

The Arkham Gazette

Issue 3 – Handouts October, 2015

by

CHRIS JAROCHA-ERNST The Unvisited Isle

DANIEL HARMS Goody Fowler

CHRIS HUTH & BRET KRAMER “The Queen of Night”

BRET KRAMER The Dried Cat

layout **CHRIS HUTH**

handouts **DEAN ENGELHARDT**

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THE UNVISITED ISLE

Chris Jarocha-Ernst originally prepared this prop document for this issue of the *Arkham Gazette*, presenting the notes of an ill-fated Miskatonic University student’s investigation of the certain curious Arkham spot—the little island in the Miskatonic with “a curious stone altar older than the Indians”.

When it became clear that this issue was going to exceed our initial estimates of length, we decided to make Chris’ fine work available solely in PDF form. These notes can be used as a handout for investigators looking into that strange islet or even as the nucleus of a scenario of your own creation. Enjoy!



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February 6, 1931.

I have found my spring research project. Prof. Wilmarth has agreed to my doing some exploratory research on the folklore surrounding the uninhabited island in the Mistakevic near the Garrison Street Bridge. As he wants to review my notes as I progress, and as I don't want to embarrass myself before him, this private journal is to note possible areas of research, intriguing ideas, and sheer speculation I dare not commit to something he might see.

To start, I must look into the local Wampanoag Indian legends and the stories about the infamous Keziah Mason (of "Witch-House" fame). These should be easy enough to come by. All the students have heard about Keziah and about the devil holding court on the island. Just have to find the original sources.

February 8, 1931.

Spent all day yesterday in the library, to some good effect.

Standing stones are often referred to by the Indians as "manitou stones", special stones where the Great Spirit or Manitou (or lesser spirits) may manifest. Indeed, Oneida tribe of nearby New York is said to call themselves "The People of the Standing Stone" after a legend of a warrior who turned himself into a standing stone to avoid pursuers. This may bear further investigation. The Oneida and the Wampanoags are both of the Algonquin language family and may share similar legends.

The Wampanoags seem mostly to have avoided the island before the settlers came. They'd told of having seen "spirit dances" on the island (ghostly drummings, fires, etc.) from afar, but no tale from a participant of such dances, giving any particulars. I met a fellow student in the library stacks and expressed frustration with this, and he wisely said, "If the site is truly sacred to the Indians, they will not speak of it to outsiders." So I may have to settle for bogey tales from passersby.

The court records of the Salem witch trials had Keziah Mason's confession. Bold thing for her time. Some excerpts:

10th Sep^r 1692

Q. Goody White say you to be a witch. A. Ay, and Mistress White. Q. How came you so? A. The Rev^d Rice of my name would get produce of my land and said I could cipher well in my accounts and he would teach me Euclid. Q. What, geometray? A. Ay. And having learned, one day a Savage called Mickanacka came to me in a dream and offered to show me more angles should only I meet the Black Man in the ravine by the Meadows Hill and sign his book. I was affrighted, yet the dull people of the town knew not such angles as Mickanacka told of so I went one night to see if the dream be true. And Mickanacka was there, and the Black Man, and others, and they bid me sign, and I sign'd. And the Black Man gave me Brown Jenckin to carry messages to him when I would. At the moons we would dance and make the angles ... Q. Did you teach others? A. Ay, at the stones on the isle in the Miskatonick, where the angles touch'd a supernal world. Q. Mean you infernal? A. Ay, infernal and supernal. Angles touch all worlds. We used the angles to summon the bearded worm from the far seas, which taught me how to draw circles and step into the spheres to free my thoughts from my body and be as Shapes from Euclid. You of the town grasp not the spheres and can only see the circles which imprison you. Yet I be free to travel the spheres and follow the lines of tangent to other worlds among the stars. Q. I understand thee not. What hath angles to do with witchcraft? A. None shall you without you sign the book. Yet angles are behind all the world. Angles show the way to hidden things and parallell lines extend not yet to infinity but to the other worlds. Lines can be made to show parts invisible so to find good things in the earth and the woods, and angles conjoined about a person can make him ill or hale as the angles meet. I sought to reach Goody White the angles but the stupid thing grasped them not and understood only herbs and simples ... Q. When would you meet on the isle in the Miskatonick? A. At the quarters and the 8's and when 17 came round. Q. What say you? A. As the locusts come in 17 years so the stars come round in bunches of 17 weeks and we would hold special festival on the isle. And when 8 and 17 met or 17 and the quarter, the Black Man would favor us and attend. Q. Who else was there? A. Nay, you may not have that from me. Q. You shall die for it. A. I think not ...

(etc. She goes on in this vein for some time.) I'm guessing "the quarters and the 8's" refer to the equinoxes and solstices and the cross-quarter days from the Farmer's Almanac. Look into that. Could "bearded worm" be an error for "bearded one"? Her familiar, Brown Jenckin, is famously described as having long hair and a beard. (Note: $3 \times 17 = 51$, almost a yearly cycle.)

