

*Cotswold-cum-leigh  
March 14th*

**B**RANNOCK was right. Completely, perfectly, absurdly right. I shall have to write and tell him so. When he first suggested Gloucestershire, I pooh-poohed the idea. I thought that the Eng-

lish countryside, like everything else, had given way to the onslaught of modern civilization; that it had been swallowed in the greedy maw of this damned Machine Age.

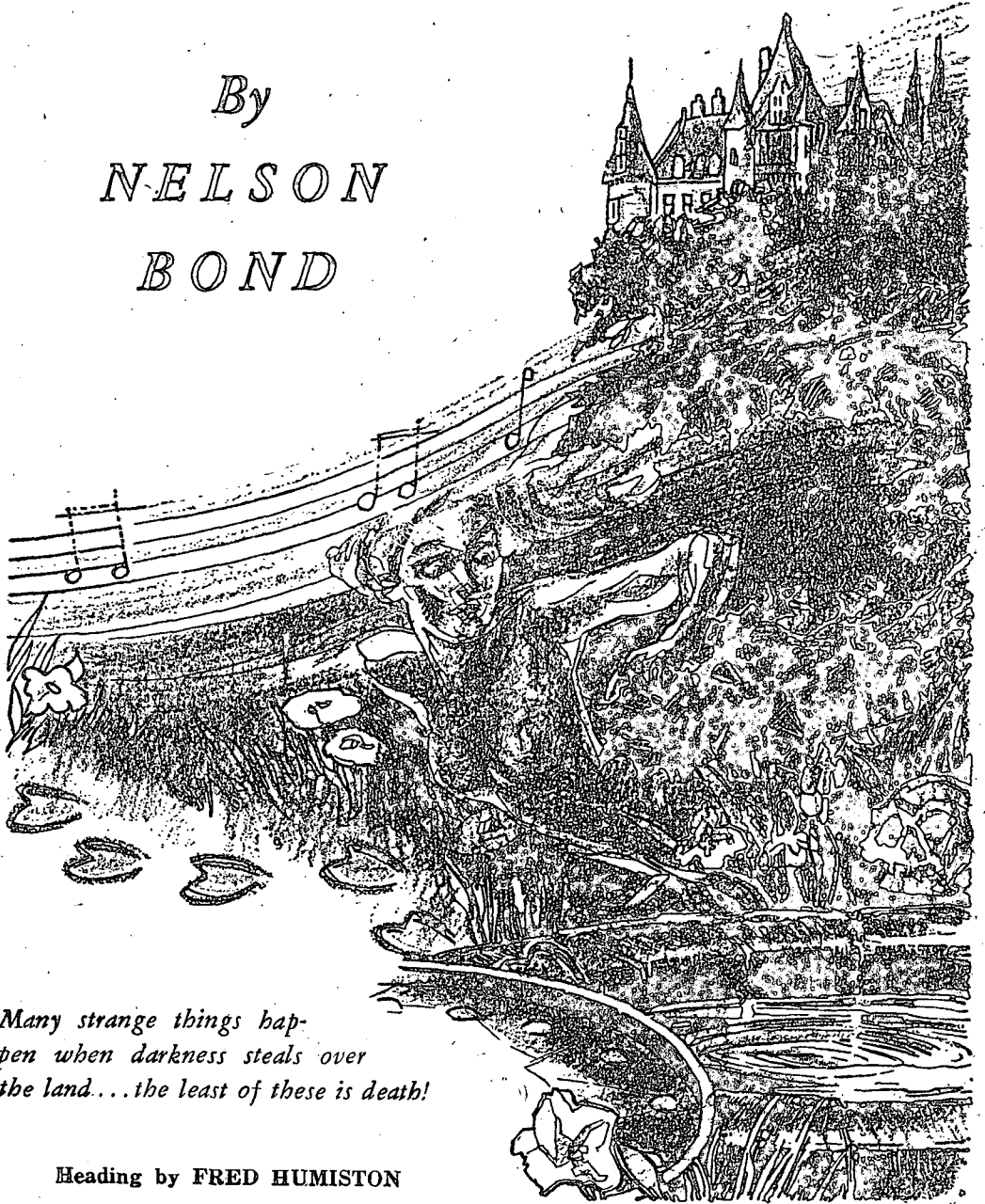
I said; "Country, Brannock? You're crazy! There is no 'country' any more. The towns ape the cities; the hamlets try

to look like towns, even rural cross-roads are just small-scale reproductions of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Show me a small farm, and I'll show you a Broadway annex with a radio blaring the latest hot dance tune, power lines pumping in the electricity that milks the cows, washes

the dishes and cleans the house. A farmer's wife who uses Squeejums Lotion to keep her hands lily-white, and wears a Schiaparelli reproduction distributed by a mail-order house for \$14.95."

Brannock yawned, "In America—yes. You see, Peter, this great nation of yours

By  
NELSON  
BOND



*Many strange things happen when darkness steals over the land... the least of these is death!*

Heading by FRED HUMISTON

is not really a nation at all. It is an homological atavism. A throwback to the city-state of the ancient Greeks. Peel the rind off a New Yorker, and find a Kansan or a Swede from Minnesota. Under the meteorological boastings of a Californian the quick ear can detect an accent originating in Iowa. America is too large; too spacious. It arouses the wanderlust in its inhabitants. Their ceaselessly moving feet have turned it into one, huge city, whose core is New York, whose suburbs are as far apart as Washington, Texas and Florida."

"If you don't like it over here," I began pettishly, "Why don't you go back where you came from? There's—"

"Don't get me wrong, Peter. I *do* like it over here. Tremendously. That is why I have forsworn my allegiance to a sister land, and made America my home. But you want rest and quiet. Peace and solitude. I say you cannot find it here in America—but you *can* still find it in England."

"Where in England?"

"A number of places. Dorsetshire. The Chilterns or West Riding. The Cotswolds—" He paused reflectively, then nodded. "Yes, I know the very place. A little section known as Cotswold-cum-leigh. Here, I'll show you—"

He lifted the atlas from my bookcase. We studied it together; he finally put his finger on a tiny dot.

"This is it. Fourteen miles from the nearest train. When last I was there, the connecting road was still unpaved. But I think you'll have no trouble reaching it. You can hire a car, or find a hack."

I SAID, ruminatively, "It sounds like the answer. I like the sound of it. And I *do* need peace and quiet. I have a novel in mind, but I can't write it here in New York with a telephone ringing at my elbow every fifteen minutes."

Brannock laughed.

"You'll not be bothered with telephone calls in *that* neck of the woods, Peter. The people who live there waste no words. Sometimes I think they must communicate by telepathy. But, seriously, it is a wonderful place, except for—"

He hesitated.

"Well?" I challenged.

Brannock looked embarrassed. "Oh, nothing. I guess I was being a bit silly, that's all."

"Go on. Except for what? Don't tell me you've just remembered the place is a leper colony?"

"No. Nothing like that. But you see—Cotswold-cum-leigh is rumored to be a bit—well, shall I say *sinister*?"

I said, "What do you mean—sinister?"

"Well, there's a bit of a legend. Something about a race of elder gods, or some such bosh. The villagers believe in it wholeheartedly. Of course there's nothing to it."

I grinned.

"Of course not. But congratulations, Brannock. You are an excellent salesman!"

He looked startled. "Eh?" he said.

