

## Weird War II (2010 Campaign) – Volume 3

**Location:** Lydda (derived from the name: *St. Jorge de Lidde (Saint George)*, whom the city was named after when it was conquered in 1099 during the crusades, in honour of it being his birthplace.

Population: Approx 20,000—18,500 Muslims and 1,500 Christians.



Approx 23 miles from Jerusalem (Division HQ), 42 miles from Cairo (Army HQ), 10 miles from coast

Lydda Cavalry Brigade, CO: Brig. John Scot-Morgan (Royal Engineers), 2IC: Lt.Col. Edward Livingstone

Inc. components of: Royal Scots Greys; 4<sup>th</sup>/7<sup>th</sup> Dragoon Guard; 2<sup>nd</sup> Batt W.Yorks Brigade; Royal Engineers.

## **The Journal of Corporal Jimmy McKie – Volume 3**

### **Monday 15<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

Called into the office of the Brigade Intelligence Officer (Capt. Carrington) for briefing. He has another special job for us, especially from Army HQ in Cairo.

**SITREP:** It is effectively a missing person's case with a twist. Firstly the missing person (Gladys Enworth) actually disappeared almost 3 years ago, secondly this is a formal military mission classified TOP SECRET and urgent to recover her alive at any cost. The attached profile of Gladys will be worked up as more information becomes known.

Assigned Squad:

- (Command) Cpl Jimmy McKie (Me)
- (2IC) Cpl Jim Arnold (Richard)
- Medic: L.Cpl Heart
- Pte Owen

We requisition additional supplies for this mission:

- A car
- Jerry Cans and Fuel
- Pistols (30 rounds each)
- Holdout Knives (4" blade)
- Maps
- £9 cash float

We give Carrington a long list of questions to find out additional information about Gladys and ask for 6 copies of the photo we have of her.

We drive to Tel Aviv and book into the local barracks of the Royal Scots Greys just outside town. Whilst we are waiting for copies to be made of the photo and responses back from our questions we spend time on the beach (in civvies) reading 2 (of the 4) books each and compare notes/findings.

### **Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

By the evening of today we have finished reading the books, findings are recorded on Gladys's file.

### **Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

We then go into Tel Aviv and split up into two teams.

I use my Red Cap police powers to start visiting hotels to look through their records, looking for Peter Baxter and other names as well as Ensworth. Records of the middle and upper-class hotels are good, the lower-class hotels are often lacking in proper records.

Cpl Arnold goes to the local police station to find the case reports from their original investigation in 1936. He meets Sgt John Robins, who was part of the actual investigation, and gets full details.

We meet up again and ask at the police station about occult activities/shops/etc in the area. They report that there is an undercurrent of it around (people looking for Golgotha, etc); no real shops/traders that are known to market in occult stuff, but Jerusalem is believed to have a large number of them and occult sites.

Returning to barracks we find a package from Carrington containing the photos, passenger manifests and some of the initial questions we asked. We cable Carrington back with some new questions and ask him to get police to start tracing the 19 other one-way passengers from the same ship.

### **Friday 19<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

Tel Aviv is a major transport hub for the local region. If we assume that she took the taxi out of Tel Aviv to another destination (rather than to the train station) then this gives us 4 nearby towns within a half-day journey of Tel Aviv. If she went to Jerusalem, she would be unlikely to use a horse and carriage because it would have to travel through some mountains – the train would be much more likely.

We start visiting these local towns to make further enquires at each, including hotels, occult, etc. We manage to cover two towns today. Whilst I am inside one of the hotels and the others are outside they all get a funny feeling that they are being watched, but cannot see anyone.

### **Saturday 20<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

We complete our investigations in the remaining two towns.

Whilst at a hotel in the last town, with me inside making the enquires and the others outside again trying to spot anyone who might be following or spying on us, the others get the same funny feeling again.

This time Owen spots a European man (average height and build, poor clothing, red hair, in late 20's) who is intently focused upon us. When he realises he has been seen, he rapidly sprints off down a side street. Following him he is seen to jump in a small black car (passenger side), which immediately starts up and drives off quickly. We manage to catch the licence plate, JPA 538, and get local police to trace it whilst we complete our investigations in these towns.

The result of our investigations of the 4 towns is disappointing, nothing significant learnt. We have found some shops selling occult items, but they are all limited to trivial items such as tarot cards and (alleged) saints finger bones.

When we arrive back at the barracks we have a message from the police about the car.

Owner is Joran Van der Sloot, Dutch, aged 25, contact address in a poor backstreets part of Jerusalem. The address is not somewhere that westerners, or anyone capable of affording a car, would typically live. The car is a 1931 Austin 7, bought by Van der Sloot in July 1936 (the month Gladys disappeared!) for approx £40.

We send a message to Carrington to update him on our investigations and the lead we are now following up. Then we drive to Jerusalem, book into barracks there and get some sleep.

### **Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> May 1939**

Rising early we aim to arrive at the address shortly after dawn. We park our car a couple of streets away, leaving Heart with the car. Arnold and I head off to the address with Owen a distance behind us and not obviously with us, in order to try and spot anyone who might be following or taking unusual interest in us.

The address has a small gated courtyard, unusual for properties around this area, with an 8' or 9' wall around it. I give Arnold a leg up to look over the wall and he spots a car matching the description inside, but cannot see the plates to confirm. We knock on the door, but there is no answer and all the shutters on windows are closed.

Arnold and Owen stake out the place whilst I head back to the barracks to get a search warrant (something I should have thought of before we came).

Approximately an hour later the gates to the courtyard are opened by a man with ginger hair, the car is driven out; he closes the gates, gets in the car with the driver and drives off. The driver is European, male, stocky, with brown hair and in his mid-20's.

At approx 11:30 the search warrant arrives, so I grab a quick lunch and then head back to the house with Heart. At the house Arnold updates me. We question some of the neighbours about the house: Two men, keep themselves to themselves, come and go at odd times, considered strange that they live there when they should be able to afford somewhere better. They have rented the place for 2 to 3 years.

We knock on front door and, as expected, get no answer. The gate to the courtyard is unlocked so we enter that way. Inside the yard is very unkempt, it has a smaller (pedestrian) gate opening onto a different street and has a door into the house. This door is also locked so we shoulder-barge it open.

Inside is a kitchen, which is also pretty messy. There are stairs going up and one more door on this level. The door leads to a large living area with the front door and no other exits. Upstairs is a landing with two

doors into bedrooms. The wardrobes are empty and things are strewn about, it looks like our two suspects may have hurriedly thrown their things into cases and scarpered.

