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Dr. Brown's Miracle Juice



A BOOT HILL®
GAME ADVENTURE

by Mike Selinker

(With refreshing thanks to John Poole)

Players' Introduction

"Aaaaaaaaahh....," sighed the balladeer as he downed the last of his bottle of Dr. Brown's Original Cream Soda. He savored the lingering taste on his tongue, enjoying the moment. When he leaned back and smiled as wide as the Grand Canyon, the boys around the campfire leaned closer for what they eagerly anticipated to be a story. Even the wild moon seemed to peer down through the clear Arizona summer night at the balladeer. He finally dropped his gaze down to his six-string's fretboard, tuning the E strings until they resounded joyfully. "You know, boys," he said at last, "this here Doc Brown's Cream is without one single solitary doubt the downright refreshinest slurp that I ever personally have downed. And I'll bet y'all think so too, am I not absolutely positively one hundred per cent correct?" The boys with the cream sodas in hand shook their heads up and down without a second's hesitation, but those drinking the Dr. Brown's Original Cel-Ray Soda and the Dr. Brown's Original Root Beer quickly defended their choices. The opposing camps squared off, a fight surely brewing over this most crucial of issues. The desert air hung still and somber, awaiting the resolution of the conflict, but the balladeer broke in with soothing, pacifying words. "Now, now, boys," he said, popping the cap off a Dr. Brown's Root Beer, "I did not for one tiny little momentary second mean to suggest, imply, or even insinuate that Dr. Brown's Original Cream Soda was somehow better than the Good Doctor's Root Beer or especially not his Original Cel-Ray, no sir, not one bit. What I meant to say — and I admit and even concede that I get a little tongue-tied with joy and delight when I talk about Dr. Brown's sodas — was that all, every single solitary variety, of Dr. Brown's Original Sodas was the downright refreshinest slurp I ever had personally the occasion to down. Now, I know you all will stand behind that like brave cowboys, won't you all?"

"You know, boys," he resumed, wiping his mouth on his ample shirtsleeve, "these here Dr. Brown's Sodas were the favorites of your parents, too?" The boys darted from their headrests, begging him to say it wasn't so. "Yup, yup, they

were, indeed. And their parents too, and their parents before them. Why these here Dr. Brown's Sodas were the flavor favorites of every generation since 1869, when the Good Old Doctor himself was cranking them out by himself in his little factory." The boys were awestruck.

"Well boys, you know, that reminds me of a story about these great sodas we here are downing so fast." The boys clamored for the story, one even going so far as to claim that if the balladeer did not tell the story, he would personally drink all of the Dr. Brown's Original Sodas himself, which horrified all present. "All right, all right, you boys twisted my arm, you did," the balladeer said, grinning. See, the story here — and it's all one hundred per cent pure D true and verifiable, I wouldn't lie to you boys — happened in the scorching summer of 1894, when the West was really wild. It concerns and deals with these six, well, gentlemen I guess is the wrong word for them. But whatever they were, they all came running when the St. Louis (that's over in Missouri boys), the St. Louis Dispatch had this here little announcement, and do you know what that there announcement said?" The boys did not, and said so. "Well, if I can remember and recollect correctly, it said: "Man coming in on 3:17 stagecoach offers \$50.00 for each man to transport shipment from St. Louis to Mexico." The boys voiced their disbelief that anyone could go from Missouri to Mexico, especially before their parents' Model Ts had been invented. "Well, boys, maybe and just perhaps you misunderstood me. See, when I said Mexico I didn't mean over the border over yonder. I meant Mexico, Missouri, about fifty miles northwest from St. Louis. So these six boys came running, and here's the story of How Dr. Brown's Original Sodas Saved The Day...."

Judge's Information

The balladeer and the campfire boys have little to do with this scenario. For more than a century, Dr. Brown's Sodas have been praised by the carbonation literati as the finest mass-produced carbonated beverages in the land. Dr. Brown's Sodas started in New York and quickly spread to the West, being very popular in the period of this module, the mid-1890s. They are still available today.

The player characters will be charged with transporting a shipment of nitroglycerin concealed in bottles of Dr.

Brown's Sodas from St. Louis to Mexico, a two day journey. They will be faced with various people, good and bad, who want the contents of their shipment. They will not be aware, however, that what they actually have been given is a shipment of Dr. Brown's Sodas to be transported in Dr. Brown's Soda bottles. Later, they must track down the missing nitroglycerin.

The effect Dr. Brown's Sodas had on the population of Missouri in the 1880s is exaggerated for game effect. In this scenario, everyone in Missouri knows about Dr. Brown's Sodas, and, with a few noteworthy exceptions, everyone likes them.

The player characters have responded to the ad as a source for making money. The price offered is exorbitantly high for a job that all the PCs realize should take four days, with apparently no risk. The sole exception is the Confederate Colonel, Pinkerton P. Grace, who knows that he accompanied a shipment here, but has not yet seen it. The judge need not brief the players, beyond the mere statement that each PC (except the Colonel) saw the advertisement and have considered it a remarkable price for work of its kind. (See page 17 of the BOOT HILL® rules for comparative wages.) The PCs in this module do not know each other, and they are not together at the start. All know that the 3:17 stage arrives at the Gateway to the West Hotel.

Note that **Event 1** includes almost all of the major NPCs that the PCs will meet early in the adventure. The judge must be very careful not to get these characters killed, or he or she will have to invent others and plausible reasons for the replacements.

The Judge should also note that this tournament is set in St. Louis and its environs. St. Louis was a real city in 1894, with real law enforcement. If anyone shoots or kills anyone else within the city limits, Sheriff McLemore Johnson will do his best to arrest and jail the offender. Tombstone laws and the so-called code of the West do not apply in St. Louis.

Non-player Characters

Combat statistics are listed only for relevant non-player characters (those mentioned by name in the text). They are listed by order of appearance.

Chapter One

EVENT 1: Taking the Stage

As the advertisement in the St. Louis Dispatch noted, a man (munitions financier Regimont Q. Barnstokes,) will be arriving at the Gateway to the West Hotel on the 3:17 stagecoach. The judge should make certain that all of the player characters are interested enough in the assignment to meet the stagecoach. As none of the player characters have met or are together at the beginning of the round, each may determine the time that he wants to meet the stage, within a few minutes.

At any time in the afternoon, there will be dozens to hundreds of non-player characters near Gateway to the West Hotel, which is after all in the center of the downtown district. This multitude of NPCs includes persons of every occupation and social register, including some with neither. However, there are no policemen in the area. The temperature is 90°. At 3:00 p.m., the first persons who come to wait for the stage begin to arrive at the Gateway, some going inside for a mid-afternoon snack in Gateway owner Jock Halloway's restaurant, while others wait outside on the Gateway's porch. All of the relevant non-player characters will arrive between 3:00 and 3:15.

