

Mr Terrance Brooke  
Australian Society for Psychical Research  
Wheel House, Macleay Street  
Potts Point, Sydney

Dear Sir,

I see from your learned writings that you are a good man, dedicated to the truth.

I write in request of urgent assistance. My niece Thelma Dunn, of some fifteen summers, has gone missing in the most distressing circumstances from her home at Buckenbowra. Four nights now, from Sunday last. The local men assist but they fear the darkness in the mountains. We search in vain.

I am a poor woman of the most modest means, though I have learned my letters well enough and take refuge in the teachings of our Lord.

There are powers here beyond my understanding. They betray us, forget our true nature, seek to master us.

We hear Thelma's cries of anguish in the night, from heights only the old ones tread.

Please help us. As the good king sang before the altar (Ps 91:4-6),

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

Yours in the love of God,



Mrs Florence Dunn  
Buckenbowra Station  
via Braidwood