As we start a more thorough search two men arrive. One tall, skinny and blond; the other short, fat and brown haired. They introduce themselves as Messrs Hampton and Cooper, private investigators hired by Cudsworth, Dangerfield and Gardner Solicitors of Bradberry in the UK. They were hired approx 6 months ago to find Gladys Ensworth as one of several beneficiaries of a mining company that has been wound up. Gladys is the major stockholder. They were recently told that a PI named Van de Sloot had been working to find Gladys for several years and lived at this address.

Both men are staying at the Royal Hotel. They both appear to be genuinely British with middle class accents and speech, although Cooper appears to be originally lower class and working to keep up a more middle-class facade. Hamptons' mannerisms suggest a possible military background. Both are armed with concealed pistols inside their suits.

We continue searching the house, with Hampton and Cooper helping (but under a very close eye). We find newspapers in English and Dutch, most less than a year old but a few about 18 months old, plus a photo of Gladys taken somewhere hot and sub-tropical. From her apparent age it appears to have been taken a few years earlier than ours (our photo was taken in spring 1936 – we assume that this new photo was from Mauritius). Down the back and sides of the sofa we find a fairly fresh .303 (rifle) shell and some local coinage.

Hampton and Cooper ask to join forces with us to find Van de Sloot (we have only told them that we are looking for him in connection with his suspicious behaviour in town outside Tel Aviv, and nothing about Gladys).

We agree to discuss the matter with them over lunch, on the way there we pause at the barracks so that I can cable Carrington to try and trace Van der Sloots bank activity.

When we pause at the barracks we find Lt. Smythe is there and he joins us for lunch.

Over lunch we talk some more with David Hampton and Ernie Cooper, but don't learn much. The firm of solicitors who hired them (Cudsworth, Dangerfield and Gardener) told them about Van der Sloot, but said they didn't know why Van der Sloot was engaged or who by. After lunch we separate to continue enquiries, but arrange to meet up with Hampton and Cooper again in tomorrow morning.

We ask the local police to keep an eye out for Van der Sloot's car. Examining maps of the area we see that there are many main roads leaving the city, but only one that goes towards Tel Aviv (the area of our previous investigations where we first encountered Van der Sloot). Therefore we drive out to the road and make enquires of locals along the road about any motor vehicles they had seen today (motor vehicles are rare enough that they are noted). The answer was that no cars of any type passed along that section of road today.

We check back at the barracks and the police station for any updates or news, nothing from either.

We decide to head back to Van der Sloots house and see if we can get any more leads from that area. Asking around the locals we find some who remember seeing the car heading towards the Old Quarter. We get on the main road towards the old quarter and start asking again for sightings as we approach that part of the city. We get lucky again and find a sighting that suggests they headed out of the city on the main Bethlehem road.

We take that road and drive to Bethlehem (only a couple of hours drive) and when we reach the outskirts start asking for sightings again. No car matching that description has been seen today.

Figuring that the car must have taken a dirt-track side road at some point (there are no major roads branching off the Bethlehem road), we head slowly back towards Jerusalem and stop at each side road to examine the junction for any signs of motor vehicles.

## **Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1939**

We are almost the whole way back towards Jerusalem when, at 3am now, we find a dirt-track side road with clear tire-tracks from a small car of some type. We stop the lorry at the side of the main road with Heart and Owen whilst the rest of us start following the tracks on foot. Soon we spot some tracks of two people (wearing real shoes, so definitely not local natives) over laying the car tracks and heading back towards the main road. Continuing along the track for about an hour (so 4am now) we arrive at a small farmstead nestled in a valley.

There is a barn that would be large enough to easily hold a car, none of the other buildings would be close to being big enough. We scout around the barn, but it is locked up and we cannot see inside, so I head towards the farmhouse to wake the owner and get him to open up the barn for us. At this stage the farm dogs hear us moving around and bark, causing the household to start waking up.

Knocking at the door a man with a shotgun answers. I identify myself clearly and explain that we are British Army personnel pursuing a suspect and we need him to open his barn so that we can check whether the car we believe is inside is the one belonging to the suspect we are chasing.

The man agrees to cooperate and walks with me towards the barn, halfway there he stops and fires both barrels of his double-barrel shotgun at me. He isn't a very good shot and so although injured I am still standing after this. Smythe advances into sight and faced with the two of us, both alive and armed, the man stops trying to reload his shotgun and surrenders – claiming it went off by accident!

He opens the barn for us and it does indeed contain the car we have been looking for. In the back of the car are two bags, one with various car tools and the other containing a very high tech sniper rifle with a silencer and very expensive telescopic sight.

The farmer's eldest son is watching from the front-door, we call him over and question both farmer and son. At first they claim that two men they had never seen before had arrived unexpectedly today and offered them money to look after the car. They eventually confess that they have been working for Van der Sloot for several years, and they are a regular drop-off/exchange point between Van der Sloot and some other people who he never sees because they only come in the middle of the night when his family is locked up in their home. The farmer claims that he was forced to go along with things out of fear of what they would do to him and his family. He asks for our protection, as he believes they might take revenge if they find out he has talked to us.

We decide to set up a stake-out here at the farm. We need to hide our truck and get some supplies, so I head back up the track to the truck and drive to Jerusalem barracks. I load up with 6 rifles, 150 rounds, 5 bedrolls and 7 days rations for the five of us. Driving back we unload the truck and then I hide it off the main road (removing the distributor cap to disable it in case someone finds it and tries to drive off in it).

We all then settle down around the farm to watch and wait.

## **Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> May 1939**

At approx 4am we hear a car approaching. It is a Hillman car, it drives to the barn and a man gets out and enters the barn. He drives the Austin (Van de Sloots car) out of the barn and puts the Hillman inside. As we surround the barn and start to very quietly close in, he gets a bag out of the Austin and goes back inside the barn, just as we are all very close to the door.

Smythe and I step into the doorway of the barn, with the others covering us, just as a fireball erupts out of the barn, followed by the sound of a gun-shot. Smythe and I are badly burnt and on fire, as is the barn, and we both roll on the floor to put ourselves out. Inside the barn we can see a body on the floor with a pistol next to it. I try to reach the car inside, but the fire is getting too hot, so I come out again dragging the body and pistol with me – the body has started to smoulder.

The fire has engulfed the barn now, beyond any hope of trying to put it out with sand or water.