"The mystic overtones," I said. "Decide the question for me. Cotswold-cum-leigh without a spook sounded drab, but *with* an evil force lurking in the background—well, how soon can I get a boat?"

Brannock said anxiously, "Now see here, Peter, don't be so flippant about it. I know that most of these old tales are the bunk, but at the same time, for all we know there *may* be strange forces, strange creatures—"

But I was already on the phone. The *Isle Royale*, a sleepy-voiced clerk was telling me, sailed on Tuesday next.

So here I am, in the hostelry at the tiny village of Cotswold-cum-leigh. The crossing took but five days, my trip by rail from London but one more. Yet sitting here before an open fireplace, scribbling in my notebook, I feel as though I had



stepped backward through the tunnel of Time three or four centuries. My landlord is a character out of *Tristram Shandy*—plump, dogmatic, solicitous. Perhaps a trifle suspicious, too, of this crack-brained American "arthor" who is staying at his inn.

But I do not care about that. I am revelling in the feeling of antiquity that surges about me, through me, touching me with fingers almost tangible. A feeling that seems to emanate from the crusty, rough-hewn rafters of this delicious oak ceiling; from the blown-glass window-panes that shake now before the gusty breath of the harsh March wind; from the old floors and wheezing, chimney-flue, the dull-gleaming pewter on the mantelpiece, the very odor of life, death and hatred—of love, growth, and decay that is so strangely mingled here. I have an odd feeling of prescience. I feel that here, in this very room, men once fled screaming from some frightful horror—or cowered abjectly in the most shadowy corners, hoping to escape that horror's obscene vision. . . .

But that is ridiculous, of course. I am succumbing, as Brannock prophesied I would, to the mystic overtones of an incredibly ancient demesne. Demesne? I wonder whose?

Tomorrow I must look for a rental agent. There must be some cottage around here that I can lease.

*Cotswold-cum-leigh  
March 17th*

WELL, I am in luck!

When I wrote in my notebook, three days ago, that it was my hope to find some cottage for rent, I had no idea what a task confronted me.

These Cotswolders—would you call them Cotswoldians?—evidently do not believe in real estate booms. They build their homes for themselves, for their children, and for their children's children's

children, forever and ever, amen! When I asked around for a place of my own, I was met with gazes of shocked stupefaction, as if I had asked one of them to let me open his grandfather's crypt and dig up the bones for ivory.

For three days my search was fruitless. Then, today fortune smiled on me. I found a place, just three miles from the center of town. And *what* a place!

Did I say I was seeking a cottage? Anston Hollow is far from being a mere cottage. It is a manor house, the kind of rambling house in which lived the descendants of the feudal lords when their castles had been reft from them. A huge old frame structure with pillared porch and a rococo cupola. Raw windows that stare at you with the unwinking persistence of a lidless monster. It is drab and unsightly now; badly in need of a coat of paint, new shutters and door, some patch work on the roof.

I don't paint a pretty picture of it, I know, but it is that kind of house. So ugly that it is almost beautiful. Hogarth would have loved it. I do, already. It is the exact antithesis of everything I've ever known before in my life.

It has grounds, too—voluminous grounds! Sprawling acres of lawn that cascade from the house itself to the road. A grove of larches, elms, aspen, and some other trees I can't identify lying to the right of the house as you face it. The grove, like the lawn itself, is now scraggly, unkempt.

But I shall hire someone to repair this shortly. Beneath the weeds and mat of dead, scabrous foliage will be soft, tender, green grass.

The north side of my estate—see, I am beginning to take a lordly pride in it already?—is the least attractive. There is a stratum of chalk in this neighborhood, and at one time, the white stuff was quarried here. As a result, I have become the not-

too-proud possessor of an abandoned limestone quarry.

It is very unsightly. I should say somewhat dangerous, too, since there exists only about two hundred yards of lawn between the side of the house and a steep, hundred-foot cliff. The quarry itself is smeary, mottled; pocketed at the base with sluggish pools of water. I think I shall have someone run a guard rail around the edge. A worm fence would be at once protective and amusingly rustic. Later on, perhaps I will plant shrubbery along the fence, blocking the quarry off from the estate.

I was overjoyed with my discovery. The reluctance I had met with on the part of the renting agent was typical of this quaint community. He did not seem to *want* me to lease Anston Hollow. Imagine!

I said, "See here, Mr. Peabody—" He pronounces it "Pibbity," and somehow contrives to say it as if it were just one syllable. "Why didn't you show me this place before? If I hadn't chanced to go walking; if I hadn't noticed, myself, that it was unoccupied, I might still be looking for a home."

He said apologetically, "Well, now, you see you were askin' after a *cottage*, Mr. Chandler—"

"But the rental fee you have quoted me," I said, "is no more than I should have expected to pay for a *small* place. Ninety shillings a month! Why, that's not unreasonable."

Unreasonable, indeed! It was a steal at that figure—and I knew it. So did he. His face reddened.

"It's not whut mought call an up-to-date place," he insinuated. "They's no barth-room, an' it's in bad state of repair."

"Then we'll install a bath," I laughed, "and put the place into habitable shape. If I'm willing to meet my share, will you split the costs with me fifty-fifty?"

"I suppose so," he said ruefully. He

seemed on the verge of telling me something that wouldn't come out. But he nodded, finally. "Yus. Fifty-fifty."

"Very good," I said. "I'll run up to London and get some furniture. While I'm gone, you send the carpenters and plumbers around. Will a fortnight be long enough for them?"

He said, "I expect so." Then, miserably, "Very good, sir. A fortnight."

That was all I could get out of him. The repairmen are to begin work on the place tomorrow. I am taking the ten o'clock to London. This will be my first experience at home-furnishing. I am feeling as eager and skittish as a colt.

*London Arms  
March 27th*

JUST four more days of this hotel life; then I shall return to my own home, my own manor, in Cotswold. The dealer from whom I bought my furniture has vanned it down, and tells me it has been installed safely.

As usual, I left Cotswold without thinking of everything. It dawned on me last week that I had forgotten to get some help. A housekeeper-cook, and a man to help me around the estate. I wrote to Peabody, but he replied rather curtly that he could not find anyone in Cotswold-cum-leigh. I guess I was wrong about Peabody. Essentially, he is just like any American realtor. His interest in the property and in myself ended abruptly when I became lessee. I shall have to look up help for myself while I am here in Foggytown-on-the-Thames.

*London Arms  
March 30th*

MY LUCK is holding out.

At an employment agency, this morning, I found just what I was looking for—a family of three, who will serve as my servants at Anston Hollow.

Their name is Dolphin. The father, Josh Dolphin, was a top-sergeant in the B. E. F. during the World War. Once an ostler, he has been down on his luck since the Depression put the era of expensive stables to an end. He is strong, ruddy, and able. He'll make an excellent gardener and handy man if I know anything about human nature—and I think I do.

His wife, Martha, is a plump, pretty, fortyish woman with a quick wit and quicker tongue. She will be housekeeper and cook, while the daughter, Belle, will act as maid. Belle may prove a bit of a problem. She is a pretty girl and, I am afraid, rather too lively for the rural life. She is fond of dancing and music-halls, and protested strenuously against her father's decision to move to the country with me. But he is very much the head of his house, and silenced her with one sharp word and a raised arm.

They are going down on the train tonight to open the house and get it ready. I have several things to do yet. If I can swing it, I want to get a dictaphone. Then there are a few things I want to look up at the London Library before the country closes outside sources of information to me, and I am immured within the circle of my own thoughts.