Her learning seems to have surprised her inquisitors. What would they have made of some of the co-eds here at HCU?

Found no drawing of the stones, so far. Once the river thaws and rowboats are available for hire, I need to visit the island and see for myself.

February 15, 1931.

Some success over past week through letters and diaries in HUI collections:

Wm. GARRISON reports (1757) minister of antiquarian leanings (unnamed) attempting "antiquarian research" on the island. Says he had problems making accurate count of, and proper position of, stones, but this is an old story also told of stone circles in England. No record of his actual findings. This minister apparently had left town suddenly, but Garrison seems reluctant to say what actually happened to him.

Rev. Giles Ostley reports (1834) hearing confession from an Indian convert: City renegades visited the island; he used to be one then. They would build fires around some of the stones, then pour gallons of water from the Mistatonic upon the stones and breathe in the steam. He said the vapour of the stones would thus come out and enter the breathers, bringing them visions. I've seen similar stories told of Indian sweat lodges, but never such a ceremony conducted in the open air (look for scorch marks on stones when I visit, assuming such would survive for however long it's been since the last such ceremony.) They also built fires on the central stone (he didn't call it an altar) and summoned a great worm called Eyoc from the river, to which they would sacrifice game animals. (I remember once reading that Pres. Ezra Stiles of Yale mentioned a rumour of an isle with stones somewhere to the north of New Haven where a great worm dwelled. At the time, I wondered if he meant Arkham's isle. Try to find this reference.)

Standard sources mention no name similar to Eyoc in Wampanoag mythology. Closest matches were the Southwestern story of "Yig, Father of Serpents" and the Californian "Yuff" or "Ubb, Father of Worms" ("Ugg" probably a corruption of "Yuff" which itself comes from "Yig"). There's a Cherokee tale of a giant inchworm, though. As with the Onondas, interesting, but not directly pertinent.

February 22, 1931.

Various tidbits from newspapers. Following the "great worm" reference, I thought to look for sea serpent legends and found a few.

a. 18th C: Multiple undated reports of men in Pilgrim garb (i.e., out of style) seen at times moving about the stones. Music also heard, but Pilgrims seem to abhor dancing, so witnesses couldn't explain it.

b. 1783, 1841, 1864, 1893, 1907: Sea serpent sightings near the island.

c. Gazette, July 31, 1852: Early evening, a swimmer in the river seen pursued upriver by a whaleboat. Apparently a very powerful swimmer, heavily muscled, according to witnesses. Implication was whaleboat chased him from down river! (Kingsport?) Swimmer landed on island, then boat landed, sailors clubbed swimmer to death (!), tied body to boat and headed off downstream, dragging it. Lynch mob? Checked Kingsport, etc., papers for reports of escaped criminals or slaves around that time, no mentions.

d. April 30, 1910: Fires reported on the island. Fire marshal investigates next day, sees ashes and "confusion" of footprints.

March 11, 1931.

Gale last weekend brought down Kezia's old "Witch-House". No one was living in it at the time.

March 15, 1931.

Pirate treasure! Letter from crewman Ezra Wheatley to wife says Capt. Jake Keely (area sniggered and suspected pirate, late 18th C.) used the stones as landmark for burying treasure somewhere along the river bank. Just as well specifics were lacking. Probably dug up long ago, or some warehouse is now built over the site. Still, I can dream of finding doubloons.

Now that the river has thawed enough for crew practice, I went to the HU boathouse to ask the crew team if they had any stories about the island. Was told they avoided practicing near it - currents act oddly (never noticed this myself in rowing there) and more than once a huge fish would swim near their oars and throw off their rhythm (Would dolphins swim this far up river? Don't they need salt water? Ask in Biology.)

1928 newspapers report HU students were expelled for conducting animal sacrifices on the island. No names mentioned. Maybe police would let me see the report of the time, if I mentioned I was working on a project with Prof. W.

March 20, 1931.

Warm day, so I made a trip to the island to map out the placement of the stones. Had little trouble hiring a rowboat, but the shopkeeper gave me an odd look when I said where I was headed.

As expected, I had no trouble making a diagram. Stones of two types, arranged in three arcs of three stones each around a central altar. Long arc of tall stones to east of altar, two tighter arcs of shorter stones to southwest and north west.



All stones taller than the altar. Reminded me of twin pulpits on either side of church altar-piece, with long arc being the congregation. No sign of fires in recent past. Circular area around stones strangely clear of taller underbrush. Could be people still visiting site, trampling down growth but cleaning up other evidence before they leave. No cigarette stubs or pop bottles I'd expect local wild youth to leave. Probably not warm enough yet.

Stones weathered, may have had carvings on them. Wonder what kind of stone it is?

Found a dead squirrel on the altar stone, probably dropped by a hawk. Picked it up on a stick and tossed it into the woods. Gave me a sudden shudder when I found it, thought I was being watched.