Examining the body we find an overweight man in a suit and wearing glasses. He does not look like any of the men we have seen before. He is carrying a semi-automatic pistol (a modern Browning) with two magazines and a wallet. He died from a gunshot wound to the head, with a large exit wound in the back of his head. The wallet contains two £5 notes, about 10 schillings worth of Mills (later given to the farmer to compensate him for the man burning down his barn) and a driving licence. The licence is for a Father Daniel Brown with an address in Jerusalem.

We rest up (setting watches) for the day whilst waiting for the barn fire to cool. We then search for evidence but find nothing noteworthy, anything that might have been in the car has been well and truly cremated. The number is still identifiable from the digits embossed into the metal of the plate: INR1.

We set up for another night of watching. This time we dig fox-holes in the steep slope of the almost cliff-like edge of the track leading to the farmstead. Smythe and Owen are in one, taking turns on watch, I am in the other. Arnold and Heart set themselves up on the roof of the house, Arnold stays on watch to allow Heart to get full rest and recover from his injuries.

### **Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

At approx 4am (again!) we spot two figures coming down the track. When they reach the point in the track at which they can see the farmstead they suddenly stop, it is quite a clear night so it is likely that they can see things are not as they were left – as the barn is burnt-out and the car is outside. The figures crouch down by the cliff wall for a while. Watching them, for an instant they seem to blur and double and then a short while later they stand up and continue walking down to the barn and look inside.

Smythe calls out to them “British army, identify yourselves, friend or foe?”. The figures take cover, dropping to the floor behind the car, and refuse to react or move even though Smythe repeatedly orders them to identify themselves and come out with their hands up or we may fire. After a continued lack of response, I fire a couple of warning shots near them – but the shots appear to have hit the bodies as large dark pools (which we assume to be blood) start to form on the ground around the figures. Smythe approaches and the two figures appear to be critically wounded, so he orders Heart to come down and try to patch them up – however the forms shimmer and disappear as Heart starts work.

At this precise moment there is a volley of gunfire (at least 4 or 5 shots) from the barn, both Smythe and Heart are cut down. Smythe, although badly injured, manages to crawl to cover. He then bravely returns to drag the unconscious Heart, when he sees he has not moved, and performs first aid to stabilise him. Smythe has a strange feeling of a presence looming near him as he works, although he cannot see anyone, the presence then recedes.

A short while later I spot a figure run from the barn and duck around behind it, I squeeze off a shot and believe I hit him.

Smythe throws a lit flash-light into the barn to illuminate the interior – it seems to be empty. He then enters to double check, nothing there although there are signs of more scuffs and disturbances in the ground than one would expect from two men spending such a brief time in there.

Smythe and Owen patrol around to try and find signs of where the two had gone – find no signs, but it is quite dark so we wait until dawn and try again with light.

Arnold manages to pick up some tracks leaving the barn and heading over the rise behind into the next valley. Owen and I go with Arnold following the tracks, leaving Smythe to deal with Heart. We follow the tracks over rough terrain for several hours until we reach a village at around midday. Asking around we find that two Europeans, one with red hair, one with brown, caught the bus to Jerusalem about half an hour previously. The next bus is due at 13:30.

Meanwhile Smythe talks to the farmer and then drives Heart to Jerusalem for treatment in the Austen.

The rest of us take the 13:30 bus to Jerusalem, it is a different vehicle from the previous bus, and arrive at the train station. We ask around again and find that the suspects caught express train to Tel Aviv, they

were notable because one (with brown hair, Van der Sloot?) was bleeding from his arm or upper body but assaulted a station porter who tried to offer him assistance. The express stops at Lydda (as next stop) before it finally terminates (after 3 to 3.5 hours) at Tel Aviv. This means that in spite of the time delay we might still be able to catch them, so I cable Carrington with descriptions of the suspects and ask him to check the train when it reaches Lydda.

We then head back to the barracks where we meet up with Smythe and Heart, who have both been confined to the hospital for treatment and will not be discharged for a quite a long time. Whilst we wait for the results of the express reaching Lydda Arnold and I drive the Austen out to pick up our lorry and return.

Carrington calls us later, he boarded the train but there were no signs of our suspects. He does however have some answers to the questions we had left with him. Items related to Gladys updated on her file, notable items are that we discover Van der Sloot and McNish arrived on the same boat as Gladys. Van der Sloot rented the house for £2 per week in cash, no success with tracing a bank account for him. Details of Gladys bank account shows regular deposits from numerous mining companies, but none are named the 'West Nile Mining Company' so we become suspicious of the P.I.s we met earlier.

We ask Carrington to try and trace information on Hampton and Cooper (the P.I.s), the firm they claimed to work for (Cudsworth, Dangerfield and Gardener) and Father Daniel Brown. Carrington already personally knows Father Brown, who is an almost famous Irish catholic priest in Jerusalem, but his description does not match the body we have.

It is not getting quite late, Smythe and Heart are still being treated and we are all tired from missing sleep on the previous two nights so we have an early night.

#### **Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

We head off to the catholic Seminary to meet Father Brown. It is a very large place, Father Brown lectures Church History and is happy to talk to us. He has his driving licence, we compare it to the one we have – DoB/etc all the same but different signatures. Both appear to be genuine, issued in Jerusalem within a few years of each other, the genuine one is older.

He recognises the description and photo of Gladys, he has definitely seen her around Jerusalem somewhere, but cannot remember exactly when or where. ON a hunch we ask him about the Sons of Solomon and the Illuminati, he says he doesn't want to talk about those topics, especially in this town. If Gladys is mixed up with them she is probably already dead, and we would be advised to get transferred away from this place. We ask him to let us know if he remembers or sees Gladys again, and let her know she can come to us for protection.

He doesn't recognise the names or descriptions of Sloot, McNish, Hampton, Cooper or the dead guy.

We head back to the barracks and report to Smythe and Carrington. Carrington has some answers from most recent questions. C.D.&G. Solicitors was established in 1935, Gardener died (nothing suspicious) in 1938. Both Hampton and Cooper were confirmed as P.I.s and employed by C.D.&G.

No records have been found relating to the West Nile Mining Company. Background found on McNish, he was born in Glasgow in 1910 and is a former Royal Marine. He was honourably discharged (as a standard grunt) after 4 years service, superiors were surprised by him leaving the Marines because he was noted as having above average IQ and very good career prospects if he stayed.

It is now about 13:00.

We visit the local driving licence issuing office to check out the driving licence and plates we have. They example the licence and say that it is fake, because it is printed on the wrong type of paper. The car licence plate number is registered to Father Dan Brown, with the Seminary address, and was issued in Feb 1936. A confirmation letter would have been sent to him with details of the registration.

