

BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN HANDOUT 1

Cobb, Lichter, and Burns  
Attorneys at Law  
Cobb Building  
Jonesport, Maine  
February 12, 192-

Dear Sir,

Sorrowfully, I must inform you of the death of your brother. Mr. Albert Goddard had a poetical eye and a generous spirit, and we are the poorer for his loss. I hope that you will accept both the firm's and my personal condolences. I know how grievous such news must be.

His body has been temporarily interred, pending your instructions for final disposal. Small fees involved (of \$47.29) can be deferred until final disposition of estate, if so desired.

You are now the sole remaining Goddard named in the will of Wesley Waterman. Please peruse the enclosed documents and respond at your earliest convenience to each of the matters as you may.

We would be happy to continue as attorneys of record for the aforesaid estate, as we did for your brother and uncle.

All matters pertaining to the sale of this land can be performed by our firm without your presence, unless you wish otherwise. Our little corner of Maine must seem far away.

I await your reply and hope that association with our firm will be of help in easing your burden of grief. If there is anything further that you need please let me know. All of us are happy to assist you in any way possible.

Cordially,  
Horace L. Cobb

Enclosures:

Death Certificate

Bill of Holding, Jonesport Mortuary

Statement of Account for Cobb, Lichter and Burns

Deed to the Black Mountain property

## BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN HANDOUT 2

Unfinished letter

Albert Goddard  
Crowfoot Farm  
General Delivery  
Indian River, Maine  
28 December

Dear —

Christmas has passed and the new year looms before us. Seasons greetings to Mary, Arthur, little Pamela, and all of my friends at the firehouse! I miss them all dearly, but not as much as I miss you and Greta. Please think of me in your prayers.

I must relate to you the odd things which have happened since I refurbished the cabin on uncle Waterman's land.

The area is just beautiful, what with elm, oak, birch, and other such trees in profusion. Wild blackberry, holly, and even some wild pumpkins I have discovered in my daily walks about the mountain that the land is on. I really love it here, it is so peaceful and serene.

But do you know that when those down-easters at Druker's store in Indian River found out that I was the new owner of the land and that I planned to live on it, well, they all up and left the store! Even the keep, Alvin Hodges, seemed upset. In fact he said that I shouldn't be staying there, as it were a darksome and evil place. I was never so flabbergasted in my whole life. When I pressed him, he wouldn't say another word except that he was closing up his store (at three o'clock in the afternoon!) and that I wouldn't be able to buy my food and other supplies there any longer.

I was so angry I went right over to Sheriff Beuchamps office and demanded to know what in blue blazes was going on. He shocked me. He as much agreed with the others and went on to tell me that "no one here 'bouts goes anywhere near that mountain, most specially the southeast slopes" where the cabin is. When I went on about not being able to buy my supplies at the store he told me that it was a free country - ain't no man gotta sell nothing iff'n he don't feel like it. "No law 'gainst bein' ornery," were his exact words.

I was so mad I couldn't speak. I've been going to Addison six or seven miles away for my supplies since

## BLACK DEVIL MOUNTAIN HANDOUT 2

Unfinished letter

29 December

I stopped writing last night to bring in more firewood; it has been very cold since the snow stopped two days ago. I was bringing in an armload when I heard the same sounds I had been hearing on and off for the past four or five evenings. How I wish I had once again only listened.

From a distance came an odd chant of song in some language I didn't recognize. It sounded Indian, except that I could hear what sounded like a fiddle as well. And I've never seen an Indian play a fiddle. Anyway my curiosity got the best of me and I went off to see. I certainly didn't want a band of gypsies or something encamped on my land.

I grabbed my Hollard and Hollard double barrel (you know the beauty I brought back from England after I mustered out there), grabbed a dozen shells, strapped on snowshoes, and set off.

Though the singing had stopped, I had heard it enough to have a pretty good idea where it came from. So upslope I went, ready for anything from bear to vagabond. But not for what I saw.

What I found, I must tell you dear brother, had left my heart cold and my brain benumbed with fear. Fear.

I climbed more than halfway up the mountain, straight away from the cabin in the northwest direction. There, in a place I hadn't seen before I saw and heard things that shook my soul.

Do you believe in the Devil? Now you must! I have beheld him in his dark glory and I am sore afraid.

