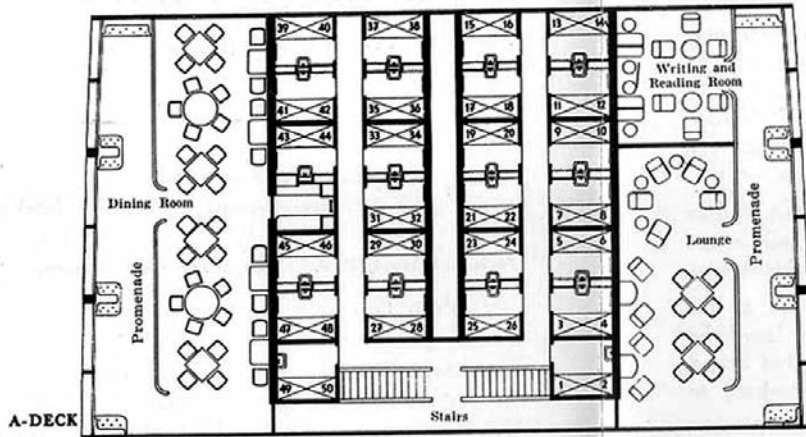
Shunning the hatefully cold water, it had swum toward shore and found only the entrance to the conduit. Then after another 150 yards through a torrent of melting snow—and by that time it was half dead—it had arrived under the open manhole.

Half-dead, yes, the neighborhood conceded. But still alive enough for a last splendid opening and snapping of its jaws. The boys were ready to swear to that.

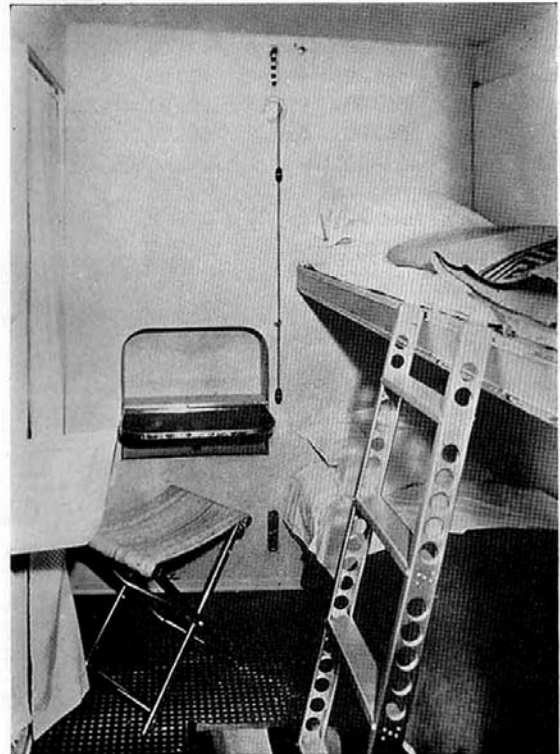
At about 9 P. M., when tired mothers had succeeded in getting most of their alligator-conscious youngsters to bed, a Department of Sanitation truck rumbled up to the store and made off with the prize. Its destination was Barren Island and an incinerator.

ZEPPELIN BROCHURE 1930s

Plan of Passenger Accommodations on the Zeppelin Airship Hindenburg



A Two-berth Cabin on the Hindenburg



Menu

On board the airship
HINDENBURG

Breakfast

Coffee, Tea Milk, Cocoa
Bread, Butter, Honey, Preserves
Eggs, boiled or in cup
Frankfort Sausage
Ham, Salami
Cheese
Fruit

Dinner

Beef Broth with Marrow Dumplings
Rhine Salmon a la Graf Zeppelin
Roast Gosling, Meuniere
with Mixed Salad and
Applesauce
Pears Condé with Chocolate Sauce
Coffee
Fresh Fruit

Supper

Pâtés a la Reine
Roast Filet of Beef, Mixed Salad
Cheese
Fresh Fruit
Coffee

NORTH ATLANTIC SERVICE

Frankfurt a/Main, Germany, to Lakehurst, N. J.
Lakehurst, N. J., to Frankfurt a/Main, Germany.

For the season of 1936 ten round-trips of the "HINDENBURG" (L.Z. 129) have been scheduled between Frankfurt a/Main and Lakehurst, N. J., beginning in May and lasting through to the

middle of October. Duration of the westbound voyages will average about three days and for the eastbound voyages barely over two days.

RATES

(Subject to Change)

	One Way	Round Trip
LAKEHURST—FRANKFURT OR FRANKFURT—LAKEHURST (2 IN A ROOM BASIS)	\$ 400	\$ 720
SOLE OCCUPANCY, DOUBLE ROOM	680	1224

EUROPE—SOUTH AMERICA SERVICE

This service has been in operation during the past four years and is in operation again this year by the GRAF ZEPPELIN, with fortnightly departures in each direction, plus five round-

trips between Aug. 26 and Dec. 2 by the HINDENBURG. The time Frankfurt to Pernambuco is 3 days, to Rio de Janeiro 4 days.

RATES

(Subject to Change)

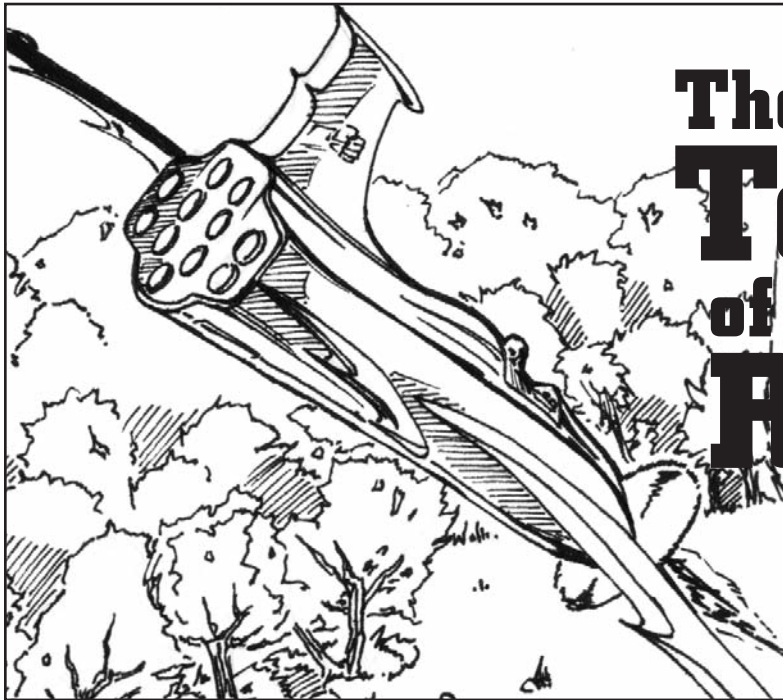
	Two in Room per Berth	Room Alone
FRANKFURT—RECIFE (PERNAMBUCO)	R.M. 1400	R.M. 2100
FRANKFURT—RIO DE JANEIRO	1500	2200

Reading and Writing Room on the Hindenburg



Lounge and Promenade on the Hindenburg





The Terror of the Red Fist

Written by Stefan Jones
Illustrated by James Bishop

Sabotage! Assassination! Terror-bombing! Such are the tools used by the numerous sinister organizations which seek to overthrow the social order of our fair country in these times of trouble. One such group is the Order of the Red Fist. Using the skills of professional inventors, kidnapped scientists, disgruntled citizens and political fanatics, the Red Fist is planning a campaign of terror and sabotage to change the course of an upcoming election. The player-characters (PCs) must thwart this mad scheme to preserve life, liberty, and the American way!

The stronghold of the Red Fist is on Long Island, east of New York City. Far out in rural Suffolk County, the group has set up a secret headquarters in an old estate. Here, they are working on a new invention - a speedy rocket-propelled aeroplane - and gathering arms and equipment to back a political army. The local leader of the Red Fist, the sinister Maxim Spytter III, lives on the estate with his right-hand man, several thugs, and Raymond Blimmer, a scientist inventor who is being held prisoner while he works on the Rocket Plane.

The PCs will be drawn into the web of intrigue and danger by an incident on a country road. On the way back to the Big Apple, perhaps after visiting a fellow adventurer or possible employer, the PCs will pass through the area detailed in Map 1: Cycle Crash Area.

This was the site of a recent encounter between a brave but unlucky G-Man and a gang of thugs from the Red Fist. The government agent was chasing the criminals after they had broken into the grounds of the Fairman Airplane Company; though he managed to pick off two of the saboteurs with his pistol as he raced after them on his motorcycle, the agent was ambushed and mortally wounded at the site shown. A key follows:

MAP 1: CYCLE CRASH AREA

A. This is Ray McKing's motorcycle, preceded by 25 feet or so of skid marks. The cycle has a broken headlight and a bullet ding in a fender but is otherwise in good shape. It is privately owned by McKing. Footprints lead from the bike into the cornfield and to the area marked "B."

B. The G-man ran here for cover after the Red Fist nasties began firing on him from across the street. McKing lies here still, with two bullets in his body and much of his blood on the ground. Several spent shells from McKing's gun are scattered about; two fairly intact bullets from the Fisties' guns are lodged in the fence railing McKing was using as a gun rest. McKing will give the PCs some last words before he dies; see below.

C. Heavy tire tracks lead from the main, asphalt-covered road up this gravel-and-mud driveway. A successful forensics roll will confirm that the car was large, a limousine or similar vehicle.

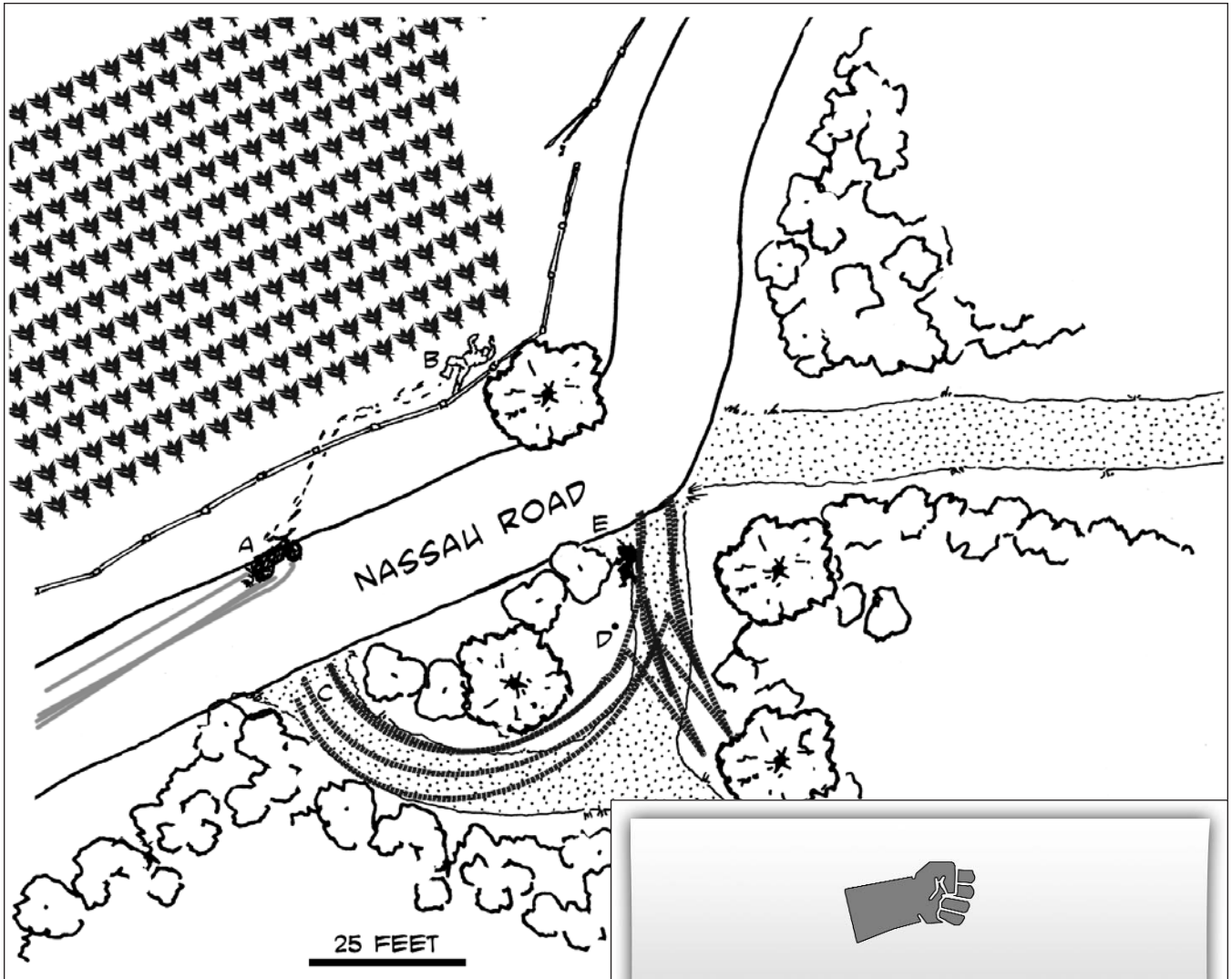
D. The Fisties' car hit a metal post at this spot and backed up to get back on course. Black paint has scraped off on the post; a forensics roll or similar is required to spot this clue material.

E. The Fisties stopped here, behind the cover of trees and shrubs, to make their ambush. In the firefight that followed the cowardly attack, McKing was killed and a thug injured. One of the already-dead thugs, picked off by McKing in the chase, was dumped to make room in the car and lies next to the road. A few spent shells from the thugs' guns lie about, .38 caliber from a S&W police revolver.

More tire tracks lead away from the driveway; the car apparently went north.

McKing will die shortly after the PCs arrive on the scene. If they insist on dawdling, he may expire before they get to him, but in fairness he will probably live to groan the following: "Saboteurs... Fairman Plant. Going to kill the Governor ... see Lil' Rick at the motor vehicle... reffist..."

McKing will then slump over, dead. In his pocket is a note, which he found in the Fairman plant office where the Red Fist's agents had been doing their dirty work. The note is on fine-quality paper, marked with a Red Fist insignia. McKing's and Lonnie Jackson's fingerprints are on the paper. The message is in code; give it to the players to see how they make out. If they are utterly stumped, provide these clues. Each clue requires a cryptology task successfully completed. The period is



CURTRX:

YLH QNDRX LTV WJF GQKNTJ
 EPG JP USTS IB RH UJH
 JFOWQDP QNDRY. MJX WJFO
 DRI XJTRTU VR EQVME.
 EQXGU, WYOSI, MQOGV,
 WROYL, DPELDGPYTR ZKMN
 DGHURTFPZ ARY,

XVDGGT

one-half hour, and task value is 5, for each clue.

- o The cipher is some sort of letter-substitution code.
- o The degree of offset is variable.
- o The offset varies between one and six letters.

The code is fairly simple to break once the technique is known. The number of letters that each letter of the message is offset begins at one and increases by one per letter until six is reached; then the amount of offset decreases by one until zero is reached whence the amount goes up again. For the GM, here is a sample of the correct cipher:

X+1, X+2, X+3, X+4, X+5, X+6, X+5, X+4, X+3, X+2, X+1, X+0, X+1, X+2, X+3, etc.

The C in "CURTRX" is actually an A, so the decoding actually begins at X+2. The letters "CURTRX" are decoded as "ARNOLD" ... C-A+2, U=R+3, R=N+4, and so on. The code reads:

Arnold: The Plans for the engine are in room 18 of the Fairman plant. Get them and report to alpha. Bower, Stine, Jones, Smith, and Jackson will accompany you. Spytter.



Raymond McKing and the FBI

McKing was a competent but eccentric FBI agent. He preferred going to assignments on his motorcycle, alone. As he is mortally wounded and doomed at the beginning of the adventure, he has little chance to use his skills or attributes, though his fate may serve as a warning to PCs that good looks and a dashing manner can't stop bullets.

McKing was a rather eccentric type to be a G-Man. If the daredevils contact the FBI, they will find during the debriefing and questioning they receive that the Bureau is not that surprised that McKing met his end as he did... his colleagues in crime stopping consider him too reckless and brash to be a respectable agent. The Bureau will not be too happy with the PCs if they insist upon becoming involved in the case, and may go out of their way to impound evidence and keep the daredevils away from the matter. This will impede the PCs progress if they choose to pursue the case on their own.



Lil' Rick

Not far from the bureau headquarters in Brooklyn is the local Motor Vehicle Bureau. In the waiting room of this rickety old office building works "Lil' Rick," a shoeshine boy and source of much information. Rick is described in the character profiles. If the daredevils ask for advice, roll on the reaction table, adding 10 points to the roll for each dollar given to the boy as a bribe.

Rick is a 12 year old boy. He is streetwise and tough and knows how to handle himself in the bad parts of the city. He gathers vast amounts of useful information on his rounds of the various office buildings he covers on his shoe-shine job. Treat Rick as a Poor Quality Rabble. He has a long, sharp pocket knife to protect himself.

Value Information Gained

- Value -6:** Rick has been recruited by the opposition! He will tell the PCs that the Red Fist is an ordinary gang of thugs who run a gambling joint in the Bronx. If asked about McKing, he will claim that the agent is a nutcase and publicity-seeker.
- Value -4:** Rick is in a bad mood and either won't or can't tell the PCs anything worthwhile about the case.
- Value -2, -1:** Rick reports that McKing came to him a week before seeking information on the owner of a certain car. The boy doesn't remember the plate number, but he says that the car was described as "big and black!"
- Value 0, +1:** Rick reports the above, and also confesses that one of the "Fisties" threatened him. The ugly pug who did this is 'Cronker' Smith, now deceased. Rick claims that the

- thug had a "red" "fist" tattoo needled on his wrist.
- Value +2, +4:** As Above, but Rick remembers that McKing had a young girl with him. The "chick" looked worried and whispered with McKing nervously.
- Value +6:** Rick offers to help the PCs by getting the information about the black car. This may be difficult as the clerk he curries favor with (via free shins) may not be in, or remember the case. There is a cumulative 20% chance per day that Rick will come through with the information.



Other Investigations

Several subculture skills may yield results to persistent investigators. "Criminal" subculture rolls in the city or on Long Island's "Gold Coast" (a favorite haunt of rumrunners) can result in helpful clues, Law Enforcement skill may turn up records of recent crimes that tie in to the "Red Fist" mystery. Poking around the Fairman Aeroplane Company will result in some information also.

Value	Criminal	Law Enforcement	Fairman Plant
-6	F – Thugs	A – Myer	A – Myer
-4	-	-	A – Myer
-2, -1	B – tipped off!	-	-
0, +1	-	C – Cops	-
+2	D – Stoolie	-	-
+4	E – Chesterson	G – Myer	H – Jasper
+6	I – Scott	J – Jenkins	F, K – Stine

The letters refer to the clue discovered, the name to the character providing it.

A. Captain Myer of the FBI, who may have met the PCs if they reported his “accident,” takes a dislike to the daredevils and warns them to lay off agency business. If the PCs persist, he will have them arrested or watched carefully.

B. The criminal underground informs the Red Fist through contacts that trouble is afoot. The cabal will tread carefully the next few weeks to avoid attention.

C. The PCs overhear cops talking about the Governor’s visit and their duties on that day. Security will be heavy for some reason, but they themselves don’t know why.

D. A lousy little fink tells the PCs that he has heard that a big shipment of chemicals were stolen from a dock in Brooklyn and sent out to an estate on Long Island.

E. Chesterson tells the PCs that the “Red Fists” have had dealings with other ‘bosses,’ but he keeps clear of them. He has heard that the “Fisties” are trying to build bombs and hope to make deals with the biggest underground honchos after some sort of ‘demonstration.’

F. Whoops! The PCs are so successful in probing the depths of criminaldom that they have asked a Red Fist member for information about the society... he (Bower) will tell them that the Red Fist is a speakeasy, then send out thugs to do in the daredevils to keep them quiet.

G. Captain Myer informs the investigating player-character that an important aerospace engineer/inventor has been officially declared missing. Dr. Blimmer has a daughter who will be with Myer when he reveals this information; she (Laney Blimmer) will contact the PCs after she returns home. She believes that they could do a better job of finding her daddy than the FBI!

H. Harold Jaspers, who works for the Fairman Aeroplane Company, reports that an “inside man” helped thieves steal the plans for a new airplane engine. Jaspers can help the PCs get around the plant without harassment and may assist in attempts to trap the disloyal employee.

I. A professional burglar is contacted by the daredevils. He helped the Red Fist steal a shipment of explosives and chemicals from a ship, but was cheated of his payment and wants to rat on the Fisties. He gives the PCs the address of the estate where the “Fisties” have their headquarters.