We ask the office to investigate what other cars have been registered to anyone at the Seminary address, this will take a while to answer so we agree to return in the morning.

We head to Division HQ and make enquiries to find Captain O'Donohue (the contact given to us by our Arab Chieftain friend last month), as it seems likely he might know something about the Sons of Solomon. There are a lot of military units stations in Jerusalem area, and we don't know which unit he is attached to, so it will take them a while to find him – we agree to come back in morning to see if they have had any luck.

It is starting to get late and almost time for evening prayers at the seminary when we try to visit Father Dan Brown again. So we attend the service and check out the other attendees whilst we wait for a better time to talk to Father Brown. Whilst I am in the service, Owen scouts around the seminary and spots a lorry and a van.

In the service there are 6 priests, Father Brown is the youngest by at least 30 years. There are also two nuns, 3 other women and about 20 young men, assumed to be students of the seminary. One of these young men gives the sermon. After the service Father Brown agrees to talk to us again.

Father Brown says he has never owned a car, but has a driving licence because he occasionally drives the church-owned vehicles. He never received any letter from the car licensing office, but all seminary mail is put in fairly freely accessible pigeonholes that he only checks a couple of times a week. It would have been easy for someone to have intercepted the letter, since Father Brown doesn't often get any mail so it would not have been difficult to spot.

Father brown is the newest member of the clergy, the only new members of the Seminary in 1936 were 4 students who arrived in September 1936.

### **Friday 26<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

Lt. Smythe is pretty much recovered, but wants another day of relaxation in hospital. He says it is so that his current wounds can be completely recovered before he gets any more – but I have seen the nurse who has been tending him so I know the real reason! ;-)

We check back at the Car Licensing Office, they have found only a van and a lorry as being registered to the Seminary. We ask if they can find any other private cars that were newly registered to any addresses within a few miles of Jerusalem in 1936, will probably be Monday before they get an answer.

We check back at Div HQ to see if they have found Capt. O'Donohue, but find a message that the Chief of Staff Col. Blackwell wants to talk to us about our request. In his office we find him and Major Guildler, whom we met in April following submission of our report about the magic spear and animated skeletons. Col. Blackwell leaves us with Maj. Guildler to sort out matters.

It appears that our orders for this case were issued by Maj. Guildler and he is both interested and disturbed that our investigations indicate the involvement of the Sons of Solomon.

Maj. Guildler is part of the Royal Military Police, Field Security (Green Caps) 'Department 20' a.k.a. 'Military Intelligence Unit 20' (MI-20) who have a duty to investigate paranormal activities. There are MI-20 cells in many places around the world, but they are very short-staffed and only two members in the middle east (himself and his Sergeant). Capt. O'Donohue is retired but occasionally still helps out but absolutely hates the Sons of Solomon. He offers us the opportunity to transfer into MI-20 and we accept.

He believes that the Illuminati no longer exist, but the Sons of Solomon do. They are an organisation pledged to protect the world from things that shouldn't be known – often brutally! They are not considered to be 'evil' as such, since their goals/objectives are theoretically very good for humanity, however they believe the ends justify the means and will use murder or anything else necessary to achieve those goals. He agrees with our interpretation of the evidence that indicates Van der Sloot and McNish are most likely Sons of Solomon.



MI-20 often works with the Sons of Solomon and has several SoS within their ranks (since the SoS have access to real magic and MI-20 doesn't), however the relationship is often delicate because MI-20 does not always approve of the SoS's methods. SoS would probably prefer that the knowledge Gladys has dies with her rather than let MI-20 gain it. Our orders remain to secure the missing information as top priority, but try to avoid harming and SoS unless they really threaten the failure of the mission.

There are several other occult organisations worthy of note. The Knights of St. Michael is the organisation that our Arab Chief friend is part of. Their purpose is also to protect forbidden knowledge, but their methods and purposes in doing so usually align better with what MI-20 wants. The KoSM do not have magic spells in the same way the SoS do, but many of them have enhanced or magical abilities.

The Roman Catholic Church has a unit similar to MI-20, however Guilder does not think Father Dan Brown is part of it. Father Brown is thought to be a good man who pretends to know more than he actually does, but is a good resource if you are in trouble and need help. MI-20 has several 'enlightened' clergy within its ranks who can do some special things.

Many nations (including the Nazi's) are thought to have equivalent units to MI-20, and sometimes they are encountered. Two particular units worthy of note were disbanded: the Imperial Russian unit (destroyed during the revolution) and the Ottoman Empire unit (disbanded after the Great War) – both of these had very skilled and knowledgeable members who have gone to ground but would be extremely valuable to find.

Our new posting will be based here at Div HQ and we will report directly to Guilder. We are ordered to use the remainder of the day to head back to Lydda and settle our affairs there, then bring all our gear/etc here to take up our new posting. Our first duty will remain the recovery of Gladys or the missing information needed that might be in her personal possessions.

Meanwhile Maj. Guilder visits Smythe in hospital and makes him the same offer as us.

### **Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

We have our own set of offices (one for Smythe, one shared by rest of us) and a back-room in Div HQ. We ask Guilder if he can help us identify the body from the barn, he says he will work on it.

Since we are short on leads now, Lt. Smythe wants to try leaning on Father Brown to see if we can get anything more from him about when or where he saw Gladys. We visit him in the Seminary and ask him if he has managed to remember anything extra about when or where he saw Gladys. He claims, when we ask, that he never spoke to Gladys but we are pretty sure he is lying so Smythe leans on him.

Father Brown breaks and admits that he knows Gladys as Miss Gertrude Willaby who is a librarian at a private library he visits, but he hasn't seen her there since October 1938. With a little more persuasion he identifies the private library as the 'Library of the Betrayed' and gives us the address, but threatens if we tell anyone we got the address from him he will hunt us down and kill us. He says he fears for our souls if we go there and definitely advises that we do not try going there during night-time.

Who runs the library? Not the SoS or KoSM, they would probably burn it to the ground if they found it. Not the church. Some 'Not very nice people' do!

Report back to Guilder, he is surprised that Father Brown appears to me more significant than previously thought and a file will now be opened on him. We put in a requisition for 4 freshly posted RMP privates to help us stake out the library later. Also requisition a camera so that we can photograph suspects and bodies, etc for easier identification in the future.

We try the Post Office and see if they have had any undelivered/returned mail for a Gertrude Willaby.

They find a couple, addressed to a town-house in a modest part of Jerusalem, a tax return and a letter from her brother!

