

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Volume One

The Journal of Victorian Era Roleplaying

Edited by Dr. Mark Clark



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1995

T **TRANSACTIONS** --- **OF THE** **ROYAL MARTIAN** **GEOGRAPHICAL** **SOCIETY** **Volume One**

The Journal of Victorian Era Roleplaying

Issues One Through Four

Edited By
Dr. Mark Clark
Matthew Ruane
Brian Kendall
Steve Whitmore



Somerville, Massachusetts, USA

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, VOLUME ONE

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Design, Production, Typography, & Copyediting by Matt Goodman

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Lightning Print Inc.

1136 Heil Quaker Blvd.

La Vergne, TN 37086

<http://www.lightningprint.com>

HELIOGRAPH



INCORPORATED

Published by

Heliograph, Inc.

26 Porter Street

Somerville, MA

02143-2215 USA

<http://www.heliograph.com>

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THE ORIGINS OF *TRMGS*

BY MARK CLARK

I still remember it clearly, the day I first saw the game *Space: 1889*. I had stopped by The Days of Knights, my local game store, after class. I spent most afternoons there, chatting with the store's owner John Corradin and other gamers. When I walked in, John was just opening that day's shipment from the distributor, and he showed me the cover of the *Space: 1889* rulebook. I had seen some announcements for the game, and was looking forward to looking it over, but as I turned the pages I was immediately hooked. The artwork was very well done by the standards of the game industry in the late 1980's, the setting seemed intriguing, and I soon found myself putting cash on the counter and walking to the game tables in the back to read the book cover to cover.

From that day forward, *Space: 1889* has been my favorite game. That's why I played in so many *Space: 1889* game sessions. That's why I started to keep a diary of our game group's activities. And, most relevant to you, that's why I started publishing *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society: The Journal of Victorian Era Roleplaying (TRMGS for short)*. You are holding the results in your hands — several hundred pages of material published between 1991 and 1994, most of it for *Space: 1889*.

So how did *TRMGS* come into being? To explain that, I suppose I should give you a little background about myself, and about the game group I hung around with while I was editor — the story won't make much sense unless I do.

I'm a historian by training. My father was an officer in the American Army, and I grew up reading history — military history, American history, world history. I was rather a bookish child, and devoured lots of science fiction, plus whatever else was lying around the house. However, in high school I did well academically in math and science, and decided to major in physics at university.

That turned out to be a mistake. College physics was nothing like the physics I had studied in high school, and I found myself drawn more and more to my history classes. I particularly liked courses in the history of science and technology — they seemed much more interesting than the physical sciences, and by my second year my grades were dropping (other than in history). I wanted to switch my major to history, but my parents (who were paying for most of my education) told me I'd never get a job as a historian. They persuaded me to switch my major to mechanical engineering, so I could use my math and science credits, and so I'd be able to get a job eventually.

Turns out the joke was on them. I graduated from Rice University in Texas in 1984, the middle of the biggest depression that state has ever seen. The price of oil had plunged, and the firms that a few years before had been eager to hire mechanical engineers were now cutting back, if they weren't actually bankrupt. The only job I could find was as a graduate teaching assistant in the history department of the University of Houston — I had

double majored in history, and my advisor was able to pull some strings and get me a slot.

There I got seriously interested in history. I found I liked classroom teaching, and that I was damn good at the craft of history research and writing. I spent three years there, two of those as a researcher at the history office of NASA's Johnson Space Center, and by the time I finished my master's degree, I knew this was something I could make a career of. I knew I needed to graduate from a more prestigious school, though, and after consultations with people in the field, I decided on the University of Delaware, at the time the leading center for the study of the history of technology in the United States, meaning the leading center in the world.

Why history of technology? It was the perfect subject for me — I had the engineering training to understand technical subjects, I had experience at NASA, and when I went to my first meeting of the Society for the History of Technology they were the nicest bunch of folks you could ask for.

Why all this detail about my educational background? I think it makes clear why I like *Space: 1889* so much — it's historical. In particular, it uses lots of historical technology, and it makes some neat changes in physics to make the game world possible. With my background, how could I resist?

Anyway, in the fall of 1987 I arrived in Newark, Delaware, with all of my worldly possessions in the back of my '62 VW Bug. I found a house to share with two other grad students, I started taking classes, and I looked around for something to do in my spare time. To my delight, I found a game store, and a group of gamers, and I was soon rolling dice several nights a week.

That my leisure time centered around gaming was no new thing. Born in 1961, I grew up with the Soviet threat and the Cold War. I got into the gaming hobby through wargames in the early 1970's, pushing little colored squares of cardboard around on hexagon-delineated maps. Like many folks my age, boardgaming led to roleplaying games for me. I first played *D&D* in 1975, and by the time I graduated from high school I could hack and slash with the best of them. In college I fell in with more gaming geeks, spending many Friday and Saturday nights learning to roleplay rather than "roll play".

I was part of a great group by the time I left Houston, and I wanted to recreate that in Delaware. Fortunately, I soon discovered that several of my fellow grad students liked to game, and that the back room at the Days of Knights offered a ready source of players most nights of the week. Now, I just had to find the right game.

Over the next two years, I met the folks who became the core of my *Space: 1889* gaming group, and the ones who helped me write and produce *TRMGS*. The first one was Jeff Boyle, my closest friend in graduate school. He started at Delaware in the history department at the same time I did. A European historian, he was also an enthusiastic gamer. We started up a *Traveller* game not long after we met, and through that game I met Al Walgreen, who was an undergraduate at Delaware and in the ROTC program. Through Al, who already knew folks in the local gaming group, we gravitated to The Days of Knights.

There I met John Corradin, the manager and part owner of the store. His earlier career as a special education teacher made him well suited to

ride herd on a bunch of young gamers, and he is still by far the most enthusiastic gamer I have ever met. John loves to play at cards, at board games, at roleplaying, you name it. John is a fan of *Star Trek*, and we (Jeff, Al, and I) were soon gaming in his campaign.

Through John I met Lee McCormick, Steve Whitmore, and Brian Kendall. Lee was the assistant store manager, and also an enthusiastic roleplayer who shared John's enthusiasm for *Star Trek*. Steve had been a grad student in the history department at Delaware some years before, but had abandoned the academic life for a career as a federal bureaucrat. Brian, a part-time student, was (and is) a brilliant roleplayer, the best I have ever seen. He creates wonderful character histories, and is able to do accents of theatrical quality, creating the illusion that he had become the person he was playing. All would play a role with *TRMGS*.

The following year, Matt Ruane arrived at the history grad program. Originally an American historian, he switched to British history within a few years. A brilliant gamemaster, Matt has a great gift for creating and running consistent campaigns that are fun and exciting. He's also a pretty good writer, and was my right hand man at *TRMGS*.

Thus, by the time *Space: 1889* appeared, we had spent a lot of time playing together, and were looking for something new. *Space: 1889* proved to be the game that led to some of the best roleplaying experiences I have ever been part of.

It all started a few weeks after we got the game. All of us liked the system, and Al Walgreen agreed to run the first campaign. It proved to be a rollicking good time. Our ship was captured by Germans, we escaped through ancient temples, were chased through tunnels by strange Martian beasts, and later held our own in combat with a Hill Martian Tribe. The campaign climaxed with an attack on an ancient religious site that held atomic bombs left over from the Martian past — only a few of us escaped with our lives, but it was so much fun we wanted more.

I then ran another campaign that centered on Worm Cultists and more German machinations. Al graduated and moved away, and we picked up some new people, most notably Jon Bahls, a physics grad student, and Ken Megill and Vince Cleaver, undergraduate students at Delaware. All later wrote for *TRMGS*.

Both of these campaigns served as background for articles later published in *TRMGS*. However, in 1991 we decided to start fresh, creating an epic campaign that would incorporate our experiences with the previous campaigns — rules revisions, new character classes, a different plot. This campaign formed the basis for the series of scenarios printed in *TRMGS* as the *Transactions* Campaign.

While we were getting ready for this game, we noticed that GDW was reducing its support for *Space: 1889*. We had been used to regular releases of new product, and GDW first scaled back, and then canceled new product. I learned later that GDW had been forced into this by its distributors — they simply refused to take any more *Space: 1889* material, since sales had been poor.

It was at this point that I got the idea for *TRMGS*. I had seen fanzines for

other games, and I was convinced that I could do as well, or better, than what was out there. John Corradin encouraged me, saying he would get one of the distributors he bought from to carry it, and so I got together with Matt and we started writing.

I modeled the layout on the magazine *Travellers' Digest*, with a similar structure of main adventure, articles related to the adventure, regular features on NPCs, hardware, and settings, and some news items GMs could use as teasers. That's the format I followed for all eight issues — it served us well, I think.

Matt and I wrote most of issue 1, with the exception of one short article by Brian. We soon were attracting submissions from a variety of folks, however, and by the last few issues I wrote very little beyond the editorial. That was the whole purpose, you see — to get folks to create more stuff I could use in my *Space: 1889* campaign. Worked like a charm, though it turned out to be more work than I intended.

Working with Matt and some of the other players in our campaign, I put together eight issues total — two in 1991, three in 1992, one in 1993, and the last two in 1994. The pace reflects what was going on in my life at the time. I finished my dissertation and graduated in June of 1992, and then went on to a series of contract jobs. I worked for several organizations to write histories for pay, and though I made some money, we lived mostly off my wife Anne's salary. We were married a week after my graduation, and by the end of 1994 things were tense — I had been looking for teaching jobs, but with no success.

The reason I had not been successful was simple — the market for historians is very competitive, and I had little teaching experience. I had not applied for temporary teaching jobs, since Anne had a good job and I did not want her to have to give it up to move across the country for a temporary thing. After years of interviews but no offers, the time had come to make one last push. In early 1995 I applied for temporary as well as permanent positions, and at the very last minute I got a one-year contract at Iowa State University for miserable pay. The next nine months were the worst of my life, with most of that time spent away from Anne, but the sacrifice worked. The following year I got a tenure track job teaching history at Oregon Institute of Technology, and that's where I am now, happy as a clam.

Well, not entirely happy. When I moved to Iowa I was in the middle of putting together *TRMGS* #9, and I knew I would not have the time to finish it. I turned the task over to Matt. He didn't finish it either, and so in 1996 we decided to turn *TRMGS* over to one of our subscribers. That turned out to be a mistake — he took our subscription money and our records, and has never published an issue. I canceled our contract with him in late 1997, and this collection is the first step in re-establishing *TRMGS*. I have recently reached an agreement with Heliograph Inc. to resume publication of *TRMGS*. Issue 9 will go to press in the summer of 1999 — check with Heliograph for availability.. I no longer have subscriber records for *TRMGS* — if you subscribed to *TRMGS* in the past, I want to hear from you — please drop me a line ASAP.

Well, that's my story — hope you found it interesting. And I hope you find this *TRMGS* anthology interesting. I still love *Space: 1889*, and I regard

this as some of the best work I've ever done. Have at it!

Mark Clark, June 1999
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NOTES FROM THE PUBLISHER

BY MATT GOODMAN

We've made a few changes for this reprint of *TRMGS*, and to make sure the blame falls on the right shoulders, here's what we've done.

Because we're doing this reprint in a different page size than the original *TRMGS*, we've had to redo all of the formatting. Originally, we'd planned to just shrink the pages by 25% and push the book out, but after reviewing the shrunken pages, we scrapped that plan. We've also done some copy editing, so any spelling or style errors here are ours, not Mark's. Since we're using *TRMGS* as a test platform for our future releases, we've also added in some art that wasn't in the original magazine to see how the fine people at Lightning Print reproduce it. We've indicated the original art in the credit for the pieces. If there isn't a credit, it's clip art we've dropped in and it wasn't originally in *TRMGS*.

The "Origins of *TRMGS*" introduction wasn't in the original, of course, nor were Mark's comments on each issue. We've also added and updated the *TRMGS Space: 1889* Bibliography and the *Challenge* Index, as well as an index to this volume.

The next volume will contain issues five through eight of *TRMGS*. We split the books into two volumes because our future releases will have similar page counts, and we wanted to try out the format.

We've very interested in your comments about the format and content of this volume, as we're planning on using this format for our upcoming projects (for details, see the ads in this issue and the web page listed below).

As a reader of the original *TRMGS*, I don't think I ever realized the sheer volume of material produced for it. Both volumes together come to almost 200,000 words... as Mark said to me jokingly, if he had stuck to an eight page fanzine, he'd still be putting it out.

Finally, I've read the material in this volume literally dozens of times in the course of preparing the book, and I'm still seeing new and interesting things in it. I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.

Matt Goodman, June 1999
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ISSUE ONE, FALL 1991

BY MARK CLARK

We wrote this issue in a little more than a month in the Fall of 1991. I taught myself how to use Pagemaker software to do the layout, and in the process made some mistakes. First, I wanted to stuff as much raw data into the magazine as possible. So, I had very narrow margins, small type (I went to even smaller type in later issues), and no illustrations (in issue #1 only). The margins often caused problems with duplication — if I was to do it again I'd have much wider margins.

I had another reason for no illustrations — I had seen the amateur stuff in other fanzines, and it looked like crap. I added some drawings done with MacDraw starting with issue #2, and Brian Kendall did some drawings for us for issues #2-5, but it was not until I found some copyright-free material later on that the appearance of the magazine improved graphics-wise.

Steve Jackson, head of Steve Jackson Games (*GURPS*, *Illuminati*, *Car Wars*, etc.) saw this issue and called it well done, "better than some professional magazines." Gave me such a warm fuzzy that he got a free lifetime subscription...

CTHULHU 1889

Both Matt Ruane and I love the game *Call of Cthulhu* from Chaosium. This article was inspired by one written by Marcus Rowland that appeared in *Challenge* magazine. I might note that we made extensive use of *Call of Cthulhu* rules, especially for combat, in our games. Matt also ran a Cthulhu 1889 campaign after the *Transactions* Campaign finished for Jeff, myself, and our wives. I've never seen more bloodthirsty women — they did stuff like shotgun folks who were tied up and helpless just for the fun of it. Needless to say, Jeff and I were extra-careful around them for some time after that.

THE SYRTIS STAR

No credits here, but Matt and I wrote most of these — I'll mention those in subsequent issues that we didn't. Most of the time we just made these up, but occasionally they were based on campaign events from various games we had played. For example, the Grenouille Expedition referred to a short campaign Matt had run just before the *Transactions* Campaign started, and Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth was one of Vince Cleaver's characters. Hollingsworth was known as Dr. Death, since despite his medical skill of three he routinely bungled medical care by rolling low — he killed lots of NPCs that way.

THE TRANSACTIONS CAMPAIGN

This and subsequent adventures were based on the campaign I started in 1991. I ran for the first half year or so, with games every week. Later on several other folks ran episodes as well. The characters listed are the ones who started the game — we used the same ones in subsequent issues, though in actuality some players left and new ones were added over time. The first group was:

Victor Hatherly, played by Mark Clark

Based on the character of the same name from the Sherlock Holmes story "The Engineer's Thumb" — that's why he's missing his left thumb.

Lord Reginald "Kipper" Herring, played by Matt Ruane

Based on Bertie Wooster, from the Jeeves and Wooster stories by P. G. Wodehouse.

James Wentworth, played by Jeff Boyle

Based on the servant Jeeves from the same story series.

Major Charles McGrath, played by Brett Crouse

A very Kipling-influenced portrayal, though you can't really point to any one story. Brett played him as very brave, but also a bit of a prig.

Sgt. Major Thomas O'Shaugnessy, played by Jon Bahl

Just plain weird — Jon is a physicist, and every character he played took science of some sort, even a crusty Sergeant Major. Also played as very brave, though prone to distraction if an interesting specimen presented itself (see the *Transactions* Campaign description in issue 6 for an example).

Hung Wo Smith, played by John Corradin

Almost directly based on the main character in the TV series "Kung Fu." John played him as very modest and polite, but he really kicked butt in combat. One peculiarity was that no one ever saw Mr. Smith actually fight — through a string of coincidences other characters were always absent or unconscious when he entered combat.

All characters were designed by assigning the numbers 1 through 6 to the six attributes. We usually did this — made for more dramatic characters who did some things well and others poorly.

We also decided to give some of the characters links to others to make for a more logical reason to stay together. That's why Major McGrath and Sgt. Major O'Shaugnessy were linked, and Lord Herring and Wentworth were master and servant (though who was master and who was servant was not always clear).

All of the players, other than Brett, later wrote for *TRMGS*. John dropped out after the first few months since he didn't care for a new player we brought in. Brett left several months later, unhappy at the outcome of an in-game trial based on trumped up charges. After it was clear he was not returning, I had some NPCs skin his character alive (see issue 6) — great way to keep folks from leaving the game! John came back for the campaign's final story arc, where it was revealed that Lord Herring and the main villain, Colonel O'Reilly of the ARI, were half-brothers with the same father, and that Mr. Smith was the son of Lord Herring's father's older brother! Wentworth cleverly managed to ensure the death of both O'Reilly and Mr. Smith during the adventure to ensure there would be no challenges to his master's inheritance.

Colonel Ian O'Reilly

These are not the real statistics for O'Reilly — in my campaign he was actually tougher. He and his minions drove the players crazy for several years of real time gaming. They were so happy when they finally killed him at the end of the campaign! He made such an impression, though, that he was regarded as something like Moorcock's Eternal Champion — in subsequent non-*Space: 1889* campaigns people often speculated if the villain we faced was really O'Reilly in disguise.

EDITORIAL

BY MARK CLARK

Welcome to the first issue of the *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society*. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as my friends and I enjoyed writing it — we had a blast! We, in this case, are members of the Days of Knights Game Club of Newark, Delaware, who have been participating in an ongoing *Space: 1889* campaign since the game was published. With the decline in the support from GDW for our favorite system, we decided to take matters into our own hands and give other people a chance to participate in the things we have created. We're not in this to get rich — we are fairly sane in that regard — but we do think that there is a market for a product aimed at gamers who like the Victorian period in general and *Space: 1889* in particular, and we aim to fill that market.

So, what can you expect from future issues of *Transactions*? As a fan of the *Traveller* system, I have long admired the magazine *Traveller's Digest* (now *The Megatraveller Journal*). Anyone who has read that magazine will see that the way *Transactions* is structured is very similar. Just as they did, we plan to have a number of regular features. First, and most important, is a continuing series of linked adventures using a common set of characters. Called the "*Transactions Campaign*", these modules will take our adventurers throughout the solar system, exploring all its secrets. Supporting that main adventure will be several other regular columns. "Equipment & Accouterments" will detail items of equipment useful to adventurers, "Plebeians & Personages" will take a detailed look at an NPC and suggest possible encounters, and "*The Syrtis Star*" will offer all the news that fits. Regular columns unrelated to the main adventure include: "A Bit of History," detailing a historical figure in gaming terms; and, starting next issue, "Cloud Captains Corner", aerial flyer designs and scenarios, and "Edward's Guide to the Martian Crown Colony", featuring detailed maps and descriptions of the Syrtis Major and beyond.

In addition to our regular features, we will also publish other adventures, rules variants, historical background or anything else I feel like. While our primary focus is *Space: 1889*, we plan to publish articles dealing with other game systems. This includes, but is not limited to: *Cthulhu By Gaslight*, *Boot Hill*, *GURPS Wild West*, or any other game set in the 19th century. The *Call of Cthulhu* article by Matt Ruane in this issue is a good example of the sort of variety you can expect.

As your editor, I suppose I should tell you a bit about myself. I am presently a graduate student in the History of Technology program at the University of Delaware with about a year left before I get my Doctorate. My primary interest is the late 19th and early 20th century period in the United States and Germany (now you know why I like *Space: 1889*), and my dissertation is a history of the development of magnetic recording technology (see my piece on Oberlin Smith in this issue for an idea of the sort of thing I'm working on). Although I've never published a game related article before, I have been playing role-playing games since 1975, and have written

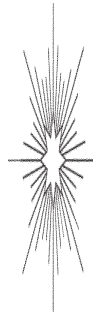
and game mastered tournament events at conventions since the early 1980's.

The last thing I want to say is that I want your feedback and your input. I want to publish what you want to read, so write to me at our address {old address information removed} between 9am and 10pm eastern time with any suggestions that you might have. If you are interested in writing for us, send us a SASE and we'll send you our guidelines. Hope to hear from you, and I'll see all of you next issue.

Rowlands' Macassar Oil

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LONDON E.C.



BURNABY CAPTURES TWO

28 July, Parhoon: The Governor of Parhoon has reported to Royal Navy authorities in Syrtis Major that an aerial battle has taken place between two Oenotrian screw galleys and the aerial flyer *Penelope*, captained by Frederick Gustavus Burnaby. Burnaby, one of the most famous of the Red Captains, submitted a brief note to Her Majesty's authorities which explained his actions. Burnaby, returning to Parhoon for supplies, stated that he was set upon by modified *Swiftbird* screw galleys which mistook his vessel for a Royal Navy aerial flyer.

Burnaby and his crew drove off one vessel by inflicting crippling damage, and managed to capture a second, while suffering only minor damage in return. This places the number of vessels captured or destroyed by Burnaby at twenty-seven. Captured crew members were turned over to Her Majesties'

From our Thyniamata correspondent:

To SALLY, ON EARTH, BY PHOEBE

Come, O Sally, come away,
On the Earth no longer stay.

Throw not charms like thine away
(Sally, turn and flee):

There you work the livelong day —
Only think what paltry pay,

The sum of twenty cents a day,
(For girls like you and me!)

Here we have a woman's right,
Paid like men — in gold so bright—

This to me is pure delight
(Sally, how it shines!)

Here we have no winter snows,
Dress all the year in summer clothes —

Then there's lots and lots of beaux
(In all the Martian mines)

There's Cloud Captains, first of all,
Some are large and some are small,

Some are very, very tall;
(Sally, can't you come?)

Some go drest in gashatskin coats,
Some wear beards as long as goats:

All are "sowing their wild oats,"
(Really, there are "some").

Then we've miners young and old,
Some have heaping piles of gold

To buy the hearts of maidens bold.

of the original expedition, the only survivors being the visiting scientific team Dr. Hollingsworth accompanied to the dig site. Dr. Hollingsworth went on to say that the deaths were due to a raid by Martian tribesmen, and that rumors circulating about ritual mutilations and Martian vampires were totally untrue. Dr. Hollingsworth also said that the scientific team had found a secret chamber under the site, but he would not say what was found there.

CRIME ON THE INCREASE

GOVERNMENT WARNS TRAVELLERS

Syrtis Major: Both Her Majesty's Government and the Martian Royal Palace warn travellers to Syrtis Major of a sudden increase in crimes of the person among the European community of our city. Most of the crimes have occurred between nine p.m. and three a.m., and seemed to be centered in the harbor district. The city's police Commissioner, Sir

authorities in Parhoon. The captured vessel was estimated to be worth £1000 in salvage.

PLAY TO OPEN TONIGHT

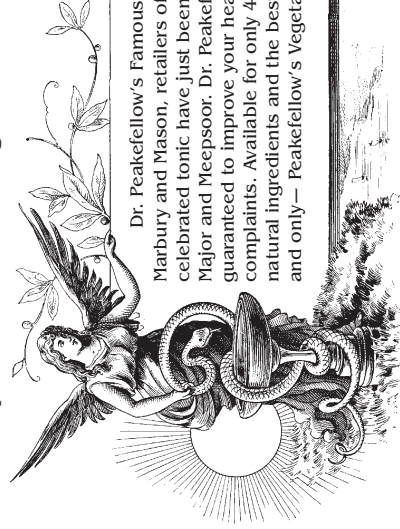
The Royal Opera House, Syrtis Major, announces the opening of *The Gondoliers*, a new opera by Mssrs. Gilbert and Sullivan which will have its first performance on Mars tonight at eight p.m. sharp. Tickets are still available at eight shillings each from the theater box office. Tonight's troupe has recently arrived from London, where it completed a fifty show run at the Savoy Theater. The producer of many Gilbert and Sullivan operas, D'Oyly Carte, has arrived with the actors to ensure that tonight's opening will be the grandest yet at the Royal Opera House.

GRENOUILLE EXPEDITION RETURNS

The survivors of the ill-fated Grenouille expedition have just returned to Syrtis Major. Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth, after seeing to the hospitalization of his fellow expedition members, read a brief statement. He confirmed the death of Dr. Grenouille and all other members

Harris Golden, has reported that the majority of crimes have been committed by groups of young children, both Martian and human. Children held for questioning by the authorities tell remarkably similar stories to the police. All are orphans who became involved in assaults on wealthy Europeans when a man in a black coat recruited them by promising them three square meals a day and spending money. Most remarkably, the authorities report that the man goes by the name Oliver Twist. Whether this is merely a game among rebellious youths or the tip of a criminal empire, no one yet knows. Police inquiries are continuing.

(Sally, they're the kind!)
Lawyers, too, a "fancy" class,
With smiling faces full of brass,
But they're always spouting gas!
(And wouldn't suit your mind.)
We've merchants, too, of every kind,
They to charms are never blind;
Some have purses silken lined
(Sally, think they'd do?)
We've farmers too, a mixed-up lot,
With ranches wild and "peaceful cot"
Good or bad, it matters not.
(Their pike's too small for you!)
Again I call you, ere I close,
Leave that land of frost and snows.
Come where milk and honey flows
(Sally, what a home!)
Where roses bloom without a thorn,
Where ancient maids ne're die forlorn,
and all are happy (in a horn),
(Do, O Sally come!)



Dr. Peakefellow's Famous Vegetable Tonic and Elixir is now available at Marbury and Mason, retailers of fine consumables. Recent shipments of the celebrated tonic have just been received at their establishments in Syrtis Major and Meepsoor. Dr. Peakefellow's Vegetable Tonic and Elixir is guaranteed to improve your health, as well as ridding your body of all medical complaints. Available for only 4 shillings per fortnight supply. Guaranteed all natural ingredients and the best sparkling water money can buy. Buy the one and only—Peakefellow's Vegetable Tonic and Elixir.

CTHULHU 1889

BY MATTHEW RUANE

. . . there is little chance of finding water in this god-forsaken desert. We had been exploring the temple sites near Tharsis for over a month and had made several interesting finds, but nothing as world-shattering at those found in complex 2-B. Consisting of a simple temple, and several subordinate buildings, the site first appeared to be quite ordinary. The discovery of the secret passageways under the temple courtyard led to the further discovery of those mind-blasting murals. Covering nearly 100 square feet of the tunnel walls, the murals seemed to depict the arrival of undescrivable creatures to Mars more than 10,000 years ago, and the subsequent subjugation of the Martian people by these alien horrors. Over the next several days, more than a dozen attempts were made to trace or copy these drawings, yet all were ultimately unsuccessful. The Martian diggers refused to go near the temple, and those of us who attempted to uncover the mysteries have seen our lives ruined and our minds unravelling before our very eyes. I am laying on a cot in the main tent, conserving what water remains. Drs. Campbell and Johnson were the last to wander away from the camp-site, leaving me behind in the vain hope that help would arrive before too long. It is nearly dark, and the damnable buzzing begins again . . . if I concentrate, I think I can make out something under all that noise . . . AHH! CTHUGA farsh vill une CTHULHU nell vonish argus domaineiie!!!

Excerpts from the Journal of Dr. William Appebly Morris, FRGS,
Dated 11 June 1892; Discovered in a Syrtis Major bookstore,
15 January 1926.

The horrors of *Call of Cthulhu* combined with the Victorian super science of *Space: 1889*? Unspeakable, you exclaim! In this and subsequent articles, I hope to open your minds to the possibilities of combining the excellent horror RPG *Call of Cthulhu* with the vast background and nifty super science of *Space: 1889*. First, however, there are a few things that need to be said about the system to be entitled Cthulhu 1889. The idea for this merger is not an original one, nor will I attempt to take any credit for it. The idea of a Cthulhu 1889 system was first detailed by Marcus L. Rowland's article "Cthulhu: 1889", in the magazine *Challenge*, number 43. He developed a system to translate *Space: 1889* characters into *Call of Cthulhu* statistics, and provided some adventure ideas. For those without access to the original article, the formulas will be reprinted below, along with several changes I have introduced to make the conversion easier. Second, despite

numerous attempts to bring *Call of Cthulhu* monsters into *Space: 1889*, I have been unable to create an adequate system that accurately represents the mind-bending horrors of Lovecraft's minions in *Space: 1889*, so a system for converting statistics in the other direction is not included. Finally, a note about the authors personal preferences; I enjoy playing and running *Space: 1889*, but my favorite game system is *Call of Cthulhu*. I will be the first to admit that there are problems with the system mechanics, but I believe that they are more than made up for by the extensive background material available, and the superb work done by Chaosium with their published modules and sourcebooks. Now on with Cthulhu 1889!

Cthulhu 1889 is based on the same Cthulhu mythos found in H.P. Lovecraft's stories, but modified by the fact that mankind has begun to explore the planets of this Solar System, and has indeed found intelligent life on other planets. Suppose the *Space: 1889* background was true, and that Thomas Edison has successfully traveled to Mars and back in 1870? How would Lovecraft have modified his stories to take into account the existence of a civilization thousands of years older than mankind's? Are there equivalents of the Cthulhu mythos among the legends of Martian pre-history, and why are the canals built in such perfect geometrical lines and angles? According to Marcus Rowland, the outer worlds are haunted by the mythos creatures, Ryleh is somewhere in the Asteroid Belt, the Plateau of Leng on Mars, and fire vampires roam the bright side of Mercury. Indeed, this may be the case, though I personally believe Ryleh is buried under the Gorklimsk swamps, and that the ruins at Bordobaar is built on top of one of the ancient cities inhabited by creatures who had enslaved the Martians for millennia. Are the Moon-Men the result of some freakish genetic experiments by the Yithians, or are they the remnants of a race of servants designed by the Great Old Ones? Such decisions can best be made by you in keeping with your campaign location.

Perhaps the most intriguing notion developed by Marcus Rowland, and one I whole-heartedly agree with, is that the canals of Mars form a gigantic warding spell, an Elder Sign on a galactic scale. As the canals fall into ruin, and the technology to rebuild them remains lost, the wards are losing their power, and the creatures of the mythos are straining to return. Martians have lost all knowledge of the significance of the canals, and only in a few tomes is truth actual hinted at. What of the cults and mysterious sites on Earth, now obviously part of a larger picture? Was Earth visited by ancient Martians, the so-called ancient astronauts, who brought with them the weapons and knowledge necessary to banish the Great Old Ones and their minions from this planet? Are there hidden ether vessels buried under the ice at either pole, or even under the sands of Egypt? The answers to these questions are pursued by only a few brave souls, while the remainder of mankind continues to struggle blindly along. Britannia rules both the waves and the ether, and now, more than ever, the empire is one on which the sun never sets. As mankind explores our Solar System, the unexplained events and the chance encounters with mythos-related creatures or artifacts are ignored or explained away by those in academia and the government. It is up to the players to discover the reality of the terror and unfolding horror which sur-

rounds them, and to thwart the minions of Great Cthulhu from returning to our corner of the universe.

The Cthulhu 1889 system is fairly straightforward, though it is necessary to own the following items: the *Space: 1889* rulebook, the rules for *Call of Cthulhu*, and *Cthulhu By Gaslight*, the last two items published by Chaosium. Creating characters is a three step process, and begins by creating normal *Space: 1889* characters. Follow all the steps in the rulebook, but remember to consider the importance of social class in *Space: 1889*, which also plays an important role in Cthulhu 1889. Next, translate the *Space: 1889* characters, their stats, and skills into *Call of Cthulhu* characters, using the following table devised by Marcus Rowland.

SPACE:1889 TO CALL OF CTHULHU CONVERSION TABLE

Characteristic		Characteristic	
<u>Cthulhu</u>	<u>Space: 1889</u>	<u>Cthulhu</u>	<u>Space: 1889</u>
STR	(str x 2) +6	APP	(chr x 2) +6
DEX	(agl x 2) +6	POW	chr + soc + 6
INT	(int x 2) +6	SIZ	str + end + 6
CON	(end x 2) +6	EDU	(soc x 2) + int
SAN	calculate using newly figured POW characteristic		

All *Space: 1889* skills are multiplied by 10 to get the equivalent skill percentages; do not forget to translate all of the cascade skills. You will notice that most skills have an equivalent in *Call of Cthulhu*, and for those that do not have an equivalent skill, you should assume that the base chance is considered to be 0%. Finally, I allow my players to personalize their characters by distributing skill points equal to their INT x 5 to any skill.

Combat should be handled according to the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, but new players should be reminded that combat has suddenly become much more dangerous. A shotgun blast will normally knock a player unconscious, if not kill them outright, while even a light pistol (a .22 or .32 caliber weapon in *Call of Cthulhu*) has a good chance of severely wounding the average player if hit. Airborne combat should use either the rules in *Space: 1889*, or the more extensive rules in *Sky Galleons of Mars* (See the *Space: 1889* and *Sky Galleons of Mars* article in this issue for some interesting new ideas). All space travel should be conducted using *Space: 1889* rules. Artillery damage is fast and deadly in *Call of Cthulhu*. *Space: 1889* artillery damage should be translated as follows: divide the burst number in the *Space: 1889* tables by two, to get both the radius of the burst, and the number of 1d6 damage rolls for Cthulhu 1889. This is a quick and dirty conversion, but it does adequately represent the fact that if you are anywhere near an exploding shell, you are probably dead.

Now that you have the rules for playing Cthulhu 1889, I will present a beginning plot idea for you to spring on your players. It needs to be fleshed out and some details to be supplied, but it is a good example of the Cthulhu 1889 genre. Next issue, we will be presenting a full adventure for your enjoyment. Until then, never, never, ever, name he who shall remain unnameable!!!

THE *TRANSACTIONS* CAMPAIGN: MUTINY ON THE *MAJESTIC*

BY MARK CLARK

Dear Diary,

In the morning I embark for Mars, that beacon of adventure that calls to every red-blooded Englishman. To stride under strange stars, to see decadent Martians in their proud but decayed cities, to stride the deck of a swift, barbaric sky galleon — It makes my pulse race!!! Of course, Mars is about as far from Father as possible, which makes it even more attractive, as you well know.

From *The Collected Papers of Lord Redmond Herring, KCB, FRGS*, Blackstone and Sons, London, Bombay and Syrtis Major, 1972.

INTRODUCTION

This is the first of a connected series of adventures set in the Space: 1889 universe, to be published in subsequent issues of the *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society* (see the editorial in this issue for more information). In this adventure, the characters (see the statistics at the end of this article) are introduced to one another in the course of a etherflyer journey to Mars aboard the RMS *Majestic*. They will get a chance to meet one another and interact, experience the fun of practical jokes in zero gravity, go through their very first “crossing the line” ceremony, and solve the obligatory closed room murder. Just when they thought they could relax, the small matter of a mutiny will present itself, forging a bond between the group as they struggle to survive.

DEPARTURE

The RMS *Majestic* of the White Star Line will depart at noon on July 11, 1889, from the London Etherport, located just north of the city. The adventure begins on the morning of July 10, as the characters are making their final preparations for their journey. Distribute the character descriptions to your players, and ask them how they wish to spend their time before departure, subject to the following appointments they have: Lord Herring has been invited to lunch by his Aunt (his only relative still speaking to him); Wentworth still hasn’t said goodbye to his father (who is Lord Herring’s father’s manservant, of course); Major McGrath has been invited to a ball in his honor given by his friends from the Guards Cavalry regiment; Sergeant Major O’Shaughnessy has been invited for a round of drinks with his old comrades from the ranks (rather like the Major’s affair, only a lot less formal); and Victor Hatherly is having a quiet dinner with a number of his friends from

school (Mr. Smith will be busy aboard ship preparing for departure, so he will not have any free time).

As first class ticket holders, the character are entitled to take along up to 200 pounds of personal baggage; additional belongings cost £2 per 50 pounds or fraction thereof. All of the characters are familiar with the London area, and will be able to find any of the items listed from page 52 to 57 in the *Space: 1889* game book at the prices given there. White Star Line regulations prohibit firearms in passenger areas (though they may be shipped in baggage), and they prohibit the shipment of explosives and other hazardous materials (small amounts of ammunition for personal use are allowed in baggage), which players may wish to keep in mind while shopping.

SAYING FAREWELL

Lord Herring has been summoned to lunch by his Aunt, Lady Finchbottom. Redmond refers to her affectionately as the Ancient Ancestor, which is somewhat unfair, as she is a very hearty woman in her late 40's. This is a good chance for a bit of roleplaying to establish Herring's character, as Lady Finchbottom can josh him about his recent escapades and remind him of how the rest of his family feels about him. She will also give him a very nice lunch, a few words of advice, all of them sensible, and a letter of introduction to the Governor General of Syrtis Major (She went to school with the Governor General's wife).

Wentworth should stop by at some point to see his father, who will take the opportunity to remind him of his responsibility for bringing Lord Herring back to Earth in one piece. He will also give his son a phrasebook so he can practice Kohline on his way to Mars, and some old Martian coins that the bookseller gave him with the purchase. The bookseller said they would bring good luck.

At the party, Major McGrath will have a wonderful time, dancing, singing and trading old war stories with his former mess mates. There are rumors going around that the Guards may soon be sent to Mars to break the stalemate in the Oenotrian campaign, but nothing definite.

Sgt. Major O'Shaugnessy will have an even better time with his fellow sergeants, and should be encouraged to drink to excess and sing a few ribald marching songs. In the course of the evening he will learn that there have been problems with many of the recent recruits, especially the Irish boys — they all seem to be in poor health from working in factories or they run off right after training.

Dinner for Hatherly will be very sedate, with a discussion of the latest marvels of engineering being the main topic. As his guests are leaving, one of them will give him a letter of introduction to a Mr. Tyler, the American explorer who now lives in Syrtis Major.

GET ME TO THE DOCK ON TIME!

After their visits and any shopping they want to do, the characters will need to make arrangements for getting to the *Majestic* in the morning. Travel by train will cost one shilling and takes about an hour. A cab will cost double that, but the cabby will be happy to assist with any baggage, and the trip will

only take forty-five minutes.

Regardless of the method chosen, be sure to delay at least one group of characters in their trip enough so that they will be late. A bridge might be out, the may be a traffic snarl, whatever you like. Encourage the characters to seek alternate transportation, and have them speed along at breakneck speeds.

Even though at least one of the characters will arrive after the scheduled departure time, the *Majestic* will not have left. There will be a detachment of troops guarding something, and several laborers working frantically to load some obviously heavy bundles. Those arriving late will be allowed to board, and if they inquire what the fuss is about, they will be told that there was a slip up, and the Martian Crown Colony's quarterly payroll shipment was late in arriving. Once on board, the characters are free to move into their rooms, and then wander about the ship, which will depart two hours behind schedule.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

The *Majestic* is a stock interplanetary passenger liner, with one important alteration. All of the passenger staterooms have been modified so that they have doors leading to both promenades. This modification was carried out for two reasons. The first and most important was passenger safety. The modification allows for escape from all cabins even if air pressure is lost in one promenade. Second, since the two passageways are used by the different sexes (see Greg Novak's excellent article "Ether Ship Etiquette" in *Challenge* #39, p.23), the steward has more flexibility in assigning cabins. Doors on the side not used by the cabin passengers are normally locked, but can be opened in an emergency.

We will not attempt to detail shipboard routine here; Novack's article or the GDW module *Canal Priests of Mars* by Marcus Rowland are excellent sources in that regard. If you don't have access to either one, just assume three shifts a day for the crew, three meals a day for the passengers, church services on Sunday, and all the luxury you can fit in a very large steel can. The referee should feel free to create any sort of crew he or she wishes, but since most of them will snuff it in the course of the adventure don't spend too much time on them.

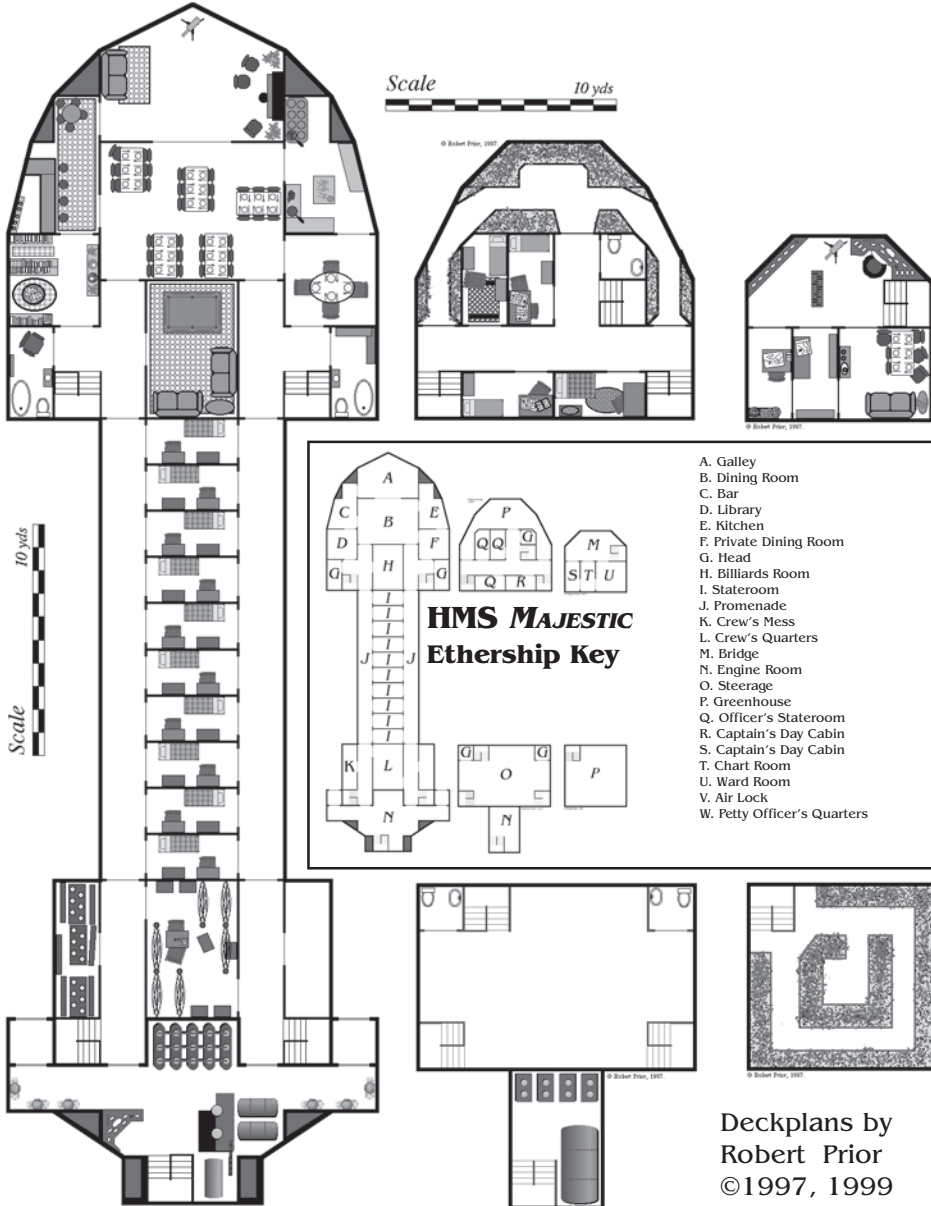
The passenger list that follows is not fixed in stone; only those individuals marked with a "*" are vital to the plot. What is important is that there be seventeen other passengers. Yes, there is a problem: White Star Lines has made a mistake and overbooked this flight by two. Wentworth and Sgt. Major O'Shaugnessy, since they are travelling as servants, will be asked to bunk in the crew's quarters (steerage is full to overflowing with soldiers). This will give them a chance to meet Mr. Smith, and since Mr. Hatherly and Major McGrath will be sharing a cabin, they will become acquainted as well. This is a good time to allow your players to get to know one another by getting them to roleplay their first meetings. After introductions, they can wander out to the public areas of the ship and meet the other passengers. All of them, aside from Mrs. Petherick and her servant Miss Jones, will soon be out and about and can be introduced.

HMS MAJESTIC

A. Galley
B. Dining Room
C. Bar
D. Library
E. Kitchen
F. Private Dining Room
G. Head
H. Billiards Room

I. Stateroom
J. Promenade
K. Crew's Mess
L. Crew's Quarters
M. Bridge
N. Engine Room
O. Steerage
P. Greenhouse

Q. Officer's Stateroom
R. Captain's Day Cabin
S. Captain's Day Cabin
T. Chart Room
U. Ward Room
V. Air Lock
W. Petty Officer's Quarters



Deckplans by
Robert Prior
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PASSENGER LIST

Cabin one contains Captain Karl von Landsberg und Ansdorf and his wife Frau Erika von Landsberg und Ansdorf. The Captain will most likely be met in the bar, a beer in his fist and a smile on his face, trading stories with Colonel Teddy Sanders (see below). The Captain is the new German naval attache at the embassy in Syrtis Major. He is very friendly, speaks very good English, and will be constantly be heard to complain about the “damm Prussians” (the Captain is from Bavaria). His wife is as fun loving and outgoing as he is. She is also very intelligent, and has as her hobby an interest in mathematics and astronomy (it is rumored that she is one of the few people in Europe who have read and understood Professor Moriarty’s book *Dynamics of an Asteroid*).

Victor Hatherly* and Major McGrath* have been assigned to the second cabin.

Mr. Hans Delbrueke and his daughter, Miss Elena Delbrueke, occupy the third cabin. They will be found in the observation lounge, watching as the Earth slips away below. Mr. Delbrueke is Belgian, and the owner of a Gumme plantation in the Coprates. He is returning to Mars, having collected his daughter from the Swiss finishing school where she has just completed her education. Both he and his daughter are tall and good looking, though the scar on Mr. Delbrueke’s face makes him look rather sinister. Both are very standoffish, and Miss Delbrueke will treat any attempted seduction with scorn.

Colonel Teddy Sanders and his Martian servant Tln’ta have the fourth cabin. They can be found in the bar, the Colonel swapping stories with Captain von Landsberg. The Colonel is the commander of the South Wales Borders, a British unit stationed in Syrtis Major. He is returning to Mars after extended medical leave on Earth, occasioned by wounds received during the Ground Cleanser Riots of 1887. He is a soldier’s soldier, hearty and warm. Tln’ta is tall even for a Martian, well over seven feet, and is the Colonel’s constant companion, usually standing just behind him. Tln’ta is a member of a Hill Martian tribe defeated in battle by the Borderers; he swore service to the Colonel after Teddy saved him from being bayoneted as he lay wounded.

The fifth cabin contains Mr. James Petherick* and his wife Sarah*. Mrs. Petherick’s lady companion, Miss Judith Carruthers*, and the family servant, Miss Jones*, occupy the sixth cabin. Mr. Petherick will be in the billiards room, Miss Carruthers in the observation lounge; Mrs. Petherick (who is an invalid) and Miss Jones will remain in Mrs. Petherick’s cabin. Mr. Petherick, about forty, is the owner of a small chemical wholesale firm; he will tell anyone who asks that he is taking his wife to Mars in the hope that the lower gravity and dry air will help her illness, from which she has suffered for over ten years. In fact, he plans to murder his wife in the course of the voyage and marry Miss Jones: see the section “Murder Most Foul” below for more details. Miss Carruthers is a typical maiden aunt in her late fifties; Miss Jones is pretty but not very bright.

The seventh cabin is shared by Mr. John Patterson and his wife, Dr. Anne Patterson. Mr. Patterson will be in the billiards room, Dr. Patterson in the gallery. Mr. Patterson is a sales engineer for the American firm Michelson’s Analytical Computators, going to set up an office in Syrtis Major. Mr. Patterson

will be quite critical of the design of the 80-88, the latest model from Imperial Babbage Machines (his company's chief competitor), and he will explain at great length how the machines of his company are much easier to use, due to their ratchet mechanism ("rat" for short) that allows the programming to be selected very easily. Mr. Patterson is also a billiards hustler, and will be happy to take the money of anyone foolish enough to play for cash. Dr. Patterson is a biologist, and she is looking forward to doing work on the life cycle of liftwood trees.

Lord Herring* shares the eighth cabin with Captain Douglas Fitzallen*, the officer in charge of the draft of troops in steerage bound for the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards on Mars. Captain Fitzallen will follow around Lord Herring after they meet in the cabin. In fact, the real Fitzallen is dead, and the man taking his place is, in fact, that notorious Fenian terrorist Colonel Ian O'Reilly (see the "Plebeians & Personages" column in this issue for details of his background). Colonel O'Reilly plans to hijack the *Majestic* and steal the gold shipment on board (see the "Mutiny!" section below for more details).

The ninth cabin is occupied by Lord Arthur St. Simon and his wife, Lady Felicity St. Simon. The pair will be found in the observation lounge. Lord and Lady St. Simon are ostensibly on holiday, and that is the story they will give out. In fact, Lord St. Simon is acting on behalf of a group of his friends in the house of Lords. They are troubled by the British Army's performance in the Oenotrian campaign, and his vacation is actually a fact-finding tour.

In the tenth and final cabin are Captain Michael "Stinky" Smyth and Captain Harold "Pongo" Jones, both British Army officers bound for assignment on Mars. They will be in the bar. They are both upper class chuckleheads, old friends of Lord Herring's in fact, and can be counted on to follow him in whatever sort of juvenile nonsense or pranks he thinks up. If Herring doesn't get with the program (see "Life Aboard" section below), Smyth and Jones can be used to egg him on.

Although the characters will not meet them until later, there are twenty NCOs and enlisted men in steerage. They are intended as reinforcements for the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. However, all but three of them are actually Fenians, secret members of the Army of the Republic of Ireland, a terrorist group. Under Colonel O'Reilly's leadership, they plan to hijack the *Majestic*.

LIFE ABOARD

After introductions are out of the way, ask your players what sort of routine they wish to establish. No doubt some of them will wish to study up on what to expect about Mars or attempt to practice a foreign language with one of their fellow passengers. The books in the ship's library are well suited to this purpose, with a wide selection of travel and natural history literature. The works are all popular in nature, however, so gaining a skill of more than "1" in any area is not possible.

One major feature of life on board should be a continuing series of pranks and stunts by Lord Herring. Exactly what he wants to do is up to him, but the sillier the better. Some suggestions you might want to make if the

individual playing Herring is short of ideas include: wheelchair races, indoor cricket, stink bombs, and amateur theatricals. Stinky and Pongo will go along with anything Herring suggests, especially if it involves betting.

In the course of Herring's pranks, be sure that he either directly or indirectly offends Captain Fitzallen (aka Mr. O'Reilly). If possible, make sure it is Fitzallen's fault that he is offended. This is important for the next featured event, the emergency drill.

EMERGENCY!

During the first day, the crew will instruct the passengers on the use of the emergency oxygen supplies and on what to do when emergency sirens sound. Two weeks into the voyage, just after Herring offends Fitzallen in the course of one of his pranks, there will be an emergency drill. In the early morning hours, an alarm bell will sound, and the passengers will be instructed to move from their cabins forward to the dining room. Lord Herring will awaken to the sounds of the alarm to find his cabin filled with smoke and his clothing gone. When he exits, the only door open will be that into the Ladies promenade, something he will not realize until he gets out and the door is locked behind him. Needless to say, this will cause rather a scandal. While it is certain that Fitzallen played the prank on Herring, no one else will believe it, and the ship's captain will confine Lord Herring to his cabin. To placate Captain Fitzallen, the ship's captain will also arrange for the Captain's things to be moved up to one of the officer's cabins, where he will spend the rest of the voyage.

MURDER MOST FOUL

Life will be duller but more sane with Lord Herring locked in his cabin. This should allow for some interaction among the other characters and their fellow passengers. One interaction in particular that should be encouraged is that between Mr. Smith and Mrs. Sarah Petherick. Mr. Smith's medical knowledge, which is based on traditional Chinese herbal remedies, is not sufficient to cure Mrs. Petherick, but he will be able to ease her suffering. Mrs. Petherick is very pleasant and sweet, but her illness has left her tired and weak. Allow her and Mr. Smith to become friends; it will make the impact of her murder all the more poignant.

Mr. Petherick's normal habit is to dine with his wife and Miss Carruthers in their cabin. He and Miss Carruthers then adjourn to the gallery, where they pass the evening playing cards, reading, or talking with the other passengers. They then retire at about eleven o'clock in the evening. All this is soon to change, however.

About four weeks into the voyage, Major McGrath and Mr. Hatherly will be awakened early in the morning by a knock on the door. It is the ship's first officer, who will ask them to dress quickly and accompany him. He will escort them to the private dining room, where they will meet the ship's captain, the ship's doctor, Colonel Sanders, and Lord St. Simon. They will be told that Mrs. Petherick was found dead this morning by her husband, who immediately roused the doctor. The doctor examined her and determined that her death was probably due to food poisoning caused by the

canned lobster she had for dinner the night before. The ship's captain then asks the two of them to sit on a board of inquiry into the death, a purely formal affair given the facts.

The players may examine the cabin, and the three people at dinner with Mrs. Petherick can be interviewed. The accounts of Mr. Petherick, Miss Carruthers, and Miss Jones will be consistent. Miss Jones prepared the meal according to Mrs. Petherick's doctor's instructions, using ship's stores. She served it to the Pethericks and Miss Carruthers at the same time, and all of them ate the lobster soup, the mashed potatoes, and the date bread. Desert was then served. As usual, Mr. Petherick did not have dessert, though the others did. Mrs. Petherick then went back to bed, and the rest of the party left. Mr. Petherick and Miss Carruthers went to play cards in the gallery. Miss Jones did the washing up, and then worked on her needlepoint in the main cabin. The food was disposed of and dumped into the ether, as was the can the lobster came in.

A search of the dead woman's cabin will turn up nothing of interest, except for a piece of blotting paper that has the words "my wife" and "hundreds and thousands" on it in Mr. Petherick's hand. If he is questioned about it, he will say the words come from a letter he wrote to a friend in Australia (he has been using the voyage to catch up on his correspondence), and the phrases refer to the reason for his trip and to the prospects for business in the Crown Colony, respectively. However, if Wentworth is shown the blotting paper, he will realize that "hundreds and thousands" is a term used by cooks to refer to fancy cake icing. If questioned, Miss Carruthers will confirm that the cake had fancy icing, but that she scraped hers off since she is on a diet. The players should then have no trouble deducing the icing was poisoned by Miss Jones on the orders of Mr. Petherick. An autopsy and test of Mrs. Petherick's stomach contents by Mr. Hatherly will confirm that she did die of arsenic poisoning, whose symptoms are much like food poisoning.

As much as they might like to, the players can't stuff the evil pair of murderers out the airlock. The ship's Captain orders them confined, Miss Jones to her cabin, Mr. Petherick under guard by the soldiers down in steerage. They will face the Queen's Justice in Syrtis Major.

CROSSING THE LINE

Six weeks into the voyage, after the murderers have been put away for a bit, there will be an early morning knock at everyone's door, all will be advised to dress, and they will be led to the observation gallery. There they will see a most curious sight. The crew will be dressed as High Martians, their faces painted yellow and with wings made from bedsheets under their arms. The strangest sight of all is that of Colonel Sanders, clad in some sort of strange robe with his belly protruding and seated on a mock throne. "I am Krag King Rumtiddlytum, mightiest of the mighty," he says. "Who are these weak and worthless Red Men who wish to enter my kingdom? Do any of them know the secret password?"

At this point the players will probably realize that this is one of those "crossing the line" ceremonies they've heard about. Derived from the ceremonies performed when sailors cross the equator for the first time, those

on their first trip to Mars are joshed by those who have been this way before.

Lord Herring will no doubt wish to pretend he knows the secret word, even though he doesn't. He or anyone else who guesses will inevitably be wrong, and will be punished by a swat on the behind with a Martian Toothpick (a cricket bat, if you must know). The King will then decree that they will all be his slaves forever, and all the fake martian warriors will smile and smack their lips. Just at that moment, however, the ship's engineer, loaded down with tools of all sorts and wearing a light bulb on his head, will rush in. "I am Thomas Edison," he says, "and I know the secret word!" He will then whisper something in the King's ear. The King will look sad for a moment, but then he will cheer up. "If you are not to be my slaves, then you must be my warriors. You must pass the Ancient Tests!"

The crew will then bring out buckets of water and bags of sand. To be a Martian warrior, it seems, you must swim the canal and cross the desert, which here involves sticking your head in a bucket of water, and then rolling about in a pile of sand. After everyone has done this, accompanied by gales of laughter from the crew, the King will pronounce that they have passed the test, and they now may drink the sacred "Martian Elixir," which turns out to be gin and Tabasco sauce straight up. Once all the silliness is out of the way, the crew will pass out High Martian wings for those that want them, and give everyone a certificate signed by Krag King Rumtiddlytum welcoming them to his domain and proclaiming them Martian Warriors in good standing.

MUTINY!

The rest of the voyage will pass uneventfully. The *Majestic* will enter orbit about Mars after 84 days of travel. As the crew prepares to stow the solar boiler so that the ship can enter the atmosphere, lunch will be served. The ship will be facing nose down towards the planet surface, and the spectacular view streams in through the forward windows. After the meal, the passengers are encouraged to gather in the gallery (Mr. Smith will be washing dishes in the kitchen), where Colonel Sanders proceeds to lecture about the various land forms to be seen below. It's all so exciting: Mars at last!

Frau von Landsberg, the only one in the gallery more interested in the stars than in Mars, will be over to one side looking out. After the Colonel has lectured for some time (this would be a good opportunity to get out the map from the front of the *Space: 1889* book and tell the players about the British Crown Colony), she will be heard to ask a crew member if it is usual for ethernauts to work so close to the front of the ship. This question will be almost immediately followed by a scream from Frau von Landsberg. The players will no doubt rush over to the side window, where they will see an ethernaut floating outside, his airhose cut and his faceplate shattered. Just as they take this in, they will hear a loud explosion that seems to come from somewhere above.