Even now I can hear that eerie piping, that cold and godless chant seeming to suck the marrow from my bones. But let me tell you exactly what I saw tonight. I must tell someone. I must tell —

## ASYLUM HANDOUT 1

Excerpt from the diary of James Fitzhugh

*June 5th, 1814*

... the inhabitants of the town were most churlish and unfriendlie to us, but I ordered my men to betake themselves for the night to whichever of the townsfolks' dwellings suited them best, and not to notice any impoliteness on the part of the owners thereof. I personally spent the night in the mayor's house, which was spent very pleasantlie.

*June 9th, 1814* [Fitz-Hugh apparently is referring to the events of June 6th, but had no opportunity to write of them that day, for obvious reasons.]

In the morning, I did not break my fast, though the mayor was insistent that I eat something, which was odd, to my thoughts, for the very night before, he had been most surly and rude. He finally blocked the doorway and swore that I should not leave his house until I had obliged him. I knocked down the churl and went to inspect my soldiers.

In the town square, only two- or three-score of my men were so far assembled, and I sent Broughton [Fitz-Hugh's attendant] to check on the rest. Before Broughton returned, several of the townsfolk came out displaying musketry and fired upon us, dropping several of my soldiers. We did not load, but charged with bayonets and scattered the villains with some short but fierce fighting. They could not stand up to the steel, just as other Americans we have fought could not. More of the Americans came out then, snapping their muskets, and we retreated to the city hall, the largest building nearby, where we held off the Americans for the best part of the morning. About noon, the Americans charged our building, and we drave them off, inflicting great losses. We were then most astonished and disgusted when the Americans displayed the bodies of several dozen of our soldiers, whom they had apparently poisoned and murdered while they were innocently stationed in their homes. The villains had hacked and mutilated the poor men's bodies so that they were nearly unrecognizable. I thanked Our Lord that I had not partaken of the mayor's victualls. After the noon, Broughton and about a score of soldiers came running through the square, catching the Americans by surprise, and evidently trying to get to the safetie of our own building. We cheered them on, and fired at the Americans who had sallied forth to detain them.

At that time, we were much mazed when the mayor ran into the middle of the square and began to shout and gesture wildly at our men, who were advancing in good order, despite the American muskets' efforts. We fired at the mayor, but our shots did not seem to have effect. As he stood there, at once Broughton began to

clutch at his stomach, and then fell to the earth, scrabbling at the dirt. Whilst we stared, mazed, another soldier, and then another fell, shewing the same symptoms. I then saw that every time the mayor finished a series of motions, another one of our men would shew signs of discomfort, and shortly become incapacitated. I therefore had our soldiers aim all their fire at the mayor, and he was shortly riddled with balls, falling prostrate upon the soil. By that time, some half-dozen or more of our men had been affected, and I watched to see that they would become cured of their affliction, whatever the mayor had been doing. To my dismay, the injured men stood up jerkily and unnaturally, then raised their weapons and began to vigorously, though clumsily, attack their comrades, who were forced to fight back to save their own lives. We could not shoot, for they were closely engaged with the rest, and we dared not leave the city hall, for fear of the American muskets. Broughton and the afflicted men fought diabolically, and though they were outnumbered and quickly stabbed through again and again, they continued to fight most ferociously until their spines were broken, when they fell over and died. Before long, all the afflicted men were dead, and at least a dozen of their comrades, leaving but two men alive. The Americans poured out and quickly butchered them, though we shouted and snapped our weapons at them.

Just before the sun went down, the Americans formed up in the town square behind furniture, stones, and other materials for a barricade. Behind this secure defense, we could hear them singing hymns and chanting. The hymns were not in either English nor Latin, and I could not determine for myself what language they spake. This singing went on for several minutes, then a great Being rose from among them. So horrific was this demon from the Pit that many of my men swooned, and I myself was sorely affected. It was great and black, with boneless limbs and a great open mouth. Recognizing our incapability to deal with such a being, as we had no chaplain nor priest with us, we fled from the building, suffering severe losses from American sharpshooters, and made our way to the high road, where we joined up with Major Wittington and his force.

I recommended to Major Wittington that we proceed at once to the aforementioned village and cleanse it of opposition, but I did not inform the Major of our more grisly experiences. The Major was impressed by my account of the mayor's treachery, and we went there the next day, which would be June 7th. Though I fearfully watched the buildings, no demon from the Pit appeared, and we successfully burned the town to the earth, killing many of the townsfolk. Though the town looked rather prosperous, no large amount of gold nor silver was found. May God have mercy on my soul.