The brothers letter is dated July 1938 and content indicates he has not heard from her for a long time. The letter has been readdressed, by new label stuck over the original address, from a Mr Barry Diamond in the East-End of London. Although dated July 1938, it probably arrived several months after that due to redirection and time taken for surface mail to get here from the UK.

We investigate the address and talk to the land-lord. He remembers Miss Willaby as a very good tenant, always paid rent on time (in cash), was friendly and quiet. He often spoke to her about trivial things (weather, time of day, etc) and he was the one who found her body when she died of a heart attack in October 1938.

Her funeral was at a local catholic church and was conducted by a Father Carmichael Miller, who was a frequent visitor and friend of Gertrude. She left her belongings to Carmichael. She rented the place by letter from the UK before she arrived. We search the house (which now has a new tenant) to see if there were any concealed places any of Gladys's belongings may have been left behind in – but no luck.

We visit the doctor who pronounced her dead – he says was heart attack with no suspicious signs.

We head to the church to find Father Carmichael – he is not there. Carmichael is not a regular priest there, he just occasionally provides locum cover. Miss Willaby was buried there at Carmichaels request, we visit her grave stone which is simple and unadorned.

The local priest does not know where Carmichael lives or how to contact him, but gives us a description. He is bald but has a big beard and always smells strongly of fish.

We head back to our office and find two new things have arrived:

The first is a message from Col.Blackwell confirming that our requisitioned privates are dressed in civvies and in place to start the stake-out. They have selected two vantage points, to the front and rear of the building, and have two privates in each location.

The second is a new medic, Cpl Williams (Martyn), to replace Heart (who is still in hospital).

We prepare and send set of questions back to the UK about: Barry Diamond, how the brother knew his address, why the Admiralty waited so long to start this investigation, and history of Father Brown.

We then set up 3-hour shifts between us to supervise the new privates on stake-out, with the Lt as a random visitor to check in on each shift periodically. We note that the stake-out vantage points chosen are not exactly inconspicuous and we would be noticed by anyone looking up at the roofline, however there are no better positions that would have the line-of-sight required. The library has a carpet shop to one side and a metalwork shop to the other.

I am on the first shift, 19:00 till 22:00. The night passes uneventfully.

### **Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

The stake-out shifts continue with my second shift from 07:00 till 10:00.

Meanwhile Lt. Smythe goes to visit the Seminary again. He sits in on the morning Mass then questions Father Brown further about the library. The library is not really an occult/black-magic library – it is more of a repository for manuscripts that would have otherwise been destroyed for being heretical/etc (e.g. Gnostic scriptures). Gladys could not have become a librarian without being a long-term member and/or being very strongly recommended. Gladys may possibly have been a member of an associated library, Father Brown knows of at least one in Rome but is not sure how many others there are in what countries/cities.

After I finish my shift I go and visit the landlord again. Gladys started her tenancy in July 1936, so pretty much straight away after arriving on the ship. She apparently did not noticeably ever go away on any trips. The landlord did not personally see any Will or instructions from Gladys, but was told by Carmichael that she had left instructions for him (Carmichael) to have it all. Since Carmichael had been such a frequent companion of Gladys, the landlord had not reason to doubt his claim.

14:00. Lt.Smythe decides to take a closer look at the library. He takes me, Arnold and Williams (Owen has the current shift supervising the privates) to check things out. We start off on the roof of the building and find a trapdoor. We manage to quietly open it and listen to voices we can hear inside. Sounds like an average lower-working-class family conversation. We close the trapdoor and investigate the street-level entrances. The street is pretty busy, so we try to be circumspect. The front door is locked. The back door is unlocked and open immediately onto stairs going up, where we hear the same family conversation/voices.

We therefore draw conclusion that rear entrance is to an unrelated flat above the library and attention should focus on the front entrance.

Since the stakeout has not seen anything, and the library was reported as being the focus of frequent comings and goings by dangerous people (especially at night) – we suspect that maybe Father Brown gave us the wrong address. We therefore decide to be certain we have the right place by getting a search warrant, using the rumours of strange comings and goings of people at odd hours as possible evidence of a terrorist plot and justification for the search.

We have concerns that SoS and other interested parties might have sources to hear about our planned raid whilst the paperwork is being approved, so Williams has the bright idea of using a different address (of the metalwork shop next door) and plan for our search of the actual library to be innocent confusion over which door we tried. The raid is scheduled for just after dawn and we have an RMP section to help.

### **Monday 29<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

Our allocated RMP section cordon a small section of the street off whilst we conduct our search, it is very early so is pretty quiet to start with.

We knock on the front door of the library, no answer, so open the door (it is unlocked when we try it). Inside are steep steps going down with a rough rope hand-rail and a very faint glow of light coming up. It seems strange that this means there is apparently no access to the ground floor from either the front or the back.

We carefully go down the stairs, with myself on point. The stairs end in a roughly square room, with parallel chalk lines drawn on the floor to mark out a path diagonally across the room to another set of stairs heading down on the opposite side. There is a lot of fresh blood scattered around, on both sides of the room and across parts of the marked path. Using our flashlights we see the remains of 4 large guard dogs that appear to have been literally ripped to pieces and (according to our medic) probably within the last hour.

We continue down stairs, carefully and with our torches off. The stairs are in a partitioned/separated spiral (i.e. sections of spiral steps separated by short flat sections on each 'floor' passed). After descending two floors (with me in the lead again) I find that a section of the floor is missing, but avoid falling. Using a muffled light I investigate and spot a removable bridge section leaning against the wall on the far side. Arnold (as our resident athlete) jumps across and places the bridge so that we can cross.

One the floor below, we discover the same situation. Instead of jumping across, this time we simply nip back and get the previous bridge section and use that. After descending another floor we find a doorway carved through what appears to be an 8-foot thick wall of some type. Some loose tin cans have been placed on the bottom step as a crude warning alarm, but we avoid touching them and creep through the doorway.

It is extremely dark but we can smell musty books and can see some faint reflections in the floor, which appears to be highly-polished marble. It is too dark to do anything useful, so we prepare for action and then switch our torches on...

We hear a faint 'click' and a voice that says "No, Cooper, wait!". We then see Hampton and Cooper, who is totally covered in blood and wielding a silenced automatic handgun of some type. They say that they

arrived a short while ago, after their investigation of Gladys tax records mention this address. Cooper looks a little sheepish when he notices us looking at the blood he is covered in, he shrugs and says that he doesn't like dogs. H&C don't have much more to tell us, we do not give them any information about Gladys, instead sticking to the terrorist search warrant story.