What has happened is fairly simple. O'Reilly (Captain Fitzallen), with knowledge of the ship's systems he has gained over the last few weeks in conversations with the crew, has conceived a plan. His first step just after lunch was to sabotage the speaking tubes leading from the bridge to the rear of the ship. He then unlocked the doors to the steerage section (as the

commander of the troops he had access anytime he wished). The Fenians then overpowered the loyal soldiers among them. Arming themselves with weapons they had concealed in their steerage baggage, they then stormed the engineering section and the crew quarters. The crew, occupied with cleaning up after lunch and with stowing away the solar boiler, never had a chance. O'Reilly then signalled the ethernauts outside to come in, claiming there were problems in the oxygen pump. The ethernauts did so, but one of them became suspicious, and the Fenians had to cut his air hose (he's the one Frau von Landsberg saw). O'Reilly then put on an ethersuit, and placed explosives on the hull outside the bridge and the forward crew quarters. That was the explosion the players heard. O'Reilly is now entering the bridge to pilot the ship while his fellow Fenians stow the solar boiler.

Air is now escaping up the two staircases that lead to the upper deck. Anyone who is near them must make a moderate task roll against their agility to keep from being sucked out to their death in vacuum (be sure at least one NPC fails their roll so the players can see the effects of rapid decompression). There are bulkhead doors at the base of each stairway. Both must be closed to prevent oxygen from escaping in excessive amounts. Each round after the first is a progressively harder task role against endurance to stay conscious, i.e. Easy the second round, Moderate the third, and so on. Alternatively, the players can return to their cabins and close their doors; this is an Easy Agility task. Conduct movement normally; it is a Moderate Agility task to close the doors at the base of each stairway.

PRISONERS ALL

O'Reilly will have his men take the passengers prisoner once the ship has re-entered the atmosphere. As they are armed and the players are not, the conclusion should be a forgone thing. If the party somehow manages to overpower the Fenians (boy, you must be a generous gamemaster), O'Reilly will escape by parachute, vowing vengeance. As no one else on board can fly a ship this size (the best Lord Herring can do is keep it on an even keel), the *Majestic* will crash in the desert west of Syrtis Major. The severity of the crash depends on a task role by the pilot (presumably Lord Herring); Difficult level success means only minor bumps and scrapes, Moderate level means people are unhurt but every thing in the baggage compartment was destroyed (it cushioned the crash), Easy success means 1d6/2 damage all around, total failure a straight d6 all around. After the crash, go directly to the section "The Pyramid" below.

If the Fenians are successful, O'Reilly will land the *Majestic* at his secret base in the Astusapesmountains, and the passengers will be locked up. After a day or two, he will separate the surviving passengers and crew into three groups: Those who are British active duty or reserve officers or soldiers (this includes most of the crew, Colonel Sanders, Stinky, and Pongo), who he plans to keep to torture in amusing ways; women and those who are not British citizens (the rest of the passengers other than the player characters), who he will deliver to Syrtis Major by cloudship; and ordinary British citizens (the player characters!). O'Reilly tells the group that he is an honorable man, so he will not kill them outright, but he will give them only as

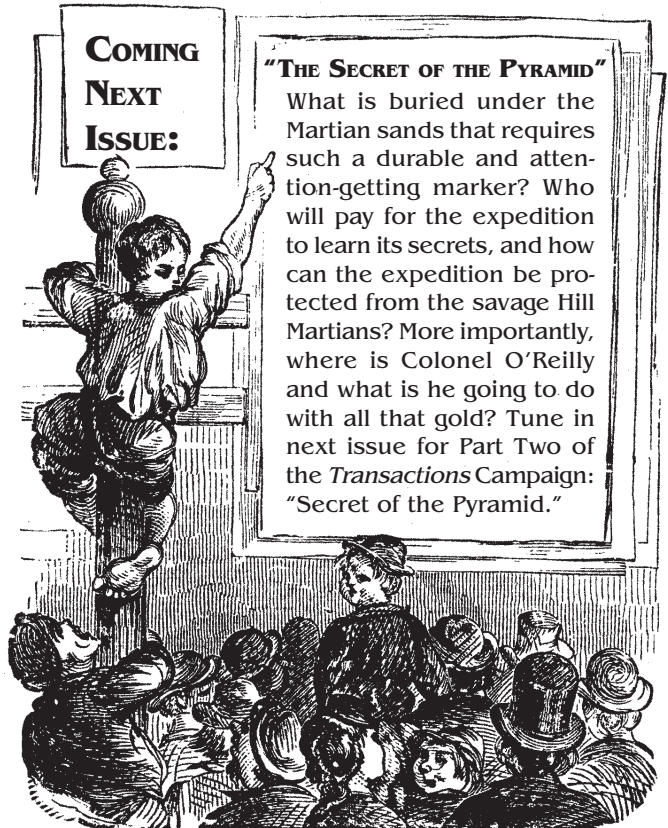
much of a chance as the British Empire has given the Irish nation. He plans to drop them out in the desert with no food or water; if they can make it back to English civilization they are welcome to it. The players are then loaded into the cargo hold of a cloudship, and after what seems like forever but is in reality only a few days, they are set down in the middle of a trackless waste. As the ship rises, O'Reilly tosses them a light revolver and a box of six bullets. "I'm a merciful man," he shouts down. "Here's a bullet for each of you miserable English dogs to kill yourselves with."

THE PYRAMID

The trip through the desert can be as hard or as easy as you like; given the high Foraging skills of the party they should be able to survive. They are in the highlands west of the Syrtis Major; exactly where is up to you. The encounter tables in the back of the *Space: 1889* book can be used to run this part of the adventure.

Just prior to reaching civilization, the party will experience a sandstorm, forcing them to stop for a day. The next morning, they will see something sparkling in the sun in the distance. If they investigate they will find a small golden metal pyramid about two feet high with a crystal on the top. If they dig down it goes for as far as they can dig with their hands. They can't injure the structure with anything they have with them. Given their lack of supplies, they will no doubt press onwards, making note of the location of the pyramid.

The Syrtis Major canal lies only fifty miles or so from the pyramid. Once they reach it they will be met by a patrol out looking for them (Captain von Landsberg notified the British government of their predicament as soon as he reached Syrtis Major). A gunboat will be summoned by telegraph, and the party will be taken to Syrtis Major, to be met by a public celebration and the attention of all the newspapers.



PLAYER CHARACTERS FOR THE TRANSACTIONS CAMPAIGN

Victor Hatherly (Hydraulics Engineer)

Strength: 1	Intellect: 6
Agility: 4	Charisma: 5
Endurance: 2	Social Level: 3

Stealth 3, Marksmanship 3 (Pistol), Mechanics 2 (Electricity), Wilderness Travel 1, Swimming 1, Observation 6, Engineering 6 (Structural Engineering), Science 7 (Archaeology), Eloquence 4, Linguistics 1 (German), Riding 2 (Horse).

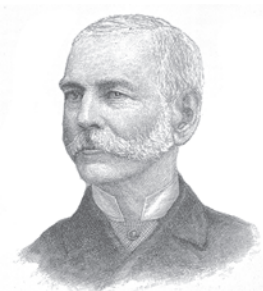


Hatherly was trained as a hydraulics engineer. As a result, he has long been fascinated by the canals of Mars. He received a small legacy after the unexpected death of a maiden aunt, and immediately spent it on passage to Mars. His only distinguishing feature is his missing left thumb; he is otherwise very ordinary.

Major Charles McGrath (Army Officer, Explorer)

Strength: 2	Intellect: 3
Agility: 4	Charisma: 1
Endurance: 5	Social Level: 6

Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Close Combat 2 (Edged), Stealth 3, Marksmanship 3 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 6 (Foraging), Fieldcraft 2, Tracking 1, Swimming 1, Observation 2, Eloquence 1, Linguistics 3 (French, German, Parhooni), Riding 6 (Horse), Leadership 3, Medicine 1.

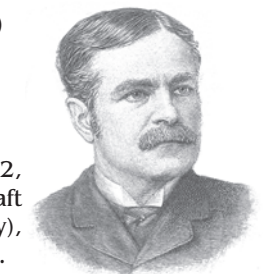


Major McGrath served with the Guards Cavalry until four years ago, when he tired of the boring life of London garrison duty. He persuaded his longtime companion, Sgt. Major O'Shaugnessy, to accompany him on trips to India and East Africa. Soon feeling that Earth did not present a sufficient challenge for them, the Major decided to embark for Mars.

Sgt. Major Thomas O'Shaugnessy (Army Sergeant)

Strength: 6	Intellect: 4
Agility: 3	Charisma: 1
Endurance: 5	Social Level: 2

Fisticuffs 6, Throwing 3, Close Combat 3 (Edged), Stealth 2, Marksmanship 3 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 6 (Foraging), Fieldcraft 1, Tracking 1, Swimming 1, Observation 4, Science 1 (Biology), Linguistics 2 (Hindi, Kohline), Riding 3 (Horse), Leadership 2.



The Sgt. Major has been the Major's companion for years, serving with him through a number of campaigns. Since leaving the Army, he has been the Major's guide and bodyguard during their travels. The constant need for hunting and butchering food during their trips has awakened in him a latent interest in Biology, and the Sgt. Major is looking forward to Mars and the opportunity to examine the insides of new and interesting animals

Lord Redmond Herring, Viscount Towster (Dilettante Traveller)

Strength: 3	Intellect: 1
Agility: 4	Charisma: 5
Endurance: 2	Social Level: 6

Fisticuffs 2, Throwing 1, Close Combat 2 (Edged), Trimsman 2 (Aerial Flyer), Stealth 3, Crime 1 (Lockpick), Marksmanship 3 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 2 (Foraging), Swimming 1, Eloquence 4, Theatrics 2, Linguistics 4 (French, German, Latin, Parhooni), Riding 5 (Horse), Piloting 5 (Aerial Flyer).



Lord Herring, or “Kipper” as he’s known to his friends, is the flower of English nobility. That is to say, he is the product of generations of inbreeding. He would have been dead or in disgrace long ago if not for the intervention of his manservant, Wentworth. Even Wentworth couldn’t prevent the full force of Lord Herring’s father’s wrath after his last escapade, however, and so Lord Herring is now bound for Mars to hide out for a bit.

Clive Wentworth (Personal Servant)

Strength: 2	Intellect: 6
Agility: 3	Charisma: 5
Endurance: 4	Social Level: 1

Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Close Combat 1 (Edged), Stealth 2, Marksmanship 3 (Pistol), Wilderness Travel 3 (Mapping), Observation 5, Engineering 1 (Explosives), Science 4 (Archaeology), Eloquence 5, Theatrics 4, Bargaining 1, Linguistics 4 (French, German, Kohline, Open Slot), Riding 1 (Horse), Medicine 1.



Lord Herring’s personal servant and the brains of the pair, Wentworth is most resourceful (he has to be). If Herring is Bertie Wooster, Wentworth is Jeeves, constantly extracting his master from the most awful predicaments.

Mr. Hung Wo Smith (Chinese Monk)

Strength: 6	Intellect: 3
Agility: 4	Charisma: 2
Endurance: 5	Social Level: 1

Fisticuffs 6, Throwing 3, Close Combat 6, Stealth 4, Wilderness Travel 6 (Mountaineering), Fieldcraft 4, Tracking 1, Swimming 3, Observation 4, Eloquence 1, Bargaining 1, Linguistics 1 (English), Medicine 2.



The child of English missionaries in China, Mr. Smith was hidden by his housekeeper at a monastery when his parents were killed in an anti-Christian uprising. Raised as a monk, he left China when his Temple was destroyed by the Manchus. His only possession is a locket that was once his mother’s. He is presently employed aboard the RMS *Majestic* as a dishwasher.

PLEBEIANS & PERSONAGES: COLONEL IAN O'REILLY, ARI

BY MARK CLARK

Every roleplaying campaign needs a villain, and the sooner he's introduced the better. As you know from reading "Mutiny on the *Majestic*" in this issue, Colonel Ian O'Reilly of the Army of the Republic of Ireland (ARI) is at the center of the plot to steal the British government's quarterly Martian payroll, a huge sum (shipped in gold, of course). When the player characters cross him, he is at first amused, and then angry. Even though this is the first time the characters will meet the Colonel, you can be assured it will not be the last.

BACKGROUND

Ian O'Reilly has been destined from birth to oppose the designs of the British Empire. Seven generations of his family have fought to drive the cursed English from Ireland's shores, and seven generations have given their lives, butchered by the English government or their Irish lackeys. Ian has been a part of the movement almost since birth — when he was two weeks old his mother hid a pair of pistols in his crib when the police came to call. Even though his skin was rubbed raw by the guns, he did not cry out, saving his family from the firing squad. His father died in a bomb explosion when Ian was six; his mother was raped and bayoneted by British soldiers in front of his eyes when he was twelve. Sent to an English public school by a British officer who took pity on him, Ian learned to hate his oppressors even more, while learning the skills that would allow him to pass in polite society. After leaving school, he became a solicitor (lawyer) in Dublin, using his contacts to aid the ARI in its work. During those years he arranged for the soldiers who killed his mother to meet horrible and lingering deaths. That mission accomplished, he grew tired of legal work, and planned and executed his spectacular robbery of the Irish Mail train, after which he escaped to Mars. There, in cooperation with Baron Hasso von Gruber, he has sought to embarrass the British at every turn, working to unite the savage High Martians of the Astusapes highlands for an attack on the Crown Colony of Syrtis Major. His current plan to steal the gold from the *Majestic* is just the latest in his daring plots to finance his designs.

MOTIVATIONS

O'Reilly hates the British Empire and anyone British with a passion. His greatest passion is reserved for active duty British officers and NCOs, who he loves to capture and torture in novel ways. Oddly enough, other British citizens are quite safe in his hands. O'Reilly believes that the Irish race is inherently superior to the English, and so his sense of fair play and courtesy is well developed — he will not be randomly cruel, and will often give those who oppose him a way out (as long as they are not active duty military). Above all else, O'Reilly seeks the destruction of the British Empire on Mars,

a collapse that he sees as only the first step to the destruction of England itself. He will rob, cheat, steal, and ally himself with anyone, no matter how unsavory (even Germans!) if it brings him closer to his goal. A master of disguise, the player characters can never be sure he's not watching. Play on that fear. O'Reilly's one weakness is money. His plans call for large amounts of cash, so the chance to obtain it will bring him running.

Colonel Ian O'Reilly, A.R.I.

Strength: 5 Intellect: 6
 Agility: 6 Charisma: 5
 Endurance: 5 Social Level: 1

Careers: Anarchist, Master Criminal

Skills: Fisticuffs 4, Throwing 3, Close Combat 6, Stealth 5, Crime 4 (Forger), Marksmanship 4 (Pistol), Wilderness Travel 4 (Mapping), Observation 6, Engineering 2 (Explosives), Science 2 (Archaeology), Eloquence 5, Theatrics 5, Linguistics 4 (High Martian (Astusapes Dialect), Kohline, German, Open Slot), Leadership 4, Piloting 4 (Aerial Flyer), Medicine 2.

ENCOUNTER IDEAS

O'Reilly spends much of his time in the AstusapesHighlands, working to organize the High Martians, so he will most likely be encountered there, especially if he arranges for the players to be captured. He will probably wish to use them in some way to gain funds for his operations, perhaps by holding them hostage. Alternatively, O'Reilly or his minions may have kidnaped someone else, and the players are either friends with the victim or are hired to find out who the kidnaper is.

O'Reilly also is a frequent visitor to Syrtis Major and other cities in the British colony. He has two goals during these visits: obtaining arms and money for his cause, and gathering information about the movements of British troops. He will most likely be found in the Bazaar, looking for weapons and supplies. If the characters are looking for guns to arm their new privateer, they may become involved in a bidding war with O'Reilly, earning his enmity. Wealthy characters, on the other hand, may be approached for charitable donations to benefit the widows and orphans of the brave men who fell in the Oenotrian campaign, donations that will actually go to line O'Reilly's pockets. Military characters will be avidly pumped for information by women of loose virtue, whatever they say going straight to O'Reilly's ears.

If the characters are not on the right side of the law, and especially if they are Americans, they may be hired by O'Reilly for some task. O'Reilly often buys guns in Thymiamata, and if the characters have a ship they could be hired to deliver a cargo or two for him, with a double-cross waiting if they turn out to be less than honest.

One final note: O'Reilly has connections and agents all over Mars. He has sold guns to the Belgians and to the rebels fighting them, he has travelled in the Tossian Empire, it is even rumored that he has had something to do with the recent troubles on Venus. He operates through his agents and in disguise everywhere. If the players ever cross him they will find no safe hiding place.

ETHERSUITS AND ETHERNAUTS

BY MATTHEW J. RUANE

In late 1885, the Royal Navy was given control of all aerial flyers and etherships in Britain's service, due in part to the Army's bungled handling of these new types of vessels in both the War of the Parhooni Succession and in the Omdurman Campaign. On several occasions, aerial flyers were held in reserve by overly cautious commanders, which resulted in their being deployed only after the tide had already turned against the British forces. Over the next several months, the Navy implemented a plan first drawn up in 1880 by a study group of young officers (known as the Oak and Thistle Plan after the name of the pub where the plan was drawn up¹). Published in *The Army and Navy Review*, it made apparent to all serving naval officers that lighter-than-air vessels would significantly effect the status and survival of the Royal Navy as the senior military branch. The plan called for a number of changes in the way the British Navy was organized. First priority was given to the establishment of a Royal Naval Aeronautical School to establish and implement basic training guidelines for those posted to this newly acquired branch of the armed forces. The Oak and Thistle Plan envisioned that the school would form the core around which a headquarters, training facility, repair yard, and experimental station would be organized.² The Oak and Thistle Plan, however, also led to a five year debate over which branch, aerial or ether service, would emerge as the senior service.

ETHERNAUTS

When, in 1885, the newly created Royal Navy's Aeronautical Service (RNAS) school at Portsmouth was set up, it was laid out and organized almost exactly along the lines of the Oak and Thistle Plan. This was not surprising, as one of the officers who had authored the plan, Commander William Davenport, was named to head the school. He moved quickly to assemble a team of experienced instructors and to start construction of the services home facilities.

On 1 January 1886, the first class of the Royal Naval Aeronautical School began in makeshift classrooms with 120 ratings and twelve officers attending the new three month course. Though the school was established to train both aerial and etherflyer personnel, it soon became apparent that the prestige lay within etherflyer service. For many of the officers, service aboard an aerial flyer was perceived with the same disdain as service aboard a torpedo vessel or destroyer: lots of action and very little chance for promotion. Etherflyers, on the other hand, quickly became associated with the prestige of serving aboard a flag vessel, due in large part to the belief that promotion would come more quickly for those serving in the ether rather than in the atmospheres of either Earth or Mars.

In the wake of this minor uproar, two different courses were established in mid-1887 for officers, while a common course was maintained for the naval ratings. Today (in 1889), the enlisted personnel attending the school are normally bright lads directly out of basic training (although a few petty

officers were trained here in the schools early years before the service began to promote from within). For naval ratings, the school has been considered advance preparation for aeronautical service, and is largely an extension of their earlier training in basic seamanship. Officers, on the other hand, normally come to the school with a number of years of prior service at sea. This prior service has two purposes. First, it gives the Navy a chance to determine if the officer candidate is a competent officer and seaman, as the aerial service is considered an elite branch where slackers and incompetents are not tolerated. Second, and more importantly, it ensures that the officer has been exposed to the larger tradition of the British Navy and thus will be less likely to agitate for the creation of a completely separate aerial service, a notion that several civilian pundits have already advanced.

Classes at the school are based on standard naval service courses, with instruction modified to take into account the effects of both ether and aerial travel. Two entirely new courses have been introduced: ethernautics, the theory and practice of ether propeller operations and repair for engineers assigned to ether vessels, and ethersuit operations, a course required of all personnel attending the school, including officers³. Officers destined to serve aboard ethercraft attend courses in ether navigation, while those destined for aerial flyer service take courses on aerial fleet and surface-aerial combined tactics. At the end of three months, personnel either are assigned to ether vessels currently in service, or returned to their previous jobs if the assigned vessel have not been completed.

Those who attended the schools first courses were quickly dubbed "ethernauts" by the press and "ethernuts" by those who perceived the entire venture as an extravagant waste of money and by those who feared travelling in the ether. Yet for the lucky naval personnel selected to attend the Royal Navy Aeronautical School, it was the very prospect of travelling in the ether which had compelled them to enlist or transfer. Gradually, the ethersuit operations courses came to symbolize the public's image of the RNAS. The appearance of an RNAS officer and a rating in an ethersuit on an 1888 Royal Navy recruitment poster soon became one of the most inspiring images for those wishing to travel through the ether and variations of this poster have been used ever since.

ETHERSUITS

When the ethersuit operations course was established in 1886, the Royal Navy was faced with the problem of buying suits both for training and for active service. Though in 1886 no company was commercially producing ethersuits, there were more than a dozen experimental or limited production models from which to choose. One of the limited production models, the Davenport Ether Survival Suit, had been adopted by the Army for use on its ether vessels in 1878. The Davenport Suit, however, had numerous problems, not the least of which was the lack of an independent oxygen supply. It was rejected, along with all the other ethersuits currently available, as being unable to meet minimum naval specifications. Instead, the Naval Board called for a suit design which could withstand rigorous use, and had the ability to operate with an independent oxygen supply for a least one hour.

The suit also had to be able to accept air lines or hoses for extended operations, as well as be able to resist puncture by knives. It seemed an impossible set of requirements.

Remarkably, the Naval Board chose a design introduced by Dr. William Davenport and Liam DeLacey, the designers of the rejected Davenport Suit. Working from their original design, and incorporating the Navy's new specifications, Davenport and DeLacey submitted the DeLacey Ethersuit for consideration. The suit was constructed of wax-sealed canvas and leather, with the joints reinforced by india rubber. The suit was constructed on three layers: an inner lining of silk, wire mesh and canvas, a layer of leather, and a layer of wax-sealed canvas. Though bulky, the suit's design prevented ballooning when in contact with the ether, as well as providing limited resistance to punctures. The suit's helmet was a modified diving helm, with enlarged viewports and connections for oxygen lines. The hands were protected by a glove made of leather, canvas and rubber, and the feet by metal diving boots which were magnetized.

Though movement was slow and tiring, the suit accomplished all of its requirements, including a independent oxygen supply. The oxygen supply, its exact nature still a military secret, was stored in a metal backpack, and was fitted with two hoses that attached to the helmet and provided air for thirty to forty-five minutes of operation. Though less than the hour limit required by the navy, the suit design was considered acceptable, and an order placed for 250. Each DeLacey Ethersuit costs the Navy twenty-five pounds sterling; they are unavailable to the public. However, an improved Davenport Ether Survival Suit, incorporating some of the features in the DeLacey suit, is available from William Davenport and Sons, Portsmouth, for twenty pounds sterling.

ETHERSUIT OPERATIONS

This new skill is based on the Agility attribute. Ethersuit Operations is used to conduct operations outside of etherflyers, or any other vessel capable of travel within the ether. The use of this skill allows the wearer of an ethersuit to avoid damaging their suit, or becoming entangled in oxygen lines, while travelling outside of an ether flyer. All Agility-based tasks are at a -1 modifier when wearing an ethersuit. (The modifier is -3 if the wearer is unskilled). Accomplished users (skill 4+) can automatically avoid any attribute penalties associated with wearing an ethersuit, while for others (skill 1+) it is a Moderate task check against Agility.

DELACEY ETHERSUIT

The DeLacey Ethersuit is the standard military ethersuit in the Royal Navy and RNAS, and it is described in the article above. However, some additional statistics are necessary. The ethersuit is the equivalent of one point armor, and has a thirty minute independent air supply (35 minutes, 40 minutes, and 45 minutes with a Difficult, Formidable, and Impossible Endurance check, respectively). See skill description for Agility modifiers. As with all ethersuits, wearers generally need assistance to get into the suit and the process takes about ten minutes. However, highly skilled naval person-

nel (skill 5+) can get into a suit by themselves in about fifteen minutes, or in five minutes if being assisted. The DeLacey Ethersuit is unavailable to the general public, though rumors have begun to circulate that several graduates of the RNAS have kept their ethersuits after leaving the service.

DAVENPORT ETHER SURVIVAL SUIT

Similar to the DeLacey Ethersuit, the Davenport Suit is armored, but it does not have the independent oxygen supply. The suits wearer must be attached to the ship by oxygen umbilicals, which are generally fifty feet in length. Umbilicals limit movement but they do provide almost unlimited endurance. The Davenport Ether Survival Suit costs twenty pounds sterling, and is available only from William Davenport and Sons, Portsmouth.

ACQUIRING ETHERSUIT OPERATIONS SKILL

Ethersuit operations skill can only be acquired by serving in the Royal Navy, or by being an inventor who has invented an ethersuit (they have a skill of 1 when using their own suit). As Ethernauts are the elite of the Naval service, Naval characters who choose the RNAS must have an Intelligence of at least 4. RNAS careers are given below:

Ordinary Seaman

Swimming 1, Gunnery 1 (choice), Mechanic (steam) 1, Ethersuit Operations 1, plus any three additional skills from the list on page 15 of *Space: 1889*.

Petty Officer

Swimming 1, Gunnery (choice) 1, Mechanics (steam) 1, Leadership 1, Ethersuit Operations 1, and any two additional skills; or Mechanic (ethernautics) 1 and any one additional skill.

Engineering Officer

Leadership 1, Science (physics) 1, Ethersuit Operations 1, Mechanic (ethernautics) 3.

Line Officer

Leadership 2, Close Combat 1, Piloting (ether flyer or aerial flyer) 2, Observation 1, Ethersuit Operations 1.

1. The name, first used by British Army officers who were critical of the plan and out to make fun of it, was soon adopted by the Navy faction who supported their services bid for control of aerial vessels. Today, Navy officers in the RNAS are known within the service as Oak and Thistle men, and crewmen on British Ether Dreadnoughts will often refer to going outside in a ethersuit as popping round for a pint.

2. The report made a number of other recommendations, such as requiring senior staff officers to devise methods to incorporate aerial vessels in combined fleet tactics, but their implementation is beyond the scope of this article. For some general ideas, see GDW's *Ironclads and Etherflyers*.

3. Ethernautics is the repair and operation of ether engines. It is considered a cascade skill of the Mechanic skill. Starting in 1887, engineers trained in ethernautics were given the right to wear a newly designed badge on their uniforms. This badge was dark blue with a black border, depicting a gold etherflyer overlaid with a black wrench and mallet.

IN THE FIELD WITH THE ROYAL GASHANT CORPS

BY BAXTER CLOHAM

AS REPORTED BY B. LEE KENDALL AND MARK CLARK

As the dust settles around General Willis' column, its advance towards Crocea in shambles, there is little for the British people to be proud of, and nothing for them to boast about. But, as this reporter recently learned, in all this darkness of incompetence and bungling, a small light does shine. Not a bright light — it could be missed if one does not look close enough — but it is a light none the less.

About a week ago I was in a small Army camp about 50 miles west of Lupolo. I was doing what the rest of the garrison was doing: trying to remain cool in the hot Martian sun. I was under an umbrella, engaged in desultory conversation with the garrison commander, when the alarm bell was sounded. The men rushed to their posts, as there were rumors that a band of Oenotrian raiders was in the area. A cloud of dust had been spotted in the distance, and as we waited, our hearts pounding, it came ever closer over the desert waste. The small garrison made ready to repel the attack, and the commander raised his sword to give the order to fire. He was just opening his mouth when a cry from the watch tower rang out: "They're flying the Queens colours!!"

After the huzzahs died away and the men of the garrison grounded their weapons, my eyes beheld a queer but oddly proud sight: fifty gallant British soldiers, traveling in a column of fours, mounted on that strange two-legged Martian horse, the gashant.

It must be stated for the record that neither I nor the garrison's commander knew what to make of this spectacle. In fact, we both stood gawking, until a dust covered rider approached us on his tired gashant. Awfully sorry to disturb you, old boy, didn't mean to barge in like this, but the lads do need a bit of water. Not at all, take what you need, was all the commander could get out. That's a good fellow. Oh, so sorry, my manners aren't what they used to be. Probably this sun, you know. I'm Captain Rory Colbart-Smyth of the Royal Gashant Corps, at your service.

Well, it need not be said that this was the first time I had ever heard of this Corps. My curiosity was aroused, and later that evening Captain Colbart-Smyth was good enough to oblige me by answering my questions. It seems that the RGC (Royal Gashant Corps) was founded a little over a year ago by order of General Sir George Willis, who at the time was experiencing trouble from gashant mounted Oenotrian raiders. The Corps was trained south of Haat, and has entered service only in the last few months. Training was built around the three B's, as Captain Colbart-Smyth put it, Beast, Bullets and Bushwacking. In this unit, the animal has been relegated to the role of mere transportation. The men ride to combat, but when in the presence of the enemy they dismount and fight on foot, preferably from ambush. Their Lee-Metford rifles give them a considerable firepower advantage over native light

cavalry, while their gashants are much better suited to the Martian terrain than the horses of British cavalry.

Dressed as they are in the standard cavalry kit of the Queens army, the corps uniform has only two distinguishing features. The more noticeable of these is that, unlike other cavalry units, all their belts and webbing are of the standard infantry pattern, and their weapons are full sized rifles, not cavalry carbines. The other distinguishing feature is that they wear no regimental crest. In its place they wear a royal crown emblem with the script letters R.G.C. embossed over it. The corps has no official flag or colour, but carries a guidon with the Union Jack upon it.

The role of the Corps thus far has been raiding and long range reconnaissance. It has done so well at both tasks to this point that I am told that its strength is to be considerably increased upon its joining the column outside Crocea, the troopers serving now forming the cadre of four new units.

As the sun set in the western desert sky, the brave men of the Corps mounted up and formed a line. Captain Colbart-Smyth raised his sword in a final salute to us, and then turned and led his men south. I am sure the night will bring good hunting for Queen Victoria's gallant Royal Gashant Corps.

GAME STATISTICS

The Royal Gashant Corps is a battalion sized unit in terms of the *Soldier's Companion* rules (roughly 50 men), and is organized in the same way as a regular British infantry unit. Its two component companies normally operate separately, but may combine for large operations. The unit rating for this organization is V1.

If you wish to simulate the later expansion of the Corps described above, remove the RGC from play for two months, and then replace it with 4 battalions, rated at E1. Men for the expansion must come from either reinforcements from Earth or from disbanding other European units (the British Army would not trust native units with modern rifles).

UNIFORMS

The Corps wears the standard Calvary uniform of Khaki breeches and tunic and brown boots with puttees. Web gear and belts are standard Infantry issue.

WEAPONS

The standard weapon of the Corps is the Lee-Metford rifle and bayonet. Officers carry heavy pistols and swords.

CAREERS

Officers and NCOs are generated as per the standard cavalry career path, except that any riding skill must be taken in gashant. Soldiers must have an Endurance of 4+, and they receive the following skills per career: Marksmanship 2, Wilderness Travel 1 (Foraging), Fieldcraft 2, Riding 2 (Gashant).

INTEGRATING *SPACE: 1889* AND *SKY GALLEONS OF MARS*

BY MARK CLARK

As a simple, fast paced game, *Sky Galleons of Mars* can be easily integrated into a *Space: 1889* roleplaying session. My players enjoy handling their own aerial flyer in combat rather than being subject to my arbitrary rulings as a referee, and after a few games they started to design their own ships, making my job easier. This article is intended to bridge the gap between the two games, allowing the use of player characters in *Sky Galleons* without slowing things down by using the detailed rules of the roleplaying game to resolve combat. The following rules have been playtested by our gaming group, and they seem to work fairly well, allowing the heroic stature of the player characters to show through.

CREW QUALITY

If a player character is filling a crew position, rate his or her handling of that position according to the following table:

<u>1889 Skill</u>	<u>Game Rating</u>	<u>1889 Skill</u>	<u>Game Rating</u>
0 or 1	Green (-1)	4 or 5	Crack (+1)
2 or 3	Trained (0)	6 or 7	Legendary (+2)

Note: the rating of "Legendary" is not included in the standard *Sky Galleons* rules; it is included here to reflect the superior performance of highly skilled individuals. When using this rule, remember that a die roll of "1" is always a failure.

The relevant *Space: 1889* skill for each crew position is given below:

Captain:	Leadership	Engineer:	Steam
Trimsmen:	Trimsmen	Officer:	Leadership
Signalman:	Observation	Gunner:	Gunnery
Helm:	Aerial Flyer or Cloudship		

*Captain must have a Piloting skill of at least "1" for the type of ship being commanded.

The to-hit roll for each gun is found by using the gunnery skill of the most skilled gunner crewing it. If no member of the gun crew has gunnery skill, rate of fire is half normal and to hit modifier is -2.

SMALL ARMS FIRE

Player characters with a Rifle skill of at least "1" who are not serving in another crew position may participate in small arms fire. Roll one die per character and apply the modifiers given above under crew quality, based on the character's rifle marksmanship skill. Note: resist the temptation to use the *Space: 1889* combat rules (which would allow the characters to target



HMS Trenton vs. Martian Cloudship by Bill Vitucci ©1996, 1999 Anders International, Inc.

specific individuals) as it seriously unbalances the game.

BOARDING

Treat player characters with a close combat skill of at least "1" as officers for boarding actions.

DAMAGE

Crew hits that affect a player character are resolved depending on the nature of the firing weapon. In all cases, the character takes exactly as many points as are necessary to render him or her unconscious, plus an additional number of points according to the list below.

<u>Weapon</u>	<u>Damage (round fractions down)</u>
Small Arms	0
Grape	d6/3
Shrapnel	d6/3
Gun (P)*	d6/3
Gun	(DV) x (d6) / 6
Other**	d6

*Gun with a penetration of P

**Tether Mine, Torpedo, Magazine Explosion, Liquid Fire, etc.

INITIATIVE (OPTIONAL)

When determining initiative, use the quality of the ship's captains to modify the initiative die roll. For a group of ships, use the initiative of the best captain if all the signalmen in the group are still alive; if any are dead use the initiative of the worst captain.

A BIT OF HISTORY: OBERLIN SMITH

BY MARK CLARK

When the United States Patent Office celebrated its centennial in 1891, it invited the most prominent American inventors of the time to serve as members of the board that was planning the affair. Men like Samuel Langley of the Smithsonian Institution and Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone were among those chosen. Only one state had two of its natives on that board. Thomas Edison made up half of New Jersey's delegation; the other was the well known inventor, Oberlin Smith.

When I tell most people this, their immediate reaction is "Oberlin who?" Although prominent in his day, Smith has not been kindly treated by historians. The simple fact that most of his personal papers were lost in the fire that destroyed his home not long after his death has unfairly hidden him from scholarly attention. However, enough material about his accomplishments has survived that it is possible to outline his life and work for use in a Victorian game setting.

BACKGROUND

Smith was born in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1840, and moved as a teenager to New Jersey, eventually settling in the town of Bridgeton. Little is known of his early life, but he did have a reputation as being handy with machinery and of being inventive. He attended the Polytechnic College in Philadelphia, commuting by train to attend night classes, but he never earned a degree. In 1863 he and his cousin J. Burkitt Webb opened a small machine shop, a business that eventually became the Ferracute Machine Company, incorporated in 1878. Bridgeton was in the center of a major agricultural area, and by the 1860's and 70's mechanization was becoming an increasing factor in the harvesting and transportation of fruits and vegetables. The burgeoning markets in the western United States for canned goods led to a number of canning plants opening in Bridgeton and the area around it. Smith built his fortune by first repairing and then manufacturing can making machinery, including stamping and pressing machines for making can lids. Ferracute eventually specialized in the building of mechanical presses, and by the turn of the century the company was building huge machines for coin stamping and bicycle part manufacture. Smith was elected president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 1889, one of only three presidents in the history of that society who were not college graduates. In the period before WW I, Ferracute sold a large number of stamping machines to Henry Ford, who used them to make parts for his Model T. Smith died in 1923, and although Ferracute stayed in business until 1968, it declined in importance without his innovative skills.

INVENTIONS

Smith held almost 80 patents at his death, and this does not fully reflect his creative genius. Most of his inventive activity was centered around his work at Ferracute, involving improved pressing and stamping machines, but

Smith worked on many other things as well. His inventions include an automatic egg boiler, a water pump, and several electrical toys. A visitor to his house in 1906 described the electrical lighting and heating system Smith had built, and marveled that Smith had windows in his house that were locked and unlocked by remote control. Smith even built himself an electric garage door opener (in 1902!), with a hidden switch that he used to mystify his guests.

Smith's most notable invention was his conception of the principle of magnetic recording in 1878. After seeing Edison's original phonograph late in 1877, Smith returned home and began to experiment on ways to improve the machine. In September of 1878, he filed a patent caveat (a notice of an intention to file for a patent) describing his conception of a magnetic recorder. Although he had gotten the theory exactly right, Smith was unable to build a working machine, and so never actually filed for a patent. His failure was due in large part to his cousin's increasingly apparent alcoholism, which forced Smith to devote all of his time to his business, leaving him no time for experimentation. In September of 1888, as sales of phonographs were picking up, Smith published an article about his experiments in the journal *Electrical World*, giving the world his ideas. As far as is known, he did no further work in this area after that article appeared. The first working magnetic recorder did not appear until 1898, built by a Danish telephone engineer by the name of Valdemar Poulsen (but that's another story).

SMITH IN GAME TERMS

Although Smith could be used in any Victorian era game (a magnetic recorder might be just the thing to record that Cthulhu cultist ritual), he is probably most suited for *Space: 1889*. Historically, Smith almost never left Bridgeton, except for short trips to New York or Washington, and a single business visit to Europe in 1897. However, Ferracute machines were sold all over the world (a Ferracute engineer traveled hundreds of miles up the Yellow River in China to install one press in 1895), so if one assumes that his cousin managed to control his drinking, Oberlin Smith might be encountered anywhere his machines are sold, including Mars or Venus in the *Space: 1889* world. Alternatively, the characters might read his article on magnetic recording and decide it's just the thing they need. Statistics for inventing a magnetic recorder in *Space: 1889* terms are given below.

Smith is unlikely to be interested in active adventuring, given his responsibilities as head of Ferracute, but he will be more than willing to correspond with or talk to anyone interested in inventing, especially those interested in magnetic recording. Smith was known as a freethinker (agnostic) and an advocate of women's rights, so he will be more than willing to deal with female inventors or persons of lower social status. As Ferracute was always in need of money, any chance to increase his business will be greeted with enthusiasm. Smith was also well known to be a jolly and friendly type, quick with a joke or a smile, so the characters should not feel intimidated meeting him.

Oberlin Smith (Inventor)

Strength: 2 Dexterity: 5 Endurance: 2

Intelligence: 6 Charisma: 5 Social Class: 4

Skills: Fisticuffs 1, Throwing 1, Stealth 4, Mechanics 6 (Electricity), Wilderness Travel 1 (Mapping), Swimming 1, Observation 5, Engineering 3 (Structural Engineering), Science 2 (Physics), Eloquence 4, Riding 3 (Horse), Leadership 2.

Research Areas: Electricity 27, The Ether 12, Metallurgy 7, Precision Machinery 23

Magnetic Recorder: This device is a Electricity research area. It has a minimum research level of 18 and a reliability base of 2. It can record for 10 minutes x reliability. Understanding a message recorded on a magnetic recorder is a Easy task; roll dice equal to the reliability to understand the recording. Raise the difficulty level to Moderate if there is any distracting noise present. The primary advantage of the magnetic recorder is that, unlike the phonograph, it is not affected by vibration. Note: historically, early magnetic recorders were very hard to hear clearly, as there was no means of amplifying their faint signal. If you want to know more, send me a large SASE with two first class stamps and I'll send you the relevant pages from my dissertation on Smith, Poulsen and their work.

ISSUE TWO, LATER IN 1991

BY MARK CLARK

This is the first issue I put a list of contents on the cover — that was so we could more easily sell at retail. I also had not yet mastered the art of getting articles to end at the bottom of a page — both issue #2 and #3 suffered from unclear continuations.

All the line drawings are by Brian Kendall. He's a talented artist, and a creative writer, but his spelling and grammar are atrocious — I had to do so much re-writing of his stuff it wasn't funny.

I can't really remember why I went to 32 pages - mostly because our gaming group was churning out so much material, I think. The price per issue (\$4, rising to \$5 with issue #3) barely covered printing and mailing expenses. I never made a dime off *TRMQS* — really!

STEAM PUNK 1920

The late 1980's saw the rise to popularity of RPGs based on cyberpunk science fiction — games like *Cyberpunk 2020*, *Shadowrun*, and so on. This was my effort to jump on the bandwagon, I guess — I played in a couple of short *Cyberpunk 2020* campaigns around this time. We never got any letters from folks who expressed interest in *Steam Punk 1920*, and I only published one more article on the topic — "Death From Above" in issue 7.

The opening quotation is credited to Sir Reginald Smyth-Hamster. Fans of Monty Python may recognize the name from the "Upper Class Twit of the Year" sketch. The second quotation is not original to me, but I can't for the

life of me remember where I first saw it.

I really enjoyed writing this article — alternate history has always been a real interest of mine. Sharp-eyed readers will see the influence of some of the science fiction I consumed when I was younger, most notably the film *2001 — A Space Odyssey*.

THE SYRTIS STAR

Again, Matt and I wrote it all. The Viscount Thaarlton was a minor NPC villain in the *Transactions* Campaign who never made it into print otherwise. The series of adventures he featured in were the source of the Pushti Fruit controversy — more about that later.

The Cadbury's Chocolate story was inspired by a news report from Operation Desert Storm — the American candy firm Mars developed special chocolate bars (with extra wax!) for American troops in Saudi Arabia.

THE TRANSACTIONS CAMPAIGN

Here we see the first of several uses of NPCs from our previous campaigns. Vince Cleaver joined us and played Dr. Hollingsworth, who had survived several previous adventures. In our campaign we eventually killed him off in the adventure that appeared in issue #4. Lionel Tyler, another NPC, was John Corradin's character in a previous game — he's detailed in an article in this issue.

As written, the adventurers find only the brain of an ancient Martian. In our game they revived a body, a fellow who turned out to have mental powers and be rather evil. The players disliked him so much I changed that detail for publication.

DEEP GREEN SLEEP

Matt ran this scenario several times at conventions and for us as well. The debt to the movie *Alien* is obvious, and to *Little Shop Of Horrors* perhaps less so.

CLOUD CAPTAIN'S CORNER

We played a fair amount of *Sky Galleons of Mars* and also used it as a play aid. This and subsequent ship designs came out of those games.

EDWARD'S GUIDE

We originally hoped to produce a sourcebook for Mars filled with this sort of detail. After finding out how much GDW wanted for a license fee, we dropped the idea, but published the area descriptions as a series in *TRMGS*. Steve Whitmore wrote most of these — I added the occasional description, like locating the *TRMGS* offices in the Legation compound.

In hindsight there are some things that should have been done differently. For example, the Italian and Holy See embassies should not be next to one another — the Vatican was most hostile to the Italian government during this period due to the seizure of the Papal States during the unification of Italy.

EDITORIAL

BY MARK CLARK

Well, we made it to issue two. I must say I wasn't sure if we'd do it, given the track record of other roleplaying magazines, but we're still here. If you read issue #1, you'll notice we've made a few changes this time around. We've added twelve more pages, and we've started including graphics and artwork. That's the good news; the bad news is that we've had to raise our subscription price a bit to cover the additional copy cost. I think it's worth it — I hope you do to.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of my friends for the work they've done on this issue. None of them are professional writers, so I was surprised and pleased at how well all their articles turned out (rather better than mine, I suspect). I can't fill up all these pages myself — wouldn't want to even try — and it is to them you owe this publication.

On a related note, I'd like to encourage each and every one of you to submit articles to us. Since our print run is still small, we can't pay cash, but we will extend your subscription if we use your work. We are open to any sort of article, though we are particularly interested in *Wild West* and *Cthulhu By Gaslight* material. If you're interested, write to me for submission guidelines. If you don't feel you are up to writing an article, but just want to share you're ideas, that's great too — if we use your idea we'll give you credit in the article.

I hope you like the *Steam Punk 1920* material. I want to publish some more adventures and articles for this system, but only if you folks want them. Please let me know how you feel about the steam punk idea, and whether you want more.

GUEST EDITORIAL

BY MATTHEW "DEEP ONE" RUANE

I would like to thank the editor (who just happens to be my friend) for providing some editorial space. This is the first editorial of any kind that I have been asked to write, and combined with all the other work that needs to be done in my busy life as a doctoral student, things tend to get written at the last moment. Sitting before me is a pre-production copy of this issue and it appears to be an even better effort than last time. We work long hours to get this fanzine done, yet so far rewards have been absent. We have sold a few issues to a major game distributor, but without advertising, every issue is a losing proposition financially. We would like to keep printing issues every three months or so, but we need your help to do it. So, if you're reading this in a store and like what you see, please buy it rather than merely reading it and placing back on the shelf. If you're a subscriber, we thank you for your patronage. Until next time, if I am given a next time...

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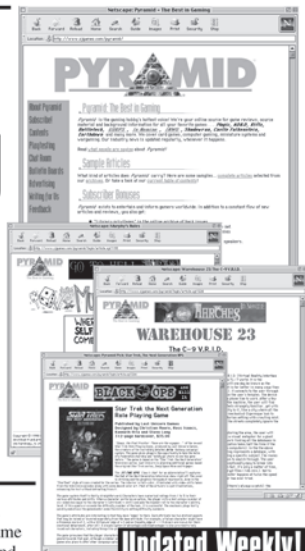
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THE SYRTIS



STAR

ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

DRAWINGS CAUSE CONTROVERSY

1 August, Syrtis Major: First reports from the Royal Astronomical Society have shown a growing disbelief in the authenticity and accuracy of a series of drawings presented to the society's Board of Trustees by the explorer and physician, Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth, RGS. Dr. Hollingsworth, a member of the ill-fated Grenouille expedition to the ancient ruins north of the city of Tharsis, has claimed in numerous reports that the drawings were taken from a thousand year old armillary sphere found in the ruins of a temple complex. These drawings are reported to show the existence of hundreds of stars currently unknown to astronomers.

Much of the controversy and criticism has come from the older members of the Royal Astronomical Society. They point to the fact that even the Martian Orbital Telescopic

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAY

OPENS TO TRAGEDY

The Gondoliers, the latest play to open at the Royal Opera House, Syrtis Major, met with tragedy last night when a disturbed man fired a revolver at Nigel Claymont, the company's lead actor, killing him instantly. The disturbed man was apprehended by patrons and turned over to constables of the Royal Martian Constabulary. Officials of the RMC have learned the identity of the assassin, one Umberto Cuomo, an Italian national who had arrived on Mars only two days earlier. It is believed that Mr. Cuomo, a native of Venice, was disturbed by the comedic portrayal of Venetian gondoliers in the opera and had been responsible for several accidents which have plagued the company since the opening of the opera. Mr. Claymont, of 19 Park Row, Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, London, will be honoured by a special mass to be

NEW BELGIAN ATROCITIES REPORTED

The Lieutenant Governor's Office has released evidence that the Belgian government participated in the massacre of 500 Martians near the city of New Amsterdam. Early reports indicate that the Martians had gathered together to protest a new expansion of gumme plantations onto sacred Martian burial grounds. According to Her Majesty's officials, the Martians were believed to be unarmed and their protest to be peaceful. The Belgian authorities, however, responded by sending a regiment of Chasseurs to disperse the crowd and arrest the ringleaders.

The Belgian government's official explanation states that the troops were fired on when they ordered the crowd to disperse, and therefore were protecting themselves when they returned fire into the crowd. Initial reports indicate that there were more than 100 Martian casualties, and no Belgians wounded or killed. Her

Experiments of 1888, information from which is still being deciphered and examined to this very day, did not reveal "hundreds and hundreds" of new stars as the drawings by Dr. Hollingsworth purport. Nevertheless, a vocal minority in the society,

consisting of young astronomers who participated in the 1888 experiments, support Dr. Hollingsworth and the drawings. Dr. Robert H. Lipton has public stated that the drawings confirm many of their suspicions, and that they may provide clues for those seeking to explore new areas of the evening skies. Dr. Lipton discounts the notion that the drawings are forgeries because many of the stars pictured can not be seen from Earth, and their existence was confirmed only by the 1888 experiments.

However, the chairman of the society, Sir Reginald Dullworth, has unofficially dismissed the drawings as "forgeries and hogwash".

Dr. Hollingsworth, reportedly dismayed by the controversy he has inadvertently started, was unavailable for comment.

held tomorrow at 10 am, in the Syrtis Major Cathedral. Mr. Claymont leaves behind a wife and two children. All shows have been cancelled for the remainder of the week, in respect for the late Mr. Claymont.

VISCOUNT THAARLTON DISCOVERS WELLS OF SELDON

The Viscount Thaarlton, in a privately funded expedition, has reportedly discovered the lost Wells of Seldon north of the city of Polodaaar. Thaarlton, travelling in an aerial flyer of his own design, the HMS *Sunfish*, was fired on by natives worshipping at the Wells. Unable to obtain a sample from the Wells, the Viscount and his crew took photographs and mapped the area, before being attacked by skrill-riding High Martians. After tactically withdrawing, the *Sunfish* returned to Syrtis Major, where the Viscount was greeted by a delegation from the Royal Martian Geographical Society. It is believed that the Viscount is seeking to return to the wells with funding provided by the RMGS.

Majesty's officials have expressed their continued outrage at the atrocities in the Belgian Coprates.



CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE

Cadbury's Chocolates, purveyors to Her Majesty's household, are happy to introduce a new line of chocolate products specially produced for consumption in the Martian heat. Our new line of milk chocolate is guaranteed not to melt in temperatures up to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. No more sticky hands or chocolate smudges with Cadbury's Special Martian Milk Chocolate. Marbury and Mason, retailers of fine consumables, are the exclusive agent on Mars for this new chocolate. They invite the public to call on their establishments in Syrtis Major and Meepsoor. Ask for it by name: **Cadbury's Special Martian Milk Chocolate**

DEEP GREEN SLEEP

AN ADVENTURE FOR CTHULHU: 1889

BY MATTHEW RUANE

... 11 October 1896: The dreamless tranquility of cold sleep was rudely shattered by the incessant and inhumane shrieking of the emergency klaxons. Though my sleep capsule still maintained vestiges of ice encrusting several metallic surfaces, it was obvious that the analytical engine had initiated the thawing process several hours ago. A quick glance at the ship's chronometer embedded in the wall of the sleep capsule revealed that we were more than two weeks out from Syrtis Major. Releasing the sleep restraints, I quickly exited the capsule, grabbing my service revolver from the case outside the door. I was greeted by other crew members who had been awakened as well; most unusual was the apparent absence of Captain Cumberland from the assembled party. Hurrying to the Captain's capsule, which was still encrusted in ice, I initiated the manual override and entered to discover, to my utter amazement, that he was missing. All that remained were a number of small metal nuggets that the doctor quickly confirmed were dental fillings. There was no sign of a struggle—what could have forced the Captain to leave behind his fillings???

Entry from the Ship's Log of the First Officer of the HMS *Conqueror*, discovered orbiting Saturn by salvage crews from the recovery tug HMS *Aurora*, on 31 October 1997

INTRODUCTION

In the depths of space, a horrifying mystery and adventure begins to unfold for the senior officers of the HMS *Conqueror*. This adventure, designed for use with the Cthulhu 1889 system rules presented in the last issue, will challenge any group of 4-6 experienced gamers. The adventure takes place completely onboard the HMS *Conqueror*, an armoured ether transport (described in detail below), in the year 1896. Several new advances in technology have allowed mankind to colonize the known universe more effectively, the most important of these being the invention of cold sleep capsules and the widespread use of analytical engines. The development of the process of cold sleep in 1893 has revolutionized the transportation of mankind in space, allowing larger groups to travel on vessels no bigger than those in use prior to the invention of cold sleep. Though no major passenger vessel would tout cold sleep to its potential customers, the process has found a steady outlet in the Royal Navy. Freezing large numbers of troops, placing them on a new class of specially designed armoured ether transports, then shipping them off to the slaughter on the Oenotrian front has saved Her Majesty's government millions of pounds in "freight" charges

and has enabled large numbers of troops to cross the vast interplanetary gulf.

Since the crew of these ether transports are asleep during the entire mission, someone or something is necessary to guide these vessels through the eddies of the ether. It was here that the analytical engine found its primary role, acting as a primitive ship's computer, overseeing its sleeping charges and steering the massive behemoth to its safe arrival around Mars. Silently clacking away, the tens of thousands of punch cards whirl through their endless dance, each instructing the analytical engine to make some minor course alteration or verifying if its sleeping passengers are safely within there norms. In emergencies, the analytical engine is instructed to wake the senior officers who are better equipped to deal with emergencies than the limited "memory" of the analytical engine's punch cards. Once the senior officers are awake, there is no way for them to return to sleep and so sufficient foodstuffs, water and oxygen supplies are on hand for them to survive the journey to Mars or to Earth. Remember, it is one thing to feed and water six senior personnel for four weeks, it is another to try and stretch those supplies to feed the more than one hundred soldiers on board. It is important that the GM remind his players that awakening the rest of the passengers is not an option; however, if they are foolish enough to do so, do not have them die of starvation or thirst, but of oxygen deprivation. The green house provides more than enough fresh oxygen supplies for the crew while they are in cold sleep, and can be stretched to provide sufficient oxygen should the senior crew be awakened. However, the plants will be overwhelmed within hours by the demands placed on them by one hundred oxygen breathing humans. The players should simply begin to fall asleep from oxygen deprivation, a sleep from which they never will awake.

GM's OUTLINE

The senior crew members of the HMS *Conqueror* have been awakened from cold sleep by the vessel's onboard analytical engine which detected that Captain Cumberland was no longer in his sleep capsule. As the capsule had not been tampered with or the captain revived, the analytical engine defaulted to a "program" which initiated the revival of the senior crew members to deal with the sudden disappearance. The players awaken in their sleep capsules: they wear no clothing, nor are they equipped with anything at all. As the sleep capsules are dual occupancy, each player will awaken at the same time as another player. Remember that none of them are clothed and this is the late Victorian age— the first thing on every player's mind should be securing clothing for their respective characters. Outside of every capsule is a small cabinet, unlocked, which contain two sets of "one-size fits all badly" temporary uniforms. Outside of the First Officer's and the Captain's capsule are two larger cabinets, each of which can be locked. Inside is a set of keys to lock/unlock every door on the vessel (exceptions are noted below), a .455 Webley revolver, lanyard, and six rounds of ammunition. These are the only weapons immediately available.

The assembled crew should quickly notice that the Captain is missing. Upon examining his cabin, they will find that there are four small, silver

nuggets of metal on the floor of the capsule. The Doctor, with an Idea role, will quickly realize that they are dental fillings. A successful Spot Hidden will discover the only other clue, traces of a fine green powder in the ventilation duct in the Captain's cabin. If the Doctor examines the material under a microscope (available in his lab), a successful Botany or Chemistry role will determine that it is a plant-like material. The only other clues immediately available can be found first by checking the status board of the sleep capsules. All capsules properly functioning are colored green, those malfunctioning are red. Two other capsules will become red as the players check the board. If they investigate the capsules, only one will still contain the body of a soldier, and this one has a hole in his back, surrounded by the same greenish material discovered in the Captain's cabin. The body is obviously dead; if an autopsy is undertaken, the doctor will discover that the body is undergoing a metamorphosis into some kind of plant like creature. His skin is becoming greenish as the doctor watches, his blood being replaced by chlorophyll. There is nothing that can be done to alter the process, other than ejecting the body into the ether.

Hopefully, the players will now be looking towards one of the greenhouses for possible clues. The forward greenhouse appears normal (and is, at least for now), filled with several different species of plants from Earth, Mars and Venus. The aft greenhouse is a different story. As the players head up the gangway at the aft end of the vessel, they will begin to hear the voices of their missing comrades calling for help (SAN Loss: 1/1d4). With a successful Know roll, they will clearly hear Captain Cumberland pleading for their help (SAN Loss: 1/1d4). As they approach the aft greenhouse, they will quickly notice that the ceiling is buckling in several places, and that there is occasionally small clumps of dirt falling through the cracks. If they attempt to open the door to the greenhouse, they will be attacked by three plant zombies (see stats below). Within four rounds, vines will begin breaking through the ceiling of the storeroom (G Aft), and will become obvious that they players should escape back into the ship before becoming engulfed by the plant or killed by the zombies.

What has happened, unbeknownst to the players, (and it would be the most unlikely of circumstances if they ever found out) is that a Venus Flytrap in the aft greenhouse has been genetically modified. The ether transport was boarded by a pair of the Great Race of Yith (Yithians) (see stats below) who easily bypassed the primitive sensors of the analytical engine, and began experimenting on the plants in the aft greenhouse. The Yithian scientists, intrigued by the presence of a Venus Flytrap (placed there to eat any bugs that may have been accidentally introduced to the greenhouse), began to genetically alter it into a sentient and carnivorous plant. The plant spread its tendrils through the vents onboard the ship, eating and absorbing the captain. The plant also began to convert some of its new found victims into plant zombies, hoping that they would eventually be able to bring it more human food. The Yithians are still nearby, intrigued to see what will occur when the crew is entirely absorbed by the plant, either as food or as plant zombies. It should be obvious to the players that they must stop the plant before it kills more crew members or destroys the vessel. The Yithians will

only interfere with the crew if they exit the vessel and are obviously attempting to harm the plant.

HMS CONQUEROR SHIP LAYOUT

The GM should use the ship's design to enhance the terror filled atmosphere. Unlike regular interplanetary ether vessels, an armoured ether transport is much like the *Nostromo* in the movie *Alien*: dark, cramped, hissing pipes, deep recesses filled with shadows, the incessant clacking of the analytical engine, dim red emergency lights that hide more than they reveal, and the thrumming of the oxygen/carbon dioxide exchangers. Underneath it all, and clearly heard only at the aft end of the vessel, are the cries of fellow crew members demanding help and to be put out of their misery. The sleep capsules, at least those in operation, have thin coatings of frost on the outside. Finally, remember the plant is still growing, and occasionally warning klaxons will sound as parts of the interior structure give way and new red lights appear on the sleep capsule status board.