Periwinkle Smythe arrives at 3:04, gets a cup of tea from inside and monopolizes both of the chairs (one for him, one for his tea) on the porch by the front door. He is dressed a fine English suit and carries a stylish walking stick. He speaks in a heavy English accent. He will initiate polite conversation with any respectably dressed person on the scene, but knowing he is out of his element, will be very careful with his words. If anyone (including NPCs) comes up to him asking about a newspaper ad or a shipment, he will introduce himself and say that he is the "interlocutor for the whole Nellie, don't you know." He will note that the man aboard the stagecoach, Regimont Q. Barnstokes, has the full details, and will politely decline to reveal any details until he arrives.

Dooley and Dewey Bink, two seventeen-year-old identical twins, arrive at 3:06 and scope out the area.

Sam Heart, Jennilee Heart, Rayburn McAllister, William Chant, Jason Rogers, and Dennis Farrington are eagerly awaiting the shipment of Dr. Brown's, which is supposed to come with the stage. They arrive at 3:07. By

3:17, 23 additional Missourians will come to receive the shipment. They will talk among themselves and with others about how it has been two long months since the last shipment of Dr. Brown's luscious sodas, and how life is becoming unbearable without it.

Chester Letton arrives at 3:10, intending to meet Connie Whist when she arrives on the coach. Chester is a strapping young man in overalls, fresh from a hard day's work in the blazing sun.

Dr. Ulysses Barton and his assistant Murch Mullings will arrive at 3:11. They set up their Coca-Cola wagon and begin selling bottles at four cents apiece. Dr. Barton is a wire-thin, bespectacled man in a white lab coat. Mullings is a hugely muscled bruiser dressed in plaid work clothes. While some of the crowd will eagerly purchase a bottle due to the extreme heat (and some will even beg for the pennies), Dr. Barton will be confronted by a different response when he reaches the front of the Gateway. He will make his pitch for purchasers and seem to win over a number of those assembled, but Sam Heart and Rayburn McAllister will step forward and demand to know why Barton is trying to sell Coca-Cola when everyone present knows that there is a shipment of far better soda, Dr. Brown's Cream, Root Beer, and even delicious Cel-Ray Soda coming in within minutes. The crowd turns ugly, some members demanding their money back. The crowd will be on the verge of lynching Barton and Mullings before the pair leave in terror, without refunding any money.

At 3:16, Juan Carlos O'Malley and his gang of banditos arrives on horseback and hangs back while the Dr. Barton brouhaha erupts. No one in town will worry about the banditos, despite the absence of policemen. Juan Carlos O'Malley is a Mexican-Irish bandit whose band of desperados is trying to make money, legally or (hopefully) otherwise. O'Malley is a bear of a man, with several broken teeth, slug-killing breath, and two bandoliers of bullets across his chest. His men are not quite so imposing.

Marcus Clayton's stagecoach will not arrive until 3:23, much to the thirsty Dr. Brown's fans' chagrin. On board the coach are Regimont Q. Barnstokes, stage guard Mackie Spatter, Connie Whist, and the lawyer Delbert Sarius. Barnstokes is a fat old buzzard in a business suit, while his New York lawyer is prim and neatly tailored — as are his clothes. Connie is twenty years old

and exceedingly sweet. Mackie Spatter pretends to be a hardened stage guard, but is really quite nice, helping old Marcus with the bags. The wagon that the coach usually trails behind it when it brings Dr. Brown's Sodas is not present, but the crowd will not notice this at first. Marcus Clayton will begin tossing bags down to Spatter, when Sam Heart will call up to him, "Hey, Marcus, where's the Doc Brown's you said you'd bring us?" Marcus, who is one of the few people in Missouri who does not like Dr. Brown's Sodas, will respond, "Sorry, buddy, guess it didn't make the train or something. Can't you folks drink something else?" Then he turns back to his unloading. Whispers and shouts will run through the crowd: "Did he say there was no Dr. Brown's?" "Drink something else?" "Who's he think he is, telling us what we like?" The crowd looks like it will soon get mean.

It will be Dennis Farrington who first cries out, "Let's get him!" This will only focus the crowd's rage on a specific target, the coach. Unless the PCs quell the crowd, it will surge forward *en masse*, with various members screaming epithets and slogans like "Give us our Doc's!" and "Remember the Doc Brown's!" No one in the crowd will draw a gun, but Mackie Spatter, the stage guard, will try to draw his when he sees the crowd begin to riot. Rayburn McAllister and Dennis Farrington will overwhelm him before he can draw, however. Various people will be involved in Brawling (more likely Grappling than Punching), until Sam Heart gives the call to "Turn over the coach if he won't give us our Doc Brown's!" The crowd is a slight bit loco at this point, but most will not be trying to kill anyone and none will pull a gun. (Shoes and suitcases, however, are fair game.)

People trapped inside the crowd when it riots will include, but are not limited to: Spatter, Delbert Sarius, Connie Whist, Chester Letton, Periwinkle Smythe (who will get out one "I say!"), Regimont Barnstokes, and Marcus Clayton (who will be trapped on the roof of the coach until the crowd turns it over).

Juan Carlos O'Malley and his banditos watch the fight with great amusement, but will not join it. The Bink Brothers will not be so amused, but they will not interfere either. Jock Halloway, the owner of the Gateway, will send Jackie Kelppepper, his houseboy, to fetch the sheriff. Jackie will duck out the back way. Halloway will then close and barricade the front door.

The PCs can make most of the rioters quiet down by firing a gun.

Ten minutes after the declaration of hostilities, St. Louis Sheriff McLemore Johnson and a force of five men will arrive on the scene, fire several shots into the air and surround the crowd, essentially quelling the riot. If anyone has been killed or seriously injured, Johnson will be very harsh on the rioters. If not, he will calm everybody down and ask the assemblage what in all tarnation is transpiring. After a few seconds of nervous silence, Sam Heart will say, "Sheriff, this weasel (referring to Clayton) didn't bring us the Dr. Brown's Sodas we've been waiting for so long! We... I guess we got carried away, huh?" The Sheriff will be shocked by the explanation, and gruffly say to Clayton, "Marcus, you mean to tell me that you didn't bring any Dr. Brown's Sodas? After we been without it for three months?" (It has only been two months, but the subtlety will be lost on Clayton.) Clayton will then stammer, "B-but, but Sheriff! I-i-it wasn't on... on the train, and..." Johnson will shout, "Thunderation, Clayton, you done caused these good people sixteen tons of heartbreak, you know that?!" Addressing the crowd, he will continue, "Folks, I'm sorry about all this. I'll do my best to get to the bottom of this, don't you fret. Now all of you folks go on home, and I'll try to find out what happened to the... the... (a tear begins to well in his eye)... the Dr. Brown's Soda, and the Lord help any varmint who's stolen that soda away!"