J. While the investigating daredevil chats with Suffolk Police Inspector Jenkins, a call comes in concerning a mysterious radio message received by an amateur nearby. Someone claiming to be Dr. Blimmer called for help and warned of an impending terrorist act by the Red Fist. He was suddenly cut off before reporting his location, but from the strength of the signal, the broadcast would have to have originated in the county or across the Sound in Connecticut. Jenkins will welcome help from the daredevils... he has his hands busy with a visit by the Governor.

K. This result may also come about if the PCs lay a trap to catch the inside man in the Fairman robbery. The PCs stumble across Doug Stine as he is jimmying open a safe, desk drawer, or closet. Whether they catch him or not, he and/or Bower will select a few thugs and begin harassing the daredevils to keep them out of the way while the Fist prepares to strike.

THE PLAN

The Red Fist plans to kill the Governor as the first step on their road to total domination of the nation. Operating from their headquarters estate, the Fist has gathered materials and skilled people to build a special weapon, the Dymoplane. This is a sleek little plane that has rocket pods attached to give it added speed. It is also well armed with two machine guns and a small bomb rack. In the last few weeks, the group has been working overtime. They stole chemicals and explosives to arm and fuel the plane; Dr. Blimmer was kidnapped to finish the aircraft; plans were stolen from Fairman Aeroplane to build the main engine. The rush is on to complete the Dymoplane before the Governor’s visit to Long Island a week hence (after the start of the adventure). The plan is to wait for the Governor to arrive at the site of



a dedication ceremony, then zip in with the Dymoplane and strafe and bomb the area, not forgetting to leave a load of pamphlets behind in the process.

THE ESTATE - MAP KEY

If the Daredevils were skilled and/or lucky, they will have learned the location of the Red Fists’ estate. It is located on the north shore of Long Island, atop a cliff overlooking the Sound. A map of the grounds is provided.

A. Garage: Formerly a stable, this small wooden building is now a garage. The black limousine used in the Fairman robbery and the

McKing ambush may be found here. Blood and bullet-holes mar the vehicle's fine finish.

B. The Main House: This is a splendid old Victorian mansion, fairly well kept up. The surrounding lawns and gardens are kept in good condition also. The grounds are lit at night.

C. Beachfront: Down a 30-40 foot high cliff lies the beach. Boats could be landed here quite easily, but they would be visible from the top of the cliff. The slope up is covered with scrub and ivy but is still rather hard to climb.

D. This is a ramshackle old hut built on stilts right over the cliff. It was once the guest house, but now contains explosives, dangerous chemicals, and supplies used to build the Dymoplane. The place is a firetrap and threatens to fall down the cliff when the door is slammed or someone talks above a whisper. The door has a barrier value of 10; the lock is complexity 1, barrier factor of 10.

E. The site of the Dymoplane's construction and testing. An old wooden building contains a restroom, workshop and drafting room; plans are provided below. The larger building is a hangar for the plane and contains little else but some shelves for tools, a radio room, and fuel tanks. It is built of flimsy wood and brick; a hastily built structure with few furnishings. Lastly, there is a short airstrip of gravel and asphalt. The Dymoplane, covered with canvas, rests at the end of the strip during the day when it is not being worked on.

F. Fisherman's Shack. A poor but honest fisherman lives here. He is getting suspicious about the activities of the people who live in the estate up the way... see below.

Approaching the Estate

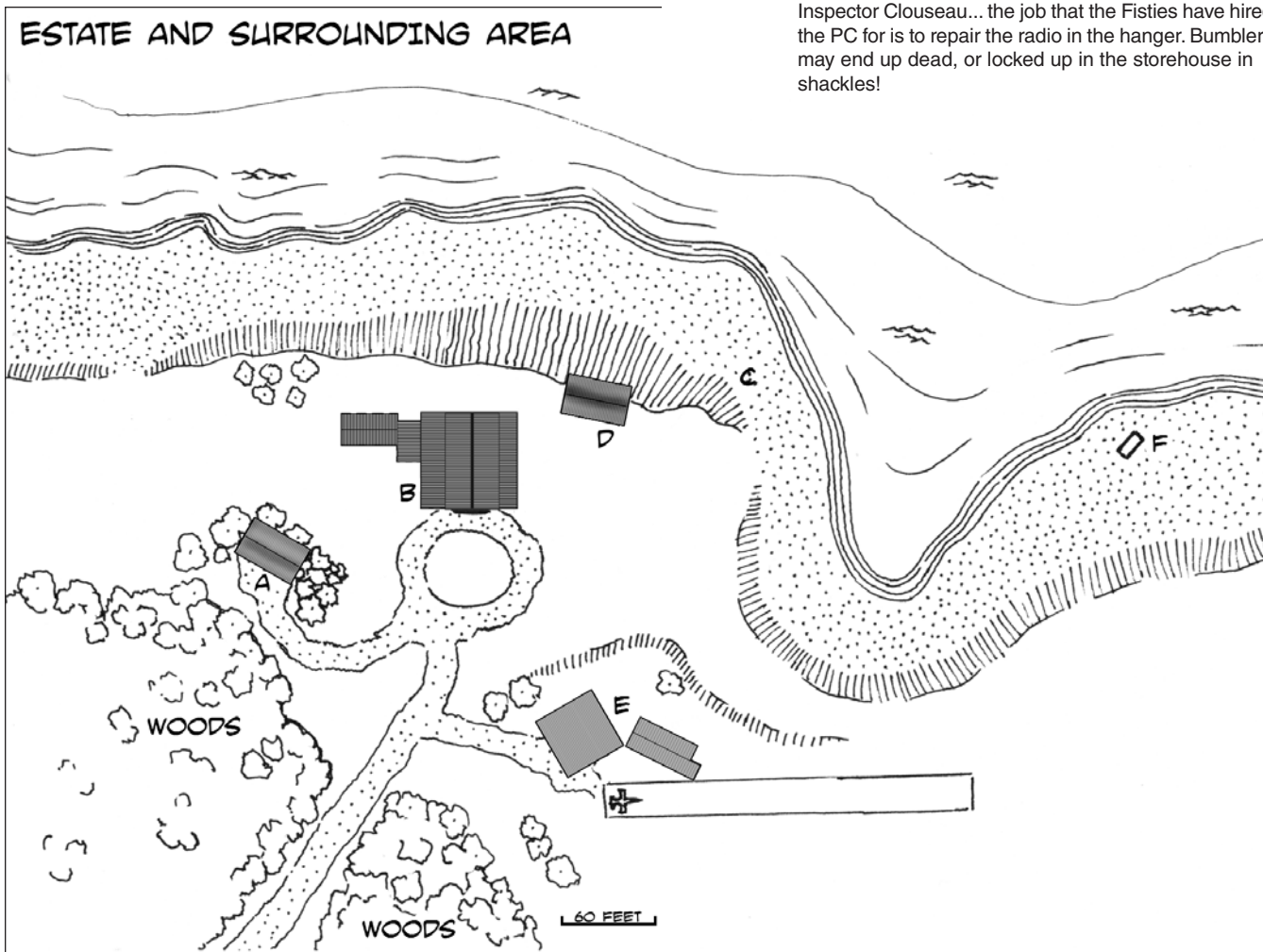
While the PCs could drive right up the road to the main house and announce their presence to the members of the Red Fist, it may be safer and more productive for them to investigate the place first. Each PC may poke around the area, ask questions of the locals, and possibly make scouting raids on the estate. Roll on the reaction table, adding BCS scores for Stealth, and the value of the PCs Communicative talent.

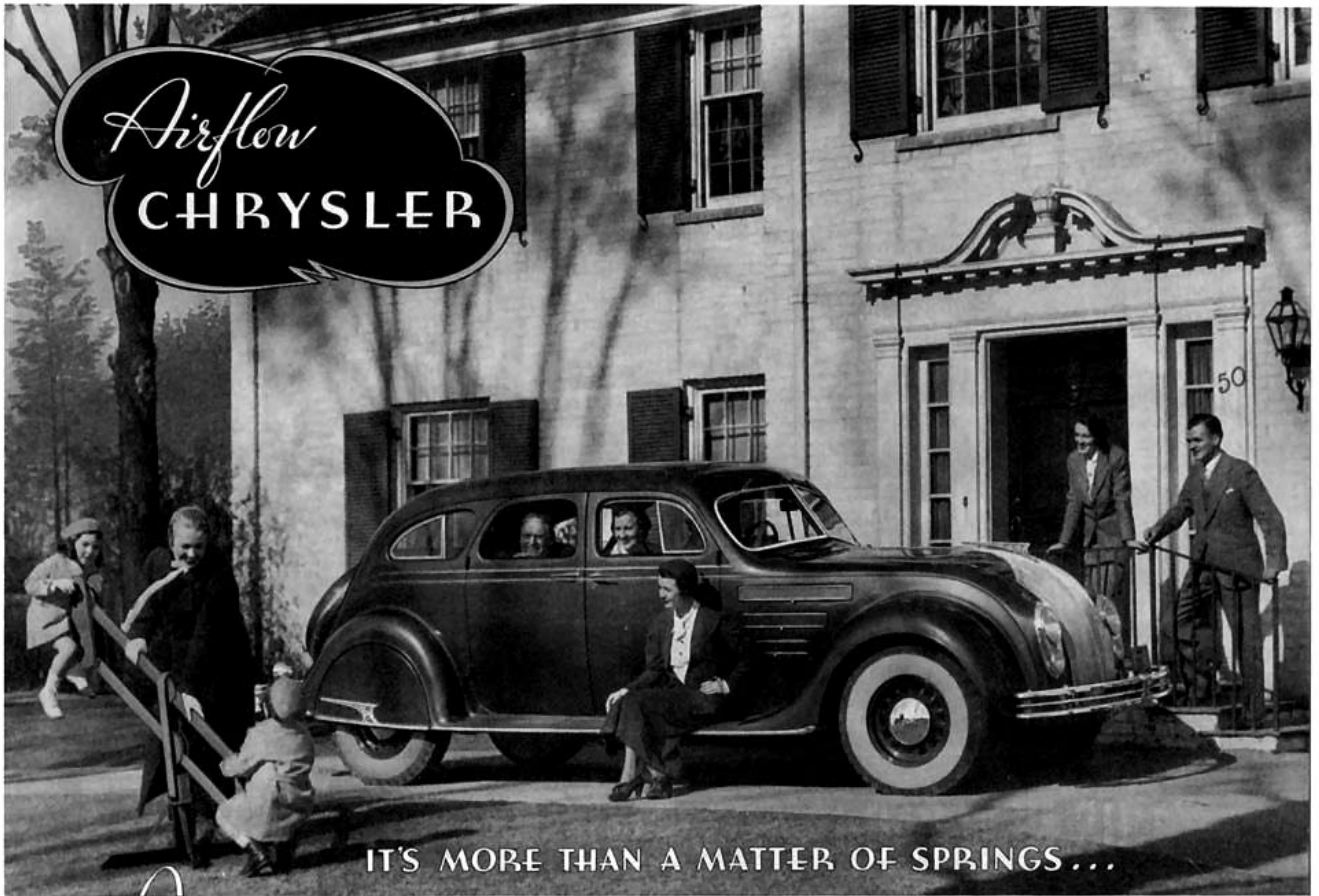
Value -6: The PC is captured (or ambushed in detailed action time, if you don't wish the capture to be automatic) by the Red Fist thugs and tied up in building B of the estate. A thug will periodically check the place, and Maxim Spytter will question the character if he has the time.

Value -4, -2: The Red Fist becomes aware that people are poking about the place and double their patrols.

Value -1, 0: While the locals have lots of gossip to tell, none of it is useful and the PC wastes his time.

Value +1, +2: A local fisherman reports that strange noises and flashes of light have been coming from atop the cliff over his beachfront shack. He also reports that armed men roam the estate. The PCs learn the frequency of the patrols on the estate and can avoid them 50% of the time; the PC investigating has a chance, if he takes immediate initiative, to get into the estate disguised as an electrician. Unless the PC has a little know-how, or can fake it well, he or she may end up looking like Inspector Clouseau... the job that the Fisties have hired the PC for is to repair the radio in the hanger. Bumpers may end up dead, or locked up in the storehouse in shackles!





IT'S MORE THAN A MATTER OF SPRINGS...

It's Dynamic Balance that gives Floating Ride



THE illustration above is more than a pleasing picture. The teeter-totter is being used to demonstrate a scientific truth.

The twins sit at the ends of the teeter-totter... bouncing... flying up and down in great style. But the pivot point... the center of balance... scarcely moves at all.

In like manner passengers ride in

the middle of the Airflow Chrysler... both front and rear seats are near the center of balance. The engine is over the front axle... the back seat is 20 inches forward of the rear axle. This balance of weight controls spring action as nothing else can... slowing down the rate of motion... lengthening sharp jolts into easy glides... entirely eliminating the jiggling and bumping inherent in any kind of springs.

That shows clearly why the Floating Ride in the Airflow Chrysler is far more than a matter of spring design

... why it gives comfort that springs alone cannot produce.

It's a simple truth that the Floating Ride in the Airflow Chryslers is so different that it is literally a new kind of travel. You can prove it for yourself in just a short ride. And you should take that ride before you even consider the purchase of any other car.

Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12201 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Four Distinguished 1934 Models

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT... 122 horsepower and 121-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan. Six-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1345.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL... 110 horsepower... 120-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan. Six-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1625.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL... 150 horsepower... 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX... 90-hp independently sprung front wheels... for a smooth, cushioned ride... 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117-inch and 121-inch wheelbase. From \$775 up. Four-door Sedan, \$845.

List prices at factory, Detroit.

★ You can easily write as you ride in the Airflow Chrysler, like this...



★ Even when you're speeding along an ordinary gravel road, like this...



★ In Airflow Coupes, the spare tire tucks away in a compartment like this...



★ All Airflow Chryslers have inside compartments for a lot of luggage like this...



The estate is well guarded. Two thugs are assigned to walk the driveway and southern approaches to the estate; three wander the grounds; and two more guard the hangar/airstrip area. There is a 50% chance per ten minutes on the estate that a guard will be "spotted." Stealth rolls, rushes for cover, and camouflage will determine if the guard sees the character(s) as he passes by. Arriving by car, boat, autogiro or similar noisy means will instantly tip off the guards, as will walking up the driveway in a bold fashion. The guards are not Red Fists themselves, but are fairly loyal and will bring captives to the main house if possible.

FLOORPLANS

Main House

This is a three-story structure. It is quite fancy and hung with gingerbread and ivy-covered trellises. The key to the map is provided below:

A. Entrance Hall: It is handsomely furnished, and has paintings, small statues, and chandeliers in abundance. The front door is Barrier Value 15; the lock is Barrier Value 15/Complexity 2.

B. Living Room/Study: Another beautifully furnished room, animal-head trophies hang on the wall and exotic items from the previous owner's travels are on display. The Red Fist has done little to disturb the room's contents and appearance.

C. Dining Hall: Once an airy, pleasant place, because of the numerous uncouth thugs and similar lowlife that eat here, the room has become a bit gritty. One or more Fistles will be here during the day, eating.

D. The Kitchen.

E. Breakfast Nook: This room is now the "employment office." The thugs, agents and technicians who work for the Red Fist are kept track of here. Cabinets and tables are stuffed with paperwork; a small safe (stolen! It has a Barrier Factor of 50; Complexity 8) contains \$1320 in cash, and two gold watches.

F. Guest Rooms: These are now used by thugs and other "lower" employees.

G. Bathroom.

H. Former Playroom: The Red Fists use this as a temporary holding cell for prisoners. The door is reinforced (Barrier Factor 18. The lock is Complexity 3, Barrier Strength 15), and the window is covered with a metal grating (Barrier Strength 12).

I. This former bedroom is now used as the "security office." Thom Tyler and a few thugs will be present during the day. When dealing with criminals, a phone in this room is used. Drawers and tables contain records of such transactions.

J. Bedrooms, for upper-echelon Red Fist members.

K. Maxim Spytter's Office: This was the library, and quite a few books and maps remain on the shelves and on the walls. Maxim Spytter, local head of the Red Fist, reigns from here. He keeps two loaded revolvers in the desk drawer.

L. Closets.

M. Balconies.

N. This small bedroom is currently used by Dr. Blimmer, the kidnapped scientist/inventor. Books and scrap paper marked with notes and mathematical calculations are scattered about. The doors and windows have been reinforced as in room H.

Unless otherwise mentioned, doors to the outside have a Barrier Value of 13, and a lock with Barrier Value 10, Complexity 2. Inside doors have a Barrier Value of 10, and simple locks with a Barrier Value of 5, Complexity 5.

O. Cellar Storage.

P. Cellar Wine Storage: There is a dumbwaiter here that lifts wine to the Dining Hall.

Workshop

This is a one-story wooden frame structure. It has been refurbished and equipped as a workshop and resting place for the people working on the Dymoplane. Room A is the metal and electronics shop; lathes

and drills and such are present. Room B is a drafting room, and contains lockable drawers (Barrier 8, Complexity 10) for plans. D is a closet with supplies of metal stock, wiring, tools and chemicals. C is an ordinary bathroom. The doors have a Barrier Factor of 10, and those to the outside have locks with Barrier Value 10, Complexity 3. Technicians and/or a thug or two can be found here virtually any time of the day or night.

Hangar

A large, open building with no heating, a virtual barn. The main area, A, is for aircraft storage; B is a radio room that also has a small stove to heat coffee and soup for the workers. Drums of gasoline are stored in the main area; both rooms have shelves full of tools and equipment.



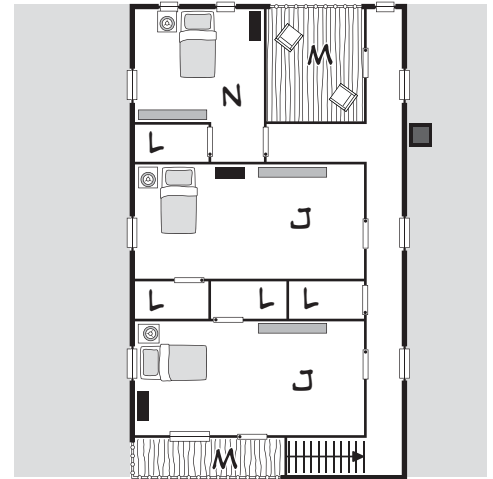
ESTATE AND SURROUNDING STRUCTURES

SCALE

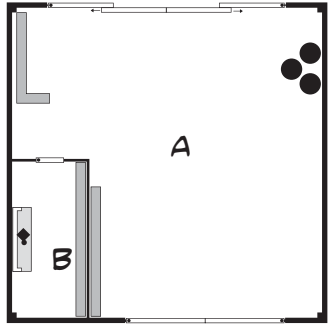
20 FEET

LEGEND

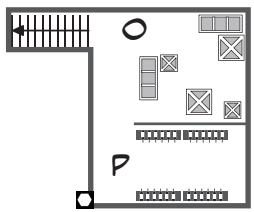
- ARMOIRE/DRESSER
- SHELVES/CABINETS
- DESK/TABLE/COUNTER
- LAMP
- CHAIRS
- MOUNTED TROPHY
- PIANO
- SOFA
- BED
- TOILET
- SINK
- DUMBWAITER
- ICEBOX
- STOVE/OVEN
- CHANDELIER
- WINE RACKS
- STATUE/OBJECT D'ART
- DOOR, HINGED
- DOOR, SLIDING
- WINDOW
- SUPPORT POSTS
- BANNISTER/RAILING
- BALCONY/PORCH
- STAIRS (ARROW: UP)
- FIREPLACE
- CHIMNEY
- FUEL DRUMS
- WORKBENCH
- MACHINE/LATHE
- BOXES/CRATES
- SHOP SINK
- SHOP TOILET
- BATH TUB



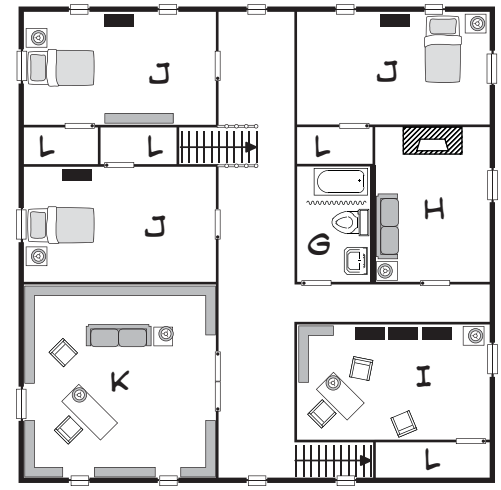
HOUSE, 3RD FLOOR



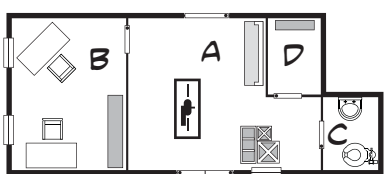
HANGAR



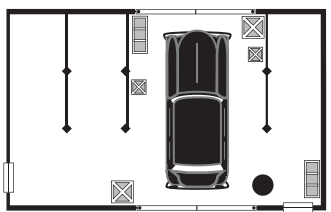
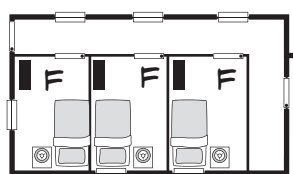
CELLAR



HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR



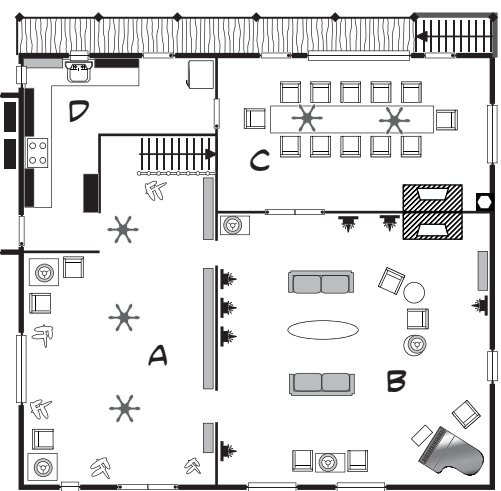
WORKSHOP



GARAGE



GARDEN



HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR

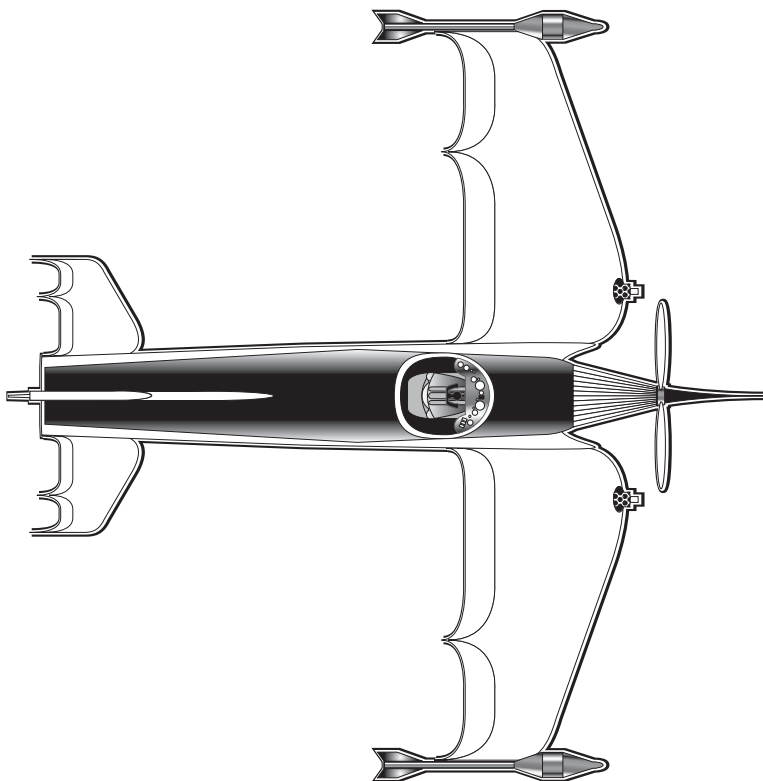
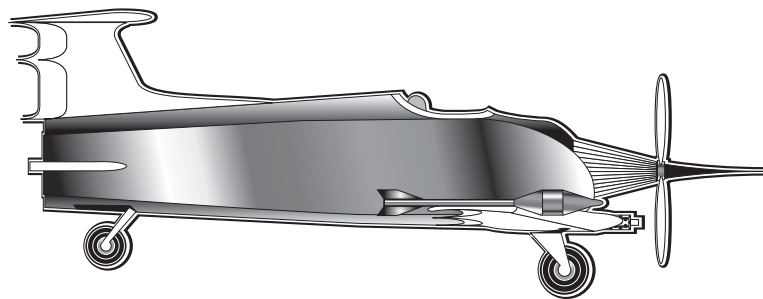
Contingencies

As mentioned, the PCs will have about a week from the time they spot poor McKing dying by the side of the road until the Dymoplane is launched in a blaze of fury to blast the Governor and the innocent bystanders surrounding him. Even if the PCs don't manage to find the Red Fist headquarters, round up the gang leaders and take or destroy the Dymoplane, they can thwart the Red Fist by informing the authorities of the danger. Convincing the police and/or the FBI that something fishy is going on is enough in itself to prevent the raid, though certainly not as much fun as going toe-to-toe with the Red Fist.

If things turn badly for the Red Fist of Long Island, Spytter, Tyler, and Jackson will make an early and quick escape via the Dymoplane.

A motor boat owned by a Red Fist sympathizer in Connecticut may also be summoned if things get hot. The leaders and top men in the Red Fist will, of course, not risk their own precious necks defending the cause; they will take root elsewhere to make trouble again.

Should the PCs fail utterly, the Dymoplane will do its job (10% chance of failure) unless they find a way to shoot it down with handguns. Captive PCs will be kept around for two to three weeks, then killed or sent overseas to get rid of them while the Red Fist relocates... no secret organization worth its salt will stick around in one place too long! The newspaper headlines will fill with lurid tales of the Dymoplane's strikes and demand justice. Hopefully, the daredevils will provide it!



The Dymoplane

The Dymoplane is a slick, sturdy monoplane. It is made of aluminum and other light metals to increase performance. The main engine is a powerful but otherwise ordinary internal combustion engine, but the vehicle's real power comes from its rocket pods. These are clusters of solid-fuel rockets which are located under the tail, and under each wing. They can be used to take off (STOL!), or to speed up flight in the air.

The Dymoplane can handle three passengers, including the pilot. It has two machineguns mounted in the nose, and a wee little bomb rack that holds six small bombs (60 blast, 10 fragmentation). The Dymoplane contains eighteen rocket tubes when fully loaded. Two are mounted in the tail, for takeoffs; two clusters of eight are mounted on swivling mounts under the wings. When taking off, three rockets are used. This increases speed to 120kph in one turn, and hurls the plane into the air from even short runways. In flight, the rockets are fired two at a time (one from each wing's cluster). This increases speed by 100kph, and allows incredible stunts like sixty-degree turns and pullouts from gut-wrenching powerdives. Each time a rocket or rockets is fired, there is a flat 5% chance that one will explode or misfire; treat as a Strength 50 bomb explosion and pray the pilot knows his stuff!

Plane	Max Speed	Accel.	Hand	DUR	BAR	Range
Dymoplane	400kph	50+	5	12	11	600km

CHARACTERS AND BIT PLAYERS



Maxim Spytter III

Born in the U.S. about forty years ago, Spytter led a life of ease until WWI, when he invested in the wrong side. Bitter at the country and its ways, Maxim began plotting against the government. He was contacted by the Red Fist after some notable successes in stirring up trouble. Spytter is a cool, nasty villain. He tries to induct people who are resourceful and intelligent into his organization and will almost certainly make the PCs such an offer.

WT WL STR DFT SPD HLH CDA DRT
20 24 12 10 12 12 2 24

Skills: Pistol: (12), Criminal Subculture: (14), High Society Subculture: (12), Political Subculture: (15).

Weapons: Pistol

Clothing: Street Clothes

Description: Close-set, beady eyes, weak chin, somewhat overweight.



Nathan Jones, Jay "Cronker" Smith

These men were full-fledged Fiesties, and bear the Red Fist tattoo on their wrists. Both are now dead; Jones was dumped from the limousine on the country road; Smith's corpse was buried on the grounds of the estate later. Both have records as political trouble-makers and Jones was once arrested in N.Y.C. for carrying a concealed weapon.



Captain Myer

Captain Myer of the FBI is very good at his job, but is so busy with various cases that he cannot afford to spend much time on any particular one. He is neutral towards vigilantes, but in cases such as McKing's, where a FBI agent could not cut it, he is less tolerant and apt to harass pushy, self-proclaimed lawmen. He is a Superior Quality Rabble.



Johnston Smythe-Chesterson

Chesterson is a genteel, educated, and intelligent criminal kingpin. He is feared and respected by the shadowy people of the underground. Chesterson may be "friends" with one or more of the PCs, and can be relied upon to provide 'dope' on the situation in the criminal world. He is an Average Quality NPC in all but Wit and Will; both of these are 24.



James Bower

Bower was a spy and officer in the Great War. Infatuated with power and intrigue, he turned to organizations such as the Red Fist to get his excitement. He currently is assigned to New York City and deals with the criminals associated with the cabal.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
14	18	20	21	18	14	3	23

Skills: Pistol: (16), Interrogation: (13), Martial Arts: (15), Criminal Subculture: (13), Stealth: (15).

Weapons: Pistol, Sap.

Clothing: Street Clothes, Leather Jacket

Description: Handsome, sly-looking middle aged man.



Inspector Jenkins

Jenkins is an important police official in Suffolk County. He may know a PC and thus provide clues or assistance. If and when the PCs find the headquarters of the Red Fist, he can provide patrolmen and other assistance to "clean up" the gang. Jenkins is an Average Quality Extra. He will rarely leave his office except to congratulate the PCs after the fact.



Laney Blimmer

Laney is the fourteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Raymond Blimmer. Her mother is currently abroad, leaving her to fend for herself. She is cute and spunky, and will describe her father's work and the circumstances of his disappearance as best she can. She will help the PCs in their investigations if they ask. She is a Poor Quality Rabble character.



Doug Stine

Stine is the inside man at Fairman Aeroplane Company. He is a cunning and dangerous killer, currently masquerading as a draftsman at Fairman. He is not a nice person, but can easily put on a likable facade that has often gotten him out of trouble.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	18	23	21	25	18	3	27

Skills: Pistol, Rifle: (17), Knife: (16), Criminal Subculture: (11), Business Subculture: (13), Brawling: (15).

Weapons: Pistol, Knife

Clothing: Street Clothes.

Description: Heavy-set, tall fellow, nasty looking features.



Harold Jaspers

Jaspers is an engineer at Fairman Aeroplane Company. He is friendly and outgoing, and will enthusiastically help the PCs if they decide to stake out the plant. Treat Harold as an Average Quality NPC.



Thom Tyler

Thom is a soldier of fortune who has worked all over the world as a military leader, political strong-arm, and interrogator. He speaks in a low, gravelly voice and treats everyone as he would an uppity buck

private. Tyler works, for the money only, for the Red Fist as a discipline and security specialist.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
18	15	13	15	12	13	2	20

Skills: Interrogation: (16), Cryptography: (14), Criminal and Political Subculture: (14), Military Science: (18), Pistol: (18).

Weapon: Pistol

Clothing: Street Clothes and Bullet-proof vest.

Description: Tyler is an aging soldier, still in fairly good shape but beginning to fade. He is bald and a bit chubby.



Doctor Raymond Blimmer

Blimmer is a top-drawer aircraft designer and a dabbler in the new field of rocketry. He was lecturing at a technical school in Brooklyn when he received a fake ransom demand from people claiming to have kidnapped his daughter. He brought the money to the 'kidnappers' only to be captured himself. Laney was safe, claimed his captors, and would stay that way as long as he cooperated. Blimmer is quite smart and very well educated, but is a trifle naive and trusting. He is very protective toward his daughter, Laney.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
28	12	12	15	11	10	2	16

Skills: Physics: (18), Chemistry: (15), Civil Engineering: (19).

Description: Goofy-looking middle-aged man with a crew cut, thick horn-rimmed glasses, and dreamy expression.

Thugs

The Red Fist has a dozen or so loyal henchmen who are not part of the organization proper. They all have characteristics similar to those below.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	13	16	15	14	14	2	20

Skills: Pistol: (13), Nightstick/Sap: (14), Knife: (13), Criminal Subculture: (10).

Weapons: Pistol (S&W Revolver), Knife or Nightstick.

Clothing: Street Clothes

Descriptions: You name it!

Thugs will range from tough and clever to the dumbest brutes who love violence for its own sake. Give them names and let them be seen more than once; even the Red Fist does not have unlimited numbers of lackeys to send into the fray. Establishing an adversary relationship between a certain thug and a particular daredevil can encourage role-playing and make the game more fun ("Oh no, not you again!").



Flash Jackson

Lonnie 'Flash' Jackson is a crack pilot and adventurer who has sided with the Red Fist to pay off a debt. He plays at being a loyal fanatic, but he has his doubts about the organization and might rebel if persuaded to do so by the daredevils. He is charismatic and handsome, and knows it.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
14	21	14	17	28	13	3	23

Skills: Pilot: (16), Acrobat: (12), Cyclist: (18), Survival: (15), Brawling: (16), Pistol: (15), Mimicry: (14).

Weapon: Pistol, Knife

Clothing: Street Clothes, Aviator's Jacket

Description: Dark haired, handsome devil; a movie star type.

U.S.A. - Europe



"Britannic"
CUNARD
WHITE STAR

The Curse of the Countess

Written by Dr. Stephen Dedman

Initial maps by Larry Dunning

Art and final maps by James Bishop

AN INVITATION

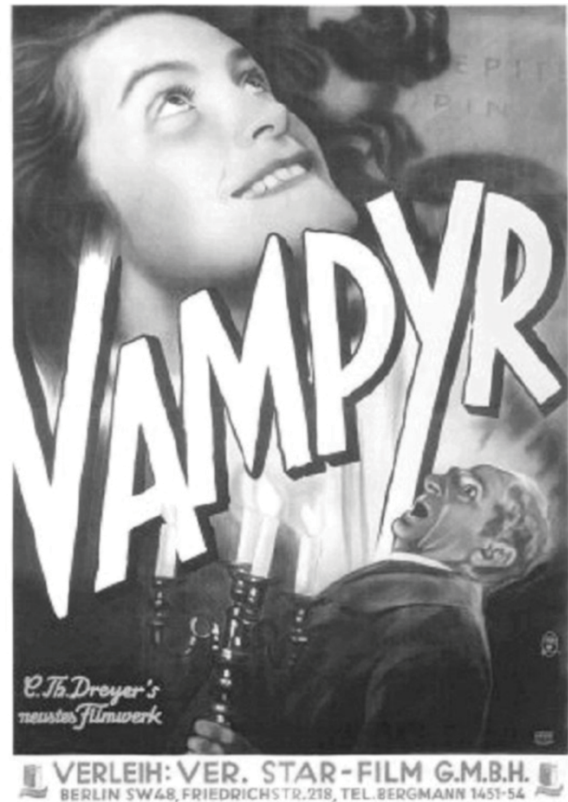
March, 1935. One of the daredevils (preferably one with an academic background and some experience in archaeology) receives a letter from Dr. William Ireland, Professor of Ancient History from his alma mater. Ireland is in Bregel, Romania, searching for the tomb of Atilla the Hun: the letter says, in part:

...I'm having some trouble with the locals, who are a damned superstitious lot. A dam is being built upstream from the village, for a hydroelectric scheme, and the elders are muttering direly that this will lower the level of the river until this small island in midstream becomes part of the northern bank. This is quite probable – or so say the engineers up at Tornu Rosu – but there the truth and the legend part company. Apparently some woman – a baroness, I think, though our grasp of Romanian is fairly poor: certainly someone of rank – was buried there several centuries ago, and the natives claim that she's some sort of demon; the word they use is 'moroii.' They say creatures of her sort cannot cross running water, and that only the river has kept her at bay, if you'll excuse the pun.

Anyway, things may become unpleasant; I made the political error of speaking in favor of the dam – but why shouldn't I? Apart from my being an educated man, the engineers have been quite helpful to me, and I ought to return the favor. Unfortunately, my diggers are deserting me, and I'm going to need help here. If you and some of your adventurous friends would like to join the project – which, if it is successful, could rival Schliemann's discovery of Troy – I'd be extremely grateful. If you take this to the faculty, they'll arrange for air tickets for all of you.

Yours sincerely,
Will

P.S. I suggest you pack plenty of heavy clothing, and maybe some knives or guns: apart from the cold (we're in the Carpathians), one of the locals claims to have shot at a wolf last night. Of course, he didn't kill it, so it could have been anything from a dog to a shadow; the largest things I've seen in the area are rats.



PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS

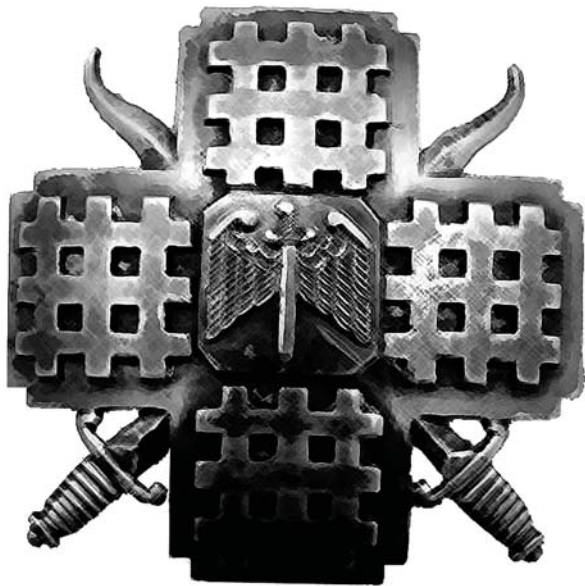
Before the daredevils take Ireland up on his offer, they may care to check out where Bregel is. Unfortunately, the village is too small to be marked in most atlases or non-Romanian maps, but Tornu Rosu is on the Arges River, near the border between Wallachia and Transylvania (Research Task, Value 1, Period 10 minutes) and some sixty-plus miles from Brasov.

'Moroii' is Romanian for 'undead'; a fairly obscure word requiring a BCS in Romanian language, a Task in Linguistics (Value 3, Period 10 minutes) or a Task in Research or Occult Studies (Value 6, Period 10 minutes) to identify. A critical success in Research or Occult Studies, or an extra task (Value 10, Period 10 minutes) will lead to the discovery that Romanian folklore features three kinds of vampire-like creatures, the reanimated corpse ('moroii'), the living vampire (strigoi), and a magical spirit that eats the moon, causing eclipses, while its host lies in a cataleptic trance (varcolac).

The belief that certain evil beings cannot cross running water is common to most European folklore: BCS in Occult Studies or European/American culture.

Wolves are still common enough in the Carpathians to be considered a danger, especially in winter: the area also boasts lynxes (rare), foxes, and wild dogs, vipers and occasionally rabid bats. BCS in Zoology, Task (Value 10, Period 10 minutes) in Research.

Romania is currently ruled by King Carol II and dominated by the fascist 'Iron Guard.' The Iron Guard have violently suppressed strikers and rioters, and will be extremely suspicious of anyone bringing too many weapons into the country. Fortunately for wealthier daredevils, corruption has long been regarded as a national sport. The Romanian leu (100 bani) is currently worth 1.01 American cents. Task in European History, European/American Culture or Politics Subculture (Value 2, Period 10 minutes), Task in Research (Value 6, Period 10 minutes).



If the daredevils still want to visit Ireland, a combination of air and rail travel should get them to Calanesti, a small village south of the Transylvanian Alps, and a coach or barge can take them to Bregel – if the Iron Guard are satisfied that they are harmless (General Reaction -10: -15 if the daredevils are carrying weapons, -25 if they are carrying military or ‘black market’ guns, or more than one gun each). Streetwise daredevils will presumably remember to carry something more desirable for the Iron Guard to confiscate. Other pre-travel activities should include their vaccinations. This would also be an excellent time to choose the daredevils’ blood groups: 01-45 Type A, 46-85 Type B, 86-95 Type O, 96-99 Type AB, 00 Rare blood group (Rhesus factor won’t be discovered until 1940). Blood group information will not be important for this adventure (unless transfusions are needed for hasty surgery), but it should scare the players.

Note that the daredevils might, if they are wealthy, opt to use the Orient Express for rail transportation to Brasov, the major town of Transylvania and one of the five stops the train makes in Romania (four stops after Brasov for the route culminating in Bucharest, the Romanian capital).

The Romanian railway system is fairly efficient, and unhampered by unionism: a railway strike in Bucharest was violently suppressed the year before. The roads are generally poor or mere trails, made worse by the long winter, and motorized traffic is minimal in the cities and negligible beyond.

Bregel is a tiny village of eighty-eight people. Most of the men are shepherds in the mountains, and the rest of the village’s income comes from servicing the coaches and travelers that pass through: there is a blacksmith, a carpenter/cartwright, a small inn and an even smaller church; a priest passes through twice a week, a doctor less frequently.