***Doors:** the doors between all sections are lockable, airtight, bulkhead doors. They are normal kept closed, but not locked. The Captain's keys can override the door locks on any door, or make sure that the doors are unopenable by anyone else. GM's remember this when the player holding the Captain's keys goes insane.

A. Gallery: a lounge area for the ship's crew should they be awakened due to an emergency. Much of the space is generally taken up with crates of military or medical supplies for the military garrison on Mars.

B. Ship's Mess

C. Stores: more supplies and personal lockers for the ship's crew members.

D. Head (washroom)

E. Kitchen: about half of the ship's emergency foodstuffs are stored in this room.

F. Head

G. Stores: Forward- personal weapons for the ship's crew and officers (see character sheets for available weapons); Aft- weapons lockers for the military troops onboard. Only the Captain and the Military Commander have keys to these lockers. Remember, the weapons in this area will quickly be unobtainable once the plant begins to expand. Players attempting to venture in this area once the tendrils have broken through the ceiling will be subject to 2d6 attacks per round; see stats below for damage. See O below for

weapons stored in G Aft.

H. Officer's Bunks

I. Sleep Capsules: there is only one central gangway (J) and the capsules are pushed against the outside hull. There are two rows of capsules, two high, each double occupancy, twenty four on one side, twenty six on the other. In the spot opposite the additional capsules are a stairway to the second level gangway and the sleep capsule status board. The only way to open a sealed capsule is to use the manual override located on the door to each capsule. Approximately every 20 minutes, an additional capsule will be compromised by the plant's tendrils. Though they are invading through the ship's ventilating system, simply closing the ventilation system will not solve the player's problems—the ventilation systems provides needed oxygen to all the sleep capsules, as well as providing the refrigerants necessary to maintain the "cold sleep".

J. Gangways: metal gratings on the floor and on the second level.

K. Batteries: sealed rooms containing large lead acid batteries which are necessary to run the analytical engine. There are no internal doors leading to these rooms, and the external doors are sealed shut and can not be opened except by cutting the seals off with an acetylene torch. The interior walls can be breached as well, and a stray round may rupture a

battery. The batteries (armor 3, strength 4), if punctured, will leak acid which will eventually eat through other batteries and eventually the hull of the ship as well.

L. Analytical Engine: (remove door on the upper left side): this room is filled with an analytical engine, a primitive computer using tens of thousands of punch cards, which store information allowing the analytical engine to perform simple and repetitive tasks, such as flying the vessel to Mars and maintaining the sleep capsules at a constant temperature. The room containing the analytical engine is considered "sealed"—it is off limits to all but trained personnel. The outer door can be opened using a key, but the inner, barred door can only be opened in port. The reason for this is that the punch cards are made of camphorated cellulose, a process that makes them extremely flexible and damage resistant, but also highly flammable. Ten thousand cards are equal to several pounds of dynamite, enough to several damage the ship should they exploded. Also, the analytical engine is a very precise machine; disrupting the cards in the slightest could set off a chain reaction killing the crew in their sleep capsules. The GM should make the players realize the consequences should they attempt to gain entry.

M. Bridge: should the analytical engine be shut down for any reason, control reverts to here automatically. The bridge is one of only three rooms with windows opening onto space. The windows are armored, but additional protection is usually provided by large external metal plates.

N. Engine Rooms: Effectively off limits to the players; however, a control station and panel will allow the players to shut down or restart the engines from here.

O. Military Stores: personal uniforms and equipment of the one hundred or so troops on board are stored here. The unit's weapons are stored in the two rooms marked G: 90 Lee-Metford Carabines, 90 Bayonets, 6 Webley revolvers, 6 Sabres, sufficient ammo for one reload on each weapon. The bulk of the unit's ammunition is shipped separately in or-

der to make the armoured ether transport less of a tempting target for pirates.

P. Greenhouse: Level 2, forward: normal greenhouse; Level 3, aft: experimental greenhouse containing the mutated Venus flytrap. These two rooms are the only other spaces with windows. The windows (armor 20) are covered with large metal plates which are opened twice per day by the analytical engine to expose the plants to sunlight for four hours. The plants are watered and kept warm by pipes running through the ventilation system in these rooms. Excess water is collected and recycled for the next watering cycle.

Q. Sick Bay, Recovery Room and Lab: the lab contains all the necessary equipment to run most basic experiments. The chemical supply in here is limited, but a generous GM might allow creative players rig up almost anything within reason in their attempt to stop the planet.

R. Captain's Cabin

S. Captain's Day Cabin: In here is a locked safe, containing the ship's log, an updated listing of every item onboard the ship, and its location (some things may be missing or misplaced to add tension), a second revolver, a box of twenty five rounds of ammunition, and a book containing procedures on how to override the analytical engine while maintaining the sleep capsules' temperatures. The book instructs that the engines be shut down, the battery leads to the analytical engine be disconnected (thus stopping the analytical engine without disrupting the card sequence), that a number of wires be directly connected to the either the engine or battery leads, and then that the engines be restarted. The sleep capsules will be kept cool, but there will be no way to regulate the temperature precisely, more importantly, the sleep capsule status board will no longer function at all.

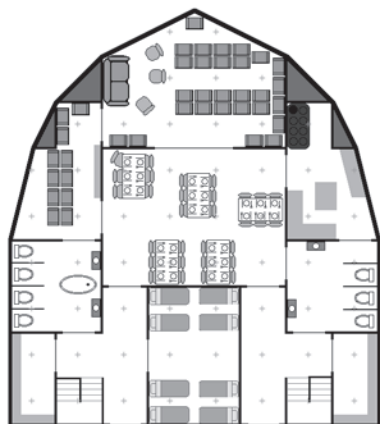
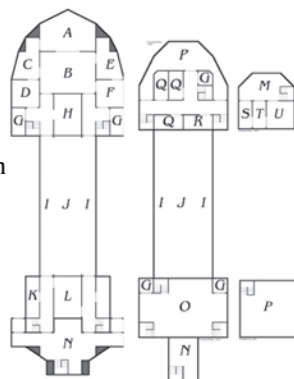
T. Chart Room

U. Storage: Emergency oxygen supplies and storage for up to four bridge personnel.

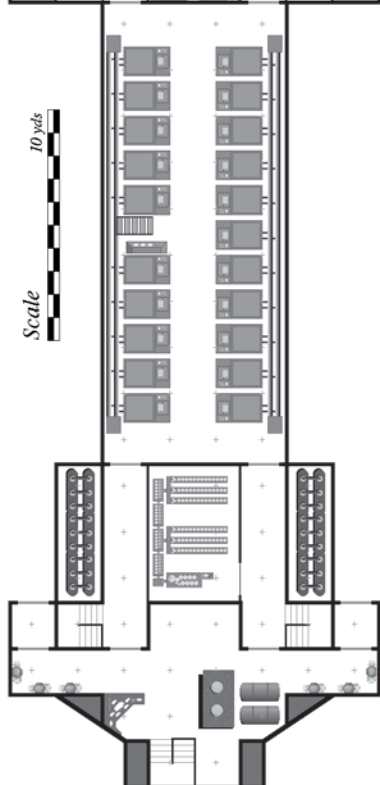
V. Air Locks and Ethersuit Stores: Four DeLacy ethersuits (see *Transactions* #1) are stored near each airlock.

HMS CONQUERER

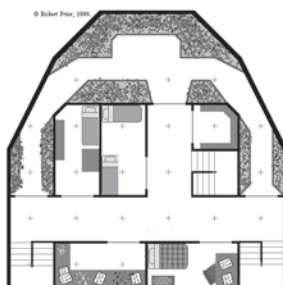
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|----------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| A. Gallery | H. Officer's Bunks | O. Military Stores |
| B. Ship's Mess | I. Sleep Capsules | P. Greenhouse |
| C. Stores | J. Gangway | Q. Sick Bay |
| D. Head | K. Batteries | R. Captain's Cabin |
| E. Kitchen | L. Analytical Engine | S. Captain's Day Cabin |
| F. Head | M. Bridge | T. Chart Room |
| G. Stores | N. Engine Rooms | U. Storage |
| | | V. Air Locks |



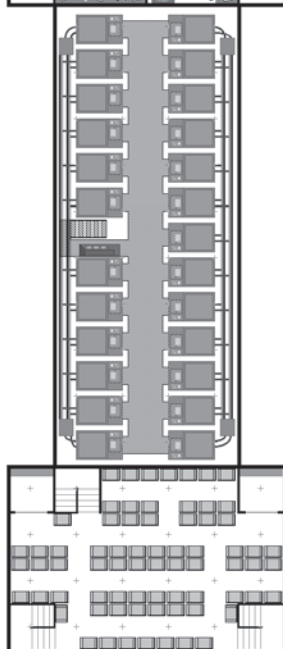
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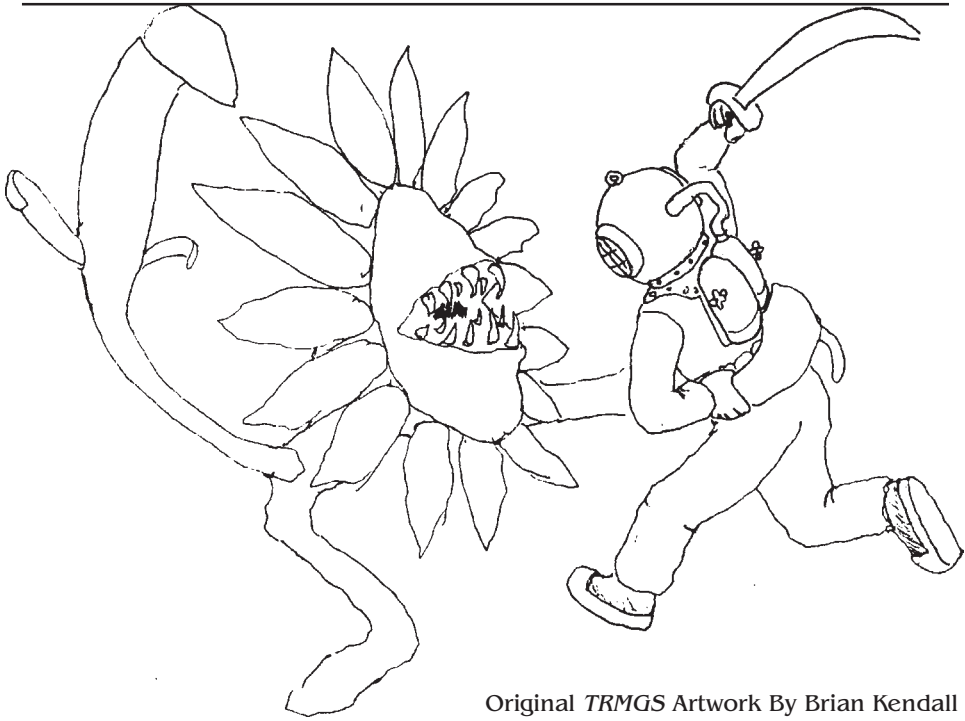


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Deck Plans
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Original TRMGS Artwork By Brian Kendall

CREATURES**Great Race of Yith, #1**

STR 44 CON 27 SIZ 62 INT 22 POW 12
DEX 11 HP 45 MOVE 7

Weapon: Pincer 40% // 1d6+1d6

Lighting Gun 30% // Varies (7
charges, max. damage 7d10)

Armor: 8 point skin Spells: none

Sanity: 0/1d6

Great Race of Yith, #2

STR 42 CON 26 SIZ 64 INT 23 POW 13
DEX 10 HP 45 MOVE 7

Weapon: Pincer 40% // 1d6+1d6

Lighting Gun 30% // Varies (20
charges, max. damage 20d10)

Armor: 8 point skin Spells: none

Sanity: 0/1d6

Mutated Venus Fly Trap

STR 25 CON 40 SIZ special INT 08 POW
16 DEX 35

HP varies MOVE 0/12 (body//vines)

Weapon: Vines 25% // 1d4+ special

Plant Zombies see below

*SIZ: SIZ begins at 8 and increases by two for every crew member/soldier consumed; thus by the time the players first meet up with the plant, it will be SIZ 14.

* Special damage: the vines will entangle the victim (STR vs STR to break free); within 1d4 rounds, the vines will secrete an acidic compound which will bore through the victims back, allowing him to either be dissolved as food or to begin the process of becoming a plant zombie; to see either process will cost the viewer 1/1d6 additional Sanity loss.)

Armor: 12 point body, 6 point vines (note: the plant has been genetically altered to withstand vacuum and will survive if exposed to the ether.)

Spells: none Sanity: 1d4/1d8

Plant Zombie

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 0 POW as fly trap DEX 10 HP 10 MOVE 4 (limited)

Weapons: Fists 30% // 1d6 plus entangle

Armor: 2 point skin Spells: none

Sanity: 1/1d4

* The plants zombies are limited in range since they are still attached to the Venus fly trap by vines; however they are extremely flexible (having largely been converted to plant material) and can travel just about anywhere on the aft end of the vessel.

PLAYERS**Commander George Littleton, RN**1st Officer, HMS *Conqueror*STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 18
DEX 10 APP 18 EDU 14 SAN 90

Skills: Astronomy 70, Debate 50, Dodge 40, Trimsman 60, Hide 20, Listen 35, Make Maps 30, Mechanical Repair 30, Oratory 45, Pilot Ether Flyer 60, Spot Hidden 55, Throw 45, Track 50

Weapons: Fist 80% // 1d3+1d4

Sabre 35% // 1d8+1d4

Handgun 50% // 1d10+2

Equipment: Uniform, Personal Gear (shaving kit, mementos, etc.), .455 Webley Revolver, Sabre, Telescope, navigation Instruments, Gold Pocket Watch

Dr. Michael Plimpton, RNMedical Officer, HMS *Conqueror*STR 08 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 70

Skills: Botany 30, Chemistry 25, Climb 50, Biology 50, Diagnose Disease 55, Dodge 25, First Aid 80, Hide 20, Pharmacy 25, Pilot Ether Flyer 10, R/W Latin 30, Spot Hidden 95, Treat Disease 55, Treat Poison 25, Zoology 30

Weapons: Fist 50% // 1d3

Handgun 45% // 1d10

Scalpel 65% // 1d4

Equipment: Uniform, Personal Gear, Doctor's Medical Bag, Robb's Medical Companion, Dissecting Kit, Microscope, .38 Adams Double Action Revolver, Chemical laboratory

Lt. Commander William Harcourt, RNChief Engineer, HMS *Conqueror*STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 09
DEX 16 APP 08 EDU 11 SAN 45

Skills: Astronomy 30, Climb 50, Naval Architecture 25, Dodge 35, Electrical Repair 30, Hide 50, Mechanical Repair 60, Operate Heavy Machinery 50, Pilot Ether Flyer 25, Sneak 50, Spot Hidden 35, Throw 45

Weapons: Fist 70% // 1d3+1d4

Handgun 40% // 1d10+2

Rifle 35% // 2d6+3

Equipment: Uniform, Personal Gear, .455 Webley Revolver, Engineer's Tool Kit, Ether Drive Speciality Repair Kit

Ensign Duncan Campbell, RNAsst. Engineer, HMS *Conqueror*STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 18 APP 12 EDU 09 SAN 50

Skills: Climb 50, Dodge 55, Electrical Repair 60, Fast Talk 35, Hide 60, Jump 40, Listen 40, Mechanical Repair 50, Operate Heavy Machinery 40, Pilot Ether Flyer 25, Sneak 60, Spot Hidden 65, Throw 55, Track 30, Treat Disease 20

Weapons: Fist 95% // 1d3+1d4

Rifle 50% // 2d6+3

Throwing Knife 75% // 1d4+1d4

Equipment: Uniform, Personal Gear, Engineer's Tool Kit, Electrical System's Tool Kit, 4 Throwing Knives

Captain Peter Alan Landsdowne

Senior Army Officer, 1st East Surrey Regiment

STR 12 CON 08 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 18 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 75

Skills: Play Cricket 60, Debate 50, Dodge 50, Hide 60, Make Maps 40, Repair Small Arms 20, Pilot Aerial Flyer 40, Spot Hidden 40, Track 20, Pick Locks 25, Leadership 45

Weapons: Fist 70% // 1d3

Handgun 55% // 1d10+2

Rifle 60% // 2d6+3

Sabre 55% // 1d8+1

Equipment: Khaki Uniform, Personal Gear, Sam Browne Belt, .455 Webley Revolver, Cavalry Sabre, 2 Cricket Bats

Sir Alan Spencer-Compton, KCB

Foreign Office Diplomat Travelling with the 1st East Surreys

STR 14 CON 08 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 75

Skills: Accounting 25, Chemistry 20, Biology 15, Debate 70, History 80, Physics 40, Spot Hidden 75, Speak 3 Languages each at 30, R/W 3 languages each at 55

Weapons: Fist 80% // 1d3+1d4

Handgun 35% // 1d8

Shotgun 50% // 4d6/2d6/1d6

Equipment: Expensive Suit, Personal Gear, Pocket Watch, Briefcase with Official Papers, .32 Hopkins and Allan Pocket Revolver, Shoulder Holster, Double Barreled 12 gauge Shotgun

DEEP GREEN SLEEP PLAYTEST NOTES

This scenario was originally run as an open gaming segment at Origins 91 where many of the bugs were worked out. The original group tried to storm the aft green house with their personal weapons and weapons gathered from the arms lockers. They were unsuccessful and were forced to regroup in the area near the sleep capsules. Dr. Plimpton and Sir Alan found the Captain's safe and discovered the procedure to shut down the analytical engine and still maintain the sleep capsules. The party then cut through the barred door leading to the analytical engine, took a number of the punch cards, and put together a primitive bomb. Placing the bomb and its fuse in an ethersuit, they tied the bomb to a magnetic soled boot, suited up Engineer Harcourt, and sent the two outside to blow the armored glass window of the greenhouse and expose the plant to vacuum. It was an interesting idea, but doomed. The window exploded, the plant began to be sucked out into space, but its vines managed to grab hold inside the vessel and it pulled itself inside; they did manage to destroy some of the plant zombies however. They also attracted the attention of the Yithians. While the plant was occupied with resecuring itself inside the ship, the remaining players inside the ship were attacked by the Yithians. Harcourt, trapped outside, was able to move towards the huge solar mirror and turn it towards the aft greenhouse, eventually direct the sun's powerful rays directly on the plant and burning it up. Meanwhile, the players continued to hold off the Yithians, but they were slowly being pushed back. One Yithian was killed when his lighting gun exploded and the other was eventually destroyed through sustained firepower. The remaining players gathered in the lounge, surveyed their losses, and settled in for the two week journey to Mars.

A second playtest group followed the same general course of action after two unsuccessful attempts to destroy the plant by direct assault. However, this time two players traveled outside to set the explosives. The window exploded, the plant struggled to hold on (eventually succeeding again), but the group was ambushed by the Yithians. One was instantly killed, while the other player escaped back inside the ship. This time, the battle did not go as well, and the players were eventually forced up to the bridge area where they attempted to hold on to the very last moment. Using the bridge air supplies and scavenged ether suits, two of the players were able to survive in the forward greenhouse until the ship reached Mars. The plant creature was killed in the end, but only by destroying the aft end of the transport through a combination of explosions, decompression, and structural weakness caused by exploding battery acid. Less than a third of the troop complement survived to reach Mars in this second playtest. Nevertheless, this may have been a more exciting adventure for the players as the action was quick and deadly, sniping at the Yithians as they moved through the damaged corridors of the ether transport. Ultimately, the GM can allow any method the players choose to destroy the plant, but the more audacious the better chance it should have to succeed. If the players are having too easy a time of it, increase the plant's attacks on sleeping crew members, or bring the Yithians in earlier. If they are having a very difficult time of it (more than half the group dead or insane), drop the Yithians, and allow any sane plan the players come up with to destroy the plant. Remember, though, that this is Cthulhu 1889, people are supposed to have a tough time of it !!!

STEAM PUNK 1920

BY MARK CLARK

"The British Empire is not just a political creation; it is the true guardian of Western Civilization. The defeat of Germany in 1914 by the British Fleet was a blow struck for the preservation of order and of the Anglo-Saxon race. The commercial and political lessons we are teaching to the native peoples of three worlds could only be taught by we English, with our native talent for bearing the White Man's Burden. Keep the fleet strong, and our Empire will last a thousand years!"

Sir Reginald Smyth-Hamster in his naval appropriations speech to the House of Lords, 1919.

"The only reason that the sun never sets on the British Empire is that God doesn't trust the English in the dark."

Annon.

INTRODUCTION

The heady years of imperialism in the *Space: 1889* universe have to come to an end sometime. By the second decade of the twentieth century, the combination of rediscovered Martian technology and the unrestrained influence of European conquest have brought about a dark and sinister future. England is an industrialized nightmare, the rich living on their huge estates supported by the sweat of the poor of three planets. Most Englishmen never see the sun, working all day in dark satanic mills. New technology abounds, fresh from the high-tech workshops of the United States, but only the rich can afford those new toys. It's a scary, dark and depressing time — the perfect setting for Steam Punk 1920.

Steam Punk 1920 is a cyberpunk style game setting. Unlike other cyberpunk games, which are set in the depressing near future, this game is set in a depressing alternate past. However, all of the other elements of cyberpunk fiction are here: huge multinational corporations, perverse high technology that alters the human body, rampant crime, an all-pervasive computer network, and reflective sun glasses. This article starts with a short history of events up to 1920, goes on to describe the state of the solar system in that year, and then gives a few examples of weapons and equipment appropriate to the game setting.

HISTORY

The history of the Steam Punk 1920 world is rather similar to our own up until 1914, with that minor(?) difference of the exploration of Mars and Venus detailed in the *Space: 1889* rulebook. As compared to our own history, there has been rather less exploration and exploitation of native peoples on Earth, especially Africa, since Mars and Venus are much more profitable.

The money from those planets has fostered the growth of huge corporations, the most notorious of which is the Hysperian Basin Trading Company, more commonly known as HyBay. Hybay's control of the manufacturing of a variety of recovered Martian artifacts has led to a powerful political position for the company.

There are two other differences. The first is that President McKinley was not shot, and so Teddy Roosevelt didn't become President of the United States. As a result, the 1895 decision in the case of *United States vs. E. C. Knight Company* limiting the power of the Sherman Antitrust Act went unchallenged. The great American industrial trusts were never busted, and so survive into 1920 in much larger form. The business of America is business, and businessmen control all aspects of American political life.

The second difference is the discovery of computer technology in ancient Martian records. Thomas Edison and Lee de Forrest combined those Martian ideas with the designs of Charles Babbage to create a world-wide computer network linked by telegraph. High speed telegraph transmitters built by German precision machinery companies are the choice of computer hackers worldwide.

In 1914, the Great War broke out, just as it did in our own past. The solar system-wide plotting of the German secret service finally proved too much for the rest of Europe to bear. The assassination of the Martian Takala Somnitzar, the Vomact of the French Protectorate of Idaeus Fons, by German agents on June 28, 1914 was the spark that ignited the flame. German troops crossed the French and Belgian borders in a surprise attack led by Zeppelin-borne commandos. Unlike our war, the campaign in the Steam Punk 1920 universe was over in months, not years. The British Navy's new aerial dreadnoughts made short work of the German zeppelin flotillas. The Kaiser, his armies destroyed and his cities vulnerable to bombardment, was forced to abdicate.

To prevent the continuation of the policies that had led to war, the victorious allies split the German and Austrian empires into their component parts. There is no Germany; there is only Prussia, Bavaria, and all the other little princedoms that existed before Bismarck's great unification of 1871. France reclaimed Alsace-Lorraine, and the other allies (Russia, Italy, and the Balkan states) all seized parts of the former German and Austrian Empires.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN 1920

The power of the English Empire is unchallenged throughout the solar system. The French Army is larger than the British; the American Navy is more technologically advanced than its British counterpart; the Japanese secret service is more devious by far. Yet, the ether dreadnoughts of the British aerial service rule the space lanes, and that is what really counts. The British flag flies over most of the explored solar system; more individuals look to London for their political guidance than to any other capital. This power has had its price, however. The vast majority of British subjects live lives of abject poverty, toiling in the dark satanic mills of industry or dying slowly in the vast colonial plantations.

The rest of Europe is under the political domination of England. Only France still retains its independence, but its influence is declining, in large part because of the poverty of its colonies. As mentioned above, there is no Germany, only independent states. All of these states are hotbeds of nationalist sentiment, the perfect sort of place for adventurers. Russia, though on the winning side of the war, has since turned inwards because of the internal disorder brought about by Anarchist attacks on the Tsarist state. It is rumored that it was the British Secret Service that helped Vladimir Lenin and his fellow Communists return to St. Petersburg in 1917, hoping the uproar they created would distract the Tsar and his ministers from their designs on India.

If Britain is the world's political center, the United States is the economic center. American trusts control technological progress, as the genius of Edison has been imitated by thousands of others in their workshops and laboratories. America is a technological paradise, for those with the money, and workers are well paid and pampered. The rest of the world can only wonder at such luxury, as the strict immigration controls the American congress has imposed keeps out all but the already rich.

The rest of the Earth is under the domination of the European powers, with the notable exception of Japan. Japan was an ally of the British during the Great War, and moved immediately to seize all of Germany's colonies in the Far East. Though still nominally allies with England, the Japanese are increasingly at odds with their former friends. Japan is pursuing a policy of expansion into the former Chinese empire, which has collapsed into warring states controlled by warlords. India continues to be a thorn in the side of the British, as American corporations make investments that disturb the social fabric and new leaders preach Indian Nationalism. Africa has remained a mysterious place. The continent has been mapped from space, but there are still large areas that are unexplored — the rewards of Mars and Venus have made Africa less attractive.

The rest of the solar system is in the grip of the British, with a few exceptions. Mars is a patchwork of British colonies and protectorates, with a few cities under the control of the Japanese and French. The Belgian Coprates enjoyed a brief period of independence between 1914 and 1916. Rebels were able to take control of the colony after troops were withdrawn for the Great War, and though the Belgian government declared victory in 1916, in 1920 their effective control extends only to the area around the cities of New Amsterdam and Mela; the rest of the Coprates is under rebel control. Only the Tossian Empire is still politically independent, largely because of the aid of American companies in the form of a steady supply of modern arms.

Venus has become the British version of Vietnam. The German colonies there were taken over by the British after the Great War, but the German colonists and their lizardman allies have never cooperated. Lieutenant Colonel Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, the commander of the German forces, has not recognized the Kaiser's surrender. He continues a campaign of partisan warfare, aided by Venus' climate and aid smuggled in by German sympathizers and the Japanese government. The British are hoping that their new air

conditioned combat tripods will turn the tide in the war.

As to the other parts of the solar system, they have become the playground of American and Japanese corporations. Mercury is a major source of raw materials, metals from the hot side, pure gasses from the dark. Thomas Edison's latest project is a vast solar-powered manufacturing complex located along the world river. The Moon has become a popular vacation spot for the rich, who pay large fees to see the wonders of the City of Light and Science and to meet Moon Men. Exploration ships are routinely searching the asteroid belt for artifacts left from the destruction of the planet Vulcan. Finally, the Royal Geographical Society is sponsoring the first expedition to Jupiter, made possible by the development of an experimental prolonged hibernation device. It will leave Earth orbit in early 1921 under computer control, and the crew will be automatically awakened when the ship reaches its destination.

ROLEPLAYING IN STEAM PUNK 1920

As mentioned above, this is a Cyberpunk style game system. The gamemaster should strive to convey the proper sense of the helplessness of the player characters in the face of giant corporations and sinister governments. The Steam Punk universe does have a few twists not found in other Cyberpunk games, however. Remember that technology here is a strange mix of the futuristic and the archaic. Men may fly from planet to planet, but there is still no such thing as a transistor. Computers are huge assemblies of gears and relays, programed with punch cards. The cities of Mars are better known than the heart of Africa. It is important to emphasize this contrast in technologies to the players; see the list of equipment at the end of the article for ideas.

The Steam Punk world also differs in that colonialism has not been discredited in the same way it was in our world after World War One. The mass slaughter of white people by other white people went a long way towards convincing non-Europeans that their masters did not have all the answers. When Ghandi was asked what he thought of English civilization, he said that it was an interesting idea that ought to be tried out someday. It was World War One that made that comment intelligible to his listeners. Thus, racism and the white man's burden should be an integral part of the Steam Punk 1920 world. These people believe in colonialism in a way that we never will again.

RULES

Use the standard *Space: 1889* rules, with the following modifications:

NEW SKILLS

Telegraphy (under Agility). This skill is required to use the computer network.

Hacking (cascade under Crime). This skill is required to break computer security systems

Clacking (under Intellect). This skill allows the programing of computers.

Driving (replaces Riding). This skill allows the operation of ground vehicles. Cascade skill; select from automobile, motorcycle, bicycle, train, liftcar.

TASKS

Operating the computer network is a Telegraphy skill (see new skill list above). Getting information is a task; referee assigns difficulty level and the player rolls dice equal to his or her skill. If the information is protected by a security system, Hacking skill applies.

INVENTIONS

Treat all inventions in the *Space: 1889* rulebook with a research level of 25 or less as being already invented and in common use. Normal invention rules still apply to inventing and perfecting the rest of the inventions listed.

STEAM PUNK 1920 EQUIPMENT

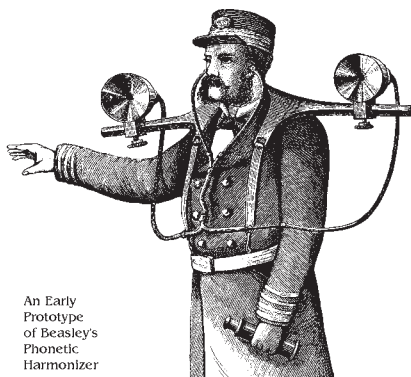
BY MATT RUANE

Weapons and equipment appropriate to our own 1920s period may be used; the rules for *Call of Cthulhu* have a list that is fairly complete in terms of what adventurers would want. The only major change from the *Space: 1889* weaponry is the availability of small machine guns and even submachine guns. Just treat these as rifles or pistols with a higher rate of fire, with some appropriate lowered chance to hit when they are fired on full automatic.

Since this is a cyberpunk style game, be sure to include lots of cyberpunk style equipment. Space prevents us from going into detail here, but if you use any of the commercially available cyberpunk games it's easy to come up with a list of appropriate hardware, like artificial arms or implanted weapons. Keep in mind the steam punk dictum, however: the more cast iron and big shiny gears it has, the better. Unlike cyberpunk, steam punk gear should be large, elaborate, clunky, and steam-powered if possible. Think the Tin Woodsman in the *Wizard of Oz*. The following two examples should give you some idea of what we're talking about.

BEASELY'S PHONETIC HARMONIZER

Developed by Dr. Hugo Beasley in 1906, the Phonetic Harmonizer amplifies ambient background sounds, allowing the wearer to overhear conversations over greater distances than is normal for the human ear. The apparently clumsy looking device is actually a miracle of micro electronic circuits, chemically treated sound amplification baffles, and gyro stabilization. Consisting of a large black box attached to either the right or left sides of the head, centered on the ear, and secured with several straps, the Beasley Phonetic Harmonizer is then modified by the wearer for current operating conditions. Attached to the opposite side of the head from the Harmonizer is a smaller box containing a ether gyro resting in artificial inner ear fluids and light weight lubricants. The harmonizer



An Early
Prototype
of Beasley's
Phonetic
Harmonizer

is then modified by the wearer for current operating conditions. Attached to the opposite side of the head from the Harmonizer is a smaller box containing a ether gyro resting in artificial inner ear fluids and light weight lubricants. The harmonizer

itself has an attached external sound collector resembling an old gramophone horn (built under license by HMV in the UK and RCA/Victor in the US), which transmits sound into the harmonizer itself. Inside the harmonizer, sounds are reflected off chemically treated baffles amplifying the sound to levels understandable to the wearer. If the sound is still too indistinct, more baffles are inserted or a larger external sound collector is attached. The ear has a range of approximately one kilometer on clear days, about half that in rainy or snowy weather. Special baffle inserts to filter out weather noises or the sound of the wind are available directly from the manufacturer for a small additional fee.

CARSWELL-BABBAGE ANALYTICAL ENUMERATOR (CBAE)

When Dr. Hiram Carswell perfected Charles Babbage's analytical engine in 1892, it quickly revolutionized aerial travel and made ether travel safe and respectable. Several experiments were conducted to see if the Carswell-Babbage Engine (CBE) could remotely pilot an ether vessel, but the computations were found to be too immense and the number of punch cards required (estimated about five million) prohibitively expensive. Nevertheless, the CBE found hundreds of uses in business, government and the military. In 1904, Dr. Carswell and several assistants perfected a portable analytical engine, again revolutionizing the field of clacking. Scientists in New York took the portable analytical engine into the hospital and began experiments to see if electrical stimulus directed by an analytical engine could reproduce human actions. They hoped to develop a means for the paralyzed to walk again, but they were ultimately unsuccessful due to the weight limitations of the analytical engine, and the whole line of inquiry dropped. By 1910, however, the New York experiments were being resumed by Herr Goethe von Hochwalder and his team at the Berlin Institute for the Disabled, this time using an experimental, smaller model Carswell Babbage Analytical Enumerator. The von Hochwalder experiments produced the first working muscular actuator, which in turn allowed the analytical enumerator to send signals to the human body. Together, the two could make the paralyzed walk again or use their arms. Quickly adopted for use, the CBAE with HMA revolutionized rehabilitative medicine, yet it also introduced the world to new possibilities. Want to box like the Marquis of Queensbury? Never learned to swim? Well with a CBAE/HMA all this became possible.

The Carswell Babbage Analytical Enumerator is a twenty pound sealed black box with harness straps attached to it. On the top of the box is a collapsible punch card holder, and on the bottom, a series of covered holes and a folding pole with an attached wheel. The pole and wheel can be lowered to provide additional support for the CBAE, and the covered ports are where the von Hochwalder Muscular Actuators are attached. Punch cards drop into the top slot, telling the CBAE to generate electrical charges and send them out through the muscular actuators to the respective muscle groups. The actuators stimulate the muscle groups necessary to perform the required action. Because of the punch card limitation, no action can be performed more than ten times without stopping and reinserting the punch cards in the proper order.

THE *TRANSACTIONS* CAMPAIGN: SECRET OF THE PYRAMID

BY MARK CLARK

"Martian Civilization is over 30,000 years old. Humans have been on Mars for less than thirty of those years. We must therefore conclude that we have only just begun to scratch the surface of this ancient planet's history. If we are to learn more, we must proceed to literally scratch its surface, excavating the treasures buried for millennia to learn the secrets even the Martians themselves no longer remember. The process is often dangerous and difficult, but if Science is to replace ignorance we must persevere, even in the face of great danger. I do not know if I will return from the desert this time, but I will never regret my going."

Excerpt from Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth's address to the members of the Royal Martian Geographical Society before his departure with the members of the Golden Pyramid Expedition, August 2, 1889. The full text of his address can be found in Victor Hatherly, *A Memorial Tribute to Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth, Being an Account of His Discoveries and Tragic Death at the Golden Pyramid of Na-AlepAkoth*, Digby and Digby, London and Syrtis Major, 1890.

INTRODUCTION

Ancient Martian burial sites are the surest way to wealth on Mars; they are also the most dangerous. In this adventure, the characters explore the golden pyramid they found in the course of the first *Transactions* adventure "Mutiny on the *Majestic*." They will meet a number of interesting advisors in Syrtis Major, travel to the dig site, and then delve into the secret of the tomb. They then face danger from both above and below, as their old friend Colonel O'Reilly of the ARI decides to pay a call.

THE STORY SO FAR

The character's journey to Mars was rather rudely interrupted by the hijacking of the ether liner they were traveling on, the HMS *Majestic*. In the course of the mutiny, they were imprisoned by Colonel Ian O'Reilly of the Army of the Republic of Ireland, a notorious Fenian. O'Reilly left the characters to die in the wastes of the Aerial Hills, to the east of the Martian Crown Colony. Due to their skills at wilderness survival, they managed to return to civilization. During their travels in the hills, they discovered a small golden pyramid uncovered by the wind. They tried to excavate it, but without tools they were unable to reach its base. After noting its position, they went on. As this adventure opens, the players have just reached Syrtis Major after being picked up by a British Army patrol.

MEET THE PRESS

The characters are media celebrities as a result of the hijacking and their experiences in the desert. They are questioned at length by reporters about what happened to them, and they see their names in print the next day in the *Syrtis Star*. Major McGrath and Sgt. Major O’Shaughnessy are ordered to report to the Governor General’s office at the Residency, and will be expected to give a full report on O’Reilly’s troops and defenses. No doubt someone in all of this questioning will say something about the Golden Pyramid (Lord Herring is an excellent candidate). Even if they don’t mention it in public, the players no doubt will want to return to it and explore. Any preparations they make to that end, either public or secret, come to the attention of Mr. Lionel Tyler, who invites them to call on him at his office in the legation compound (see map in this issue’s “Edward’s Guide to Mars”).

MR. TYLER!

Lionel Tyler is a rather interesting gentleman (see the article following this one for a more complete background). After taking the group to lunch and giving them a tour of his museum and library (both Victor Hatherly and Clive Wentworth should find this very interesting), Tyler will bring up the pyramid. He offers to finance the expedition, in return for a share of any treasure found and the right to examine all artifacts discovered. He will also offer to use his influence with the Governor General to get troops assigned to protect the expedition. No doubt the group will accept. Tyler explains that he is unable to go himself, but that his good friend Dr. Hollingsworth will accompany them.

Dr. Jonathan Hollingsworth (Doctor, Detective)

Strength: 3	Intellect: 5
Agility: 3	Charisma: 3
Endurance: 3	Social Level: 4

Skills: Close Combat 1 (edged weapon), Crime 2 (lockpick), Marksmanship 3 (pistol), Tracking 2, Science 4 (Biology), Theatrics 1, Linguistics 1 (French), Medicine 5.

Dr. Hollingsworth came to Mars to pursue his interest in biology, and has made his living as an expedition physician. He is a good friend of Tyler’s, and will look out for his interests before he meets his demise in the course of the expedition. Dr. Hollingsworth is constantly accompanied by a young Martian boy with a peg leg, Marzipan (Hollingsworth named him for the boy’s favorite candy). Hollingsworth saved the boy’s life after he was attacked by canal sharks, and he has been the doctor’s faithful companion ever since.

ORGANIZING THE EXPEDITION

Tyler is as good as his word. The party meets Dr. Hollingsworth the next day. He will help the party obtain gashants and ruumet breehrs to carry their baggage, and some twenty Martian diggers to perform the excavation. Hollingsworth also suggests they arrange for a private telegraph line to link the expedition to the outside world (see the article “Parhooni Telephone

and Telegraph" in this issue).

If the characters make any inquiries about the armed escort Tyler promised to find for them, they are told that the unit will meet them the next day when they set off. No other details are available (military secrets, you know), but any character who makes a difficult Observation roll notices that the people they are trying to get information from are trying very hard to keep from laughing.

SETTING OFF

The reason for their amusement becomes apparent the next day. After their baggage is prepared and the Martian diggers assembled, their escort will arrive. The unit is none other than Company A of the 62nd St. John Fusiliers, better known as the Amazonians. This all female unit is detailed in GDW's *Soldiers Companion*. For those without that reference, treat them as a trained platoon sized unit (nine persons in *Space: 1889* terms), but with a marksmanship of 3. No doubt the group will be scandalized, especially the Major and the Sgt. Major (Protected by women? How absurd!), but protests will be unsuccessful. All other troops are needed for the Oenotrian War, so it's these women or nothing.

After sorting out a marching order, the party sets out. The exact location of the pyramid is up to the referee, but it is suggested it be in the Aerial Hills, between 50 and 100 miles east of the midpoint of the Syrtis Major-Parhoon canal. The road running along west side of the canal provides the easiest travel route, and Dr. Hollingsworth will suggest it. The canal runs through essentially flat country for the first 300 miles out from Syrtis Major, and then ascends through a series of locks the last 200 miles to Parhoon. The first hundred miles out from Syrtis Major are fertile and well populated (the pushti fruit plantations just north of the city are particularly spectacular), but as the Aerial hills draw closer, the fertile strip becomes much narrower and settlement is sparse. The last fifty miles before the group turns off into the hills is uninhabited, and the only signs of civilization are the poles of the Royal Parhooni Telegraph Company. The referee should feel free to roll for encounters along the way; treat any result during the last fifty miles as a repair crew working on the canal banks.

Sometime during the trip, the party should see a British *Aphid*-class aerial gunboat overhead. If they signal it, it will descend. It is, in fact, the *Aphid*, out on routine anti-piracy patrol. After exchanging information with the party about local conditions and warning them to keep a careful watch, the ship will continue north.

INTO THE DESERT

When the party reaches the point where they turn off into the hills, they will have to cross over from the road to the east side of the canal. Prior to crossing they should hook up the telegraph, using the short length of submarine cable the telegraph company provided. The canal is at low flow, so the party should have no trouble crossing (unless the referee is feeling frisky).

The trip into the hills should be without incident. The fertile strip along the canal is very narrow here, and the party will soon be in an arid region of

rolling hills. Since this is the same route they followed to get to the canal, they will have little problem finding the pyramid again. Once in the general area, a difficult Tracking roll (roll once per day) allows the location of the exact site.

THE PYRAMID

After setting up camp and arranging for guards, the players can examine the pyramid. It looks much as it did when they last saw it: a small four-sided pyramid made from some sort of golden metal sitting on top of a small hill. A small clear crystal is set into the top of the pyramid. The pyramid stands only two feet high, but it goes down into the ground as far as casual digging by hand will reveal.

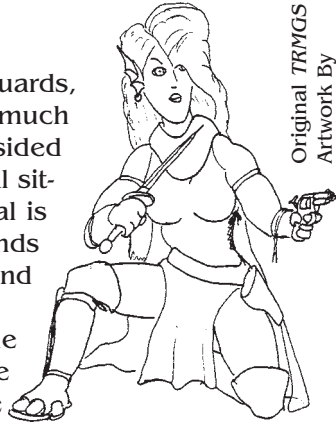
The Martian diggers will quickly uncover the first ten feet around the base. This reveals a hole on one of the faces five feet in diameter. The interior is filled with dirt as well. After the dirt is removed from the inside, light reflecting from the crystal on top will create a sparkling pattern of lights inside the structure. The crystal was originally a holographic projector powered by sunlight; wear on its outside surface has made it into merely a colored light machine. The lights have no effect other than to make the Martian diggers nervous enough to demand higher pay.

The pyramid continues down for another 120 feet. The party will no doubt dig inside rather than outside; the digging will go much faster. It will take about two months to reach the base digging from the inside; this time can be reduced if Hatherly or Wentworth come up with some sort of hoist or digging tools to aid the Martians. If for some reason they dig on the outside, it takes six months to uncover each face, and the surface uncovered will be completely featureless with no entrances.

At the base of the pyramid the party will find a rock floor, upon which is a smaller pyramid similar in shape to the larger one. The Martian diggers will immediately flee for Syrtis Major when the top of the pyramid is uncovered, as it is inscribed with the ancient Martian symbol of death. The party will have to uncover the rest of the pyramid themselves. The small pyramid has writing on three of the four surfaces. One is in an unknown language, the second is in ancient Martian language as yet untranslated, and the third is in Ancient Egyptian! An average Archeology roll translates the inscription to read: "Here waits Na-AlepAkoth for the return of His Companions."

The fourth face reveals a representation of the solar system, surrounded by the outline of a door. If someone touches it, they will find that all the planets except Mars will move in their orbits. There is also a ninth planet with an orbit outside Neptune (this is Pluto, as yet undiscovered in 1889). If the arrangement of planets is recorded, later calculations by anyone with Physics 2 or better will give a date of about 3500 BC as the last time the planets were aligned that way.

If the planets are aligned in relation to Mars as they are in 1889 (Pluto can be moved at random once the other seven are set), the door will open,



Original TRMGS
Artwork By
Brian Kendall

revealing a pyramid-shaped room. In each of the four corners is a life sized statue, one of a Human, one of a Martian, one of a Lizardman, and one of a Selenite. All of the statues are naked, perfectly formed, and made of solid gold. At the center of the room is a small rectangular dais with a clear glass sphere on top. Inside the sphere floats a brain. An easy Biology or Medicine roll will reveal that the brain is not that of any known race. Next to the sphere is an orrery (a model of the solar system) that appears to be very old. It is unusual in that it has a planet where the asteroid belt is. The surface of all the planets have a small mark at one point. The mark on Mars corresponds to the pyramid's location.

ATTACK

After the party has a few minutes to examine the room, they will hear the sounds of gunfire. Returning to the surface, they will see that they are under attack by a hundreds of Hill Martians. The remaining troops have retreated to the dirt piles excavated from the pyramid (the party did remember to shape them into breastworks, didn't they?). The telegraph operator manages to gasp out that he sent a call for help, and then dies from his wounds. Things look bad for our heroes, as the Martians wave the heads of the diggers who fled (remember them?) on the ends of spears and shout about killing the infidel who violate the tombs of their ancestors. The fight can go on as long as you wish, depending on the tastes of your players, but just when things look black, the players will hear the sound of British artillery. It's the *Aphid*, come to save the day! The gunboat will drive off the Martians, and then land, with the players cheering, no doubt. Their joy will turn to horror, as they see who commands the *Aphid*: Colonel O'Reilly!

O'REILLY RETURNS

O'Reilly laughs, and explains that his new ship *Tyrant's Death* (made from parts of the *Majestic*) defeated the *Aphid* in combat, and he now plans to use the *Aphid* for his cause. He will disarm the players, and proceed to examine the pyramid and take the statues. The brain he tosses to the floor just to watch it break; when Hollingsworth tries to interfere O'Reilly shoots him down. O'Reilly then departs, taking Marzipan kicking and screaming with him, along with all the surviving members of the Amazonians. The players then are free to return to Syrtis Major.

AFTERMATH

The players now face the task of getting out of the hills and back to civilization. O'Reilly cut the telegraph wire before he attacked, but if the players can make it to the canal, they can hook up their transmitter and call for help. When they return to Syrtis Major, Tyler will pay each survivor fifty pounds in exchange for their notes and pictures of the pyramid. He will also take the orrery for display in his museum. If the players examine the orrery carefully, they will notice that there is a small mark on each of the planets or on one of its moons. Just where each mark is is up to the GM, but the Earth mark should be on Egypt. What are those marks, and what might be located there? Only more adventures will answer that question!

PLEBEIANS & PERSONAGES : LIONEL BARTHOLOMEW TYLER

THE TYLER FOUNDATION, AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES

THE TYLER MUSEUM OF MARTIANS ANTIQUITIES, THE TYLER FREE MARTIAN
LIBRARY, THE TYLER LIFTWOOD RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CENTER, THE
TYLER INSTITUTE OF MARTIAN STUDIES, AND TYLER TOWN.

BY JOHN M. CORRADIN

"Gentlemen... and Ladies, while knowledge may be the key to power and understanding, it's resources that grease the wheels of progress." — Lionel B. Tyler

As a gamemaster there are often times when your hardy adventurers are in desperate need of money or information. Although you may wish to afford them access to the knowledge and resources they need, many scenario designs do not allow for governmental involvement and "Deus ex machina" never sits quite right. It is precisely for these occasions that an independent agency such as The Tyler Foundation and its subsidiaries can function as the perfect liaison between a gamemaster and his players. Lionel Tyler is young, impetuous, devoted, patriotic, and enterprising. It is hard to imagine a venture that could not procure Tyler's involvement. Although rash and overly excitable, Tyler has a brilliant business mind and will gain assurances as to his share of the profits before proceeding.

BACKGROUND

Lionel Tyler was born in Boston with a silver spoon in his mouth and a railroad spike in his hand. His parents—a mongrel immigrant turned self-made millionaire railroad tycoon and a proper Bostonian who traced her family lineage to English royalty—lavished him with everything a lad could desire. His father saw in him the heir to his expanding financial empire, while his mother's dreams ran to politics and the presidency. It was not long, however, before Lionel had outpaced their dreams. At age three he was well versed in the three R's; he entered high school at age eight; graduated from Harvard prior to his twelfth birthday; then went on to Cambridge where, at age 14, he matriculated magna cum laude. Much to the chagrin of this parents, however, neither politics nor business captured his imagination. Rather he was drawn to the mysterious and the unknown and took his degrees in Archaeology and Structural Engineering.

After nearly three years of dabbling in a variety of earthbound endeavors, Lionel grew bored... the doors were always open, the roads always paved, and he could not escape his parent's shadow. On March 11, 1889, at age 18, Tyler first set foot on Martian soil with one month's allowance (£1200) and his faithful bodyguard Ironhead. Within the month he had become an integral part of a team which not only defeated the an unnamed European

power in an encounter, but also uncovered the greatest archaeological find in recent Martian history—the Burial Tomb of Seldon XXXVII. His career skyrocketed from there. In quick succession Tyler led teams on excavations of an ancient Martian temple (circa 141 BC) and of a partially-operational pumping station deep beneath a mountain in the Shastapsh Range. Tyler invested the monies he garnered from these projects (substantial payments from several Earth governments for services and goods received are rumored to be part of his compensation). With funds from his lucrative investments, Tyler built his foundation and its subsidiaries. Each subsidiary organization has its own unique goals and agendas; and each, too, must stand on its own financial feet.

MOTIVATIONS

“There is no difficulty that can not be overcome by a quick wit, a good book, and a suitable application of high explosives.” — Lionel B. Tyler

Uncovering the mysteries of the Red Planet is the primary motivator of Tyler and his many corporate arms. Any venture which delves into Mars’ past is irresistible to him. He will insist that in return for the research information and resources he expends that, in addition to his fair share of booty, he receives the right to study and exhibit all artifacts recovered. The secondary goal of The Tyler Foundation and its subsidiaries is the expansion of Tyler’s financial empire. Tyler firmly believes that the achievement of his primary goal is limited only by the size of the resource pool from which he can draw. To this end, he will invest in endeavors which he feels will be potentially profitable, even if the profits accumulate only over a long period of time. Finally, Tyler is an American patriot. He will support any effort to solidify the American presence on Mars and will comply with all reasonable requests by the American government for aid.

Lionel Tyler, Tyler Foundation (Archaeologist, Engineer, Investor)

Strength: 1	Intellect: 7
Agility: 2	Charisma: 4
Endurance: 3	Social Level: 6

Skills: Stealth 2, Foraging 2, Mountaineering 3, Mapping 2, Observation 6, Structural Engineering 4, Explosives 5, Naval Architecture 2, Earthworks 3, Physics 3, Chemistry 3, Biology 3, Geology 4, Archaeology 6, Eloquence 4, Bargaining 3, Linguistics 5 (German 2, Parhooni 3, Songaaryani 4, Koline 3, Khallane 3), Riding 5 (Horse 5, Camel 2, Elephant 3, Gashant 4, Ruumet Breehr 2), Piloting 1 (Sailing Vessel), Leadership 2, Medicine 1.

Note: Tyler is a very experienced adventurer, and his skills reflect this. Although his Intellect is given as 7 (a score not normally possible in the *Space: 1889* system), this score applies only to projects where he has time to think and study. Under stress Tyler will often do rather stupid things, explaining later that “It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Jake "Ironhead" Nagurski, (Mechanic, Foreman, Bodyguard)

Strength: 5	Intellect: 1
Agility: 4	Charisma: 3
Endurance: 6	Social Level : 2

Skills: Fisticuffs 5, Throwing 2, Close Combat 6 (Bashing Weapons), Stealth 3, Marksmanship 3 (Pistol 3, Rifle 3), Mechanics 4 (Steam 4, Machinist 3), Mapping 4, Foraging 2, Observation 3, Explosives 2, Bargaining 2, Riding (Horse 4, Gashant 2), Leadership 2, Medicine 2.

Note: Jake is a burly, work-hardened, ex-railroad gang foreman and mechanic. Just after Lionel's birth, his father chose Jake to act as the young boy's companion and bodyguard. Since that day, the two have been virtually inseparable. Nicknamed "Ironhead" by Tyler for his ability to take punishment as well as dish it out, Jake keeps in shape by carrying Tyler's copious personal library wherever they wander. A likeable chap with a broad smile, Jake is pleasant company though he is overprotective of the young Tyler.

ENCOUNTER IDEAS

As noted previously, virtually any adventure design can utilize The Tyler Foundation. Adventurers can bring unidentifiable or mysterious items, inscriptions, and rituals to Tyler for explanation and/or for profit. The Tyler Free Martian Library contains a copy of every available text published about Mars or written by a Martian, including maps and other reference materials. Tyler also maintains a private collection of rare and one-of-a-kind Martian tomes, many of which he is only now beginning the process of translating.

Tyler himself cannot resist an excavation and will accompany any reasonable venture proposed. His favorite projects involve ancient Martian scientific sites, but any dig will pique his interest. Tyler espouses the theory that, since Martians have eight digits on their hands, the ancient Martian culture revolved around the number eight and that their mathematics system used base eight. Tyler is fond of citing the facts that ancient sites are often circular containing eight spokes and that all distances are in multiples of eight. Thus, the smallest find can lead to a significant discovery if this theory is properly applied by archeologists.

Tyler's personal idiosyncrasies and pet projects can also be used to draw him into an adventure. Among his projects is the development of a Martian railway system. Considering his background, Tyler knows the enormous profits which can be generated by successfully linking the various areas on Mars. Since much of the Martian landscape is still unknown to Earthmen, Tyler is eager to be represented on expeditions to previously unexplored territories on the off chance he can procure future rail rights. Tyler is also preoccupied with liftwood which he finds entirely fascinating and grossly underdeveloped as a resource. Tyler believes there is potential profit in the cultivation of liftwood. Expeditions to liftwood forests, evidence of subspecies, or the possible discovery of alternative uses of liftwood all will intrigue him.

Finally, Tyler is an explosives expert. Although he never carries hand weapons, Tyler always travels with several cases of dynamite. He appears to experience intense carnal enjoyment from witnessing explosions. Projects calling for the use of explosives will likewise entice him.

EDWARD'S GUIDE TO SYRTIS MAJOR: THE LEGATION COMPOUND

BY STEVE WHITMORE

Any traveler to the Far East or South America would be familiar with the basic form of the Legation Compound at Syrtis Major. On Mars the British have remained true to form. They have combined existing Martian buildings with new construction to provide a secure location for the Embassies of the other earth powers on Mars. The following is a description of the legation compound that expands on the very basic information given in the *Space: 1889* rulebook. The numbers given are keyed to the map at the end of this article.

1. VICTORIA BOULEVARD

Dividing the Legation Compound along its long axis is Victoria Boulevard, a wide thoroughfare paved in cobblestones. The compound is divided along the short axis by Victoria Park, a true little touch of England that separates the legations into two clusters. The park is noted for its walking and riding trails and is most famous for the pond (1A) stocked with swans. The northern edge of the park is bordered by Victoria Boulevard and on the south by Mayfair Avenue. Across Victoria Boulevard from the park is a row of fashionable shops (1B) catering to the legation population. Along Mayfair Avenue are the most sought after apartments in Syrtis Major. They are so attractive that the consulate of the Kingdom of Siam purchased the easternmost pair of flats (1C). They use one for the Consulate and one for the Consul General's residence.

2. THE EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Those Americans somehow managed to locate their embassy compound on the eastern end of the park. This affords the ambassador a grand view from his office window. The Americans have three buildings in their compound: the Embassy itself, the Ambassador's residence, and a stable for three horse drawn carriages. Over the stable is a small barracks that houses the Marines who guard the compound.

3. THE DUTCH CONSULATE

This rather large structure originally housed the Belgian Embassy in addition to the Dutch representative. Conflict over Belgian activities in the Coprates caused King Leopold to eject the British Ambassador from New Amsterdam, leading in turn to the Belgian Ambassador leaving Syrtis Major, along with his staff. The Dutch Consul-General now handles all affairs for the Belgians in Syrtis Major, including the issuing of permits for travel to the Coprates

4. THE GERMAN EMBASSY

The German Legation is located facing Empire Park in the west end of the compound. It is separated from its neighbors by narrow cobblestone streets.

The streets are more lane than street and are found through out the Legation compound providing access to those entrances not serviced by Victoria Boulevard. They are used by tradesmen to gain access to the rear of the various Embassies. (For a detailed description of the German Legation see the *Space: 1889* main rulebook.)

5. CONSULATE OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE

The Legation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is in the south-west corner of the Legation Compound. Consisting four buildings, the Austro-Hungarian is typical of most of the legations of the major European Powers. It consists of a large square two story structure that houses the Embassy, a block of stables, a two story stone building facing the German Legation that contains the trade mission on the first floor and a barracks on the second, and a two story house for the ambassador and his family.

6. RUSSIAN EMBASSY

Larger than all but the Foreign Office building, the Russian compound dominates the northwest corner of legation area. The stone and marble three story "C" shaped embassy sits in the middle of the site overlooking the wide drive leading to the front door. A suspiciously large trade delegation occupies a proportionally large structure, a 2 story "L" shaped building backing on Princeton Lane. The other buildings are an ambassador's residence and a small stable.

7. ITALIAN LEGATION

8. THE HOLY SEE ON MARS

The Italian Legation and the Holy See on Mars are similar small compounds, each consisting of a two story embassy and an ambassador's residence.

9. APARTMENT BLOCKS

The two blocks of flats between Princeton Lane and Baker Street were originally intended to be a group of three story townhouses. During construction the builder realized that he would be able to realize more in rents from flats than from town homes. This left the facades for the town homes in place creating two very elegant blocks. All the flats have running water and indoor water closets along with complete kitchens. Servants quarters are on the first floor. Baker Street has become a favorite address for would-be detectives who hope that the connection with the more famous street in London and the proximity to the legations will bring them clients.