March 22, 1931.

Took Ray Babcock of Geology out to island. He says the stones are basalt, a volcanic rock, and should be rusty red, as the iron in them oxidizes or rusts, but they somehow remain in the unoxidized dark-gray state. He believes the stones were carried here by the glaciers which cut the Hixsonic Valley and accidentally left standing. He tried to take a sample but cut himself with his little hammer and I had to row him back to a doctor. Cut rather badly; bled all over the stone. Said he slipped because he thought he'd seen someone watching from the trees.

March 23, 1931.

Slept badly. Dreamt of stone turning into Indian woman and chasing Babcock around the island, then of old Keziah warning me to sign her book. Definitely won't mention this to Prof. W.

March 29, 1931.

Took a trip to the ravine near Headon Mill. Stone there is a single upright, white, of granite or some similar stone, completely unlike the stones on the island. Whole area seems dead or dried out, unlike the obvious clearing around the island's stones. So far, no reference other than Keziah which links the ravine to the island. I think this is a dead end.

April 5, 1931.

Prof. W. looked over my notes from last week and seemed interested in the reference to "Yugg". He asked if I'd seen any Indian legends (Pennacook, in particular) about spirits from the sky or stars associated with the island or the stones. Haven't but will have to look into the Pennacooks to see if there's something I've missed.

April 8, 1931. Can find only one of the expelled H U students still in town (Dudley Goddard, would-be poet, now working in Hardson's Used Books). He admits to playing at witchcraft on the island, but swears they didn't harm any animals. Apparently got the idea from something in the H U rare book collection, wouldn't say which one. See if I can get general access to the collection to browse for a good reference.

Dreaming of sea serpents and witches, not doubloons.

April 10, 1931.

Dr. Armitage willing to let me see the rare local history manuscripts but refused me access to the "occult" books for what he called my "frivolous" purpose. After that break-in they had in '28, I guess he's more cautious with access. I couldn't say why I thought I might find something there without admitting I'd talked to Goddard at Harden's, thought that might be more troubling to him. W. wouldn't intercede for me.

April 12, 1931.

Went back to the island yesterday to do a little digging. After the way I returned with Babcock last time, got suspicious looks from boat crew.

There was a dead deer on the altar stone. Dragged it to the water and shoved it in. Sank rather suddenly, as if current had grabbed it and pulled it under. Creepy thing. Felt like someone was watching me the whole day long.

Dug about a foot below the surface on the central tall stone, found pictographs. Made quick sketch. Will show to Prof. W. after he's approved other notes. May have to arrange for systematic digging to check further, other stones.



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Dark is Raised Area

April 14, 1931. Approached by old sailor while looking at the island from the docks. My ships have been visited. Quaint fellow. "You don't want to go pokin' around on that island, young fellow."

Told him I was collecting stories about the island, so he told me a couple! As a prank, a drunken sailor was rowed out there by friends and left to sober up. Screams heard in the night. Next day, friends returned, no sign of him. Months later, his body found upriver, only recently dead. (Not much of a story. Probably awake, swam ashore, left his so-called friends, found work upriver, lured for drunk again and fell into river.)

Another: One of O'Bannion's boys used the island as a cache for loach. When they brought the bottles back to the docks, every one had dead bugs in it, although the bottles were "still sealed". O'Bannion thought it was a double-cross, so he put the thing into a room then roused in a hornet's nest, "seeing as he liked bugs so much".

Asked him if he'd heard sea serpent stories, and he walked away. I think he thought I was teasing him, but I would really have interested in anything he'd heard.

April 15, 1931.

Repeated the bottle story at lunch. Art Harris (Biology) says he once met a man who had one of those bottles. Never saw an insect like it. (Harris, of course, playing off of the story.)

April 18, 1931.

Apparently the bottle story got around. Prof. W. spoke to me today about it and asked if I'd come across any other stories connecting insects to the island. Had to admit I hadn't.

April 24, 1931. I was asking around the MU library for more information about Keziah when a math student named Elwood overheard me. He'd actually lived in the Witch-House until last year. In fact, a friend of his, Walter Gilman, lived in Keziah's old rooms. I asked if he'd heard anything about her angles. He looked at me strangely, I thought, then suggested I speak to Prof. Upham of Math about Gilman's research. Apparently, Gilman had also been investigating the mathematical symbolism of the placement of the stones, among other things.

Upham told me Gilman had died in the Witch-House in 1930. He showed me a sheaf of notes Gilman had left and helped me understand them.

In geometry, there's something called "Euler's rotation theorem", which states that, when a sphere is rotated around its center, it is always possible to find a diameter of the sphere whose direction in the rotated position is the same as it was in the starting position. Gilman posited a similar theory for fourth - (and higher) dimensioned spaces exists, such that as time (the fourth dimension) rolls on (ROTATES), if one could travel along one of these "fixed diameters", one would move in space without moving in time - that is, one can transport oneself instantly from one location to another. Or one can travel in time without moving in space. "Yet I be free to travel the spheres and follow the lines of tangent to other angles," said Keziah. (This is heady stuff. Upham referred to "Van Elfrinkhof's work following from Euler's" and told me to look up Henry Parker Manning's Geometry of Four Dimensions to get me started in understanding this better.)