The weather in the Carpathians is still wintry, even in late March. Roll D100 every strategic turn: 01-15 light snow, 16-35 light fog, 36-45 dense fog, 46-50 heavy rain, 50-55 heavy snow, 56-00 fine. The temperature is 40 – 3d10 during the day (0-2 cold factors), 30 – 4d10 during the night (1-5 cold factors).

DAY 1: THE DEATH OF DR. IRELAND

Unfortunately, whatever means of transportation the daredevils choose, they will arrive in Bregel on Wednesday, March 27th, three days after Ireland died, the morning of the funeral. As Ireland’s daughter and many of the villagers are at the funeral, the inn will be deserted, and by the time the daredevils learn who is being buried in the churchyard, the closed casket will be in the ground, and the service (spoken in Latin) nearly over.

After the funeral, the daredevils will be recognized by Karen Ireland, the doctor’s daughter and assistant. She is accompanied by a brawny one-handed local, who she will introduce to the daredevils as Radu Cazacu. Also present at the funeral will be Fr. Jacob, the visiting Catholic priest; Dr. Simion, the visiting medic; and Darvulia, the ‘lautar’ (singer), who will be bemoaning Ireland’s foolishness in meddling with things better left alone.

If the daredevils ask Karen Ireland how her father died, she and Radu will take up the tale.

Karen: “The doctor says it was rabies . . . he’d been bitten by a rat or a bat or something, a couple of days before he wrote to you, and you know how Dad was – he’d never mention something like that.” (True, particularly if he was trying to enlist somebody’s help.) “He didn’t even tell me: just bandaged the hand and left it. A week later, maybe eight days, he was dead.”

Radu: “On the . . . hand?” (He will hold up his own, questioningly.) “He bandaged it, but we have no . . .”

Karen: “Antidote. The doctor could’ve brought one up, but once he was sure it wasn’t snakebite – you know how Dad felt about snakes –”

Radu: “Too cold for snakes now. A few weeks, maybe.”

Question (from daredevils): “Where on the map did it occur?”

Karen: “Sorry. Up at the ruin.” (She points to an unobtrusive heap of stones atop a nearby mountain.) “Poenari Fortress. You can see it better in the morning: the sun shines through the windows. Both of them, if you’re at a good angle: there’s not much left of the place, now, but the animals must like it.”

Radu: “Took him up there, and couldn’t get him to come down until sun was setting. Bad place to stay at night: wolves there, sometime, wild dogs; my father even saw a bear, many years. Not seen so many wolves since the war, until this year: hear them many nights, especially when moon bright.”

Question: “What was so interesting about the fortress?”

Karen: “Nobody would talk about it, and you know how Dad gets when that happens. The Szelkeys, up north, are descended from the Huns, and Dad thought they might know where Attila’s grave was – or where some of the treasure would be, if it’d been robbed. It probably was. The fortress was abandoned during a siege, and the voivodes – warlords, robber barons, princes by right of conquest – were crazy for concealed passages and hiding places. Dad thought there might be an undiscovered cache up there. He didn’t find anything: I don’t think he expected to, but there’s no record of anyone searching the place very thoroughly. Not professionally, at least: the locals never go there, except for her.” (Karen indicates Darvulia.) “She has a reputation as a witch – white witch, I think: harmless, but spooky.”

If Radu has a positive reaction to any of the daredevils, he will confide in them when Karen is not listening, “It’s perhaps good that the Dr. Ireland died then. I mean, he only died, not bad death, not too bad. Don’t want to say that if Karen hears. He told me he wanted to go to the island, across Riul Roamnei, Princess River; offered me much money, but I say no. Worse than death, there. Things, should be left alone. Old things, maybe dead, maybe worse than dead.”

If the daredevils ask Radu about the moroi, he will cross himself and reply, “Moroi . . . I do not know the word in English, but Hungarian it is oupire; Germans call them Vampir, Drakul, Strigou, Neuntoeter. They are dead who walk, drink blood, carry the sickness . . . they bring the

wolves and rats . . . at night only, and worse some nights than others. Cannot cross river: if the moroi comes, Bregel will die.”

If they ask anything more about the island, Radu will cross himself and mutter “Nu se poate” (Romanian for “forbidden”). He cannot be bribed or persuaded to cross the Riul Doamnei, and will attempt anything to prevent the daredevils from taking Karen across.

Fr. Jacob

If questioned, Fr. Jacob is only slightly more helpful: for one thing, he is nearly deaf (which makes him a wonderful confessor); for another, he is nearly as superstitious as the villagers. He is also likely to pick up the wrong impression: if the daredevils ask him about Ireland’s death, he will assure them that the body has been watched for three days, and is “only dead.” If the daredevils ask what he means by this, he will blink, and change the subject.

If the daredevils ask about the ruins, he will remember discussing them with Ireland, and knows little of their history. The ruins across the Riul Doamnei were those of a small castle, the exile of Countess Marga Corvinus, a voivode’s widow. He has forgotten the exact time of Count Corvinus’s rule, but he fled Poenari Fortress when it was besieged by the Turks, and was either taken prisoner or killed. Countess Marga was able to withstand the siege until the Turks retreated, although her castle was almost razed around her, she never left it again. Instead, her loyal servants – including two reputed witches – brought her everything she needed. They also brought her young girls – dozens of them, or so say the legends. Some say she taught them the black arts, some that she sacrificed them to Satan (“Dracul,” in Romanian). Others say that she acquired a taste for cruelty and murder while torturing Turkish prisoners in her husband’s castle, and became obsessed by it. Whatever the truth, Marga was tried and excommunicated, and walled up inside her room, where she died a few years later.

Even in her life, it seemed, it was rumored that Marga was a ‘strigoi,’ a living vampire. When she finally died, no-one dared enter her room: the last chink, used for passing food, was sealed. A few of the traditional methods of protecting against the moroi were taken – handfuls of millet and incense were thrown over her body, and garlic and roses were planted around the ruined castle – but mostly, the villagers trusted to the Riul Doamnei (the Princess River) to protect them.

The most fearsome power of the moroi, in the villagers’ minds, is that plague and madness follow them everywhere.

Dr. Simion

The Doctor is ostentatiously skeptical, especially around Fr. Jacob, whom he dislikes. Simion will swear on his casebook that Ireland died of rabies, probably contracted from the bite of a bat: had he been contacted earlier, he snarls, he probably could have saved Ireland’s life, but no, these superstitious rurals . . . Simion is also irritated by the villagers’ habit of leaving a body lying three days before burial: even in this cold weather, it makes determining the time and cause of death much more difficult, and it’s no longer necessary. Modern doctors, he insists, are quite capable of determining whether or not a body is dead or merely comatose; this villagers’ nonsense about premature burial is a century out-of-date. As for “this peasant nonsense about vampires and werewolves,” Simion believes vampires and werewolves were medieval personifications of carriers of disease: rabid bats, rabid wolves, rats infested with plague bearing fleas, etc. “Oh, there are real monsters, if you know where to look. Who needs werewolves, when you have to share a border with “Old Whiskers” (Stalin)?”

If Simion is asked when he last had to treat a rabies victim, he will have to rack his memory: “Probably five or six years ago, now, but I’d have to look it up. But there’s nothing strange about that: everybody local is too scared to go up to the bat-infested ruins, and in a village this size, three deaths from the same cause could be considered an epidemic.”

Darvulia

If questioned in a language she admits to understanding, Darvulia will tell the daredevils about the evil deeds of the vampire Countess of the island castle, though she will not use any names, “for fear of inviting revenge.” She will not even name either of the castles, beyond referring to Poenari Fortress as “the Castle . . . the one where the doctor died.” Castle Corvinus is simple “Nu se poate,” or “forbidden.”

Darvulia will claim to have warned Dr. Ireland away from the fortress, telling him that the animals there were not to be trusted: Even if the vampire could not cross the river, she could command her animals as far away as voice could carry – and in the mountains, voices can carry for miles. (Indeed, so awesome are the echoes that locating the source of any sound is almost impossible.) “even the wolves are coming back, and I haven’t seen wolves this near the river since I was a girl. They’re all her creatures: wolves, wild dogs, rats, bats, ravens, even moths. Almost anything black is suspect. And he went to the castle, stayed there at night, the castle where she lived so many years. He was lucky only to die, lucky the earth will accept him. A man who goes to his death so willingly, shouldn’t be buried in hallowed ground. Lucky they didn’t stake him, though maybe unlucky for us.”

If Darvulia is asked how she can safely visit the fortress, she will attribute it to her gypsy blood. “Vampires in my family, there were: not everyone can see a vampire, but I can. I have the sight, and the Ring of Solomon.” (BCS in Occult Studies, Difficulty 5: in palmistry, the Ring of Solomon is a crease around the bottom of the third finger, supposedly proof of psychic powers.) “But I don’t tempt fate: I don’t go there nights, when the undead have power, and I don’t disturb what lies in forbidden places. Many died in those castles; died horribly, and not buried with proper rites. If they have peace now, let them be. Very foolish, the Doctor . . .”



The villagers, on the whole, will support Radu’s story. If asked why Doctor Simion was not summoned earlier, they will say that Ireland refused to see a medic until it was too late. Karen will confirm that this was in character: she will also say that it was her father’s wish not to be taken back to the United States for burial – he wanted to leave his body where future archaeologists would be likely to dig.

Dr. Ireland’s notes reveal little that is useful to the daredevils – being mostly concerned with rather nebulous local stories of treasures that

might have been looted from Attila's tomb – and nothing written after his run-in with the rabid bat. His gear includes: a one-man tent; two fleece-lined blankets; two folding shovel/picks; a camp stove and pots; an aluminum canteen; two boxes of pencils and chalk; a fountain pen; notebooks; a one-hundred meter beam flashlight; a first aid kit with 10 bandages and 5 units of medical supplies; a crowbar; a drafting kit; sixty feet of one-half inch hemp rope; an alarm clock; a 25x telescope; a folding camera and tripod; a compass, a hatchet; a Remington Model 32 full-choke shotgun and a box of twenty-five birdshot shells. His watch, and his references in European archaeology, were buried with him at his own request. If Karen searches through his gear, she will notice that his jackknife is also missing. If Radu is successfully interrogated, he will admit to placing the knife in the coffin: a village custom, to enable the prematurely buried to commit suicide.

CARPATHIAN NIGHTS

The first night after the funeral, the howling of wolves and dogs is obvious; though impossible to localize because of the echoes; worse still, it is impossible to tell just how many wolves are howling. The villagers will say that any wolf you can hear is already too close, but this is not particularly helpful. If asked, they will admit that none of their livestock has been taken by wolves in three or four years, but that the wolves have never sounded so close since then. If any sheep (or children) are taken, or spoor is found near Bregel, then the villagers will make plans for a trap – but until then, nobody is going looking for a wolf who is probably “mai la munte” (a common Romanian expression meaning “a little further up the mountain”).

Climbing the mountains at night is hazardous enough, wolves or no wolves. If the daredevils plan to go hunting at night, Karen, Radu and the villagers will all try to dissuade them: if necessary, Radu will offer to accompany them the next day. If this fails, treat the mountains as a steep climb and treacherous ground, with falls of 1d20 meters. Weather permitting, climbing will almost certainly be safer during the day: treat as an easy climb in good weather; a steep climb in light rain, heavy fog or the day after heavy rain; an easy climb on treacherous ground in light snow, dense fog or the day after heavy snow; a treacherous steep climb in heavy snow.

Daredevils of a suspicious nature and forensic bent may decide to disinter Ireland's body for a forensic examination. If this subject is mentioned to the villagers, they will be puzzled - “but the girl is still healthy, he must rest” - and finally, horrified - “do not disturb the dead without good cause!” If the daredevils decide to proceed anyway, they will alert Caesar (Radu's dog), who will wake many of the villagers. Seven men, all armed and expecting to meet a wolf, will converge on the churchyard, the blacksmith acting as leader. The other villagers are average quality, wearing sheepskin and heavy wool, AC2. Two carry lumber axes (STR Group 4, WDM 1.8,1; Weight 2.5 kg.), one

carries a staff, one a bayonet, one a whip, and one a Winchester M1892 Rifle. They will be shocked by the grave-robbing, and angry at being awakened so late: their tempers will be murderously short.

The worst thing a daredevil could do under the circumstances would be to draw a gun. If anyone does, a shot will ring out, its source lost among the echoing mountains – and Paul, the villager with the whip, will fall, shot through the chest and killed instantly. Before anyone can speak, the villagers will fall upon the gun-toting daredevil(s). Radu, Caesar and Karen will arrive after the second combat turn and will try to stop the fight – but they can only succeed if the daredevils surrender.

By this time the sniper will have escaped.

If the daredevils try to talk their way out of the situation (note: none of the villagers speaks English, or any language apart from Romanian and a smattering of Hungarian), without fighting, they will find the villagers intractable, placing themselves between the daredevils and the grave until Radu arrives.

Radu's only solution will be to escort the daredevils back to the inn, leaving Caesar to guard the grave. He will strongly recommend that the daredevils leave on the next coach, which passes through on Saturday, and will watch them as closely as he can until then, even if this means venturing to the forbidden ruins . . . but Karen still insists that exploring the ruins can wait until Simion returns with the rabies vaccine. Karen will also stay as close to the daredevils as she is able. Radu will misinterpret this as an excuse to be near him.

On Friday morning (March 29th), Radu will be preoccupied (and sorely irritated) by the return of his cousin, Vlad Stefanescu. Vlad is a thief, a fence and a gambler, who visits Bregel when the Iron Guard are looking for him somewhere else. He is also undeniably charming (when it suits his purpose), good-looking, courageous and quick-witted, with a knack for languages. He served, during his visits to Bregel, as Dr. Ireland's interpreter, and his knowledge of the accepted rates for bribing officials and the state of the black market in antiquities proved extremely useful. Vlad has returned to Bregel partly to elude the Iron Guard, and partly to pay his last respects to Dr. Ireland, but mostly to comfort Karen.

Unless the daredevils watch the cemetery on Friday night, Ordog will sneak from the church at about 3:00 AM, bore a hole next to Ireland's grave, and pour a test-tube full of chemicals into it. The hole, about two inches in diameter and reaching the coffin (buried about five feet deep), will be recognized by the villagers as a sign that Ireland has become a vampire. The chemicals poured into the hole are undetectable by human noses, but repellant to horses and attractive to dogs.

DAY 4: SMELLING A RAT

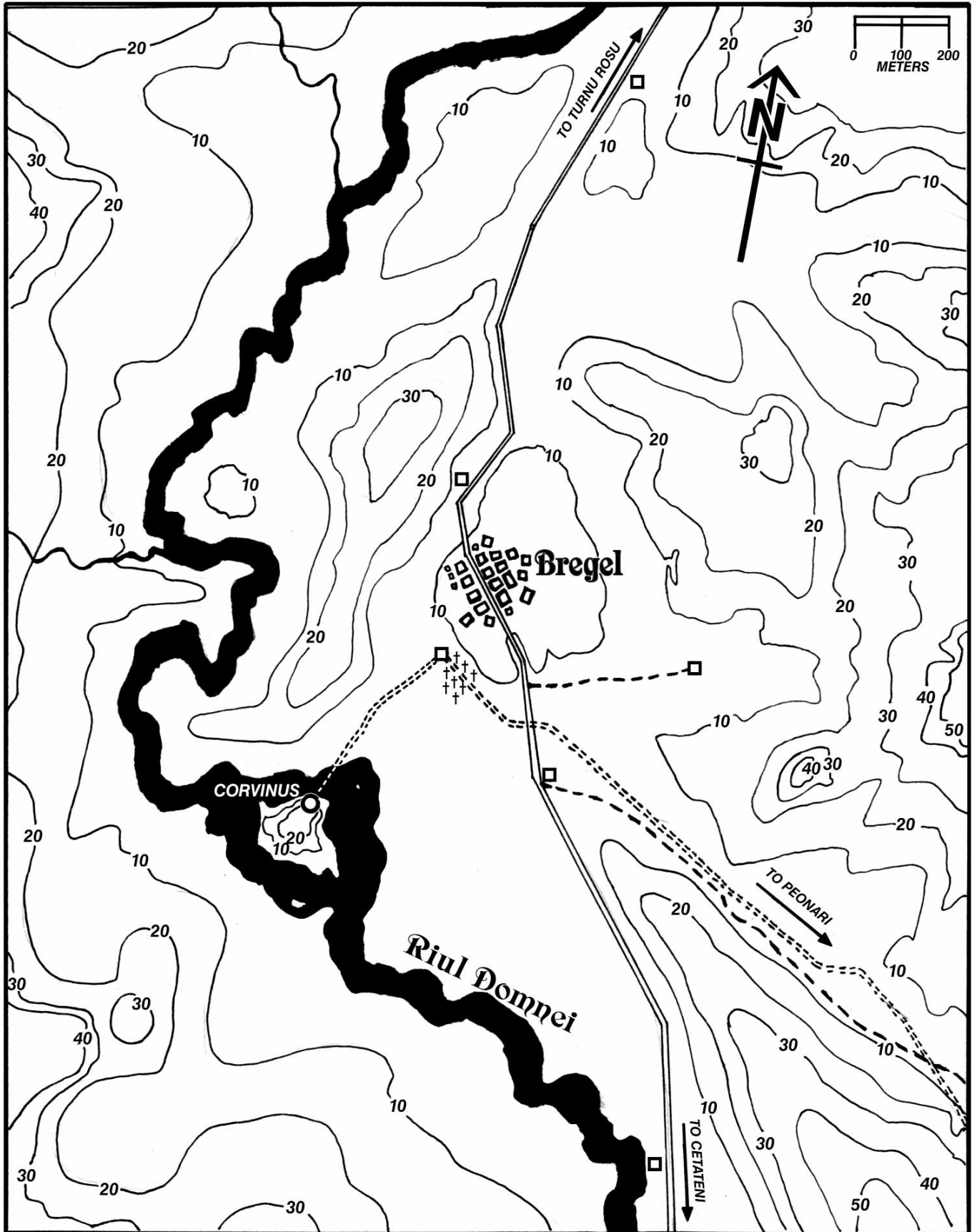
Darvulia's response to the discovery of the hole by the grave is to give Karen a protective charm to wear – basically a small pomander on a leather thong. She will explain that vampires, even before they are able to rise, gain strength by draining the life-force of their closest family. Karen, rather than upset her, will wear the charm. Vlad, not to be outdone, will have the blacksmith beat one of his silver ingots into a cross for her to wear.

That afternoon (about 3:30 PM), Dr. Simion will arrive with ten units of a cure for rabies. Before leaving, he will discover a dead rat in his car, drenched with blood about the face. Daredevils making a BCS in Advanced Medical or Pathology will recognize this as a sign of bubonic plague. An examination of the rat (Task Value 6, Pathology or Zoology, Period 10 minutes) will bear this out: the blood is the rat's own, and its lymph glands are infected and severely swollen.

The villagers will be understandably alarmed at this discovery, seeing it as another harbinger of the Moroi: Karen will decide that even Poenari Fortress may be more restful. Radu and Vlad will accompany her, and the daredevils will be equally welcome. Because of the possibility of meeting wolves or wild dogs, Karen will take her father's shotgun, and Radu will take Caesar.

During the day, treat the mountains as an easy climb, subject to modifications for the weather. Falls are 1d20 meters.





Karen will explore the ruins in the hour or so before sunset, after which Radu will – reluctantly – suggest that it is safer to stay overnight than to attempt the mountains in the dark.

At about 3:00 AM, Karen will complain of feeling sick, weak and light-headed. Radu will be horrified: these are the symptoms of having her life drained by a vampiric relative! Any daredevil with the necessary Pathology skill will diagnose it as Pneumonic Plague, less mysterious, perhaps, but hardly reassuring. Worse still, anyone coming close enough to Karen to perform a diagnosis, or give her medical assistance, will be exposed to the source of the disease – Darvulia's pomander.

Pneumonic Plague Vector: Aerosol
Virulence Group 4 Incubation Period: 2D6 Hours
Cycle Time: 2 Hours Target Attribute: HLH
Symptoms: Nausea, Weakness, Fainting. Once the disease passes the Crisis Point, the victim will become delirious until death or healing takes place.

The sun will rise at 5:38 AM; the return to the village by the route Radu recommends is four kilometers through mountainous terrain, the day after heavy rain (Movement Modifier 19%). Luckily, the rain holds off (if the party decides to carry Karen back to the village before sunrise, they will have to contend with a light fog as well as the darkness, and a 20% chance of a beast encounter).