10. EMPIRE SQUARE

Occupying the center of the western cluster of legations is Empire Square. It is a small plot of Earth grass that divides Victoria Boulevard, forcing traffic to travel around the Square. Rising *Majestically* over the square is the Eye of Ramses: a 35 foot tall obelisk made from polished native stone. At sunset the obelisk seems to glow blood red, reflecting the sun almost in a crystalline manner. This phenomenon has given rise to a small but dedicated cult of Canal Martians who believe that the "red men" have created the means of

their own demise. They have come to the conclusion that one day the red glow of the obelisk will grow so strong as to sweep all the Europeans off Mars.

11. LEGATION PLAZA

If one approaches the Legation Compound from the north, one must cross Legation Plaza. This vast open area paved with white stone supposedly dates from the time of Seldon. On weekdays between the hours of eight in the morning and noon an open air market catering to the residents of the Legation Compound operates. In the afternoon the English garrison parades on the plaza in a traditional show of strength.

12. THE BARRACKS

North across Victoria Boulevard is the Legation Barracks, home to two companies of the South Wales Borderers, who serve as guards for the compound. A joke among the residents of the legation compound is that the troops are there to watch the Americans to make sure they don't ship everything that isn't nailed down back to Earth. There is an officers mess and quarters, armory, and a stable. The officer's mess is a two story building connected to both the basement of the armory and the other ranks barracks by a series of tunnels. The first floor of the officer's mess contains a large formal dining room and sitting room, as well as a fine kitchen. The second floor contains sleeping quarters for up to ten officers. For those in the Legation Compound an invitation to dinner at the officer's mess is prized. The chef is the same one used by the Foreign Office on Mars for official functions. The food for those functions is superb, but he truly excels in the more intimate setting of the officer's mess. Other ranks have a two story whitewashed brick building that faces the parade ground. The first floor houses the day room, sergeants mess, and the general mess.

13. APARTMENT BLOCKS

Located north of the clubs is a group of apartment buildings, all some three stories in height. There are four apartments per floor ranging in size from one bedroom to four bedrooms in size. The building itself is interesting in that it was converted from a Martian slaughterhouse. Even so, the apartments have the spacious and yet comfortable feel of a quality London Flat. They are the favorites of the trendy up and comers at the Foreign Office. Indeed, the Permanent Secretary to the Minister for Foreign Affairs on Mars has taken residence in a four bedroom flat overlooking the Barracks and the clubs. One of the buildings closest to the Foreign Office building has been taken over by the Foreign Office on Mars staff for additional office space. It is considered to be a career ending move to have your office assigned to the annex.

14. CLUBS

In the eastern end of the Legation Compound located between the Portuguese Legation and the apartment buildings is a block of three nearly identical buildings that house clubs catering to legation compound residents.

The Empire Club caters to an exclusive clientele of the gentry who hold Foreign Service careers. Foreigners are most likely to belong to the Continental Club. Those who cannot meet the stringent membership requirements of the other two clubs are members of the Mayfair Club. All of the clubs are furnished in the same manner, though the level of appointment are equal to the status of the establishment. The buildings all have two sitting rooms on the second floor, with many overstuffed chairs for members, and a large dinning room that serves lunch and dinner on the ground floor. All the clubs have several small rooms for members who are forced to stay over night.

15. FOREIGN OFFICE ON MARS

Normally the Foreign Office would only have a small liaison office at a colonial capital. However, due to the distance to Earth and the number of other powers on Mars a larger presence is maintained. The Minister for Foreign Affairs on Mars (who holds the rank of deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Foreign Office) also has been given the post of Ambassador to Mars. He has some limited authority to make foreign policy decisions concerning Mars. This has brought him into conflict with the Governor General more than once. To provide support for the Minister, a large bureaucracy works in the Foreign Office Building and it's annex. As it is the role of the Foreign Office on Mars to deal with foreign powers the Ministry was located in the legation compound.

Dominating the eastern end of the Legation Compound, a massive three story U shaped building sits in isolated splendor. The foyer of the Foreign Office building is typical of any of the Ministries in London. The first thing a visitor will notice is the ornate three story lobby complete with information desk and security guards. One cannot reach the offices without showing a pass or registering at the information desk. Once past the information desk the offices can be reached by either the stairs or the lift, one of the few on Mars. Junior officers have small sparsely furnished offices, the larger ones being reserved for senior staff.

16. RESIDENCE OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY FOR MARS

Adjacent to the Foreign Office building is the Minister's residence, a two story building in the Mediterranean style with wide verandas. Since the new Minister did not find his second floor bedroom cool enough for sleeping, he had one of the rooms in the basement converted to a private sleeping room. He has offered a bonus to anyone who can build him a cooling machine for his quarters. Formal dinners are held in the first floor dining room around the great table. Made from the deck planking of a downed Martian flyer, it seats 38 or 40 in a pinch. When receiving for smaller groups, the Minister has one of the sitting rooms converted to a dining room. If he desires to have personnel guests he can put them up in one of the five bedrooms on the second floor, including the one he no longer uses.

17. SPANISH LEGATION

Next to the Portuguese Consulate is the small Spanish Legation. There is a small embassy building and a residence for the Consul General. The Spanish, like the Italians, have a very small presence on Mars and their embassy is sized accordingly. A visitor to the embassy should take note of the two Goyas on display.

18. PORTUGUESE CONSULATE

Much to the chagrin of the Spanish the Portuguese built their Consulate larger than the Spanish. Not only is the Consulate building larger than the Spanish Embassy but the compound contains an additional building. The third structure houses the Portuguese trade delegation, whose sole function seems to be managing the cork trade.

19. FRENCH LEGATION

Second only to the Russian Embassy, the French Embassy sits in the south-east corner of the Legation Compound. They have built an Louis XIV Embassy in all the glory that was France of the end of the last century. Adding to the splendor is the Ambassador's residence in Martian stone and French gilt. The Trade Delegation is almost as large as the Embassy, but it was constructed in a imitation Martian style that some have found offensive in middle of the Legation Compound. The French reason for building it in this style is quit pragmatic, as they would say, "We trade with Martians and they feel more at home here so they are more willing to bargain." The French have a full platoon of infantry stationed here, the largest of the garrisons. To house them they have built a two story barracks.

20. THE ADVENTURERS CLUB

One might ask why is there an Adventures Club when there is an Explorers Club? To find the answer just ask any non-Englishman and he will tell you that he can not join the Explorers Club. As a result, a small tavern in the legation compound that had been a meeting place for a group of American adventurers was converted into the Adventures Club. Though the membership has increased to the point that there is some strain on the facilities, there is no pressure to leave the Legation Compound as it is the home of "Foreigners".

21. THE TYLER FOUNDATION

This is the original building used by the foundation, though most of it's offices are now elsewhere.

22. THE ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

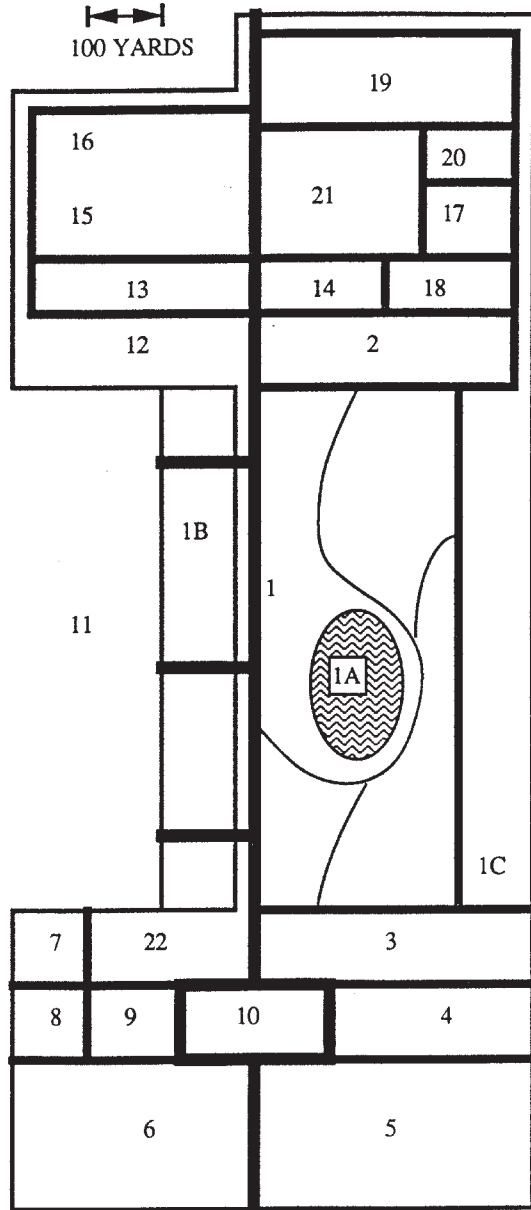
This unassuming building houses the main offices of the Society, as well as the editorial offices of the *Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society*.

THE LEGATION COMPOUND AT SYRTIS MAJOR

← NORTH

KEY:

- 1) Victoria Boulevard
 - 1A) Swan Pond
 - 1B) Shops
 - 1C) Consulate of the Kingdom of Siam
- 2) The Embassy Of The United States Of America
- 3) The Dutch Consulate
- 4) The German Legation
- 5) Legation Of The Austro-Hungarian Empire
- 6) Russian Embassy
- 7) Italian Legation
- 8) The Holy See On Mars
- 9) Apartment Blocks
- 10) Empire Square
- 11) Legation Plaza
- 12) The Barracks
- 13) Apartment Blocks
- 14) Clubs
- 15) Foreign Office On Mars
- 16) Residence Of The Foreign Secretary For Mars
- 17) Spanish Legation
- 18) Portuguese Legation
- 19) French Legation
- 20) The Adventurers Club
- 21) The Tyler Foundation
- 22) The Royal Martian Geographical Society



Original TRMGS Art

THE PARHOONI TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH SERVICE

BY MARK CLARK

"There is one thing that separates the British Empire in the late 19th century from all previous empires. It is not its size: while large it is not the largest that ever was. Neither is it the fact that the sun never sets on it: several other colonial empires claimed that distinction well before the British did. No, what distinguishes the empire created in the name of the English Crown is the careful attention her Majesty's government has paid to the question of communications. The world-wide net of telegraph cables that links the Empire on Earth allows the close coordination of imperial policy between England and the colonies, and prevents the lack of control from the center that has caused the breakup of so many empires in the past. That same telegraphic net has been established in the Martian Crown Colony, and with the completion in 1882 of the orbital heliograph stations orbiting Earth and Mars, the entire empire was linked. The triumph of the British Empire is not its military might, great as that is, nor is it its wealth, the greatest the world has ever seen. The true triumph is the telephone and telegraph system that links the Queen's dominions, binding them all to the Queen's service."

James Thurston Brown, Presidential Address to the Royal Electrical and Etheric Engineering Society, London, 1889.

TELEGRAPH SERVICE

The Royal Parhooni Telegraph Service links all of the cities of the British Crown Colony. The telegraph lines run along the sides of the canals linking the cities, and branch lines extend to all villages and towns along the route. The only British controlled city not linked by the telegraph system is the line to Shastapsh; it was under construction at the start of the Oenotrian War and work has been suspended pending the war's completion.

A message costs two pence per word; there is a one shilling (ten word) minimum. Messages are delivered at no extra charge within city limits; delivery by letter to individuals outside of cities is available for an additional charge. It is customary to tip the delivery boy a few pence.

Each of the three field columns in the Oenotrian campaign has a dedicated telegraph line connecting it with Army Headquarters in Syrtis Major. These have proved invaluable in coordinating Her Majesty's forces, and have prevented a number of reverses. Of course, commanders in the field often complain about being under the thumb of the high command.

Expeditions in the area around the Crown Colony may wish to take advantage of the Telegraph Service's ability to connect them with civilization.

The Royal Parhooni Telegraph Service allows the connection of private lines to its outlying lines for a flat fee of five pounds per month or fraction of a month; this fee includes the services of a company trained operator. Expeditions are responsible for building and maintaining their own line from the company's line to their campsite. The cost of wire and telegraph instruments is listed in the *Space: 1889* rulebook; purchase prices on Mars should be at least double those given there. Building a line is an Easy task; roll against the Electricity skill once per day during construction. Failure means that an additional day must be spent tracing down the problem. If none of the player characters have electricity skill (What, no one is playing an Inventor?!), the operator supplied by the telegraph company has an electricity skill of 1.

The only other major telegraph system on Mars is in the Belgian Coprates. A number of Martian states are in the process of building systems, most notably the Boreosyrtis League and the Tossian Empire. The Tossian system is being planned and built by engineers of the Western Union company of the United States. On Venus, the German colony has established a small telegraph network, noteworthy primarily for its use of insulated submarine cable to withstand the rigors of the Venusian climate.

TELEPHONE SERVICE

Parhoon, Gorovaan and Syrtis Major all have telephone systems. The systems share a number of characteristics. All calls are placed through an operator. Connections can be made only within town; there is no long distance service. However, one can call the telegraph office and have a telegram sent to another city. A long distance line was in the process of being built between Syrtis Major and Parhoon, but the Oenotrian War has delayed its completion indefinitely.

Syrtis Major has the most developed telephone system despite the short time the British have ruled the city. This is due in large part to the competition between the two telephone companies in town. One, the Postal Telephone Service, is owned and operated by the British government. The other, the Syrtis Major Bell Telephone Company, is a private firm, operating under a charter granted by Prince Amraamtaba X in 1881, prior to the British takeover.

The Postal Telephone Service links all government offices of the Crown Colony, including the military barracks and the dockyards. All of the embassies also subscribe to this company's service, as do most branches of the Martian city government. The one exception is, of course, the Emerald Palace, the residence of Prince Amraamtaba. The Prince refuses to recognize the existence of the British government's telephone service, and his telephone is connected only to the Syrtis Major Bell system. Likewise, the British administration has been forbidden to use the Syrtis Major Bell lines, and as the two systems are not connected, the Residency and the Palace cannot talk to one another by telephone. Instead, all communication between the two administrations takes place by foot messenger, allowing the Prince a way of twitting the British administration in a small (very small) way.

In addition to the Emerald Palace, Syrtis Major Bell is also linked to

most of the commercial establishments in the city, especially in the British quarter (the North and Northwestern parts of town). Its service is better and its rates are lower than the Government system, so it is the preferred service of those who work for a living. In addition to businesses, professional men such as doctors, lawyers and the like also have telephones, as do members of the upper classes (Social Level 5 and 6 in game terms). Most hotels subscribe to both telephone companies as a service to their guests. In addition, both companies maintain offices in the center of the British commercial district where calls can be made for a small fee (four pence for a three minute call).

The telephone systems in Parhoon and Gorovaan are both run by the British Postal Service. The system in Parhoon is quite well developed, serving both government and private businesses, and is used by British and Martians alike. The system in Gorovaan links only government offices and a few British commercial establishments. Martians, most of whom resent the British occupation of their city, do not use the system at all. The rates in both cities are the same as for the Postal System in Syrtis Major.

The only other operating public telephone system on Mars is that in Thymiamata. A subsidiary of the Bell Telephone Company, Thymiamata Bell has as its primary customers the American merchants who now dominate trade in that city. The city government and the American armed forces stationed there are also connected to the telephone exchange.

In addition to the public telephones systems described above, there are a number of private networks. Several Martian Princes with progressive views have installed telephone systems in their palaces. The hereditary traders association of the Boreosyrtis League has purchased a telephone exchange, which is presently being installed in the League's auction center in Meroe. Of course, small networks may exist under special circumstances elsewhere on Mars, but they are rare and should not be encountered by players very often.

RATES

	<u>Postal System</u>	<u>Bell System</u>
Installation	£2	£1
Monthly Charge*	2/—	1/6
Per Minute	1.25 d	1 d

*includes 20 free minutes of use

Note: These rates are higher than those prevailing on Earth at this time; this is due to the high cost of transporting the equipment to Mars.

THE ORBITAL HELIOGRAPH SYSTEM

Her Majesty's Orbital Station *Forsage* is the Martian part of the heliograph system that links that planet to Earth. The *Forsage*, hovering in arestationary orbit over the Crown Colony, transmits to and receives messages from its sister ship in Earth orbit, the *Harbinger*. After being received from Earth, all message are transmitted by heliograph code from the *Forsage* to

an operator on the roof of the British residency. After decoding, they are reviewed by military censors and then passed on to the local postal system for delivery.

Sending a message via the heliograph is very expensive, so it is most often used for urgent governmental or business communication. The rate is one pound per word, with a ten pound minimum. Most firms use commonly available commercial codes where one word stands for an entire sentence or concept. Developed for use on the transatlantic cable, these codes cut costs a great deal. For those not concerned with speed, letters can be sent on board the regular ether liners that travel between the Earth and Mars. The cost is normally about two shillings an ounce for letters or small parcels. Delivery takes at least two months.

As one might imagine, the monopoly on communication that the heliograph system gives has been of great value to the British Crown. By controlling the rapid flow of information, the British government is in position to react more swiftly than other administrations on Mars to changes on Earth. Unfortunately for the British, this control is not complete. The light beam from the *Forsage* is not extremely tight, and with a powerful telescope it can be seen in most of the Crown Colony. It is no accident that astronomy is a very popular hobby for all of the staffs of the various foreign embassies, and that the sounds of calculating engines can be heard along embassy row all day long working to decode the messages that the British censors didn't pass along.

One rumor about the *Foresage* is not true: she is not a spy ship. Although the Oenotrian Empire, supported by the German government, has repeatedly claimed that the *Foresage* has been using its telescope to follow troop movements in the ongoing war, the truth of the matter is that the *Forsage's* orbit is much too high to allow effective observation. Rumor has it, however, that there are small black-painted ether flyers that have been seen in locked hangers at the Royal Navy Yard. Of course, the authorities dismiss these stories as the result of reporters' overactive imaginations.

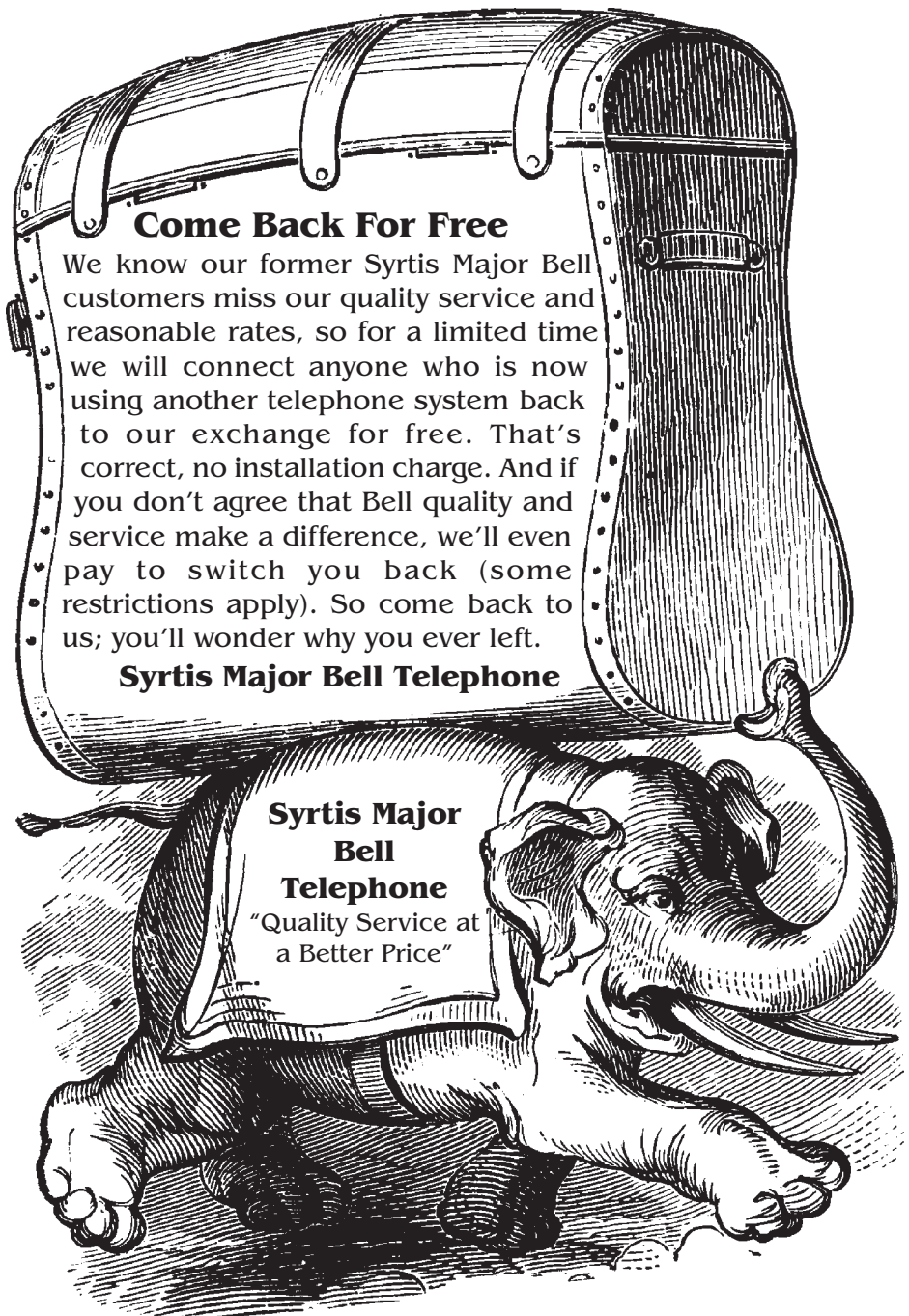
ADVENTURE IDEAS

The most common use of the telegraph system is to serve as a way of delivering messages to the players, either to summon or to warn them. Any sort of major expedition near the Crown Colony will string a telegraph line along. See the "Secret of the Pyramid" adventure in this issue for ideas along those lines. Of course, the players might also be sent out to find out why a message hasn't been received from an expedition.

Being hired to install a telephone system is an excellent way to get a group of characters to a distant city. This might be just an excuse to get them ambushed, or the installation itself might be the adventure, with crazed Worm Cultists believing the players are constructing a device to extract Martian souls through the wires or some such nonsense. Just drive them crazy as they try to install things on time and under budget.

The *Foresage* can serve as a center for adventures (plans for the station and its sister ship the *Harbinger* are given in GDW's *Tales from the Ether*), especially if the characters own an ether flyer. The arrival of a mysterious

heliograph message, delivered to the characters by mistake or design, can be the start of a tale of intrigue and death. And just what are those mysterious black ether flyers doing in the Syrtis Major Naval Yards? We might just tell you someday (or next issue).



THE UNITED STATES ARMY INFANTRY IN 1889

BY BRIAN KENDALL

Since I will undoubtedly be spending much time in future issues describing Her Most Britianic Majesty's armies, I am compelled by a sense of national pride to take this opportunity to pass on to our readers a brief description of the US Army as it was in 1889. It was by no means a sterling example of a fighting force, but in its own often overlooked way, a fine example of American know how.

The American Army of the post-Civil War era was by no means a popular one in its own country. Called by one congressman a rag-tag police force, it was constantly being belittled and abused. Congress on two separate occasions in the late 19th century adjourned without voting enough funds to pay the army, forcing its officers and men (some of whom were supporting families) to provide for themselves. For its weapons and equipment, the army was forced to draw on supplies that were stockpiled during the Civil War. As a result of these problems, there was a very real division within the army itself as to mission and appearance. Units stationed to the east of the Mississippi lived in ivy covered brick barracks, and were relatively well supplied and clothed. The Army in the West, on the other hand, spent as much time fighting against the forces of nature and the lack of supplies as against their Indian foes. (In the *Space: 1889* universe, the Army units stationed on Mars at Thymiamata are somewhat of an exception to the normal rule. As a result of their very public status as the first American combat forces on Mars, and the importance of the commercial relations between the United States and the Tossian Empire (of which Thymiamata is a part), the American units there are well supplied by the standards of the day. — Editor)

Those who joined the American Army as enlisted men in this period were either of poor background, running from the law, or were tramps, vagrants or even tradesmen seeking refuge from a harsh winter (yes, you read it right). In earlier years a majority of the recruits had been foreign, but by 1889 the number was dropping (from around 50% in 1870 to a eventual 18% in 1895). The recruit enlisted at one of the many recruiting stations in the East, and then was assigned to whichever regiment needed men. Not surprisingly, a majority of the recruits came from the New York and Boston stations. In 1890 the Inspector General of the Army asked the Congress for localized recruitment, i.e. all recruits from one geographical area would go to a specific regiment (not unlike the British method), but he was turned down. Many men who joined under "difficult circumstances" enlisted under assumed names, which led many a sergeant to warn before roll-call "NOW REMEMBER YOUR ARMY NAMES." Once the name was signed the average length of enlistment was 6.7 years.

Once he joined, the recruit was sent to a depot where he learned some basics of his new trade. These depots were a recent innovation in 1889: the first one had only been established in 1881. After his brief training the

soldier was whisked off to his regiment. Once there he was assigned to a company which became his new home. Enlisted men normally spent their entire careers in the same regiment, often in the same company they first joined. A soldier received most of his training on the job. Although a soldier first, he soon found out that he was not restricted to merely martial endeavors. In the army of the period no money was allotted for the building of forts so the soldiers had to construct them themselves.

The total strength of the company was given in the regulations as 100 men, but because of funding shortages and desertions the actual count was normally well beneath that number. The company was under the command of a Captain, ideally with two other officers to assist him. However, during this period it was not at all uncommon to find only one officer per company. The true leader of the company in its daily operations (for a soldier still had to seek permission to speak to a officer... officially) was the First Sergeant or "top kick" in the lingo of the soldier. He was the one that ran things and made them work. Discipline of the period was, although strict, somewhat informal, each company usually handling its own problems. When someone got out of line, the First Sergeant or one of his subordinates was the one who took him behind the shack and beat some sense into him.

It has been stated in the source materials for *Space: 1889* that the US Army carried no colors (flags) in the field. The authors neglected to explain why. During the period in question the Army was responsible for manning many frontier forts. Whole regiments were not sent out to do this, just their component companies. Sometimes a single company was placed in these remote locations, with hundreds of miles separating it from its nearest companions. Since only the regimental headquarters had a color, troops in the field seldom fought with one.

The soldier of the period was a practical fellow under practical officers. He made do with what he had, since supplies were normally short. His rifle, the Springfield .45/70, was merely a old Civil War musket modified for breech loading (the first bolt action rifle was not issued until 1892). Cartridges were



Original TRMGs Artwork By Brian Kendall

loaded with black powder, making the soldier an easy target once he fired a few times because of the clouds of smoke produced. When the army issued old tin-lined cartridge boxes to carry the metal rounds in (which made a ungodly noise when they were shaken even the least little bit), the soldiers invented a canvas waist belt (said to have been developed at several different posts at different times) that had a loop for each shell case (similar to the gunfighter's belt seen in so many TV Westerns). The enlisted men also realized the utter stupidity of carrying swords and bayonets for Indian fighting, and adopted heavy knives instead.

The soldier of the period can be said to have been a better marksman than those of most other armies. The US Army had learned the lessons the British would soon learn in the Boer War by fighting Indians for many years, and had established in 1885 a comprehensive system of target practice and shooting competitions. These competitions proved to be immensely popular with both men and officers, to the point that other drills suffered so that the men could spend more time on the range. In game terms, *Space: 1889* characters with an American Army background will have a higher marksmanship skill than their British counterparts (see details at the end of the article).

Since the uniforms they were given were Civil War surplus, the men usually chose to wear their own rough version of it. A shirt from the camp sutler, canvas leggings, and a tattered old slouch hat (creased fore to aft) was the standard outfit. Officers looked the other way, especially in the field, since they were men with years of experience (often Civil War veterans). In fact officers seldom wore the regulation uniform either, normally opting for a straw hat and a buckskin shirt instead of the army issue kepi and wool blouse.

They weren't a pretty army (although a new Prussian style dress uniform was just being issued in 1889), and they weren't well drilled in parade ground formations. They were men likely to duck when fired at without waiting for orders (not at all acceptable by European standards). They weren't wanted by Congress, they weren't loved by the public, but in this twilight period when reveille was still played by fife and drum and the drill manual still taught Napoleonic shoulder to shoulder battle-lines, they dared to carry on.

AMERICAN ARMY INFANTRY CHARACTERS IN *SPACE: 1889*

Use the generation tables for the British Army, with the following modifications:

Social Class 1 — Increase Marksmanship by one, delete Close Combat.

Social Class 2 — Same as for Social Class 1.

Social Class 3 to 5 — Line Regiment: Treat the same as Social Class 4 (The U. S. Army had no native regiments in 1889). Social Class 5 may not select the technical branch.

Social Class 6 — Staff Officer: Leadership 2, Riding 2 (Horse), Eloquence 2, Bargaining 1, Linguistics 1 (any European Language).

CLOUD CAPTAIN'S CORNER: LARGE OENOTRIAN SHIPS

BY JEFF BOYLE

Despite the recent lull in hostilities between Her Majesty's government and Her Martian allies and the Oenotrian Empire, I must state, in the strongest terms possible, the necessity for continued vigilance and an increased commitment to the naval building program here on Mars.

Both the Admiralty and the War Office believe that the Oenotrians are using the recent cease-fire to make good the deficiencies in their forces that have become apparent when facing British organization and technical skill. As we know, it was the Royal Navy's supremacy in the air that prevented the initial Oenotrian advances from overwhelming the outnumbered forces of the Crown Colony, and indeed, was also instrumental in the eventual counter-attack and advance of our illustrious ground troops.

The Naval Planning Staff believes that the Oenotrians are using this lull in the fighting to complete the construction of several large (1500+ tons) aerial flyers of the *Sky Lord* and *Sky King* classes already known to be under construction at the Sabaeus shipyards. The Admiralty has also received unconfirmed reports that several more large hulls in the 1500 to 2000 ton range have been laid down at Sabaeus on order from the Oenotrian government. It is unknown how many cruiser size vessels the Oenotrians are attempting to add to their fleet, but by the end of the year we must expect to face no fewer than four *Sky Lords* and four *Sky Kings*.

Further, it is also believed that some of these vessels are being armed with European weapons. One cannot overestimate the potential of this threat. If the Oenotrians do indeed possess weapons of European design, then ships of the *Thunderer* and *Triumph* classes will be newly vulnerable to Oenotrian fire.

In the face of this threat provision must be made to increase the pace of naval building so that Her Majesty's navy will be adequately prepared.

Excerpts from a memoranda from Rear Admiral Wollingford to Vice Admiral Sir Archibald Billingham, KB, Chief of Naval Planning and Operations, Mars

GAMEMASTER'S INFORMATION

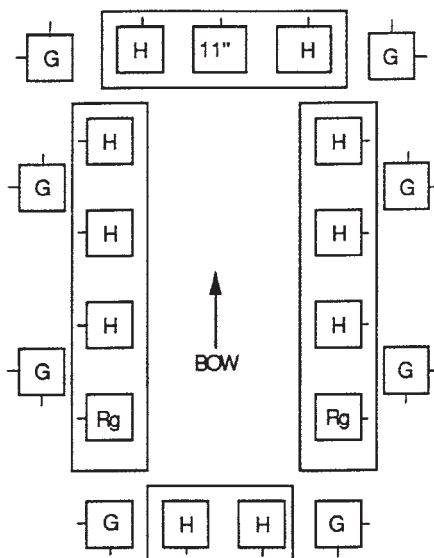
Admiral Wollingford is essentially correct. The Oenotrians are using the lull in hostilities to rebuild their shattered fleet which has taken a terrific beating from the modern guns of Britain's navy. Too often brave and daring Oenotrian captains have gone into action and found themselves not only outranged and outgunned by the British but unable to effectively penetrate the armor of the heavier British fleet units even at close range.

Admiral Utaamaan had already begun the process of making the Oenotrian fleet a "big ship" navy by adding the *Sky Lord* and *Sky King* classes in early 1889. While these were a step in the right direction, they were still not completely satisfying. Although the *Sky Lord* class can deliver a broad-side of heavy guns that can demolish many vessels, the heavy gun lacks the

MODIFIED SKYFIRE

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

ARMOR: 1
 HULL: 14 (RAM)
 SPEED: 3
 ALTITUDE: H
 TONNAGE: 1400
 PRICE: 120,600
 CREW:
 BRIDGE: C,H,T,S,6°O
 DECK: 14
 MANEUVER: 42
 GUNNERS: 35
 ARMAMENTS:
 1 11"SMMOTHBORE-PROT.
 10 HEAVY GUNS-PROTECTED
 2 ROGUE GUNS-PROTECTED
 6 1" GATLING GUNS

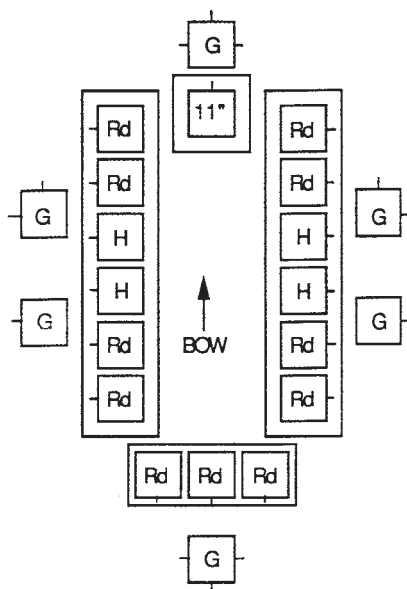


Original TRMG Art

MODIFIED SKYLORD

TECHNICAL SEPECIFICATIONS

ARMOR: 2
 HULL: 14
 SPEED: K
 ALTITUDE: H
 TONNAGE: 1400
 PRICE: 124,000
 CREW:
 BRIDGE: C,H,T,S,5°O
 DECK: 14
 MANEUVER: 14
 GUNNERS: 40
 ARMAMENT:
 11 ROD GUNS-PROTECTED
 4 HEAVY GUNS-PROT.
 1 11" SMOOTHBORE-PROT.
 6 1" GATLING GUNS



penetration power to pierce all British armor. The *Sky King* solves this problem with rod guns fore and aft, but although these can penetrate all British armor they lack the ability to inflict much damage once they have done so.

The Oenotrians believe they have overcome this problem by purchasing a number of old smoothbore breechloaders and a limited number of Gatling guns through the clandestine aid of the Germans (or some other European power if you wish). These weapons are being incorporated into modified *Sky Lord* and *Sky King* hulls which should be ready by mid 1890. Because of a lack of time the remainder of these weapons are being placed aboard modified *Warm Winds* hulls just to get them into combat. Just how

WARMWINDS VARIANT #1

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

ARMOR: 2

HULL: 20

SPEED: K

ALTITUDE: H

TONNAGE: 2000

PRICE: 140,140

CREW:

BRIDGE: C,H,T,S,3*O

DECK: 20

MANEUVER: 20

GUNNERS: 37

ARMAMENT:

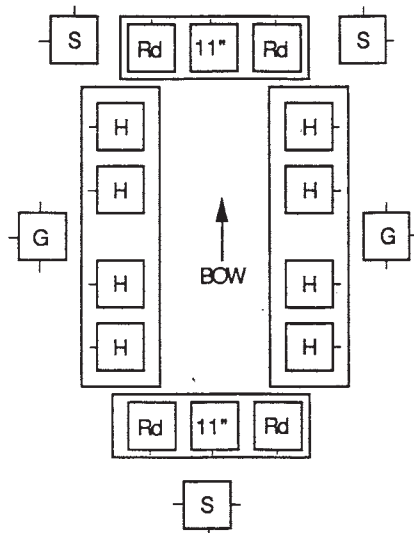
4 11"SMOOTHBORES-PROT.

4 ROD GUNS-PROTECTED

6 HEAVY GUNS-PROTECTED

3 SWEEPERS

2 1" GATLING GUNS



WARMWINDS VARIANT #2

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

ARMOR: 2

HULL: 20

SPEED: K

ALTITUDE: H

TONNAGE: 2000

PRICE: 155,640

CREW:

BRIDGE: C,H,T,S,7*O

DECK: 20

MANEUVER: 20

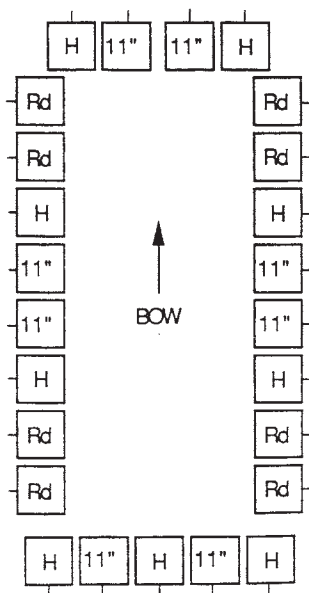
GUNNERS: 62

ARMAMENTS:

8 11" SMOOTHBORES

8 ROD GUNS


9 HEAVY GUNS



Original TRMGS Art

successful this heavily armed, but unarmoured, variant will be is unknown.

Keep in mind that the supply of European weapons should be kept severely limited. The cost of transporting anything as large as a naval gun from Earth to Mars is very high. Most of the smoothbores will be snatched up by the Tossian Empire anyway. Further, the Oenotrians would be almost completely dependent upon their "supplier" for ammunition for these weapons as well. Should these weapons become damaged or destroyed they should be extremely difficult to repair or replace. If the Martians had the know-how to fix them, they probably would be manufacturing them themselves.

A detailed black and white illustration of a man in Victorian-era clothing, including a bowler hat and a long coat, standing on a tall wooden ladder. He is using a large brush to paint a sign on a wall. The sign contains text about the Royal Martian Geographical Society. A bucket of paint sits on the ground at the base of the ladder.

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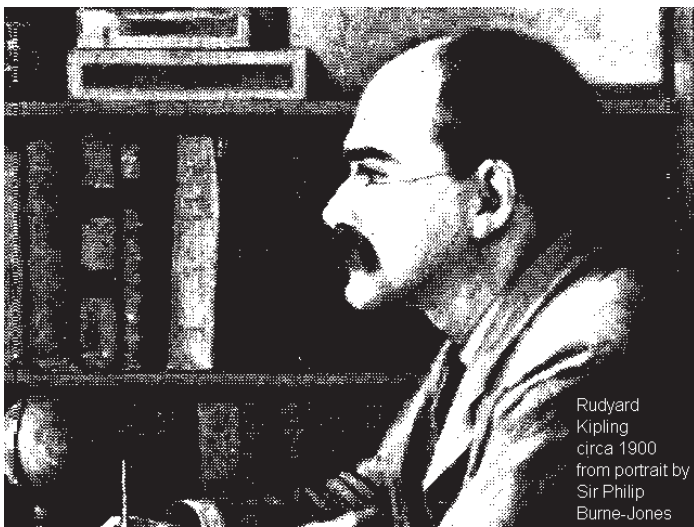
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A BIT OF HISTORY: RUDYARD KIPLING

BY MARK CLARK

No author is more closely linked to imperialism, especially British imperialism, than Rudyard Kipling. In his day he was tremendously popular, his novels selling out multiple editions, his poems read and re-read by everyone from chimney sweeps to cabinet ministers. But with the decline in the imperial ideal and the rejection of racism and nationalism that has been a continuing trend in the 20th century, he has been increasingly vilified by academics and is read less and less. One author has even deduced that all of Kipling's writings were the result of his repressed homosexuality! This treatment is unfortunate, as Kipling is not the narrow minded wog-basher everyone seems to think he is. His descriptions of native peoples are calm and rational by the standards of his day, and he believed in the rule of law and good government. If this meant he often advocated the rule of the British Empire, it is because he saw that society as the best equipped to bring law and good government to the peoples of the world. Kipling was a complex and interesting man, and his novels and short stories are essential reading for anyone interested in roleplaying in the 19th century, especially those who want to play in a colonial setting.



Picture from Marcus Rowland's *Forgotten Futures: The ABC Files*

BACKGROUND

Kipling was born in India in 1865. His father was an English artist and sculptor who had been hired by the Indian government to teach fine handicrafts to Indian workers. Kipling was sent, along with his sister, to England when he was quite young to be educated. His later short story "Baa Baa Black Sheep" is a semi-autobiographical account of his early life. He attended the United Services College, a school that had as its primary purpose training future officers and administrators for colonial service. In 1882 he returned to India and began work as a reporter at the *Civil and Military*

Gazette in Lahore, where his parents lived. After 1885 he started to write fiction for publication (he had done some work while still in college, but it appeared only in the college's own publication), and by 1887 he was famous throughout India, though not yet in England. In that year he moved to Allahabad to work for the *Pioneer*, a larger paper with a circulation outside India. By 1889, when he left India for London via the United States, he had received some notice in the literary world. Over the next two years his work became increasingly popular, and by 1891 he had married Carrie Balestier, sister of Kipling's recently deceased American friend Wolcott Balestier (Wolcott has been tentatively identified as Kipling's one true love in a homosexual affair; according to this theory his marriage to Carrie was due to his grief at Wolcott's death). The two then embarked on a world tour, traveling first through America and then on to Japan. There they were forced to curtail their travel, due to the failure of the Bank that controlled Kipling's money. Kipling and his wife returned to the United States, where they took up residence on a farm in Vermont near Carrie's family. Kipling eventually quarreled with Carrie's brother, and he returned to England in 1896, where he would live until his death. Kipling often traveled, visiting many parts of the British Empire. He was in South Africa during the Boer War. His only son was killed in the First World War, and afterwards he served on the Commission that supervised the construction of cemeteries for English war dead. He became a personal friend of King George V after the war, and was often at court. He died in 1936.

WRITINGS

Kipling wrote successfully in both poetry and prose. He is best known today for his novels, especially *Kim* (1901) and *Captains Courageous* (1897), though most critics believe his short stories are of much better quality. His collections *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *The Second Jungle Book* (1895) are very good. His best known poem, "Gunga Din," is contained in the collection *Barrack-Room Ballads*. All of these works make excellent sources for roleplaying adventures, especially *Kim*.

KIPLING IN GAME TERMS

Because of his fame, Kipling is not well suited to being an active player character. He was a quiet man, and spent most of his time by himself, especially after the quarrel that caused him to leave the United States in 1896. If players meet him, it should be early in his career. The period between 1882 and 1889 in India is ideal, as Kipling's position as a reporter meant he could be found almost anywhere in that country. Kipling could also be encountered in the Wild West in 1889 or in 1892 in the course of his travels, probably needing to be rescued (Kipling often antagonized Americans by comparing their country unfavorably to England). The characters might also be sought out by Kipling after his marriage if he is being blackmailed about his homosexual ties to Wolcott. Remember that Kipling is a writer, not a man of action, and he will be averse to using violence himself, though he does admire it in others.

ISSUE 3, APRIL 1992

BY MARK CLARK

This issue was delayed several months while I finished my doctoral dissertation — I handed it in April 1992 and finished this issue while waiting for graduation at the end of May.

The first copyright-free illustration — the Beecham's ad in this issue. I increasingly used period engravings — first copied from 19th century magazines, and subsequently from books that are collections of period art.

THE SYRTIS STAR

Matt wrote all of these — I was busy with my dissertation. We started to dip into British magazines from the year 1889 as sources — the University of Delaware has a great library!

THE TRANSACTIONS CAMPAIGN

This adventure marks the only appearance in TRMGS of an NPC created by someone from my gaming group in Houston (the folks I knew before I moved to Delaware). Kent Miller, the best man at my wedding, created Horace Manning (along with the Anti-Scone Society), and Charlie Clark (no relation) created Bob Grimes for a series of short adventures I ran for them when I was there during the Christmas holidays. In one of the games Manning discovered an ancient Venusian artifact: an automatic scone maker. He managed to rig it so that it would produce scones with great rapidity, and used it to mow down the dastardly French agents of the Anti-Scone Society who were chasing them. Run for laughs, these adventures were great fun, and I couldn't resist making both characters NPCs in my campaign.

CLOUD CAPTAIN'S CORNER

This article came out of a simple question one of my players asked — how much to ship a few tons of goods from one city to another. I found no hints, aside from the figure of 8d per ton per day in *Cloud Captains of Mars*. The rest is based on the math I did to see if that rate was reasonable.

A LUXURY YACHT

Jon Bahls ran a short murder mystery scenario after the "Cathedral Plot" adventure — I was out of town. The yacht was used in that scenario, which otherwise never made it into print.

BRUCE HYDE

Ken Megill's character — he was part of the first *Space: 1889* game Al Walgreen ran for us. His characteristics were generated under another system — 21 total points rather than the 1 to 6 method we later used.

You'll notice a reference to Temple Covenant Jones in this and subsequent issues. He was an inventor character I ran several times. A Quaker, he never used titles, and referred to Queen Victoria as "Mrs. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha"

— technically correct but not very nice. It was a good thing his inventions were useful, since he was pretty annoying otherwise (and damn fun to play, I might add).

NATURAL RESOURCES OF MARS

This grew out of work I did as a GM, gathering information from various sources. Mehtok peppers were a running joke in our campaign, since as a Texas native I loved hot sauce and routinely had jalepenos on everything.

Pushti fruit also makes its first appearance here — it came from a side adventure where most of the group was gone, and Matt and Jeff decided they wanted to visit Karkarham, the pirate city. They want to carry along a few tons of luxury trade goods to sell when they got there, and I came up with Pushti fruit on the spot. When Matt's character Lord Herring found he couldn't sell the fruit at a profit (I used the *Traveller* trade tables), he gave the fruit away — led to a nice riot at the dockyards, that did.

ANDERS INTERNATIONAL, INC. RENEWS SPACE: 1889 LICENSE WITH FRANK CHADWICK

January, 1999—Anders International, Inc announces the renewal of its SPACE 1889 Licensing agreement with game creator, Frank Chadwick. This agreement allows Anders International, Inc to develop, produce and distribute motion pictures and television series based on the popular GDW role playing game, SPACE 1889.

"We are continuing our development efforts for both the television series and the film," states producer and President of AI, Ellen Bartola. "We still believe 100% in this product." Anders International has spent the past two years developing and producing the feature film "Falling to Peaces", an intergenerational story about fathers and sons. They are currently marketing the completed film now. "We will be screening *Falling to Peaces* in L.A. at the end of February. While we are on the west coast, we will be meeting with potential production partners on the 1889 project. We are enthusiastic about our current prospects."

Information about Anders International, Inc and its projects can be found on their website at www.andersinternational.com.

Anders International, Inc
11654 Plaza America Drive
Suite 621
Reston, VA 20190

EDITORIAL

BY MARK CLARK

Welcome to issue 3. We're getting a bit more familiar with our desktop publishing software, so I think you'll find we did a better job with the graphic design this time. We've also enlisted some new authors and artists; I hope you like their work since they've promised to do some more for us in the future.

The big news is that we are about to become the official newsletter for *Space: 1889*. We just prepared and typeset issue #4 of the *Ether Society Newsletter* for GDW using articles that appeared in issues 1 and 2 of *Transactions*; they are printing it up now and it will be mailed out in late April or early May. Starting with the next issue of *Transactions*, the *Ether Society Newsletter* will become a department in our magazine. We are taking over GDW's mailing list, and we will take care of the balance of all subscriptions to the *Ether Society Newsletter*.

All of us here at *TRMGS* are excited about this change. When we started *Transactions* almost a year ago, we had as our goal to provide as much *Space: 1889* material to the gaming public as possible. With the addition of all the Ether Society members to our mailing list, we'll be reaching a lot more people. Not only that, we'll have that many more potential writers for our publication. In any case, we'll do our best. Please note that our arrangement with GDW is not final yet. We are still negotiating the financial details and other matters. I'll give you the straight scoop next issue on what we work out.

Things have been hectic around here for other reasons as well. Your editor just successfully defended his doctoral dissertation, "The Magnetic Recording Industry, 1878-1960: An International Study in Business and Technological History," (soon to be a major motion picture). I will be graduating May 30 with a Ph.D. in the History of Technology, and one week later I'll be getting married. How is that for generating a little stress? News Editor Matthew "Mr. Shiny Jr." Ruane just defended his dissertation proposal (he'll be researching the history of the British Army Medical Corps in WWI), and since neither of our other two editors own a Macintosh, we had to put off our work a bit. Anyway, that's why this issue is late. We will be back on track for issue 4, which will be out on July 1.

One of the things about role-playing games that has always puzzled me is why the Wild West setting is not more popular. Yes, I know there are a number of good systems out there, and I've played one or two, but there are almost no modules either in or out of print, and I can't remember the last time I saw an adventure in a magazine. Given that there is so much western adventure literature out there, not to mention all those movies, why isn't gun-slinging as popular as sword-bashing or photon-firing? Beats me. In any case, we here at *Transactions* are doing our best to reverse this state of affairs. We hope that the "Cthulhu Rodeo" article in this issue will make you give Wild West adventuring a second look. We plan more such adventures in future issues, such as the "Yankee Nightmare" piece originally announced for this issue, and we encourage you to submit your ideas as well.

So, I hope you enjoy our work, and I'll see you next time. Until then, keep the dice hot and the drinks cold.



CTHULHU RODEO

THE WILD WEST WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

BY MATTHEW J. RUANE

Round up them Deep Ones!!! Ride those bucking Shoggoths!!! HUH? What do you mean that you really don't want to do these things? OK, so only an insane cultist would find these activities enjoyable, but in Cthulhu Rodeo you'll get the opportunity to halt just such crazy stunts. The *Call of Cthulhu* supplement, *Cthulhu By Gaslight*, allows players to role play in the 1890's, rather than the more traditional 1920's where most of Lovecraft's works were set. However, *Cthulhu By Gaslight* assumes that most player characters would be English in origin, and that the adventurers would be primarily set in England or on the Continent, rather than in the United States. Though I personally would rather play in England no matter what the time period, I think that the American West in the 1890's provides a traditional campaign with a much needed change of venue. For characters from Victorian England, the American West will seem as foreign as the African veldt or the jungles of South East Asia. So here we go, off to the wild and wooly world of Cthulhu Rodeo!!!

Though the adventure in this issue is set in December 1893, the date for Cthulhu Rodeo adventures can be varied ten years either way without making much difference (the Wild West was around for some time). If the Keeper so desires, players may choose to be ranch employees (a good Keeper should easily be able to put together a set of occupational skills for a Cowboy) or to be members of the local Indian tribe (see the Tribal Warrior occupation in the new 5th edition *Call of Cthulhu* rules). However, most of the party should be English or Continental investigators; this provides plenty of opportunities for misunderstandings and humor. Finally, with the Cthulhu 1889 rules from TRMGS #1, there is no reason why this adventure could not be used with a *Space: 1889* adventuring group, or even more strangely, change the setting to Mars, near the city of Thymiamata.

THE NON-EUCLIDEAN BUNKHOUSE

PART ONE: THE INVITATION

The players are gathered together in late December 1893 in the home of one of the players, basking in the warm comfort of another successful investigation. Just as afternoon tea is being served, there is a sharp rapping at the front door. The servant excuses him or herself, answers the door, and a short while later arrives with a telegram for one of the players. The telegram has been sent via Western Union from Abilene, Texas and was received in their London offices earlier this morning. The telegram is brief, inviting the players to travel to Texas for an all expense paid vacation, and it is signed by Lord Aubery St. Clair, owner of the Circle Y Cattle Ranch. Lord Aubery St. Clair could be an old friend or a former employer of the players.

The Keeper should come up with whatever ties they feel are necessary to get the players to go the United States, if they don't immediately jump at a free, expense paid vacation. Tickets are awaiting them at the central London offices of Thomas Cook and Sons.

A brief historical note for Keepers and players alike: the fact that an English lord owns a cattle ranch is not without precedent. In the late 1880's and throughout the 1890's, many members of the English aristocracy became enthralled with the American and Australian frontiers, believing that investment in cattle and sheep ranches were sound and would provide them with large returns on their invested capital. Occasionally one of them would move to their overseas ranches, fall in love with the countryside, and then stay as a full-time manager. At least a half dozen American cattle ranches were owned by members of the English nobility in 1900.

Anyone conducting research in London or the surrounding metropolis before they are scheduled to leave, with a successful Library Use roll, will discover that Lord St. Clair moved to the United States in August of 1888 to oversee a business partnership with his partner, Mr. Donald Worthington, the founder of the Circle Y Ranch. In December of 1891, Mr. Worthington was declared dead by a Texas court six months after his disappearance. He had been on the annual cattle roundup with the cowboys and ranch hands from his ranch, when his horse returned to their makeshift camp one afternoon without him. The employees spent several days looking for Mr. Worthington before giving up and continuing with the cattle drive to the Kansas railhead. Mr. Worthington's body was never found and Lord St. Clair, as the only surviving partner, assumed control of the entire ranch. A successful Credit Rating roll (or an Accounting roll for adventures set in the 1920's or 1990's) will show that the ranch has been extremely profitable for the past ten years, making Lord St. Clair a wealthy individual. There appears to be no connection between Worthington's disappearance and Lord St. Clair's arrival.

Those who go and pick up the tickets will find that they have been booked first class accommodations on the SS *Caledonian Queen*, travelling from Southampton to New York, and leaving the day after tomorrow. Upon arrival in New York, they are scheduled to travel by Pullman car to Texas, where they will be met in Abilene by Lord St. Clair. The players should have the opportunity to make whatever arrangement they feel are necessary before leaving, and to purchase any items, within reason, they believe they need. A good Keeper should play up classic European misconceptions about the American West, especially the threat of Indian attacks and the excellent opportunities that huge herds of buffalo provide for those wishing to go hunting. The American West should be made to appear savage, untamed, and very, very violent to the players and their characters, though in reality, many areas of the wild west were quite settled and peaceful by the mid-1890's. Also, the last of the Indian Wars, at Wounded Knee in 1890, had ended in the slaughter of defenseless Indian women and children, and buffalo herds hadn't roamed free since mid-century. The cattle ranch, on the other hand, should prove able to fulfill any expectation of those seeking the true "wild west."

PART TWO: WELCOME TO ABILENE, FOLKS!

The trip to Abilene should be relatively peaceful, though Keepers might want to make the trip an adventure in and of itself. An excellent example of a shipboard adventure and mystery can be found in the Chaosium adventure, *"The Mauritania"*. Nevertheless, the Keeper should emphasize the transition from modern, industrializing New York to the wide open spaces of the American West. When they finally arrive at the Abilene train station, they will find themselves at a loss for there is no one to greet them. By the time they have collected their luggage and discovered that Lord St. Clair is absent, the train will have already left the station. The station master, a rather tired looking elderly gentleman, will inform the players that Lord St. Clair's ranch is about ten miles outside town, but that they would do better if they attempted to call the ranch from the town's only telephone, located in the lobby of the Lone Star Hotel. The hotel is only a short walk down the main street that stretches from the front of the train station towards the horizon. The players should attract a great deal of attention, either from the staid, upper class suits and ties they are wearing, or because of the outrageous and overdone Wild West clothing they bought in Europe. However, they will quickly reach the hotel before anyone can do anything more than smirk at them.

In the hotel lobby, which really isn't up to even the lowest of European standards, a tired and bored looking clerk will greet the players with little enthusiasm. When the players ask to use the telephone, he will inform the group that the phone line is not functioning due to a freak winter thunderstorm which probably cut the lines somewhere. If they mention that they need to get to the St. Clair ranch, the clerk will tell the players that one of the ranch hands usually stops by in about four hours (4:00 P.M. if they really want to know) to pick up supplies from Avery Osgoode's General Store, and that they should ask him for a lift to the ranch. Until then, they can leave their luggage here and explore downtown Abilene.

If the players explore the town, they will find that almost everyone they meet is extremely listless and few will say more to the players than a brief "hello". There are a few exceptions, however, and the players should immediately notice them with a successful Spot Hidden roll. The first is old Doc Cassidy, who will be outside on his porch, treating a number of patients complaining of being "unnaturally" tired and feeling somehow "drained" of energy. Doc Cassidy will confide to anyone who claims to be a doctor, and is able to answer a few simple questions (makes a successful Medicine roll), that he is truly perplexed because of the half-dozen patients he has seen so far, there is absolutely nothing wrong with them as far as he can tell. All report the same general symptoms, but there is no obvious cause for their complaints. He has also noticed that most of the town seems to have been effected, but have not come to see him yet. If asked where he was last night, the Doc will respond that he spent the night on an outlying farm helping to deliver a baby.

About this time the players should be getting hungry, and the Keeper should direct them towards one of the saloons in town. There they will easily spot the next encounter, a group of four miners staying in the Yellow Rose

Saloon, who are present wherever the players decide they are going to have lunch. The miners are boisterously celebrating their discovery of silver in an old mine they thought had been played out years ago. They will be evasive about where the mine is located, unless one of the players shows interest in becoming a partner. They will promise to show the player(s) where the mine is if they become a partner in the Deep 1 Mine for the paltry sum of \$250 in gold, payable in advance. If the players don't want to become partners but they ask where the miners spent the night, they will admit that they spent last night in the mine working their recently discovered seam of silver. If the players survey the rest of the saloon, they will notice that the staff and other patrons all appear as tired as the rest of the town folk they have already encountered.

The last person the group will encounter who also seems unaffected by the mysterious illness, and perhaps the most helpful NPC in the long run, is the returning Deputy US Marshal, Samuel Slade, who will be seen riding into town later in the afternoon. If the players talk to the Marshal, they will discover that he has only just returned from turning over a wanted prisoner to the US Marshal in the neighboring town. He spent the night away from Abilene, but will quickly admit that the players appear correct when they point out that there is something odd about the town's citizens. He will look into the situation, and will try to get in contact with the players at the hotel or at the ranch if he finds anything out. He will confirm that the phone line often does not work, and there is nothing odd about it going out after a freak storm. Only if they players ask will he mention that it seems odd that Lord St. Clair did not keep his promise to meet them at the train station, but he will point out that the storm could have frightened the cattle kept on the ranch into stampeding and that they could be spending the day gathering up the spooked animals. If the supply wagon doesn't arrive, he will venture out to the ranch to see what is going on there.