Gilman's notes refer to Keziah as a "nexion" or part of anexion. Apparently, this is some sort of "gaze" which is not just a place but is a living being". It was unclear if Keziah was the living

being as if the stones themselves formed this "nexion". Upham didn't understand the reference either. Gilman also noted that cars—cradles (the children's game) form angles which may be used as occult devices, even spells. (He referred to C. F. Jayne, *Straining Figures and How to Make Them*. Check H U copy.)

April 29, 1931.

I honestly don't know what to make of this. I was paging through some books of symbols, to see if anything matched the carvings I'd found, when I found a reference to a magic circle of a demon called *Maabas*. The circle originally came from a book called *The Lesser Key of Solomon*, which I managed to find in the open stacks (no arguing with Dr. Amirage this time).

It said: "The fifth Spirit is *Maabas*. He is a *Great President*, and appeareth at first in the form of a *Great Lion*, but afterwards, at the request of the *Magick*, he putteth on *Human Shape*. He answereth truly of things *Hidden* or *Secret*. He causeth *Diseases* and cureth them. Again, he giveth *great Wisdom* and *Knowledge* in *Mechanical Arts*; and can change men into other shapes. He governeth *36 Legions* of *Spirits*. And his *Seal* is this, which is to be worn as aforesaid."



What a fantastic coincidence. Encountered no name like "Harbas" in my research. The stones predate European settlers, so I can't imagine someone used this book to build the site. But the lines about "answereth rarely of things hidden or secret" and "causeth Diseases and cureth them" reminds me of Keziah Mason's testimony about the "angles". I wish the storm last month hadn't brought down the Witch-House. I wonder if the pattern of the stones could have been found anywhere in her old rooms?

Apparently "Harbas" is a variant spelling of "Barbas". "Barbas" could mean "bearded one", like a lion's mane.

I have to go back to the island and take some measurements to compare the stones with this seal.



observatory said the meteor should have been very bright over New Hampshire and Vermont. In Cambridge it was of the brightness of Jupiter.

STUDENT MISSING

Police are seeking Miskatonic University student Charles Corben, last seen rowing to the island in the Miskatonic River near Garrison Street.

Shopkeeper Bert Arley told police Corben had rented one of his rowboats on April 30th and headed for the island. Arley called the Arkham Police the next day when Corben failed to return the boat. Police saw a boat drawn up on the island and investigated. Corben had rented boats on previous occasions and been seen on the island.

Miskatonic University professor Albert Wilmarth told police Corben had been researching legends associated with the island and the stones. Long-time residents may recall traditions associating the island with the Wampanoag Indians and with one Keziah Mason, popularly believed to have been a witch.

Any citizen with information as to Corben's whereabouts is urged to contact the Arkham Police.

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From "The Arkham Gazette", May 2, 1931

W I N T H R O P

GOODY FOWLER

In a squat house on the highway to Beverly lived Patience Fowler. She was born in Ipswich, though history does not record the reason for her removal from that place to Arkham. Rumor evokes a handsome young husband killed in an unfortunate accident, but such swains are common accretions to history.

Whatever her past, Goody Fowler was the person to whom local farmhands might call upon if a cow caught the pox, or who a mother might entreat if a child's arm was scalded. Her herbal lore was without peer in the local area, and though she attended no local church, her prayers were supposedly both pious and efficacious.

As the witchcraft contagion spread from Salem to the Miskatonic Valley, many do-gooders and charlatans alike were caught up in the trials. Cannier than her friend Keziah Mason, Fowler fled to the woods later known as Billington's, where she eked out a meager living for two years until the panic subsided. She returned to her cottage after that time, but she no longer entertained clients and let her garden grow wild and foul-smelling. Those who once praised her now shunned her cottage, from which surprising lights and

curious sounds could be heard. Soon she came under suspicion for the same afflictions that she had once taken credit for curing.

The matter came to a head in 1704 with Charles Robbins, a boy of some eight years who had occasion to walk past Fowler's house on a regular basis on errands. On his perambulations, he sometimes chose to knock at the windows or toss rocks on the roof, as is the way of boys in all times and places. His parents discouraged him from such youthful irresponsibility, yet he boasted to his friends of his continued antics.

On a bright morning of April 30, a pedlar came upon a sad sight: the shredded remnants of a small body strewn across the highway. Neighbors quickly conferred and counted heads, only to find that Robbins was the only child unaccounted for. Before the sheriff could arrive — and late that night, he had not yet arrived — an angry mob formed and marched upon Fowler's cottage. Without trial or ceremony, they broke into her home, dragged her to the wild landscape of Hangman's Hill, already dotted with tombstones, and hung her from the scaffold.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF OLD ARKHAM

The crowd dispersed afterward. The sheriff investigated, but no one was brought to trial: it seems that all of the citizenry of Arkham were well-accounted for, with multiple individuals attesting to other's alibis. There was nothing to do but to cut down Goody Fowler's body and bury her close to the site of her untimely demise.