Unless successful medical treatment is given, Karen Ireland will become delirious at about 7 AM. If she is returned to the village before eleven, Darvulia will offer to treat her, and the villagers will support Darvulia. Unless the adventurers guard her vigorously, Darvulia will find a way of giving Karen a potion. This "potion" is actually a strong, experimental antibiotic, which will halt the progress of the disease. If Karen has not drunk the potion, or received some miracle cure, she will die shortly after eleven. Darvulia will also, if she has a chance, replace the pomander with a harmless one.

(In case you're wondering why "Darvulia" would save Karen's life after deliberately infecting her, there are a few reasons. In approximate order of importance:

— Caring for a sick Karen will be more time-consuming for Vlad, Radu and the daredevils.

— Karen, rapidly wasting away, is a more frightening image for the superstitious villagers, and harder for the daredevils to explain away. It would also be more effective if she died at night, rather than during the day.

— Saving Karen's life would be good for Darvulia's reputation, and would make the villagers more willing to listen to Darvulia than the daredevils and Dr. Simion.

— Anastasia/Darvulia likes and respects Karen – both are educated, independent, and extremely intelligent women. Killing Karen, unless unavoidable, would be a waste. If any male daredevils have been infected, Darvulia will offer them a potion which is neither beneficial nor harmful – except that it smells and tastes so foul that it requires a WL AST to drink the stuff without throwing up. If any female daredevil has been infected, Darvulia will offer them the antibiotic; it tastes just as foul, but will add 1D3 to their next saving throw.)

The villagers will already have had cause to be extremely worried, that morning. When Father Jacob stood at the pulpit of the church, at about 10:00 AM, he noticed a dead rat, bloody about the muzzle, near his feet. An examination of the rat (Task Valule 6, Pathology or Zoology, Period 10 minutes) will reveal that this rat, too, died of bubonic plague.

About this time, the villagers will start hanging wreaths of garlic above their doors and sharpening their silverware; Radu, almost apologetically, will paint white eyespots above Caesar's eyes, and lead him around the graveyard looking for vampire graves. If the hole by Ireland's grave has not yet been discovered, Caesar will certainly find it.

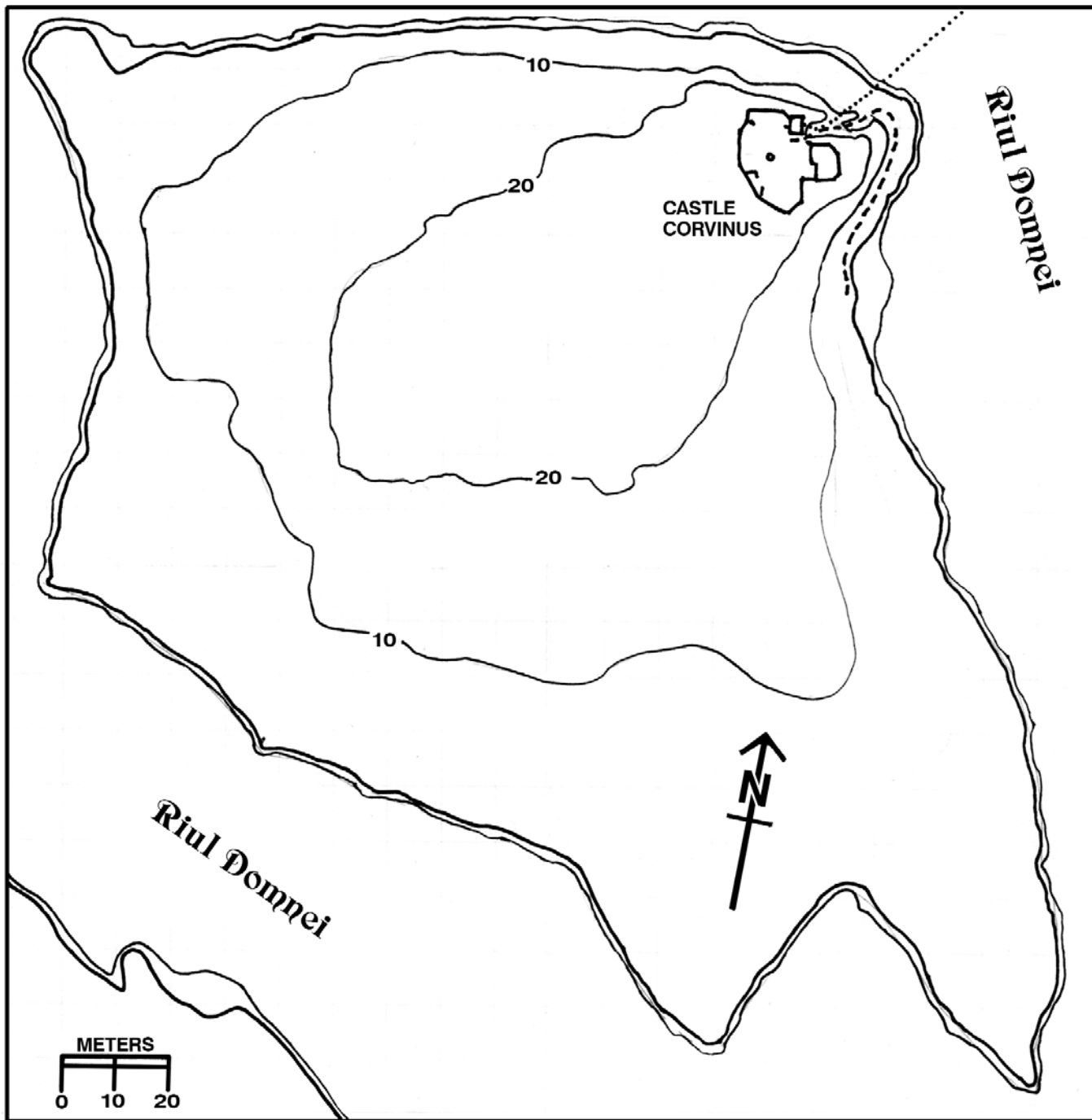
DAY FOUR: TO THE ISLAND

Amid the confusion, at approximately 4:00 PM, two mounted Iron Guard will ride into Bregel, looking for Vlad Stefanescu. Vlad will be in the inn, at Karen's bedside, and so will be easily surprised. He will leave the room peacefully lest a stray shot hit Karen, then put his hands out towards one of the guardsmen, as though willing to be handcuffed. Before the guardsman can cuff him, however, Vlad will have thrown his throwing knife at point-blank range, for seven points of lethal damage, and will have his switchblade drawn. Vlad will then break past the guardsmen and run into the street. There, he will draw his Tokarev and fire a shot between the horses, startling them (out of control). He will then run towards the river. The guardsmen will chase him, and Radu – though unwilling to tangle with the Iron Guard himself – will loose Caesar on the uninjured guardsman. Whatever delaying action or attacks the daredevils wish to make is up to them.

Vlad should reach the river without critical injuries, drop his Tokarev near the bank, and swim to the Island. The Iron Guard will not follow him, but will arrest anyone who obviously aided Vlad in his escape, then ride back to Tornu Rosu.

When Karen is told what has happened, she will refuse to leave Bregel until Vlad is safe. Radu, fearing that she will die unless Vlad is returned, will suggest an expedition to Castle Corvinus. Darvulia, if she hears of the plan, will mutter direly, and most of the villagers will follow suit. Radu, who is unable to swim, suggests making a raft. The daredevils should consider this seriously, though the journey is short, approximately 360 yards, the river is deep and the current fast (roll against "going under" every detailed turn), and a raft would also enable





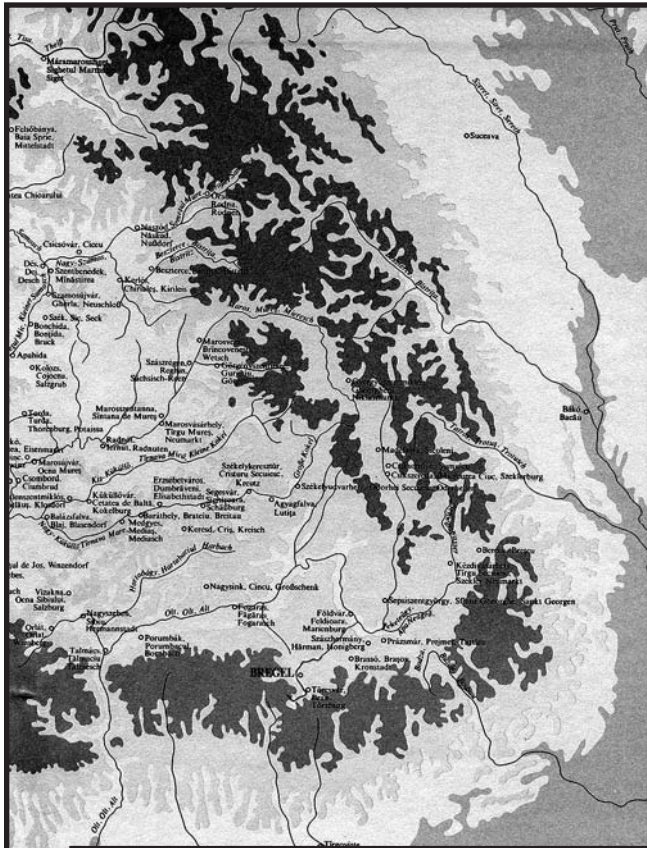
them to carry guns and equipment too cumbersome to carry while swimming: it's a very cold night to have to sleep in wet clothes and soggy blankets. Radu would be a useful man to have along, and Caesar's tracking ability could be an advantage. It would delay the expedition until the following morning (Monday), but that would give them a full quota of daylight. Karen seems to be slowly recuperating, in no great danger of a relapse during the night, and they probably haven't had much sleep in the past thirty-six hours . . .

For any daredevil who, for whatever reason, lacks a gun that he can use, there is Ireland's Model 32 Remington, Vlad's Takarev, and Radu's

KAR 98K rifle.

If the daredevils do not find their way beneath Castle Corvinus, then Bregel will be evacuated in a few days. Radu will want to take Karen to safety: only Darvulia will remain, spying on the daredevils until they decide to leave. 'Project Nestorian' will have succeeded.

If any daredevils are captured alive by Anastasia's team, they will be systematically infected with bubonic plague, after which their corpses will be left in Bregel to scare the authorities when the Iron Guard return. Bullet-ridden bodies are of no use to the Project, and will be fed to Papin's pet wolves.



Braşov, Romania

ROMANIA Administrative Map 1930



VILLAGE CHARACTERS

KAREN IRELAND

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
21	15	11	15	12	18	2	31

Skills: Anthropology (19), Research (13), Linguistics (13), Archaeology (6), Occult Studies (6), European History (6), English Language (19), German Language (8), Latin (8), Modern Greek Language (8), Hungarian Language (6), Romanian Language (5), Academic Subculture (6), American History (6), Rhetoric (12), European/American Culture (6), Rifle (9), Knife (7/2), Survival (8), Horsemanship (9), First Aid (9).

Weapons: Jack knife.

Clothing: Heavy sheepskin jacket, heavy trousers, fur cap, boots (AC 3, Thermal Factor 2).

Luck: 3 points.

Notes: Age 27, 5'6" tall, 67 kg., dark hair, brown eyes, good-looking.



Karen has been her father's traveling companion since she was fourteen, her mother having died in an auto accident in 1922. Unlike her father, she is "less interested in archaeology than in people who are still alive." Her strong (and slightly dangerous) curiosity, her sympathetic and charming nature, and her knack for languages have made her an excellent anthropologist, but her imagination, her youth, and her preference for fieldwork over academia have prevented her being widely recognized as an authority. Nonetheless, her ability to piece together common elements in different folklores and recognize archaeological or historic sites, has saved her father a great deal of unnecessary work.

Karen has inherited her father's stubbornness as well as his curiosity, and has missed out on most of her girlhood: She is self-reliant and can be very tough indeed. At the moment, she is determined not to let her father die in vain and she plans to stay in the Carpathians until she finds something important.

RADU CAZACU

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	14	20	10	13	17	2	3



Skills: Brawling (18/5), Throwing (15), Knife (16/4), Romanian Language (15), Hungarian Language (8), German Language (5), English Language (3), Russian Language (3), Horsemanship (15), Tracking (9), Hunting (9), Survival (12), Climbing (8), Rifle (7), Bayonet Training (9/3).

Weapons: Hook hand (Brawling skill, 1L), bowie knife.

Clothing: Heavy sheepskin jacket, heavy trousers, fur cap, boots (AC 3, Thermal Factor 2).

Notes: Age 5, 5'10" tall, 95 kg., dark hair, brown eyes, mediocre looks.

Radu is the chief interpreter and local guide for the Irelands, and greatly respected in the village. His left hand was lost during the Great War. He returned to Bregel after the War, and shared his small pension with his family, spending most of his time training dogs for hunting or herding. Radu's mastiff (guard dog: DRT 27, BCS in Tracking 13), Caesar, will obey only Radu and his immediate family. Radu will strongly resent any claim that Caesar is dangerous.

Radu considers himself a man of the world (most of the villagers have never traveled more than fifty miles from home), and is extremely proud of his education and linguistic achievements. His protective behavior towards Karen has the usual ulterior motive, and he is irritated by the growing friendship between Karen and Vlad Stefanescu.

Radu keeps his wartime KAR 98K rifle, unloaded but with bayonet fixed, hanging over his fireplace (for obvious reasons, he no longer uses it, and he owns no ammunition to fit it).

VLAD STEFANESCU

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
20	15	11	27	18	10	3	23

Skills: Knife (20/5), Rhetoric (18), Gambling (20), Criminal Subculture (14), Disguise (12), Lockpicking (11), Pickpocket (12), Pistol (15), Romanian Language (18), Hungarian Language (6), German Language (12), Russian Language (12), English Language (12), Stealth (10), Throwing (15), Tracking (4), Brawling (8/2), Horsemanship (9), Cyclist (15), Driver (10), Political Subculture (7), Climbing (14), Rifle (10), Bayonet (8/2).

Weapons: Switchblade and throwing knife, hidden in sleeves, Sap; Tokarev pistol in concealed holster.

Switchblade: Strength Group 1, WDM 1.2 I, weight .2 kg.

Clothing: Heavy sheepskin jacket, heavy trousers, fur cap, boots (AC 3, Thermal Factor 2).

Luck: 5 points.

Notes: Age 36, 5'11" tall, 56 kg., good looks.



As a tall sixteen-year-old, Vlad lied about his age to enlist in the army, and the Great War taught him many things: how to fight, how to gamble, how to ride a motorcycle, how to speak German and Russian. It also taught him cynicism, contempt for authority, contempt for the greedy and power-hungry, hatred of confinement, and a danger habit.

Though a skilled thief and fighter, Vlad never admits to any occupation but gambler. In fact, most of his income is from gambling; burglary is



little more than a hobby. He specializes in stealing from corrupt cops and bureaucrats, landlords and profiteers, and much of his take is spent paying for his alibis. Vlad owns only as much as he and his motorcycle can easily carry – but this includes a money-belt stuffed with assorted currencies, and the weapons which (apart from the sap) he has only ever used in self-defense. It also – this time – includes a collection of twelve small silver ingots (about .05 kg. each). If this is discovered, Vlad will claim to have won it in a poker game in Biaritz (in fact he stole it from a pawnbroker cum fence, who had melted down some stolen church silverware to render it unidentifiable – the pawnbroker paid sufficient graft to the Iron Guard to be considered an investment, and Vlad is consequently nervous).

The pack on Vlad's motorbike also contains a box of fifty 7.62mm rounds.

FATHER JACOB

The good Father visits Bregel twice a week (Wednesdays and Sundays), as well as visiting several other small villages in the area between Tornu Rosu and his home in Calanesti. A thin, homely, white-haired man of 64 years – positively venerable by local standards – he speaks excellent Romanian and Latin (BCS 20), poor Italian and French (BCS 5), and a very little English or German (BCS 3). His health, his senses and his memory are beginning to fail him: treat him as a poor quality NPC.

Skills: Rhetoric (9), European History (9), Occult Studies (5).



DOCTOR SIMION

The doctor visits Bregel once a month, or whenever summoned because of an emergency. With the village's inaccessability in winter, his work is often limited to signing death certificates: he owns a sturdy BMW Dixi, but will not risk driving it on icy mountain paths. A generally average looking man of 44, he speaks excellent Romanian (BCS 20), good Latin and German (BCS 13), average Hungarian (BCS 9), and poor English (BCS 5). Treat Simion as an average quality NPC.

Skills: Advanced Medical First Aid, Pathology (BCS 13), Driver, Research, Hunting, Rifle (BCS 9).



Simion, an avid hunter and photographer, carries the following equipment:

- 1 Medical kit (black bag) plus 10 bandages, 10 units of Sulfa, 10 units of painkiller, and 5 units of morphine.
- 1 Fleece-lined blanket
- 1 Flashlight, 100-yard beam
- 1 2-liter Aluminum canteen
- 1 Folding camera
- 1 Remington Model 31 full-choke shotgun, loaded
- 1 Box of 25 shells (birdshot)

BMW Dixi

Max. Speed: 126 kph.
 Acceleration: 28
 Handling: 2
 DUR: 8
 BAR: 8
 Range: 485
 Passengers: 2
 Year: 1929

A left-hand drive licensed copy of the British Austin Seven. It was also produced in Japan as a Datsun (Nissan) in 1932, in France as a Rosengard in 1933, and in the U.S.A. as a Bantam in 1931.



THE BLACKSMITH

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
12	14	28	16	6	9	2	40

Skills: Sledgehammer (14/4), Brawling (11/3), Blacksmith (17), Romanian Language (14), Horsemanship (9), Mechanic (9), Gunsmith (9), Hungarian Language (4).

Weapons: Sledgehammer. Strength Group 3, WDM 2.2 s, Weight 5 kgs.

Clothing: Leather apron over sheepskin coat and heavy woolen trousers, AC 4, Thermal Factor 1.

DARVULIA

Darvulia the lautar is one of Anastasia's disguises. 'Darvulia' speaks Romanian (BCS 16), Basque (BCS 16), and Hungarian (BCS 9). She appears to be in her seventies, with a face that would stop a clock. Strangely, for a woman so old, she has all her teeth and a clear, almost mellow singing voice.

Darvulia's bulky clothing (AC 2, Thermal Factor 1) usually conceals two throwing knives, a spy camera, a two-cell electromagnet (vaguely resembling a battery-operated shaver), and twenty venomed needles.



IRON GUARD

The stormtroopers of the fascist inspired Romanian political party should be treated as Average Rabble. Their green uniforms are AC2, and they are armed with nightsticks and Steyr-Hahns.

Steyr-Hahn	Action: AL
BBL: Standard	Caliber: 9mm Steyr
Mag.: Box 8	DUR: 4
BDG: 5	Introduced: 1911 Austria
Weight: 1.0	



'PROJECT NESTORIAN' CHARACTERS

'ANASTASIA'

Real Name: Nadia Vasilievna Rusanov

Aliases: Darvulia the lautar, Tamara Castel, Sylvie Vermeer, Janice Christie.

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
26	28	13	28	26	14	4	35

Skills: Disguise (19), Mimicry (18), Acrobat (18), Stealth (20), Rhetoric (20), Interrogation (20), Traps (12), Pickpocket (13), Lockpicking (12), Safecracking (12), Research (8), Climbing (9), Jumping (9), Swimming (9), Driver (12), Pilot (12), Politics Subculture (15), Law Enforcement Subculture (15), Criminal Subculture (15), Academic Subculture (9), Anthropology (8) Occult Studies (8), Forensic Science (11), First Aid (18), European Culture (14), Linguistics (8), Russian Language (20), Romanian Language (16), Basque (16), Hungarian (12), English Language (16), German Language (16), French Language (8), Throwing (19), Martial Arts (15/4), Knife (19/5), Pistol (14).

Weapons: Venomed ivory needles (10 curare-tipped, 10 narcotic-tipped); 8 throwing kives, Tokarev.



Needle

Strength Group 1; 1 point 1-type damage, weight is negligible, thrusts only. May also be fired from a blowgun, or even spat at point-blank range.

Narcotic Venom

Vector: Subcutaneous

Strength: 6

Incubation Period: 1d10 seconds

Cycle Time: 6 seconds

Type: Narcotic-tipped

Clothing: Usually overall, AC 2, plus bandolier of knives. Needles are hidden in clothing.

Luck: 13 points.

Powers: Charismatic Talent Power, Escape Artist.

Gimmicks: Infra-red Goggles (from OGPU 'Q' branch); miniature concealable camera (.5 kg.).

Cash: Usually wears a money-belt or secret pocket, containing ten sovereigns (\$48), ten \$50 gold coins, and 1000 Swiss francs (\$320).

Notes: Age 32, but can pass for 16-90 with disguise skill; height 5'6"; 60 kg., brown eyes, black hair, extremely attractive (Looks 00). Carries keys to Rooms E, F, K, L, and M with the small key to J hidden in her clothing.