*Anston Hollow  
March 31st*

I AM amazed! Amazed and charmed and pleased. From the beginning, I knew that Anston Hollow was the answer to my desires, but it was not until I arrived here this morning and saw it in its refreshed guise that I realized how perfectly wonderful it was!

The roof has been resingled and painted deep forest green; a green that blends superbly with the copse adjoining. Doors and shutters have been painted to match, while the body of the house is a bright, cheery white.

A small guestroom was torn out, and modern plumbing installed. I have a 20th Century shower in a room that still bears echoes of the splashing of kettlesful of hot water being poured into a wooden cask.

Another smaller bath has been installed in the rooms set aside for Dolphin and his family. I could afford to be prodigal with space. There are eight huge rooms on the ground floor of the manor house; six bedrooms and two baths upstairs, and a spacious attic. I have given Dolphin complete run of a three-room suite at the back of the house. My only demand of him is that he serve me well, keep the grounds in condition, and do not disturb me when I am working.

As to working—well, if I ever get over the novelty of being "landed gentry," I shall work in the library. There are wide, airy casement windows in there; opening out to the green patch which is my own private "woods."

When I reached the house, I found a throng gathered. A most unusual sight in this placid, incurious neighborhood. Dolphin, making himself at home swiftly, was already at work on the lawn with grass-cutter and trowel. I could see Martha pinning up curtains at an upstairs window. After paying off the cabby who had driven me from the station, I started up to the house.

The crowd was making strange, mumbling little sounds. Not threats, or anything like that. Just incoherent sounds of disapproval. I thought I knew why. They resented the fact of an American—a foreigner—having taken over one of their old landmarks. I decided to assure them, immediately, that everything was all right; that the place was in good hands; that I would make no further efforts to modernize the place. I said, turning to them:

"My name is Peter Chandler. We are now neighbors; I hope we will also become

friends. I want you to believe that I am as proud of Anston Hollow as you are, and will do everything in my power to preserve it as a part of a lovely community."

It was a rather stilted, Vicar-of-Wakefieldish thing to say, and I felt silly saying it. But I knew that, speaking to these people, I would have to speak their language.

My words impressed them. Several nodded approvingly, and a little hum ran through the assemblage. Then the leader of the group, an old gaffer of unguessable age, hobbled forward on his crutches and piped:

"We ain't worrit about that, Mr. Chandler. Whut we wants t' know is—be-ye of a 'quisitive nat're?"

I smothered a smile. It seemed that the old gaffer was of a somewhat "inquisitive nature" himself. But I said, quietly.

"Not unduly so, sir. At least, I hope not."

"Very good then," he said, mollified. "It don't do f'r't' be too 'quisitive at Anston Holler. Ye'll do well t' remember that, young man."

And with this cryptic utterance, he stepped back to join his friends. One by one, they drifted away. I watched the last of them trudge down the road toward town; then went on up to the house. My house.

So that was my "official welcome" to Anston Hollow. A warning against curiosity. I wonder what it meant? Why, of all things my new neighbors *might* have asked me, did they want to know if I were of a "'quisitive nat're"? Perhaps it would be well to write and ask Brannock. He understands the involved psychology of these natives. . . .

*Anston Hollow*

*April 3rd*

I GUESS I won't have to write Brannock, after all. I am beginning to realize, without his help, why anyone with an in-

quisitive nature would be a nuisance to the good people of Cotswold-cum-leigh. Possibly not only a nuisance, but an out-and-out menace!

Brannock's warning was right. There is a sinister atmosphere about Anston Hollow. And I think I know why! The house in which I live has been the scene of violent death!

The signs are unmistakable. In the living hall, Jos Dolphin and I were sanding down the painted oak flooring. It is a marvelous floor, incidentally. Puncheon boards, skewer-pegged. I have seen lesser examples of Seventeenth Century carpentry go under the auction hammer in America for hundreds of dollars. Well, just before the fireplace—a massive gash of block limestone—we found, carefully painted over, stains that could be only one thing. Dried blood!

Not only that, but stamped or hammered into the wood beneath the ugly blotches were a series of overlapping, interlocking *symbols*! A stamping of the letter M—only the edges of the letter were rounded, instead of straight. A sort of a monogram, so to speak.

I wonder if these things are coincidental, or if the former master of Anston Hollow was a sadistic murderer, who, after killing, marked the scene of his crime with his initial?

It is an eerie question. The sight of the stain set my nerves quite on edge. I have not been able to work today. I have felt again that strange, creeping sensation of horrors unseen that I felt before in the Cotswold inn. I must try to win the confidence of the townsfolk; get them to tell me what happened here at Anston Hollow years ago. There is a mystery of some kind. It intrigues me.

*Anston Hollow*

*April 5th*

Well, I am at work at last. I have sketched out the rough outline for my new

novel, and it looks good. This is a fine place for creative work. Bright, sunny, cheerful. When I look out my study window, I see that the saplings are fresh with tender, green bud. Spring is coming in. I know now the meaning of Browning's panegyric, "Ah, to be in England! Now that April's here—"

I have set Dolphin to clearing the underbrush out of the copse. The rank growth must not be permitted to throttle the young spring flowers.

*Anston Hollow  
April 6th*

BLESS us, I am going back to the days of my elders!

No more of this soft, chemically treated, town water for me—if the chemist's report is good. While clearing the copse, yesterday, Dolphin discovered a well! A real, honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned well. —

How long ago it was dug, heaven only knows. Dolphin thought, at first, it was a cairn—or perhaps even a dolmen. He came racing in to my study, excited, to tell me about it.

"If it's a dolmen, Mr. Chandler," he puffed, "it's a valyble thing! Them archy—arky-something puffessors at the Museum study dolmens."

I shared his excitement, and slung my Leica about my neck before going out to see his discovery. But it was not a dolmen.

The rocks were piled too irregularly; too haphazardly. And there were too many of them. They covered more than ten square yards.

I snapped a few pictures of it; then we began to excavate carefully. That was when we learned we had a well. A fine, deep one, too. The parapet had been broken down, and a sheet-metal casing, rusty with age, was held flat over the top by the immense pile of rocks—but after

we got these off we looked down to a bubbling, black expanse of water.

That is, I looked down. The sun was almost directly overhead. I could see my own face—or a distorted parody of it—peering back at me from the turgid depths. I smiled and the mirrored image shimmered and grimaced back. I turned to Dolphin delightedly.

"Dolmens be damned!" I said. "This is better yet; a well! Just what we needed to put the rustic touch to Anston. Do we have a bucket in the house, Dolphin?"

Dolphin said yes, we had, but advised against drinking from the well. "They must of been some reason for boardin' it hup," he said. "Could be the water's not good."

He was obviously right. However, we did get a pail, and did take a sample of the water. I have sent it to London for analysis. I hope it proves pure.

*Later*

I have given Dolphin a shotgun and sent him out to order the trespassers off my property. As we were returning to the house, after opening the well, I heard the sound of music from the woods. Gypsies, no doubt. I recognized their peculiar sharp-and-flat piping airs. I will not have my estate trampled by vagabonds.

*Anston Hollow  
April 7th*

I did not sleep well last night. Those Gypsies must be having one of their festivals. They kept the entire night alive with their damned music. Perhaps lack of sleep had put me in a hypercritical state of mind. It really is good music I suppose. But so confoundedly, everlastingly melancholy!