Just like clock work, however, the Circle Y Ranch's supply wagon arrives in town. Ranch hand Billy Taylor is driving the wagon and he appears to be unaffected by the mysterious illness gripping the town's residents. He will quickly spot the players (or find them if necessary) and apologize for Lord St. Clair's absence, pointing out that they have been busy at the ranch all morning gathering up cattle that stampeded during the night. He is here to pick them up and drive them out to the ranch, along with some necessary supplies. He hopes that they haven't been too inconvenienced by their short stay in town. If asked about the strange illness, Billy will seem briefly confused (a successful Psychology roll will determine that he is hiding something), and then he will say that he really does not know. "Maybe you should ask Ol' Doc Cassidy about that now?" will be his answer if the players persist. If they are hesitant to leave, Billy will tell them that it will be getting dark soon and that they should leave before it gets too dark to see the road. If they still refuse, Billy will state that Lord St. Clair will be quite upset that they have spurned his hospitality despite coming all this way. He will not leave without them, and will do his best to get them to come. The hotels in town are full, so the players have little choice but to go with Billy.

PART THREE: CTHULHU RODEO!

As the players ride in the buckboard, they will soon notice that Billy is whistling the same tune over and over again. If asked about, he will refuse to admit that he was whistling, stating that they probably heard the wind whistling through the sage brush. In a few minutes, he will continue his whistling, resuming from the point from where he was interrupted. The trip will take about two hours, and by the time they reach the last several hills before the ranch, it will be completely dark. Clouds are gathering in the sky, and Billy will mention that it appears that they may be in for another severe storm tonight. About fifteen minutes later, it will begin raining, quickly growing into a continual downpour with lighting lacing the air and thunder shaking the ground. Billy will mention that there is some rain gear in the supplies he bought, and that they should put it on before they become soaked. After another fifteen minutes, as they are approaching the last rise before the Circle Y Ranch, a huge lighting bolt will arc out of the sky and into the valley where the ranch is located. Momentarily blinded by the flash and stunned by the massive thunderclap which followed, as their vision and hearing clears, they will see the ranch glowing with an eerie green light. As they strain to see through the darkness, the wagon will continue moving, and Billy will be chanting some tune too complex too understand. The wagon will continue to move forward, accelerating down the hill towards the ranch.

The ranch will get closer and closer, and through the driving rain, the players will notice that the buildings don't seem right. Call for a Sanity roll, 1d4/1d8, and describe the angles of the buildings as being all wrong. Running into, behind, and through the buildings are things loping, shuffling, and crawling, things too inhuman to describe. The cattle are screaming, charging around in their pens, the ranch hands are shouting and running around insanely, and throughout it all the storm is continuing to grow in intensity. Billy will turn towards the players, his head will split open, and out will pour a million maggots (heh, heh, heh; oh, and call for a Sanity roll: 1/1d4). From the surrounding hills, the chanting grows louder and louder, and out of the storm will come cowboys riding bucking shoggoths and deep ones with lassos around their necks. If the players shoot, they will hit just about anything they aim at, but it will appear that the darkness swallows their targets as soon as they are hit. Don't worry about Sanity rolls; with the storm and the lighting, the players will only half-glimpse the numerous horrors all around them, and anyway, we don't want them to go really insane yet.

If some of the players run towards the main bunkhouse, they will see the door tilt open before them as they stumble in; if they run towards any of the other buildings, the doors will remain closed and they refuse to open no matter what force is used to open them. For those players who remain behind in the wagon, they will briefly glimpse a huge shape coming towards the wagon, threatening to crush those inside. For a brief moment, the main bunkhouse will appear to return to normal and they will glimpse a light in the second floor window—describe it a briefly as a hint of saneness, or as an island of calm and stability amidst a turbulent storm of inSanity. When the players reach the building, the same thing will occur as for those who

arrived earlier. Somehow, incredibly, the players will all step through the door at the same time, no matter when they arrived, and step into the foyer of the bunkhouse. Before them stretches a stairway leading to the second floor. Once they step onto the steps, the building begins to change, the stairs begin to stretch into the distance and turn and twist around the group. The players have entered the Non-Euclidean Bunkhouse.

PART FOUR: THE NON-EUCLIDEAN BUNKHOUSE

If the players turn to exit, they will notice that the door is no longer directly behind them, but instead appears far off in the distance, glowing with the same eerie green light that surrounded the bunkhouse earlier. The stairway, and the walls glow with an strange fluorescent blue light. If they hesitate, they will hear a series of resounding booms coming from the direction of the door, as if something is trying desperately to break in. Ahead of them, those who make successful Listen rolls can hear a repetitive chanting coming from the top of the stairs. If they make an Idea roll, they will remember it as the same tune that Billy was originally whistling in the wagon on their way to the ranch. It appears that the only way to proceed is to climb the stairs.

The stairs stretch seemingly forever into the distance, but it will only take the players a half-hour to reach the top. While climbing, point out to the players that they can see strange doors and gates hanging on the walls, all just out of reach. Sounds, and occasionally brief glimpses of floating cities or deep underwater trenches, come from the gates. The doors all seem to pulse with the eerie green light seen earlier, and all seem to bulge and strain, as if they were holding back some titanic force. Occasionally, the doors should be seen and heard to crack, forcing the players to speed up their progress. None of the doors or gates should open, but the keeper should describe them as threatening to do so immediately, with the eldritch horrors behind them spilling out and engulfing the players. Really cruel Keepers can call for the odd 0/1 point Sanity loss for seeing the images in the gates or hearing the sounds behind the doors. If they should succeed in reaching the doors and try to open them, or attempt to pass through a gate, sock it to them: Cthulhu's tomb or the city of R'yleh are always good spots to dump players who haven't yet learned to avoid opening "Door Number One".

When they reach the top door, however, the Keeper should do everything in his power to encourage the players to open this door. The door doesn't glow, but a soft yellowish-white light comes from beneath the door, and inside they can hear a gramophone softly playing music. If and when the players open the door, they will be presented with an utterly jarring scene: a traditional English parlour, but with some American fixtures (a set of cattle horns over the fireplace, and a black bear rug before the same). Seated behind the desk is Lord St. Clair, staring dully into space. Those who approach closer will notice that drool is escaping his lips and has formed a puddle on the top of the desk. By careful examination, the players will discover that most of Lord St. Clair's brain has been carefully removed through some unknown surgical process. If they attempt to move him, St. Clair will

simply collapse into a drooling heap.

Just then, the players will hear a tremendous buzzing sound coming from behind a set of curtains. The curtains will begin to stir with some unseen force, eventually blowing wildly around the open window behind them. If the players look out, they will be in for a major shock: they appear to be floating in space, as only the stars surround the bunkhouse (Sanity loss: 1/1d4). From the depths of space comes a tremendous buzzing sound, as two Fungi from Yuggoth stream towards them. Eagle eyed players (a successful Spot Hidden roll) will notice that the Fungi are carrying a metal container. If the players shut the window, they will break the gate, closing it to the Fungi, and setting in motion the process that will restore the bunkhouse and the ranch to their proper spatial dimension. However, by doing so, they will have doomed Lord St. Clair to mental idiocy.

If the players retreat from the window, they can look for hiding places in the room. There are several available (a standing closet will offer space for two, for example) and from there they can watch what occurs in the room when the Fungi arrive. The Fungi will take Lord St. Clair, place him on a table, open one of the canisters, remove a brain, and place it in Lord St. Clair's skull. When they finish, they prepare to pick up Lord St. Clair and fly off through the window with him. Now is the players chance to kill the Fungi and save Lord St. Clair. If they successfully drive off the Fungi, they have rescued Lord St. Clair from a horror worse than death.

With the window closed and the Fungi gone, the ranch will gradually return to its proper location in the time-space continuum. Lord St. Clair will remain unconscious the entire time the players are within the Non-Euclidean bunkhouse. If they explore the room they will discover food, water, and another strange metal tube under the desk. This tube is still sealed, unlike the one from which the Fungi took the brain. But what, or who, is in this tube? Smart investigators, and there is always one in any group, may have already guessed what will come next. Just pat them on the top of their heads and say "You are a good little investigator, aren't you?" When the bunkhouse returns to the outskirts of Abilene, Lord St. Clair will awaken and seem quite confused for it isn't Lord St. Clair but Donald Worthington!!!

What are the players to do? Is Lord St. Clair's brain in the other canister? If it isn't, where is it and who is in the other canister? Worthington/St. Clair is quite insane (a successful Psychology roll will confirm this) though he appears only somewhat in shock about what has occurred. He claims to have no memory of his disappearance or what has happened in the meantime. However, since for some strange reason he is now in Lord St. Clair's body, he hopes that the players will help him in several ways. First, he asks that they remain quiet for the time being, allowing him to act as Lord St. Clair for the good of the ranch, and until such time as they discover his body or another body for him to "move" into. Second, he hopes to get the players to discover the means to restore Lord St. Clair to his proper body as well as finding a body for him to inhabit, and is willing to pay the player-characters for as long as it takes to find a solution to the current predicament. If they players agree, they should immediately set out to find a "cure" for Worthington/St. Clair. Stay tuned for more adventures in the same genre in

later issues. If the Keeper and the players can't wait, the Keeper should devise some suitable method for solving the problem. Remember, some ancient book somewhere probably has the solution; it only takes time to track it down.

Players should receive 2d4 Sanity for surviving this adventure and successfully defeating the Fungi from Yuggoth. If they allow Lord St. Clair to be taken, but they still have his brain in the canister, give them 1d4 Sanity when they eventually realize they have partially succeeded.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

OK, by now you are asking yourself what the hell have I gotten myself into? What the heck is going on? It's very simple, if you just give me a minute. You see, Worthington stumbled onto and into an abandoned Indian pueblo during that long cattle drive. There he was confronted with the image of a dead Serpent-Man priest who whispered to him the secrets of summoning the Mi-Go. Driven to the brink of madness by the trapped priest's spirit, he summoned those repellent Fungi from Yuggoth, who in turn removed his brain for experimentation. The Fungi took Worthington's brain to Yuggoth where he learned new business techniques (stock-options, limited partnerships, equity swaps) which he hoped to employ in buying out St. Clair. Yet his long absence served to defeat these schemes, forcing Worthington to come up with a new plan. He would send the Mi-Go to torment St. Clair, convince him to create the time/space distortion, allowing Worthington to return and assume the identity of St. Clair with no one being the wiser for it. Everything worked according to plan, with the Mi-Go and St. Clair both contributing to the casting of the spell. The only thing Worthington did not take into account was the actions of some outside force, i.e. the players. It should be obvious by now that Worthington will do everything within his power to eradicate the player characters as soon as possible and that all his promises are empty. It's up to you to decide how to deal with the reappearance of Worthington; he would make a good ongoing "cultist villain" for the players to deal with.

CREATURES

Fungi from Yuggoth

: These two can be deemed to have identical statistics.

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 15

POW 12 DEX 17 Move 7/9 HP 15

Weapons: Nippers, 30%, 1d6 plus grapple

Armor: None, but the extra-terrene body causes all impaling weapons to do minimum damage

Spells: each has INT x 2 chance to know 1d3 spells (each knows Create Time/Space Distortion, a new spell, in addition to any other spells they may know)

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6

NEW SPELL: CREATE TIME/SPACE DISTORTION

This spell is extremely powerful, but very limited in application. The spell can only be cast during some sort of storm, preferably a thunderstorm, during which the caster expends one hundred magic points in creating the

time/space distortion. The magic points may be gathered previous to the casting of the spell and can be stored for up to twenty-four hours at or in the focus of the distortion. Some variants of the spell include a drain magic point spell as well, which, when successfully cast, drains all but one magic point from any human being within a ten mile radius of the caster. This drain magic point sub-spell costs four POW, and it is only applicable to the time/space distortion spell. When the main spell is successfully cast, the area around the caster warps for 2d6 hours, and creates a centralized hole in the time/space continuum in which time and space have no effect. Strange creatures from the past, present, future, and alternate dimensions intermingle through the hole, causing a loss of 1d6/1d20 Sanity for witnesses to the casting of the spell. Once the spell has been successfully cast, the caster may search for one specific person, place, or object and once, located, they can try and keep the item with them once the gate closes. They further the item is away from the caster's reality, the less likely the item will remain behind with the gate's closing. Also some people or things may resist the caster if given the opportunity, and death here carries a strong penalty. If the caster should die in the middle of a time/space distortion, they will become part of the distortion, forever lost to their own reality, and eventually driven insane by those things caught within the distortion.

Original TRMGs Clip Art



**"IT IS SAID
THAT
BEECHAM'S
PILLS
FIND
GREAT
FAVOUR
WITH THE
CZAR,**

Insomuch that he frequently carries a box in his pocket, and may be seen swallowing a couple before he sits down to meat."—

EXTRACT FROM FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENCE.

"Worth 5 guineas a box" – the most celebrated pill

THE SYRTIS



STAR

ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

EXPEDITION ENCOUNTERS SHE-DEVIL

MARTIAN! MOLLYFIELD RETURNS

Meepsoor: Dr. Kyle Mollyfield, RMGS, and his fellow archaeologists, only recently returned from an expedition to the Isidis Desert, report encountering the infamous Hill Martian, the She-Devil of the Desert. Lost in a driving sandstorm, the party became separated from their Martian bearers and guides. With little water and even less food, the party was without hope. They remained where they were, hoping for an eventual rescue by their Martian travelling companions. When they failed to arrive, most of the party quickly became too weak to move. Believing that they were doomed, Dr. Mollyfield ordered the strongest members to move out in search of water. After hours of aimless wandering, these *Intrepid* explorers were greeted by the roars of a pair of Martian steppe tigers, which heralded the arrival of the She-Devil. Without speaking, she led the entire group to an unmapped oasis, left abruptly, and then returned after several hours with the leader of a friendly Hill Martian tribe which took the expedition to its village until they were eventually rescued by British authorities.

famous residents have been invited to attend, insuring that the officers of the "pride of the fleet" will receive a warm welcome to our city. In other related information, the Royal Naval Attache's Office in Syrtis Major has released information about the construction of future aerial fighting ships. In London, the First Lord of the Admiralty has tentatively accepted plans for the construction of two additional *Aphid*-class vessels, believed to be the long awaited *Swallow* and *Spider*, and their eventual addition to the fleet based in Syrtis Major. Plans have also been announced for the construction of a new *Thunderer*-class monitor, believed to be the *Devastator*, and funds have been allocated for laying the keel of the HMS *Burgoyne*, the first *Macefield* class Gunboat to be constructed in the Syrtis Major naval yards. Rumors are also circulating that with the completion of the latest *Intrepid* class Aerial Cruiser, Parliament soon will pass a funding bill for the completion of the HMS *Inflexible*, long delayed in committee by issues of cost overruns and recently discovered design flaws with its improved steam draught engines. In an apparent reaction

hoped that such interruptions will not interfere with the morning and evening service when the lines are busiest. The entire process is expected to take a little more than a year to complete. In a separate announcement, the Metropolitan Railway Authority has announced its intention to electrify all future extensions of the Underground system, and that eventually all steam or coal powered trains will be retired from service, hopefully by the turn of the century.

SOCIALISTS WELCOME!

On 1 April, at 7:00 P.M., Syrtis Major society is invited to the home of Miss Clarissa Turnbridge, 233A Cheapside Way, for the first meeting of the Fabian Society of Mars. Miss Turnbridge, a member of the famous London Fabian Society and skilled social worker, is forming Mars' first Fabian Society. She hopes that those interested in helping poor Martians, downtrodden by the importation of modern, satanic, and capitalistic factories and mills to Syrtis Major, will attend this introductory meeting. Attendees are under no obligations to join; refreshments will be served.

Dr. Kyle Mollyfield stated that if it had not been for the She-Devil's prompt intervention, the entire expedition would have been lost, and much valuable information would never have been brought to light. Dr. Mollyfield would like to interview anyone else in the Crown Colony who has come in contact with the She-Devil of the Desert; you may contact him care of the Royal Martian Geographical Society Offices, Syrtis Major.

ETHER BATTLESHIP ARRIVES GOODWILL TOUR BEGINS TOMORROW

Syrtis Major and London: The HMS *Duke of Clarence*, a *Duke of York* class Ether Battleship, has arrived in orbit around our fair planet. According to sources at Government House, the battleship is on a goodwill tour and will simply "show the flag" to the Martian residents of the Crown Colony. The ship is scheduled to make a high atmospheric pass over the colony early tomorrow afternoon and should be visible from virtual anywhere in our fair city. She will continue to Moeris Lacus, Meepsoor, Gorovaan, Parhoon, and Haat, before returning late in the evening to Syrtis Major. The Governor General has scheduled a reception for the senior officers tomorrow evening at his official residence, and many of the city's most

the *Duke of Clarence's* visit, the German Foreign Office has released a press statement from their legation in Dioscuria announcing that the German Imperial Fleet will soon have a new addition. With the recent completion of the *Dresden* in the Wilhelmshaven Yards, speculation has focused on her being sent to Mars to join her sister ship, the *Hamburg*. Crown Colony residents should remember the *Hamburg* from its involvement in the 1886 "Mylark Incident" that cost the Royal Navy the Daring and a dozen crewmembers.

LONDON UNDERGROUND ELECTRIFIES

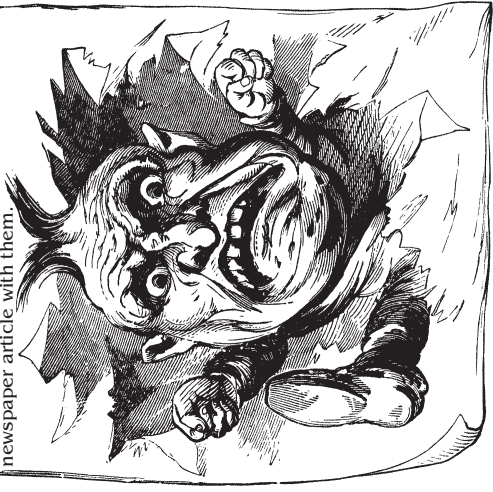
London: Metropolitan Railway authorities have announced the extension of electrification to two additional Underground lines. Readers should remember that it was only last year when the City and South London lines introduced electricity for the first time to power underground trains. Both passengers and Metropolitan Railway officials have found the experiment to be successful, profitable, and safer to employees and passengers alike. The new lines to be electrified are the Circle and District Lines, each of which carry more passengers than City and South London lines combined. Officials have detailed when service will be interrupted, and it is

Holmes Returns!

Eagerly awaited, Sherlock Holmes returns to the pages of the *Strand* magazine. The first installment of Holmes' new adventures, *The Sign of Four*, is available in this month's issue of the *Strand*. Available in Syrtis Major and Parhoon only. Just six pence per issue!

Punch!!! Have Some Punch!!!

Punch, the magazine of urbane wit and humor, is now available in Syrtis Major. Long the toast of sophisticated society and welcomed by readers with insightful tastes, *Punch* will bring merriment to your mind and a sparkle to your eye. Previously sold only by subscription, *Punch* is now available at selected tobacconists and retailers throughout the Crown Colonies. Fortnum and Mason's Reading Department, exclusive Syrtis Major importers, is offering a special discount to those bringing this newspaper article with them.



THE *TRANSACTIONS* CAMPAIGN: THE CATHEDRAL PLOT

BY MARK CLARK

The Belgians, in both the Congo and the Coprates, have used a policy of terror to further their commercial ends, despite the fact that they constantly protest that they only want to bring the benefits of civilization to their subjects. This policy is not unlike that of the French, who would sooner shoot a native than talk with him, and take what they can by force. The English, on the other hand, prefer to civilize their natives as quickly as possible. Being a nation of shopkeepers, they have no objection to educating heathens in their schools and loaning them money to start a business. As long as the Wogs don't marry their daughters, they are as happy as clams.

The question arises, however, as to how the British keep the loyalty of their native peoples once they have opened their eyes to civilization. The answer is simple: the Church. By converting the most powerful and influential among the native population, the English build up bonds that go beyond the simply material. When one wants to determine how important a colony is to the British Empire, one need only determine the size of the church there. The bigger the church, the more central the colony is to Whitehall's plans. The most important churches, cathedrals of the Church of England, mark ground that an Englishman will defend to the death, no matter what his faith might be.

James Thorton Biddle, formerly Deacon of St. Swithens Avenel, now Chairman of the Anti-Colonial League, Syrtis Major Chapter.

INTRODUCTION

In this adventure, third in the *Transactions* Campaign series, our *In-trepid* explorers are commissioned by the Governor General of the Martian Crown Colony to discover why a shipment of Lee Metford rifles has gone astray. In the course of their investigation, the players will uncover a nefarious plot by that well-known Fenian Colonel Ian O'Reilly to blow up the Syrtis Major Cathedral. The fate of the British Empire on Mars is in the balance — can our heroes prevail?

THE STORY SO FAR

Our group came to Mars several months ago on board the etherflyer HMS *Majestic*. During their journey, they solved a murder case on board, and then were kidnapped by Colonel Ian O'Reilly, the notorious Fenian and

leader of the Army of the Republic of Ireland on Mars (see *TRMGS* #1). After their release by O'Reilly, they found and later explored the Golden Pyramid of Na-AlepAkoth, finding both treasure and clues to ancient Martian mysteries. At their moment of triumph, they were again attacked by Colonel O'Reilly, who stole the treasure they recovered and mocked them as he made his escape (see *TRMGS* #2). As our adventure opens, the characters have just returned to Syrtis Major after barely escaping with their lives from the Martian desert.

THE SUMMONS

The first few days after the characters return is taken up by recovering from wounds and injuries suffered in the Pyramid adventure. The press will be eager to talk to them, but if the players choose to reveal what they found, they will soon become the center of controversy. Since O'Reilly stole all of their evidence (with the exception of the ancient model of the solar system they found), the players will have a hard time convincing anyone they are telling the truth. Flights in an aerial flyer over the area where they dug reveal that the pyramid has been covered up by another sandstorm. After a week or so, the players will be out of the news and thoroughly discredited in the eyes of the public. On the other hand, Lionel Tyler, the man who sponsored the expedition, is quite happy with their results. He will claim the solar system model under his agreement with the party, and he will pay them the sum he agreed on (£50 per person). He tells them he will be happy to work with them in the future, but at the moment he is busy with financial matters and is unable to suggest any further expeditions.

After these matters have been resolved, Victor Hatherly, Colonel McGrath, and Lord Herring will receive a note from the Lieutenant Governor of the Crown Colony on Mars, Sir Richard Astonberry, asking them to visit his office the following day. At the meeting, the group will be joined by the Governor General of the colony. He will explain that he has asked them here to request their help in investigating a mystery. The group's efforts in solving the murder aboard the *Majestic* is well known, and he hopes the group will be able to solve his problem, which has baffled the police. He explains that in the last two weeks, the price of firearms on the black market has skyrocketed, suggesting that someone is buying up weapons wholesale. There seems to be no pattern; the price of muskets and pistols is up just as much as that for modern British rifles. The police are baffled, and the Governor General has turned to the players as a last resort. He will appeal to their honor as Englishmen to take on the job, and he will hint that if they do well, he will pull strings to get them attached to the upcoming military expedition to find and destroy O'Reilly's stronghold in the Astusapes highlands. If the players ask if O'Reilly is involved in the weapons purchases, he will tell them that reliable intelligence places O'Reilly nowhere near the Crown Colony, and that, even now, he is probably buying weapons in Thymiamata from those cursed Americans.

INVESTIGATIONS

The players no doubt will immediately go out to investigate. A trip to the

Syrtis Major market will reveal the truth of what the Governor General has said. There are very few firearms for sale, and all are either in very poor condition or are very ornate and very, very expensive. Inquiries will reveal that no one person has been buying up firearms, but the people always pay cash and are very careful about being followed. The few that have tried to learn the head buyer's identity have been found the next morning with their throats cut. If the players think to ask, they will learn that the price of gunpowder and explosives has also gone up in the recent past.

After several such inquiries, the players will notice they are being followed. They will be able to double back and capture the person who is following them; any reasonable plan will succeed since he is not very bright. He is, in fact, Bob Grimes, the servant of Horace Manning (see character descriptions at the end of this article). Grimes will protest he is only trying to protect the players from the Anti-Scone Society, and he offers to lead them to his master.

MEETING HORACE MANNING

Grimes will take the party to 22B Butcher Street, Manning's residence. Manning will greet them civilly, and he will explain that he has uncovered the true nature of the price rises. The Anti-Scone Society is buying up the weapons in preparation for an attack on the Savoy Hotel, whose restaurant is the only one on Mars that makes a decent scone. He has discovered a warehouse in the Martian dock area that he suspects is where the purchased arms are kept. He has tried to inform the authorities, but they don't take him seriously. He will do his best to convince the players to investigate the warehouse, preferably under the cover of darkness. If pressured, Manning will go with the players on the mission, but he will prefer just to send Grimes as a token of his good faith.

THE MYSTERIOUS WAREHOUSE

Breaking into the warehouse is impossible in the daytime, since there are too many people about, but by night it's easy. The players can pick the lock on a back door or quietly cut a hole in the roof; any reasonable plan will succeed. Actually, even unreasonable plans will succeed, since someone wants them in the warehouse. Once the players are inside, make them search around a bit (there are lots of boxes in here), but eventually let them stumble on a trap door leading down. No true player character can resist a dungeon crawl, and if they want to go get the police just remind them that they have just burgled a building and will have some explaining to do if they don't find the guns.

The trap door leads down into a dark room. If the players thought to bring a light, they can easily find two doors leading out. One is unlocked and leads into a smaller room, which is filled with what Victor Hatherly will recognize as gun repair machinery, as well as equipment for re-loading rifle cartridges. The equipment is all of French manufacture.

The other door, which is locked, leads out to a corridor. The lock can be picked (a Difficult task) or the door broken down (a Formidable strength task; two characters can combine their dice). Either way, after opening the

door the characters find a long (1/2 mile) corridor sloping down. It leads to a large room filled with boxes. Upon investigation, the boxes will prove to be filled with firearms.

As soon as all the characters have entered the room, a large number of Martian thugs will jump out from their hiding places and attempt to subdue the players. There are three of them for each character present, but they will attempt to capture rather than kill the players.

Resolve combat. If the players lose, they are knocked unconscious. Go directly to the next section, "The Mole Man." On the other hand, if the players win they can explore the room further. There is a large hole in one wall that looks like much newer construction than the rest of the area that they. They will hear a loud grinding noise coming from the hole, and they will see the glint of metal coming towards them. If the players wait to see what comes out of the hole, they will soon be confronted by an enormous land-mole, a mechanical device for burrowing underground. The top hatch will open up, and a small man will train a Gardner machinegun on them and demand (in English but with a heavy French accent) that they surrender. If they do, the players are tied up and escorted inside the land mole. If they flee, they will get to the top of the trap door, where they will be met by another gang of Martian thugs who this time will shoot to kill. One way or another, the players will eventually be captured and placed inside the mole machine.

THE MOLE MAN

Inside the mole machine, the players will either be awake when they are locked in a small room or they will awaken there, depending on the circumstances of their capture. The small man they saw coming out the hatch with the machinegun will come in. In the standard way of all villains, he will explain that he is Pierre Flanchard, the French anarchist. He built this land mole with the aid of the ARI, and he has used it to collect the arms purchased in Syrtis Major. He has distributed them to select groups of Worm Cultists and other radical Martian groups in the city. The signal for the general uprising will be the explosion. "What explosion?" the players will no doubt ask. Pierre will answer "Why, the explosion of the gunpowder I have packed under the Syrtis Major Cathedral, of course. The Governor General and most of the Englishmen in the city are there tonight celebrating midnight mass in memory of those who have died in the Oenotrian War. In one fell swoop I will destroy the English government and signal the attack!" If the players ask what he intends to do with them, he replies "Why, I'm going to leave you on top of the gunpowder, you meddling fools!!" With this, he will leave, locking the door behind him.

DO OR DIE

The players will then hear the sound of boxes being loaded, and then the mole machine will start moving again. The machine will travel for what seems like an hour, making a number of stops. The characters will have plenty of opportunity to escape from their bonds during this time. Any reasonable attempt should succeed, but make the players sweat first. When

the door is opened to let them out under the cathedral, they can attack. The room they are in has a number of items, such as steel bars and wood scrap that can be used as clubs. With the advantage of surprise, they should be able to succeed.

Once they get outside, they will find to their horror that the timer for the explosive charge has already been set (for dramatic purposes, it is best if Pierre does this as his last act before expiring). A good way to simulate this is to set a kitchen timer for several minutes and then ask the players what they want to do. The group must think fast. Disarming the device is a complicated mechanical task; Hatherly can do it but only if he makes several Difficult roles versus his engineering skill. The others can try to flee in the mole machine, but then they would be condemning those in the cathedral to their deaths. A better plan would be to point the mole machine straight up and come out in the middle of the church service, warning those present to get away.

Bring it all down to the last minute, but let the players save the day. When they have finally succeeded, serve some warm scones all around: the players deserve it.

Horace Manning

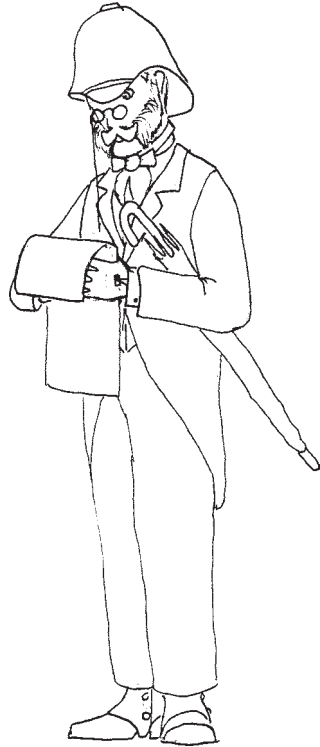
(Doctor, Consulting Detective)

Strength: 2	Intellect: 6
Agility: 3	Charisma: 4
Endurance: 1	Social Level: 5

Skills: Fisticuffs 1, Close Combat 1 (Edged Weapon), Stealth 2, Crime 2 (Lockpick), Tracking 2, Observation 6, Science 4 (Chemistry), Eloquence 4, Theatrics 3, Linguistics 3 (French, Kholine, Parhooni), Riding 5 (Horse), Medicine 2

BACKGROUND

The third son of a wealthy hat pin manufacturer from the north of England, Horace seemed destined for a distinguished career as a surgeon. However in his final year of medical school the brutal murder of his fiancée, Lucinda Tallywinkle, changed the course of his life. The authorities were baffled by her death, but Horace, by pointing out the ink smudge on her left temple and the absence of garlic in her soup, was able to conclusively prove that her butler had, in fact, done it. The shock of Lucinda's death, combined with a talent for detective work it had revealed, led Horace to change careers. He honed his powers of observation to a high pitch, and plunged into a study of the sciences related to criminal observation, in particular chemistry and toxicology. He sought to blot out the memory of Lucinda with work, and while it has made him a driven man, he is unable to forget. He carries with him at all times, attached to his watch chain, a locket that contains a miniature portrait of her.



Original TRMGS Artwork By Brian Kendall

More importantly, her death revealed to him the existence of a terrible conspiracy that seeks to destroy the whole of English society. To Horace, the pinnacle of British civilization is the scone, that seemingly trivial yet delicious “snack” cake. Destroy the making of good scones, and the British Empire will fall. Lucinda was killed by the Anti-Scone Society, he is sure, because of her skill in making scones. In fact, he has vowed to marry the woman who can make a scone as good as Lucinda’s, but it seems he never will, though he has eaten more than his share of scones in his time. Much more than his share, given his 300 pound weight.

After finishing his medical training, Horace set out to practice his new trade as a detective in London, but the Anti-Scone Society fought him at every turn. No doubt they fed information to that hack Sherlock Holmes, puffing up his reputation and stealing away business from Horace. In the course of one of his few investigations, the Case of the Tiny Rat of Thailand, Horace rescued the young Bob Grimes from the clutches of a gang of second-story men who had raised Bob up from a pup. In gratitude, Grimes has become Manning’s faithful servant, though his manner conveys a bit of the underworld to the careful observer (see character description following this one). Other than Grimes’ services, and a certain familiarity with police procedure, Manning received no rewards or fame from his three years in London. He decided to head to Mars in the hope of improving his fortunes. In the course of his trip, he and Grimes gained some small fame in bringing Major John Pickering and his manservant Bruce to justice for their murder of Pickering’s wife Judith. It seemed to be a simple case of food poisoning, but the arsenic in Mrs. Pickering (and in her scones) that Horace found with his chemical tests pointed to Pickering and Bruce. The discovery of Pickering, Bruce, and a sheep from ship’s stores in Pickering’s cabin, all in their birthday suits, served to provide a motive for their dastardly deed. Only what one would expect from the Anti-Scone Society!

Since his arrival on Mars two years ago, Manning has been engaged as a consulting detective. Business was good at first, due to the publicity from the Pickering Affair. However, as his views on the Anti-Scone Society have become widely known, most members of the British community in Syrtis Major have begun treating him as a figure of fun. Manning thus far is oblivious to this change in opinion, and he attributes the decline in his case load to his success at thwarting the designs of the Anti-Scone Society.

DESCRIPTION

Horace Manning is about average height, but his girth is anything but average. He weighs over 300 pounds, and he is constantly red-faced and sweating. Any exertion, no matter how trivial, will exhaust him. He is surprisingly agile for such a large man, however, and his finely tailored suits make him appear large and imposing rather than simply fat. Manning normally is eating something, usually a scone, and will offer visitors a bite to eat before conversation, no matter what the hour.

As to his character, Horace is honest, open, and likes a good laugh. Other than his obsession with the Anti-Scone Society, he is very rational and intelligent, and actually knows a great deal about what is going on in the

Syrtis Major underworld. Horace is tireless in his pursuit of the guilty, but he leaves violence to Grimes. Horace will fight if cornered, however, preferring his sword cane to his revolver. His great weakness is food, especially scones. For example, when he, Grimes, and their friend Sir Reginald Smyth-Hampster found John Tarkington, the American arms merchant, murdered in his room, Horace summoned a bellboy while his companions wrestled with the assassin. Horace instructed the bellboy to summon the police, get the hotel doctor, and to bring him some scones with a bit of tea.

Note: The actual nature of the Anti-Scone Society is up to the Gamemaster. In the *Transactions* Campaign we run here in Delaware, the players never really know if the Society exists. Is it real, or is it just a figment of Manning's overheated imagination? Whatever the answer, whether the Anti-Scone Society really exists is immaterial as far as Manning is concerned. Manning is convinced that the Society is real, and he will not rest when he thinks that it is behind a crime (which is just about all the time).

BOB GRIMES

(Thief, Personal Servant)

Strength: 6 Intellect: 2

Agility: 5 Charisma: 4

Endurance: 3 Social Level: 1

Skills: Fisticuffs 5, Close Combat 2 (Bashing Weapon), Stealth 5, Crime 4 (Forgery), Marksmanship 4 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 2 (Mountaineering), Swimming 2, Observation 2, Eloquence 1, Theatrics 2, Bargaining 1, Linguistics 2 (Kohlne, German), Riding 1 (Gashant), Medicine 1

BACKGROUND

An orphan raised to commit crime, Bob Grimes is an unlikely personal servant to say the least. However, there was a spark of goodness in Bob, and Horace Manning spotted it and brought it out. That Bob could go places and do things Horace could not was an unexpected side benefit of Bob's criminal career. Bob tries hard to be a model manservant, and he is very loyal. He has even learned to make a passable scone. However, his rough past, scars, and brawny arms, not to mention his Cockney accent, make him stand out. He is not afraid of violence or illegal activity, especially if Horace orders it. His one failing is a weakness for jewels: he just can't resist picking them up if they are about, even if he might get caught taking them.

DESCRIPTION

Bob Grimes is short but very stocky. He is enormously strong (he has been known to lift Horace over his head more than once), and is tough as nails to boot. At home, he is normally dressed in a butler's outfit, but he always looks ill at ease, his muscles bulging out of the sleeves. On the street, Bob wears whatever is appropriate for his intended activities, most often adopting the loose black clothing of a professional second-story man. Whether he is at home or away, he is always heavily armed, normally with several revolvers, a number of knives (throwing and fighting), and a well-worn pair of brass knuckles.

EQUIPAGE & ACCOUTERMENTS: A LUXURY YACHT

BY JON BAHLS

...There is nothing finer than cruising the Martian canals in the evening after an meal of Eegaar steaks lightly flavored with Bhutan Spice. The sunset is quite spectacular, with amazing hues of yellow, orange, and red fading into violet stretching across the desert. The cloudships sailing in the distance add to the aura of magic and romance that seems so much a part of Mars. If you wish, some tea or fine brandy as the desert cools from the daytime heat will top off an exquisitely relaxing evening.

Elizabeth Baker's *Travel Guide to Mars*

While the wealthiest of travelers are able to travel swiftly by means of aerial flyers, boating along the Martian canals is still a pleasant way to spend time on Mars and is well within the means of even the most frugal visitor to the Red Planet. There are a number of excursion boats that conduct regular tours for European visitors in the Syrtis Major area; a day trip to the pushti fruit plantations just north of the city is one of the most popular packages. One can also travel by canal boat to any of the cities of the Crown Colony, as well as points north. However, these ships tend to be slow cargo vessels, and offer only rudimentary accommodations.

By far the best way to explore the Martian canals is by private yacht. So that I could properly describe for our readers the luxuries of travel on the Grand Canals, I took a tour of Dr. Victor Eisenstien's *Penelope*. Dr. Eisenstien is one of Syrtis Major's consummate hosts. He has a small estate to the north of the city where he frequently entertains. As his home is no small distance from Syrtis Major, he often brings his guests to his home in style on his yacht.

The deck is spacious and open; the only structure is a small wheelhouse toward the front of the craft. The entire area is surrounded on the sides and top by a wooden frame which Dr. Eisenstien says serves two functions. First, it supports the masts and allows the crew to handle the sails without inconveniencing guests. Second, it allows him to put up a canopy to shade guests from the hot Martian sun and to put up whatever decorations may be appropriate for the occasion. "I like the open space to entertain guests," said Dr. Eisenstien. "I have, on occasion, had a musical quartet play for guests. There has even been dancing on lively occasions. It also allows me to transport some of the larger pieces of equipment I use in my research."

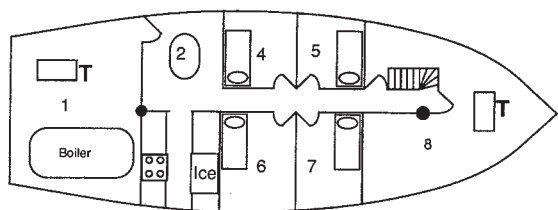
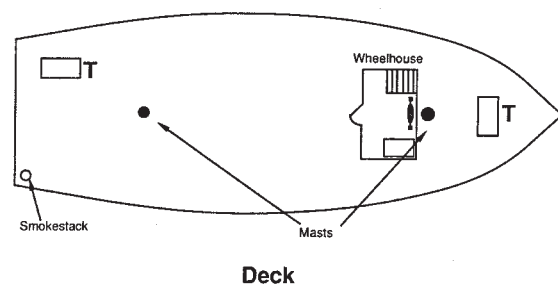
We went below decks through via the stair way in the wheelhouse. Trap doors in the deck (T) are used for loading stores. The amount of space is amazing. There are four cozy staterooms (4-7) and a complete galley (2&3),

in addition to a steam engine (1) and more traditional naval stores (8). The galley includes a spacious dining area (2), a cook stove with an oven, a counter to work on, and an icebox. I asked Dr. Eisenstien how such conveniences could be there. He explained, "The stove is a simple matter. It is heated by steam from the engine. The engine also provides electricity for the Edison electric lamps you may have observed about the ship. As for the icebox, I need to keep many things I use in my work cool. With this in mind I keep an icehouse at my estate which is stocked with ice from Earth at great expense. As a result, this icebox is a small luxury in which I indulge for my guests." Each of the four staterooms contains a fold out cot, a bookshelf, and a fold out desk for writing as well as an Edison electric lamp for light. Dr. Eisenstien says he has always found travel aboard quite pleasant. Indeed, there is little to want on this fine vessel.

In spite of all the pleasantries aboard, the ship is a swift one, doing about twelve knots in good wind and ten with its steam engine. It usually takes about two days to get to Haat from Syrtis Major, as compared to a little over a day for an aerial flyer.

In fact, one could travel to most of the lowland cities of Mars in a yacht. It could be done with all of the modern conveniences and luxury one is accustomed to and at a fraction of the cost of an aerial flyer. Unfortunately, not all of the Grand Canals are in good enough repair to make this possible, and there is always the danger of river pirates. In any case, a short excursion on the canals is a pleasant way to spend a day or two of your stay on the red planet.

Dr. Eisenstien's Yacht



Original TRMGs Art

EDWARD'S GUIDE TO MARS: THE RESIDENCY

BY STEVE WHITMORE AND MATT RUANE

In the early days of English settlement on Mars much was made of the lack of protection provided by Martian structures and the narrow Martian streets for the offices of the Colonial Office. As it turned out, the solution to this dilemma was readily available: the abandoned Martian fortress overlooking the juncture of the canals in the center of Syrtis Major. The fortress had been partially destroyed during the final assault on Syrtis Major by British troops, but a large portion was still intact. Captain Harrison Cruthers KCMG, Royal Engineers, undertook the task of turning this Martian ruin into a proper locale for the residency of the Governor General and his Colonial Office staff.

After rebuilding the outer wall, Cruthers realized that he could create a protected compound for the Colonial Office. He razed the remaining structures inside the wall and laid out streets. He then had his engineers construct parks and government buildings, including the Governor General's home. To secure more construction and residents, he arranged for parts of the property to be leased to other builders and to the Lloyd's Bank. The end result of Cruthers efforts is a slice of London occupied by the cream of the British Government on Mars.

1. ROYAL MARTIAN CONSTABULARY

Located next to "Police Gate", the RMC occupies a large three-story, stone fortress like building, surrounded by a ten foot high stone wall. The architect's plans originally called for an iron fence, and he was quite adamant about the requirement until it was pointed out to him that the RMC would need to double its force just to protect the iron from theft.

On the top floor of the Block House, as it is called by police and public alike, are holding cells for those awaiting trial in the various courts within the residency compound. On the second floor, in several small and run down offices, the plain clothes division of the RMC and a small contingent from Scotland Yard work. The Yard's internal regulations call for a Chief Inspector and two Deputy Chief Inspectors to head its operations, however, the office is understaffed with only a single DCI present. This is due to a lack of desire to accept a posting so far away from London by most British policemen. There is some rivalry between the boys from the Yard and the detective force of the RMC.

There is a far greater rivalry between the detectives on the second floor and the uniformed constabulary on the first floor. The constables feel that they do all the work and have no privacy from the public, thus coveting the second floor to serve as locker room and lounge. A model of a police station, the first floor with its high ceilings, long hard benches for the public and holding cells is very impressive. If it were not for the continual presence of Martians in the station, a visitor would feel as if he were in any local police

office in England.

Below ground are the constable's dressing rooms and the armory for the RMC. Hidden in one corner of the lower basement is an entrance to an array of tunnels that connect the block house to the governor's residence and Government House.

2. BANK OF ENGLAND

Standing as solid as the Pound Sterling, the bank building commands the south west corner of the residency. The massive three story building is made of local materials but with an imported marble floor in the lobby, said to be made of several tons of the finest Italian marble. The directors of the Bank of England are rumored to have ordered the marble to Mars in an effort to cool the building. Everyone knows that marble holds its cool temperature no matter what the temperature of the room. In actuality, the directors wanted a more English style of lobby to reassure its customers. It appears to have worked, as the Bank of England is the strongest bank on Mars.

The bank is built entirely above ground without a basement because the builders feared canals might flood the vault or worse yet, someone might tunnel into it. The vault is located on the first floor behind some very thick walls. The first floor also houses the managers and tellers, but the directors are located on the second floor where they can look out into the atrium lobby and watch the comings and goings below. Even though the building is three stories tall there is not a third story as such, just some storage over the director's offices. The atrium lobby of bank takes the front half of this square building and is three stories below the ceiling. The designers would have succeeded in creating a very cool building if they had not put in the massive collection of large south-facing windows. In the back half of the building are the vault and several offices, over which the directors have their own larger offices. They are well lit by the sunlight streaming in through the windows in the front of the bank.

3. PRINCE ALBERT PARK

The English love parks and nowhere this side of Kew Gardens is that more evident than Prince Albert Park. Forming a green oasis between the luxury homes of the residency and the exterior wall, it is one of the most enjoyable places to spend an afternoon, sitting in a pavilion, or walking among the greenery brought from England. The park has been the scene of great horror despite its beauty. The park was the location of the Martin-Jones Massacre, one of the bloodiest Sundays on Mars. Many called for the closure of the park after the massacre, in which members of the notorious Martin-Jones Mob escaped from the Block House with the aid of an aerial flyer that landed in the park. Several citizens were taken hostage with the promise that none would be hurt if the flyer was allowed to depart. No one knows who fired the first shot, but when the smoke cleared, fifteen men, women, and children lay dead and a score more wounded. The flyer escaped, as did Martin-Jones, a notorious rogue rumored to be Colonel Ian O'Reilly, the notorious Fenian (see the description of O'Reilly in TRMQS #1).

Though some five years have passed since the tragedy, the memory of it

is still fresh in many people's minds, as demonstrated by the uproar over the inappropriately small memorial to those killed on that black Sunday. Protests notwithstanding, a "Black Sunday" obelisk, engraved with the names of the victims, was placed in the northern part of the park.

4. COLONIAL OFFICE

Called Bedford Gardens by those working within, the three-story Colonial Office building looms like a Medieval fortress. No matter what a first time visitor to the Colonial Office might think about Mars, he will find Bedford Gardens imposing, almost as imposing as dealing with the bureaucrats that work within those stone walls.

Located between the offices of the Governor General and the Residency aerial flyer port, Bedford Gardens is the hub of the British Empire on Mars, not withstanding the opinion of the Foreign Office. Contrary to the name, there is not a single green plant growing in the drab structure, and some say not a living thing among the souls that work within. The bureaucrats that inhabit the spartan offices seem to take pride in their officiousness and obstructionist traditions. "It is just not done that way" is a phrase often heard when one of these gnomes of Bedford Gardens is confronted by a situation or request that is not reflected in the regulations.

5. BLOCKS OF FLATS

This large group of flats houses a great many of the employees of the Colonial Office. Like most buildings on Mars without a modern lift, the buildings are no taller than five stories. Each building contains six flats within its three floors. However, most of the flats on the first floor are taken up with professional offices or lawyer's chambers. The men working in these offices usually cater to those unfortunate enough to find themselves in the courtrooms of Government House. If a vacancy can be found, rents are, for the most part, very reasonable.

6. TRANSIT JAIL

After the Martin-Jones massacre, the Governor General and the commander of the Royal Martian Constabulary decided that those prisoners awaiting transport to Earth should be housed in a separate facility away from the regular holding cells. To meet this need, the transit jail was constructed, consisting of a two story stone building which rests on a stone foundation some ten feet thick. The walls are rumored to be constructed of five feet of the hardest Martian stone available. Besides the cells, there are enough rooms and supplies for a small garrison to hold out for several days if they become besieged.

7. RESIDENCY PARK

As if to further isolate the "Stone House", as the transit jail has become known, the planners of the Residency placed a large park between the jail and the home of the Governor General. For some reason this park has never gained popularity with the English residents. This is perhaps because the park is not as well landscaped as Prince Albert Park. The local garrison,

however, has adopted the park as their own, taking full advantage of the large open fields for drill and the occasional polo match.

8. GOVERNMENT HOUSE

If anything reaffirms the steadfastness of the Empire and Her Most Britannic Majesty's presence throughout the Solar System, it is Government House. An imposing structure standing four stories tall, it commands the corner of the Residency like a dreadnought in a small harbor. One of the tallest buildings in Syrtis Major, it has a mechanical lift to raise and lower people between floors. The west wing contains the courts, judges' chambers, small holding cells on the fourth floor, and the records' office. The junior administrative staff reside on first floor of the east wing with the senior staff in suites on the second floor. The private offices of the Governor General are on the third and fourth floors of Government House.

9. HOTELS

There are three hotels located just outside the Residency: the Savoy, the Dorchester, and the Regency. They form a triangle facing the east wall of the compound and cater primarily to English visitors. Just beyond these three hotels is a fourth hotel, the Imperial. Located closer to the Legation Compound than to the Residency, the Imperial has a distinctly continental flavor to its clientele. Plans of the Legation compound can be found in *TRMGS* #2.

A) THE SAVOY HOTEL

This is perhaps the most English hotel on Mars. It is modeled after its counterpart in London, including the Savoy Grill. The staff could have been, and most likely was, imported from London.

There is an air about the hotel that speaks of an Empire at its pinnacle. The staff will look disdainfully at any person who obviously lacks the proper breeding or displays lower class attitudes. They will be more tolerant of improprieties committed by those of high social status. The staff tends to fall over themselves for any visiting royalty, an occasionally embarrassing sight. Foreigners generally do not stay at the Savoy as they are better treated at the Imperial or the Dorchester.

The Savoy Grill is home to the finest English food in Syrtis Major. Like the Hotel, the Grill is a copy of its London counterpart. Proper attire is requested at all times, and though patrons are not required to wear morning clothes for luncheon, they are requested to dress for dinner.

Rating: Hotel: ★★★★★ Grill:★★★★★

Rates: £5 to £15 a day; £40 to £125 a month

Grill: Luncheon: 10/— to £2, Dinner: £1 to £10

Meals Do Not Include the Cost of Wine

B) THE REGENCY HOTEL

The Regency is as posh as the Savoy and the service is almost as good. The management of the Regency certainly makes every effort to give the impression of a great European Hotel. The hotel presents a more continen-

tal atmosphere than the Savoy. The Regency's staff are more tolerant of those of lesser breeding than the Savoy's, but they will still be shown the door if they do not measure up to their standards. Unlike the Savoy, the staff at the Regency recognizes that on Mars, one never can never really tell the status of a person by their costume. They are quick to realize that many of the upper classes dress for adventuring and do not look their position at all times.

The Continental at the Regency is an excellent restaurant with a bill of fare that the most experienced European traveler would find impressive. The menu ranges from French to northern Italian, but if you eat at the Continental you must try the veal, the specialty of the house. The Continental has one of the best wine cellars on Mars with a house Chablis from Meroe that rivals the finest wines on Earth. Charles, the wine steward, swears that it is produced here on Mars, but few believe him.

Rating: Hotel: ★★★★★ Restaurant:★★★★★

Rates: £7 to £18 a day; £45 to £120 a month

Luncheon: 10/— to £2, Dinner: £1 to £10

Meals Do Not Include the Cost of Wine

C) THE DORCHESTER HOTEL

The Dorchester Hotel is a moderately priced hotel, a poor relation to the Savoy and the Regency. Its location near Government House and its price make it very attractive to middle level civil servants and those visiting Government House who can not afford the Savoy or the Regency.

The Dining Room has a generous bill of fare that is adequately prepared by the kitchen staff, a group of men imported from one of London's better restaurants, or so the story goes. The truth is that they were imported from London, but not for their cooking skill. A savvy traveler should not take this to mean that they would not find a good meal at a fair price or a clean room close to Government House. A word of caution: the cellar at the Dorchester is not the best and the wine steward does not respond well to criticism.

Rating: Hotel: ★★★ Dining Room:★★★

Rates: £1 to £3 10/— a day; £15 to £55 a month

Dining Room: Luncheon: 12/— to £1, Dinner: £1 to £5

Meals Do Not Include the Cost of Wine

D) THE IMPERIAL HOTEL

The best hotel on Mars is the Imperial. Rivalled only by the Savoy and the Regency, it ranks with the finest hotels in London or on the Continent. The lobby of the Imperial is reminiscent of rooms found in French chateaux or Viennese castles—covered in mirrors, gold filigree, and nearly three stories tall.

Located opposite the west gate of the legation compound, the Imperial is home to much intrigue. On any given evening a visitor can find diplomats, adventurers, and an occasional foreign agent. Rooms at the Imperial range in size from comfortable to spacious suites. There are several floors devoted to apartments for more permanent guests. These may be rented for a month or more at surprisingly reasonable rates.

One of the pleasant features of the Imperial are the number of guest

services that are available. There are, of course, the normal valet and tailoring services, a barber, and a house physician. In addition, the hotel will accept any European currency, and will arrange, for a small fee, to exchange any Martian currency into pounds sterling.

The Imperial boasts three fine restaurants in its spacious grounds. The Empire Grill is a very good imitation of the pre-eminent grills of London. The main clientele of the Empire are servants from the Foreign Office and English men with business in the Legation Compound. The Angevin Continental Room offers the finest French food on Mars; the French Ambassador dines here regularly. The Syrtis Room is a less formal restaurant located in the basement of the hotel. It is open at all hours, and offers light meals and drinks of all sorts.

Rating: Hotel: ★★★★★ Restaurant:★★★★★

Rates: £7 to £18 a day; £45 to £120 a month

Continental: Luncheon: 10/— to £2, Dinner: £1 to £10

Meals Do Not Include the Cost of Wine

10. GOVERNOR GENERAL'S RESIDENCE

The Governor General lives in a spacious three story mansion situated in the northeast corner of the residency, a short carriage ride from Government House. The Governor General has been known to stay in his study at the residence and receive visitors there rather than at his formal offices. For entertaining, he makes able use of the two formal dining rooms and renowned catering staff.

The house itself is rather unremarkable, but it does overlook a pond some three quarters of an acre in size. Further accentuating the pond is a stand of oak trees giving the residence the air of an English country manor. A gazebo has been placed in the shade of the oak trees and has become a favorite place of repose for the Governor General on quiet evenings.

If oak trees in the front garden were not enough to provide uniqueness, the private aerial flyer pad next the house most certainly adds the finishing touch. It was installed at the same time the flyer pad was placed next to Government House by an earlier administration which was concerned about safety and wanted a means of escape close at hand. Now the flyer pad is used by the current Governor General to store his experimental Rutledge Flyer.

11. GOVERNOR'S SQUARE

This small square is conveniently sited behind the barracks. Actually a rectangle of cobblestones, the cavalry stationed nearby hold ceremonial and Sunday parades here. It also provides a play ground for the children living in the homes that line the two sides of the square.

12. BARRACKS

A small contingent of the Household Cavalry regiment has its garrison within the residency compound. Consisting of two buildings with low, red tiled roofs and large, wide windows, the garrison's barracks look as if they were transplanted from Cape Town. One of the buildings is used as stables

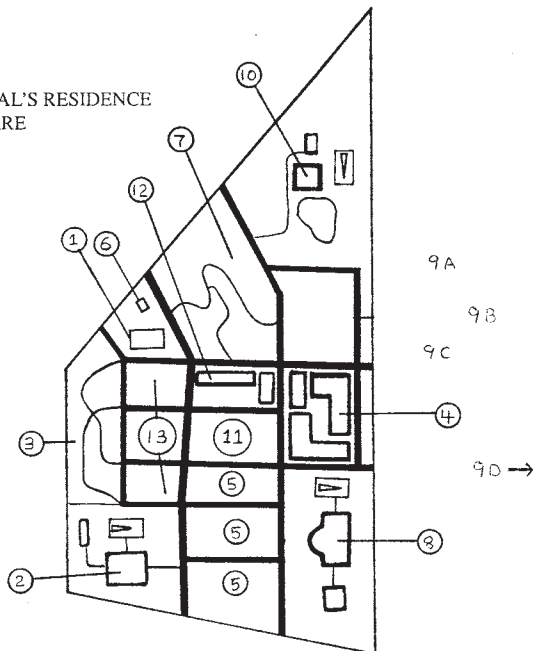
and storage for all of the tack used on ceremonial occasions. In addition, the stables house the unit's string of polo ponies, as well as those of Royal Syrtis Major Polo Club. Sundays, during polo season, the large field in Residency Park holds games between the RSMPC and all comers, including an American team made up of embassy personnel and expatriate businessmen.

13. PRIVATE HOMES

A collection of two and three story private homes located around Governor's Square are home to many of the officers in the Colonial Office. The homes were designed to fill the requirements of someone who wanted both a town home and country place. Thus they were built as unattached dwellings with ample yards. It has been said that within these three blocks of homes reside the most influential government employees on Mars.

THE SYRTIS MAJOR RESIDENCY

1. ROYAL MARTIAN CONSTABULARY
2. BANK OF ENGLAND
3. PRINCE ALBERT PARK
4. COLONIAL OFFICE
5. BLOCKS OF FLATS
6. TRANSIT JAIL
7. RESIDENCY PARK
8. GOVERNMENT HOUSE
9. HOTELS
 - A. SAVOY
 - B. REGENCY
 - C. DORCHESTER
 - D. IMPERIAL
10. GOVERNOR GENERAL'S RESIDENCE
11. GOVERNOR'S SQUARE
12. BARRACKS
13. PRIVATE HOMES



PLEBEIANS & PERSONAGES:

BRUCE HYDE

BY KEN MEGILL

Bruce Hyde was born in Australia sometime in the mid 1860s. He has no idea who his parents were, and was raised in an orphanage in Sydney until he ran away shortly before his eleventh birthday. He ended up trapping and hunting in the outback, poaching when down on his luck. In 1877, his skill with rifles and familiarity with the outdoors got him a position as a junior gameskeeper on the Governor General's estate. Bruce was just settling in to a somewhat more civilized lifestyle when he mistook the governor's prize hound for a dingo and dropped it with one "well" placed shot. Not wanting to become the object of the Governor's well known temper, and knowing that as junior man he would be blamed even if it hadn't been his fault, Bruce calmly acquired all of the small valuable items he could get his hands on and bought a ticket to the only place he could think of beyond the Governor's reach — Mars.

Upon his arrival, Bruce discovered that his willingness to spend long periods of time away from the few civilized towns was a real asset. Quite a few rich and well paying big game hunters needed experienced guides, and the fact that Bruce had little more knowledge of Mars than his employers proved to be little obstacle to his new career. While his inexperience certainly contributed to the deaths of several of his employers, none of the dead ones made it back to complain, while all of the satisfied customers were alive to recommend him. In any case, after a few years of winging it, Bruce had managed to learn what he had always claimed to know in the first place, and his reputation grew as more and more of his clients returned with him.