Unless a PC stops any of the NPCs from leaving the scene, the relevant characters who will remain in front of the hotel when Jock Halloway unbarricades the Gateway's door will be: Regimont Barnstokes, Periwinkle Smythe, Delbert Sarius, Marcus Clayton, and Mackie Spatter.

EVENT 2: The Trial of the Chicano Seven

The PCs may use this opportunity to introduce themselves to Barnstokes and suggest their willingness to work for him. If so, he will appraise them, and think about their individual worths, as he judges them. However, the O'Malley banditos will also seize this moment to introduce themselves. They will ride toward the group at breakneck speed, dancing their horses in circles and shouting various Spanish words of triumph and bravado. If any PC takes this as an attack and shoots one of them, the

other banditos will unload their pistols on that individual. Otherwise, Juan Carlos O'Malley will call a halt to the group's merrymaking, prompting all of the banditos to stop and line up behind him. He will then smile a broken-toothed smile, bandoliers of bullets flashing, and introduce himself to Barnstokes: "Juan Carlos deCarolo Esposito dePuente O'Malley, at your service, *senor*. Myself, I and my band of transporters of shipments," he extends his hand and a bandit plants the St. Louis Dispatch in his hand, opened to the advertisement, "have answered your advertisement. No need to deal with these desperados, no?" The player characters may respond to this insult in any manner they see fit, including ignoring it. Barnstokes will say finally, "I don't work with bandits. Get out of my sight." He will emphasize this with a wave of his cheroot. Juan Carlos will try to reason with Barnstokes and Smythe, but he will not be able to convince them of his nonexistent sincerity. "I said blow, *muchachos*," Barnstokes will say. "I mean blow." Assuming no gunplay has taken place, Juan Carlos will scowl a bit, and then say, "Ay, *hermanos*, we are not wanted by the gentleman. We ride. *Vamos!*" And with that, they will ride noisily away.

Barnstokes will be inclined to accept all of the PCs. Barnstokes will then tell Smythe to lead him, Sarius, and any PCs who are coming to the warehouse.

EVENT 3: Old Nitroglycerin in New Bottles

The warehouse that Barnstokes mentioned in **Event 2** is ten blocks away. The warehouse is a small wooden building next to a barbershop. When the coach reaches it, Smythe will unpadlock the door and open it to reveal an empty room with two horses and a nailed-cover wagon in it. On the side is the circular emblem: "Dr. Brown's Sodas."

"Now, gentlemen," Smythe will say to the PCs, "Mr. Barnstokes has offered quite a tidy parcel of capital for this job, I think you would all concur. Why, I think that it is an offer most generous in character and content, wouldn't..." Barnstokes will break in, "Can the commentary, Smythe. Tell them about it, Sarius." Sarius will explain, "I know what you're thinking, gentlemen, but I assure you that, as good as Dr. Brown's Sodas are, we would not be paying you \$50.00 a head to transport two dozen crates of nickel soda down the line to

Mexico. You see, we have a contract with the folks in Mexico to provide them something they desperately need: nitroglycerin. Never mind why the folks in Mexico need it; the point is that they do, and right now. We want you to get it to them. However, there's a law in this state against transporting nitro without approval from the state board, and we do not wish to go that route. Therefore, we have shipped these soda bottles from New York, by way of Virginia. That's why you're here, Colonel, but we had them loaded first with the nitro. And no, these aren't the same bottles of Dr. Brown's Sodas that those idiots at the hotel wanted. Like I said, it's good, but it's not that good. We want you gentlemen to drive this shipment up to Mexico, to meet a man named Jenkins. We want it known to all concerned — especially all the law enforcement officials — that you're carrying Dr. Brown's Sodas. If they figure out you're carrying nitro, we'll all be in for long stretches in Missouri prisons. But if they think you're carrying Dr. Brown's, you're not likely to get searched. It's an election year, gentlemen. The law's out in force, stopping anyone they deem suspicious. So display the label on the side proud and bold, and keep us all out of the hoosegow. I trust I don't have to tell you gentlemen how dangerous this substance is. You drop this stuff, or hit a hard bump with the wagon, and they'll be scraping you from the Missouri roadsides. Any questions?"

If the PCs have any questions, Sarius and Barnstokes will try to answer them, although they will not divulge any more information about their operation, contacts, money, or purpose. They will not show the PCs a demonstration of the nitro, as the lid of the wagon is nailed shut. If the PCs remind them of the sheriff's declaration to find the missing Dr. Brown's, Sarius will write that off as election-year speechmaking and tell them not to worry, their papers will be accurate. The PCs will be paid when they return with a signed receipt from Jenkins. Once they have answered all the questions they can or will, they give the PCs legitimate shipping papers for Dr. Brown's Soda cases and tell them to be on their way.

Barnstokes and his employees are concerned about time and will not cotton to people opening the wagon, however, the PCs may do so any time after they leave the warehouse. There is a crowbar under the wagon's headboard. As the Dr. Brown's bottles are packed in

individual sixteen-unit crates of one flavor favorite each (Root Beer, Cel-Ray, and Cream Soda), the crates will have to be opened to discover the contents. Due to tight packing the actual contents cannot be discovered except under close inspection. If this is done, however, it will be evident that the supposed nitroglycerin is very fluid and bubbly. Since nitroglycerin is a heavy, oily liquid, this may cause some consternation among the PCs. They may at any time return to the warehouse, but their employers will not be there. The warehouse will be locked and stoppered, and the PCs may be forced to continue traveling through St. Louis while everyone in town stalks their Dr. Brown's. See **Event 4** for some relevant details. Note also **Event 9**, which can occur anywhere. Barnstokes and Sarius will be back at the Gateway until 5:00 p.m., when Marcus Clayton drives them to the train station on the other side of town for their 6:05 p.m. train back to the East Coast. Smythe will see his employers off and then return to the Gateway. If any of them are informed of the contents switch, they will boil and demand that the mishap be discovered so the nitro can be delivered. This is the basis for the second part of the adventure.

If the PCs leave with the Dr. Brown's emblem exposed, they will be seen by St. Louisans as described in **Event 4**. If they try to cover it up (which Barnstokes and company will not abide), they will avoid any encounters until they encounter the sheriff and his men in **Event 5**.

EVENT 4: Ignoring the Pop-ular Demand

If the PCs travel the main streets of St. Louis ostensibly driving a wagon loaded with two dozen cases of Dr. Brown's Sodas, they will most assuredly attract the attention of hundreds of passersby. Most of the St. Louisans will be dejected and aimless, as if there were clouds overhead on this bright, hot day. When the wagon passes by, however, the hue and cry that there is Dr. Brown's in town will get out. Some citizens will beg for the soda, others will offer phenomenal amounts (upwards of a dollar) for a single bottle, still others will swear to tell the sheriff that the PCs have the missing shipment, and a few will threaten the PCs' lives for being so heartless and selfish. Sam Heart and his wife Jennilee will join the crowd, as will Rayburn McAllister, Dennis Far-

rington, Jason Rogers, and William Chant (if all are still healthy). The agitators will not push the crowd to riot unless the PCs are particularly insulting. Of course, selling the Dr. Brown's Sodas (there are 384 bottles) will quell the crowd at once, and the PCs may name their price, as long as its under ten cents per bottle (which is the price of whiskey). Anyone who drinks a bottle will be amazingly refreshed, but will not explode.