In the evening, it was not so bad. Just this single piper, blowing softly on his flute, or whatever derivation of that instrument Gypsies favor. But after dark, it



became increasingly annoying. More instruments joined in, and more and more, until it sounded like a whole, damned off-key symphony. The most pleading, most sorrowful, weirdest music that I ever heard.

Even the animals were disturbed by it. From the cottage of Matthews, my nearest neighbor, half a mile down toward town, I heard dogs barking. Howling, rather. Along about the dawn, there was one final, triumphant burst of melody. On the crest of a single, sobbing, wretched note that sounded like a lost soul wailing in torment, the music stopped. I finally got to sleep.

It is annoying, but I fear there is nothing I can do. The Gypsies are not on my estate. Dolphin combed the grounds thoroughly yesterday afternoon, and saw neither hide nor hair of them.

2 P.M.

**W**ELL, somebody seemed to like last night's concert. At lunch, Belle, who was serving me, asked:

"Were you listenin' to the wireless last night, Mr. Peter?"

I said, "Why? Did you hear the music?"

Her eyes lighted ecstatically. She said, "Aow, yes! Wasn't it wonderful, sur?"

"If you like that kind of music, I suppose it was," I told her. "It wasn't the wireless, though. It was Gypsies camped somewhere around."

She said, "Gypsies—aaouw!" Then, staunchly, "Just the same, it was thurillin' music!"

Nevertheless, I don't intend to spend another sleepless night, just for the sake of entertaining my maid. Maybe the Gypsies are camped on Matthews' estate?

No report from London yet.

*Anston Hollow*

*April 8th*

I am living next to a madman.

I made a neighborly call on Matthews last night. It was my intention to ask if he had permitted the Gypsies the use of his grounds, but I had scarcely made the opening gambit in our conversation when he said:

"Gypsies, Mr. Chandler? Whut do y' mean?"

I said, "The music last night. Certainly you heard it?"

His rheumy old eyes widened; glittered yellowly. He said, "Moosic?"

"Yes. Like flutes. Or fifes. Some confounded wind instrument."

He squealed like a stricken pig. He shrilled,

"Flutes! Pipes, you mean! You fool, you been peekin' beyond!"

I said, gruffly, "Talk sence, man! What do you mean—peekin' beyond? I just asked you about the—"

He started to crowd me, stiff-armed, toward the door.

"Go away!" he squealed. "Go away, before you bring it here! Go!"

He shoved me, still too confused to do anything but retreat, protesting, out the door.

I heard the key turn in the lock; then the jar of wood on wood as he rammed the heavy super-brace into place. I turned and strode home angrily.

The piping—now that I think of it, it does sound more like pipes than flutes—had started. I heard it in the woods around me as I walked home. It did not seem to originate from any one direction. The wind was light; almost still. I suppose that is why it seemed that the music sprang from all about; from the woods, from the darkened pasturelands; from the very tops of the trees.

It was louder tonight; louder, shriller; more persistently calling. Therefore more annoying.

Tomorrow I will go into town and ask someone what it all means.

*Anston Hollow**April 9th*

**T**HIS is becoming unbearable. Last night, once again, I tossed restlessly, unable to sleep because of that blasted cacaphony of woodwinds. This morning I awoke, red-eyed, still weary, to discover that during the night some fool had let his flock break its barriers and overrun my beautiful lawn.

My carefully nurtured sward is chopped and gnarled a hundred times with the hoofprints of sheep. Damn it! After breakfast I am going to town and raise a bit of hell!

*Later*

What is the matter in Cotswold-cum-leigh? Matthews has preceded me, has spread some deceitful lie which has made me an outcast and a pariah.

There are never many people on the main thoroughfare of the tiny village. But today there was no one at all. Not even a housewife, shopping. Not even a cartér, flogging his reluctant nag along the rough cobbles. Not even a youngster; and Cotswold is, if nothing else, prolific in the creation of offspring.

Everywhere I went in town, I found closed doors and shuttered windows, from behind which pallid faces peered out at me anxiously. The tradesmen's shops were muted beehives, into which stole furtive customers. Only the Inn retained a vestige of its former activity, but here, too, I found that air of frozen speculation; fearful anticipation.

I dropped into the public room for a glass of beer; asked the innkeeper if he had seen Matthews. He hadn't. I then asked if anyone in town had complained about the Gypsy music. For some strange reason, my question seemed to throw him into a spell of mortal terror. He thrust my beer at me with shaking hands, turned without waiting for my tuppence, and ran from the room.

Only one other was in the room beside myself. The old gaffer who had accosted me with that odd query the first day I moved into my new home.

I shifted my questioning to him, but got only vague answers. Yus, he had heard the moosic. Aye, he kenned its nat're—didn't I? Naw, there was no need o' his tellin' me who or whut caused it. Who should know better than I?

I said, angrily, "Now, see here, old man, this is a bit too thick! I swear I know nothing about that music; not as much as *you* seem to. There's no reason for making me—"

"I warnt ye," he cackled, "aginst 'quisitiveness."

"But, good Lord!" I raged, "I think I have a right to be inquisitive now. My sleep is disturbed by music. And no one will tell me who's responsible for it. My estate has been overrun with sheep; my lawn clawed up—"

"Sheep?" he interrupted.

"Yes."

He rose to his feet; hobbled to the door. He looked back over his shoulder.

"Ye might look again, stranger," he said. "Could be them ain't sheep-prints. Maybe—goats?"

"There are no goat herds in Cotswold!" I stormed. I was talking to thin air. He was gone.

Now I am back at my desk, trying to concentrate on my novel. I am halfway through Chapter One. The writing is the worst I have ever done. And no wonder. I can't even hear myself think. It is still daylight, lacking some hours to dusk, yet already the piping has begun. It sounds distant; haunting. There is something eerie about the Romany themes. They seem to promise something; something which is indefinable; far away, yet shudderingly near. The music swells and fades with the soft swirlings of the wind. It beckons,

yet at the same time repels. It makes me think of things in my past that would be better unremembered. Of exotic delights once tasted, never forgotten. Of fragments of dreams, lingering on in the soft melancholy of semi-wakefulness.

I do not like it. It disturbs me.

*Anston Hollow*

*April 10th*

**T**HE sheep, or goats, or whatever they are, trampled my lawn again last night. I know they did, because poor old Dolphin worked like a dog all day yesterday repairing the damage done on their first visit.

It is a shame. Worse than that; it is a crime!

It must not happen again. I will put a wire fence around the sward.

Dolphin is worried. He is afraid Belle is not very well. At first she complained bitterly at being incarcerated here in the country; far from the press and bustle of London crowds. Now she has become moody, self-contained, sensitive. He is afraid she will do something rash; run away from here.

Martha is nervous, too. There are circles under her eyes. I fear this nocturnal music is turning us all into neurotics.

Why do I complain like this, when all the world outside is wakening with spring? The early flowers are bursting into bloom; the trees are now freshly garbed, and delicately, in their first, yellow-green finery. The soft winds whisper that spring has come at last; that the slumber of dull winter has come to an end. There is an added warmth to the kiss of the sun; new sparkle to the morning dew; dainty fragrance in the scent of growing things. Even the distant piping seems a part of the loveliness.

I feel an almost pagan desire to go native. To strip off my garments; go roll myself on the green grass; tossing, tumbling, kissing the verdant earth.