Eventually, Bruce started working for the Royal Geographic Society and other scientific organizations. He considered this quite an improvement over guiding big game hunters, as the scientists didn't go looking for trouble, and were quite willing to put out the effort to avoid it as long as it wasn't right on top of the dig site. Bruce was once again settling into a more comfortable lifestyle when he agreed to go on the Thacker Expedition. While the details of the expedition are classified, it was there that he met Mansfield (Mansfield of Mars!) and the well known Mr. Tyler of the Tyler Foundation (for more information on Mr. Tyler, see Issue #2 of *TRMGS*). After the return of the expedition Bruce was given a reserve commission in the Royal Navy, the Distinguished Service Order, and a full pardon. He also sold a book that he had found to Tyler for £50,000, and used the money to buy a very large ranch back in Australia. Bruce went back to Earth, settled down and to his horror became terribly bored. He then returned to Mars, and used the profits from his ranch to live on when there were no interesting jobs available. Bruce has recently been spotted hanging around the infamous Lord Herring, and has been seen conspicuously eating scones.

PLAYING BRUCE

Bruce is very concerned with his own survival. He does not have any silly upper class beliefs that might interfere with his survival, and would have no problem taking action against someone with such beliefs if they threatened to hurt him. He will not mount hopeless rescue expeditions or bravely sacrifice himself for the group. One of the reasons that he has survived over a dozen expeditions is his ability to know when to run away.

Bruce's most obvious trait is his tendency to shoot his problems. While he is reluctant to shoot people, he does not act like he is, and his companions often believe that they have dissuaded him from shooting someone when he did not really want to kill them in the first place. On the other hand, if the group does not try to talk him out of shooting someone, he is likely to decide that his desire to kill them is justified and shoot them even though he hadn't originally planned to. Bruce is not stupid, and will not kill anyone other than O'Reilly when it will get him charged with murder or seriously hamper his own goals. On the other hand, if he is put in a position where he is both mad and facing a gloating enemy (especially one foolish enough to say "you would not dare shoot me because...") he will probably blow him away and suffer the consequences.

Other than survival, the only other thing that really motivates Bruce is the desire to improve his social standing. While he would never admit it, Bruce thinks that being invited to the Governor's mansion (Martian, not Australian) for a formal dance, and showing up in a spiffy uniform or nifty upper class duds is a lot of fun. Another thing to keep in mind is that Bruce will carry his guns with him anywhere he goes unless he is forced to "check them at the door" and trusts the people he is leaving them with. He will also make it a point to wear his uniform anytime he has a good excuse. Finally, Bruce will not relax his guard even with people he is supposedly allied with, and is very slow to trust people with anything important to him.

ABOUT HIS GUNS...

While Bruce owns a pair of .45's and a ten gauge shotgun, he is not attached to them and considers them replaceable. His "gun", which he is very attached to, is a double barreled Holland and Holland .600 Nitro Express, which he acquired from one of his unfortunate clients early in his career. He carries 100 rounds for it with him, and keeps it loaded at all times. Bruce recently acquired a new gun from an inventor friend of his. The Temple Covenant Jones Patented Monster Stopper is an .800 caliber over and under, and cannot be fired by anyone with a strength under 5. The stock is made of liftwood so that it is much easier to carry when slung upright. Bruce has not had many opportunities to use it yet, but is confident that it can take down anything he has ever encountered. He carries 50 rounds of ammunition for the Monster Stopper and has ammunition for both guns stored in several places in Syrtis Major and around Mars. He will not sell either gun under any circumstances, and if they are stolen he will go to any effort to have the culprit "punnished" and to get them back.

GETTING BRUCE INVOLVED

Bruce will go on any expedition that he thinks he has a good chance of living through if it also meets one of the following conditions:

1. He could make a lot of money from it;

2. It could improve his reputation with the British Government, or a respected British institution;

3. He would get a chance to kill or seriously hurt one of his enemies:

Col. O'Reilly, the Germans, or the Anti-Scone Society;

4. It looks like a lot of fun.

Note: Colonel O'Reilly is described in Issue #1 of *TRMGS*; information on the Anti-Scone Society can be found in the *Transactions* Campaign in this issue. The Germans are, of course, the Germans.



Lt. Bruce Hyde, DSO, RN (Reserve)

(Poacher, Big Game Hunter)

Strength: 5 Intellect: 2

Agility: 5 Charisma: 2

Endurance: 6 Social Level: 1

Skills: Fisticuffs 4, Throwing 3, Close Combat 3 (Edged) Stealth 4, Marksmanship 6 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 6 (Survival), Fieldcraft 3, Tracking 4, Swimming 3, Observation 2, Science 1 (Physics:Applies only to the use of magnets), Gunnery 1 (Machinegun), Eloquence 1, Linguistics 2 (Parhooni, Koline), Riding 1 (Gashant), Piloting 1 (Cloudship), Leadership 1

THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF MARS

BY MARK CLARK

In *Space: 1889*, there are a wide variety of valuable trade goods on Mars. These natural resources are the primary reason that the nations of Earth are competing to establish trading relations and colonies on Mars. This article is a compilation of all the trade goods described in the *Space: 1889* rule book and in the various supplements and magazine articles that have appeared about the game. In most cases, this article lists everything that is known about the items described. If additional information is available, the original source is listed for further reference. I have also included a number of other items developed in the course of the campaign I run; these are not to be considered official and are marked with a * before the name of the item. I have also included adventure ideas associated with some of these resources — hope you like them.

OVERVIEW

In *Space: 1889*, Mars is an old and tired world. Since civilization is tens of thousands of years old, most resources we associate with a technological culture have been used up. Metals are scarce, industry is run down, and the general level of technology is low. Thus, colonization on Mars is somewhat different than on Earth. Rather than discovering new and unexploited natural resources, like the diamonds of South Africa or the gold of Australia and Alaska, explorers on Mars basically are picking through the remnants of a once-great civilization for scraps.

Given that overall limitation, there are a number of Martian products that are of value in trade with Earth. These can be divided into roughly four categories. First, and most important, are agricultural products, like liftwood and gumme. Second, and much less important, are mineral resources, such as gems. The third category is that of Martian manufactured products, such as art objects. Finally, there is the most exotic category: artifacts of ancient Martian civilization. All four of these categories of goods are discussed below.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS

Liftwood

The single most valuable product of Mars is Liftwood. This wood contains an unknown anti-gravity substance, which serves to make the wood rise in the air when it is oriented properly with respect to the ground. The Cloudships and Aerial Flyers in the *Space: 1889* game system use liftwood to fly (a complex mix of levers and pulleys, called a trim system, allows the craft to go up and down on command). Liftwood is perhaps the most outlandish element of the *Space: 1889* game system, but since it allows for drawings of cool-looking flying gunboats and permits player characters to journey about Mars quickly and in relative comfort, it's easy to rationalize including it in the game.

The most complete description of liftwood appears in issue# 42 of *Chal-*

lence magazine in an article by Marcus Rowland. To summarize that article briefly, liftwood grows only in small groves in the mountains of Mars. It is cultivated by High Martians, who sell the liftwood for high prices to their lowland relatives, the Canal Martians. Liftwood is expensive because it will grow only in the mountains. Samples transplanted to lowland areas still grow, but when harvested have no anti-gravity properties.

Most adventures centering around liftwood will involve either a trading visit to a High Martian tribe or a raid on a liftwood grove. A good published module that involves a liftwood raid is *The Liftwood Conspiracy*, published by 3W. Any character who can gain control of a liftwood grove or who can figure out how to grow the plant at low altitudes will grow rich very quickly.

Gumme

Gumme is a natural rubber that grows only in the lowland areas of the Coprates Valley on Mars. Most of the Coprates are under the control of Belgium, or more strictly speaking under the control of the King of Belgium, King Leopold. Gumme is very similar to natural rubber, but it lasts longer, is more resistant to solvents, and works at low temperatures. As a result, it is widely used in industrial applications, including the manufacture of ethersuits.

Gumme is grown in plantations. The plantations are worked by Martians, who are technically free but who are actually little more than slaves. The desire for more land to grow gumme and more slaves to grow it is behind the expansionistic policies of Belgium in the Coprates. This fact is not widely known outside the Coprates themselves, since the Belgians try to keep it a secret.

Belgian repression of the Martians under their control and King Leopold's attempts to keep this a secret can form the basis for an exciting series of adventures. We plan to use the Coprates as the setting for a future *Transactions* Campaign adventure, and we will detail the politics and economics of the gumme trade in great detail in the issue that contains that adventure. In the meantime, here are a few suggestions. The most basic plot would involve the players being hired to run guns to Martians rebelling against the Belgians. More complex would be a spy mission sponsored by the British government or by a European anti-slavery society to investigate allegations about Belgian treatment of Martian natives. Finally, the players might be sent on a scientific expedition to gather gumme plants for transplanting to other locations on Mars. Of course, there is no reason why all of these elements couldn't be combined into one big adventure (we'll probably do it!)

SPICE

This category contains a number of products that are used as flavorings for food or as preservatives. The official *Space: 1889* material describes only one Martian spice, Bhutan Spice, but in a very sketchy manner. The GDW module *Conklin's Guide* lists several other locations on Mars that export spices, but gives no details. The listing below is from materials developed in the course of the *Transactions* Campaign.

Bhutan Spice

This mildly narcotic spice is grown and processed in the Boreosyrtris League, a group of four cities just north of the British Crown Colony on Mars. British merchants have recently managed to obtain a monopoly on the purchase and distribution of the spice, creating friction with other European traders. Bhutan Spice apparently is grown only in the Boreosyrtris League, but beyond that no details of its origins or the nature of its effects are listed in the published *Space: 1889* literature.

Transactions plans to detail the politics and economics of the Bhutan Spice trade in our next issue as part of the adventure "The ARI Strikes Back." The adventure will include a description of the nature of Bhutan Spice and how it is grown.

***Mehtok Peppers**

These peppers are grown in the countryside around the Martian city of Acidalia in the Cydonia region. The peppers, especially the seeds, are extremely hot and spicy, and food flavored with them is almost impossible for Earthmen to eat. Mehtok peppers are widely used as a preservative on Mars, especially by Hill Martians, who consider it the mark of a true warrior to eat an entire pickled pepper at one sitting. According to Sir Reginald Smyth-Hampster, the well-known explorer, Mehtok peppers are also the only flavoring capable of making Gashant meat even vaguely edible. Sir Reginald did go on to say, however, that the sensation of eating Mehtok-flavored Gashant meat was "... not unlike putting a red-hot poker covered with grease in one's mouth."

***Lurriittee Oil**

Wandering traders from the city of Crinolia peddle this oil throughout Mars as an all-purpose medication. The oil actually comes from the Electris region around the city, more specifically from the mountains to the South. Lurriittee Oil is so foul smelling that few buy it more than once, and it tastes so foul that only the desperate will swallow it as a medication of last resort. Why Crinolian traders continue to hawk this oil when they have so little luck with it is a true mystery.

The truth behind the Lurriittee Oil salesmen is up to the referee. The whole thing may be an initiation ritual for the merchant's guild of Crinolia; apprentice salesmen can only move up if they have sold the oil to someone from another city. The salesmen could also be a religious cult of some sort with an unfathomable mission; a more deadly twist might be that the salesmen are agents of the Worm Cult in disguise, spying for their masters. Finally, Lurriittee Oil might be the product of an ancient Martian machine hidden the mountains, and is intended for use as a lubricant for some long-vanished etherflyer or other device.

***Salt**

The last Martian sea to dry up was the Thaumasian. When it finally evaporated, it left the great salt pans south of the city of Ogygis. Hill Martians in this area earn their living by mining the salt and shipping it throughout Mars.

Rare Flowers

In the late 19th century, there was somewhat of a craze among the landed English gentry for the growing of rare and exotic flowers, particularly orchids. Plant lovers imported a wide variety of tropical flowers into England, and grew them in greenhouses. Flowers from Mars and Venus are even more exotic than those from South America or Brazil, and command a high price on Earth among collectors. Several published *Space: 1889* adventures center on rare or exotic Martian flowers; see *More Tales From the Ether*, for example. By and large, these flowers grow in the swamps of Mars. The most notable of these is the Mylomeoen Swamp, just north of the city of Mylarkt. Not far from the Martian Crown Colony, it is a natural site for adventures centered on the rare flower trade.

*Pushti Fruit

Pushti fruit are large and are shaped very much like volleyballs. The fruit is grown only in a small number of plantations just north of Syrtis Major. Martians esteem the fruit as a delicacy, and will pay high prices for it. Unfortunately, it has a very short growing season and does not ship well, so it is not widely distributed outside the Crown Colony. There are rumors that the Pushti fruit is used in some secret Worm Cult rituals, but no European has been able to confirm this. A detailed article on the ecology of Pushti fruit, Pushti trees, and the vicious Pushti Monkey will appear in a future issue of *Transactions*.

MINERAL RESOURCES

Gems

Most mineral resources on Mars have been depleted by millennia of mining operations. The one exception to this is Gems, especially semi-precious stones. The Ancient Martians mined diamonds, rubies, and other crystals that had industrial applications, but they neglected other stones, since Martians do not seem interested in the stones as jewelry. As a result, semi-precious stones can be found in many places on Mars. Their relatively low value, however, makes mining them commercially unattractive; only a lucky find of an unusually large example will return much money to the discoverer.

The one exception to this general rule is a totally unique gem found only in the deep deserts of Mars. Fire Jewels, an unusually symmetrical form of crystal that glows with an inner light, can be gathered up in the Moab desert between the cities of Dioscuria and Aryn, and in the Amazonian desert west of the city of Olympia. These gems command high prices, but obtaining them is very dangerous. They are found only in desert areas far from water, and the best hunting grounds are guarded by Hill Martians. The tribesmen consider the stones sacred, and will kill anyone they find trespassing. The exact nature and origin of these gems is disputed in the scientific community. One interesting theory is that the Fire Jewels were formed as a result of the detonation of Ether bombs (a theoretical explosive of great power); several scientists have claimed that the gems are Etherioactive, and will upset the workings of the sensitive ether detectors used in Ether Flyers.

Oil

According to the map of Martian resources in GDW's *Conklin's Guide*, oil can be found in several locations on Mars. This creates a rather major inconsistency, since all deposits that would be accessible using the technology of the late 19th century would have been used by the Ancient Martians during their industrialization. There are a number of ways one can rationalize this; the solution we here at *Transactions* like the most is that these sources of oil are actually spills from refineries that soaked into the ground that the Martian equivalent of the EPA never got around to cleaning up. There are examples of this in our own time; several refineries in California and New Jersey have so contaminated the groundwater under their sites that they actually make money from pumping the water up and separating the oil out.

Note: there is one exception to this overall explanation. According to *Conklin's Guide*, the Gorklimsk Swamp was the result of geological action that took place after the building of the canals. This change in geology released the oil that now forms ponds in the Swamp. Of course, the Gorklimsk Swamp Pirates have made getting the oil a risky proposition.

HANDICRAFTS

This category of products is mostly important of terms of trade on Mars; the high cost of ether transport means that very few of these sorts of items have reached Earth. Most Martian handicrafts are very ordinary, made primarily from animal skins and wood. Small amounts of crude bronze jewelry also circulate.

Rogo Wood

The only product that has attracted interest among European collectors is worked Rogo wood from the city of Yaonis (Hellas region). This fine dense wood assumes strange and exotic shapes under the hands of the workers of the woodcarvers guild of the city; collectors have reported that the odd carvings have a strangely soothing effect when viewed for long periods

*Worm Cult Masks

One trade item that certain collectors on Earth have payed high prices for are the masks Worm Cultists wear while performing their strange rituals. Trade in these artifacts is entirely under the table, however, since the Worm Cult will go to great lengths to get them back, killing all those who oppose them. Moreover, these masks are rumored to be made from tanned human skin; no respectable member of society would even dream of owning one.

ARTIFACTS

This is perhaps the most exotic category of Martian goods. It includes a wide variety of objects, most of the manufactured long ago by the Ancient Martians. Robbing tombs is dangerous work; it can bring great rewards, but it can also be very deadly (see the "Secret of the Pyramid" adventure in *TRMGS* #2, for example).

Gold and Silver

These metals are rare on Mars. The bulk of these metals were used up by the Ancient Martians for industrial purposes or were buried in tombs. Finding the right tomb can be very lucrative; a number of men prominent in Martian Society have made their fortunes that way (see the Article on Lionel Tyler in TRMGS #2). Remember, however: Tombs are dangerous!

Statuary

Ancient Martian statuary in good condition commands high prices from museums and private collectors on Earth. In much the same way as Greek and Roman statuary was dug up and hauled back to England and Germany in the late 19th century, Martian decorative friezes and architectural details are finding their way off planet. The location and removal of a particularly large or intricate work of sculpture can greatly enhance the reputation of any archeologist working on Mars. Of course, those pesky natives may have a few objections, but that's why you brought the Gatling gun along, isn't it?



Original TRMGS Artwork
By Brian Kendall

Books

Much of the language of the Ancient Martians is still untranslated. Understanding the inscriptions that the Canal Builders used to embellish their great technological works is almost impossible, and any new book that might aid in that understanding is literally priceless. For example, Bruce Hyde, the famous Australian guide and explorer, made his fortune by finding a single book in the course of his explorations. Rumored to be a dictionary of Ancient Martian technical terms, the work was purchased by Lionel Tyler and is now in his private collection. Such books are extremely rare, however, and most are not anywhere near as valuable as the one Mr. Hyde found.

Working Artifacts

Actual functioning high-tech devices made by the Canal Builders are the rarest of rare artifacts. The introduction of such items into a campaign should be carefully considered beforehand, and the device should not unbalance the game (this is *Space: 1889*, after all, not *Star Trek* with its kooky-technology-of-the-week-club mentality). Given the technological resources of the Ancient Martians, such artifacts can be just about anything, from death rays to time machines, but they should not work consistently (they are very old, after all), and they should make the players the object of everyone's attentions. A good example of such an artifact is the rifle in the adventure "The Martian Death Ray" in *Ether Society Newsletter* #2. That adventure really gets the players going, and all over something rather trivial.

VICTORIA'S DEFENDERS: VICTORIA'S SOLDIERS

BY B. LEE KENDALL

Welcome to the first installment of my new column "Victoria's Defenders". This column will discuss the British armed services of the late Victorian era, with a primary emphasis on the British Army. Everything from the evolution of tactics to changes in equipment shall be discussed in the issues that follow. The reader will soon note that most of my comparisons will be in relation to the British Army of 1914. This is for good reason, since it is my opinion that the army of 1914 was the high water mark of the quality of the British ground forces. That army was the final result of all the changes that took place during the Victorian period that this column will describe, and it is, in my opinion, the best force ever fielded for war.

VICTORIA'S SOLDIERS

No image to me inspires more awe than that of a few men standing off hundreds, even thousands of the enemy, calmly waiting to unleash a volley that would send many a heathen soul to its maker. What kind of training could a single man receive to make him stand in the face of such a terrible sight? The answer is simple: no single man ever did. No single man stood at Rorke's Drift, no single man stood before the hordes of Fuzzie-Wuzzies at Khartoum. It was the English Army's Battalions that stood.

Why did the battalions of the British Army stand when no other force would have? There are a number of reasons. One factor was the nature of the British officer corps. The average officer of the time was a stalwart fellow instilled with those values of the time that seemed to lend themselves to the life of a soldier. Although probably not very bright (the smart ones joined the Navy), he was more than likely to come from a wealthy family (some mess bills for officer's food alone were more than their entire salary!), and he probably had a fairly good education by British standards. English schools for the upper classes emphasized sports, and the rigorous physical training students received were good preparation for life in the field. British officers also had a strong sense of belonging to a privileged class that required them to be both brave and honorable, resulting in a fairly high standard for personal courage on the battlefield. Unfortunately, this sense of class distinction led to a serious problem: a real sense of detachment from their men. Some officers couldn't even identify many of the lance corporals in their companies, let alone the individual soldiers. Another problem was most officers had a real fear of being labeled a boat rocker. This led many a young officer to sit on ideas for improving their men's fighting ability rather than implement them. It must be said, however, that some of these officers did recognize their failings, and they were the ones who would implement the reforms (the most important of which took place after the Boer War) that would change their antiquated army into the most modern in thinking and tactics by 1914.

If the officers were not the central reason for the British Army's success, what was? Central to the performance of British battalions were the professional soldiers, the long timers. Although throughout the Victorian period enlistments were shortened, a good many of the soldiers stayed in the army for life. Not just officers and NCO's were lifers, but a good many privates also. It was quite possible for an enlisted man to go through his entire career and never receive a promotion. The lifers of the time had more than likely seen a number of small colonial spats, and they could be relied upon to stay calm under pressure. These men were also more likely to remember stories of harsh military punishments given to those who fled or deserted, so they were more likely to follow orders. These graying vets brought to all around them years of experience and countless lessons.

Yet other European armies had long-service professional troops, and the officer corps of those armies were for the most part better educated and more professional than that of the British Empire. Why then was the British Army so successful in colonial actions, even when hampered by deficiencies in equipment and tactics?

The real reason is that the English army has always had one invisible ally whenever it goes to war. You won't find it listed on a wargame record sheet or in a tactical problem solving session. That's because the ally is invisible, despite its power. That ally is History, or more properly Tradition. Tradition can be a strong ally in times of stress. When a soldier of a battalion dies in some desperate battle he becomes strength for future soldiers to draw on, always there, the spirits of Waterloo and the Crimea, waiting to brace the lads up if ever their courage wavered.

You may say to yourself, "what a load of absolute rubbish!", but I ask you to put this image in your mind. A poor urban person who joins the colors was more or less a unlearned fellow, a chap who after he joins is bombarded by stories of his battalion's past deeds on the fields of battle. The battalion goes even further in trying to make him part of that myth, that story, by giving him something as simple as the regimental badge to wear upon his cap and a song to sing with his fellows. Then place him in a scrap against great odds: this poor private is more likely to think "Oh Lord, please don't let me run... it'll look bad for the battalion" then "Oh Hell! Time to get going!" In simple terms, this response is no more than peer pressure, but the weight of tradition in the British Army made that pressure incredibly effective. That Army has a tradition of winning; winning again is that much easier. As recently as the Falklands War (or Malvinas War for our South American readers), the superior morale of the British troops over their Argentine conscript opponents played a central role in English victory.

These are but some of the contributing factors to the army's success during the Victorian period. It is hard to glance back now, these many years in the future and fathom the thinking of the average British fighting man, but if I had to hazard a guess I would say "They fought because they were ordered to, and disobeying orders simply wasn't done."

Coming next time — "From Worst to First: The Story of English Marksmanship and Tactics, 1850-1914".

A BIT OF HISTORY: H. G. WELLS

BY LEE MCCORMICK AND MARK CLARK

Herbert George Wells was the first author of true science fiction. I know, I know, there was Jules Verne, but Verne used only the science that was known at the time he wrote, and his primary purpose for writing was to educate. Wells was the first to use speculative science in his work, and his purpose was to explore not only hard science but the social sciences as well, speculating about how society would change as technology changed. His concepts are still used in science fiction today, and he is much more interesting to read than Verne.

Unfortunately, from a role-playing point of view Wells is a pretty dull guy. All he did was write, so he's not a good NPC for the most part. As a result, we decided not to do a straight biography the way we normally do for "A Bit of History." Instead, we're offering two newspaper clippings that you can use to start off an adventure, along with three ideas for each one on how to proceed. The adventures are based on Wells's books *The Time Machine* and *A Journey to the Moon*. However, you don't need to read the books to run these adventures.

By the way, if you like these adventures you might also want to take a look at the article "Time Voyager" by James L. Cambias in *Challenge* magazine #48. It uses Wells in an adventure, and is very good.

ADVENTURE #1

JOURNALIST SOUGHT IN DIPLOMATIC MAYHEM

Mr. Herbert George Wells is being sought by Her Majesty's agents for questioning in relation to statements he has made which have brought chaos to several otherwise serene local social gatherings. In the most recent incident, Mr. Wells, a writer from Bromley, was presenting his findings regarding an alleged invasion of Earth by Martian forces planned for the near future to the Royal Astronomical Society at their annual gathering. Midway through his talk, Mr. Wells was interrupted when a delegation of the Martian Support League crashed through the hall doors and endeavored to drag the speaker from the building while chanting "The lies must die!" In the chaos which ensued, Wells was able to escape and seems to have gone into hiding. Reports that Wells used a weapon of unknown design in his escape have circulated, but Scotland Yard has said it has been unable to confirm them. This reporter was witness to the violence of this event, having been assigned to cover the speech. He received multiple bruises in the brawl which broke out, and barely escaped with his life.

In a related incident, at the coming out party of debutante Muriel Davidson, sole daughter of Colonel John Davidson of the 32nd Royal Fusiliers, blows were exchanged during a discussion of Mr. Wells' claims of a planned Martian takeover of the British scientific station on Mercury. Martian diplomats stormed from the premises following the pugilistic display over the

allegations of Mr. Wells.

Meanwhile, an account which had found its way into print in the *Bromley Gazette* was read aloud in the House of Parliament as part of an opposition platform to our involvement with those "alien entities with whom we seem to be mingling so much of our national interests and subsequently tax dollars!" Although there were no incidents of fisticuffs at this gathering of our nation's most august body, the violent shouting and pounding on benches by those who wished to be heard on this "invasion issue and how it bears on our relationship with the Martian peoples" brought the session to a dramatic and early close.

The most amazing thing about these disruptions is that they are all apparently the result of the ravings of a madman. Having heard the personal revelations of Mr. H. G. Wells, I can say that most sensible Englishmen would recognize the ludicrous nature of his claims and wish him no worse than the rest his poor mind deserves. In Mr. Wells' own words, preparations for this supposed invasion have not yet even begun. According to Wells, the date of the arrival of the "spaceships from Mars" which will bring the British people "to their knees" is well into the 20th century! As if these rantings were not enough, the poor son of a shopkeeper and cricketer went on to explain that his only evidence for these allegations is that he has seen these happenings in person after traveling to the future in a Time Machine of his own devising!

Mr. Wells claimed that his "futuristic vision" compelled him to "...bring to his fellow countrymen the knowledge of the true nature of these aliens and the lengths to which they will go once they have learned that they cannot subjugate the good people of our world by way of peaceful trade and technological exchange." It should be noted that the delegations of several Martian states, including those of the Oenotrian League and the Tossian Empire, are protesting that the stories springing up in the less than reputable dailies throughout our suburban areas show them in a bad light, and they are assuring the British government that all of Mr. Wells' charges are untrue. They claim to have no knowledge of vessels of the flight and weapons capabilities described by the crazed author, who they claim has sought to discredit their honorable intentions.

Demands by the Tossian envoy Tulnat Prath'nong that these tales, and the papers which carried them, be removed from the common sight have met with polite resistance at the highest levels. According to one unnamed cabinet member, "The right of the British press to express itself, no matter how ridiculous its opinions might be, is a sacred tenet of British society." In the opinion of this reporter, however, the good Herbert George Wells should have been satisfied in his roles as druggist and schoolteacher, and should not meddle in the affairs of state.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

- 1) Wells is just a mentally disturbed man with paranoid delusions on a vast scale. The players will eventually find him in a sanatorium, where his family has locked him up under an assumed name.
- 2) Wells has been hired by agents of the Martian Support League as a cover

for their plans. The Martian Support League is secretly a front organization for the Oenotrian government, which is planning to use an ether flyer being built for them by a renegade Fenian scientist to attack the House of Parliament in London. The Oenotrians hope that Wells's wild stories will give them a way of covering up their own plans by making any rumors of their ether flyer seem to be just fiction.

3) Wells is telling the truth. He escaped the clutches of the Martians by using his time machine, but it was damaged in an exchange of gunfire before he could get away, so he could only get a few days into the future. He will contact the player characters for help (they may be old friends or just famous defenders of the Queen). How to stop the Martians is up to you, but it should involve fixing the time machine and using it to go back into the past.

Note: The above scenario can be easily altered for use with a *Call of Cthulhu* campaign. The invasion that Wells saw in the future was not done by Martians, but by your favorite servants of the Pretty Great Old Ones. Just eliminate the references to Martians (or leave them in if you want to play Cthulhu 1889; see *TRMGS* #1 for rules).

ADVENTURE # 2

A REVOLUTION IN ETHER TRAVEL! ETHER FLYING SHIPBUILDERS IN A PANIC!!

"Imagine a sphere large enough to hold two people and their luggage. It will be made of steel, lined with thick glass, it will contain a proper store of solidified air, concentrated food, water, distilling apparatus and so forth, and enamelled as it were on the outer steel — Cavorite!"

What is Cavorite? Well, in the language of its creator, Jonathan Cavor, "the stuff is opaque to gravitation, that is, it cuts off objects from gravitating towards each other." Cavor, who calls himself a scientist but who is viewed by many in the Royal Society as a crackpot, claims to have actually manufactured Cavorite in his laboratory near Lymington in Kent.

According to Cavor, the experimentation that led up to his creation of Cavorite was not without incident. The first successful batch of the stuff was made in the form of a thin wide sheet. As soon as it reached 60 degrees Fahrenheit, its manufacture was complete and the air above it, the portions of roof and ceiling and floor above ceased to have weight. The air around this suddenly 'weightless' area crushed in upon the air above the cavorite with irresistible force. The result was to form a sort of atmospheric fountain which spewed ceiling and roof and furniture up into space until the Cavorite itself was sucked up and away. This, by the way, coincides directly with recent reports throughout the Lymington area of cyclones touching down and throwing things about.

Cavor conducted his first experiments on the fourteenth of October last year. Within three months, Cavor designed a small etherflyer using the material, and he claims to have visited the Moon several times in test flights. According to descriptions of the craft contained in documents submitted to the British Patent Office, the vessel is spherical in shape. The inner glass sphere is air tight except for a manhole with a valve for opening and closing.

The steel outer sphere is made in sections each containing a flat center capable of rolling up after the fashion of a roller blind. These can easily be worked by springs and released and checked by electricity conveyed by platinum wires fused through the glass.

According to the design drawings, the Cavorite is applied to the blinds which, when closed, cut off the gravitational attraction between the sphere and any astronomical bodies in the path of that 'window'. When open, the barrier is removed and any heavy body that chances to be in that direction will attract the sphere. In short, space travel without the use of sails, rudders, or liftwood. What could be easier?

The announcement that Cavorite was a reality and would provide an inexpensive alternative to standard space travel methods has caused a uproar among shipbuilders, pilots' unions, and governmental agencies both on Earth and on Mars. Cavor has said he will apply for patent protection on Cavorite itself early next week, and will then open up bidding on rights to his invention. A number of syndicates are now being formed by London bankers to bid on the patent rights.

CAVORITE INVENTOR DISAPPEARS!

Questions have been raised and rumors fly regarding the apparent disappearance of the inventor Mr. Jonathan Cavor and his associate and fellow space traveller Mr. Edmund Bedford. The two men disappeared some time early yesterday. According to police, there were no signs of violence at Mr. Cavor's laboratory, the last place the two men were seen, but all patent papers related to Cavorite are missing, as well as Cavor's prototype etherflyer.

A reward is being offered through this periodical for any information regarding the whereabouts of either of the so-called Cavorite adventurers, their unique space-faring vehicle, or data on the formula on this non-patented substance which could very well revolutionize travel through the elements and beyond.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

1) Cavor and Bedford are confidence men. They decided to use the unseasonable tornados in Kent as a basis for their latest scam. They sold the phony Cavorite plans in a secret auction, and are now headed off to parts unknown. The buyer is upset, and may contact the player characters to find Cavor. Then again, they might just be too embarrassed, and will try to cover things up if the player characters get too close to the truth.

2) Cavor is telling the truth, but it turns out that there is something wrong with the Cavorite. Perhaps it loses its power quickly, and so is not suitable for trips to Mars and Venus. Perhaps it produces radiation that makes people sick. Perhaps Cavorite has a nasty tendency to explode when it comes in contact with some substance, say, for example, a certain kind of acid, or perhaps fine French wine. In any case, Cavor is hiding out on the Moon, trying to figure out how to improve the Cavorite. He may need to be rescued, or saved from agents of some hostile government. If desired, Bedford can contact the players.

3) Cavor has been kidnaped by (you pick: the Germans, the Fenians, the Spanish, the Elderly Gods, etc.). The players have to find him before it's too late; who knows what those nasty people might do with Cavorite. Again, Bedford can be the one to contact the players.

ISSUE 4, LATER IN 1992

BY MARK CLARK

The first issue with an article submitted from outside our group — “The Bradley House,” which I really liked. Several items in *The Syrtis Star* were also outside submissions. My plan was working — people were sending stuff in!

We took over the GDW published *Space: 1889* newsletter around this time — increased our circulation a little. GDW never paid us for those new subscribers, by the way.

WHERE NO ENGLISHMAN HAS GONE BEFORE...

What can I say but “Mmmmm, *Star Trek* parody.”

THE SYRTIS STAR

The Lady Cathleen and Prince Ch’Noora items were sent in by Don Brynelsen. He went on to publish *Journal of the Britannic Technological Society*, another *Space: 1889* fanzine. The Meteorite report is Matt’s, and reflects his *Call of Cthulhu* interests.

THE TRANSACTIONS CAMPAIGN

Jon Bahls ran this adventure as part of our campaign — I helped write it up. I always hoped to go back and do more with the Boreo-Syrtis League and the Spice Trade — seemed to have a lot of promise as a location for intrigue-centered adventures.

EDITORIAL

BY MARK CLARK

Well, hello again, and welcome to issue 4. Seems like just yesterday when all this got started, but it’s been over a year since issue 1 went to press, and even longer than that since we first contacted GDW about doing a small *Space: 1889*-only newsletter. Sometimes I wish I had stuck with my original idea of an eight-page newsletter; it sure would have been a lot easier to put together than this big fat thing.

You’ll notice a few changes this time around. The biggest one is that we have gone to a smaller typeface for many of our articles. Along with using justified text, this allows us to get almost a third more text in per issue, but at no increase in printing cost. You’ll also notice that we have tried to keep all of the articles on consecutive pages to make reading easier; nothing bugs my coeditors more than having to flip to the back when they come across a “continued on page xx” right in the middle of a good story. Please let me know if the smaller text is okay — if enough of you really hate it we’ll change back. Just remember that that will mean less material per issue.

The other major news item is that starting with the next issue we will be the official *Space: 1889* newsletter. We produced issue 4 of the *Ether Society Newsletter* for GDW using articles from issues 1 and 2 of *Transactions*.

GDW is printing up issue 4 now, and you should be receiving it shortly. Starting next issue, the *Ether Society Newsletter* will become a department in this publication. GDW has turned over the files of the *Ether Society Newsletter* to us, and we will be publishing some of the material that was submitted to the Ether Society earlier. The first example is in this issue, actually: John Gannon's fine article "The Bradley House". See, you don't have to be a personal friend of the editor to get published in *Transactions*!

The exact financial details of our takeover have not been finalized, due in large part to the time GDW has been devoting recently to getting out their new Gary Gygax product *Dangerous Journeys* (originally *Dangerous Dimensions*). As you may know, TSR is suing GDW over that game, meaning that GDW's staff has even less time to devote to minor products like *Space: 1889*. However, by the time *Transactions* 5 comes out in early October, we should have everything worked out.

GDW is continuing to reduce its support for *Space: 1889* in *Challenge* magazine. They are now accepting adventures only (no more purely background material), and the maximum article length is 2,000 words (about two pages printed text). This parallels the situation for their other orphan game, *2300 AD*, which, like *Space: 1889*, has seen no new releases in some time. All the more reason to keep reading us if you want to keep *Space: 1889* alive.

We were very pleased with the review Steve Jackson gave *Transactions* #1 in his article on roleplaying fanzines in *Roleplayer* 28. He called us "Better than many professional magazines," high praise from someone who has been in the business as long as he has. Anyway, we decided to write to him, and it looks like our readers will be getting a sneak preview of the *GURPS* module *The Difference Engine*, based on the recent steampunk novel by Gibson and that other guy, in an upcoming issue. If you haven't read the book yet, run out and get it (it's in paperback now); it's very well written and has lots of neat ideas to add to your campaigns.

That's all for now. Hope you like this issue, and keep those cards and letters coming!



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WHERE NO ENGLISHMAN HAS GONE BEFORE...

BY KEN MEGILL

The HMS *Intrepid*, her majesty's newest ether flyer, supposedly of a new and revolutionary design, has been under construction and suffering from cost overruns for six years with no end in sight. It has become the basis of quite a fight in Parliament, with many in favor of throwing no more good money after bad. While the controversy rages on Earth, few on Mars have paid much attention to it — until now.

GETTING STARTED

Unknown to the public, the HMS *Intrepid* has been finished and is scant days away from arriving at Mars. It is stopping there in order to pick up supplies and a few additional crewmembers with skills not readily available to the Royal Navy. The civilian "volunteers" (i.e. the player characters) will be contacted on the sly by disguised members of the Governor General's staff. The Governor General will ask them to volunteer for a dangerous but terribly important mission for the Queen. The players should, of course, leap at the chance. If for some reason the possibility of not going should be seriously discussed, the possibility of great fame, possible fortune and the thanks of the Queen should motivate them. If that doesn't do it, then the possibility of spending months (at least) as a guest of the government in order to insure secrecy should suffice. If any of the party actually chooses custody, they will have the privilege of being the first occupants of the HMS *Intrepid's* nice and comfy brig.

THE ADVENTURE

Once they have accepted the mission, the players will be informed that the HMS *Intrepid* is en route to Mars and will soon be leaving for (gasp) Jupiter! The *Intrepid* is equipped with an atom plant (see the *Space: 1889* rulebook) and special lighting that will allow it to venture beyond the confines of the inner system and freely roam the vastness of space. The players job will be to help explore whatever inhabitable bodies may be discovered.

After the briefing, the government will allow the players to requisition whatever gear they feel will be necessary for their mission (within the limits of availability and the capacity of the *Intrepid*). They will not be given an opportunity to talk about their mission with anyone not on the Governor General's staff. Three days later, a "shuttle" will arrive to take them to the *Intrepid*. They will be met by the first officer, who will take them on a tour of the ship and introduce them to the officers and other civilian specialists. Be sure to allow sufficient interaction with Captain Wellesley so that the players will realize just how dim he is.

About two weeks into the trip, Captain Wellesley will be seen in the lounge reading a book without any pictures in it. If the players investigate, they will discover that it is a copy of Naval Regulations. Over the next few

days, he will go through the works of Shakespeare, Kipling and Chaucer followed Plato and Aristotle (in Greek). He will also get less and clumsy, and win the ships darts championship. The night of the darts game, the crew will throw a very much against regulations party, using the Captain's victory as an excuse. The next morning Captain Wellesley will conduct a surprise inspection of the entire ship! During the inspection he will display a degree of technical competence rivaling that of Commander Stewart. If by this point the party isn't concerned with the Captain's behavior have them taken to Phobos to be the slaves of the Spandex Queens. I hate players who won't take a hint when bludgeoned with one.

What is going on you ask? Well, in the fine tradition of Science Fiction type stuff, the Captain has been possessed by an alien power. His mind is undamaged, but it's rather enjoying this newfangled thinking stuff and isn't putting up much of a fight. Who is this alien power you ask? O.K. I'll tell you, it's a Red Neptunian philosopher named Eegleflurtz. Fat lot of help that was you say? All right, for the imagination impaired I'll explain about Neptune.

Neptune is inhabited by two races, the Red Neptunians and the Black Neptunians. The Red Neptunians are an educated, philosophical type people who happen to be enslaved to the Black Neptunians. They are unable to free themselves because they are not physically strong enough to endure the rigors of an Aaargh! beast hunt (the Aaargh! beast being the primary source of food on Neptune). The Black Neptunians are a bunch of bloodthirsty sword-swinging warrior lunatics who don't really have anything going for them except the ability to kill, and thus eat, Aaargh! beasts. Anyway, the mental powers of the Red fellows are developed enough that they can contact the minds of the exceptionally weak willed and communicate with them. Eegleflurtz has the strongest mind on his planet, and the *Intrepid* has finally brought a weak mind close enough for him to effect.....

What happens after this becomes more dependent on what the players do. If not stopped, the Captain will divert the ship from its original mission and (for the greater glory of her Majesty) take the ship to Neptune instead. In order to get there before supplies run out, he will make some incomprehensible (at least until studied by Britain's best minds) changes to the ships drives and propellers. The crew will have mixed feelings about all of this. Many will like the newfound competence of the Captain, but some will have their doubts about the leopard changing its spots. However, these doubts will not be expressed openly, as there is nothing resembling a good excuse for a mutiny (yet). Once at Neptune, the Captain will use the *Intrepid* to bully the Black Neptunians into freeing the Red Neptunians, and once the Red Neptunians get the hang of firearms they will be able to feed themselves. Good plan except for the *Killemall*, the Black Neptunian's spaceship. The *Killemall* is bigger than the *Intrepid*, but is not as well armed and will lose in a normal exchange of gunfire. It has a crew of 500 lunatic warriors though, and might well win a boarding action. It should be noted that once victory seems assured the *Intrepid* should be struck by one last shell, which will necessitate sending someone into the "Jefferson" tubes to prevent the atom plant from exploding, and also return power to the ship's railguns. After the whole who shot who thing is resolved and the fate of Neptune settled, the

Neptunians will thank the players for their help and tell them to bugger off. The Neptunians will tell the players that any race capable of writing the British Naval Regulations is one that they do not want anything to do with.

CREW

Captain: Sir Evan Wellesley
 XO: Commander Steven Purnell
 Chief Engineer: Commander Andy Stewart
 Atom Engineer: Commander Martin Hadden
 Babbage Operator: Miles Nottingham of IBM.
 Ships Troops: Major Jeremy Willard

Note: Aside from the Captain, I have left the statistics of the other crewmembers undefined. Please feel free to insert the TV character of your choice into each position, though its almost a given that the Chief Engineer should have a Scottish accent (make sure he says some thing like "Captain, the engines canna' take it much longa!" in the course of the adventure).

CAPTAIN WELLESLEY

Captain Sir Evan Wellesley is the grandson of THE Duke of Wellington, and as such, was able to gain a commission in the Navy even though he was a less than optimal candidate. Thicker than a dinosaur souffle, he has never really grasped any of the relevant concepts of leadership or command (or much else). He is also a tad clumsy. Actually, he could win the biggest klutz award from a field of one legged lepers. The only time that he is able to do anything right is when he stops thinking about what he is doing and allows his reflexes to take over. He would, for example be unable to hit a golf ball more than ten feet off of a tee until you came up behind him and shouted a naughty word at him. Suitably distracted, he would probably hit a hole in one, or at least set up an eagle. This unique combination of talents has made him a suitable method of testing and showcasing up and coming young officers. As commander of the *Intrepid*, it is expected that his presence will allow Commander Purnell to shine without denying the captaincy to any senior officers who would be offended if he were given the job at his lower rank. Wellesley's command "style", if you can call it that, consists of giving orders, believing that they are carried out because he is the Captain and what he says goes, inspecting the parts of the ship that the crew will allow him into (he has never seen the inside of a gun turret or an engine room, for example), and losing money at darts to whomever knows better than to distract him mid-throw.

Strength: 3	Intellect: 1
Agility: 1	Charisma: 5
Endurance: 4	Social Level: 6

Non Default Skills:

Close Combat 1, Marksmanship 2, Linguistics 2 (French, Latin), Piloting Ether Ship 4, Leadership 2 (out of sympathy, own crew only), Medicine 2 (Limited to first aid, and nobody who knows him will let him try that much.)

Renown: Military 3* (For Oafdom) Lowest possible rank, Order of the Garter.

THE HMS *Intrepid*

LEVEL 1

- A. Observation Room
- B. Officer's Quarters
- C. Heads
- D. Accessway+Ethersuits
- E. Airlocks

LEVEL 2

- A. Chart Room
- B. Captain's Office
- C. XO's Quarters
- D. Captain's Quarters
- E. Engineer's Quarters
- F. Babbage Operator's Quarters
- G. Atom Engineer's Quarters
- H. Ships Troops Commander's Quarters
- I. Heads
- J. Edison Propellers

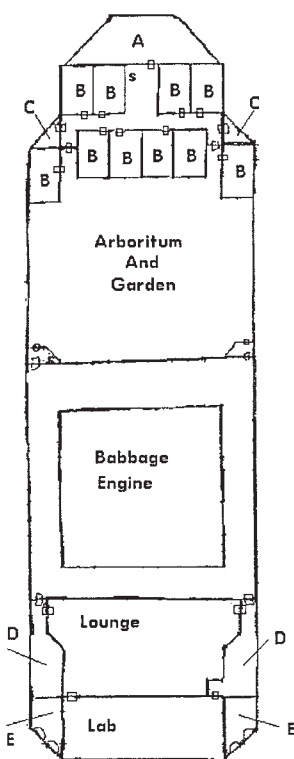
LEVEL 3

- A. Waste
- B. Emergency Control

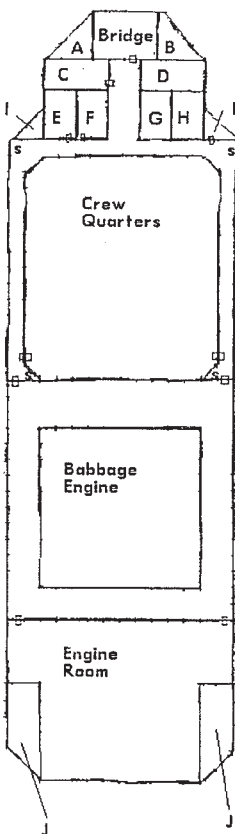
Notes.

The atom plant provides power to the ship and the special lighting which supplies oxygen to the crew. The Mark V Babbage engine (computer for you 20th century types) does all of the work expected of the computer of a starship such as navigation and providing an opponent for three dimensional old maid. The ships guns are two experimental rail guns, and three 5" naval guns as a backup.

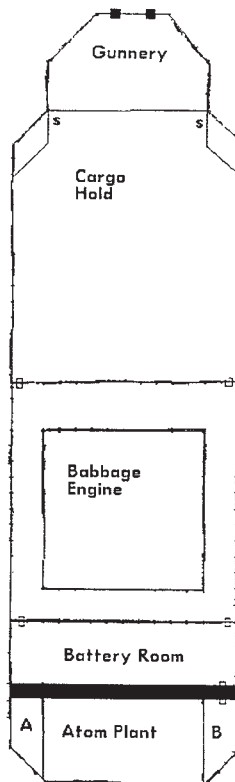
LEVEL 1



LEVEL 2



LEVEL 3



THE *TRANSACTIONS* CAMPAIGN: THE ARI STRIKES BACK

BY JON BAHLIS AND MARK CLARK

SUMMARY

The players are asked by the Governor General to investigate why aerial flyers carrying Bhutan Spice from the Boreosyrtris League have been disappearing. The players travel to the League on a Royal Navy warship, learn about the spice trade, and then set sail for the return to Syrtis Major. On the way back, they are ambushed by a zeppelin flying the ARI flag. The zeppelin uses an anti-liftwood ray to cause the player's ship to crash. The players escape by parachute, but are captured by a Hill Martian tribe. The tribe is mad at them because the Red Men have occupied the temple of their ancestors and their land is drying up. It is clear that the temple is actually a pumping station for the canal network, and that the ARI is stealing the power to run their anti-liftwood ray. The players must convince the tribe of their innocence, and break into the temple to foil the ARI's plans. The adventure climaxes with the explosive destruction of the anti-liftwood ray.

THE STORY SO FAR

Our *Intrepid* group of adventurers has been through a lot since their arrival on Mars. Kidnapped by the notorious Fenian Colonel Ian O'Reilly of the Army of the Republic of Ireland (the ARI) just prior to their arrival on the etherliner *Majestic*, the group discovered the Golden Pyramid of Na-AlepAkoth during their escape. Their subsequent explorations of the pyramid were interrupted by O'Reilly, but not before they had discovered evidence of ancient Martian technology and visitors from the planet Vulcan (the previous fifth planet, now an asteroid belt). After their return from the Golden Pyramid expedition, the players soon became involved in an investigation of gun-running, which climaxed in the fiendish ARI plot to blow up the Syrtis Major Cathedral. The players managed to foil the ARI and prevent the destruction of the Cathedral. As this adventure opens, it is about a month after the saving of the Cathedral.

Most of the players time during that month will have been taken up with official matters. Any ARI members the players captured will stand trial, and the players will be asked to testify. The players will be happy to know that their efforts have put a major crimp in Colonel O'Reilly's plans, since the discovery of the Cathedral Plot also resulted in the capture of most of O'Reilly's agents in Syrtis Major, though unfortunately not O'Reilly himself. As a result, the players are now the most popular men in the Crown Colony and are known and welcome in the highest circles of government. If the referee desires, this popularity might manifest itself in game terms in the form of marriage proposals, gifts of money, offers of investment opportunities and constant press attention (the *Syrtis Star* will be very persistent), all of which might lead to minor adventure possibilities. In any case, by the time this issue's adventure begins, public attention will have turned to other things,

what with the Oenotrian War heating up again and all, and the players will just be getting ready to enjoy their first free day in weeks when Major McGrath, Lord Herring, and Victor Hatherly receive a summons from the Governor General. Dreading another invitation to a formal ball, the group is pleasantly surprised to learn that they are wanted for business, not pleasure.

THE ASSIGNMENT

The players who were asked to meet with the Governor General will be shown in directly. There they are joined by Lord Crumshaw-Pierce, the British Naval Attache, and Sir Robert Figbottom, head of the Hypernian Basin Trading Company. A successful moderate roll against Observation will reveal that Lord Crumshaw-Pierce is very unhappy to be here, and seems almost hostile. This is in marked contrast to Figbottom, who will greet the players heartily and seems quite happy to see them. After introductions and drinks all around, the Governor General explains that he has a bit of a problem and would like the players help. The players no doubt will express an interest, and at that point the Governor will turn the meeting over to Figbottom.

Sir Robert will explain that the Hypernian Basin Trading Company (HBTC) has recently taken over the British Government's trading monopoly on Bhutan Spice. HBTC picks up the spice from the city of Meroe in the Boreosyrts League and transports it by aerial flyer to Syrtis Major, where it is put up for auction. Most of the spice is purchased by companies from Earth, and the spice is then loaded in ether flyers for shipment to that planet. The problem is that no HBTC ships have arrived from Meroe in the last six weeks. Shipments from Meroe are irregular, but at least two ships should have arrived by this time, and Sir Robert is worried and has asked for government help.

The Governor General will take over again and explain that Her Majesty's government has decided to grant Sir Robert's request and send the aerial flyer *Vindication* (a *Triumph*-class aerial cruiser; see page 33 of *Cloudships and Gunboats*) to Meroe to investigate. Since the Bhutan Spice treaty is a centerpiece of British diplomacy on Mars and is of utmost importance, the Governor General has decided he needs men of proven ability along to investigate the matter. The players are the ones he has selected. At this point, Lord Crumshaw-Pierce, whose face has been getting redder and redder, will burst out, objecting in the strongest terms that this is most irregular, not to mention insulting to the honor of the British Navy. He will then go on to point out that the *Vindication* is needed at the Oenotrian front, and that no good will come of submitting to the whims of common businessmen. Sir Figbottom will take great exception to this last remark, and the two men will start yelling at one another and will quickly come to blows if the players do not intervene.

Eventually the Governor General will get everything sorted out and the two men calmed down. He and the others will then answer any questions the players might have, after which the players will be instructed to report to the *Vindication* early the next morning. As the players leave the Governor General's office, Sir Robert will accompany them. He offers to buy them lunch at the Bradley House (see description later in this issue), and over

food he will inform them that HBTC will be most grateful for their assistance, and if they are successful the company will go out of its way to make HBTC stock available to them at a bargain rate. Also, he gives the players a letter signed by the Governor General authorizing them to transport the next shipment of Bhutan Spice aboard the *Vindication* back to Syrtis Major.

After lunch, the players are then free to spend the rest of the day purchasing equipment or making inquiries. If they contact any of their acquaintances from previous adventures, they will learn nothing, unless they talk with the businessman Lionel Tyler (see Transactions #2) or the detective Horace Manning (see Transactions #3). Tyler is very familiar with the Bhutan Spice trade (he has bid for the British government contract more than once), and he can tell the players the information in the article "The Bhutan Spice Trade" this issue. Manning is less familiar with the spice trade (he knows only the information on pages 172–3 of the *Space: 1889* rulebook), but he does know that the local office of the German Trading Council always receives a coded telegram from the city of Gorovaan several days before shipments of Bhutan Spice arrive. Two such telegrams have arrived in the last three weeks. If the players ask Figbottom about this, he will tell them that HBTC ships do not travel through Gorovaan.

The next morning the players should report bright and early to the *Vindication* at the Syrtis Major high docks just north of the city. There they will be greeted by Captain Reginald Wallingford, the ship's commander. In contrast to Crumshaw-Pierce, Captain Wallingford appears to be pleased to meet the players, but that impression is colored by the fact that he seems to be very much in a hurry. As soon as the group is on board, he will weigh anchor and make all possible speed for Meroe. If asked about the possibility of stopping in Gorovaan, Wallingford will tell them that he has been ordered to take the players directly to Meroe, remain there for no more than one week, and then return directly to Syrtis Major. He is sorry for any inconvenience, but the threat of a new Oenotrian offensive means that the *Vindication* must return as soon as possible.

After meeting the Captain, everyone will be shown to their quarters. Lord Herring and Major McGrath will have their own cabins, while Victor Hatherly will be bunked with one of the midshipmen. The Sgt. Major, Wentworth, and Mr. Smith share accommodations with the crew. After their bags are put away, the group will be asked to report on deck for parachute training. There they will each be issued a parachute and will be instructed how to put it on (see the article "Parachutes" in this issue for details). Lord Herring will no doubt immediately wish to test his parachute by jumping over the side — milk this for as much humor as possible.

Unless the referee desires, the trip to Meroe is otherwise uneventful, and the players encounter no other ships. If your players like the game *Sky Galleons of Mars*, you might let them encounter and beat up on some poor pirate (its not often that the players will get to play with a *Triumph*-class ship, after all). After leaving behind Syrtis Major and the pushti fruit plantations just outside the city, the land rises as the ship travels north. Halfway between Syrtis Major and the Parhoon-Gorovaan canal the players will see the dramatic Haattaahor cliffs that separate the ancient sea-bottom fertile

lowlands around Syrtis Major from the harsh upland steppe of Mars' former continents. The steppe ends at the Parhoon-Gorovaan canal, beyond which ranges the Astusapes Highlands, home of the savage High Martians and their liftwood groves. Beyond the Astusapes is the Meroe desert, broken only by the dead Meroe-Sigeus Portus canal, which appears just before the city of Meroe itself. The *Vindication* will be met by a very efficient *Hullcutter*-class screw galley of the Boreosyrtis League navy, and directed to land at the diplomatic section of Meroe's high docks

THE SPICE TRADE

The visit to Meroe will not be very productive. The referee can allow the players considerable freedom during this part of the adventure, as there is little they can do that will affect the later course of events. Allow the players learn about how the spice trade is conducted (see the article "The Spice Plantations" in this issue), preferably as the result of some investigative work. They will also learn that the Germans and the French are maneuvering to break into the spice trade, and that the loss of any more shipments will probably mean that the British government will have to share the Bhutan Spice contract. Although there is a Prince of Meroe, the players will soon learn that all of the political power in the League is held by the Hereditary Merchants Association, to which all Bhutan Spice traders belong. Eight families rotate the chairmanship of the association, and the current chairman favors the British. However, if shipments continue to go astray, he will be forced to resign and a German-supported candidate is next in line to succeed him. This should serve to motivate the characters to do their best.

The only other clue is that the German Merchants Association sends a fast (speed 8) aerial flyer to Gorovaan with prices at the same time the ship carrying the spice leaves. This accounts for the telegrams that the German Merchants Association in Syrtis Major is getting. The German ship also alerts Dr. McIntosh (see below) that the spice shipment is on its way.

After their seven days are up, the players can load the latest spice shipment on the *Vindication* and leave for Syrtis Major.

THE ARI STRIKES

After loading the consignment of spice, the players can head for Syrtis Major. The journey is uneventful until they reach the Astusapes Highlands. The players' afternoon nap is interrupted by the ringing of the signal for battle stations. The group has just enough time to get on their parachutes and get up on deck, where they are issued rifles from the ship's locker. The players soon see the reason for the excitement. Bearing down on them is a small (hull size 2) dirigible of German design, armed to the teeth and flying the ARI's colors (a green shamrock on a field of red — red for the English blood they wish to spill). The players will see that the zeppelin is signaling them, and the ship's signalman will be heard to say "Sir, they are sending 'Heave to and prepare to be boarded!'" The Captain laughs, says "They certainly have some cheek", and orders the signalman to transmit a request for surrender. At this point, the players will notice that an odd-looking device is being lowered from the passenger compartment of the zeppelin. Just as

they are about to point out to the Captain that the rather ominous-looking dish is being pointed at the *Vindication*, the players will see the flash of an electrical discharge from the device. Immediately, they will feel the *Vindication* dropping, just as if the lifters had been set for a rapid descent. The trimsmen will scream "The levers ain't respond'n!" The Captain will order the players to abandon ship, as he and the crew try frantically to repair the lifters. Resolve the parachute jumps using the rules given in the parachute article in this issue. A successful Moderate observation roll on the way down hanging from a parachute allows the player to notice several sailors trying to use a lifelog to escape the ship. It appears that the liftwood of the lifelog has no lift, and the crewmen fall to their deaths. A successful quick roll versus Intellect will allow the players to deduce that the zeppelin's ray destroyed the anti-gravity quality of the ship's liftwood.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...