EVENT 5: The Long, Thirsty Arm of the Law

Sheriff Johnson's attention will be attracted in one of two ways: the disturbance in **Event 4** or when the PCs take the road out of the city. In either case, Sheriff Johnson will quell any hot feelings if he can and try to ascertain the cause of any disturbance. He also will be conducting a routine check of all suspicious wagons, especially any labeled with the words "Dr. Brown's Sodas." He will demand to see under any wagon covers, and if he sees the emblem on the PCs' wagon he will be very suspicious. Someone in the sheriff's posse will call out, "Hey, it's the Dr. Brown's!" This will attract Missourians as in **Event 4** above. Sheriff Johnson will then want to see if indeed they are transporting Dr. Brown's, and will hint broadly that the PCs' difficulties can all be solved if they just slip the sheriff a bottle of Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray. If the PCs do so, the sheriff will wave them on with his blessings, then slip into a lonely alley to down the refreshing drink. If the PCs refuse this bribe, he will be very stern, demand to see all the relevant papers, and march them down to the records office to check to see if those papers are legitimate. ("There're thieves around, you know.") The process shouldn't take more than a few hours. (See **Event 6** if this occurs.) If the PCs want to make a break for it with the wagon, the sheriff's men will try to stop them. The referee should ask, of course, whether the PCs really want to drive the wagon so quickly over the bumpy, potholed street.

EVENT 6: Keeping a Dr. Brown's on File

This event will only occur if the sheriff marches the PCs to the records office. The records office is about half a mile from the site of **Event 5**. The sheriff will tell the PCs to leave the wagon outside with his men. Wise PCs will leave one of

their own with the wagon as well. (If they do, the sheriff's men will not steal any Dr. Brown's.) Inside, a mousy clerk with a heavy German accent is filing papers, including the ones from today's train deliveries. The clerk, named Gustav Jimmler, will greet the sheriff, who will continue to be very angry. "Check these boys out. There's something fishy about them," he will snap. If the PCs produce their papers, Jimmler will eye them casually, reading the legalese softly until he hits the words, "384 bottles of Dr. Brown's Root Beer, Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray, and Dr. Brown's Cream Sodas," which he will stammer out, trembling. "You haff zum of Herr Doktor Braun's Sodas, then?" he will ask, clearly hoping for an affirmative answer. The records officer will then drop to his knees, tearfully begging the PCs to give him just one bottle, just one. If they refuse to bribe Jimmler, he will beg until his last hope of drinking a Dr. Brown's Soda is gone. Then, he will straighten himself, and the sheriff will ask him if the PCs are legit. Jimmler will have to concede that they are, but ask the sheriff if there isn't some way to appropriate the soda as evidence of something illegal, like an attempted bribe. The sheriff will continue to stall until he realizes that there really is no legal way to confiscate a legal piece of private property, and will let the PCs go.

EVENT 7: The Road to Mexico

If the PCs get out of St. Louis alive and intact, and head along the road to the town of Mexico fifty miles away, they will find the road relatively smooth. They will have to cross the bridge across the Missouri River to the city of St. Charles, about five miles from St. Louis. They will notice a large congregation of people near the bridge. As they get closer, it will be obvious that the people are construction workers, and they are working on restructuring the central section, which has been removed. The PCs will also note that there is an unfamiliar platform of logs projecting from the right side of the bridge. The platform is 10-foot square and about five feet lower than the main bridge, but still 50 feet above the mighty Missouri. There is a thin guardrail on the platform's far side. The platform supports various workers toiling on the bridge. When a bridge worker sees the PCs' wagon, he will call out, "Another wagon coming through!" Other workers will turn to look at the

PCs and then begin to leap up on the main bridge. The foreman will motion the PCs to cross the bridge. If they try to go up on the main bridge, the foreman, Jim Wilkinson, will stop them, cursing and fuming, "What in the Sam Hill are you lunkheads doing? Can't you see the bridge is being fixed? Now, if you're a-crossing, go on the side platform, you stupid idiots!" If they want to turn back, he will shout, "And good riddance to stinking rubbish!" in disgust, and order his men to go back to work. If the PCs change their mind again after the men begin to leap down on the platform, Wilkinson will be furious, but will demand that they be quick about crossing.

The platform will shake as they begin their crossing. The bridge crossing should be a terrifying experience for the PCs. However, the platform will hold and the PCs will make it across.

EVENT 8: The Patience of a St. Charles

The temperature still will be in the nineties as the PCs enter St. Charles, a city of about 5,000 people. They will note a huge crowd gathered in front of a general store. If the PCs spend a few moments trying to comprehend the shouting, they will pick out the phrases, "I'll pay fifteen cents!" "Sixteen cents!" As the PCs try to figure out what is going on (probably assuming, wrongly, that Dr. Brown's is at the heart of this event as well) or move toward the crowd, Ned Bryant, a Deputy U.S. Marshal, will come up behind them. Anyone looking behind the wagon will notice him. If the PCs bolt, he will chase them on his Excellent horse (the PCs' horses are fair, and they are pulling a wagon). Otherwise, he will hail the PCs and wipe his brow, commenting, "Ain't it a boiler, though?" He will comment on the crowd, noting that in this heat, people will drink anything. If asked what is going on, he will say, "Why, this hombre showed up with this soft drink, Cokie-Cola or something." He will identify himself (although the badge should identify him) and say that he has to check all incoming wagons, "regulations, you know." He will then ask to see what the PCs are hauling. If they tell him it is "Dr. Brown's Sodas" or show the emblem or the sodas to him, he will shout out the name loudly enough so that some people in the crowd hear it. The crowd will quickly surround the PCs' wagon, leaving Dr. Bar-

ton and Murch Mullings alone around their Coca-Cola wagon.

Barton will be very angry, and will order Murch to push his way through the crowd. Barton will follow closely behind. When they reach the wagon the PCs will recognize them, assuming any were at the Gateway to witness the incident there. With Marshal Bryant on the other side of the wagon, Murch will kick the wheels as instructed by Barton. Quick reactions by the PCs will avoid a second kick. However, if he gets a second kick in, he will smash the spokes, causing the wagon to crash to the ground. Needless to say, it will not explode. If not stopped, Murch will rip the wagon cover off with his bare hands (if it is still in place) and begin tossing out the bottles left and right. Some will shatter, but others will be caught by St. Charles citizens, who will greedily tear off the bottle caps (possibly at considerable damage to their hands) and down the contents. Marshal Bryant will stop Mullings if the PCs do not do so, and will arrest him and Barton for disturbing the peace. Barton's wagon will be impounded.