We turn on the main electric lights and the room is fully lit. The place we are in is a high-ceilinged 120' by 40' room split roughly in half, comprising a comfy reading area and a section packed full of books, manuscripts and display cases. They all seem well cared for.

We are concerned that the place appears deserted and vulnerable, so Arnold is sent to fetch Father Brown to advise on how to ensure the place stays safe. In the meantime the rest of us, with help of H&C, carefully search the place and find:

- What appears to be a membership ledger.
  - Has Gertrude Willaby on it but crossed out
  - Has Father Brown
  - Has Father Carmichael, with an address! The Hermitage of St. Godeliève, c/o the Harbourmaster Tel Aviv.
- An encoded accounts ledger. Lt. Smythe can decipher it and finds that main drawer of salary is a Doctor Markham. We find an address for him in the membership ledger.

To maintain appearances and fulfil the terms of the search warrant, we also search the metalwork shop next door. It specialises in brass-work of various types and has an L-shaped workshop extending over what we originally thought was the ground floor of the library. The shop owner is a little sullen but is convinced to cooperate by the charming manner of Lt. Smythe (heh!). He says that he has never noticed any odd comings and goings or anything else strange in the area at all.

At the seminary Arnold tries to talk to Father Brown, but Brown does not seem to want to talk to Arnold and refuses to go with him to the library.

Arnold arrives back at the library just as we finish at the metalwork shop and dismiss the RMP cordon. I head off to try and find Doctor Markham whilst Lt. Smythe and the rest of the unit (with H&C so we can keep an eye on them) close up the library and lie in wait for any library visitors in the first square room.

Approaching Doctor Markham's address I see an elderly gentleman leaving the property and locking the door behind him. I stop him and ask his name. He is Doctor Markham and agrees to step back inside for a quiet chat. I explain the situation at the library, the fact that it is unsecured and we are concerned for its safety. He says that he has been the librarian since the end of last year when Miss Willaby passed away. He knew her previously, but Carmichael knew her better. He described Carmichael as being fat, bald, in his 60's and last saw him around February. He came to the library much less frequently after Gladys died.

He is not sure what topics they were interested in, but believes it may have involved Thule. This is/was a mysterious island north of Britain mentioned in ancient scriptures, believed by some to be Atlantis but by more orthodox interpretations assumed to be Greenland, Iceland, Norway or one of the Orkney or Shetland islands.

During our conversation I feel a discomfort in my head and suspect that he has used, or tried to use, some type of power on me. I politely remind him that I have been very nice to him, and about protecting the library when we both know that there are several organisations out there who would like nothing better than to destroy it or take it for themselves. As such I consider it very rude of him to try and use powers on me like that. He denies any knowledge of what I am talking about (powers, what powers?), but he is a very poor liar and it is obvious he is not telling the truth. I tell him that I have seen many strange things and know when I encounter such things. He continues to protest his innocence (very badly) so I simply warn him that if he tries it on me again I will have no compunction about shooting him and drop the subject.

We return to the library and meet up with Lt. Smythe et al. Markham does not wish to press any charges for breaking and entering, or killing the dogs, against H&C. He gives us a short guided tour of the library, and says he would be happy to talk to us again in the future – but would prefer to do so at his house rather than at the library.

We return to our offices for further discussions with H&C. They appear willing and eager to work with us until such point as they either find Gladys or confirmation of her death. They are apparently not aware that Gertrude Willaby died, we do not share this knowledge (and we have not yet absolutely confirmed that the dead body was actually Gladys, rather than a faked death substituting a different body, anyway).

At our office we find L.Cpl. McAdder who has been posted to join our team, we make introductions. A short while later a Sgt knocks at our door to request our presence at the Seminary. Apparently there has been a murder. The victim is Father Dan Brown and reports suggest that he has been literally gutted.

09:15 –Lt. Smythe stays to continue talking to H&C whilst the rest of us head off to the Seminary to investigate what has happened to Father Brown.

The seminary has been cordoned off by the Jerusalem Police, headed by DCI Flanigan. He has been told to cooperate with us and so he lets us in on the condition that we share anything we find out with him. I brief him only that we are investigating a case of an unidentified corpse carrying fake ID named for Father Brown, so we were called in because of that connection. A pathologist is here examining the crime scene.

Dan Brown is in his study, nailed to the wall in a crucified position. His chest has been sliced open and also pinned back against the wall to hold it open. His tongue, lower jaw and larynx have been removed and a rubber tube has run down from his mouth to his lungs, our medical expert (Cpl Williams) believes that it would have kept him alive longer whilst he was dissected. All of his internal organs have been pulled out of his chest cavity and are dumped in a pool of blood on the floor near his feet.

From the organs and blood on the floor, it appears certain that this was done in-situ. The work was performed with razor sharp implements and surgical precision. It would have taken a while to complete, but not certain exactly how long.

The pathologist comments that he thinks that it is odd that there are no footprints in the blood on the floor. The assailant would have had to stand where the blood is in order to complete the dissection.

We do however notice some animal prints in the blood, they appear to be like a rats except that the rat would have to be at least 4 feet high. The rat prints lead to the window. On the window sill the prints continue, but are shrunk to normal rat size (it shrank?). Outside the window is a 15-foot drop, the rat prints run down a gutter pip to the road then disappear in the normal road dirt.

Cpl Arnold saw Father Brown at approx 06:30. He was seen later by seminary staff at approx 07:45 after breakfast. His corpse was discovered at 08:45 by a student.

By the time we finish at the seminary it is about midday so we head back to the barracks for lunch.

Our priority mission orders are still to recover the information that Gladys was working on, so we have to follow up our direct lead on that before investigating this murder further. We catch the 13:30 train to Tel Aviv in order to visit the address for Father Carmichael, arriving at 16:00 then walking down to the harbour.

Talking to the harbour master we discover that the address is for an old Victorian paddle steamer that acts as a floating hermitage – which is not currently here. It spends its time travelling between Tel Aviv and Port Said, covering most of the southern coast of the holy land.

The hermitage contains around half a dozen people, including:

- Father Thadeus – the leader, described as “decidedly odd” by the harbour master.
- Brother Andrew – the ships mechanic, considered to be the most sane of the group.
- Brother Brendan

- Father Carmichael – not known directly by the harbour master, but recognised from his description.
- An Italian-Irish new guy who joined the ship fairly recently.

We leave contact details with the harbour master, who promises to call us if the ship returns.