This sad ending has a mysterious coda. Twelve years later, during a young Arkham man's visit to Boston, a curious man approached him on the street. The man proclaimed himself to be his friend Charles Robbins, demonstrating this by accurate recollections of events known only among his childhood associates. Robbins claimed that he had gone to sea and now sailed on Dutch whaling ships in the Davis Strait. After a long colloquy at a local tavern, Robbins departed, promising to send word back to his family. Nothing was heard thereafter.

Goody Fowler's cottage still stands, desolate and empty since the day of her death. It is said that her phantom walks the top of Hangman's Hill on the day of her death and Samhain, the old Celtic holiday of the dead that Frazer identifies as our Hallowe'en. A popular rumor has that one who ascends the forbidding hill alone on those dates might meet the reputed witch and be told the location of her treasure. I have yet to encounter



anyone who made the trip themselves, and the continuing penury of the student body attests that such a secret has not been uncovered. One look at Hangman's Hill will give adequate reason why none has scaled it.

Much lore attaches to the picturesque and eerie plots of the Miskatonic Valley in which its forebears are interred. Much of it is childish, frivolous nonsense unbecoming of a serious folklore collector. One might note, for sake of illustration, the whispers that surround the discovery in these settings of hoof-prints, loudly proclaimed to be signs of demonic visitations. Even for those not familiar with Allen's Fauna of New England, a walk at twilight near the woods that border on these cemeteries should turn up the culprits as they emerge to forage for grass and other silage.

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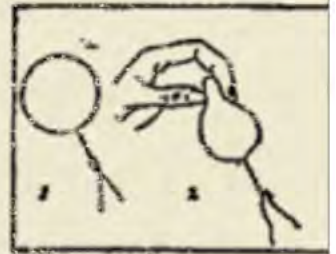
ARKHAM WORKERS MAKE QUEER FIND

CAT ENTOMBED ALIVE?

BY WILLARD PECK

Workmen at a Parsonage Street house have made a most unusual find — the preserved remains of a cat hidden beneath the floor of a second-story room! Judging from the condition of the remains it would appear that the creature died many years ago and it appears to have been placed in the spot post mortem so it is unlikely that the furry fellow was simply lost in the walls of the old house. To what end would one of our Colonial forbearers have placed this unfortunate feline, we cannot be certain, but this reporter has been informed that experts at Miskatonic University have taken possession of the remains for further study. Whether this was witchcraft or beloved pet, we do know that it is not the only unusual thing found in the walls of this town's most antique homes.

HAS SPEEDY CRAFT TO CROSS THE OCEAN



HERE'S something ordinary in the matter of things that are made at trees made of sealing wax decorations. Inspired by and effectiveness of the glass trees which are a popular thing for decoration banquet tables, genius produce their likeness using sealing wax.

If you have the following you are equipped to make Sealing wax, white sp assembled wire, flower beads. You will also need lamp, a wax molder and

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MURDER AT ROBBINS HILL

KILLERS FLEE SCENE!

by Willard Peck — Exclusive for the Arkham Gazette

The Arkham Police report a shocking scene at Robbins Hill east of the city where a young man was murdered by person or persons unknown. The unidentified man was apparently bound at the hands and feet and killed most savagely with a knife near the topmost point of this otherwise unremarkable rocky rise just north of the Martin's Beach Road. The police were alerted to his horrific crime by Joshua Endicott, a nearby farmer who had gone to investigate possible trespassers at the site, which sits little more than half a mile from his farmhouse. When he arrived on the scene, the killer had fled, leaving behind the remains of an unknown man in his early twenties.

Mr. Endicott reports that the boulder-strewn hill, which lays on the boundary of his property and an adjoining farm, has sometimes been the site of juvenile mischief and that he sometimes has found evidence of campfires near its peak. "I have more recently been witness to lights moving on the hill at night and have endeavored to chase off any trespassers," said Mr. Endicott, adding, "and several months previously I posted signs after I found evidence of a large bonfire." While he was not able to see the killer himself, he does report he heard words in a foreign language being spoken. According to Mr. Endicott he fired a shotgun in the direction of the killer or killers once he discovered the gruesome scene at the summit.

"This crime will not go unpunished," says Chief of Police Asa Nichols, in an interview with the *Arkham Gazette*. He went on to add that a detective has already been assigned to the case and that an examination of the body will be undertaken by the end of the day, so that the most evidence can be recovered. The murder scene remains closed to the public while the Arkham Police examine the area for any additional evidence as to the identity of the murder victim or his killers. Evidence from these killers has already been recovered by the police which should help discern the identities of these savage criminals. Sources close to the Police report that these items include a silver vessel of antique make and a battered piece of cloth apparently soaked in the victim's blood.