EVENT 9: The Chicano Seven Rides Again

This encounter should occur immediately after the PCs discover what they are really carrying.

The O'Malley gang walks their horses out from behind the trees, or the buildings, or whatever cover is present and blocks the PCs' path. O'Malley should have six desperados with him, unless any were killed earlier. If O'Malley was killed earlier, the group encountered is O'Malley's real brother, Carlos Juan O'Malley, and there are eight desperados with him. They allow their ugliness to seep in for a second, and then O'Malley speaks, "So, me amigos, you have the shipment that the man wanted us to deliver for him. What is in it, I wonder, my hermanos? The man surely would not pay you fifty greenbacks to deliver the soft drinks, no? Well, my friends, I wish you to surrender the shipment, and my brothers may let you live." The bandit's tactics, if they have any, will depend largely on the location where this encounter occurs. They will use any cover available, and all will try to escape if O'Malley is killed. If, at any time during this encounter, anyone grabs a bottle of Dr. Brown's and claims that it is nitro while waving it menacingly, O'Malley will call for a retreat, knowing that it cannot possibly be soda pop.

EVENT 10: Give Away, Keep Away

If, after St. Charles, the PCs are unaware that they are transporting soda, use the following dead drop event.

Two eight-year-old boys, Ferdie and Gurdie Smit, are playing in an alley with a stick of dynamite. They have lit the fuse and will roll it out into the street, approximately twenty-five feet from the player characters' wagon. It will explode as per the dynamite injury table in the BOOT HILL® game rules. The wagon will be blown on its side, and several bottles will shatter, some oozing the carbonated contents into the street. Ferdie and Gurdie will run like the dickens.

Chapter Two

"Darn!" cried the balladeer as his hand, outstretched to imitate a wagon being blown on its side by dynamite, toppled his bottle of Dr. Brown's. The boys gasped as the frothy liquid inside gurgled out and fizzled on the sand. The balladeer quickly recovered the bottle and sat back up, smiling lamely. "Well boys, I ain't seen a sorrier sight than that, but it does get you to thinkin about what all that Dr. Brown's looked like spilt all over the street like that. So anyway, the boys spent the night in St. Charles, because they couldn't get across the bridge over the Missouri. They got their wagon fixed, and still had two hundred, yes, two hundred bottles of Dr. Brown's left unbroken. The next day, the guys went back to find Barnstokes, but he'd caught a train out of town with his law guy. They got the English guy, Periwinkle Smythe, though; he was still holed up at the Gateway to the West Hotel. They got him out of bed at 9:00 a.m., and told him all about what happened the day before. Well now, no one knows exactly what old Periwinkle said, but it was probably something like: "Well, chaps, if this isn't just a dandy wicket in Spain! And you say you have no ken of the dastard that's done this one on us? Oh, my stars, and with Mr. Barnstokes and Mr. Sarius gone back to New York thinking all's chipper and close-handed! Well, I shall just have to take the initiative once again, shan't I? Gentlemen, I don't think it would be unfair, considering the vast sums we are paying you to deliver this shipment, to ask your assistance in rousting up the missing nitroglycerin. You shall be paid upon conclusion of your original assignment, the delivery to Mexico. Do we have an

agreement?" And, of course, the boys said yes. Then the Brit probably said something like: "Well, chaps, my devices would suggest a trip to the locomotive depot to find out if there are any clues as to which ruffian absconded with the goods, if you will permit a smidgen of Western vernacular. Oh, I love a good mystery! Well, chaps, I will be in my room. Call up if you find the lolly, won't you? Oh, and don't advertise that you've got that silly soft drink. It appears that the locals actually like the rot. Cheerio!" So, the boys skedaddled down to the train station, or maybe they went to the Public Records office first, I dunno...."

LOCATION A: The Train Depot

The train station is a large place, so merely "going to the train station" will not do. They may go to the station house, the roundhouse, the trains themselves, or other areas at the gamemaster's discretion. Only the station house will yield any information.

Franklin Wellfeather, the clerk at the station house, has passed all records of yesterday's shipments to the records office in town, where Gustav Jimmler works. Wellfeather is a spindly man with little backbone, he will call his superior if something comes up which is slightly beyond his abilities. His superior is Phineas Link, the station master. Link is a robustly built man with a pot belly. He talks in a booming voice that can heard throughout the building. If the PCs ask him about a wagon or a crate without describing its contents, he will laugh loudly and say that the railroad gets more than one of those per day. They will need to mention the Dr. Brown's sodas or allude so broadly to those contents that he makes the inference. He will then bellow, "Oh, the Dr. Brown's!" If the PCs are expecting a riot, they will be in for a surprise. The people in the station house heard enough talk about Dr. Brown's yesterday. They jeer at the PCs for bringing up the subject again. Some may even throw things.

Link remembers the Dr. Brown's for two reasons: he hasn't had any in months, and that there were two shipments of Dr. Brown's rather than the usual one. Both were picked quickly. If asked by whom, he will remember instantly "some limey character, all pomp and circumference," obviously referring to Periwinkle Smythe. The other will take longer, but he will remember finally, "Oh, yeah, a couple of young hooligans. But they had the right

papers, so I gave it to them." He does not remember their names, nor does he remember who came first.

LOCATION B: The City Records Office

The only person here is Rosasharn Braddock Jimmler, a young woman who is up to her neck in papers. She is the daughter-in-law of Gustav Jimmler. She will be able, with great difficulty, to find almost any document the PCs ask for. The railroad shipping records from yesterday say that a Mr. Periwinkle Smythe and a Mr. John Smith picked up deliveries of Dr. Brown's Sodas yesterday. There is a Mr. John Smith living on the edge of town, at 1487 Crestine Lane. If asked specifically about deliveries of Dr. Brown's Sodas before yesterday, she will very quickly discover an apparently misfiled record which indicates that a huge crate of Dr. Brown's came in by ship only two weeks ago, and was delivered to a Mr. Max Claiborne. Claiborne lives at 200 Barleycorn Way, close to the center of town. If asked about Josiah Findley, she will find an address, 412 Blackie Circle, as a residence, and an expired certification for a wainwright shop at 138 Kannigher Street.

LOCATION C: John Smith's House, 1487 Crestine Lane

This is a red herring. The people who picked up the shipment used that name as an unimaginative alias. The real John Smith, a middle-aged retired gunslinger, is protecting the wanted criminal Mosey McCone, who is calling in an old debt. Smith is not certain he wants McCone using his house as a hideout, but McCone has an old oath and a new .44 as convincers.