*Anston Hollow*

*April 12th*

**T**HIS is a day of disappointments.

This morning's mail brought a communication from the London analyst. The water sample from my well, he tells me, is pure enough—but not drinkable. It is high in sulphur content. I am sorry about this.

But I have not given up all hope. There must be a mistake somewhere; I never heard of any sulphur deposits in this part of England. My encyclopedia is an ally in this belief. -I am taking a fresh sample, and shall send it to another chemist.

Dolphin and Martha have suffered a discouragement of even greater scope than my own. For the past few days, Belle has been acting moodily. This morning we woke to find that she has left us—gone, presumably, back to London.

When or how she left, we have no way of knowing. It must have been sometime during the night. The lure of London life was too great for her. She did not even take her wardrobe; merely the clothes she was wearing. Dolphin thinks she plans to stay with her Aunt Cora, in Kensington. I wrote the aunt, at his request, this morning, asking her to communicate with us as soon as Belle arrives.

Dolphin is quite broken up about it, and apologetic, too. I have told him not to be concerned.

We can manage all right without Belle, and if she is happier in the city, that is the place for her.

Disappointment number three is the failure of that new fence to keep out the night-roving herds. My once prized lawn is a disgrace. Sheep or goats, I shall put an end to it soon. Beginning tomorrow night, Dolphin and I shall begin to take turns guarding the estate. A few well-placed shot would discourage that grazing herd, I think.

Anston Hollow

April 13th

THE nocturnal music seems to be closer to the house. Dolphin and I are going to see whether the intruders have, by any chance, moved onto our property.

No news from London regarding Belle.

Anston Hollow

April 14th

WE HAVE found Belle!

She did not go to London, after all. She did not go for a very good reason. Because the poor girl is dead!

Let me begin at the beginning. Last night, Dolphin and I kept watch over the estate, so we might frighten off the herds that have been using our lawn as a grazing pasture. It was agreed that I should keep the first watch, from 10 to 1, and Dolphin was to spell me at one o'clock.

Nothing happened during my "watch." I sat with shotgun across my knees, flashlight ready, almost hoping to get a crack at that wandering herd. The night was pleasantly warm. The music from the woods—strange that one cannot tell just which direction it comes from!—was louder, more giddy, than I have ever heard it before.

It enraged me, yet at the same time cast a spell over me: a weird enticement.

But nothing happened. And at one o'clock, Dolphin relieved me, and I went in to bed.

It was three hours later that I was rudely awakened. The sound of a shotgun's belching explosion hammered me into consciousness; Dolphin's angry cry from the porch. I leaped into dressing gown and *huiraches* and ran out. Jos was racing across the lawn in futile pursuit of a dim, blackish shape I could barely determine.

I ran after him, only half aware; in my excitement, that the everlasting piping had ceased; that a brooding stillness hovered over Anston Hollow. I am faster on my

feet than Dolphin. He has cause to be grateful for that. I caught him at the very brink of the chalk-pit. Another step or two, and he would have plunged headlong into the depths of the rubble-strewn pit!

I clutched his shoulder and swung him around.

"Look out, you idiot!" I yelled. "Do you see where you were going?"

He saw, then, and shuddered. The expression of eager intensity faded from his face; was replaced with one of sudden fear.

"Gorblimee!" he muttered. "Gorblimee! I didn't see it, Mr. Peter. Thankee kindly." Then, wrathfully, "I didn't even touch the thing, did I?"

"Evidently not," I said. "The thing? What was it? A sheep? A goat? Was there only one of them?"

"Nay, zur. They was more than just the one, but the one I was a-chasin' was the bellwether o' the lot. It—" He looked at me half fearfully. "It looked a bit like a *booman*, Mr. Peter!"

"Ridiculous!" I snapped. "You couldn't see it very plainly in the darkness. But where did it go. It must have fallen down here somewhere—"

I flashed my four-celled light into the pit; swung it from side to side. Nothing stirred. Then—

"Back there, zur!" cried Dolphin. "Left a bit more! There—what's that?"

I knew all too well. I snapped off the light swiftly and said, "Dolphin, perhaps you'd better go back to—"

But he, too, had seen that crumpled figure sprawling at the base of the cliff. He clutched my arm agonizedly.

"Belle!" he choked. "My God, zur! Belle!" And his voice broke.

I could not console him with words. A fine, salmon-edged sliver of light creased the eastern horizon. The dawn. I said, slowly, "I'm going down. Do you want to come?"



WE PICKED our way down the declivity; careful not to share the fate of the unfortunate girl. I had tormenting visions of her lying there for minutes . . . hours, maybe . . . screaming hopelessly to ears that heard not. But when we reached her side, this added reproachment faded.

"She did not suffer, Dolphin," I said. "Death struck instantly."

It was small consolation, but it was all I could say. Her body was bruised, crushed, broken in a hundred places. An arm was glued stiffly before her eyes, as if in that last, dreadful moment, when she had felt herself hurtling downward, she had tried to screen from her sight those jagged shards.

Her body lay half in, half out, of one of those slaty puddles of stagnant water. Had she not been killed instantly, she would have drowned, anyway. But there had been no time for that. There was a mask of frozen horror on her face; the foreknowledge of approaching death. Not the patient resignation carved on the visage of a drowned person.

Dolphin collapsed, whimpering, over her body. Heartbroken, he keened, over and over again, "My daughter! Belle! An' I was angered at her. God, forgive me—"

Gently, I drew him away. "Come," I said. "We must leave her here till we call the authorities."

He came to his feet brokenly. As we started back up the incline, he looked back once more.

"Aye, leave her so. She loved flowers. It is a fitting grave for her."

I had hardly noticed it before. Now I saw that where she had fallen, the bottom of the chalk quarry was a jungle of riotous blossom. Great, creamy white flowers with crimson hearts; lilting, dancing, swaying in the dawn breeze. Somehow they reminded me of Belle herself. Her soft, white skin was the color of their

petals; her smiling lips the color of their hearts. Their impudent dancing was her own impertinent little walk. . . .

*Later*

I HAVE never seen a woman so bowed with grief as the mother of Belle. Dolphin could not summon the courage to tell his wife of the girl's death, so asked me to do it. I broke the sad news as gently as possible. Her eyes widened, but she said not a word. For a moment she stared at me, through me, as if she was listening to someone speak from miles away. A glazed look crept into her eyes. She turned, and without a single word, left me.

I hope time will assuage her grief. She is a young and attractive woman herself. Pretty, too, in a comfortable, buxom way. Her life lies before her, if this grief does not destroy it of all meaning. . . .

*Later*

IT IS not enough that my work should be disturbed by a tragedy. I must also listen to zany prattling from one who should, by virtue of his training and his cloth, know better!

The constable came, inspected Belle's body, and certified death by accident. She had been brought to the house. An hour ago, the priest came from town to administer the last rites of the Church.

When he had finished, he sought me in my library. I welcomed him. I could not work—not after what I had seen.

"My son," he said as soon as we were alone, "I come to give you a grave warning."

"Yes, Father?"

"It is my advice," he said weightily, "that you pack and leave Anston Hollow immediately."

The only logic I could find in his words was incomprehensible.

"But surely," I said, "you don't think the townsfolk will hold *me* responsible for

Belle Dolphin's death? Father, I don't understand you."

"Sometimes I don't quite understand myself, my son. No—you are not responsible for the girl's death. Not in the usual sense. But in a deeper sense—perhaps you are."