Anastasia is the leader of Project Nestorian and one of OGPU's most valued operatives. She is also a double agent, loyal to the exiled Trotsky and his principles, and secretly working to undermine Stalin. She is an excellent actress, and manages to use her charm to mask her callous fanaticism; nonetheless, she is willing to destroy all of Europe in her attempt to establish the Communist Utopia over the entire continent. The obvious means to this end is World War II, which she sees as imminent. 'Project Nestorian,' the project to test biological warfare methods, is more than just a weapon. Anastasia plans to use it to trigger the war by increasing international suspicions.

Anastasia has a strong "danger habit," and is determined to prove that she can be as daring, tough, skillful, and dangerous (even murderous) as any man.

Because of her beauty, charm, obvious talents and her sincere hatred of Stalin (who she considers a traitor to the U.S.S.R.), Hitler, Fascism, and Japanese expansionism, some daredevils may consider her to be a potential ally. Anastasia is a worthy enemy, and may one day fight at the daredevils' sides, but she should never be trusted.

MIKHAIL ORDOG

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
10	16	26	19	17	28	3	49

Skills: Rifle (17), Bayonet Training (13/4), Pistol (9), Autofire (17), Driver (7), Throwing (9), Military Science (6), Knife (13/4), Brawling (19/5), Demolitions (7), Gunsmith (7), Mechanic (7), Survival (18), Traps (7), Gambling (17), Hunting (18), Tracking (7), Stealth (7), Swimming (10), Climbing (10), Hungarian Language (9), European Culture (6), Russian Language (3), German Language (3), Criminal Subculture (3).

Weapons: ZK383; Trench knife; Punch Gun; Big-game rifle; concussion grenade. The punch gun is strapped to Ordog's right wrist, inside the sleeve with the trigger protruding (WT CST or Danger Sense to notice). If Ordog manages to land a punch with that fist, the gun fires, the muzzle mere inches from the target: BCS 19. Such a weapon is of limited usefulness, but it makes Ordog's right jab even deadlier than Radu's left hook.

Punch Gun: BBL Snub, Action SA, Magazine Break 1, Caliber 7.62mm, BDG 16, DUR 3, Weight .5.

Big Game Rifle: Caliber .358 magnum, BDG 43, Recoil Reduction 2, 6x Telescopic Sight.

Clothing: Fatigues, trenchcoat and bulletproof vest, AC 7 (10).
 Luck: 2 points.
 Powers: Combative Talent Ability. Combative Talent is 19.
 Cash: Ordog wears a money-belt containing 500 Hungarian pengos (\$148).

Notes: Age 44, 6'4" tall, 110 kg. (Size +1). Looks are mediocre, face scarred and weathered, nose broken. Fresh stitches on left cheek after a knife fight with Vlad. Carries the keys to Rooms E and F.



Ordog is Transylvanian, and his home town passed from Hungarian to Romanian rule after the Great War: Ordog had been fighting on the losing side. He has spent most of his life since the War as a soldier of fortune, without any long-term loyalty. Nonetheless, he cannot be bribed into changing sides – unless it is obviously to the winning side – and if he ever surrenders, it will only be to give himself time to reload. He has no time for ideology, dreams, or causes: he is little more than a twentieth-century berserker.

On the occasions when there has been no war to support him, Ordog has worked for criminals (mostly gunrunners) and big game hunters.

Ordog is an archetypical gun nut and his home between wars is a one-room apartment in Arad, containing a folding cot, a footlocker of clothes, a footlocker of ammunition and grenades, and more than twenty guns.

Though not religious, Ordog is superstitious, and he wears an antique silver and ivory cricifix worth \$120.

JEAN PAPIN

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	14	8	16	13	8	2	19

Skills: Zoology (17), Botany (9), First Aid (15), Acrobat (9), Climbing (8), Horsemanship (20), Mimicry (20), Swimming (7), Running (7), Stealth (9), Survival (8), Tracking (20), Knife (5/2), Pistol (12).

Weapons: Walther PP, fires 9mm short special Mercy Bullets (BDG 2, injects the same Narcotic venom as Anastasia's needles); non-metallic belt knife.

Clothing: Coverall and union suit (AC 3).

Powers: Natural Talent Power – Natural Talent is 16.

Notes: Age 19; 5'3" tall, 48 kg., looks ugly.

Jean Papin was born prematurely in a small village in France; a small, ugly child, he was the frequent butt of jokes and cruelty from the village children, and spent most of his time in the forest, watching the birds and animals. Preferring the company of animals to that of people, he lived in the forest until the day he attacked and killed a poacher. Running, he encountered a traveling circus and joined as an animal handler. There, he was discovered by Anastasia, who had decided that the unusual skills of a circus performer might be useful, and Papin was among those she employed.

Papin still dislikes most people – especially Ordog – but Anastasia has ordered Ilyana to "be nice to the boy" in the hope of winning his



affection and his loyalty. Papin only takes orders from Anastasia and Ilyana, and cannot be ordered to kill – but he will shoot anyone who he catches harming or threatening one of his animals, and cheerfully feed their body to the wolves or rats.

DR. RUSSELL MORTON

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
29	17	5	1	16	2	3	13

Skills: Pathology (Genius, 24), Advanced Medical (19), Chemistry (16), Forensic Science (13), First Aid (13), Interrogation (10), Research (11), English Language (20), European History (12), Academic Subculture (7), Knife (6/2), Martial Arts (6/2).

Weapons: Hand grenade.

Clothing: Lab coat and street clothes, usually shabby (AC 1).

Gimmicks: Occasionally wears infra-red goggles.

Notes: Age 32, 5'5" tall, 52 kg., Looks ugly.



Morton's skin is pallid, almost translucent, with all his blood vessels clearly visible, and many recent-looking scars; his eyes are blood red, his teeth long and permanently red-tinted, and his upper lip retracted into a permanent sneer. His brittle skin makes it dangerous for him to shave, so he has long hair (by 1930s standards), shaggy eyebrows that meet, a full moustache and a roughly-trimmed beard. These are symptoms of Iron-based porphyria, a rare genetic disorder which causes an overproduction of porphyrin: the sufferer's skin cracks and bleeds when exposed to bright light. Only at night can he face the world.

Like haemophilia, Iron-based porphyria was perpetuated by the inbreeding of European noble families, particularly in the Balkans, where it may have been the origin of many vampire myths. While sufferers born to poor families would have died as small children, the rich could afford the permanently darkened environments necessary to their survival – and the blood, drunk to replace the iron porphyrins.

Iron-based porphyria was first diagnosed in the nineteenth century, and Morton has several advantages over earlier victims. For one thing, he knows his blood group, and can safely be given transfusions if necessary, and if anyone of his blood group is near (he has type K, one of the world's rarest). For another, he can see with infra-red goggles. Most importantly, though, he is a medical genius, descended from a wealthy and influential English family inbred for brilliance, and

educated by some of the best tutors in Europe. Inevitably, he is an arrogant snob, obsessed with his own survival and indifferent to the fates of others. This combination of skill and callousness made him the perfect candidate for 'Project Nestorian,' and he even has a cold enthusiasm for the project. Having led an extremely sheltered life, he is easily manipulated by the seductive Anastasia.

Like most Englishmen from families that came to power with the Tudors, Morton regards Holy Water, crucifixes and the host as idolatrous, but none of the above can actually harm him. Garlic, on the other hand, catalyzes the enzyme cytochrome P450, which destroys iron porphyrins, and acts as a lethal poison to him!

Garlic
 Vector: Gastric
 Strength 1 (accumulates)
 Incubation Period: 2d3 hours
 Cycle Time: 3 hours
 Type: Lethal
 Side Effect: Weakness

Morton's vampiric appearance and behavior should be played up by the GM: players who drop their guns and take out hammers and stakes deserve everything they get.

Morton is a genius at Pathology skill, and his experimental antibiotic (used on Karen Ireland), though hazardous, is a genuine breakthrough (it may also be the daredevils' best hope of survival if they have been exposed to the plague). The samples in the lab are unique, his notes are indecipherable, and only he knows the secret: obviously, the daredevils should try to take him alive if possible. Morton is without loyalties, and will work for any government or organization which pays and flatters him generously enough.

GRIGORI KAPITONOVICH KONEVSKY

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
11	14	22	19	19	16	3	34

Skills: Rifle (16), Autofire (16), Brawling (17/5), Knife (16/4), Pistol (11), Bayonet Training (13), Climbing (10), Throwing (11), Military Science (6), Demolitions (11), Russian Language (11), German Language (4), Law Enforcement Subculture (4), Criminal Subculture (4).

Weapons: ZK-383; Trench knife; Concussion grenade.

Clothing: Fatigues, Trench coat and Bulletproof vest, AC 7 (10).

Notes: Age 38, 6'1" tall, 86 kg., Looks Average. He carries the key to Room F on his dog-tags.

Konevsky learnt to fight in the Great War, fought on the White Russian



side during the Russian Civil War until their defeat, and then signed up with the Red Army. Though, like Ordog, he enjoys fighting for its own

sake, Konevsky is possessed of the uncomplicated, doublethinking, "my country, right or wrong" type of patriotism which makes a perfect soldier (and which has never prevented him shooting his fellow Russians). He will obey Anastasia's orders to the letter.

Captain Konevsky is contemptuous of civilians, particularly women and non-Russians. He fears and respects Anastasia and Michurin, likes Ordog, distrusts Morton, patronizes Papin, and tries to treat Ilyana as a fellow (male) soldier.

ILYANA MELENTYEVA SAMARUKOV

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
16	14	12	22	17	13	3	26

Skills: Pistol (17), Martial Arts (17/5), Throwing (8), Knife (8/2), Rifle (8), Russian Language (16), German Language (4), Romanian Language (4), English Language (4), French Language (4), Disguise (12), Lockpicking (7), Interrogation (6), Traps (7), First Aid (6), Politics Subculture (7), Law Enforcement Subculture (4), Criminal Subculture (7), Demolitions (7), Acrobat (11), Climbing (7), Swimming (7), Driver (7), Stealth (13).

Weapons: Tokarev; Belt knife.

Clothing: Street clothes with union suit (AC 1); sometimes with Bulletproof vest, AC 5(10).

Luck: 3 points.

Notes: Age 26; 5'2" tall, 58 kg., Good Looking. She carries a key to F on her dog-tags.

Ilyana is a Lieutenant in the Red Army's Intelligence Branch, and



nominally Anastasia's aide-de-camp. More perceptive than Konevsky, she suspects Anastasia's loyalties, and is compiling a dossier on her to hand to OGPU on their return to Moscow. Ilyana also suspects that her main job in 'Project Nestorian' is to keep Papin happy, and although she likes him, she resents this. This will not prevent her fighting if the need arises: a patriot, she believes that another Great War is inevitable, and that Russia will need 'Project Nestorian.'

NIKOLAI MIKHEYICH MICHURIN

WT	WL	STR	DFT	SPD	HLH	CDA	DRT
9	17	15	26	19	17	3	33

Skills: Pistol (15), Pilot (20), Pilot Aerostat (11), Mechanic (20), Demolitions (20), Traps (21), Disguise (9), Lockpicking (16), Safecracking (11), Russian Language (18), Navigation (5), Rifle (11), Autofire (15), Martial Arts (11/3), Knife (11/3), Throwing (15), German Language (4), Drive Automobile (20), Climbing (8), Cyclist (16), Drive Heavy Equipment (16), Electrician (16), Gunsmith (20), Machinist (20).

Weapons: Tokarev; 2 Hand grenades; 2 Concussion grenades; Belt

knife. Also carries (in autogiro): 6 kg. of Plastique 50, 3 electrical igniters, Electrical timers, and two of each type of special trigger (see Daredevils rules, page 35).

Clothing: Leather clothing (AC 3); sometimes with bomb armor, AC 7(20).

Luck: 7 points.

Powers: Mechanical Talent Power, Mechanical Talent Ability. Mechanical Talent is 19.

Gimmicks: Infra-red Goggles.

He flies a Cierva C.30A Autogiro fitted with "miniaturized" (10 kg., 10-mile range, accessible to pilot and passenger) Radio Transceiver. Autogiro controls are booby-trapped with two concussion grenades.

Cash: Michurin wears a money-belt, containing \$100, 500 Swiss francs (\$160), and 5000 Romanian leus (\$50).

Notes: 6'3" tall, 70 kg., good-looking, age 33. Demolitions kit in autogiro also contains keys to Rooms E, F, J, K, L and M.

Michurin learnt the arts of sabotage and demolition from his father,



who wrecked factories during the Russian Revolution. Fascinated with machines, speed, and mass destruction, he studied engineering, but was expelled after seducing a lecturer's daughter. He then joined the air force and learned to fly, but was discharged for insubordination. Branded as unemployable, he joined a gang in a daring attempt to rob the mint in Moscow, but was captured. A detective investigating the robbery recognized his expertise, and he became one of OGPU's demolitions specialists. Anastasia recruited him as her assistant, and he later became one of her most frequent lovers, though they do not entirely trust each other.

Michurin takes immense pride in his work, is very fond of practical jokes, and will take enormous risks in his desire to fly higher or move faster than any man before. He expects his life to be short and exciting, and has little time for ideals, patriotism, loyalty, or long-term goals.

THE GHOST

The castle ghost has no physical, or even visible, presence: 'she' is simply a voice, though she may be blamed for such mishaps as jammed rounds or dud grenades. The ghost can "appear" at some tense moment, and serve as a distraction: most characters would turn at the sound of an unknown voice, perhaps wasting a crucial action. The superstitious Ordog might even be scared into emptying his gun at her, or even dropping it and reaching for his rosary. The ghost might also warn the daredevils not to open a booby-trapped door, for example. She can give the daredevils an added chance to survive, or Anastasia an opportunity to escape. The ghost is impartial, should only appear once, and costs one luck point from whoever benefits from her appearance.

Whether the ghost is the inarticulate shade of the voivode's wife, some unexplained physical phenomenon a la Nigel Kneale's *The Stone Tape*, or merely a freak effect of the wind and the echoes, depends entirely on you, and your players need never know.

PLACES OF INTEREST

POENARI FORTRESS

One thing about the ruined fortress will be immediately apparent to any visitor: it offers little shelter from the wind, very little from snow or rain, and none whatsoever against the cold. None of the wooden floors or ceilings have survived, and even the masonry is unsound. The courtyard may be treated as Rough Terrain, but every other approximately horizontal surface (including the staircases and the tops of the walls) should be treated as Treacherous Ground.

Worse still – and less obvious – the ruins are structurally unstable, and the walls should be treated gently. If a daredevil attempts to walk along a narrow ledge or climb a wall (easy climb), there is a 70% chance per Detailed Turn that a handhold or foothold will turn into a trap, dislodging one or more massive stone blocks. Apart from the likelihood of a fall (DFT AST to avoid), there is a chance that the daredevil (and anyone foolish enough to be directly beneath him) will be brained, or even buried. Treat falling rocks as an attack with a BCS of 15 minus the victim's CDA: damage = $(2D10 + 2) \times (1D6 \times .5)$, subdual. There is the normal chance of Missile Special Effects, and a 5% chance that the daredevil who falls beneath an onslaught of falling stone will be buried. Rescuing a buried victim requires Task Points equal to the damage potential; STR AST, Task Period 1 Detailed Turn. For a conscious daredevil to dig himself out, he must use a STR CST, minus one effective STR group.

This hazard may be recognized by anyone making a WT CST, a BCS in Civil Engineering, or a BCS (Difficulty 5) in Climbing, Geology, or Archaeology. Unfortunately, it isn't the only hazard amid the ruins. The well in the center of the courtyard is overgrown and almost totally hidden: Danger Sense, WT CST, or BCS in Archaeology to detect. The chance that a daredevil standing on the vegetation will fall through it is equal to his loaded weight in kilograms. If he does fall (DFT AST to avoid), it is an eight meter drop onto some corroded spikes placed there for this very purpose: $4D10$ (falling damage) $\times 2D3 \times 1.5$, Lethal. If the victim survives (or a rescuer ventures down), it is important to note that the sides of the well are as unstable as the walls; he may notice a meter-wide hole some three meters from the bottom.

This hole is the entryway to a tunnel leading (Natural Talent Ability or BCS in Navigation) towards Castle Corvins – though it no longer reaches the castle, having caved in 160 meters along. For the first eight meters, the tunnel is approximately one meter in diameter, requiring that any explorers crawl, but after that, it expands to some two meters in height with rough steps (treat as Ruined Road). Attempting to clear the caved-in ceiling will cause an even worse cave-in, and digging someone out will require twice the normal Task Value.

The explorer who brings an adequate light source will find two artifacts in the tunnel: a badly rusted but recognizable trick horseshoe, designed to give the impression that the horse was moving in the opposite direction, and an old gold coin. The coin is a gold ducat of Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, minted between 1412 and 1447: BCS (Difficulty 10) in Archaeology or European History to identify this coin.

The fortress was probably built in the early fourteenth century, and added to and fortified in the mid-fifteenth century, possibly in response to improvements in cannonry (Archaeology or European History, Difficulty 5, Value 5, Period 30 minutes – an equivalent task in Civil Engineering will reveal that it was fortified, but not the period).

The fortress was besieged, taken and partially dismantled: much of the damage was done by primitive cannons (Demolitions or Military Science, Value 5, Period 30 minutes).

After falling to the invading Turks in the late fifteenth century, the fortress was abandoned and never rebuilt; it has not been used, and scarcely visited, in some four centuries (Archaeology, Difficulty 5, Value 10, Period 30 minutes).

The main tower was destroyed not by the siege, but by an earthquake

some time in the past fifty years (Geology, Value 5, Period 30 minutes).

The ruins are not entirely unoccupied: 3D3 swarms of bats hang from the ledges, 1D3 eagles nest atop the walls, and a plethora of small holes house rats and mice (hence, the eagles). The eagles will only attack anyone climbing the walls near their eyrie, but there is a 10% chance of encountering 1D3 swarms of rats, and a 5% chance of disturbing a hibernating Carpathian Viper.

At night, there will be problems keeping a fire burning (Survival, Difficulty 7): dry wood is scarce because of recent rain and snow. While the fire burns (if it burns at all), it will keep any animals at bay – but Heavy Rain just after midnight will prevent any further fires. Roll 1-4 on 1D20 for a Beast Encounter, once every hour until dawn (about 7:00 AM).

Beast Encounter Table

01-04	1D6 swarms of Bats. 5% chance of a rabid individual.
05-11	1D6 swarms of Rats.
12-16	2D3 Wild Dogs (mongrels). 2% chance of rabies.
17-19	2D3 Wolves.
20	Bear

Bat Swarm

Perc	Coor	HLH	DFT	DRT	Move	CDA	AV	Size
13	10	7	13	10	-1/2	4	0	-2
Fer	Attack	BCS	Dam					
Bite	-	1D3	L					
Wings	-	1D3	S					

A swarm represents 5-15 bats; treat as a rat pack that flies. Non-rabid bats rarely bite people or large animals.

CASTLE CORVINUS

Castle Corvinus is badly overgrown – most noticeably, with thorny white rosebushes – but it is rather more stable than Poenari. Treat it as Ruined City, unless specified otherwise. The tops of the walls should be treated as Treacherous Ground, but there is only a 20% chance per Detailed Turn that a handhold or foothold will turn into a trap, dislodging one or more massive stone blocks, as in Poenari. The walls are an easy climb for anyone wearing gloves, but the rose thorns will do 1D3 – 1 type 1 damage per detailed turn without gloves for protection.

The well in the center of the courtyard is overgrown with rosebushes and almost totally hidden: Danger Sense, WT CST, or BCS in Archaeology to detect. The chance that a daredevil standing on the vegetation will fall through is equal to his loaded weight in kilograms. There are neither spikes nor a secret tunnel, but the well is dry and ten meters deep.

The castle was probably built in the early sixteenth century, was never besieged or fired upon (Archaeology or European History, Difficulty 5, Value 5, Period 30 minutes), and has suffered less earthquake damage than Poenari (Geology, Value 5, Period 30 minutes). To judge from the state of the masonry and the growth of the vegetation, it has been abandoned for 250-300 years (Archaeology or Botany, Difficulty 5, Value 10, Period 30 minutes). In other words, it was built near the time Poenari was besieged, and abandoned at least a hundred years later.

If the daredevils are attempting to track Vlad Stefanscu, subtract one from the BCS rolls for every three hours since Vlad arrived, and one for Vlad's efforts to obscure his trail, add one for every point of lethal damage Vlad received in his escape (trail of blood). Tracing his path through the ruins has a Task Value of 2D6; the trail disappears at the fireplace in Room A.