LOCATION D: Sheriff's Office

The deputy in charge of the front desk is a rude, mumbly man named Ferdinand Willstone. Any requests for documents will be forwarded to the City Records Office. If someone asks to see Sheriff McLemore Johnson, Willstone will say that he is "out investigating some murder or other." Willstone will not give the sheriff's whereabouts, but the PCs can wait, or they can leave a message. The sheriff will return in about an hour, and brush them off as he storms into his office. Several other deputies follow him. Those not actually inside the office will hear him bark orders to them, but the substance will not be apparent. The words "Old

Findley" and "Doc Brown's" will be heard several times. (He is talking about the apparent murder at Josiah Findley's place, see **Location F**.) After this, Willstone will point out the PCs. Johnson will recognize them as "the varmints who caused me so much trouble with the Doc Brown's yesterday." He will not waste his time helping the PCs.

LOCATION E: Josiah Findley's Place

This shack has at least two deputies around it at all times. They will not let anyone inside. However, if the sheriff is not present, they will be inclined to talk about the incident, if only as a defense mechanism against thinking too hard about such a horrible way to die. It seems that old Josiah blew apart after downing a bottle of Dr. Brown's typically smooth Cream Soda. One of the officers has a fragment of a bottle which has the words "DR. BR SOD" on it. The deputies say that Josiah definitely blew up from the inside out, as his dinner is splattered all over the dining room. The obvious suspicion, they say, is that someone laced the Dr. Brown's with nitroglycerin. The deputies say that no other bottle of Dr. Brown's was found inside. If asked about acquaintances of Josiah Findley, they respond that there's only the Binks, Dooley and Dewey, but they loved the old man. They live here, but typically hang out in the old wainwright place that Findley used to operate on Kannigher Street.

LOCATION F: The Hideout

This old wainwright building is the well-known hideout of Dooley and Dewey Bink, two seventeen-year-old identical twins. They have a stash of Dr. Brown's Sodas that they heisted from Max Claiborne's. Their original intention was to steal the shipment of Dr. Brown's for their guardian, Josiah Findley, who was going slightly crazy without it. They saw the dual shipment come in while loitering near the rail yards, and decided no one would miss one of them. They forged the papers that allowed them to get the shipment from the station master, and brought a bottle to Findley. Afterwards, but before Findley tried to drink it, they figured out on their own that the oily liquid was not Dr. Brown's. Dooley threw a bottle into a trash can. They switched the shipment for Claiborne's and brought it back to Findley's place, where they saw the messy aftermath of Findley's drinking.

LOCATION G: Max Claiborne's House, 200 Barleycorn Way

Max Claiborne unwittingly has the nitro. A crate of what he believes to be Dr. Brown's Sodas sits in his tool shed. It was soda until earlier today, when the Bink Brothers snatched it and replaced it with nitroglycerin.

Max will definitely not want to talk about Dr. Brown's Soda, even about Cel-Ray, his favorite. He believes he has the only supply in town, and wants to keep it secret.

THE END

When the PCs pick up the nitro from Max Claiborne and go back to the hotel to hook up with Periwinkle Smythe, they will encounter bands of jubilant merrymakers downtown. Everybody has a Dr. Brown's Soda. The whole downtown area is in a festive mood, awash on luscious seas of Dr. Brown's Sodas. If the revelers are asked about the source of the bounty, all will say the Gateway Hotel. In front of the Gateway, two boys in plaid knickerbockers and felt fedoras are passing out Dr. Brown's Sodas to members of the throng, all of whom are gladly paying the nickel required.

Inside, the revelry is quite intense. Periwinkle sits at a table in the main room. He will hail the PCs when he sees them. He is chatting with the man sitting next to him. The man looks scholarly and wise, his tiny spectacles complementing his wizened features. As the PCs come closer, Smythe will shout above the cacophony, "Well, chaps, did you find the delinquent explosives?" If they answer yes, he will continue, "Ah, yes, well, that's just cricket, isn't it though? Well, chaps, I'm pleased to say that you can just jolly well keep the nitroglycerin. Oh, yes, you can do what you want with it. The man Jenkins of Mexico was going to pay Barnstokes and me a clear thousand of your American dollars for that, you know. I'm certain clever boys like you can find a way to drum up the price even higher. Well, none of it's my Nellie any more, chaps. You see, I'm leaving the munitions business. Too dangerous. No, I'm going into business with this man here. Oh, forgive my barbarous manners, gentlemen. Chaps, I'd like you to meet Dr. Brown...."

The quiet gentleman next to Periwinkle extends a slender hand, and peers down the frames of his spectacles. "Charmed," he says, "would you like a Cel-Ray?" □



PECOS JAKE McFARLAN

Luckless Texan Gold Miner and Panhandler

SPD: 41 *Quick, +4 Spd Mod*
GAC: 49 *Above Avg., +2 Acc Mod*
TAC: 68 *Good, +7 Acc Mod*
STR: 90 *Strong, 17 hp*
BRA: 70 *Brave, +2 Spd Mod, +6 Acc Mod*
EXP: 76 *3 Gunfights*
Age: 39
Height: 6' 4"
Weight: 268 lbs.
Handedness: Right

WPN	MSP	R(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
9R	1	20/40/80/200	58	3/3
DAR6	11	4/10/20/40	58	3/3
KN	11	1/2/3/4	63	1/0

Items Carried

Left Side

Throwing Knife	Belt
Picture of Mary	Pants Pocket
\$6 cash	Pants Pocket
\$.99 change	Pants Pocket
Pipe	Shirt Pocket
Tobacco (6)	Shirt Pocket

Center/Back/Feet

Rifle	Carried
10-Gallon Hat	Head
Vest, Shirt	Torso
Trousers	Legs
Pipe	Shirt Pocket
Tobacco (6)	Shirt Pocket

LIGHTNIN' JED HAWTHORNE

Kansan Professional Loafer and Occasional Bounty Hunter

SPD: 97 *Greased Ltg, +19 Spd Mod*
GAC: 75 *Good, +7 Acc Mod*
TAC: 24 *Below Avg, -3 Acc Mod*
STR: 45 *Above Avg, 14 hp*
BRA: 21 *Average*
EXP: 41 *1 Gunfight, -5 Acc Mod*
Age: 33
Height: 6' 1"
Weight: 245
Handedness: Left

WPN	MSP	R(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
FDR5	29	3/7/15/30	52	3/3
FDR5	29	3/7/15/30	52	3/3
KN	24	1/2/3/4	42	1/0

Items Carried

Left Side

Revolver	Holster
Chaw	Shirt Pocket
\$4 cash	Pants Pocket
\$.98 change	Pants Pocket