We check into our old Mess for the night and unfortunately get into a bit of a scrap over our change of regiment. Cpl Arnold is in trouble for using his cudgel instead of his fists and causing some serious harm. We get charged with a minor misdemeanour, except for Cpl Arnold who will have to face a court martial, but released to continue our investigation. Our CO will be notified and arrange the court martial in due course.

### **Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup> May 1939**

We head back to the harbour masters office to get an update, on the way there I think I see someone who looks like Cooper on the docks. The harbour master has no news on the ship, but when asked about H&C he says they were in asking about the same ship. We thank him and leave.

We go down onto the docks to find H&C. They are there and are hanging around waiting for the ship to return so that they can find out more about what happened to Gladys/Gertrude. They give us the address of the hotel they are staying at so that we can contact them if we find out anything new.

We head to the Royal Navy section of the docks to find if any of their patrols have spotted the Hermitage. They have and it is likely to arrive tomorrow, if it doesn't break down again. Apparently it is fairly common for it to break down and have to be towed back to port for repairs.

We get authorisation from our HQ to take an RN patrol boat out to intercept the Hermitage, heading out at about 15:00. We requisition some grenades just in case, although our ship's crew don't look happy at the idea of us being quite so 'tooled up'.

After a couple of hours travel we see a large plume of black smoke that marks the Hermitage. It is about 160ft long and looks like it is a converted cargo vessel, it is making about 3 knots.

We pull alongside and hail them. They say that Father Carmichael is in silent meditation and cannot be disturbed. We insist that we must speak with Carmichael so they bring out a guy who claims to be Carmichael but does not match our description and does not know simple basic facts about Gertrude, whom he claims to know well. We challenge them over this and say that we will be forced to board them, which we are entitled by law to do, if we cannot speak to the real Carmichael.

They refuse and start up their engines to steam away from us. Our patrol boat moves to the rear of their ship and throws grapple lines over so that we can board.

We climb across the grappling ropes and quickly board, as Father Thadeus runs towards where we are waving a gun whilst demanding we leave. We politely inform him that we will be happy to leave immediately if we can speak to Father Carmichael, but otherwise we are legally entitled to board his ship to find Father Carmichael. During the course of conversation I issue three separate warnings for him to drop his weapon, and repeat that we will leave if we get Father Carmichael.

Father Thadeus refuses and shoots me whilst two of his colleagues, also armed, run up to join him. I return fire, shooting Father Thadeus, then Cpl Williams runs forward and disarms him. Father Thadeus's two colleagues open fire on L.Cpl. McAdder. We all return fire and these two men go down, whilst Cpl. Williams struggles with Father Thadeus who is attempting to use a heavy metal cross as a melee weapon.

A 4<sup>th</sup> guy appears from the wheel house with a large weapon, he takes up a covered position and starts aiming at us. Cpl Arnold and myself fire at him and he goes down.

Father Thadeus is disarmed again and restrained, then Cpl Williams and myself render first aid to the injured whilst Arnold and McAdder cover us. Of the three we shot down, one is dead and the other two

are alive but badly wounded and unconscious. Williams treats and stabilises all injuries, then we call some of the RN sailors over to stand guard whilst we search the rest of the ship.

We find the engine room and, after I figure out the engine, stop the ship. Continuing our search we find one room that contains someone with a machine gun, who opens fire on us full auto. McAdder is very seriously wounded and temporarily blacks out for a short moment. I drag McAdder into cover then, because I cannot get a bead on the machine-gunner without exposing myself to more fire, throw a grenade into the room. The machine gun then stops firing and we hear some screams and moans.

We hold position whilst Williams patches up McAdder, then he and Williams cover me whilst I enter the room. Inside is the body of a monk with a machine gun behind a rough barricade, with another person who matches the description of Carmichael badly injured near-by. Carmichael is patched up by Cpl. Williams, he is too badly injured to be questioned.

We search the room, which is a chapel, and then the rest of the ship. Most importantly we find a military grade radio hidden in one of the rooms – which indicates that this ship has been operating as an Italian spy-ship under the noses of the Royal Navy.

We show the radio to the commander of the patrol boat and split up. The patrol boat returns to Tel Aviv with the bodies and the injured men for hospital treatment and questioning. All of the team except for myself leave on the patrol boat. I stay on the Hermitage to continue searching it and ensure that anything ‘special’ that is found is kept safe. Several sailors from the patrol boat remain with me to pilot the ship to port, which I request to be a different port from Tel Aviv in order to avoid H&C seeing it arrive (in case they are spies or something worse).

#### **For next session:**

- Double-check the membership ledger
  - What address was listed for Gertrude?
- Hampton and Cooper – smell very fishy (and not in the Father Carmichael way), I don’t trust them
  - Still no evidence that the mining company they mention ever existed, or Gladys owned shares in it.
  - How did they manage to make the link between Gladys and Gertrude at the tax office?
  - Check what details they found at the Tax Office, since we know they got some. Did the tax records \*really\* list the address of the library? That seems very strange if they did.
- Is the library in Cairo (that Prof Geovanni found his references to the Spear in) related to this library?
- Follow-up on the Tax Return from the post-office. See if can lead us to finding out what income, bank accounts and assets Gladys had here, and what has happened to them. Has bank account been touched since October? Did she have any other properties?
- Where do other libraries of this type exist, and which one was Gladys referred from?
- What is special about Father Dan Brown? Why would anyone pick such a publicly recognisable figure to use as a fake identity (and thus have a high risk of being exposed as an imposter)
  - Option A – ‘Nice Guy’ faker – picked an identity such that if implicated with a crime or something – any eye-witnesses would be able to instantly prove the innocence of the real Father Dan Brown.
  - Option B – ??? (we need an option B)
  - Was Father Brown murdered to cover for option B following the failure to destroy all the evidence by the guy carrying the fake ID during his (apparent) suicide? Or was he murdered for breaking the code of secrecy about the library?
- **Questions wired to the UK but currently unanswered**
  - Contact Bristol Diocese (claimed to be the last posting for Father Dan Brown) and confirm that our description of Father Brown matches the description of the Father Brown they had there.
  - Who is Mr Barry Diamond (of the East-End of London) and what was his involvement? He knew Gladys’s alias and address in Jerusalem and forwarded mail to her.

- How did Gladys's brother find out about Barry Diamond? Assume that Gladys wrote to brother – but what did she say to him and did he tell the Admiralty or anyone?
- Since the journal was given to the Admiralty and investigated in 1937 – how come they waited until 1939 to launch an investigation to find her? Is it because she was somehow in contact with them before her (supposed) death in Oct 1938 and since they haven't heard from her in a few months now they decided to try and find her?