Room A: Apparently an ante-room in its previous "life." A hidden passage six feet up the chimney leads to rooms B and C.

Room B: Marga's Boudoir. A marble tomb dominates the center of the room, pierced by an iron stake. The 'tomb' actually contains a Storage Battery, which will do 1D10 x 2 electric shock damage to anyone

touching the stake and grounding the current. The inscription on the tomb (in Latin) forecasts a horrible fate for anyone desecrating it: opening the tomb will require 200 Strength points, and will also open a canister of arsenous smoke (well, they were warned). The doors to A and C have been bricked up: BCS in Geology, Architecture or Archaeology to discover that the brickwork is recent (certainly this century, probably this year).

Arsenous Smoke

Vector:	Aerosol
Strength:	2
Incubation Period:	1D10 minutes
Cycle Time:	5 minutes
Type:	Lethal
Side Effect:	Smoke fills room, Density 1D3 + 1

Room C: Stairway leading down to room D.

Yard: Contains Papin's pet wolves, DRT 34 and DRT 28. These are the source of most of the howling heard in Bregel. The floor of the yard has been carefully cleared as a landing platform for Michurin's autogiro: treat as Good Road.

Room D: The door to Room E bears a large cross, inscribed in some uncertain reddish-brown substance. The door to Room F is blank. Both are locked with Heavy Key Locks (Complexity 2, Barrier Strength 20). The room is dark.

Room E: Opening the door fires a crossbow, aimed at the door: BCS of 19 minus the opener's CDA, doing 2D10 x 2 Lethal damage. To add insult to injury, the bolt is envenomed, so that any victim who survives will display a vampiric sensitivity to light.

Crossbow Venom

Vector:	Subcutaneous
Strength:	4
Incubation Period:	2D6 minutes
Cycle Time:	10 minutes
Type:	Lethal
Side Effect:	Extreme sensitivity to light. Treat as Partially Blind (BCS - 9) in Good Light.

For any daredevil skilled in using crossbows, this one has a pound pull of eighty pounds, requires 80 Strength points to cock, has no built-in mechanical aids (requires separate aid or a minimum Strength of 20 to cock it), has an inherent BCS modifier of +3 and a Recoil of 4 – Strength Group. Please note that there is only the one bolt available. Range: PBR 10 meters, BCS +1; Effective 48 meters; Long 240 meters, Extreme 960 meters, BCS -3.

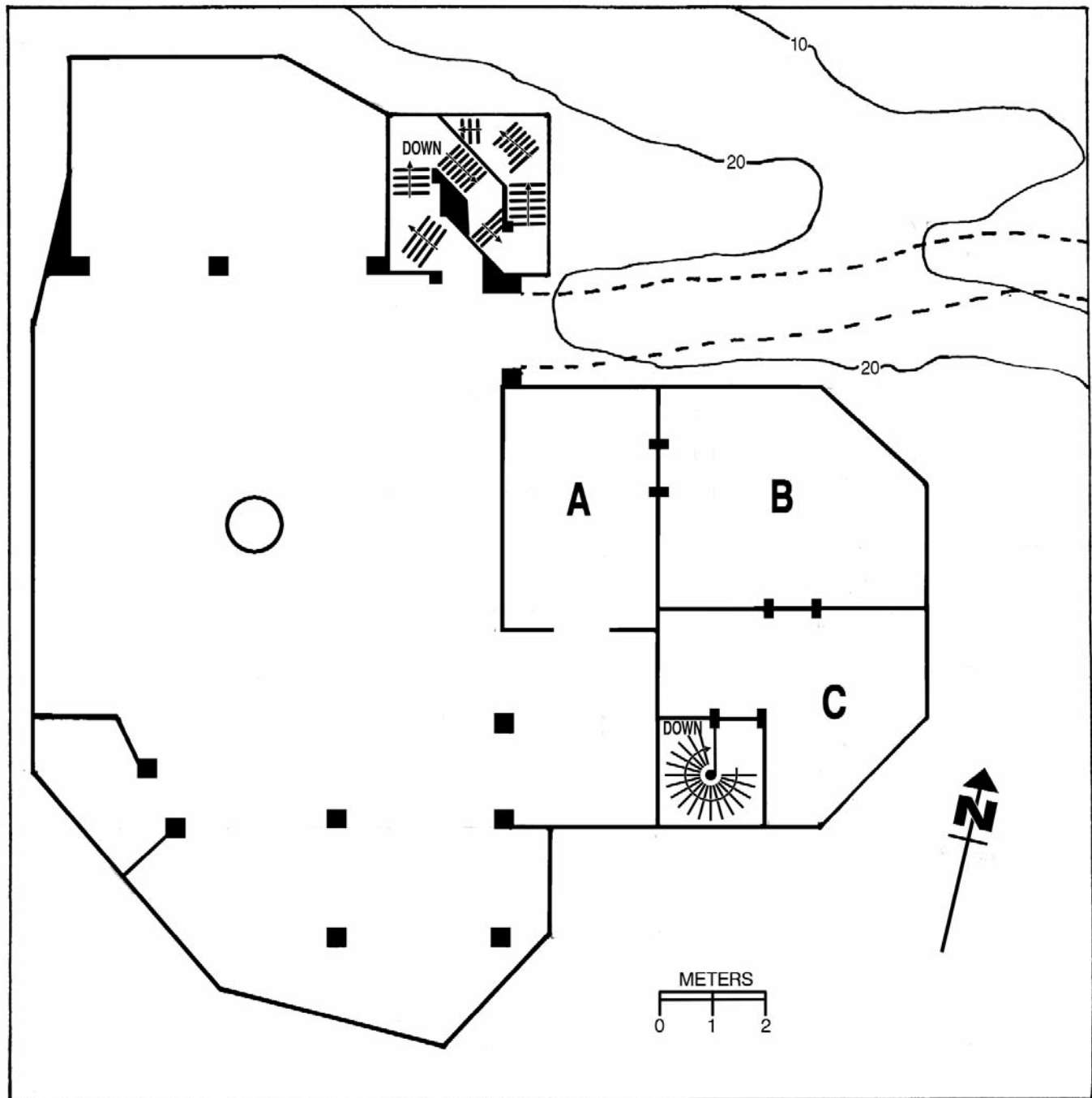
The room is dark and otherwise empty.

Room F: Dark and empty, apart from a Giant Bat, DRT 8, hanging from the roof/ceiling. If disturbed, the bat will screech and flap around the room, alerting all in Room G. It is not carrying any diseases or venom, and will not bite, but is almost certain to collide with someone (Wing attack) in the confined space of the room.

Room G: Lit by an electric lantern (Good Light) and warmed by an electric stove (cable to Room H: door to Room F is thoroughly caulked, even the keyhole), this room contains three nine-foot by nine-foot by seven-foot tents – Papin's and Ilyana's, Ordog's and Konevsky's, and Anastasia's. Ordog, Konevsky or Ilyana will be on watch, and one of the others will usually be awake. Another of Papin's pets, a Sumatran Rat, DRT 9, chews on empty tins in the rubbish pile: Approximately as intelligent as a dog, it will usually obey Papin's orders.

Papin's tent contains two folding cots, placed together, two fleeced blankets, a First Aid kit, a 2-gallon waterbag, a folding camera, two duffle bags of clothes (his and hers), a haversack of zoology references (in French), and a clip cartridge belt with ten spare clips for Ilyana's Tokarev. Hidden in the First Aid kit are keys to Rooms J and K.

Ordog's tent contains two folding cots, two camp blankets, two duffle bags of clothes, a 2-gallon waterbag, an antique samovar of tea, two



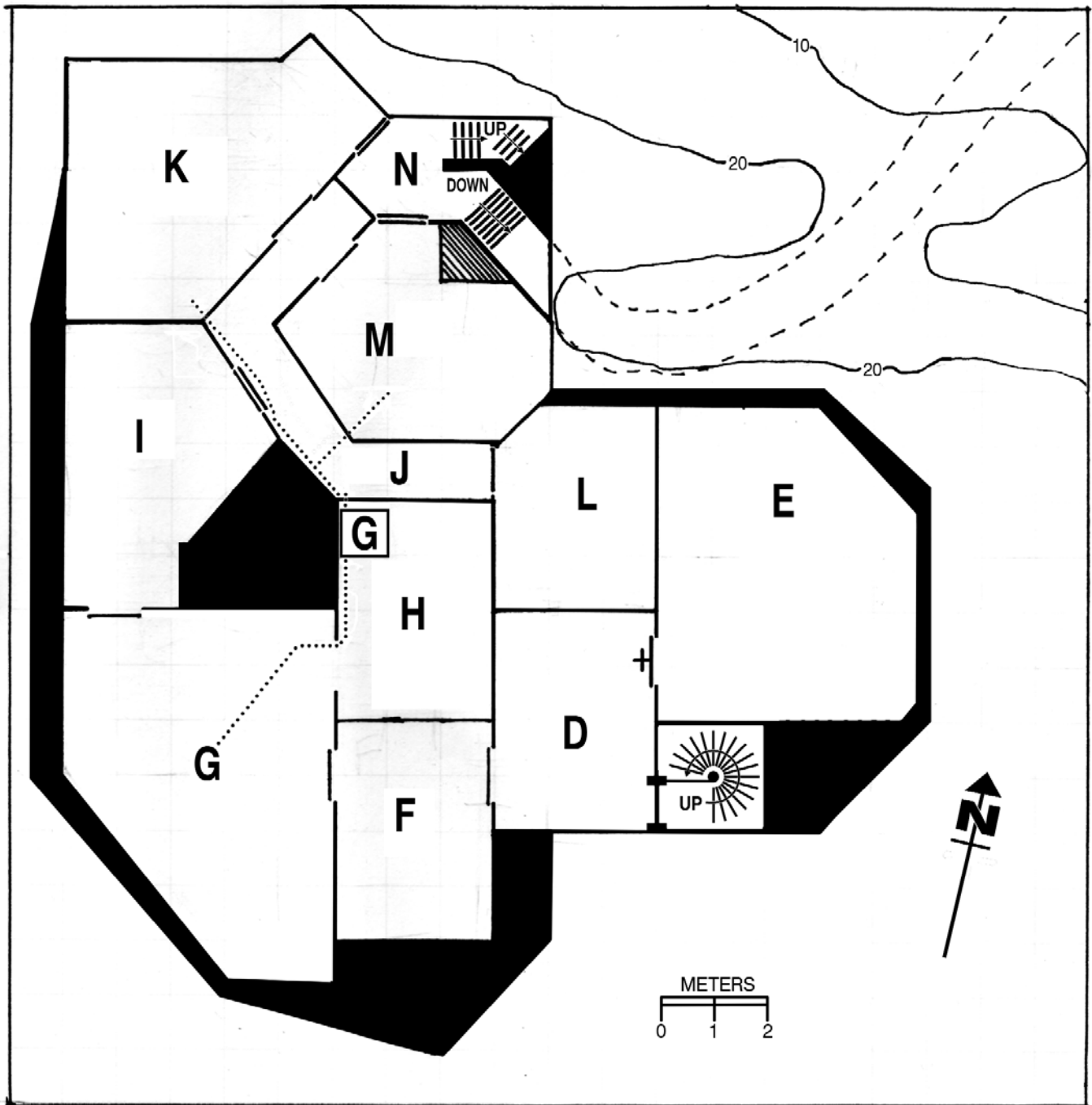
gas masks, two Hunters' lanterns, Ordog's Big Game Rifle and shotgun (usually reserved for killing rat or bat swarms), a box of 25 rounds for the rifle, a box of 25 rounds for the shotgun, a box of twenty-five 7.62mm rounds for the Punch Gun and two clip cartridge belts with ten spare clips each for the ZK383s.

Anastasia's tent contains a folding cot, a fleece-lined blanket, a 2-gallon waterbag, a knapsack of clothes (ranging from coveralls to Darvulia's peasant skirt to tailored Parisian street clothes), a high speed camera and flash unit, a First Aid kit, a set of high-quality professional lockpicks, a gas mask, a 100-meter flashlight, and a box of twenty-five 7.62mm rounds. Hidden under the mattress of the folding cot are a switchblade and a curare-tipped needle.

Near the stove is another 2-gallon waterbag, a set of pots and pans, and a box of thirty-five man-days of rations.

Room H: Contains a portable Gasoline Generator, two 5-gallon jerrycans of gasoline (one full, one half-full), a mechanic's tool kit, an electrician's kit, and a flashlight (50-meter beam) in a torch-holder near the door. A cable runs through the doorway into Room G; another (Hidden Thing) runs through a chink in the wall into Room J. The room is dark.

Room I: Previously the torture chamber, this room contains two oubliettes, one empty, one populated by a Rat pack (fifteen rats) infected with bubonic plague; one rack (in disrepair); a brazier (cold); and an Iron Maiden, set into the wall. Hanging from the wall are a whip (new), a battleaxe (antique, but recently sharpened; STR GRP 4; WDM 2,1; Weight 3 kg.), three branding irons and a charred wooden torch (treat as clubs) and the figure of a girl. The Iron Maiden is actually the door to Room J, with a Hidden lock (Complexity 3, Barrier Strength 10,



undetectable unless the Iron Maiden is carefully examined).

The figure chained to the wall is a superbly crafted model of a girl in her late teens, apparently unconscious or dead, with long auburn hair hiding her face and dressed in tattered peasant clothes with an antique rosary. WIT AST, with modifiers for lighting conditions, to notice that this 'eidolon' is not human. Anyone touching the rosary will trigger the trap built into her body: her arms will attempt a brawling grip (BCS 11, STR 20), then two poinards (BCS 17 to hit, 1D6 x 1.5 L damage) will spring out of her breasts. The rosary is a genuine sixteenth century antique, worth \$80. Hidden in the eidolon's skirt is a key to Room J.

If Vlad Stefanescu has been captured, he will be in the oubliette with the Rat pack, having taken ten points of Lethal damage and 14 points of Subdual damage, and infected with Bubonic Plague. If the oubliettes are not occupied, captured daredevils will be thrown into them singly

(it being far easier for two people to climb out of an oubliette). The walls of the oubliettes are a steep climb: the oubliette doors are one-half inch metal and barred, Barrier Value 40.

Bubonic Plague

Vector: Subcutaneous (Fleas)

Virulence Group: 5

Incubation Period: 2D3 days

Cycle Time: 2 days

Target Attributes: HLH and WIT

Symptoms: Weakness, Rheumatoid Condition, Buboes (black – hence "Black Death") - gangrenous patches in the groin and armpits. The day's advance of the disease equals the chance in ten that the buboes will become ulcers, exposing the character to further infection. Once

the disease passes the Health CST in its advance, the victim will go into a stupor or delirium until recovery or death.

Room J: Passageway. The doors to rooms K, L, and M are locked with heavy key locks (Complexity 2, Barrier Strength 20). Room L can also be barred from the outside by a one-inch metal bar (Barrier Strength 40). A cable runs from the generator in Room H to a junction box on the ceiling of Room J: from there cables run to Rooms K and M.

Room K: Morton's lab and quarters. The lab contains a Field Surgery; a cabinet of drugs and medical supplies (including Sulfa, Morphine and Painkillers, specific cures for Trypanosomiasis and Rabies, and five units of his experimental antibiotic); a Chemistry Lab (Very Good Tools, +10 to Chemistry BCS); a refrigerator full of bottled blood, germ cultures, various chemicals, and 1D6 rations of packaged food; two folding cots with fleece blankets; a duffle bag of Morton's clothes; a bookshelf, containing References in Pathology, Zoology, Advanced Medicine and Chemistry (in English); a heated glass case (one-quarter inch safety glass, Barrier Factor 5) containing a swarm of trypanosomiasis-bearing Tsetse flies; a large black-curtained cage (1/4" light metal, Barrier Factor 8) containing a swarm of rabid bats; a similar cage, containing a swarm of uninfected rats; and an autoclave containing several autopsy knives ranging from scalpels (1.1,L) to a cleaver (1.4,L – no thrust allowed), none of them balanced for throwing. The shelves (Hidden Door to Room N) contain laboratory glassware, including five flasks of concentrated acids (Strength 1D6), cultures of Anthrax, Cholera and Pneumonia, and vials of Cone Shell venom, Curare, 'Crossbow Venom,' Anastasia's Narcotic 'Mercy Venom,' Arsenic and Cyanide.

Morton's experimental antibiotic adds 1D3 to the sufferer's Health Saving Throw: one dose (oral or injected) may be administered each day. Unfortunately, the drug is extremely difficult to mass-produce, being based on cone shell venom, and there is a 2% chance per dose of long-term side effects of which Morton is, so far, unaware:

01-45 Genetic damage or infertility. If the recipient is pregnant, the baby will be stillborn.

46-70 Permanent dystopia.

71-85 Permanent total blindness.

86-95 Rheumatoid condition of head and torso.

96-00 Progeria: victim begins to age at 2D3 times the normal rate, without the normal benefits. All Reaction Rolls for aging effects receive a -40 modification.

Trypanosomiasis (Sleeping Sickness)

Vector: Subcutaneous (flies)

Virulence Group: 2

Incubation Period: 1D6 days

Cycle Time: 1D10 days

Target Attributes: Health

Symptoms: Once the Health CST is passed, victim becomes unconscious until death or recovery. Disease may recur months, even years, after apparent recovery. Specific antidote is atoxyl.

Unless Morton is asleep (30% chance during the day, 5% chance at night), the room will be dimly lit by a red-tinted electric lantern.

If Morton is cornered, he will usually try to reach for his grenade and threaten to use it: this will almost certainly kill him, but it will also probably loose the bats, the flies, and the airborne diseases. He will request that any invader back out of the room, and shut the door behind him; he will then try to escape through the secret door to Room N, detonating the TNT in Room O behind him, and waiting under the chapel until nightfall.

Room L: More or less empty, this was previously the quarters for the building team, and is used as a holding cell if the oubliettes are fully occupied. Prisoners will not actually be fed, but will be given a 2-gallon waterbag occasionally. The first waterbag will contain an undetectable narcotic: the sleeping characters will then be searched for weapons. The characters will also be given doped water immediately before a

transfer to the oubliettes.

A careful search of the room will discover several empty tin cans, two decks of playing cards, 1D6 scattered matches, a twenty-five centimeter length of Cordite 5, and a much-darned dirty sock. Daredevils skilled in Chemistry (BCS, Difficulty 5) or Demolitions (BCS, Difficulty 10) may remember that 1930s playing cards are made of highly flammable celluloid: torn into small pieces and pulped (3 man-hours), they will produce the equivalent of .1 kg. of Plastique 10. The sock, filled with rubble, will make an adequate sap.

Narcotic

Vector: Gastric

Strength: 3

Incubation Period: 1 hour

Cycle Time: 15 minutes

Type: Narcotic

Side Effect: Weakness

Room M: Anastasia's room. Lit by an electric lantern, it contains a storage battery, a folding table, chair and cot, a fleece-lined blanket, and a knapsack of clothes ranging from coveralls to Darvulia's peasant skirt to tailored Parisian outfits: sewn into the hem of one of Darvulia's skirts is jewelry worth \$500; also in the knapsack are passports for Tamara Castel (Swiss), Sylvie Vermeer (Dutch), and Janice Christie (English). The table bears a darkroom kit and supplies, a portable typewriter (Cyrillic lettering), a miniaturized (20 kg.) portable radio transceiver, and several files. The knapsack also contains a set of high-quality professional lockpicks, a gas mask, a bulletproof vest, three concussion grenades, a Tokarev, and a box of twenty-five 7.62mm rounds. Hidden under the mattress of the folding cot are a switchblade and a curare-tipped needle. The eastern wall of the room features a set of shelves, which bear several books: the shelves are a door to Room N (Hidden Thing).

One file (in Russian, Code Difficulty 10, Task Value 20) contains the progress reports of 'Project Nestorian,' an experiment to determine the psychological effects of biological warfare: the last thirty pages were typed on Anastasia's portable typewriter (Hidden Thing), and concern the recent happenings in Bregel. These pages feature photographs of Dr. Ireland, Karen, Simion, and the daredevils, taken in Bregel and presumably (to judge from the poor quality) by a concealed camera.

The thinnest file (in Russian, no code), concerns the recent arrest by the Kempai (Japanese Military Police) of five Russian 'spies,' in Kwangtung, China: the spies were accused of carrying ampules of cholera and anthrax. Another (in Russian, no code) describes the outbreak of bubonic plague, which killed 1.25 million in India in 1907. The other files all concern the bio/chem warfare capabilities of various European and Asian nations, except for one which lists OGPU agents suspected of Trotskyite sympathies. These files are in Russian and coded (Difficulty 10, Task Value 2D10 per file), and worth thousands of dollars to almost any government.