As the players drift down, the ship crashes and the ARI ship proceeds to machine gun the survivors. If the players wish to take small arms shots allow them, but it will make no difference for the crew of their ship. It will, however, draw the attention of the ARI ship which will return fire with a Maxim gun. Fortunately, the ARI gunners are not very accurate. Shots rip through the parachutes jerking the players about a bit, but doing no harm. The players will drift down into a chasm running north and south. On landing the players should make agility checks to avoid sprained ankles and the like (see the parachute rules in the next article). If there was an exchange of fire earlier, the ARI ship will move in to finish them off with its machine guns, otherwise the players will see the ARI ship head north. In the chasm, the players will find an abundance of cover and after a few minutes of firing the ARI ship will leave, heading north. Climbing out of the chasm will require several Formidable mountaineering task rolls. If they do, they can go to their ship and recover whatever gear you deem reasonable that they can carry (remember the ship fell a long way so glass and delicate machinery, i.e. machine guns, should be damaged beyond repair). The players would know that to the north they saw some vegetation, and that the canal is a fair distance to the west over rough terrain. To the south and east are unknown, but probably mountains and/or desert. If the players go south, the chasm will eventually open out into the Martian desert. Discourage the players from making the trek across the desert to the canal by pointing out that they do not have enough water. Going west to the canal should be handled the same way. If they stay where they are, the Martians will come to investigate the crash after a couple of days and bring them to trial. Heading east there is nothing but desert.

THE FOUR HOLY RITUALS OF DEATH

Going north, the players will reach a vegetated area after a day of travel. During the night they will be surprised and captured by the local Martians. If the players insist upon resisting against overwhelming numbers let the blows fall where they may, although there should be plenty of Martians to overwhelm the players. The Martians will try using captured players as hostages

until everyone is captured. The Martians speak Koline and Parhooni. They will take the party to the tribal elders for judgment. All of the tribe will gather and an elder will state the crime and the punishments to be considered.

"The red men have defiled the holy place. We have seen them there and the gods anger. The land dries and our crops die. Alas, we cannot go there and make war upon the accursed red men as the gods have forbidden any to go to the sacred source of water. We must give appropriate sacrifice to the gods that they may drive out the accursed red men and fertility will return to our lands. There are four holy rites which are known to appease the gods. In the first, the wrongdoers are placed in the Pit of Nylah and rocks are dropped until the gods take their souls. In the second, they are tied to the pyre of Galnick and remain until the Eye of Galnick sees the sun and Galnick bursts out with joy to accept the sacrifice. In the third, they are taken to the pool of Knoven where his servant shall take them to eternal enslavement beneath the water. The last rite proscribes that the wrongdoers shall be given the leaf of the Yenarship bush. Then a hole shall be bore through their skull and their brains will be taken to Ahlen that they may do no more harm with their evil thoughts."

At appropriate times in his presentation, the elder will point to a nearby pit, a pile of wood and a large, mounted lens, a trail leading to the north-west, and a nearby bush with orange berries. The lens is used to start a fire with the sun's rays to burn the victim at the stake. Those making formidable biology rolls will recognize the Yenarship bush as one producing an opium-like effect. All may speak in their defense though only those speaking in Parhooni will be understood. Koline is a trade language and does not have appropriate vocabulary, except to try to buy off the villagers which will not count in their favor. Eloquence rolls should be made if the players try to convince the villagers of their innocence. The level of success required should depend on what points the players make in their favor (such as coming from the south) and their previous relations with the Martians (i.e. did they kill any Martians). If they should succeed they will be required to drive the evil red men from the holy site to show that they have the gods' favor. The villagers will give the players whatever supplies they have available and help get equipment from the crashed ship if asked. They will guide the players to the holy site, but will not go any further. If convicted, the players will be sacrificed at the pool of Knoven since the villagers feel the return of the water supply is of paramount importance. During the trial the villagers will answer any questions that they feel are relevant to the trial. The holy site is assumed to be central to the trial and as such the Martians will answer whatever questions they can about it. They only know what can be seen from the outside at a distance. They have seen the coming and going of the zeppelin, which is distinctly different from all other aerial flyers they have ever seen.

...INTO THE FIRE

If the party is to be sacrificed they will taken and tied to posts by the pool of Knoven. All the equipment they were captured with (including weapons!) will be left with them as all of it is part of the sacrifice. The bonds can

be escaped with an impossible strength or agility check (either breaking the bonds or slipping out of them). The players will get one attempt to escape before the knoe shoshu comes forth from the pool. Try to make this as horrifying as possible, sanity checks would be made if this were *Call of Cthulhu*! The knoe shoshu will attempt to pacify its dinner with its sting and then take them all to be stashed in the culvert. Gunfire or shouts in a European language will bring investigation from the guards. The guards will take the players prisoner if they think they can (most of the players are still tied to posts), otherwise they will go for reinforcements. It will take five minutes for reinforcements to arrive. The knoe shoshu will retreat at the sight of the guards. If the players do not manage to leave before the arrival of the reinforcements, they will be asked to surrender. Make it very clear the players are outnumbered and outgunned. If the players choose to resist, shoot the offending character(s) once or twice and demand their surrender. If they can't take this hint they deserve whatever happens to them. If they manage to escape without attracting the guards attention let them roam where they may. If they get taken by the knoe shoshu they will awake feeling quite ill (reduce all skills by one die for a few hours) in the culvert beside the grating in a couple of inches of water.

If the players are coming to the site without being sacrificed, they be able to find three entrances. One at the guard room, one at the lab/hangar, and the final one at the culvert. The door at the guard room is a heavy iron one with a bar on the inside and cannot be broken down or into. If the players make noise at the door, the guards will take a peek through the slot. One of the guards will demand to know who they are (in German) while the other goes for reinforcements. If they try to bluff their way in, the guard will let them in and the players will be captured by the reinforcements. If they run away no pursuit will be given. At the door by the lab/hangar the players will note a pair of rails (as in railroad) are covered in sand and going out 100 yards. Astute players will be able to identify them as German made rails. If they make any significant noise the same thing will happen. The culvert is guarded by the knoe shoshu.

DINNER BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SKY

If they are captured, they will be taken to dinner with Dr. McIntosh (after their weapons are confiscated). Dinner will be served in the dining room/library. There is a book shelf containing several scientific reference books, as well as Dr. McIntosh's notes. There is also a locked desk in addition to the dining room paraphernalia. Dr. Lisa McIntosh was once one of the brightest chemists in Scotland, making many useful discoveries. When liftwood was discovered she conducted investigations into how it worked and became quite knowledgeable about gravity and ether as well. Using some chemicals extracted from molds found on Venus she came up with a way to render liftwood useless. Seeing the enormous potential for such a discovery she submitted proposals to the British Navy to conduct research on a weapon. The British Navy did not approve of the idea. They had just started to like their aerial flyers and such a weapon would be potentially devastating to their fleet, while leaving the German zeppelins untouched. However, Dr.

McIntosh persisted until an old captain told her, "Look here you silly bitch, the British Navy does not need any outlandish ideas from any women, no matter how many fancy degrees they might have. Now bugger off!" Stung by this sharp rebuke, it is still possible she might have recovered and made other contributions to science and the British Empire (God save the Queen). Alas, Col. O'Reilly had heard of the idea through his spies and met with her the next day. He has twisted her into a cold, vindictive woman who hates, above all else, Her Majesty's Navy. Now Dr. McIntosh has dreams of perfecting her anti-liftwood ray and destroying the British Navy. Col. O'Reilly has assured her that once the ray is proven effective, they will give it to the Germans to destroy the British Navy. Whether or not he really will is irrelevant for the scenario since she believes it. At dinner, she will tell the characters her story. Of course, the Navy will be cast in a very poor light and Col. O'Reilly (Ian to her) as an understanding benefactor. Anyone wearing a naval uniform will be ignored throughout dinner (to the extent of not being served). If they should try to speak Dr. McIntosh will address them formally by rank and ask pleasantly, "Do you see a ship?" Upon a negative response she will shout, "Then keep your fool mouth shut!" Any further interruptions from anyone wearing a naval uniform will result in guards coming and taking that character to their cell. She will finish her story by describing her grandiose dreams and the gleeful statement, "The fools, I'll destroy them all!" Upon finishing her story she will be very pleasant and answer whatever questions she can, especially those concerning the operation and details of her anti-liftwood ray since, "Ian is very kind, but he has no mind for scientific things." Inquiry about the attacks upon the spice trade will get the response that it is just a testing ground for better and greater things to come later. (Ideally, this should start out mildly and rapidly rise to a sort of Hitler-like fervor, if it can be done in a female voice with a Scottish accent. Afterwards she will be pleasant once again. Sort of Jekyll and Hyde.) As to their fate, she will respond, "Oh, I expect Ian will come and get you." Beyond that she has no knowledge or interest. After dinner the players will be taken to their cell. Any attempt to steal silverware or the like will succeed on an Easy crime task. See the map at the end of the article for the location of the rooms described below.

THE CELL

The cell is carved out of natural stone and has a heavy wooden door with a slot in it which is used to pass the players food. Careful examination of the cell will reveal a small hole (about three inches in diameter) in the back. Steady work will enlarge the hole to something the players can slip through into the culvert after about a day. The players will be ignored by the guards except for bringing them food twice a day. If the players stay put they will be rescued in two weeks by the Hoover Expedition (after the day is won) and returned to Syrtis Major.

THE CULVERT

The culvert is, in the end, the only way in and out of the complex without overwhelming opposition. The walls are rough hewn stone and the wa-

ter is ankle deep for the entire length. It is blocked by a steel grate which is old and rusted. An Impossible Strength task will break it off its mountings. The culvert is wide enough so three characters may combine their dice. Any significant noise will bring the knoe shoshu to investigate unless it has already been killed. The culvert leads to the pumping area.

THE PUMPING AREA

This room has four great screws in it, each three feet in diameter and going through the floor and the ceiling. Water is obviously being drawn up by each of the screws. If the characters wish they can climb up the screw and peek through the ceiling to the room above. They will be able to see that extra gears (complete with Krupp stamps on them) have been added to the power train and are obviously loading down the system. Note that the fit between the screw and the ceiling is very tight and will shear off anything put between them (characters without thumbs will be keenly aware of this). This means the system cannot be jammed. In the back corner there is a small region where the floor goes down about a foot. Anyone putting their hand in will note water flowing out a number of small holes in the sides. Nearby, a watertight door is closed and sealed, but can easily be opened. It leads to the stairway going up to the power room.

THE POWER ROOM

This room is dominated by a large metallic doughnut. There are a fair number of rusting tools stuck to the doughnut. Any character who touches the doughnut with something made of iron or steel will not be able to remove it. The metal is unknown, but obviously highly magnetic. It can be marked if the characters have anything hard made of something besides iron (diamonds being an ideal choice). If they watch for a while, the marks they make will gradually soften and disappear. Next to the doughnut is a large box covered with gumme. The box has a turning aluminum shaft running out of it over to the gear room. A door leads to the gear room.

THE GEAR ROOM

This room lies directly above the pumping area. It has a shaft coming in from the power room which powers everything through a series of gears. Quite a number are of German manufacture and have been recently installed. This will be obvious to anyone who takes more than a casual glance at the gears. The room also has a couple of large electric generators being powered by the gear system, also of German manufacture. The generators are obviously loading down the system. If the generators are shut down (or sabotaged), the screws going through the floor to the pumping area will start turning much more quickly. This will also bring investigation by two guards with a couple of lanterns. Any noise in this area will go unnoticed in the rest of the complex.

THE LAB/HANGAR

Dr. McIntosh will be working here on recharging the anti-liftwood ray (by lantern lights if the generators are out of commission). The recharging pro-

cess takes a lot of time and some esoteric fungal compounds from Venus put together with a fairly large electric charge. There will also be three guards here assisting with the work. As such, the guards will not have their weapons ready. If the players have not been to dinner they will get the end of Dr. McIntosh's speech concerning her dreams of grandeur as soon as she sees them. She will assume they have arrived with Col. O'Reilly until they reveal otherwise (How else could they have gotten past the guards?). If any of the characters are wearing naval uniforms this will tip her off and she will finish her speech by punching that character in the face. As soon as it is clear the players are going to stop her work, she and the guards will fight to defend the ray. The fight should be close with reinforcements arriving at regular intervals to keep the outcome in the balance. This is the big climactic scene, so try to keep victory just barely out of the players' grasp. Unless the players have weapons, try to keep this whole thing nonlethal with the guards trying to wrestle the players into submission. Shooting so close to the ray would be dangerous! In the scuffle some damage should happen to the ray and it will start to spark and rumble ominously. One of the guards will yell, "Its going to explode!!" (In German, of course) and the guards will run. Dr. McIntosh will desperately try to save the device and cannot be torn from it unless she is killed. The machine will give off a few minor explosions (to give the players one final chance to run like sensible folks) and blow up spectacularly. After the explosion, the guards will be too demoralized and disordered to offer any effective resistance. Most will run off and be killed by the Martians.

OTHER NOTES ABOUT THE COMPLEX

There are 25 guards who work in various capacities as well as guarding. They are all German, and know about the whole situation. They live in a barracks room near the guard room. They also will be servants at dinner and cooks. Technicians and fix-it guys as need be. All areas of the complex not mentioned as being used will be empty and unused since the last Martians worked here. Other rooms, such as Dr. McIntosh's room, will not contain anything useful or interesting, just what would be expected for that sort of room (such as a bed and a night stand). The supply room has mostly foodstuffs and ordinary mundane supplies such as lanterns. All important materials for the work will be in the lab.

EPILOGUE

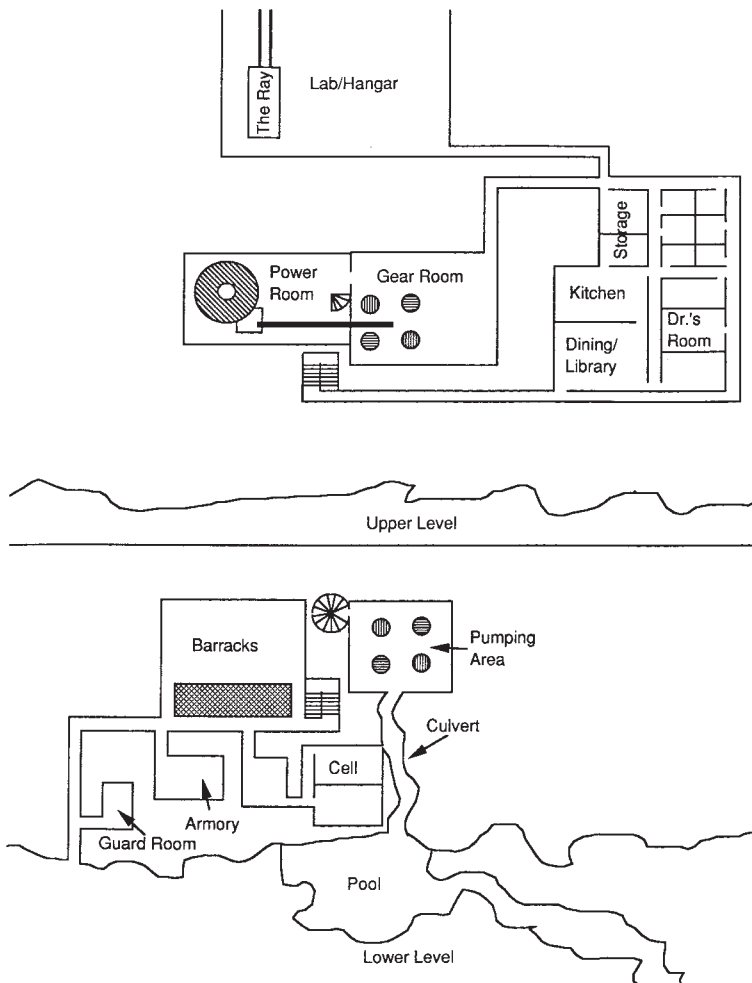
If the players succeed in blowing up the anti-liftwood ray, the Martians will regard them as honored members of the tribe and guide them back to the canal and civilization (unless the players wish to stay and become farmers). The crucial bits to the anti-liftwood ray were in the lab/hangar and got blown up along with the ray and Dr. McIntosh. However, anyone reading the other notes (in the library) could obtain research dice in biochemistry and ether. The players' personal possessions will be in the guard room and easily recovered. In the library they will also find in the desk papers linking the German Merchants Association and the ARI to the whole thing. The British government will be very pleased with the outcome. If the players recovered the papers in the library, there will be a lot of diplomatic rumblings and

some threats of war, but nothing beyond the temporary expulsion of the German Merchants Association will happen unless you want an open war. The players should get a point of renown in patriotic service.

If the players found the complex and managed to escape to the canal and be rescued without destroying the ray, the British navy will come and destroy the place at the loss of one aerial flyer and a dozen or so men. Social level six characters can receive a point of renown in patriotic service. It will all be assumed to be an ARI plot and no more will come of it.

If the players wimped out and never found the complex or stayed in the cell for two weeks the Hoover Expedition will succeed with the same results mentioned above, except the players will only read about it in the papers, unless they are rescued, in which case they will be rescued and returned to Syrtis Major to read all about it in the papers.

MAP OF THE COMPLEX



THE SYRTIS



STAR

ALL THE NEWS
THAT FITS

QUEEN ANNOUNCES NEW PEERAGES

FOR MARS

30 August, London and Syrtis Major: Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has announced the creation of new peerages to recognize service and duty to the Crown and Her Majesty. These new peerages are to be named after locations on Mars, and they will increase the number of Martian peerages to twenty. The most famous of the existing Martian Peers, the Viscount Tharallton, Discoverer of the Wells of Seldon, will find that he is no longer the senior peer on Mars. The most important of the new peerages to be created is the Duke of the Crown Colony of Syrtis Major, followed in rank by the Earls of Meepsoor and Gorovaan, the Viscounts Haat and Avenel, and the Marquesses Parhoon and Shastapsh. These seven, plus the Viscount Tharallton, will make up the senior peers for Mars, and they will be joined by twelve new baronies. These new peerages will have seats in the House of Lords, though the holders of the peerages are expected to spend most of their time on Mars. Her Majesty's Household staff will release a list on 5 September announcing the list of honourable gentlemen to be elevated to the peerage.

sundered after a brief but pitched battle and the prince was taken into custody by the U.S. commander, Lieutenant Commander Thomas Jerome. The raid was staged in response to growing American concerns over the support Prince Ch'noora had been offering to the infamous Martian brigands led by Altanoor Zahroon. Zahroon, as our readers well know, is wanted for the kidnapping and grisly murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Kincaid, the wife of the former American consul, Mr. Thomas Kincaid, of Chicago. Although Zahroon was not captured, it is readily apparent that with the seizure of S'Narra's prince, there are few refugees still available for the bandit. Unconfirmed reports have stated that the raid was authorized by the newly appointed American consul-general, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who arrived from Earth with his wife and family only a fortnight ago. Mr. Roosevelt has refused comment pending a full report, but sources close to the consul report that he is quite pleased by the operation's lighting success.

LADY CATHLEEN DETAINED IN MURDER INVESTIGATION!

29 August, Syrtis Major: Authorities here

planning to publish this anonymously authored work within the next few days. The editors of this paper hope the upcoming trial will clear Lady Cathleen of any wrong doing, allowing her to continue her charitable works.

ORBITAL ASTRONOMERS REPORT METEORITES
27 August, London: Fellows from the Royal Astronomical Society stationed onboard the orbital platform circling Earth, have reported that a series of meteorite showers have struck over the last two weeks. Unusual in their severity, the meteorite showers apparently brightened the skies for several nights over much of North America and England. There are unconfirmed reports of a single large meteorite landing in rural Massachusetts on the farm of Nahum Gardner. Members from the astronomy department of Harvard University travelled to the farm located near the small community of Arkham to examine the mysterious meteorite. Their full report will be written up in an upcoming issue of the Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society, as well as being presented to the annual meeting of the National Geographic Society in New York.

In a related announcement, Her Majesty has announced two new orders of knighthood to recognize service to the government and the advancement of knowledge on Mars. The first of these, the Imperial Order of the Crown Colonies, is to be broken into three ranks, Knights of the IOCC, Commanders of the IOCC, and Knight Commanders of the IOCC. These knighthoods are to be awarded for military and government service. The second order, the Order of Mars, is to be awarded for scientific and cultural achievements as they relate to Mars. There will be only a single rank within the order, though tenure within the order will serve if any questions of seniority arise. The Imperial Order of the Crown Colonies is to be placed before the Order of the Indian Empire in precedence, and the Order of Mars to be placed after the Order of the Indian Empire. The Prince of Wales is to be named the first Knight Commander of the Imperial Order of the Crown Colonies.

PRINCE CH'NOORA CAPTURED BY MARINES AND USS CHADWICK

27 August, Syrtis Major: British military officials have confirmed reports that United States Marines and the light aerial cruiser, USS *Chadwick*, staged a daring raid on the palace of Prince Ch'noora earlier in the week. The palace, located in S'Narraa

in the Crown Colony report the arrest and detention of Lady Cathleen O'Donnahue for the murder of her former husband, Mr. Timothy O'Ryan of County Galway, Ireland. Several witnesses have come forward and identified Lady Cathleen as having been seen accompanying Mr. O'Ryan into his rooms shortly before his death. Witnesses have reported that they overheard a loud altercation between the two, and that shortly after Lady Cathleen left Mr. O'Ryan's rooms, he was discovered by concerned neighbors lying dead from an apparent poisoning. Crown officials are speedily handling the preparations for trial and are calling for the case to be presented by the middle of next month. At Dragonshhead, Sir Donald Edmund O'Donnahue has refused to discuss the arrest of his sister with the press. A family friend assured the gathered press that Lady Cathleen was innocent and that Sir Donald was planning on travelling to Mars to be at his sister's side during the upcoming trial for murder. Speculation as to motive for the apparent murder have run rampant through both London's and Syrtis Major's society pages, though the true cause remains a mystery at present. One popular theory has Mr. O'Ryan attempting to blackmail his former wife to prevent publication of a novel entitled *Eros on an Ether Flyer: The Adventures of a Lady of Pleasure*; believed to be a thinly veiled account of Lady Cathleen's trip to Mars. Mr. O'Ryan was

RAILROAD NEARS COMPLETION

30 August, Cape Town: Authorities report that progress on the Cape Town-Johannesburg railroad continues on schedule for a fall completion date. This vital link in southern Africa should allow the improvement of both cities, as well as providing the British military with rapid transportation should the Natal Province or Cape Colony be threatened by the Zulu nation or by the often intransigent Boer population of the Orange Free State. British officials in Cape Town have confirmed reports that the Boer government in the Transvaal is upset with the railroad, believing that Her Majesty's government has no right to build the railroad. Though British officials do not believe sabotage is likely, they are taking precautions for the inaugural trip, and plan on sending a company of Natal Native Troops along with the railroad on its first journey.

Advice to Mothers Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to your neighbourhood chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Specially Improved, Marlian Formula, Soothing Syrup. Make sure that the label reads: "Curtis and Perkins: New York, London, and Parthoon" and accept no other. Also good for relieving wind, regulating bowels, and is the best cure for dysentery and diarrhoea. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant tasting too. Sold by medicine dealers for 1 1/2 d. per bottle.

Miss Braddon's Latest Novel In Three Volumes "The Day Will Come: A Novel." By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret", &c. "A terrible story, true to life, as natural as injustice, and worked out with unrelenting justice."

PARACHUTES

BY MARK CLARK

Parachutes are a logical part of the *Space: 1889* universe, given their history in our own world. Parachutes were first described by Leonardo Da Vinci in 1514, and several other writers in the 16th and 17th centuries also mentioned the use of this invention, though as far as is known none of these individuals actually did experiments. The first recorded parachute descent took place in the late 1700s, when Joseph Mongolfier, who later went on to invent the hot-air balloon, dropped a sheep off a tower in Avignon, France without injury by placing it in a basket connected to a seven-foot canopy. Several other French experimenters worked with parachutes over the next 20 years or so, most descents being made from towers. The first manned free parachute descent took place on October 22, 1797, when Andre-Jacques Garnerin descended unhurt over 3,000 feet from a hot-air balloon, using a large umbrella-like parachute. Wilbur Wright later wrote that this was one of the most courageous acts in aviation history. Garnerin continued his experiments over the next few years; his subsequent endeavors included a jump from over 8,000 feet in England in 1802.

Parachute jumping from balloons existed throughout the 19th century, primarily as a thrilling entertainment at county fairs. Parachutes gradually became lighter and more sophisticated. The principle change was a shift to construction using multiple pieces of cloth arranged in a pie slice-like pattern, which served to limit the extent of rips when they occurred. By the late 19th century, parachutes had become a relatively well developed technology, albeit one with limited application due to the high cost of ballooning. The coming of the airplane changed all that. The first successful parachute jump from an airplane took place in 1912, when American Army Captain Albert Berry jumped from a Wright plane and landed safely. During World War One, parachutes were used extensively by artillery observers who flew in balloons, and late in the war became common equipment for airplane pilots of most nations. The use of parachutes for airborne assault was pioneered in the late 1920s and 1930s, primarily in the Soviet Union and Germany. World War Two saw extensive use of parachute troops in combat operations, and operations today are essentially similar to the pattern developed then. Sport parachuting is by and large a post World War Two phenomenon, the availability of war-surplus gear and the return to civilian life of military parachutists being the trigger.

PARACHUTES IN *SPACE: 1889*

Given the above history, how does the parachute fit into the *Space: 1889* universe? The best way to approach this question is to consider aerial flyers in *Space: 1889* as the equivalent of airplanes in our world and proceed from there. In *Space: 1889* aerial vehicles (liftwood and hydrogen based) have been around for about 15 years on Earth. Thus, one would expect parachutes to be about as developed as they were in our world about 1918 or so. Parachutes would be recently introduced but common equipment

among crews of European military aerial vessels. There would be no existing military units that use parachutes to enter combat, though several theoretical articles have appeared in military journals advocating just such a plan. There is no such thing as sport parachuting, though certainly inventors and their daredevil assistants are testing parachutes on their own time with the idea of selling their improved versions to the military. With these basic ideas as guidelines, the following history and rules for parachutes in *Space: 1889* are suggested.

HISTORY

Based on their reading about balloons, Thomas Edison and his companion Jack Armstrong, the Scottish explorer, carried parachutes with them on their first flight to Mars in 1870 in Edison's recently-invented ether flyer. The parachutes allowed them to escape the flyer when their hydrogen gasbag ruptured during their descent through the Martian atmosphere; the gasbag had been weakened by exposure to the ether during the trip to Mars. Ever since, careful travelers have carried parachutes when traveling by air. The American military has equipped the crews of its aerial flyers with parachutes from the beginning; the US Navy's Mark 2A parachute, the third design adopted for service, is reputed to be the finest in the world. Germany has also long equipped its zeppelin crews with parachutes based on models used by balloonists. The Berlin-based firm of Schleicher und Sohn sells parachutes to the German navy and to other countries who have purchased zeppelins.

The British aerial service has been backward in employing parachutes. Until 1885, British ships were not equipped with parachutes at all, but with its Martian equivalent, the "lifelog." Similar in concept to the lifeboat, a lifelog is a single sturdy piece of liftwood equipped with a series of straps for a number of sailors (usually 7) to hang on to and a simple lever in the center to control trim. To abandon ship, sailors would strap themselves onto the log and jump overboard, trusting to the sailor in the center to control trim and get them to the ground. This device is just as dangerous as it sounds; it soon was nicknamed the "deathlog" by British sailors in the aerial service. In 1885, when the British Navy took over control of all aerial vessels from the Army, one of the first activities at the new Navy training center (see the article "Ethersuits and Ethernauts" in Transactions #1) was the testing of parachutes for service use. These tests climaxed in the Imperial Parachute Field Trials in the summer of 1886. Twenty different models from eight countries were tested, including three from Great Britain and five from Germany. The American Navy's Mark 2 (the predecessor to the Mark 2A) was clearly superior in early tests, but the tragic death of its inventor Major Jonathan Warsinski on the final day of the trials during the climactic high-altitude jump test led to its withdrawal from the competition (rumors have persisted that Johan Schleicher, chief engineer of Schleicher und Sohn, was somehow responsible for Warsinski's fall). The withdrawal of the Mark 2 left no clear winner in the trials. Schleicher und Sohn managed to obtain a small contract from the Navy, but later allegations of corruption by several British parachute inventors, as well as quality-control problems with the

parachute's German synthetic silk, led to the contract's cancellation a few months later after the delivery of the first fifty chutes. Since then, the Navy has continued testing, and several British parachutes have been purchased in small production runs for trials (Parliament has forbidden the further procurement of foreign parachutes). However, no parachute is standard equipment in British service as yet.

At present, all of the British Navy's aerial flyers on Earth are equipped with lifelogs, with the exception of the *Locust*, which is currently conducting a test of the Anderson-Warsinski parachute (an English copy of the American Mark 2A). Although deck officers of all Earth-stationed aerial flyers have been issued the Schleicher und Sohn parachute to supplement the lifelogs, none have been actually used. The official explanation is that the design was not suitable for the hardships of service; 96% of these parachutes have been rendered unserviceable for one reason or another ("eaten by rats" is the most commonly listed cause of loss, followed closely by "lost overboard in storms"). Unofficially, naval officials will admit that the parachutes were destroyed by the officers themselves; it seemed to them unsporting that they should have parachutes while their ratings have only the "deathlogs" to depend on. This is yet another indication of the unusual closeness of officers and men in the British aerial service.

The situation on Mars is different. There, ships officers have been able to take advantage of a legal loophole that dates back to the First War of the Parhooni Succession. Unlike the British Army on Mars, which serves the Queen directly, those who serve in the Navy are technically gazetted to serve the nominal sovereign of the Crown Colony, presently Prince Amraamtaba X of Syrtis Major. The Prince has no real command authority, but several subordinate supply officers concocted a scheme to purchase parachutes in his name and present them to all the British aerial crewmen on Mars as a "gift." The Prince was reluctant at first to go along, but when it was explained to him that it was a way to assert his royal authority, he quickly fell into line, and even arranged a series of ceremonies where he invited the various aerial flyer crews to his palace for dinner and presentation of the parachutes. Needless to say, this caused rather an uproar at the Residency, and the young supply officers were ordered disciplined by the Governor General. However, the chain of command works in mysterious ways, and the young officers were sent out on "dangerous" aerial patrol duty, which both got them out of Syrtis Major and gave them a chance to go to the Prince's palace prior to their departure for presentation of their personal parachutes (black market American Mark 2As with golden buckles, it is rumored). In any case, as a result all the British aerial flyers on Mars are fully equipped with parachutes for all crew members. The exact type varies by ship, though each vessel's crew will all have the same type of parachute. The *Vindication's* crew, for example, all have Tuckerton Patent parachutes, an English model; the players will be issued these when they board.

USING PARACHUTES

Parachute jumping is a basic skill under Agility; it has no cascades. Only ex-members of a military service that owns aerial vessels or an inventor

who has invented a parachute may take the skill during initial character generation. If a character has the use of the parachute explained to him in a training situation and has a chance to practice putting the parachute on (for example, the training the player characters get in this adventure), have him or her make a quick role against Intellect. If successful, the character gains a parachute skill equal to one-half Intellect rounded up. If failed, award a skill of one (note that characters of Intellect 1 or 2 have a maximum skill of 1 from training). To gain additional skill, the character must make actual parachute jumps; how skill is awarded then is up to the referee.

Putting on a parachute correctly is automatic if the character has a skill of at least 1 and is not under stress. If a vessel is out of control or on fire, putting on a parachute is an Easy task. Failure on this role indicates the aerial vessel has fallen an additional level if it is out of control (normally why one is trying to get ready to jump); the character may then roll again. A character can add one-half their skill rounded down to another character's attempt to put on a parachute; they may not take any other action that round, including putting on their own parachute (remember, get yours on first, then help others). On British military vessels, only boarding parties (Marines) and non-combatants put on parachutes before combat, normally when Battle Stations is sounded. All other crew members keep their parachutes close by but do not put them on until the "Abandon Ship" order is given; the parachutes are too bulky to wear at all times. In this adventure, the players will be expected to have their parachutes on as soon as they get up on deck in a combat situation.

Once the character jumps, deploying the parachute is an Easy roll versus either Agility or Parachute skill (whichever is lower); failure means the character drops one level and can try again. Note that parachutes in this period have no rip cord; the user holds a small parachute in their hand, the successful release of which extracts the main chute from the pack. Landing is an Agility task roll. Making a Moderate task means no injury, Easy success means 1 point of damage (minor sprain, cuts and bruises), complete failure indicates the character is knocked unconscious. Adjust the level of difficulty depending on the landing surface and wind conditions.

Lifelogs operate under separate rules. Getting into the harness is an Easy Agility roll, Moderate if the character is wounded. After jumping, survival depends on the skill of the individual operating the central lever. On landing, make a roll versus Trimsman skill. Formidable success means the passengers are uninjured; Difficult success means each person takes 2 points of damage. With Moderate success, each player takes damage equal to half his initial (not current) hit points rounded down. Lesser success means the players are killed, unless they make a successful quick roll versus Endurance, in which case they are unconscious with one hit point left. Lifelogs are for the truly desperate or the really, really good

The above rules are not designed to accurately simulate parachute jumping, but are intended to provide the gamemaster with a way to save player characters in the case of an aerial flyer accident. Gamemasters with a cruel streak should feel free to increase the difficulty level of any parachute-related task.

THE SPICE PLANTATIONS

BY JEFF BOYLE

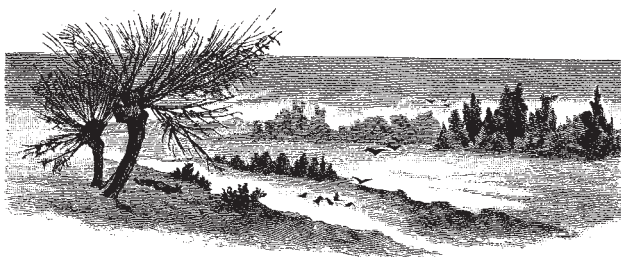
Bhutan Spice. The mere name conjures the sweeping vistas of Mars, ancient canals flowing through decadent cities, the billowing sails of cloudships as they *Majestically* course through the skies as they carry in their holds the wealth of the Boreosyrtris League—Bhutan Spice.

Yet what is this wonderfully exotic and mysterious Spice? In its pure form it is almost priceless. Diluted in varying degrees the Martians use it a myriad of ways from smoking it to using it to flavor food. In its purer forms it has a mildly narcotic effect not unlike alcohol and many humans believe that it also acts as a powerful aphrodisiac.

Little is known about how Bhutan Spice is grown for the Martians of the Boreosyrtris League jealously guard their secret. Few humans have ever seen the immense plantations where the Spice is grown and processed. Those who survived to tell the tale only got close enough to see that the Spice was harvested by gangs of slaves guarded by Martians with rifles.

The Spice is processed from the seed pods of the Bhutan vine that grows only in the soil and climate of the Boreosyrtris League. Gangs of slaves are driven into the fields to prune the seed pods in the days before they mature. Only slaves can be induced to perform the labor of cutting the seed pods due to certain parasites native to the Bhutan plant. As these parasites gain entry into the Martian workers through cuts caused by the thorns of the plant, they cause increasingly acute paranoia, dementia, and excruciating pain. Many slaves chew the seed pods to blunt their agony, but in the end this only accelerates their inevitable madness. Occasionally a field slave erupts in a pain-driven, violent rampage and must be shot down like a mad dog by the guards.

The harvested seed pods are then taken to a processing center on the grounds of the plantation. In the process of grinding and refining the seeds into Bhutan Spice the parasites are killed, making the Spice safe for Martian and human consumption. The ratio of seed pods to finished pure Spice is quite high, something on the order of 5000 to one by weight. As a result, Martian planters find it necessary only to guard their processing centers as it would not be cost effective (and downright dangerous) for pirates to attempt to steal the Spice at any stage in the process before the finished product.



SOMETHING FISHY AT FORT DELAWARE: THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEA PATCH PUZZLE

ORIGINAL IDEA BY MARK "GO PODS GO" CLARK

WRITTEN BY MATTHEW "MR. SHINY JR." RUANE

This short scenario is set in and around Fort Delaware, an American Army coastal defense installation on Pea Patch Island, located on the Delaware River below Philadelphia. The players are contacted by an old Army acquaintance, Captain James Erasmus Sharps, who asks them to accompany him to the fort to investigate several strange occurrences he experienced while visiting the fort and the island on a recent inspection trip. Though this adventure is set in 1888, with some changes, the Keeper or GM could modify the adventure to be set in the 1920s or the modern day. We recommend, however, that the adventure be set in the period 1867-1895 as this time frame will provide both the most suitable setting, but also modern contrivances will not intrude on the loneliness and solitude of the island and its mysterious occurrences. Though this adventure may ultimately prove deadly to the players, the GM/Keeper should remember that his players want a challenge, and that death is occasionally necessary to overcome that evil. Good hunting!!!

It was a letter in the post that set off our recent adventure into the unknown. One morning, I received a letter from a old military acquaintance, Captain James Erasmus Sharps, postmarked Delaware City, Delaware. It took a few minutes to find an atlas and to discover where this god forsaken place was located. The nearest military installation was something called Fort Delaware, and it appears that Captain Sharps had recently returned from an inspection of the island's fortifications. While spending the night in the officer's lodgings on the island, he wrote that he had been awakened in the middle of the night by a strange croaking sound.

"At first, I thought it was the sound of a thousand bull frogs, but the croaking got nearer, and as I moved to the windows, I saw figures moving outside the fort. Looking into the interior of the fort, I saw more figures, and their strange, lopping gait set off memories of Confederate injured moving in columns after their defeat in Gettysburg. My mind began to play tricks, and I though I heard a rebel yell break through the croaking coming from below. The figures charged each other, and then a horrific crash and burst of light followed, knocking me unconscious. I awoke, laying on the floor, covered in a cold sweat. I washed, dressed, and went down to the courtyard to see if there was any evidence from the occurrences of last night. Looking around, nothing seemed disturbed and

there was no trace of intruders or of the horrific violence I glimpsed before fainting. Gathering my gear, I left the fort, passing through the cool, wet, stone entrance-way when I noticed a glint in one corner. There laying on the ground were two shiny brass buttons, and as I turned them over in my hand, I noticed that they were stamped "CSA"!!! I think my mind snapped at that moment, and I know I ran pell mell for the docks where the boat was just arriving to take me to shore and safety. The Captain greeted my dishevelled and distraught person with dismay until I ordered that he immediately set for shore. When he failed to move quickly enough, I drew my revolver and put a round through the pilot house. The boat moved off, and we arrived on shore some minutes later, where I retired to a local tavern to calm my nerves. I am writing to you, my old friend, to gather yourself and any of your acquaintances to help try and save my grip on sanity. I must return to the island, prove that nothing happened, and try and salvage my reputation, career, and honour. I await your rapid response."

What was I to do? I gathered a few of my friends, some equipment and a change of clothes, and took the first train from Philadelphia to New Castle. From there, we plan on hiring a coach to take us to Delaware City, and meet with my old friend. Together, we will confront whatever awaits on that horrid island.

From the 1888 Diary of Dr. Otis Clarke, of Philadelphia, discovered by US Army Corps of Engineers, 1895 (Now held in the Delaware Historical Society Library, Wilmington, DE, 1989)

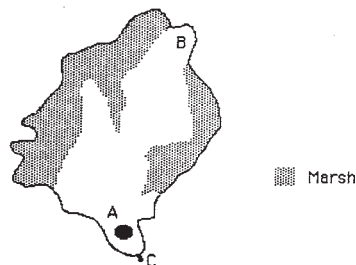
FORT DELAWARE AND ITS ENVIRONS

Fort Delaware (A; please refer to map locations) is located on Pea Patch Island, in the Delaware River, one mile east of Delaware City. The 178 acre island got its name from a colonial-era legend that a boat loaded with peas ran aground on a river shoal and that the peas took root and sprouted in the sandy loam. Though the story is only local legend, it will prove to be at the center of the adventure's mysterious events. In our version of history, a ship did run aground on that Delaware river shoal and this was the source of the name for Pea Patch Island. The ship, the *Susanna*, was captained by the Dutch South Seas explorer, Christen Van der Meir when it ran aground in 1681. The *Susanna* and her captain were returning from the South Pacific with a cargo of peas and carved native trinkets, and having rounded the South American peninsula, they were sailing for the North Atlantic, hoping to arrive in Holland before winter. However, the wind and weather turned against them, and the captain changed course and attempted to take refuge in New Amsterdam (present-day New York) for the winter. Sailing up the Atlantic seaboard before an approaching stormfront, the ship was driven up

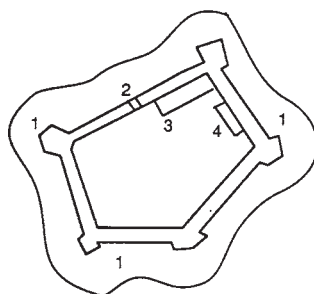
Delaware Bay and further up into the Delaware River. Nearing the Dutch settlement at New Castle, the *Susanna* ran aground on what was to become Pea Patch Island, spilling her cargo into the soft loam. The crew vanished in the storm and the ship's broken hull was discovered by fishermen the following day. Soon thereafter, the seeds took root in the soil, covering up the ivory trinkets. The land changed, becoming oddly depressing and gloomy, and the locals began to avoid the island's brooding emptiness. Years passed, and with the peas' roots and vines as anchors, a more substantial island was created by silt, small trees, and sand dunes and grasses.

The island, even to this day, dominates the shipping channel that leads from the ports of Philadelphia and Wilmington. As a result, the island has been fortified on and off since 1813. The British attacks on Washington and Baltimore convinced the army that a fort needed to be built on the island to protect the two ports. The present fort was built between 1849 and 1859 on the ruins of the earlier fort, which was partially destroyed by fire in 1831 and demolished in 1833. The island is only accessible by boat, and the only sheltered anchorage is at the pier (C). A protected anchorage was constructed during the Civil War on the opposite side of the island, and a small railroad track was laid to help move Confederate prisoners and supplies to the Fort. However, this anchorage is tidal, and without constant maintenance, it tended to fill up with silt, as is the current situation.

The fort has five sides and is surrounded by a moat (see #1 on the map). The walls are three stories tall, and constructed primarily of brick, with masonry at the corners. The only obvious way into the fort is the main gate (#2), which is equipped with a drawbridge. Note that there is another way in, of course. It is through the grated slipway between the protected anchorage on the island and the moat. At the base of the southern most corner, the masonry has given access to the old jail cells, which are beneath the fort and water table. Cannon are mounted in the four walls, on two levels, other than the wall containing the main gate. These are 32 pound breech-loading seacoast artillery pieces that date from the completion of the fort in 1859. Mounted on top of all walls that face the river are more modern pieces of artillery, 15 inch Rodman guns, meant to protect the channel. Stairways to the upper levels are at each corner of the walls and near the entrance gate. Living quarters are located in brick buildings that line the interior courtyard. (#3 is the enlisted quarters; #4 the officer



Pea Patch Island



Fort Delaware

Original TRMGS Art

quarters).

The rest of the island is unremarkable. Only about half of the island is solid ground, the rest is marsh and mud flats that offer no firm footing for those wishing to travel across or through them. See shaded areas on the map for these dangerous locations. The only other man-made structure on the island is a small revetment and hut on the north side of the island, where a control station for the remote control mines that defended the shipping channel are located (B). This lightly wooded area is extremely gloomy on the brightest of days, mirroring the general feel of the fort itself. The fort is quiet as there are no soldiers stationed at the fort between 1867 and 1895, a garrison coming from shore installations during wartime. During daylight hours, a small maintenance crew is at work keeping the fort in operating condition. They are all locals hired to do the upkeep, and they return by boat every evening to Delaware City. During the day, the GM should point out the strange emptiness of this huge fortification. When the sun is shining directly over the courtyard, the gunports and bricked gun emplacements remain cool, damp, and clammy. The gun emplacements, lit only by their small embrasures cut in the wall are forever dark, and at night the fort is down right spooky. Since the fort itself is surrounded by water, and technically, the river runs directly under the masonry and brick fort, the place is in a continual state of decay despite maintenance. Rooms are damp even with roaring fires, woodwork quickly begins to rot in the dampness, water floods the lowest levels during storms, and the main gate's archway into the fort, constructed of stone and brick, drips near continual streams of water, the stone glistening with wetness.

Below ground, old cells where Confederate prisoners were kept during the Civil War (the reader is reminded that Pea Patch Island was known as the Andersonville of the North) are often flooded, and remnants of their stay occasional can be found: buttons, spoons, bones, etc. Birds, stray cats, rats, and other animals contribute to the fort's odds sounds, create shadows that move, are the source of fowls smells, and are the perfect devices to scare the beejeezus out players. Remember, this adventure is set between 1867 and 1895. The Rodman guns were installed in 1878, so replace them with more 32 pounders if set before that date, and it is not recommended that the adventure be set before 1867 because of the Confederate prisoners and large garrison still on the island. The latest date, 1895, was chosen because the following year a large military garrison and Army engineers move onto the island to modify the fort. The southern walls of the fort were replaced with large concrete emplacements designed to hold 12 inch "disappearing" coastal guns. The guns really didn't disappear, they just swung down behind a parapet while being reloaded, and thus could not be seen. Construction would continue for the next several years, and the fort would continue to be manned, on and off, until 1943 when it was deemed redundant and unnecessary.

THE ADVENTURE

The players arrive in Delaware City late in the afternoon, around 5 PM. It is recommended that the time be adjusted according to the season in which

the adventure is set. The trip to the island takes about fifteen to thirty minutes and the players should have about two hours to explore before it gets dark. Captain Sharps will greet them at the waterfront, where he is holding a boat to take them out to the island. The small steam powered vessel will just fit the investigators, their luggage and Captain Sharps. The pilot is a stoop shouldered local who is travelling out to the island to take the maintenance crew home for the evening. Captain Sharps has brought along some food and water, and assures the players that they need only spend a single evening on the island. They will be staying in the officer's quarters on the island which has been kept in sufficiently clean condition. Sharps will answer any questions he can about the island and the events that occurred on it. He knows most of the background information related above, except for the story of the *Susanna's* grounding. He does know the colonial legend, however, and the military history of the island. He proves to be an affable host and he seems much less stressed than his letter would lead the investigators to believe.

The boat will slowly steam towards the island, and a wooden pier that provides the only safe anchorage currently. Waiting on the docks are a group of five men wearing work clothes and carrying tools, and they seem relieved now that the boat is approaching. They will silently exchange places with the investigators, before departing. With a successful Listen roll, the players will overhear one of the workers mutter "You couldn't pay me enough money to spend a single night on this cursed island." If the players confront the speaker, he will not say anything else and the others in the boat will begin to push off from the dock. Sharps is waiting for the group at the end of the dock, and will lead them off through the marsh across a dirt and sand dike/pathway to the fort. The fort is impressive in the dimming light, and the players should have the fort described to them with an attention to its apparent sturdiness and strength. Only as they enter the fort should the GM present them with the dampness, dark, and cold.

In the entrance-way, placed at the base of the stairs leading up to the rooms over the moat entrance, is a wet satchel and blanket, items that Sharps flung away in attempting to escape the fort. Within the satchel are Sharp's notebook, pens, pencils, a bottle of ink, pouch of tobacco, and a pipe and pipe cleaning kit. The player who discovers the equipment (a successful Spot Hidden) will earn a hearty thanks from the good Captain. A second Spot Hidden roll will discover the pair of brass "CSA" buttons discarded by Sharps as he fled the fort. Sharps will blanch if he sees the buttons as the full realization of what occurred returns to his mind. He is not insane, just scared, and from that moment will be of little use to the players. He will become slightly paranoid, and his odd activities should be used by the GM to contribute to the overall spookiness of the upcoming events. Whatever occurs, he will lead the investigators to the officers' quarters and their rooms on the second (and if necessary, third) floor, and then will begin lighting lanterns in the rooms. Allow the players the opportunity to explore the fort and their rooms, but remind them that it has been a tiring day and they will probably want to turn in for the night soon.

If the players explore the fort, allow them to go anywhere but into the

lower level prison cells on the south side of the fort. Come up with some plausible excuse (the door's locked and you don't have a key should work!!!), but keep them from going in there. However, give all the players a least one Spot Hidden opportunity while exploring the fort. Roll a d10, on a 1-8 they discover some innocuous Civil War relic (button, spoon, Minnie ball, knife, bullet mold, etc.), and on a 9-10 they discover hidden in the dark recesses a carved ivory trinket. The trinket is carved in the shape of a man sized octopus like creature, which seems to stare into the soul of the holder. You know it, a Sanity roll: 0/1 if failed. The ivory is damp, and remains so no matter how hard the players try to dry it off. If the players explore their sleeping quarters, on an impaled Spot Hidden roll they will discover beneath a loose floor board a small notebook bound in leather. The book is the journal of Sergeant Raphael Simmons, CSA, who was held prisoner in the fort between 1863 and 1865. The journal reports the removal of a loose stone block in the Sergeant's cell which was discovered in an attempt to escape. Behind the stone were two small ivory statuettes and part of a rotting log book partially preserved by an oiled cloth. The book was the log of the *Susanna* and it relates the ship's last days before it crashed on the shoals. Sergeant Simmons copied the log into his journal and hid the statuettes around the fort before his release. The last page of the book has a scrawled note, dated 1 January 1865, which states that this book is now in the possession of Lieutenant Harrison after the shooting of Sergeant Raphael Simmons, CSA, as he attempted to escape from the island. The book has no sanity loss, but it should allow the GM the opportunity to provide whatever information they feel is necessary and relevant. Also, it is recommended that the journal take several hours to read, giving the players sufficient time to become acquainted with the fort's mysterious visitors.

Some time around 2 AM, the players will hear a horrendous croaking from the courtyard and from outside the fort. The croaking is unearthly, and requires the listener to make a Sanity roll: 0/1d4 if failed. From within the courtyard, the investigators can see dozens of shapes cavorting around, and they appear to be wearing the remnants of Civil War uniforms. If the players expose a light, or go down to investigate, have them make a Sanity roll: 1/1d6 for seeing dozens of Deep Ones dressed in Civil War uniforms. The Deep Ones will attack anyone who touched the ivory statuette, or currently has it in their possession. If the players overcome the twelve Deep Ones in the courtyard, they will notice a strange glow coming from an open doorway which leads to the below ground prison cells. There they will hear chanting coming from below. If they continue down to investigate, Sharps will refuse to follow, and if forced, will faint dead away. If the players do go below ground, they will discover a dozen more Deep Ones surrounding one of the statuettes. If the Deep Ones have gotten the second statuette, it will be alongside its companion, and the Deep Ones will be in the process of casting a version of Contact Cthulhu. If the ceremony is not interrupted, you know the consequences; if it is stopped, and the Deep Ones killed, the statuettes can be taken and sold for a significant amount of money, say \$5000 for the pair. The statuettes aid in the casting of a Contact Cthulhu spell, but they also leave a residue that any Deep One can detect. If the

players are ever again confronted by Deep Ones, those who touched the statuettes will be attacked before their compatriots. If they keep the statuettes, they will be subject to repeated Deep One attacks to recover them.

If Sharps survives the adventure, he will submit his report of the incident to his superiors, and will recommend that immediate money and workers be sent to the island to demolish the collapsing south side of the fort. His report will state that the work needs to be done because of water seepage which has damaged the masonry and brick. Nothing will be done until 1896, when construction begins for the disappearing guns, but if the players ever check the plans or visit the fort itself, they will notice that the old Confederate prison cells still remain intact!!!



THE ZALINSKI DYNAMITE GUN

BY MARK CLARK

The Zalinski dynamite gun was an offbeat yet innovative weapon developed and used by the American military around the turn of the century. Designed by Edmund Zalinski, an American artillery officer, the gun used compressed air to hurl a large dynamite charge several miles. Although a technical success, the gun was never popular with the American military establishment and only a few were ever built. This article discusses Zalinski, his work with the dynamite gun, and its operational employment. It then goes on to discuss how the gun could be used in a roleplaying environment.

EDMUND ZALINSKI

Edmund Louis Grey Zalinski was born in Poland, but served in the American military as an artillery officer during the Civil War. He remained in the army after the war, and in 1883 was serving as a lieutenant at Fort Hamilton, one of the installations that guarded the port of New York. An Ohio schoolteacher by the name of Mefford had invented a pneumatic gun, and brought it to Fort Hamilton for trials. Mefford's device was little more than a toy, and he returned to Ohio without a government contract. However, Mefford's demonstration aroused Zalinski's interest, and over the next two years Zalinski built a series of increasingly larger models, improving on Mefford's design. In 1885, he demonstrated an operational prototype with an 8-inch bore that could fire a 100 pound charge of dynamite two miles. The gun was more accurate than contemporary cannon and carried a larger explosive charge, though the range was inferior.

Zalinski demonstrated this prototype to a large number of visitors, and by 1886 he had interested a number of naval officers in the possibilities of the weapon. The Department of the Navy decided to fund the construction of a "dynamite cruiser", and investors set up the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Company in New York to manufacture guns to Zalinski's design. In 1887, the navy arranged a test in which the dynamite gun fired a shell that completely destroyed a target ship. The subsequent publicity led to the completion of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. In 1889, recently promoted to captain, Zalinski was assigned as the military attache in St. Petersburg, Russia. He returned the following year, and was assigned to supervise the construction of several dynamite guns then being built by the Pneumatic Dynamite Gun Company for coastal defense purposes. Zalinski was forced to resign due to ill health in 1894. After a lingering illness, he died in 1909.

THE DYNAMITE GUN

The final version of the dynamite gun, a 15-inch bore monster, was produced in two versions, one for use aboard the *Vesuvius* and the other for four coastal defense installations in the United States. The naval version was thoroughly tested, and though capable of firing a quarter-ton dynamite charge over four miles, the gun was difficult to aim and experienced constant mechanical problems. The *Vesuvius* never reached active service, and

the navy deferred further experiments until the army could perfect the weapon.

The Army began to experiment with Zalinski's gun later than the Navy due to the opposition of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification, the army department in charge of developing new weapons. Officers on the board favored continued experiments with conventional cannon rather than funding Zalinski's work. Publicity from Zalinski's tests and the work being done on the *Vesuvius* eventually forced the Board to approve construction of a test battery of dynamite guns. The battery was installed at Fort Hancock in New Jersey in 1894. It contained two 15-inch guns, as well as the 8-inch prototype. Tests proved very satisfactory, and the Army ordered a second battery of three 15-inch guns, which were installed at San Francisco to guard the Golden Gate in 1898. Two more batteries of one gun each were built at Hilton Head, South Carolina and Fishers Island, New York in 1901. In 1904, all four batteries were sold for scrap, and the company that built them went out of business.

Why was Zalinski's gun not more successful? The initial enthusiasm for the weapon was due to its ability to throw a very large explosive charge a great distance. Dynamite, which is much more destructive than gunpowder, cannot be fired by conventional cannon, as the heat and shock of the launch would make the dynamite explode in the gun's barrel. Thus, Zalinski's gun was very attractive to naval and coastal defense officers who wanted a weapon to deal with the new steel-armored warships of the period. Zalinski's gun could sink such ships by throwing large dynamite charges next to the ships. The resulting shock waves transmitted by the water would buckle the ship's sides and sink it.

Unfortunately for Zalinski and his gun, this task could be achieved more easily by fixed mines, or torpedoes as they were called in the 19th century. Mines could be tethered to the bottom of a harbor's channel and exploded by wire from shore. Dating from the American Civil War, mines were a well developed technology by the 1880's. Zalinski was only able to sell his gun as suitable for unusual harbors, where strong currents or deep channels made mines unsuitable. The Golden Gate in San Francisco is an obvious example of such a shipping channel.

What finally made the dynamite gun obsolete was the development of new high explosives, such as ammonium picrate, in the late 1890's. These new explosives could be fired from conventional cannon, and in combination with armor-piercing shells were an effective weapon versus armored warships. A dynamite gun was as expensive to construct as a 10 or 12-inch shore defense battery, but had a shorter range and was more expensive and complex to maintain. Moreover, the increasing range of ship-mounted weapons meant that an invading navy's guns would out range the dynamite gun and so could destroy it from a distance with impunity. As a result, dynamite guns were no longer useful and so were scrapped.

THE DYNAMITE GUN AND ROLEPLAYING

Although Zalinski's weapon was never fired in anger, there is no reason why it could not be used as the focus of an adventure. Several scenarios are

possible for a Wild West campaign. First, some foreign agent might attempt to steal the plans of the gun or kidnap Zalinski. This would make the most sense if set in the late 1880's. Second, the players might encounter the *Vesuvius* or some other vessel armed with a dynamite gun. For example, in the late 1880s the Brazilians bought a dynamite gun that was hastily mounted on the deck of a freighter for an attack on a group of rebels. Although no other foreign government actually bought a dynamite gun, Italy and Britain ordered coastal defense versions of the weapon (they later canceled the orders) and Austria, Denmark, France and Spain all indicated interest in a purchase. Finally, the players might get wind of a plot to sabotage the San Francisco dynamite gun battery to allow the entrance of a hostile fleet (Chinese, Japanese or Russian) for an invasion of California.

The dynamite gun would also fit in a *Space: 1889* campaign very easily. In addition to the ideas given above, a player character inventor might want to develop an improved dynamite gun for use on a cloudship, or a villain might be using for his own nefarious purposes. The American military might also install a dynamite gun on one of its aerial flyers on Mars. In *Sky Galleons of Mars* terms, a 15-inch dynamite gun would have a range of about 8, damage value of 8, a penetration of 1 (the shell casing is very light), a crew of 4 (including one engineer), and a rate of fire of (1). Note that a dynamite gun requires a steam power plant to provide the compressed air it uses.

Note: Thomas Gray contributed ideas about using the dynamite gun in *Space: 1889* to this article. For more information on Zalinski and his gun, see David M. Hansen, "Zalinski's Dynamite Gun," *Technology & Culture*, Volume 25, number 2, April 1984, pp. 264-279.