Due to the shocking nature and brutality of this crime, the Massachusetts State Police Commissioner Foote's office has been contacted in the event that a wider manhunt becomes necessary.

While Arkham is not immune to the sorts of shocking violence that seems to plague this nation's greatest cities, we wish Chief Nichols and his men Godspeed in their investigation of this crime and pray that the perpetrator is brought to justice swiftly. It is the hope of this newspaper that anyone with knowledge of this crime or those who so cruelly inflicted it should contact the Arkham Police department at the earliest opportunity. We will bring the citizens of our fair city the very latest news, as it becomes available.

**STOLEN SILVER
GOES UNCLAIMED**

**DIVINING RODS
SOLVE MURDER**

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**MAN'S BODY DISCOVERED
AT BOLTON DUMP**

The Bolton Police Department reports that a man's body was discovered at the Bolton town dump late yesterday afternoon. The man was a white male in his middle age. He was identified this morning as Sven Berglowe, of Bolton. Mr. Berglowe worked for Borland Ceramics of Bolton, and resided on Grant Street. He was last seen the previous evening around 11 PM on Water Street in Bolton.

Isaac Woulfers, a municipal employee, stated that the body had been concealed beneath a sheet of corrugated tin near the main gate of the dump on James Avenue and that it was only noticed due to the presence of vermin congregating nearby. The Bolton Police were contacted and the body removed to St. Stephen's Hospital for the county medical examiner's review.

The Bolton Police report that Mr. Berglowe was likely the victim of foul play, as he had been bound at the hands and wrist, and was apparently killed in this state. Considering the condition of the body and the area in which it was discovered, the crime is thought to have occurred elsewhere during the previous night, though the police declined to speculate on the perpetrators or the cause of this crime. Mr. Berglowe had no criminal record.

Mr. Berglowe served in the United States Army, with a rank of Private, 1st Class, in France. According a Borland employee, Mr. Berglowe was originally from Maryland and has no known living relatives. Funeral arrangements are pending the police investigation. Anyone who may have encountered Mr. Berglowe on the night of his death is urged to contact Det. Daniel Murphy.

**NEW BUICK AGENCY
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indicated, however, that the man's condition was still serious. It is hoped by the hospital staff to counteract the action of the lockjaw poison by frequent administrations of tetanus anti-toxin.

FISHERMEN RECOVER BODY

IDENTITY UNKNOWN

By Stanley Carter

KINGSPORT--The crew of the *Nancy Malone*, an oyster boat operating out of Kingsport, discovered the body of a man early yesterday morning while they were gathering their morning catch in the waters north of Kingsport Head. The state of the body has prevented any identification of the deceased, but he is said to have been adult white male. A morning fog had cause the boat to drift into waters closer to the mouth of the Miskatonic than they might typically fish, otherwise this unfortunate might never have been found.

Captain Ryan O'Dowd hailed a passing vessel, the *Laurel*, who proceeded to radio the Coast Guard station in Kingsport. The Coast Guard collected the body from the *Nancy Malone* and returned it to port for the Essex County medical examiner's review. Lt. Commander Madden of the Kingsport Coast Guard station confirms that there are no reports of any boats foundering or of anyone lost overboard in the region in the past month. One of the men who witnessed the body said that it appears to have been at least partially tangled in fishing lines and had likely been in the water for some time. The condition of the remains precludes including a sketch here for hopes of identification.



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Stephens had seiz... hat and fled before... hysterical outburst... alarm from the ste

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Daily No

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"Elizabeth deares... in the English lang... baby."

Washburne, a we... returned earlier th... noonday meal. He... in the next day

With a fine catch of crokers and channel bass, the six Kingsport fishermen returned late Tuesday night from a fishing trip of three days on the Atlantic Ocean off the Massachusetts coast.

REMAINS IDENTIFIED AS MISSING ARKHAM MAN

KINGSPORT — The body discovered in the waters off of Kingsport Head has been identified as Joseph Collins, of Arkham. Police Captain James Blair reports that the body recently discovered by Kingsport fishermen belonged to a man recently reported missing from Arkham and that the office of the Essex County medical examiner confirmed this based on their examinations. Mr. Collins, age 45, was a day laborer in Arkham, who had been reported missing after failing to show up for work for several days previous. He was last seen with associates in Bolton, where he had attending an unlicensed boxing match, so typical of that place. How Mr. Collins died and found himself drifting in Kingsport Harbor is not known, but the death has been ruled a homicide. The case has been referred to the Arkham Police.

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east wing have been removed Osborne stated. "We are now to vacant cells in other directing all our efforts in an sections of the building while attempt to track the fugitives.