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# PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCAN MURDERED

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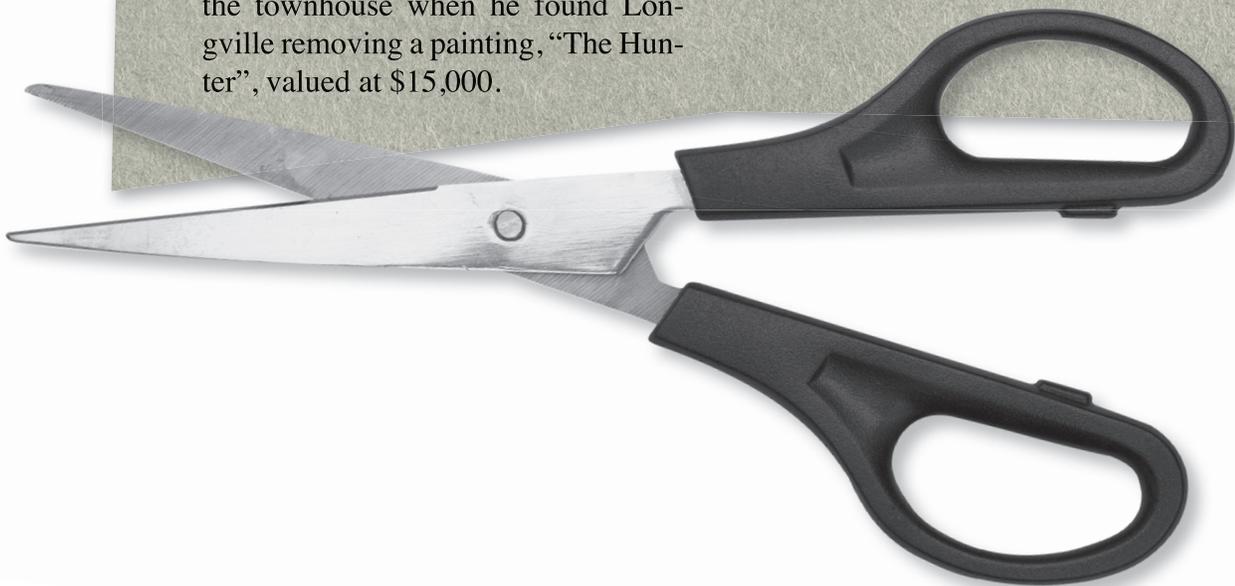
**Mr. Francis Connington, well-known San Francisco businessman and art collector was murdered yesterday afternoon, reportedly when he surprised a Norton Longville in the act of stealing a painting.**

Longville, a student artist, had been visiting Connington's townhouse under the terms of a scholarship from the Connington Foundation, which allowed him to copy some of his benefactor's paintings to improve his technique.

Guard Jack Ramsey was on rounds in the townhouse when he found Longville removing a painting, "The Hunter", valued at \$15,000.

Mr. Connington, apparently attracted by the sounds of the struggle, entered the gallery and was killed by Longville, who escaped while Ramsey attempted to save the life of his employer.

Police throughout the state have been alerted to the flight of this villain.



## WESTCHESTER HOUSE HANDOUT 2

A page from a diary [found in Westchester House's "Zeus" Room]

*April 5, 1906*

*I can't wait until this is over, and I can shield Beth from the man who wronged her. Perhaps I can make the substitution this Saturday when Connington visits Miss Milstone. Beth has given up hope that Connington would ever marry her, but it still hurts her to see him flutter around a woman who isn't a patch on Beth. Perhaps, he thinks he has given enough since he has given her his bastard daughter. Little Frances is as bright and as pretty a little girl as I have ever seen, but nothing will do for Connington but to have a brood of horse-faced brats from Angina Milstone. No wonder Beth threw her lot in with me. I reckon his loss is my gain. Ramsey has taken interest in my "work" recently; the worst timing possible; just normal for that blockhead.*

## CAREER OF NOTED MURDERER ENDS

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Johnson, once an artist of some note, had been visiting Connington's San Francisco mansion under the alias of Norton Longville. On April 8, Mr. Connington entered his gallery to find Johnson and Jack Ramsey, a guard, fighting over a painting Johnson was attempting to steal. Johnson allegedly killed Connington and escaped in the confusion while Ramsey tried unsuccessfully to defend his employer.