## File on Gladys Ensworth

**Name:** Gladys Ensworth (single, female)

**Known Aliases:** Peter Baxter (her pen name), Gertrude Willaby (librarian for an exclusive private library in Jerusalem)

**Year of birth:** 1873 (age 63 in 1936, 66 if alive now)

**Assumed Dead:** Oct. 1938 - heart attack, nothing suspicious

**Religion:** Protestant C. of E. (but buried in R.C. Church?)

**Known relatives:** Edward Ensworth (younger, brother, single), in her will held by solicitors, he is the sole beneficiary.

**Medical History:** Full records not releasable, but doctor states that she was not suffering from any conditions.

**Occupation:** Independently wealthy (inherited significant shareholding in a very successful mining concern) and published author (4 best-seller books).

**Details of disappearance:** Reported missing by her brother. Disembarked with luggage from Cunard cruise ship (as 1<sup>st</sup> Class passenger) in Tel Aviv in July 1936. It was fairly early in the morning when she passed through customs into the 1<sup>st</sup> Class arrivals lounge and then was last seen at heading towards a taxi rank. Noted as odd that she used that taxi rank, which was patronised by locals and lower-class customers, rather than using the 1<sup>st</sup> class taxi rank or asking one of the staff in the 1<sup>st</sup> Class lounge to summon her a taxi. Her brother says she has never been to this area before.

**Associated Local Police Investigation in 1936:** The taxi (a horse and carriage) could not be traced, but the use of a horse and carriage taxi suggests that she was not intending to travel very far. Police investigated the train station and (with a photo) interviewed porters without drawing any leads. She was apparently travelling alone, was polite and cordial, mixed socially but had no regular companions during the voyage. When purchasing train tickets it is not necessary to supply a name, and so it is possible that she took a train enough though none of the porters recognised her photo. All local hotels were checked and staff interviewed without any luck. Police invested a substantial amount of legwork into the case and failed to draw any leads.

**Known Movements and Actions Before Disappearance:** Was visiting Mauritius to research her new book in 1934 through 1935 when she returned home to the UK suddenly. After approx 9 months she, apparently equally suddenly, bought a one-way ticket to Tel Aviv, withdrew £1,000 cash from her bank, and set sail.

In the time before she left she wrote and submitted a manuscript for her next book (set in Finland) to her publishers (April 1936). They had problems with it due to comments included about the Nazi regime and, since she had gone missing, could not contact her to discuss them so did not publish the book. Subsequently the manuscript has gone missing (now known to have been recovered and now held by MI-20).

She left behind a journal from her time in Mauritius that was found by her brother. After reading it he gave it to the admiralty in 1937 (*why the Admiralty?*). It is currently held by the Admiralty and has been classified as TOP SECRET so we are not getting to see any details from it. The Admiralty has created a summary report (also at Top Secret) based upon the material in the journal. It appears that there are some key pieces of information missing from the journal (and the manuscript) that are needed to complete 'whatever it is that is covered by the journal'. We don't know that the result of gaining these missing pieces of information will be, but it is said to be crucially important to the war-effort and is why Gladys (or some other belongings of hers that contain the missing information) are needed.



**Her Books:** 4 books published, all best sellers, after reading them we assess the following findings:

- All current day murder-mystery ‘who dun it’s with an occult theme. Occult theme appears to be well researched and is more ‘hard-core’ than Ouija-boards or séances. Quite a lot of disguise and subterfuge, so she was probably an expert in disguises, etc
- 2 set in Singapore, others in South Africa and France. Unpublished manuscript set in Finland.
- She is known for in-depth research of all of her books, staying in the places they are set. However she has never visited Finland.
- There were no reoccurring personalities in common between any of her books, but there were reoccurrences of two supposed occult organisations: Sons of Solomon (known to exist) and The Illuminati (believed by MI20 to have been wiped out). These were portrayed as dark, sinister and not above murder.

**Results of our Investigation in 1939:** She had travelled on a one-way ticket and was carrying approx £1,000 in cash, withdrawn from her bank shortly before leaving the UK. There have been no subsequent withdrawals made from her bank account.

It appears that whilst in the UK she arranged the rental of a modest Jerusalem town-house, using the name Gertrude Willaby. It has been confirmed that her occupation of the house started in July 1936. Exact dates in July are uncertain but indicate that she probably travelled there directly after arriving in Tel Aviv. The landlord states that, between taking up her tenancy and her apparent death in October 1938, he saw her pretty much every day. Thus it can be assumed that she did not travel anywhere more than about a day’s journey outside Jerusalem during this period.

Upon arrival in Jerusalem she started working (pretty much straight away) for an exclusive private occult library as a librarian, whilst researching something in the library. To gain a position of such high trust in such a secretive organisation immediately means that she must have had impeccable references from a source that was highly trusted by the library owners. It has been suggested that the only sources that would be trusted so highly would be equivalent related libraries elsewhere. At least one other is known to exist, in Rome.

She was found dead in the rented house by the land-lord in October 1938 and was formally buried in a local church, by the instruction of a “Father Carmichael Miller”. Carmichael was (according her land-lord) a long-term friend of Gladys and a regular visitor to her house. He was also a member and regular visitor to the library during her period of employment there, and has not visited the library very often since her death. All her belongings were given to Carmichael, who told the landlord that he had found a letter identifying him as her sole beneficiary. We now have an address for Carmichael in Tel Aviv.

**Other Material/Evidence Gained from Questions Submitted:**

- 150 people in 1<sup>st</sup> Class on the same ship. 130 had return tickets, of the remaining 19 (once Gladys has been excluded) police traces find only two names unaccounted for: Joran van der Sloot and Jacob McNish. Multiple independent sources of circumstantial evidence suggest they are Sons of Solomon.

**List of outstanding current questions and info needing answers:**

- When did Carmichael join the library, was it after Gladys arrived? (check the members list we have).
- Who is Mr Barry Diamond (of the East-End of London) and what was his involvement? He knew Gladys’s alias and address in Jerusalem and forwarded mail to her.
- How did Gladys’s brother find out about Barry Diamond? Assume that Gladys wrote to brother – but what did she say to him and did he tell the Admiralty or anyone?
- Since the journal was given to the Admiralty and investigated in 1937 – how come they waited until 1939 to launch an investigation to find her? Was she in contact with them before her (supposed) death in Oct 1938 and since they haven’t heard from her in a few months now they decided to try and find her?