The books include *Elisabeth Bathory: Die Blutgraftin* (in German), *A History of the Rumanians*, *The Land Beyond the Forest*, *Gypsy Folk tales*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula* and *Dracula's Guest*, Sabine Baring-Gould's *The Book of Werewolves*, Montagu Summers's *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin* and *The Vampire in Europe*, Cheiro's *You and Your Hand*, texts on Linguistics (BCS 17), Pathology (18), Chemistry (14), Archaeology (11), and Military Science (16), and Frazer's 13-volume *The Golden Bough* (a Reference in Occult Studies). Hidden in the binding of the linguistics text is a key to recent OGPU codes, worth thousands of dollars to another government. Hidden behind the books is the detonator for the TNT in Room O, and the speakers for the various alarms in Rooms O and N.

Room N: A hastily repaired (treacherous) staircase leads down to the level of the tunnel. Two electric eyes are hidden at different levels: both, if triggered, sound alarms in Room M. The lower is to warn Anastasia that someone is climbing the stairs; by the time the torchbearer passes the higher/upper, Anastasia should be waiting near

the door. The second is strategically located so that Anastasia will know the precise moment to drop a concussion grenade down the stairs and have it explode immediately behind the torchbearer.

Room O: Tunnel (treat as a Ruined Road) from the island to the Chapel. Five sticks of TNT are attached to the roof/ceiling, about ten meters from Room P. Detonating this will destroy the roof and flood the tunnel. Three wires lead from the TNT to the detonator in Room M: cutting the red triggers an alarm, cutting the yellow triggers the explosive (unless the white has already been cut), while cutting the white wire renders the explosive harmless, but not the alarm. BCS in Traps (Difficulty 10) or Demolitions (Difficulty 10) for the correct sequence: BCS in Chemistry or Demolitions to notice that the TNT is 'sweaty' and unstable.

If the unstable TNT can be detonated by a bullet or a nearby blast: if Anastasia is fleeing to the Chapel, with the daredevils in pursuit, she will shoot at the TNT from the bottom step of P. Morton may try the same trick with his grenade.

If the TNT explodes, the corridor will flood rapidly, the water advancing at thirty meters per detailed turn. In the first bookkeeping phase after the deluge, the water will be knee-deep and the ground treacherous; after the second, waist-deep, Swimming BCS – 1D6; after the third, chest-deep, BCS – 1D3; after the fourth, over the characters' heads.

Room P: A hastily repaired (treacherous) staircase leads down from the Chapel to the level of the tunnel.

THE CHAPEL

The Chapel has been rebuilt and shored up many times, but it was first built in the early fourteenth century: about the same period as Poenari Fortress (Archaeology or European History, Difficulty 5, Value 5, Period 30 minutes). The oldest tombstones in the churchyard are undated, but a badly eroded slab near the altar bears the name

'Corvinus' and the numerals "488" (Restoration, Difficulty 10, Value 10, to decipher the rest of the Latin inscription: "Here lied Vlad Gherghina, Governor, died this year 1488, in the reign of Mathias Corvinus.")

This slab is a trapdoor, leading to Room P, but it requires a strong magnet to move the one-half inch iron bars locking the door from the other side (1D10 minutes experimentation to move the magnet in the correct pattern). The slab is two-inch thick stone, Barrier Factor 60, but it pivots easily once unlocked.

AFTERMATH

The daredevils should leave Romania by the quickest means available. Coincidentally, this just happens to be the Orient Express, departing Bucharest (or Brasov) for Paris.

Daredevils attempting to sell Anastasia's files should roll on the reaction table: an indifferent response suggests disbelief, a negative response will cause the files to be requisitioned without compensation, a bad reaction may even cause the daredevils to be arrested. In the event of a positive reaction, the price paid by the government will be the Value Number x \$1000 (in the appropriate currency). Possible modifiers to the reaction roll include Law Enforcement or Politics Subculture BCS (averaged with local Language BCS), an excellent war background (particularly useful in France, but hazardous in Germany) or experience in military intelligence. Trying to sell them on April 1st gives a modifier of -20.

Selling Anastasia's codebook will be equally risky, with the disadvantage that it loses value as codes are updated and replaced. Price until April 12th is the Value Number x \$5000; afterwards, Value Number x \$200. Of course, if OGPU hears that the daredevils have it, they may send some of their agents to "collect" it.

Bucharest, Romania



HISTORICAL NOTES

I have taken some slight liberties with geography – most notably shifting the Iron Gate Dam – but very little that would be apparent without an excellent map of Romania. Bregel is not on modern maps for a very good reason; it no longer exists. It was, according to German chroniclers, depopulated by Vlad the Impaler (also known as Vlad Tepes and Vlad Dracula) in the Fifteenth Century, and nobody really knows where it was. Riul Doamnei (the Princess River) is approximately where I have placed it, and so is the Poenari Fortress – after a fashion. Further research later in the 1930s proved that Poenari Fortress was, in fact, Castle Dracula: Riul Doamnei is, according to tradition, where Dracula's first wife died after leaping from the castle in 1462. Castle Corvinus is entirely fictitious, but the Corvinus family is not: Mathias Corvinus was King of Hungary from 1458 to 1490; Dracula was his prisoner from 1462 to 1474, and later married his daughter. Gherghina was governor of Castle Dracula and its lands from 1474. The 'legend' of Countess Marga Corvinus is based on the story of Countess Elizabeth Bathory (1560-1614), who killed at least fifty young girls for their blood, and whose playthings reportedly included the original of the 'eidolon' in the dungeon.

The tomb of Attila the Hun has never been discovered.

The Russian 'spies' arrested in Kwangtung (Anastasia's files) were later blamed for the deaths of six thousand soldiers from cholera, and two thousand horses from anthrax – but, to be fair, the whole story may have been Japanese propaganda, used to justify their own enormous efforts in Biowar research. Pingfan, the Japanese Biowar lab (under the direction of Shiro Ishii), was allegedly capable of producing eight tons of bacteria at its height: by 1929, it had produced more than four thousand anthrax bombs. The lab also produced glanders (twenty victims discovered after WWII), bubonic plague (106 victims), dysentery (12 victims), typhus (22 victims), typhoid (9 victims), cholera (50 victims), salmonella, tetanus (14 victims), botulism, brucellosis, gas gangrene, smallpox, tick encephalitis, tuberculosis (41 victims), and tularemia. Japan used Bubonic Plague as a weapon against China in 1940-1942, spraying fleas from aircraft, or dropping them in bombs.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

In Search of Dracula, Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu, Warner Paperback Library, 1972. Provided most of the background and color for this adventure – Elisabeth Bathory, Poenari Fortress/Castle Dracula, Romanian history, geography, language, village life and vampire lore.

A Higher Form of Killing, Robert Harris and Jeremy Paxman, BBC, 1982. Provided details of Biological Warfare research in the 1930s, the use of Bubonic Plague as a weapon in 1940-1942, and the story of the five Russians arrested in Kwantung.

AFTERMATH!, Paul Hume and Robert Charrette, FGU, provided stats for Crossbow use, Structural Stability Hazards (both of which have been condensed considerably), and several diseases.

My thanks to Larry Dunning, for mapping, and to my playtesters – the theatrical Michael O'Brien, the cautious Michael Pritchett, the historical Murray Wood and the diplomatic Helen Vella Bonavita.

TIMELINE

- 1916
Blood refrigerated for transfusion, England.
- 1922
Stalin becomes Secretary-General of the Communist Party in Russia.
End of the Russian Civil War.
OGPU founded.
- 1923
Russia becomes the U.S.S.R.
Deutschmark goes mad: \$1 US = 4.2 Trillion Deutschmarks.
- 1925
SS formed in Germany.
- 1926
Trotsky expelled from Soviet Politburo.
- 1927
Trotsky exiled.
Iron Lung invented, Harvard University.
Landsteiner identifies minor blood groups M and N.
- 1928
Louvre uses X-rays to discover forgeries.
- 1933
Purges in Soviet Union/USSR
- 1935
Treason trials in USSR
USSR and Comintern approve policy of Popular Front against Fascism.
Nuremberg Laws deprive Jews of rights in Germany.
Germany re-introduces conscription.
- 1937
Stalin purges the Communist Party
- 1940
Landsteiner discovers the Rhesus Factor.



Josef Stalin, 1879-1953



THE ORIENT EXPRESS



The Orient Express was originally created in 1883 to connect Paris to Istanbul, with major stops in major cities between the two points. Over the years several alternate routes were offered and additional “end points” became available as new routes began in London (connected to France by ship at Calais) and in Athens. All of the routes shown on the route map were available in the 1930s, though our primary concern is with the original and oldest route connecting France and Istanbul, with several stops in Romania.

The Orient Express was, as its name suggests, an “express” with no local stops and only stops in major cities (shown on the map). The only exception to this was near the eastern end of the route where it made multiple stops in Romania between Brasov (in Transylvania) and Bucharest, becoming more like a European local train for this stretch of its route.



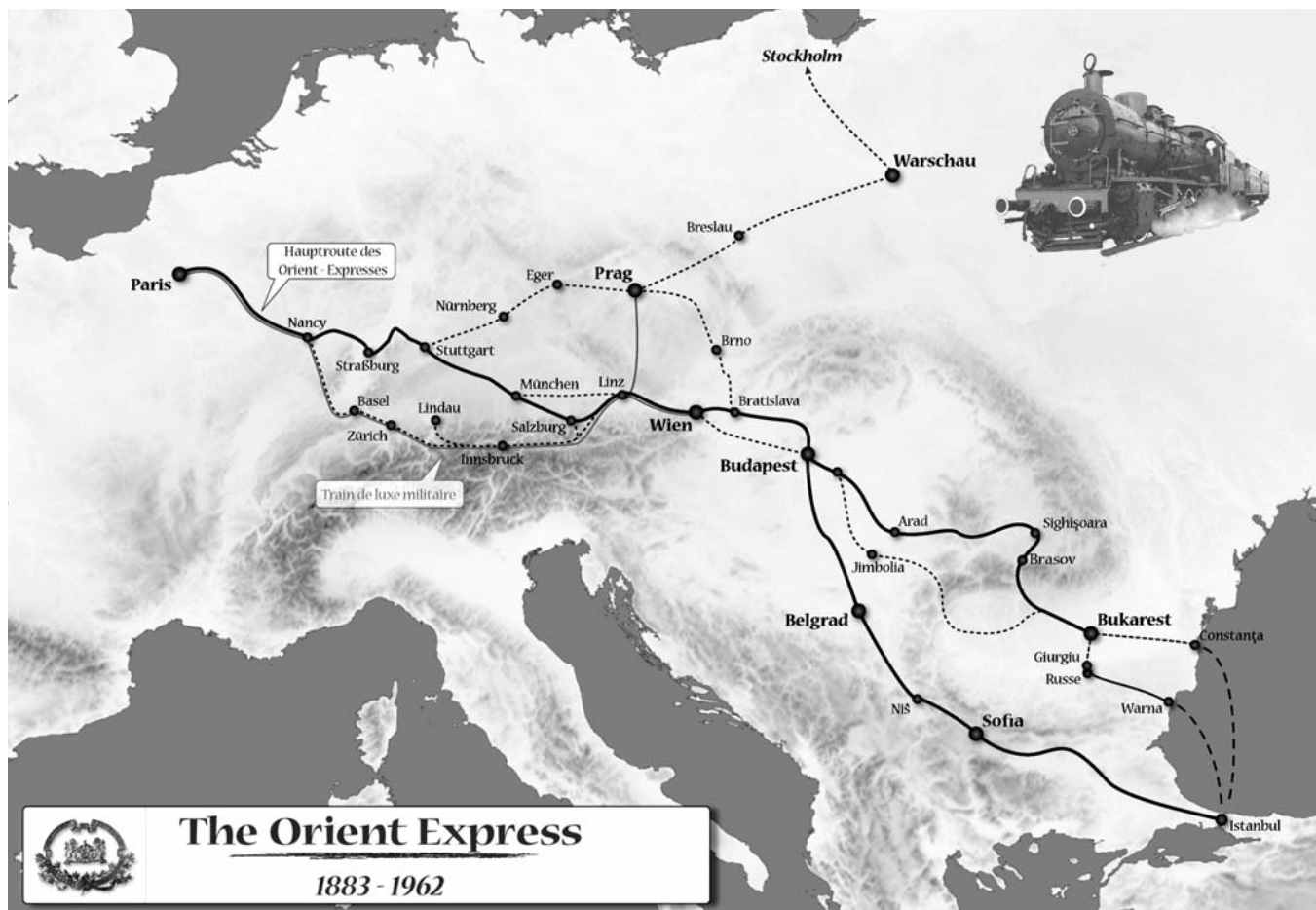
Trains would also stop upon arrival at national borders for document inspection by customs personnel and to change engines. As today (in Eastern Europe), long distance trains changed engines to those of the national railroad as they entered each new country. Engines were also changed in France when eastbound trains reached the Alps to allow for larger, more powerful engines in the mountain regions.

When trains stopped at major stations to allow new passengers to board or any passengers who wished to disembark to do so, there was adequate time for passengers continuing on to leave the train to purchase newspapers, buy food, or send telegrams from the telegraph office in each major train station.

It should be noted that the Orient Express was a First Class only train. All passengers had sleeping compartments and that no Second or Third Class tickets were available for those willing to spend the multi-day journey on regular train seats. Tickets were relatively expensive and the Orient Express was not the usual choice for travel for less well-to-do travelers.



Allowing for cars to be attached to the mainline Orient Express from other routes, or cars to be detached to reach other final destinations, a typical train on the Orient Express would be expected to have at least six passenger cars, a dining car in the



middle of the train, and a baggage car at each end of the train. A passenger car typically had seven or eight compartments designed to accommodate two passengers where all compartments were on the same side of the train car. There would be at least a bathroom at one end of the passenger car and sometimes a bathroom at each end.



Dining cars could accommodate over one hundred diners and offered menus similar to excellent restaurants with several choices at each mealtime and a fine wine list. Such meals would be paid for in addition to the cost of the rail ticket on the Orient Express, which would encourage many passengers to make additional snack and beverage purchases as rail stations along the route (to be eaten in their compartments).

As this Daredevils Adventures book assumes that player-heroes might be interested in travel to or from Bucharest, Romania, it would be useful to have an idea of travel times between both Paris and Calais and Bucharest. Using the route map, it would be easy to estimate other travel times to other final destinations.

Calais to Bucharest: 44 hours, 30 minutes.
 Paris to Bucharest: 42 hours.

The Orient Express expanded its line to connect to London (an obvious move with the importance of the British Empire in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries). Paris was connected with Calais, where ferry service connected passengers to rail transport to London as part of the “Orient Express” service. Trains on each side of the English Channel would await the arrival of the Orient Express ferry to guarantee prompt arrival times for the first class passengers (the only passengers) on the Orient Express. Trains to London were direct,

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ALMOST two million people crossed the ocean on our ships in the past ten years; crossed the wide seas in supreme comfort, mingled pleasantly with pleasant people—met courtesy and friendliness all the way.

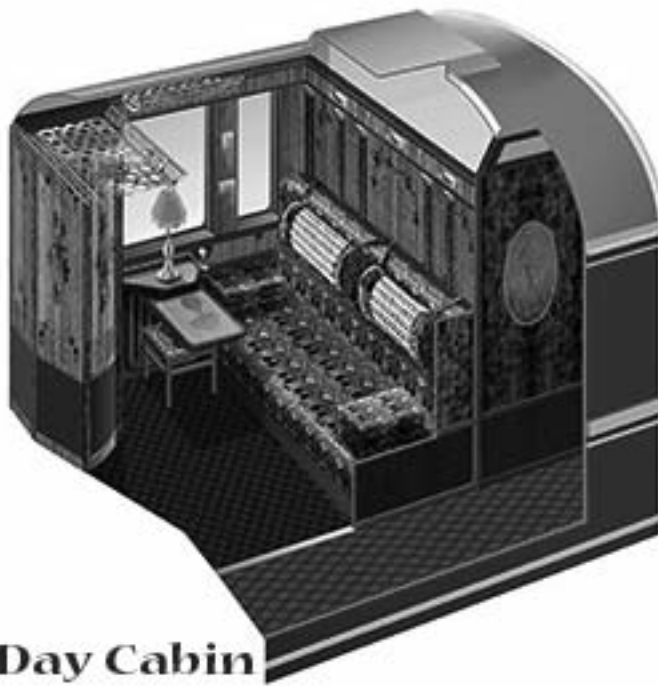
Ours is a vast service—but human. A service that understands the traveler's every whim—and meets it. A service that has provided the best of ocean travel for more than half a century.

WHITE STAR LINE

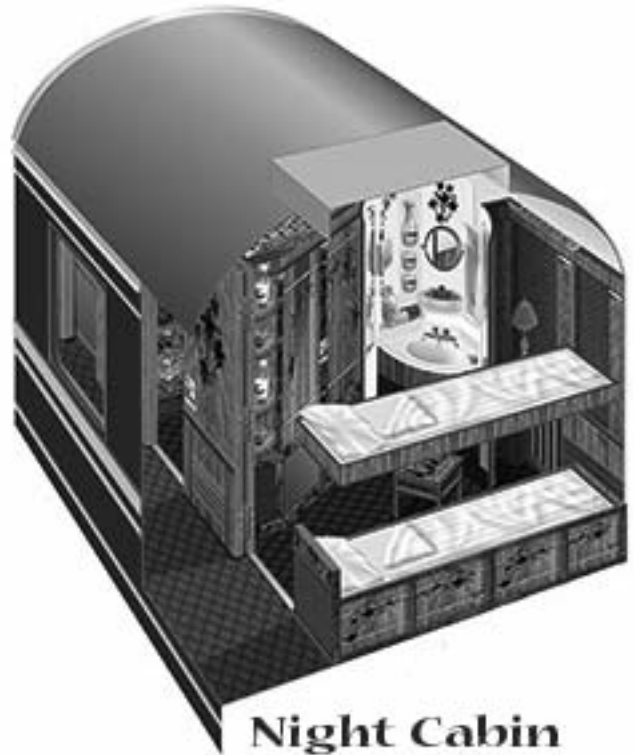
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our offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.



Day Cabin



Night Cabin

express trains making no other stops before arrival in the British capital.

Passengers could purchase tickets and board the Orient Express at any of the stops along the route. Thus, the daredevils would be able to purchase tickets and board at Bucharest or Brasov (or one of the three smaller stops in between) if they choose this means of exiting Romania.

Of course, the Orient Express and its sub-routes might be employed by the player-heroes in any later adventures that bring them to Europe and to destinations along the route of this major rail system route.

Cabins are all “sleeping compartments” and are configured in two different ways, depending upon the hour of the day or night. The diagrams on this page show the layout of the cabins during daytime hours and how they are rearranged for sleeping at

night. The rearranging of cabins was handled by railroad porters and passengers would normally return from dinner in the dining car to find their compartments ready for them in the nighttime configuration. Cabins would be reconfigured each morning while passengers were eating their breakfasts in the dining car.

Of course, if a passenger desired a cabin to retain the daytime layout after dinner, that passenger had only to make the request to the railcar’s porter and, like every other easily granted desire, the “wish would be the command” to the staff. Whenever that passenger was ready for bed, a simple request to have the cabin configuration changed would be all that was required to have the compartment readied for sleeping. “Wake-up calls” would simply be a knocking on the compartment door by the staff and were similarly easy to arrange.



FIRST Transatlantic Air Line

LINKS TWO CONTINENTS



Great seaplanes of this type, will be used when the first regular flying service over the Atlantic is inaugurated. Note loop aerial on nose of craft for the radio compass that guides flyers



SLIDING down the map 1,800 miles from the bulging west coast of upper Africa to the projecting northeastern tip of South America, a few weeks hence, a flying boat will inaugurate the world's first regularly-scheduled transatlantic airline.

This aerial bridge across the South At-

lantic will link Bathurst, just west of the Sahara, in British Gambia, with Pernambuco, south of the Amazon, in Brazil. It will clip nine days from the traveling time between Berlin, Germany, and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

At first, the big machines, on a biweekly schedule, will carry only mail and express. Later, passengers



MOTHER SHIP
Westfalen CRUISES
IN MID-ATLANTIC TO SERVE
AS HALF-WAY STOP

By
*Rene
Leonhardt*

will be accommodated as well. Following the trail blazed by daring ocean flyers, the pilots will take off surrounded by elaborate precautions and aided by the last word in navigation instruments. For behind the project lies more than three years of intensive preparation by the Lufthansa, the great air transportation organization of Germany.

While German ships will be the first to shuttle back and forth in an air service over the South Atlantic, the planes of other nations will be close behind. Both France and Italy have entered the lists and at this writing are putting finishing