"What do you mean?"

He paused between sentences, choosing his words with extreme care. The sunlight, slanting through the casement, limned his face with strange light. As if musing, he said:

"This is not a good house to live in, my son. There are sinister forces at work in Anston Hollow."

Sinister forces. His words were reminiscent of the warning of Brannock; of the cackling of the old gaffer at the inn. I remembered that which I had discovered earlier.

"There is some truth to what you say, Father. If old sins can cause a house to become evil, there may be evilness here. I found evidences of a murder in the living hall. Tell me about it. Who did it, and when did it happen?"

"It happened many, many years ago. Before you were born, and before your father was born. But the town has not forgotten." He looked at me oddly. "I was not alive myself when it happened, my son. But I have read the—accounts. And they say it was not done by a *person*, but by—something from Outside!"

"Something from—" I stopped, frowning. "Excuse me, Father, but I am astonished at *you*, a man of the Church, even daring to recognize the existence of supernatural forces. You who believe in a supreme, kindly God!"

"A kindly God, yes. But that man is a fool who does not recognize, also, that there were other gods, less kindly, who ruled the earth before—"

I know I looked shocked. "I said, 'Father!'"

"I am an old man, my son. I do not profess to a great knowledge. Soon, perhaps, I shall learn the truth of these mysteries. But this I *do* know—that even God has his enemies. Faith and truth and light have banished many of them from the earth. But there are still Gateways—" He looked at me with sombre eyes. "Gateways through which they may pass, if these Gateways are opened."

"Once before, years ago, a Gateway was opened here at Anston Hollow. A god, an evil god whose very name would defile my lips, came through to claim his devoirs. And I fear that now, once again, the Gateway has been opened for him."

I sprang to my feet.

"This is a madman's conversation!" I stormed. "There were no barred doors or locked windows at Anston Hollow when I moved in. I have opened no 'Gateways.' This is all part of a conspiracy to drive me out of Cotswold, just because I am an American. A foreigner. I blush for you, Father. Because you have betrayed your cloth. And now, I bid you good day!"

He rose resignedly. "Very well, my son. Peace!"

He left. And a good thing, too. I am writing this in a storm of indignation. For tuppence, I'd write a snappy note to the Bishop; tell him the kind of subtleties to which this two-bit parish priest has descended. Men like him are a disgrace to the Church. . . .

*Anston Hollow*

*Midnight*

I HAVE taken two sleeping powders, and am waiting for them to take effect. Until they do, I will write for a while.

It is midnight, and outside the moon is overcast with scudding clouds that drift across its sullen face like ghostly fingers. The still night air is sodden with mystery; a sense of indefinable terror. I suppose

this is because I, civilized being though I am, cannot help remembering there lies in this house a corpse.

Why is it that we, the living, have so great fear of the harmless dead? So thin a barrier lies between Being and Non-being. One moment we kiss, and laugh, and talk; love and are loved. Then a moment of sharp pain—a wrench—a breaking of the silver cord. The face of the loved one pales; the body stiffens. Something steals from the clammy flesh—and something new and strange and horrible creeps into that grim habitation. . . .

Good! I yawned! I will sleep soon. I will sleep, and forget all about that accursed piping that skirls across the woods and lawns with such interminable persistence.

There is a new, strange sound to that piping tonight. A sound that is almost like a human voice, raised in mingled anguish and ecstasy. The death of poor Belle has affected me more than I realized. It is as though the pipes had stolen her voice . . . as though it were she who sang that melancholy tune that fills the night. . . .

Too tired to write any more. Must sleep now. . . .

*Anston Hollow  
April 16th*

**I** WAS afraid of this!

Martha has become deranged by her daughter's tragic death. At least, that is our fear. Dolphin came in to wake me this morning, petrified with despair. During the night he had heard nothing, but this morning Martha was gone.

We searched for her. She is nowhere to be found—but we found evidence of one place she had been. The quarry in which Belle's broken body lay. Martha's kerchief and her shoes were there. Marks of her feet and hands. And—

Those flowers; those lovely, unusual

blossoms which nature had generously strewn upon poor Belle's untimely tomb, were broken! Their withered heads lay curling on the ground. Their dried stalks drooped. Those firm, slender, dancing stems that had borne the blossoms so proudly, had been hacked off and carried away.

This is dreadful. A mad woman, shoeless, and half-naked (we found her skirt at the base of the chalk-pit) must be wandering somewhere about the countryside, clutching a pitiful handful of withered stems. I have asked the police to look for her; to treat her with all gentleness when they find her.

*Anston Hollow  
April 16th*

**T**HEY have found Martha. Her body, rather. For poor Martha's soul has gone to join that of her daughter in the world beyond.

A search party found her lying in the woods beyond our house. Perhaps it is better, after all, that she was dead—for she was clearly insane. She had stripped off the last vestige of her clothing, and when found, was lying face downward in a fragrant patch of sweet spring flowers, as though trying to crush the loveliness to her breast in her last, sad farewell.

The cause of death is uncertain. There were bruises on her throat and breasts, and a fixed stare of torment on her lips. There was a loose, rolling bit of rotten wood near one foot; a blue contusion on her forehead. The coroner suggests that in her delirium she may have slipped on this piece of wood, fallen, and caused internal injuries.

We do not know. They are going to perform an autopsy to find out. Meanwhile, I have suggested to Dolphin that he go back to London; try to forget these horrible events. His grief is dreadful to behold. He pulled away angrily when I

suggested London to him, swore he would not go, shook his fist at the trees, at the woods, at the sky.

"It was the Thing that killed them!" he raged. "Now I see it all. The music . . . the prints . . . the flowers. . ."

I soothed his babbling as well as I could. I know how he feels. That everlasting music is becoming unendurable. And those sheep—or goats. But he should not blame his woes on unavoidable things like—

The flowers? It is strange that both women should be found lying amidst flowers, isn't it? But no! It is sheerly coincidental. The flowers were not the same kind. Those in which we found poor Martha were fleshier, golden-tinted, full-blossomed. Mature, robust-looking plants.

Like Martha herself.

*Anston Hollow  
7 P. M.*

JOS has taken my shotgun and gone into the woods. I do not know what he means to do. I fear for him.

*Later*

IF I COULD only *do* something! I sit here, wondering and waiting. The piping is stronger now. It always becomes more heady, more intoxicating, as dusk gives way to darkness, and the false shadows of twilight are replaced by the silver-tendriled ekings of the moon.

I wonder if Jos—

What was that? Was it a shot?

I must see! If anything happened to Jos—

*Anston Hollow  
April 17th*

I AM beginning to see it all now. Jos was right. I did not understand what he meant when he said that all things tied together, the music, the prints, the flowers—

Those Gypsies! Wherever they are—

I have never been able to locate their camp—they are the ones responsible for the deaths of Belle and Martha. And now—Jos!

It was a shot I heard last night. I ran out in the direction whence it had sounded, carrying a revolver. In the woods, not fifty feet from where we had found Martha's body, I found Jos. Or what remained of him.

It was dreadful! He had been beaten to death; literally clubbed to a pulp. As if some huge, demoniac monster had deliberately trampled him under horrendous hooves. Even his face was mashed to a bloody, unrecognizable mask. But in one crushed hand he still clutched my shotgun—from which a single shell had been fired!