ARKHAM MAN MISSING

Police Request Information

ARKHAM—The Arkham Police are investigating the disappearance of Benjamin Patey, age 23, from a gathering at a well-known establishment on West Armitage Street two days previously. Mr. Patey, a white male of thin build, wearing a brown suit without jacket, and with a small beard, was last seen in the company of a young woman leaving the Desolate Highway Café just as that establishment closed at 9:30 that evening. Mr. Patey has not been seen since that point and attempts to locate him by his family and the police have proven unsuccessful. The woman who accompanied him was unknown to the staff at the café, but is described as in her early twenties, attractive, of medium build, with black hair, and striking blue eyes.



THE MISSING MAN, MR. PATEY

Mr. Benjamin Patey is the youngest child of Albert and Helena (Halsey) Patey, of Arkham. The elder Patey is the president of the Miskatonic Saving's Bank and has offered a \$500 reward for any information leading to the location of his son. Anyone who might know of the younger Mr. Patey's whereabouts should contact the Arkham Police at their earliest opportunity.

Sure Relief

**SUSPECTED JERSEY
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(475)

Envy and Malice or his cunning and crafty Devices can contrive, to execute their ill work.

The servant boy told us that Ann Whitlock was the true Mistres of the House and that Master Abbott thought her young daughter was his own child, though he himself thought the girl was a fairie imp, born of unholie union. He sayed the others in the household liv'd in fear of her and that she had caus't the old cook to dye by means of a spell. He sayed that Goodie Whitlock shared a bed with Abbott still, but on some nights she would depart to places unknown, but taking much food and drink with her, as if she was entertaining visitors. He tolt us of the little dog she kept nam'd Hop-Little and how it was her familiar and not a dog at all but how it would whisper things to him and tell him that Mistres Whitlock was his master and how they boy should serve her too and garner great rewards. He sayed the little dog was a servant of Satan.

The Familiar
Hop-Little

Know that the Devil and his Angels being immaterial Substances of more Power and Subtilty than human souls, can produce more dreadful

to the hanging tree.

After Fowler was hang'd, I spoke in private to the men who had done it and urged them to make charges against her brethren here in Arkham but many greatly afear'd what might come of it, be made laughing stock or by reprove by the governor, or even charges for their role in cleansing our town of deviltry. *When lights were seen again on Robin's Hill on Yuletide, the men gather'd again by night and marched to Mister Abbott's house and demanded ANN WHITLOCK, whom the boy had told us was now the chief witch after Fowler.* Though they try'd to bar the door, we search'd the house there for her and found poppets and potions and books, long thought to have been burnt but kept by Mister Abbott instead. One of the servants told us that Whitlock had fled not long previous, abandoning all, including her babe. We gather'd up a few horse and made our way along the Bolton road which she had fled.

❧ ❧ ❧

We found her just before the boggy place on Peter Capwell's land and clapt her in irons. *She was carrying the Imp Hop-Little swaddl'd like a babe, for it was certainly no mortal dog, but a servant of the Devil.* It cry'd out to its Mistress before we ended its life. She was hang'd then, issuing epithets and curses most vile at the gathered men. She told us she was the QUEEN OF NIGHT and promis'd that one day Arkham would be drown't by her blood and it would be we Christian men who would choke and beg for a mercy that would never come. Her body and that of her imp were cast into the waters there betwixt a hawthorne copse fore she deserv'd no Christian burial. Let no stone mark her, nor any soul mourn her, God's will be done.'

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(133)

She also say'd that certain of the witches met sometimes on Robin's Hill, a rocky outcrop *north and east* of Arkham Town, and call'd that because the witches said they would meet the fairy ROBIN GOODFELLOW there, and eat and drink and revel. Goody Fowler, she say'd, lead the dance there, and several of the gathered would lay with *unclean things*.

could be found oftentimes upon that dark place.

Whilst Mister Calef may scoff and Rev. Sewall beg mercy for his acts, Satan's servants practice their witchcrafts still in New England. Here in Arkham lanthorns were sighted on Meadow Hill and dyvers places, on nights known to us as most unholie. When a watch was placed on the hill, the witches return'd to other haunts. A bonfire was lit on Robins Hill at the turning of the season and a boy nearby saw the old witch Fowler and some young girls and men departing there afore dawn. *Bloodied rags were found thereafter, said to be the shift of a child.* It was later learned that two young boys from Chebacco Parish to the north had vanished the day before and were n'er seen againe.

Fires lit on
Robin's Hill



(continued)

Samuel Abbott's reputation has suffered from his rumored association with Ann Whitlock, the alleged witch who was killed by a mob a few years after the ~~XXXX~~ notorious events in Salem. When we examine the surviving documentation from that era, we cannot help but conclude that Samuel Abbott was and remains the victim of gossips and rumor-mongers.