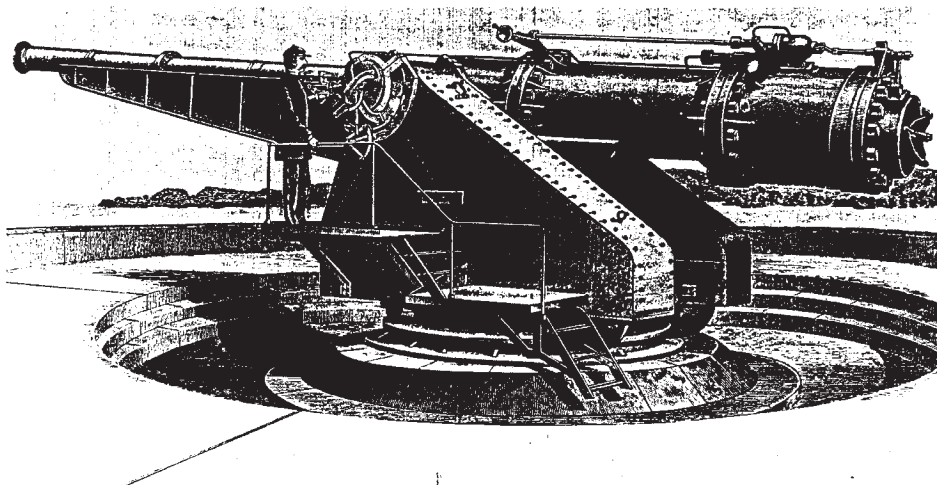


FIG. 1.—The pneumatic dynamite gun in its ultimate form: the Model 1890. Unlike many coast defense guns of the same period, the pneumatic dynamite gun required but a single man to manipulate it in traverse, elevation, and firing. (The E. R. Lewis Collection.)

EDWARD'S GUIDE TO SYRTIS MAJOR: THE BRADLEY HOUSE

BY JOHN GANNON

When the clocks of Syrtis Major strike three o'clock in the afternoon, the servants, soldiers, and citizens of the Empire engage in a tradition that has marked the British around the worlds of our system as eccentrics — they sit down to drink tea. In Syrtis Major, one of the most popular places to practice this highly civilized activity is the Bradley House.

Six days a week, between the hours of 3:00 to 5:00 PM, many members of the better classes of English society, as well as members of the colonial bureaucracy, senior military officers and those Martians and non-Englishmen who are either trying to imitate the British or interact with them, gather to sip teas from around the known worlds and to nibble delicately upon pastries, sweets, and small sandwiches and other baked goods, and perhaps most importantly, to engage in a thousand quiet conversations that seem to accomplish more work and close more deals than do all the other hours in the business day.

The Bradley House of Syrtis Major opened its doors four years ago, and has been a popular and posh spot for taking one's tea ever since. With five different salons to entertain their clientele, and the largest selection of tea and foodstuffs on Mars, Bradley House has held its position as one of the finest tea salons in all the Empire. The decor is varied within each individual tea room, from the soft and feminine Princess Room, where many unescorted ladies take their tea, to the darker panelled and more masculine Club Room which is the epitome of the Victorian Men's Club, for the gentleman who wishes to take his repast away from the presence of the fairer sex (thus enabling him to enjoy a good cigar or pipe with his tea); to the Victoria and Albert Porches where couples and groups gather to socialize and to observe the goings on of the city around them and the well maintained tea house grounds. Of course, the final room is known as the Imperial Room. Located on the building's second floor, the Imperial gives a wide overview of the city, thanks in no small part to its three-wall window and glass ceiling which allows for the unobstructed view of the cloudships and other aerial vessels that ply the skyways over Syrtis Major. From here, one can look out upon the Residency and the Syrtis Major Cathedral, and in many areas of the city, see the Union Jack fluttering in the winds. Many a Cloud Captain and Naval officer has taken his tea in the Imperial so as to feel that one step closer to the skies that they have come to call their home.

The Bradley House is run and owned by Mr. & Mrs. Theodore and Elanor Bradley, husband and wife merchant speculators from the West Counties of England. Theodore is the son of the Late Sir Hugh Bradley, the tea magnate. Sir Hugh made the Bradley family fortune speculating in tea and opium shipments to and from China during the 1840's. At the forefront of the so-called Opium War, Sir Hugh was able to seize upon several lucrative contracts involving exclusive rights to certain tea blends. Upon his passing 12

years ago, Theodore became the majority shareholder and defacto owner of the South China Tea Company. Since that time, Theodore has invested wisely, gambled only rarely, and moved to diversify the company's holdings. The Bradley House is one example of his diversification. Over the last several years, Theodore and Elanor have travelled all across the Earth and to Venus and Mars as well, establishing a Bradley House in every corner of the Empire. Plans are now being made to open a Bradley House on Mercury, should the size of the British colony there ever increase to the point where such a business could thrive. With their exquisite decor and furnishings, as well as receiving the benefits of the most modern technologies that Theodore can afford to supply, each Bradley House is able to proudly boast that it provides the exact same quality service and facilities as the first and best known Bradley House, that in London, England. In Syrtis Major the Bradley House advertises itself as a small piece of England on this harsh red planet. As a consequence, Bradley House is the focal point for the afternoon social circles of the higher echelons of Syrtis Major society (Social Levels 4+ would frequent such an establishment for Europeans; Canal Martians of Social Level 4+ would also attend if they were attempting to deal with Europeans during the tea time).

Somewhat overlooked but still vital to all aspects of Bradley House is Elanor Bradley. The daughter of Norman Braithwaite, a prominent member of the HBTC Board of Governors, Elanor is possessed of an acute business sense, as well as a most able and charming wit. She is at once the perfect hostess for the most illustrious tea house on Mars, and an able partner in Theodore's other dealings. She uses her position as the mostly overlooked spouse to advantage in their business deals, and she has learned that many weaknesses in business rivals can be discovered by sharing a pot of tea with the wife and/or daughter of their opposite number in a particular negotiation. Elanor possesses a sharp mind and is not afraid to use it, either in conjunction with Theodore or independently.

Of course, when persons of the calibre who patronize Bradley House gather, their conversation is inevitably more profound than that of the lower social castes. Business and political anecdotes are exchanged, and personal information regarding the lives of many of Syrtis Major's finer citizens are passed to and fro. As such, Bradley House is also a subtle yet intense hot-bed of political intrigue. Many non-English tea guests to Bradley House attend the afternoon session for reasons that have little to do with the quality of the wares served. German, French, Belgian, Russian, and even Japanese officials from the various embassies attend the tea house in the hopes of overhearing that vital tidbit of information that will give their nation an advantage, however slim, in dealing with England. As well, the large number of patrons coming and going on a daily basis make the Bradley House ideal for the agents of many nations to pick up or drop off information concerning their covert activities. One of the waiters on the staff is actually an agent in the employ of Germany, while another is a Fenian sympathizer who passes information concerning British military activities to Colonel O'Reilly (see TRMGS #1)! Both of these NPCs are briefly detailed at the end of this article. The native Martians as well are not immune from this sort of skulduggery, as

Ground Cleansers, Worm Priests, and the Oenotrians have found it useful to maintain ears within Bradley House amongst the staff of the largely ignored native busboys

The Bradley House can easily fit into your *Space: 1889* game, be it on Mars or anywhere else. It could be placed in another city if you do not use Syrtis Major, or it could even be the original Bradley House back in Jolly Olde England itself. Wherever you place it, one could easily find British Generals stopping by for a spot, or perhaps the dashing Burnaby (in the city on a temporary layover) is being brought to the Imperial Room by the local Naval Garrison Commander. At the table next to you, the local official of the HBTC could be trying to persuade a Canal Martian Merchant Prince to make certain trade arrangements that are supposed to be profitable for both of them. In a more sinister vein, that rather pretty and frail looking young lady and her rather empty-headed brother may very well be German Agents dropping off information for onward transmission to the embassy (via the waiter) or they could be picking up new orders (wrapped up in their napkins of course) directing them to commit some new anti-British scheme on behalf of Baron Von Gruber. If you are completely outlandish, you could have Prince Edward (heir to the British Throne) and his retinue stop in for a lark and to mingle with the "common folk". Or perhaps the Duke of Clarence is here to make a quiet rendezvous away from the press and the ever watchful eyes of the Queen. Anything can happen here and anyone may show up.

As a final note, remember that tea time was something that was nearly sacred to the Victorian English. Everyone from the Queen to the most common labourer took time out for tea, and throughout the Empire, such habits were passed on to the native peoples and the other members of the colonial establishment. Tea time was the focus of many people's lives, regardless of social station, and *Space: 1889* players should become tea lovers too (or at least their characters should!). Whether your character is there for the tea or for the tidbits, Bradley House is an interesting and fun place to spend a couple of hours. So sit back, relax, enjoy the fine foods, and oh — try not to slurp your tea.

SELECTED NPCs

Theodore Bradley

Age 44; 2 x Merchant Career; Motives: Mercantile, Responsible

Elanor Bradley

Age 37; Merchant, Dilettante Traveler; Motives: Wise, Love

Michael the Waiter (Wolfgang Krueger)

Age 27; Army, Foreign Office Agent; Motives: Steady, Ruthless

Colleen the Tea Cake Girl (Fenian Spy)

Age 20; Personal Servant; Motives: Love, Hatred

Kasraddic Magalenthrix (Martian Busboy/Spy)

Age 30; 2 x Thief Career; Motives: Liar, Hatred

Note: The details of these characters have been deliberately left vague in order that the Gamemaster may modify their skills and backgrounds so as to suit his or her own campaign.

ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE ON MARS, OR, WHY DO I FEEL LIKE I'M IN KENYA?

BY W.A. EDWARDS

AS REPORTED BY STEVE WHITMORE

I came to Mars looking for romance and adventure as I am sure many of you did. What I did not expect to find was a collection of stone and mud buildings. They more closely resemble the mud huts of central Africa than the towering spires the great journalists had portrayed to me in their dispatches from their explorations. In reality, there are relatively few Martian "skyscrapers", and although the great spires that remain are magnificent to look at from a distance, up close all one sees is decay.

It is understandable that the Martians would live on the lower floors of their decaying buildings, as they are part of a dying civilization. Even their new buildings, what there are of them, are only two or three stories tall. But why do we English, the most advanced race in the universe, imitate this Martian practice of only building to two or three stories? It turns out the reason is eminently practical. As Sir Harrison March, a director of the Bank of England on Mars, told me, "In this heat there is no purpose served by making one walk up too many flights of stairs." After two years on Mars I find much validity to this argument, given the intense heat and the odd food that are part of everyday life. One might ask why do we not install lifts in buildings, thus allowing them to be constructed with additional stories? There is a very good reason for not following this course. A lift with all of its associated iron parts would be extremely expensive on Mars. Moreover, any lift would have to be guarded around the clock to prevent the pilfering of its iron parts.

There are two distinct types of English buildings on Mars. The first is the converted Martian building. It will have the thick stone walls that typify Martian construction. Typically, enterprising Englishmen have converted Martian spires for their use by removing the upper floors. The impressive Savoy Hotel started as a decaying spire only to be converted to its present grandeur. The second type are those that were designed by Englishmen. Mostly these are private homes and very small commercial buildings. They most closely resemble those one would find in Nairobi. Typical of this style is the home of Thomas Throckmorton. The Throckmorton home, where this author has dined often, is a spacious two story stone affair with a veranda that surrounds the entire building. Providing shade and air, the verandas furnish a cool place to gather with friends in the evening. This brings the parlor outdoors making for a distinct lack of privacy, unless the owner has a walled enclosure, a rarity on Mars as it would block out any cooling breezes. Though utilitarian, this style of building does have a certain colonial charm.

Unfortunately, Government and commercial buildings lack even the rustic charm of the common private home. English architects have designed the most atrocious collection of buildings. The worst offender is Bedford Gar-

dens, the Colonial Office buildings. It is claimed that the architects wanted to build an intimidating group of buildings. Instead they created structures more suited to a prison than the majesty of the Englishman. In this author's opinion there is only one section of Syrtis Major that is worthy of being called English. If you walk down Baker Street in the Legation Compound you will find a small piece of London. The atmosphere is made complete by the up-to-date town homes and English shops. The only other style that seems to have any merit are those houses built like those found in Kingston. They are stucco affairs with many terraces and a central courtyard or atrium. These houses allow for outdoor living with privacy in the inner city, but tend to be very hot in the summer.

There is as yet no distinctly Anglo-Martian blend of architecture as there is an Anglo-Indian style. One can only hope that in the future there will arise some genius to improve upon the plebeian structures one sees in the Martian Crown Colony today.



Europeans in Uganda live in low houses of the bungalow type, built of plastered mud or native brick. Usually there are spaces between walls and roof for better ventilation.



This hospital in Dar-es-Salaam is one of the finest and most completely equipped in German East Africa. Note the high raised roof and generous windows on the wing on the left hand side. Both are features to aid in cooling.



Colonial Offices in in Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa. The large slots below the eaves allow warm air to escape and result in better cooling. These slots are a feature also commonly found on Mars.

PLEBEIANS AND PERSONAGES:

EDWARD RUTLEDGE III

BY STEVE WHITMORE

Edward Rutledge III was born in Norfolk Virginia USA in September 1852. His father owned the Rutledge Ship Yards in Norfolk and a number of cotton and tobacco plantations in South Carolina. Growing up in the post-civil war American south he experienced the hard times of the late 1860's. His family managed to keep the shipyard going, but at the cost of the tobacco plantation. The cotton plantation continues to produce a comfortable income to supplement the income from the ship yard.

Young Edward graduated from the Virginia Military Institute with the class of 1871 with a degree in naval architecture. He went to work in the family ship yard as a designer of sailing yachts, and in 1880 he became the manager of the yard. He managed the yard until 1887 when he grew bored with the success that he was having. Seeking adventure and a chance to make his own fortune he left for Mars, leaving his younger brother Thomas in charge of his affairs. His father sent H.V. Smith, a machinist and all-around tough guy, with Edward as a companion. Arriving on Mars he set about to make his name in aerial flyer design. This was a new field for him, but he took to it with vigor. He applied his skill in designing streamlined racing yachts to the design of aerial flyers. In 1889 he began construction on the prototype for the Mk I flyer. Three months later he opened the Rutledge Boat Works of Syrtis Major and tried to interest the British government in his flyer designs. Rejected by the authorities, Rutledge decided he would have to prove his design in service before he would obtain any orders.

After finishing a few test runs of his Mk I flyer prototype (see the Microhulls article in this issue for details), Rutledge made it known that he was interested in participating in an expedition to prove his vessel. He was contacted almost immediately by Lionel Tyler, the well-known American industrialist and explorer (See *TRMGS* #2). A brief venture into the Aerial hills proved that the Rutledge Flyer was all that an adventuring party could want, and after a successful escape from a group of High Martians, Tyler decided to hire Rutledge and his Flyer for a more extended excursion.

Although begun with high hopes, the second adventure with Tyler turned into a disaster. According to Rutledge, it was Tyler who got the party in trouble in the first place. Rutledge was captured along with other members of the party. In an escape attempt he was gravely injured and left for dead. His companions reported him as having his brains stirred by savage Hill Martian cultists. Actually he was still alive but had several gashes to the forehead and scalp that caused much bleeding. The Americans who eventually rescued the rest of the party later found Rutledge among the dead Martians and restored his health at the US Embassy at Syrtis Major.

After recovering from his wounds Rutledge found that he was blind in his left eye and the left side of his face was horribly scared. To this day he wears a patch to cover the left side of his face. Although his flyers are very

popular he does not like to go out in public and leaves most of the dealings at the boat works to Smith. Rutledge also carries a deep hatred for Tyler, who he blames for the failure of the adventure that left him half blind. A recluse, he spends most of his days designing new flyers and testing them, dreaming of the day he can revenge himself on Tyler. Thus far, Tyler's wealth and connections to the British government have protected him, but Rutledge is patient. Characters who are able to obtain information that would damage Tyler's reputation would be well rewarded by Rutledge.

Rutledge sometimes tests flyers on short adventures for which he will recruit additional party members. If he does go on an adventure do not think that he is just an engineer. Rutledge spent his youth on the cotton plantation hunting and fishing. Preferring a long gun to a handgun, Rutledge's weapon of choice is a lever action Winchester rifle. It is unlikely that he will receive visitors unless he is recruiting for an expedition. In business matters related to his company, he will only conduct written negotiations for the flyers and only for the custom features. He never discounts the price on the flyer and accepts only full cash payment on delivery for a flyer. Adventurers attempting to purchase a Rutledge flyer will encounter H.V. Smith. Mr. Smith will always refer to Rutledge's policy of no discounts.

Edward Rutledge III

Strength:4 Intellect: 5
Agility: 3 Charisma:1 (3)
Endurance: 2(4) Social Level: 6

Skills: Fisticuffs 3, Throwing 2, Stealth 2, Marksmanship 4 (Rifle), Wilderness Travel 3 (Mapping), Observation 5, Engineering 6 (Naval Architecture), Science 5 (Physics), Eloquence 2, Linguistics 3 (German, French, Parhooni), Riding 4 (Horse), Piloting 4 (Sailing) 3 (Aerial Flyer)



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CLOUD CAPTAIN'S CORNER: MICRO HULLS

BY STEVE WHITMORE

Anyone who has tried to build a small aerial flyer using the rules found in GDW's *Cloudships & Gunboats* has found that they cannot build a small flyer for anywhere near the price that they could purchase one. The cost of the small flyer found on page 74 of the main *Space: 1889* book is £4840. To build the this flyer by the existing rules would cost £6140 for a flyer with a Martian hull. It would cost an additional £3000 for a British hull, or almost twice the book value. With the costs so outweighing the income no sane shipwright would ever build the small flyers that adventurers find so useful. The purpose of this article is to provide a solution to this dilemma. To manufacture a hull ranging in weight from 5 to 50 tons use the following additions to the rules found on pages 10–12 of *Cloudships & Gunboats*.

HULL SIZE

Micro Hulls are those flyers ranging in weight from 5 tons to 50 tons inclusive. There are three classes of micro flyer; A: 5 tons to 20 tons; B: 21 tons to 35 tons; C: 36 tons to 50 tons. A size A hull costs 25% of the size 1 hull. The size B hull costs 33% of a size 1 hull. The largest of the small hulls, size C, costs 50% of a size 1 hull.

PROPULSION

Steam powered flyers multiply the engine cost and size by the following multipliers: size 'A' 25%; size 'B' 50%; size 'C' 75%. For small screw galleys, the cost is the same as set by *Cloudships & Gunboats*. The turncrank position weight is modified by the same modifiers as the steam flyer. For kite rigging use the same modifiers as the steam flyer. Thus a size 'A' kite rig would cost £150 and a size 'A' screw galley crank position would cost £100 and weigh 2.5 tons.

COAL BUNKERS, ARMOR AND ARMAMENT

The cost of all weapons, coal bunkers, and armor is the same as it would be for a full size hull. When calculating the weight of armor use the following modifiers: size 'A' 25%; size 'B' 33%; size 'C' 50%. A size 'C' protected hull with a protection value of 1 would have a protection weight of 10 following the formula $PW=20*AV*HS$ ($10=20*1*50\%$).

CREW AND PASSENGERS

Due to the size of these flyers, all crew members require 2.5 tons of space. The minimum crew required is pilot, trimsmen and engineer/topman, each requiring 2.5 tons. When operating these classes of hulls the pilot and trimsmen stations may be combined as one station at an additional cost of 5% of the base hull price; the pilot must then have a trimsmen skill of at least 1 to fly the craft. If the pilot and trimsmen positions are combined subtract 2.5 tons from the required crew tonnage. In addition, reduce either the piloting or trimsmen rating of the pilot by 1 point while

operating the flyer. There is no cost for crew/passenger quarters on a size 'A' hull. The cost for size 'B' & 'C' hulls is £10 per space. The owners should not expect to find lavish cabins on the small hulls, just sleeping areas and a WC. On the largest of the small hulls there may be one private cabin at an additional cost of £50.

ALTITUDE AND SPEED

All of the formulas that are given on page 12 in *Cloudships & Gunboats* apply. These values apply for hull size when calculating performance data: size 'A' 25%; size 'B' 33%; size 'C' 50%.

CREW

The small hulls do not require deckhands, additional officers, petty officers or bridge crew. Each weapon still requires the normal complement of gunners. Player characters will no doubt fill as many of these roles as possible.

COMBAT

Due to their small size, attacks against size 'A', 'B' and 'C' flyers have an automatic -1 from all rolls.

THE RUTLEDGE FLYER: A SAMPLE MICROHULL

The Rutledge Flyer Company is owned and operated by Edward Rutledge III and has been producing various flyers in the yards at Syrtis Major for almost two years. Its most popular product is a size 'C' hull weighing 50 tons. The prototype Rutledge Flyer was built out of a modified Belgian screw launch hull. Powered by the Rutledge steam turbine it hit speed 8 in trials. It was only able to obtain speed 6 once under full load and with all of the safeties installed. This flyer comes with three gun mounts that will hold weapons up to half-inch Gatling Guns (a favorite of the designer). On the prototype, Rutledge mounted a half-inch Gatling on the bow mount and a five barrel Nordenfelt that could be moved to either the port or starboard mount. On some later hulls, custom modifications have been made to mount a single 1-inch Gatling Gun in a dorsal mount replacing the port and starboard weapon mounts. The dorsal mount costs an additional 15% of the base hull cost.

The prototype flyer set the pattern for all of the Rutledge Flyers to follow. With its flush deck and pill box deck house it is a pleasure to see in flight. The engineering spaces are unusual with the boiler sitting in a well on the aft deck surrounded by the coal bunker. Machinery is below decks in the spaces that take up the aft half of the flyer's below decks. Below decks in the forward part of the flyer is a small galley, WC and storage locker. Access to the lower deck is from the deck house. The roof of the deck house is used as the flying bridge. The flying bridge has a duplicate set of controls that allow the flyer to be controlled from either the flying bridge or the deck house.

Players may find on the open market Rutledge Mk I's for rent. The Mk I is a 35 ton size 'B' version of the Rutledge Mk II. It is very unlikely that a Mk I

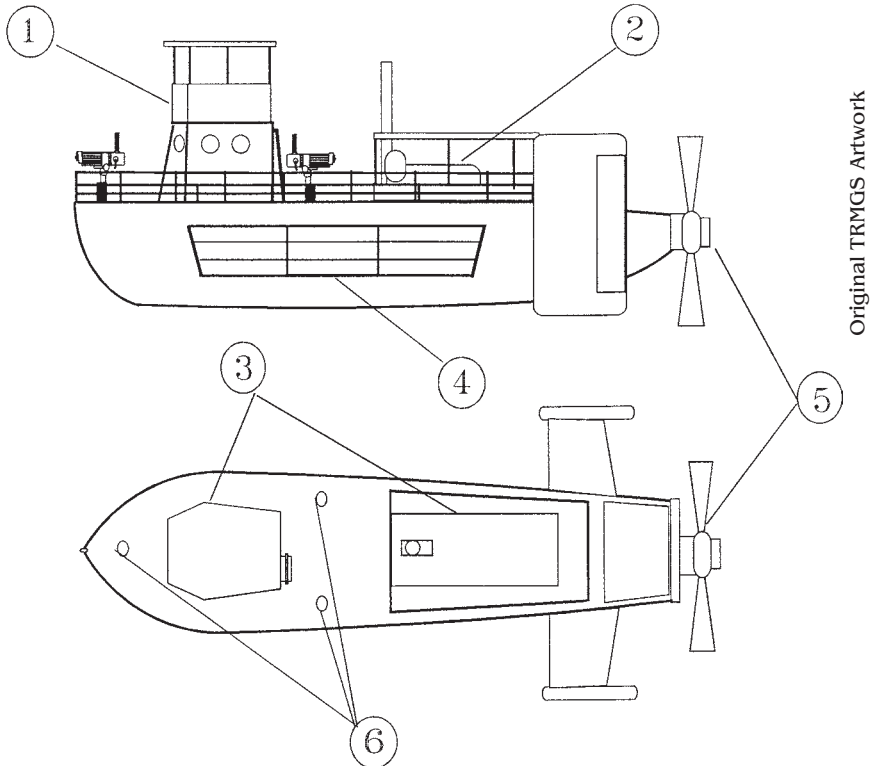
will be available for sale. Most of the Mk I's built so far have gone to the English and American governments and are being used as dispatch boats.

VITAL STATISTICS

Mk I Hull Size: 'B' 35 tons Hull Cost: £2640 Engine Size: .5 Engine Cost: £500 Engine Weight: 5 tons Coal Bunker: 2 tons Crew Cost: £30 Crew Weight: 7.5 tons Endurance: 40 Days= $20/.5$ Speed: $6 = 3(6 \cdot ES)/.5$ Altitude (without weapons or passengers): VH with tons of equipment ($1.2 = 35/14.5(EW+B+CW)+14.5(\text{equipment})$).

Mk II Hull Size: 'C' 50 tons Hull Cost: £4000 Engine Size: .75 Engine Cost: £750 Pounds Sterling Engine Weight: 7.5 tons Coal Bunker: 5 tons Crew Cost: £30 Crew Weight: 7.5 tons Endurance: 67 Days= $50/.75$ Speed: $6 = 4.5(6 \cdot ES)/.75$ Altitude (without weapons or passengers): VH with 21.5 tons of equipment ($1.2 = 50/20(EW+B+CW)+21.5(\text{equipment})$).

The Rutledge Flyer Mk II



Specifications

Speed: 6
Altitude: VH
Weight: 50 Tons
Endurance: 60 Days

1. Flying Bridge
2. Engineering
3. Canvas Sun shades for the Flying Bridge and Engineering
4. Liftwood Panels
5. Rutledge Patent Propeller
6. Weapons Mounts

SMALL ESTATES ON MARS: A TOUR OF THE VISCOUNT THARALLTON'S HOME, AQUAVISTA MANOR

BY MATT RUANE

It was a sunny afternoon last August when I was invited to visit the Viscount Tharallton's home outside of Syrtis Major. It was quite an honour for a young reporter from the *Syrtis Star* to interview the famous explorer and inventor in his own home. What he wanted to discuss, however, was a mystery to myself and my editor, but when a Viscount asks for your presence, you generally drop everything else, saddle up a horse, and head to his home. I am still not sure why he chose me, but it proved to be a rewarding experience for myself and for my host.

The Viscount Tharallton first came to our attention when as an explorer he reportedly discovered the mysterious Wells of Seldon, the legendary source of water for the canals that cover Mars' surface. The Viscount had used an aerial steam yacht of his own design to brave the unexplored territory surrounding the supposed location of the wells. After several brief battles with High Martians who attempted to force the *Sunfish* to turn back, the Viscount and his crew circled the village near the wells, before actually spotting the water that gushed from the ground in a never ending crystal stream. Unable to land due to hostile natives, the Viscount mapped the area, took measurements, and returned to present his findings to the Royal Martian Geographical Society. His findings and discovery theorized that buried beneath the sands were ancient Martian machinery and devices that transformed polar ice into pressure fed geysers of water that helped to feed the surface canals from the Wells. Research from old libraries in Syrtis Major seemed to confirm this conclusion and the Viscount's discovery was hailed as being equal to that of Burton and Speakes discovery of the headwaters of the Nile, or of Stanley's discovery of the missing explorer Dr. Livingston. Critical fame soon followed, and he was ordered to present his findings to a special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London.

Though his speech in London was greeted with greater skepticism than in Syrtis Major, he was eventually made a fellow of both the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Martian Geographical Society. In honour of his discoveries and contributions to the Empire, Her Majesty Queen Victoria elevated the Viscount Tharallton to the peerage and created one of the first Martian peerages in the process. As part of the viscountcy, Tharallton was granted letters patent over a piece of land on the outskirts of Syrtis Major, the village of Tharallton. Tharallton was also granted by the Crown Prince of Syrtis Major the title, Protector of Tharallton, and his viscountcy was confirmed in a series of Martian letters patent. The new Viscount set out to create a home on his new estates.

The Viscount's home was constructed of the finest Meepsoorian striped marble, along with various native Martian woods and stones. Though

originally planned to be built in a neo-Georgian style, that sort of construction was not favoured by either climate or available building materials. Instead, the Viscount authorized the construction of a three story palatial home, constructed entirely of native Martian materials. This new design was modeled after one of the structures that surrounded the Wells of Seldon which the Viscount had sketched. The house was completed in a little over six months, and it was originally to be furnished with furnishings from an assortment of time periods: Louis XIV, Louis XVI, Georgian, Chippendale, Second Empire, etc. Again, the Viscount changed his mind, and instead decide to furnish the home in a single, simpler style, which has become known as Martian Regency.

Martian Regency is a style of interior furnishing which focuses on simple wooden furnishings, airy cotton coverings and bedding, and simple, native accents and accessories. This style traces its roots to furnishings found in the grandest homes of British citizens who lived in Egypt and southern Africa. These items emphasize function over form, though their inherent simplicity is often strikingly beautiful when carved from native materials such as rogo wood or liftwood that has lost its lift. Thus the Viscount Tharallton's home has come to embody the best of Martian and English craftsmanship, and he has shown this unique home to countless visitors.

When the viscount acquired the estates in 1888, he decided that they had to be made self-sufficient and, if possible, profitable. The village of Tharallton, an agricultural village on Shastapsh-Moeris Lacus-Syrtis Major canal, continued to focus on agriculture, and its output was increased after new irrigation and drainage techniques were introduced by the viscount's estate manager, Mr. Jeremy B. Clairville. Mr. Clairville, who met me at the gates and showed me around the viscount's estates, pointed out that irrigation and drainage improvements were also responsible for the creation of two large green areas near the main house. The first was the location of a fledgling thoroughbred horse and gashant farm, where the 1891 Martian Derby champion Seldon's Pride was born and raised. Though expensive to maintain, this horse and gashant breeding farm provides more than enough revenue to offset its costs. Part of this excess is used to maintain the second swatch of green fields and grass, those that surround the main house and provide facilities for lawn tennis and croquet.

A bachelor, the thirty-five year old viscount likes to entertain and he often has up to a hundred guests attending large garden parties. His home offers accommodations for a dozen overnight visitors. To cope with these immense parties, a modern kitchen facility is housed in a separate building, attached to the main house by a covered breezeway. The main house, as mentioned above, is three stories tall, and contains a half-dozen rooms on each floor. I was ushered into the first floor study, where the viscount was already waiting for my arrival. Seated in a comfortable chair, the viscount offered me a chilled bottle of ale, and then unfolded why he asked me to come. He stated that he wished to clear up several unfounded rumors that had begun to circulate about him in the last few weeks. The first was that he wished to assure the public that his experiments were harmless examinations into the development of mechanical men and on new aerial racing

yacht designs. He showed me around his basement labs, and though I do not really possess all the technical knowledge necessary to assure my readers that the viscount was 100% correct, it appears that rumors surrounding the apparent destruction of a mechanical servant in the Royal Martian Geographical Society last March are without foundation.

We returned to the upstairs study and were served lunch by Horace, a well built automaton of the viscount's own design. During lunch, the viscount broached the subject that truly troubled him, and it surrounded allegations made late last year by the Viscount Towster (Lord Herring) that he had not really discovered the Wells of Seldon and that he had made up the entire discovery. A presentation by the Viscount Towster's manservant Clive to the RMGS charged the viscount with fraudulently leading the members to believe that he had discovered the Wells of Seldon in 1887, when it had been the Viscount Towster and his fellow explorers who discovered the true wells in 1890. Though not accusing the Viscount Towster and his companions of lying, Lord Tharallton believes that they actually discovered a secondary station, or a deliberately constructed false well station. He believes that his originally discovery was truly the legendary Wells of Seldon, and to prove his point, he would sponsor any expedition with a ship and equipment that set out to prove him correct. More importantly, he would offer a prize of £5,000 to anyone who could prove once and for all, to the satisfaction of the RMGS, the location of the legendary wells. This was very interesting news, and I thanked the viscount for allowing to break the story first. He escorted me to the door personally and bid me a good day, hoping I would present a fair picture of his life and home. I left thinking "How could anyone say anything bad about such a charming host?"

Anyone interested in rising to the Viscount Tharallton's challenge should contact him care of the Royal Martian Geographical Society, Syrtis Major.

DESCRIPTION OF ROOMS

First Floor

1. Entrance Hall
2. Study
3. Parlour
4. Dining Room #1
5. Dining Room #2
6. Kitchen Preparation/Pantry

Second Floor

1. Library
2. Guest Room
3. Guest Room
4. Guest Room
5. Guest Room
6. Servant's Quarters
7. Bathroom with Indoor Plumbing

Third Floor

1. Trophy Room
2. Guest Room
3. Guest Room
4. Master Suite
5. Servant's Quarters
6. Bathroom with Indoor Plumbing

THOSE NIGHTMARE WINGS

A CTHULHU 1889 ADVENTURE OUTLINE

BY MATTHEW RUANE

The year is 1890 and the adventure begins in Syrtis Major. The player-characters are gathered at a dinner party being held by the one of their friends, Angus MacTavish, a wealthy merchant specializing in the Bhutan Spice trade, and a collector of rare Martian antiquities. MacTavish has gathered the characters together to unveil his latest acquisition, a statue brought out of a High Martian kraag. The statue depicts a dark skinned High Martian, setting off from the top of a large bolder. The statue is made up of some unknown black stone that feels slightly oily to the touch, while the boulder is a gold nugget the size of an egg. It appears to be hundreds of years old, and MacTavish claims that the statue may be worth as much as a thousand pounds sterling. He acknowledges that he is not sure who or what the Martian is supposed to represent. The statue is placed on a shelf with other Martian antiquities. The guests should eventually head home without incident.

That night, any of the players who actually touched the statue will have a series of disturbing dreams. The dreams, while not actually nightmares, are horrifying. Each player effected by the dreams will be able to vividly recall that the seemed to be flying, at night, over a desert. In the distance was a gleaming city, filled with Martians going about their business. The dreamer senses that he/she is a High Martian flying to attack the city and its inhabitants. As the dreamer flies closer to the city, the image changes and the city is now a flaming ruin. In the center of the flames is a gigantic copy of the statue they saw last night, surrounded by numerous smaller copies similar to the one owned by MacTavish. The dreamer swoops down, picks up a copy of the smaller statue, and returns to their kraag, where the dream ends. No sanity rolls are required, and the remainder of the individual's sleep should be uninterrupted.

In the morning, the players will read in the newspaper a late-breaking story concerning the mysterious death of Angus MacTavish, a wealthy merchant and antiquarian. If they travel to MacTavish's home, or question any friends on the police force, they will discover that MacTavish appeared to have burned to death, yet the carpet on which he is found is not even singed. If they investigate the spot where the statue was placed last night, they will find it missing. MacTavish's papers state that he bought the statue from a Martian cloud captain named Araaskahala, only the day before their dinner party.

How did MacTavish die? Why was the statue the only item stolen? Do the player's dreams have anything to do with either the murder or the theft? Who is Araaskahala and how did he come into possession of the statue? All such details are up to the keeper; good hunting!

VICTORIA'S DEFENDERS FROM WORST TO FIRST:

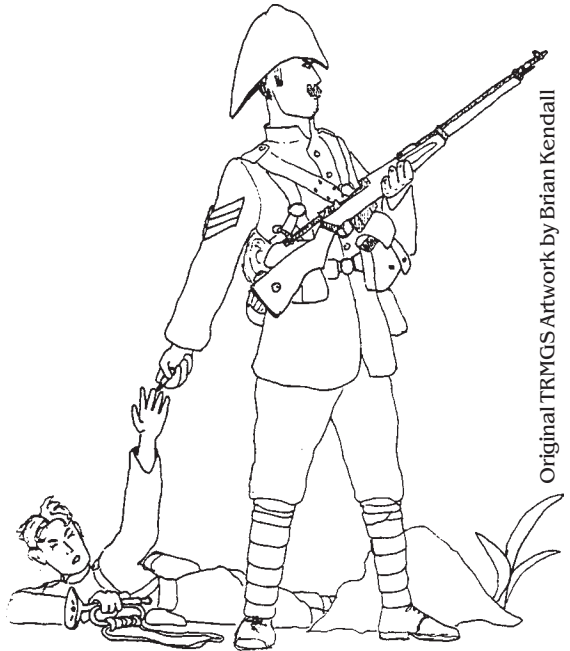
THE STORY OF BRITISH MARKSMANSHIP, 1870-1914

BY BRIAN KENDALL

Most armies in 1871 put little emphasis on marksmanship training for their troops, including the English. All that the private soldier was required to do was to maintain his dress (that's his alignment in the company, for those civilians out there) and to deliver a crisp volley either obliquely or forward at command. It would take almost thirty years before the English would put into effect the changes that would transform the "Tommy" into one of the top, if not the best, riflemen in the world.

In 1871, the British adopted the Martini-Henry rifle, weighing almost ten pounds, measuring four feet, one and one-half inches long, and sighted for fire at up to 1450 yards. Although the Martini-Henry was a fine weapon, it helped to contribute to poor British marksmanship. The Martini fired a large .45 cartridge which resulted in massive recoil. It was not uncommon for the Tommy to flinch in anticipation, (thus throwing off his aim), and it was an established fact that the recoil was known to break some men's collarbones. Another problem with the round was its black powder propellant. In 1871, the manual still called for men to fight in close order (i.e. shoulder-to-shoulder), and unless there was a good stiff breeze, after several volleys visibility was reduced to nil. Together with inadequate training, these things naturally led to poor shooting.

The first real change came in 1877 when manuals steered clear of close order fighting, focusing instead on the use of the extended order "firing line" in which two of the battalion's companies were placed, the other four being held in reserve to be rotated into the firing line for the "final rush". Instead of improved marksmanship, the Army now relied on the "final rush" to carry the day. Nowhere was the drawback of this tactic shown more clearly than during the 58th's ill-fated charge during the Battle of Langs Nek only to



Original TRMGSArtwork by Brian Kendall

be repulsed by superior Boer marksmanship. Britain's continuing disputes with these bearded farmers would forever change the way the Army would think of marksmanship.

When Britain resumed the war in southern Africa in 1898, the Boers had taken it upon themselves to teach the British Army a lesson or two about marksmanship. These lessons involved the horrific effect of marksmanship on exposed troops, the benefits of smokeless powder, and above all, the devastation of accurate rapid fire. All of these lessons were hammered home one ignoble defeat after another. Even after the British introduced their own magazine fed bolt action rifle using smokeless powder, the Boers still managed to teach them a few more lessons. It was during these later battles with the Boers that the individual Tommy began to understand the ways in which a rifle could influence a battle's outcome, but the whole army needed to be reformed and these reforms came from the desk of Liberal politician R. B. Haldane.

Haldane initiated a series of reforms in the wake of the Boer War. These reforms undertaken between 1902 and 1914, resulted in the rapid improvement of British marksmanship and the transformation of battle tactics to take advantage of some of the lessons learned in Africa. Now priority was on training the individual soldier in maintaining a stable firing position, keeping a firm grip on his rifle, and a new technique for quick firing and reloading (made possible by the introduction of stripper clips). These skills were enforced in theory by formal regulations, and in reality by continual practice firing at stationary and moving targets. A new term entered the soldier's vocabulary: "the mad minute". The "mad minute" was a drill in which the soldier was required to fire fifteen aimed shots within a two foot diameter circle, three hundred yards away, in 60 seconds. Some men were remarkably able to fire as many as thirty rounds in the "mad minute"!! New ranges were built throughout England, and all were designed to make training more real. In twelve years, the British rifleman became one of the best in the world.

In a way, English musketry is a story of the period, a time of change, from the colonial wars where the "thin red line" fought hordes of savages with well ordered volleys, to the khaki clad Tommy lying in the fields of France, firing so quickly and accurately that some German officers would report that they were fired on by machine guns. The Tommy simply went from worst to first.



A BIT OF HISTORY: SIR RICHARD BURTON (1821-1890)

BY JEFF BOYLE

Sir Richard Burton serves in many ways as an archetypal character for role-playing in the 19th century. As a soldier, explorer, and a diplomat he developed a deep affinity for the native peoples of the places he served, learning their languages and cultures to such an extent that he was often able to blend into their world without their knowing.

Burton was the son of a wealthy heiress and a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army. His father's successful career ended in scandal when he refused to testify in the divorce proceedings of the Prince of Wales and his princess, Caroline, on the grounds that to do so would violate her honor. As a result young Sir Richard spent his youth in France and Italy where he developed his love of languages.

His father intended that he join the clergy, but Sir Richard had other ideas. In 1841 he got himself expelled from Oxford and convinced his father to purchase him a commission in the Army of the British East India Company.

Once in India he began to go native, taking great interest in the cultures, religions, and languages of the subcontinent. He became proficient in the languages of Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Afghan, and Punjabi, even translating the religious literature of the Hindus like the *Karma Sutra*. He was soon able to pass himself off as a native and became a valuable agent for the British in the "Great Game" between Britain and Russia for control of the region in the north of India.

After seven years in India he became ill and returned to England. During he convalescence he wrote a series of books about India and one on bayonet exercises, but none of them were well received due to criticism of his going native and his conversion to Islam.

Burton determined that he would make the pilgrimage to Mecca (hegera), but because few westerners were allowed into the Islamic holy city, he would go disguised as an Moslem. He was able to get leave from the army by promising to map the Arabian peninsula and gaining the support of the Royal Geographical Society. In disguise he convinced the British consul in Alexandria that he was an Indian Moslem and gained documents to that effect. After an adventurous caravan journey he reached Mecca where he secretly measured the Ka'ba Stone and completed the rites of the hegera.

In 1854 he had to return to duty in Bombay, but he immediately began to raise support for an expedition to locate the source of the Nile. Although the government was busy fighting the Crimean War, eventually Sir Richard received permission to explore coastal Somaliland. Here began Sir Richard's tumultuous relationship with John Hanning Speke, a British officer assigned to the expedition who was really more interested in big game hunting than exploring. Burton and Speke's adventures are chronicled in the movie *The Mountains of the Moon*.

Once in Africa the party split up and Burton went alone to the forbidden city of Harrar to observe the slave and coffee trade. No westerner had ever seen the city before. It was believed that if a white man entered the city it would fall and several had died trying.

Burton then rejoined Speke and the other officers that made up the rest of the expedition in April 1854. A week later their camp was attacked by natives. One member of the expedition was killed. Speke was wounded eleven times and Burton was impaled through the jaw with a spear. The attack forced an end to the expedition, and they returned to civilization. Almost immediately Burton began lobbying for a second expedition.

The second expedition saw the end of Speke and Burton's friendship. While Burton was bed-ridden with malaria Speke discovered Lake Victoria, the source of the Nile. While Burton was still too ill to travel Speke returned to England, published, and went on a lecture tour. Sir Richard felt betrayed and refused to participate in later expeditions along the Nile.

In 1860 Burton took a nine month vacation in the United States. It is quite likely that he was also acting for the British foreign service which needed intelligence about the possibility of civil war. He travelled from New York City through the South and West to Utah (where he met Brigham Young), Colorado, and San Francisco before returning to England.

The 1860's were a high point in Burton's career. He married Isabell Arundell in 1861 and served as British consul in British West Africa and Brazil and he was able to explore the Congo and Amazon rivers. He continued to learn native languages and write books describing geography and



THE DEFEAT OF THE DERVISHES ON THE NILE—THE DEATH OF WAD-EL-NJUMI AFTER THE FIGHT
FROM A SKETCH ON THE FIELD BY A BRITISH OFFICER

tribal cultures.

All this ended in 1869 when he was posted as consul in Damascus. He was extremely unpopular there due to the earlier publication of a three volume book describing his pilgrimage to Mecca. Eventually, he was relieved and forced to return to England. The next twenty years marked a low point in Burton's life. He was unable to obtain a diplomatic appointment and was often short of money.

Finally in 1890 he was able to return to the government's good graces and was appointed consul in Trieste in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. While there he completed his last work, a translation of *Arabian Nights*. He died later that year. It is believed that his wife burned many of his papers immediately after his death in order to safeguard his reputation and cover up his conversion to Islam.

SIR RICHARD IN A CAMPAIGN

Finding a way to use Sir Richard Burton as an NPC in almost any 19th century campaign should not be difficult. The characters could be members of his expeditions along the Nile, Congo, or Amazon. What were Burton's intentions during his trip to the United States? Was he evaluating the South's chances of winning the Civil War? Was he seeking out Southern leaders about a possible alliance? Or was he hoping to bring the West under British influence? The twenty or so years between diplomatic appointments from 1869-1890 are laden with opportunities for those game masters willing to take historical liberties. Maybe Burton went to Mars and became involved in exploration there.

Sir Richard Burton

*physical stats assume middle age, they can be adjusted up or down slightly to account for age.

Strength: 4	Intellect: 5
Agility: 3	Charisma: 6
Endurance: 5	Social Level: 4

CAREERS: Army, Explorer

SKILLS: Fisticuffs 3, Throwing 2, Close Combat 4 (sword and polearm), Stealth 2, Marksmanship 3 (pistol), Wilderness Travel 7 (mapping), Fieldcraft 2, Swimming 3, Observation 6, Eloquence 6, Theatrics 7, Linguistics 7 (English, French, Italian, Latin and Ancient Greek, Portuguese, Afgan, Punjabi, Persian, Hindustani, Arabic, Amazonian dialects, Central African dialects, and any other native language spoken in a region where he has been residing for more than a few months), Riding 3, Leadership 3

THE ROYAL MARTIAN GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S GUIDE TO SPACE:1889 PRODUCTS

BY MARK CLARK MINOR CORRECTIONS BY THOMAS M. HARRIS

Only the *TRMGS* reprints are currently in print as of November 1998. Many may still be available from distributors... you may be able to ask your local retailer to try and order them for you.

GDW

GDW halted trading in 1996. The GDW part number listed before title.

Rulebooks

1889 *Space: 1889*

Hardcover rulebook.

1981 *Referee's Screen*

Includes supplemental rulebook.

1984 *Soldier's Companion*

Miniatures rules for *Space: 1889*

Includes history of military on Mars.

1891 *Ironclads and Ether Flyers*

Naval miniatures rules for *Space: 1889*

Includes ship design rules.

Reference Books

1983 *Conklin's Atlas of the Worlds*

General background material.

Note: *Venus Sourcebook* was listed in GDW's catalog but was never produced. No draft manuscript exists.

Adventures

1901 *Tales from the Ether*

Five short adventures, one on each planet. Description of Orbital Heliograph Station.

1902 *Beastmen of Mars*

Set in Martian highlands. Background of Steppe Martians.

1903 *Caravans of Mars*

Includes desert sourcebook. Information on Martian trade.

1904 *Steppelords of Mars*

Nomad tribes setting.

1905 *Cloud Captains of Mars*

Set in Karkarham, "The Casablanca of Mars!" Information on Red Captains. Additional ship designs.

1906 *More Tales from the Ether*

Four short adventures, all on Mars.

1907 *Canal Priests of Mars*

Information on Ether liners. Martian Religion. Best published *Space: 1889* adventure.

Boxed Games

1890 *Sky Galleons of Mars*

Aerial Flyer combat board game. Only map of Martian Crown Colony (really!).

1892 *Temple of the Beastmen*

Combat in a Martian Kraag.

1893 *Cloudships & Gunboats*

Deck plans of common aerial flyers. History of European aerial units on Mars
Cardboard figures (25mm).

Miniatures

1821 *Victorian Adventurers*

Europeans, ten different figs

1841 *Soldiers of the Queen*

European Colonial Soldiers. 21 figs, 10 poses.

1842 *Legions of Mars*

Canal Martian Warriors 21 figs, 10 poses

1843 *Kraag Warriors*

High Martian Warriors 20 figs, 10 poses

1801 *Martian Cloudships*

Additional plastic models for *Sky Galleons*.

1802 Aerial Gunboats

British plastic models for *Sky Galleons*.

Periodicals**Ether Society News**

Newsletter for *Space: 1889*. Five issues published (0, 1–4). Contents of issue 4 from issues 1 and 2 of *TRMGS*.

Challenge Magazine

Every issue from #34 on (except 75) has a *Space: 1889* article.

PRODUCTS FROM OTHER COMPANIES**GAME TECH** (CURRENT AS OF 3/99)

P.O. Box 247

Springport, MI 49284 U.S.A.

<http://www.pcisys.net/~glanducci/gametech/gthome.html>

Miniatures

This company has the license to produce miniatures for the game *Sky Galleons of Mars*. They currently produce many designs, and are adding more to their line all the time. Send SASE for a catalog (refundable on first order). See *TRMGS* issue 8 for a review of these miniatures.

LIZARD'S GRIN

PO Box 14522

Oklahoma City, OK 73113 USA

Miniatures

25mm Colonials (includes 1889 Martian Artillery), 1/1200 19th Ironclads (includes ACW and *Sky Galleons of Mars* Expansion Ships), 20mm WWII Equipment.

SAVAGE AND SOLDIER (CURRENT 3/99)

5528 Oak Park Drive San Jose, CA 95129

<http://www.dnai.com/~soongliu/SavageAndSoldier/index.html>

Savage and Soldier

Journal of 19th century colonial warfare. Vol. 24, No. 13 has series on *Space:*

1889. It's now an online zine.

TRMGS**Periodical****Transactions of the Royal Martian Geographical Society**

Official *Space: 1889* publication. Reprints of Issues 1–8 available from Heliograph, Inc. Issues originally 32 pages each with B&W artwork.

<http://www.heliograph.com/trmgs/>

TRMGS Vol. 1

Issues 1–4

ISBN: 0-9668926-0-7

TRMGS Vol. 2

Issues 5–8

Includes *Ether Society News* 5–8

ISBN: 0-9668926-1-5

DRAGONSHEAD PUBLISHING

21W127 Tee Lane #3 Itasca, IL 60143

Periodical**Journal of the Britanic Technological Society**

Issues 1–4. 12 pages, B&W illustrations.

THE FAMILIAR

The Familiar P.O. Box 2752 Chapel Hill, NC 275152752 familiar@aol.com

Periodical**The Familiar**

Issue #2 had *Space:1889* city with map and NPCs.

3W**Adventure**

0403 **The Liftwood Conspiracy**

Details of Liftwood ecology Includes miniadventure "Rescue at Thoth".

STARLANCE PUBLICATIONS**Periodical****Voyages SF**

Issues 8 and 13 have *Space: 1889* articles. Magazine is now out of business.

AN INDEX FOR SPACE: 1889 MATERIAL IN *CHALLENGE* MAGAZINE

BY JAMES L. CAMBIAS AND MARK CLARK

Challenge magazine was produced by GDW. It is currently out of print, but some stores may still carry them, or order them from distributors.

Issue number comes first in **bold**.

Abbreviations:

Adv. = adventure; JLC = James L.

Cambias; LWS = Lester W. Smith MRL =

Marcus L. Rowland; *SGoM* = *Sky*

Galleons of Mars;

- 34** "Cloudship Design" Frank Chadwick
"Ironclads and Ether Flyers: Designer's Notes" Frank Chadwick
"The Canals of Mars" Marc W. Miller
"The Ether" Marc W. Miller
"A Smoking Flax" brad r hay and LWS
Scenario for *SGoM*.

Note: There is also a center pullout with text from the *Space: 1889* rules.

Aside from "A Smoking Flax" the above articles cover material that is in the *Space: 1889* rules. This is the first issue of *Challenge* that contains *Space: 1889* material.

- 35** "Victorian Times and Society"
Howard Whitehouse
Background material.
- 36** "Darkness Falls From the Air" MRL
Additional rules for *SGoM*.
- 37** "From Above and Below"
Kevin Stein
Scenario for *SGoM*.
- 38** "A Journey to Oblivion"
Timothy B. Brown
Hill Martian adventure.
- 39** "Ether Ship Etiquette" Greg Novak
Background material.

- 40** "More Weapons" Bret Foland & LWS
New equipment.
"A Simple Conversion Guide for Flying Vessels" Stephan Lawrence
Building ships for *SGoM*.

- 41** "Surprise at Clearwater"
Bret Foland & LWS
Scenario for *SGoM*.

- "The Puzzle of the Shard"
Loren K. Wiseman
Adv. at the Martian polar regions.

- 42** "The Biology of Liftwood" MLR
Background material.

- 43** "Secrets of the Ancients" LWS
Mars adv. at a canal pumping station.

- "Ye Can Always Tell a Yankee But Ye Canna Tell 'im Much" Loren K. Wiseman
Creating American Characters.

- "Cthulhu: 1889" Marcus L. Rowland
Conversion rules for *Space: 1889* to *Call of Cthulhu*.

- 44** "Windsinger Saga" Van Siegling
Scenario for *SGoM*.

- 45** "Mercury: The Nodding World"
David S. F. Portee
Description and adv. on Mercury.

- 46** "The Tree of Souls" Eric W. Haddock
Adv. on Mars.

- 47** "Fist of Allah" Theodore J. Kocot
and H. Michael Lybarger
Adventure in Egypt, French Foreign Legion career.

- 48** "Time Voyager" James L. Cambias
Time travel adenture in the far future.

- 49** "Thymiamata: 1889" Neil V. Young
Description of Martian city-state.
Thymiamata part 1.
- 50** "Thymiamata: 1889" Neil V. Young
Thymiamata part 2.
- 51** "Thymiamata: 1889" Neil V. Young
Thymiamata part 3.
- 52** "Dwellers in the Dark" JLC
Adv. on the Dark Side of Mercury.
- 53** "Noorlan Revolt" JLC
Coup d'Etat in a Martian city.
- 54** "City of Death" JLC
Death cultists in a ruined city.
- 55** "Imprisoned in Noachis" JLC
Jailbreak in a Martian city.
- 56** "Valley of the Hunters" JLC
Adv. on Venus.
- 57** "SubAfrican" W.G. Armintrout
Solitaire Adventure in a submersible.
- 58** "Dioscuria" James L. Cambias
Description of the Martian city-state
Dioscuria.
- 59** "Escape From Dioscuria" JLC
Adv. using the city described in 58.
- 60** "Cult of Doom" JLC
Seeking the cause of unrest in
Gorovaan.
- 61** "Tom Fleet and his Steam Colossus"
James L. Cambias
Creation and adv. with giant
Steampunk robots.
- 62** "Monastery of Tasharvan" JLC
Ancient horrors lurking in a ruined
Martian monastery.
- 63** "Magical Mystery Tour" JLC
Accompanying a stage magician sent
to impress Martian natives.
- 64** "Krolik Run" Andy Slack
Stealing a herd of Martian rabbits
(really!)
- 65** "Moon of Madness" JLC
Seeking the fate of a lost expedition
on Phobos.
- 66** "Secret of the Lost City" JLC
Wrecked in a hidden land in South
America.
- 67** "To Rescue a Fair Lady"
Craig Sheeley
Rescue a Martian princess.
- 68** "Science Marches On" JLC
New inventions.
- 69** "Melas: Portrait of a Martian city"
James L. Cambias
Description of Martian city-state
Melas.
- 70** "Treasure of Melas" JLC
Seeking a hidden fortune in occupied
Melas.
- 71** "Secret of the Swamp" JLC
Battling pirates and Oenotrians in the
Mylomeroean Swamp.
- 72** "Wreck of the Sloop John B."
J. B. Hill
Investigate a Martian ruin and meet
Imperial Knoe Shoshu.
- 73** "The Playing Fields of Mars" JLC
Child characters battling Fenians
aboard a canal steamer.
- 74** "Twenty Thousand Leagues Through
Martian Skies" Terry Sophian
Investigate the rare Martian Sky
Dragon.
- 75** No *Space: 1889* article (all *Traveller*
issue).
- 76** "Mission to Shastapsh" JLC
Trying to get an American privateer to
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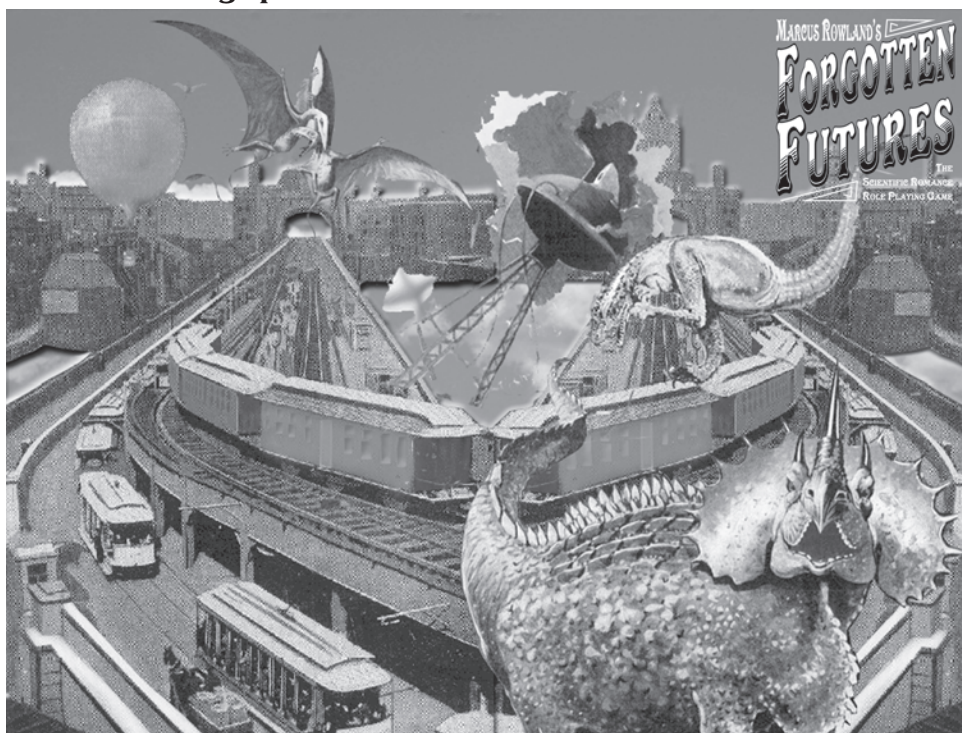
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