Center/Back/Feet

Stetson Hat	Head
Shirt, Vest	Torso
Trousers	Legs
Boots	Feet

Right Side

Revolver	Holster
Hunting Knife	Boot

COLONEL PINKERTON P. GRACE

Retired Confederate States of America Army Officer from Virginia

SPD: 06 *Slow, -2 Spd Mod*
GAC: 25 *Below Avg, -3 Acc Mod*
TAC: 17 *Below Avg, -3 Acc Mod*
STR: 20 *Sickly, 12 hp*
BRA: 98 *Fearless, +4 Spd Mod, +15 Acc Mod*
EXP: 00 *86 Gunfights, +10 Acc Mod*
Age: 65
Height: 6'
Weight: 150

Handedness: Right
Vision Defect: Must wear monocle for distance vision

WPN	MSP	(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
CBR	2	3/7/12/26	72	3/1

Items Carried

Left Side

Saber	Scabbard
Scabbard	Belt
Medals	Chestboard Sash
Chestboard	Over Heart
3 \$50 Bills	Coat Pocket

Center/Back/Feet

CSA Hat	Head
CSA Suit	Body
Sash	Torso
Boots	Feet
Epaulets	Shoulders



Right Side

Revolver Holster
Monocle & Chain Chest Pocket

Other Items Owned

Box of 14 balls for revolver
Ol' Dauntless (Fair gray horse)
Saddle & riding bridle

Brief Personal History: Colonel Pinkerton P. Grace fought with the right side in the War for Independence (known to heathen northerners as the American Civil War), not with those lilly-livered, snow-loving pansywaists from north of the May-Dix, all talking about emancipation and tariffs and reconstruction and other fancy intellectual words. The battles at Raleigh and Dixboro were long and hard, but Grace welcomed them gleefully. When that thieving, plantation-razing General Ulysses S. Grant took advantage of fair-fighting, square-dealing General Robert E. Lee, Colonel Grace was decommissioned and told never to wear the proud Stars and Bars again. Never one to take the words of a heathen northerner too seriously, Colonel Grace wears his uniform as often as possible. He will always side with a cause that supports the great south (which will rise again, never fear) and demands that other southerners do so as well. He has come by train to St. Louis, Missouri, to see to the transportation of some unknown shipment which an old Confederate buddy of his told him was vitally important to the south's interests in Missouri.

Brief Personal History: Lightnin' Jed Hawthorne has phenomenal speed with a six shooter. As a kid, he intended to become a professional bounty hunter, gunning down the rustlers and robbers, and those who prey on decent, law-abiding folks. However, his first job, chasing down Wild Ichabod Twiggings, taught him deep personal truism: Bad guys shoot back. After learning this, Jed established the credo that has made him reasonably well feared in the small towns where he takes residence: "I never draw on a man what's lookin' at me." His reputation for bringing down men before they even know he's in the vicinity has spread, although not very far and not very wide. He is in St. Louis, Missouri to rectify that situation.

Right Side

Revolver Holster

Brief Personal History: Jacob McFarlan has wandered the mighty Pecos River and its tributaries from Penasco to Comstock, through Santa Rosa and the arid Stockton Plateau, and across the blustery Sangre de Cristo Guadalupe Mountains. He has starved in Artesia and Puerta de Luna, fought gunslingers in wild Carlsbad and Santa Rosa, and panned gold in a dozen towns called Pecos; all for that ever-elusive devil's mineral — Gold. But Jake hasn't find any, not a single nugget. Not on three trips up and down the Pecos. Nevertheless, a half-dozen townsfolk labeled him "Pecos Jake," and he kept the name despite his failures. He has since wandered other rivers, gaining neither their gold nor their names. Jake is married to a woman named Mary, who consistently demands he give up prospecting and find some respectable work so that she can have furs like all the other women. He has come to St. Louis, Missouri, both to satisfy and to escape her nagging demands.



BILLY-BILL CHINTONE

Missourian Cathouse Bouncer

SPD: 82 *Very Fast, +10 Spd Mod*
GAC: 05 *Very Poor, -9 Acc Mod*
TAC: 96 *Crack Shot, +18 Acc Mod*
STR: 99 *Mighty, 20 hp*
BRA: 75 *Brave, +2 Spd Mod, +6 Acc Mod*
EXP: 35 *0 Gunfights, -10 Acc Mod*
 Note: His Crack Shot Throwing Accuracy rating applies to large objects and even to people.

Age: 17
Height: 6' 8"
Weight: 294 lbs.
Handedness: Right

WPN	MSP	WR(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
TMHK	17	1/2/3/4	64	1/0

RIVERBOAT SPINKS

MacGRUDER

Professional Cheat, Hoodwinker and Part-Time Justice of the Peace

SPD: 92 *Lightning, +15 Spd Mod*
GAC: 68 *Good, +7 Acc Mod*
TAC: 78 *Very Good, +10 Acc Mod*
STR: 40 *Average, 13 hp*
BRA: 50 *Above Avg, +1 Spd Mod, +3 Acc Mod*
EXP: 86 *4 Gunfights*

Age: 36
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 140
Handedness: Ambidextrous
Gambler Rating: .09

WPN	MSP	R(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
FDR6	26	3/7/15/30	60	3/3
FDR6	26	3/7/15/30	60	3/3

ALPHONSE "LEECH" MANMOUTH

Ousted Texas Ranger Posing as a Texas Ranger

SPD: 80 *Fast, +9 Spd Mod*
GAC: 87 *Excellent, +15 Acc Mod*
TAC: 38 *Above Avg, +2 Acc Mod*
STR: 65 *Sturdy, 15 hp*
BRA: 64 *Brave, +2 Spd Mod, +6 Acc Mod*
EXP: 87 *4 Gunfights*

Age: 31
Height: 6' 1"
Weight: 188 lbs.
Handedness: Right

WPN	MSP	R(S/M/L/E)	MAC	RF/RR
2SG	6	6/12/18/36	71	2/2
SAR6	19	4/10/20/40	71	3/3

Items Carried

Left Side

\$5 cash	Pants Pocket
\$.38 change	Pants Pocket
Brass Badge	Breast

Center/Back/Feet

Stetson	Head
Vest, Shirt	Torso
Trousers	Legs

Right Side

Revolver	Holster
Wax Impression of Badge	Pants Pocket

Other Items Owned

Fair Brown Horse
Saddle & Whip

Brief Personal History: Alphonse Manmouth got the nickname “Leech” when his superiors accurately identified his habit of freeloading off the efforts of others. He was summarily kicked out of the Texas Rangers when he claimed credit for stopping two horse thieves that were actually captured by the Branch Chief Officer of the Rangers. He likes the name Leech. He has a habit of sucking air through his lips in a hissing sound, making the name sound especially accurate. Since Leech liked being a Texas Ranger so much, he made a wax impression of his badge before he had to surrender it. He had a brass copy of it made shortly thereafter, and has roamed the countryside all the way to St. Louis, Missouri, looking for Ranger-type things to do.