Investigation by San Francisco police revealed that Norton Longville

was really Gregory Johnson, who was traced to his family farm outside San Jose. When state troopers and local police approached the farm, Johnson attempted to escape from the rear of the house. Mr. Ramsey, who was there to identify the murderer, pointed out the escaping fugitive. Johnson was shot and killed by Charles Quill, of our own San Jose Police Department. Congratulations, Officer Quill.

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## FORGERY DISCOVERED

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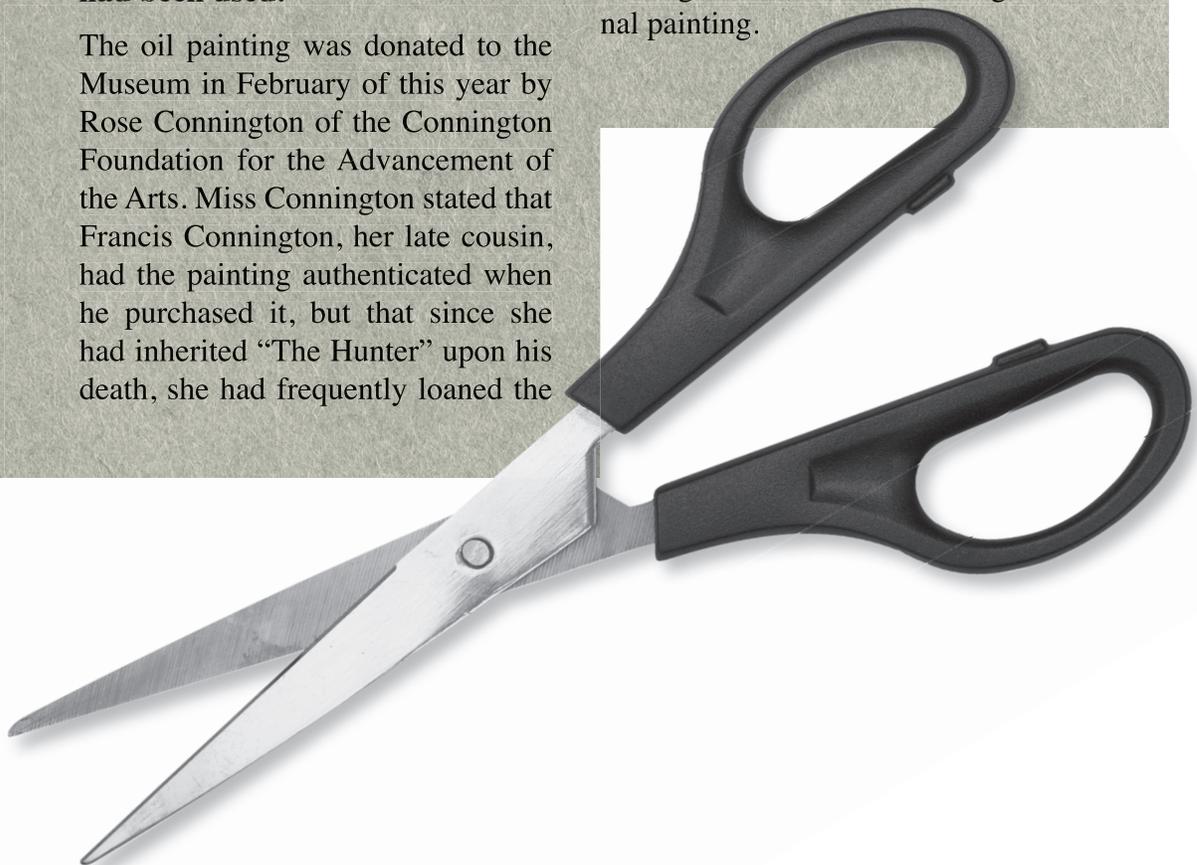
**Goddard Haley, curator of the San Francisco Museum of Fine Arts, announced that the museum's copy of "The Hunter" has been conclusively proven a forgery. While having the picture cleaned for display, officials became suspicious and applied the Schwartz-Howard test, which revealed that pigments unavailable before 1890 had been used.**

The oil painting was donated to the Museum in February of this year by Rose Connington of the Connington Foundation for the Advancement of the Arts. Miss Connington stated that Francis Connington, her late cousin, had the painting authenticated when he purchased it, but that since she had inherited "The Hunter" upon his death, she had frequently loaned the

painting to museums for exhibit, and so had no idea when the forgery might have been substituted for the original.