BUT it was no monster. It was those Gypsies. I know I am right. Who else would play, play, play that sad, heart-piercing music all evening and all night? Who else owns herds unregistered in the neighborhood stock farms? Who else would choose the final, sadistic mockery of throwing the bodies of the women they had ravaged; the man they had brutally slain, into lovely swells of beauty? For Dolphin's body, too, lay amongst flowers. Stiff, bristling fern; staunch and unyielding as a militiaman—

Militiaman?

Enough of this! I know now. I am going into town; insist that these murderers be tracked down; their dastardly deeds be avenged.

*Later*

WHAT is this? Am I the only person in a deserted village?

Shortly after making my last entry, I walked into Cotswold-cum-leigh. And—there is no one there! The hamlet is a ghost town. Doors are locked; shutters are up and barred; the very cobbles echoed



hollowly to my footsteps. There was not a living human in sight. Only a few stray dogs and cats that shifted away from me restively, uneasily, as I went by them.

No birds are singing in the larches; no cattle low in the pasture lands. There are signs of a hasty exodus from the town. Tire marks on the side lanes, bits of drapery and linen scuffed in the dust as though kicked there and forgotten by people fleeing in haste.

I tried to find a phone. But short of breaking into someone's house forcibly, I could not do so. So I am back at Anston Hollow, wondering . . . wondering . . .

There is something strange going on. I know why I saw no animals in Cotswold. They are all here, on my grounds. Cows, sheep, cocks. . . . even the normally wild denizens of the forests seem to have chosen this as a meeting place for some mad ritual of their own!

On the way home I passed at arm's length by a fawn, a soft-eyed, light-footed creature of beautifully mottled dun and brown. He did not flinch from me. He did not even seem to notice me. He was walking slowly, as though hypnotized, as though transfixed by wonderment, toward the woods that abut my estate.

There was a weasel, too. Rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks. All bound, as though magnetically attracted, to the same spot. To some secret Sabbath of the beasts. . . .

I hear footsteps outside! I almost cried aloud my joy to hear them. It is the priest, head bowed, plodding up my gravel walk. Then I am not alone . . . not alone. . . .

I must get control of my emotions before he arrives. This music . . . this everlasting, piercing-sweet, alluring damn music . . . has been throbbing in my brain with the soft, caressing fingers of a siren. And—I confess it now—I have been afraid. Horribly afraid.

He knocks on the door. I must let him in. . . .

Later

I MUST not write this!

If ever it is found, it will hang me. Later on, when all this madness is forgotten, my own words will destroy me—

Destroy me? I am already destroyed. It does not make any difference, now, whether I write or not. I might as well make my narrative complete. . . .

THE priest came with a warning. But this time, also, he came with proofs. With letters. With records. With the faded remnants of a journal not unlike that which I am keeping now. After his greeting, he handed these to me silently. He said only, "Read, my son."

I read. And learned the explanation, the reason, for all that which has been. I turned to him at last with frightened eyes.

"Can—can this be true?" I choked.

He nodded slowly.

"All too true, my son. This is evil we combat; fearful evil from ages long past. You have opened the Gateway to free that—Certain One—" He crossed himself piously. "Now it must be closed again, before the shire falls beneath the thunderous-hooves of the Evil One."

I cried, "But there was no Gateway, Father! I swear to you, I opened no—"

Then my eyes jolted wide. My nervous fingers plucked at a letter on my desk. I saw it, and gasped. The letter was from my London chemist. I said:

"No! I see, now! There is a Gateway! Dolphin and I *did* open it! The well!"

"The well?"

"In the woods. Come—"

Together we left the house, crossed the level patch of sward, entered the cool serenity of the woods. It was still broad

daylight, but the sun was beginning to glow more redly in the last, ruby *riposte* that pierces the canvas of the sky ere night darkens all. The trees above us sighed and lamented. Soft footsteps sounded about us. There were curious flutterings in the patchwork of the boughs. A mongrel cur brushed blindly by us, unseeing; beckoned beyond by the endless piping now distant in the woods.

We reached the well. I point at it.

"Here!" I cried. "Here is the Gateway. We opened it in all innocence, Dolphin and I. And now it has allowed Him to come through. He—"

"Say not His name!" The father barked the words. Then, more gently, "Men in common circumstance may call upon His name, my son, and fear no reprisal. But here, in His very sanctuary." He shook his head. "... it were better to refuse him entirely. Come, let us work."

He bent to the task. He was an old man, white with age, but strong in the love of good. He helped me tug the iron plating back over the mouth of the Gateway. We got it halfway over; stopped for a breath. . . .

I do not know what madness seized me then. I know, only, that the sun was beginning to fade behind the hills and that darkness stole into the tiny grove on ghostly feet. And that the piping, which had been far away, grew closer. Grew closer and ever closer; until its madness was singing in my brain; churning through my veins like tiny bubbles of joy.

I felt an overwhelming desire to stop work; not just for now, but for all time. A gloating, hideous little voice within me seemed to bid, "Rest. Rest and play. Civilization is false. Only the woods and the trees and the flowers are true. Play. Play shamelessly, endlessly, like the animals and birds. Strip off your stifling clothes, and—"

My work faltered; then stopped entirely. The holy father noticed me. He, too, stopped work. Looked up at me, a furrow of perplexity and fear in his eyes. Not fear of me; *for* me! He said gently, "My son—"

AH, BUT I was clever then. With an effort, I forced a smile to my lips. I said, "It's all right, Father. Just a giddy spell—" I bent over, watching him surreptitiously.

He, too, returned to his work; tugged at the shield which should once more bar the Gateway. I bent over and got a huge stone. He didn't notice as I started to bring it down upon his head. . . .

But I could not! It was as though a force withheld my hand. Tiny bells rang in my ears; that daemon voice whispered, "The cross!"

Ah, but I was clever! I laid down the stone, begged the priest to turn around. When he turned, I was kneeling before him.

"I cannot do this with unclean hands," I told him. "Father, I have sinned. Absolve me, that I may better help to still this evil peril forever."

"Let us make haste, my son," he pleaded. "The darkness falls. We *must* finish our task before—"

"Forgive me first!" I cried. "Forgive me, kneeling here before you. Give me the cross to hold in my hands—"

He smiled patiently; slipped the crucifix from about his throat.

"Very well, my son. In the Name of—"

There was nothing to it. The crucifix still clenched in one fist, I raised the stone; brought it down. Again. And again. His eyes found mine once before he died. There was no reproach in them. No blame. Only sorrow and ineffable pity—

Something burned my palm; seared it with the fires of hell. I dropped the cross

to the ground, howling. There was no scar on my hand. The piping grew nearer and nearer; seemed to swell over and about me; through me. Become a part of me. I laughed wildly . . . deliriously. . . .

Eight hours ago! That was eight hours ago. But it seems as though it had been eight centuries, or eight aeons.

I have lived how many lives since then? I have been gifted of all mortals. I have been companion of the grasses, friend and confidant of the trees.

I have roamed the garden walks, the forest glades, garmentless as the day that gave me birth. I have listened to the singing of the brooks, and understood its message.

I have conversed with the birds; heard giddy laughter in the language of the fawns, the foxes, and the mole.

All Nature has been mine to know, and love, and be a part of, and understand. I have lain with my panting body pressed to the bosom of the earth, have felt its cool, green lips answer the passion of my own. All this and more. I have heard the mystic meaning of his pipes; have danced to the bittersweet music of his devising. . . .

But there is a price to pay.