Ann Whitlock (born Charlestown c. 1675) was undoubtedly a servant in the Abbott household, as is shown in multiple sources, starting in about 1690, until her death in 1704. Despite her arrest in 1692, she remained a trusted servant of Samuel Abbott, rising from a simple maid to, after the death Elizabeth Abbott in 1695, the chief household servant, caring not just for Samuel Abbott, but overseeing the kitchen and domestic staff. Clearly a young woman of considerable natural talents, Whitlock was an outsider in Arkham, without friends or family, who seemed an obvious target for the petty suspicions that defined the society of the period.

Unfortunately it is these sources that we must rely upon for what little we know of her. While the records for her arrest in 1692 have been lost, we do have a summary of the case provided by Rev. Ward Philips. The minister, who had served as an occasional judge and advisor to the court of Oyer and ~~TERMINER~~ Terminer was a dogged, possibly delusional, devotee of the witchcraft delusion, who advocated some of the most cruel and vile tortures known in Old New England. When we consider that this man is our foremost source on not only much of Arkham's witch-trial history, but of the life of Ann Whitlock herself, it cannot be a surprise that she has been cast as a black sorceress. Philips and Abbott seem to have clashed in his time serving as a magistrate, as Abbott supported a more moderate and restrained approach to trials whereas Philips eventually lost the support of all but the most zealous witch-hunters. History has offered the final verdict in this debate, no doubt.

The most rancorous and base insult slung at Samuel Abbott was that he fathered a daughter with young Ann Whitlock whilst she was in his employ. Abbott's will provided but a meager sum for this girl, who entered into the service of the Pierce family after her mother's murder, out of, as the document put it, "For the care and dowrie of young Sarah Whitlock, a girl whose mother was taken from her by cruel murder". Considering he otherwise died without living heir, we might imagine some urgency to bestow his fortune upon this supposed daughter, rather than dividing it between his brother and two sisters. Even the ~~IN~~ slanderous Rev. Philips suggests the father was a man other than Abbott. We must conclude then that our research has found yet another victim of the hysteria of 1692 in the form of Samuel Abbott.

Fowler wast warn'd before ye magistrates could arrest her & was not seen again, having fled. Some say'd it was to New York. A young maid of S. ABBOTT was accused of giving her warning, having been seen in the witch's company a few days afore her flight. Mister Abbott had been witness to ye confession of Goody Bishop who had nam'd Fowler amongst those who gather'd atop ye meadow hill.

The servant, ANN WHITLOCK, was arrest'd & was questioned but she claim'd to be ignorant of ye grievous charges against Goody Fowler. She say'd she had sot her out for to cure her of ye pain of a bad tooth. Mistres Fowler she say'd was a most able physic, making all manner of salves & potions for those who reckon'd treat her kind. REV. PHILIPS ayed Fowler might prepare a poison so that a child might be still'd and accus'd ye girl of being with child. Ann Whitlock swore an Oath that she sot only remedy for her tooth. As ye girl had no sign of blew spot but as neither loose tooth nor injured tooth could be seen in her mouth, she was taken to ye Ipswich jail & held until she confess'd her role in warning ye witch Fowler.

Saturday Violations

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news from home tion. You can have d to you regularly naged as often as ents a week. Send have it changed if th *The Advertiser*.

gers with field glasses said they saw the bear clambering around the side of the berg.

ARKHAM COUPLE SLAIN IN FIRE

Children Escape Harm

ARKHAM — George Moore and his wife Gertrude were the tragic victims of a house fire overnight, which destroyed the Moore home on Saltonstall-street. According to Fire Chief Adams, the fire began in the home's kitchen the hour before dawn, quickly spreading to the rest of the house. Before the fire was extinguished, all three of the town's fire trucks were in use, and Kingsport's sole firetruck had been called for. No firemen were injured in fighting the blaze.

A family servant, Mrs. Flora Cunningham, was able to wake the couple's two children, Amelia age 16 and Myrtle, age 14, and help them escape the flame. Another daughter was out of the house

LIDDEASON IS STILL

Unconscious After More than 50 Hours

Unconscious since he was taken to the hospital about 6 o'clock Saturday night, Walter J. Liddeason, aged 18, of 611 Gedney street, Northside, is still on the danger list at the local institution. Liddeason was taken to the hospital following a collision between his motorcycle and two automobiles on E. Hyde-street. He received a fractured skull and his recovery since has been doubtful.

at the time and was unhurt. Mrs. Cunningham was taken to St. Mary's hospital for treatment of several burns but is expected to recover as none of her injuries are said to be grave. Care is being sought for the young Moore girls, who are all minors. The cause of the fire is thought to be a stove in the kitchen, but the Arkham Fire Department has not yet issued a formal ruling.

George Moore, age 46, was originally from Newbury, Massachusetts, and was the son of Peter and Lillian Moore. He was a sixteen-year employee of Tillstrom Manufacturing, where he worked as an accountant. Gertrude Moore, age 42, was the daughter of Ignatius and Mary Lowe, both deceased, and was a life-long resident of Arkham. Funeral arrangements for the couple are pending.

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ROSEDALE
CIGARS
 40 minutes in

Sure Relief