Our long-time readers may recall that in 1906 Gregory Johnson, a local artist, murdered Francis Connington in an unsuccessful attempt to steal this same painting and was killed resisting his arrest, by Charles Quill, formerly of the San Jose Police Department.

The Museum and the Connington Foundation are offering a joint reward of \$1000 for information leading to the return of the original painting.



# AUCTION HANDOUT 1

Lots (in order of showing)

## Keeper's Directions:

This is the catalog to be handed to the players during the AUCTION scenario. Cut these directions off at the dashed line. Thenfold the catalog in half lengthwise, using the centering lines provided at the top and bottom of the catalog. The lot listings should be on the catalog inside.

### Lot 1. *Ankh, Egyptian*

Circa 550 B.C. Height 23cm [9"]; width 10cm [4"] across the arms. Composed of an alloy of copper and silver bearing untranslated hieratic markings about the front. Known as the "Blood Ankh."  
Minimum bid £100.

### Lot 2. *Manuscript of Beth Eloim*

In Hebrew, it was written circa 1580. The pages are illuminated with gold leaf. Leather binding, octavo, 426 pages.  
Minimum bid £60.

### Lot 3. *Multiple Lot*

Magician's Cassock, embroidered with various signs of ceremonial magic. Hickory Wand, carved with astrological signs. Athame, 31cm [12"] long, double-edged.  
Minimum bid £40.

### Lot 4. *Hand of Glory*

U.S.A. circa 1900. The preserved left hand of a human, marked overall with mystic designs. Each finger supports a candle reported made of rendered human fat.  
Minimum bid £20.

### Lot 13. *Multiple Lot*

Four medallions: two gold, one copper, one tin. France circa 1600. Protective signs to be worn by a sorcerer during various magical operations.  
Minimum bid £45.

### Lot 14. *Book, Dictionnaire Infernal*

Author Jacques Collin. France, published 1863, by Pion.  
Minimum bid £18.

### Lot 15. *Shaman Medicine Bag*

Eskimo, modern, leather.  
Minimum bid £5.

### Lot 16. *Ring Gold*

Arabia, circa 19th century. A design of intertwined serpents surrounding a magical symbol evidently meant to be the Seal of Solomon.  
Minimum bid £35.

*For our customers' convenience,  
and until further notice,  
all transactions will be conducted in Pounds Sterling.*

*Ausperg House  
Special Auction  
of Occult Paraphernalia*

*Vienna, Austria*

### Lot 5. *Multiple Lot*

African Fetish, circa 1800, of teak wood and hair. About 18cm [7"] tall, in the style of the Hausi tribe of western Africa; African Drum, circa 1800, teak wood and skin, irregularly shaped, 41 cm [16"] tall. Both bear the sign of the same artisan.  
Minimum bid £30.

### Lot 6. *Book, The Magus*

by Francis Barret. First edition, 1801. Lackington, Allen & Co., Publishers.  
Minimum bid £50.

### Lot 7. *Sword*

German, circa 1350. First belonging to the alchemist and sorcerer Paracelsus, it is 108cm [42"] long, with a crystal pommel engraved with the word "AZOTH."  
Minimum bid £250.

### Lot 8. *Skull, Human*

Circa 1500. Used during black masses. Top of skull removed and interior inlaid with silver to form cup. Rim surrounded by 13 garnets.  
Minimum bid £100.

### Lot 9. *Riveted Brass Head*

Germany circa 13th century. Artisan unknown. Similar to the "Philosopher's Head."  
Minimum bid £130.

### Lot 10. *I-Ching Sticks*

China, second Ming dynasty. Carved ivory, six sticks used to cast the I-Ching, each 15.5cm [6"] long and 40mm [1/4"] square.  
Minimum bid £70.

### Lot 11. *Book, Book of the Law*

Authored by Aleister Crowley, published 1904.  
Minimum bid £10.

### Lot 12. *Book, Prodigies in the New-England Canaan*

Colonial U.S. circa 18th century. Author Rev. Ward Phillips.  
Minimum bid £55.

FOLD