I AM waiting here, now, in the living hall of Anston Hollow manor. There is a price to pay.

An inescapable price. I know that price, and I am waiting to pay it.

I know who he is, now. I know who it was who came through, when Dolphin and I—how many ages ago?—opened the sealed Gateway.

And I know his ways. There is but one payment for those who serve him. A single night of knowledge, and of joy supernal. And then—

There was Syrinx, centuries ago. Yet she, too, supplied the living reeds on which he might blow to lure his next love. There was Belle. Those stemless flowers . . . the

fresh, new tone of the pipes the following night.

For the women—immortality in his blinding-sweet piping. For the men who look upon his face—death. Dolphin looked upon him, and died. Centuries ago, another master of Anston Hollow looked upon his face. And the floor bears the stains of—

Stay, is that footsteps? It is. It is. He comes! I can feel his very presence singing in my bones, in my veins, in my blood! The haunting music of his endless piping draws nearer. I tremble, whether with joy or fear I cannot tell. I wait here suppliant; bowed and ready. The clatter of his plunging hooves comes nearer. . . .

The air is intoxicating with the scent of a million blossoming flowers. The green odor of spring, the fleshly allure of full-breasted summer, the parched and dessicate dry sweetness of autumn. Yet through it all, the musty reek of the beast. The coarse, the hairy scent of the goat.

Nearer, now. Nearer. The pipes spin a maddening reel in my brain. My pulses leap, my heart throbs like the jetting fountain; thrills like the curvetting mountain brook. The great oaken door swings open. A vast breeze from outside tingles the fibers of my flesh, brings weird horripilations to my naked, crouching body. My head lifts. I look up slowly, fearfully. . . .

It is he! I see the cloven hoofs; the grotesque, black, incredibly thin shanks; the matted thighs. My hands tremble. I can write no longer. He is here! My eyes seek upward to his belly, to his chest, to that impossible, elfin face puckered endlessly over the reeds of madness. . . .

That scrawny beard! Those hands! That horned gargoyle face and dancing eyes. My master—Pan! Pan!

He comes! The goat-feet lift. Their hooves are as a steely M—with edges rounded. No, master—no! *A, culpe mea—*

*Pan!*

AMERICAN CONSULATE, LONDON  
April 30th

David Brannock, Esq.,  
C/o Authors' Club,  
New York, N. Y.  
Dear Mr. Brannock:

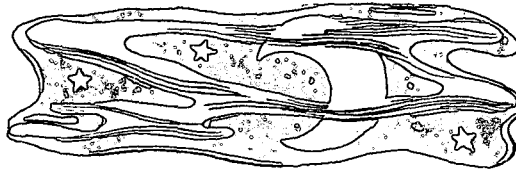
We enclose herewith the notebook of Peter Chandler, whose strange death you asked us to investigate.

After perusal of this abnormal manuscript you will readily agree that Mr. Chandler was, as the inquest decided, hopelessly insane. Police authorities are convinced that it was he who, during seizures of homicidal mania, murdered not only Father Jeremy of Cotswold, as is herein confessed, but also the three servants of his household.

A confusing facet of the case is the fact that Mr. Chandler could not have perpetrated upon his own body the outrages responsible for his demise. Not only was his body horribly crushed and mangled, but scores of tiny imprints in the form of a curved letter "M" were found upon the body and the flooring beneath.

Police, urged by the terrified Cotswold villagers, have closed the "well" which was such an obsession to Chandler's deranged mind. The investigation, too, is closed, but if further information is later available we shall communicate with you.

Yours very truly,  
T. R. Elliot,  
Under-Secretary, U. S. Consulate.



## SAYS MAN CAN NOW USE POWER OF 1000 MINDS

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power mind, has within him the mind power of a thousand men or

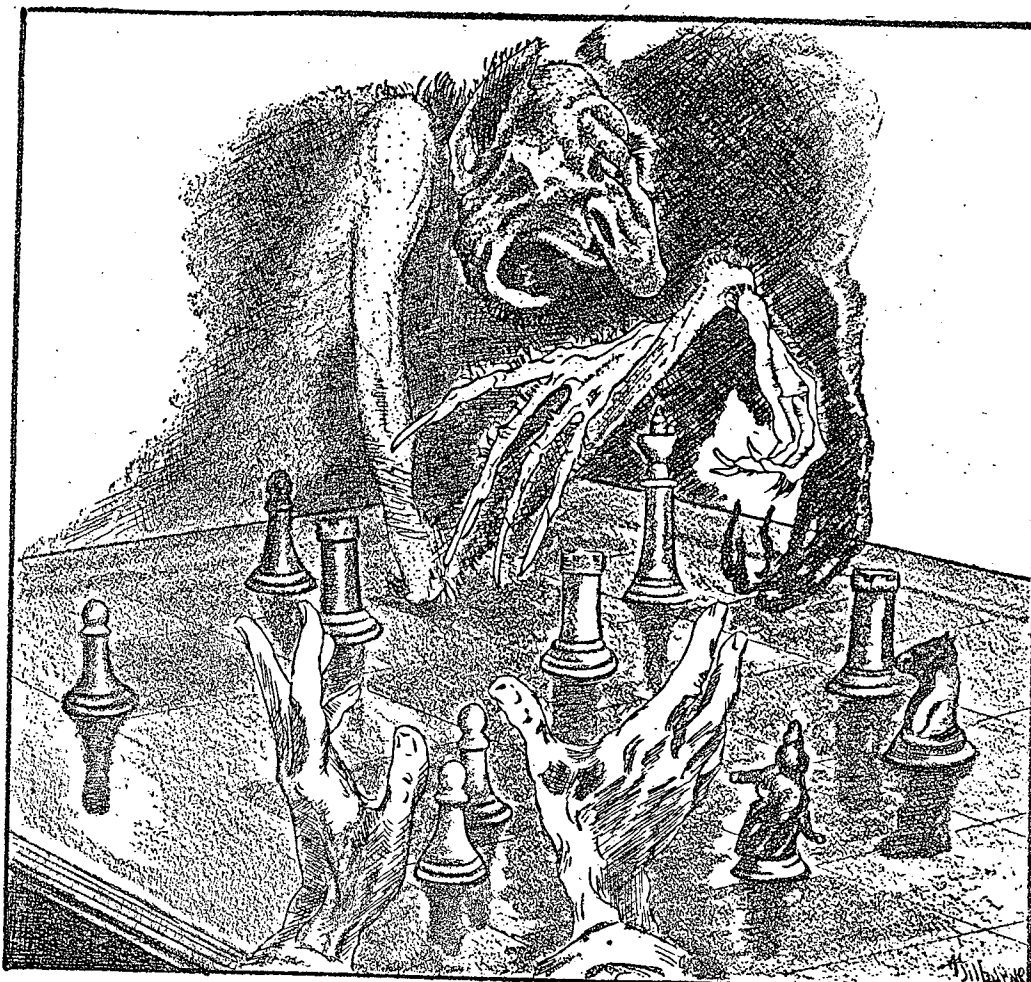
more as well as the energy power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind power, when awakened, can make him capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the



Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 522-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.





# The Hidden Player

By ROGER S. VREELAND

"The chessboard is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. THE PLAYER ON THE OTHER SIDE IS HIDDEN FROM US."—Thomas Henry Huxley.

Heading by A. R. TILBURNE

*The next time you sit before a chessboard, remember . . . your opponent is a mysterious being of the occult*