Items Carried

Left Side

Marked Deck	Shirt Pocket
Loaded Dice	Shirt Pocket
Revolver	Holster
Mustache Wax	Pants Pocket
\$10 cash	Pants Pocket
\$.90 change	Pants Pocket

Center/Back/Feet

Gaucha Hat	Head
Vest	Torso
Laced Shirt	Torso
Chaps	Legs
Belt, Holsters	Waist
Bullets	Belt
Boots	Feet

Right Side

Unmarked Deck	Shirt Pocket
Unloaded Dice	Shirt Pocket
Revolver	Holster

Other Items Owned

Traveling case
Three changes of clothes (including one slick dress outfit)
Mustache Wax (in case)
Mirror (in case)
Razor, strop and soap (in case)
2 New, marked decks (in case)
2 New, unmarked decks (in case)
Box of bullets (in case)
Forged certificate as Justice of the Peace (in case)
Hip flask of brandy (in case)

Brief Personal History: Riverboat Spinks MacGruder estimates he has lived in 180 different towns in the last two decades, fleecing marks in the steamboats and saloons of the south and new west. A top-draw card shark and hustler, MacGruder lives grasping-hand-to-garrulous-mouth. His gatling-gun speech takes more than one monkey by surprise in a game of faro or blindsides. One of MacGruder’s longest stays was in the town of Plain Dealing, Louisiana (near Shreveport in northwest Louisiana), where he settled down for six months posing as a legally-certified Justice of the Peace. He has used this scam in a number of towns since. He is now in St. Louis, Missouri, looking for employment.

Items Carried

Left Side

Picture of Eloise & Mammy	Pants Pocket
\$11 cash	Pants Pocket
\$.14 change	Pants Pocket

Center/Back/Feet

Loose Shirt	Torso
Overalls	Body
Boots	Feet
Belt	Waist

Right Side

Tomahawk	Belt
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Other Items Owned

Rucksack
Several shirts and pairs of overalls (in rucksack)
14 chocolate bars, wrapped to avoid melting (in rucksack)

Brief Personal History: William “Billy-Bill” Chintone was raised by Mammy Shingle, proprietor of Mammy Shingle’s Emporium of Delights, a brothel in Peculiar (near Kansas City, MO). Since he wasn’t too bright but had the size and strength of an ox, Mammy put him to work as a bouncer. There, he learned the skills that have carried him through his short life, such as knowing when to look and when not to look. He also took a liking to one of Mammy’s girls, Eloise. He doesn’t quite understand why, when he first began noticing Eloise was so pretty, Mammy suggested he go out and find some honest work. (As he said at the time, “But I like my work, honest!”) But on his seventeenth birthday, he packed a sack and set out all the way to St. Louis to find some honest work, whatever that is.

Name	SPD	GAC	TAC	BRAVERY	EXP	ST	WPN	BSP	BAC
The Arms Dealers:									
Regimont Q. Barnstokes	-5	0	0	0/0	-10	12	Cane		
Delbert Sarius	0	-6	+2	-4/-6	-10	11	Briefcase		
Periwinkle Smythe	+4	-9	+2	-4/-6	-10	13	Cane		
The Coach Employees:									
Marcus Clayton	0	+5	+10	0/0	-10	13	2D	5	45
Mackie Spatter	+4	+7	+7	+2/+6	0	16	DAR6	11	63
The Young Lovers:									
Connie Whist	+4	-9	0	0/0	-10	10	None		
Chester Letton	+2	+5	+7	+3/+10	-10	17	Fists		
The Dr. Brown's Fanatics:									
Sam Heart	+12	+2	+10	+4/+15	-10	18	Fists		
Jennilee Heart	+4	0	0	+1/+3	-10	13	None		
Rayburn McAllister	+2	+7	0	+3/+10	-5	17	Fists		
Dennis Farrington	+12	0	+2	+5/+15	+2	15	Fists		
Jason Rogers	0	+4	+2	+1/+3	-5	14	SAR5	9	52
William Chant	+6	+7	0	+2/+6	+2	13	DAR6	13	65
The Bink Brothers:									
Dooley Bink	+4	+2	+7	+2/+6	-10	14	1D	6	48
Dewey Bink	+4	+2	+7	+2/+6	-10	14	1D	6	48
The O'Malley Banditos:									
Juan Carlos O'Malley	+9	+7	+2	+4/+15	+6	18	9R	8	78
							FDR6	23	78
							KN	18	78
Generic banditos	+2	0	0	0/0	0	13	FDR5	12	50
(Note: if used, Carlos Juan O'Malley has the same statistics as Juan Carlos, his brother, above.)									
The Competition:									
Dr. Ulysses Barton	-2	-6	+2	-2/-3	-10	9	None		
Murch Mullings	+6	-6	+7	+4/+15	-5	20	2SG	5	54
Civil Servants of St. Louis:									
Sheriff McLemore Johnson	+12	+15	+7	+3/+10	+8	15	FDR6	25	73
Generic policemen	+4	+2	+2	+1/+3	0	14	FDR6	15	55
Gustav Jimmler	-6	-9	-6	-4/-6	-10	8	None		
Rosasharn Braddock	Jimmler	0	-3	0	0/0	-10	0	None	
Employees of the Gateway:									
Jock Holloway	+15	+10	+10	+2/+6	+8	17	15R	12	74
Jackie Kelppepper	+22	0	+7	0/0	-10	13	None		
Natives of St. Charles:									
Jim Wilkinson	0	0	+2	+2/+6	-10	19	Sledgehammer		
Marshal Ned Bryant	+9	+10	+5	+3/+10	0	16	SAR6	20	70
Ferdie & Gurdie Smit	+6	-6	+5	-2/-3	-10	10	Dynamite		
Train Depot Employess:									
Franklin Wellfeather	-2	-9	+10	-4/-6	-10	9	Paper	balls	
Phineas Link	-2	0	0	+1/+3	-10	15	None		
At John Smith's House:									
John Smith	+6	+10	+2	+1/+3	+2	14	LBR	7	65
(Note: Smith's long barrel revolver is in a desk drawer)									
Mosey McCone	+12	+7	+2	+3/+10	+6	17	LBR	15	73
							FDR5	25	73
At Hinton's Restautant:									
Rudolf Hinton	-5	-6	-3	+1/+3	-10	13	None		
Wilma Crayson	0	-9	+5	+5/+15	-10	9	Sign		
Nellie Cross	+4	0	+5	+5/+15	-10	18	Sign		
Generic WCTU Protestor	0	-9	-9	+2/+6	-10	12	Sign		
The Claibornes:									
Max Claiborne	0	+2	+5	0/0	-10	17	Saw		
Erma Claiborne	+6	-9	+10	+3/+10	-10	13	Rolling pin		
Edna and Liza Claiborne	+2	-9	-9	-2/-3	-10	8	None		