

Tuesday November 22, 1932

Dear Diary,

Found another clump of hair on my pillow this morning. This job will render me bald. I have poured over the benefits again and again and have seen no clause regarding wigs. My counterpart in Edmonton told me in confidence that it may be the Neutralium. He swears, and I have no reason to doubt him that contact with it causes cancers in normal people. That might be why we are warned not to wear Neutralium amulets for long. Sigh. Perhaps it's time to take early retirement? If this lot wasn't bad enough having to babysit the MS as well is driving me to drink. I was having a bath in my private room when I looked up and saw that perverted creep JAM standing there watching me with his hand down his ghostly trousers. Fucker. I yelled loud enough to bring the house down but only Rose, Northwind and Petite Jeanne came to see what was wrong. And what could any of use do but look angry. I must admit as quiet as Petite Jeanne seems she has a real talent for invective. I mean I understand French but she knows curses I've never heard before. Northwind turned into a polar bear but that was frustration mostly. Finally JAM saluted us and dropped through the floor. We sat up all night drinking and imaging creative manners in which to kill him.

The next morning that raisin-sized sexist Mighty Mite had the gall to ask me to place a call for him! I informed him in no uncertain terms that I was not a secretary! I still feel mad about that. Rose, that gem of a steno offered to make the call. It was to the real Sir Hamish in Bisset and he was arranging to make a visit. (I learned later that he brought Sir Hamish up to date on all the weird goings on at Cold Springs and in Assiniboia. I believe Sir Hamish said he and his people would look into it. Mighty Mite arranged to return to Bisset later in the day to travel with him and Lord W. and Lady R. into Assiniboia. Sir Hamish had booked an entire floor of the Hotel Fort Garry and had arranged for all the members of the Watcher's Men to stay in their own rooms at the hotel.

After performing his usual scan of the morning papers for news about animal cruelty, "News flash T. E. Eatons reducing feed rations for delivery horses in order to save money!" that otherwise exemplary butler Jeeves decided that he and the Zygote would travel to Wonderton to visit Trunky and see if they could find a healer for the powers they lost. (I wish we had known of one but the closest one that I was aware of had been in Moosejaw and she had recently died). The Zygote might be as creepy as hell but at least he, it?, has never watched me bathe. He's always been decent enough. It wouldn't take a terribly worldly sort to know that 9 am was a little early in the day to be visiting a nightclub but no one asked so off they set.

They reached the Comet Club on foot and it was then that they realized the place was dark and quiet. They met two young Wonders playing outside, a three armed but one legged boy and his sister who had snakes for hair and a tail. Jeeves I understand wanted to return at a more suitable hour but the Zygote insisted on knocking. After some rapping on the door they roused Gertrude, one of Trunky's girls. She and Mervin one of Trunky's gunsels invited them in and they met with Trunky. Gertrude told me that they informed her on pretty much all of what's been going on as well. Trunky was quite disturbed by the details. She had heard of some strange rumours of goings on not related to Wondrous powers and agreed to share what she knew. She also arranged for a Healer to treat the two of them Dusty. The Healer turned out to be the little snake-haired girl known as Medusa. The healing was gratis and later Dusty visited as well.

The Watcher, the Shadow and the White Ghost had decided to try and locate the offices of Lux Veritas. Amusing that they thought no one has ever tried to locate the office. They had discovered that there was nothing but a post office box listed in the paper so the Watcher was going to use his powers to find the letter. He memorized it and then obtaining a two cent stamp from Rose went to post it. In the afternoon the Watcher located the letter and the three of them departed in pursuit. They returned later that afternoon with no idea of where they'd been or what they'd been doing. The Watcher

found the letter he'd sent in his inside coat pocket with the inscription, "Nice try". Soon after they'd returned Rose found this letter on the front steps:

Greetings,

You do not know me and sadly, you cannot know me. My nom de plume is A. Nonymous and like your-selves I am a Wonder and the reporter, typesetter, printer and editor of the Lux Veritas weekly. One of my Wondrous abilities is that I am eminently forgettable. In fact I cannot be remembered at all except when one is in my actual presence. I am what our good chief of police terms a "slippery customer". In reality he of course used much coarser language than that but I always wish to think the best of our fellow man. No, really I honestly do.

The reason why I am contacting you directly is that I wish to inform you that I will try and assist you in whatever manner I can in your investigations into the death of Sir Clarence H. Cartwright and the rift between Sir Hamish and his wife. I strongly suspect the handiwork of the same agents in both cases. I have already provided you with poor Sir Clarence's memoirs. In fact it was I who provided him with the library index cards after his typewriter was removed from his room. Unfortunately, at this point you have all the information I know. I don't know why some of the index cards are missing or what happened to them.

Information, unfortunately is all that I can provide as I am a frightful coward and will not put myself in harm's way. Oh, did I mention that I can also go totally invisible? Not just to vision but to every sense and I am undetectable to mind waves as well? Don't bother trying to contact me or to locate the office of the Lux Veritas. I would hate to have to move again. It's such a delightful location! If I feel the need to contact you I will do so.

Beware the things in bowler hats! They are not what they seem to be. I do not know what they actually are but they are not men! Ask your friend the not so late Sir Hamish about the bowler hats. His answer might surprise you.

With fondest regards,

A. Nonymous  
A friend of sorts.

The Watcher then spent a frustrating and expensive amount of time trying to locate Dr. Little's papers (the Arkham University professor who had travelled to the South Pacific with Cartwright). He finally spoke with the head of the history department only to learn that all the papers from Little and Osborne and any records pertaining to the expedition had been sealed into their forbidden stacks. Imagine that, they actually call it that. They would need permission from the president of the university and the board of governors to gain access. Another dead end?

In the early evening Mighty Mite travels to Bisset so he can return on the train with Sir Hamish. He asked about the bowler hats only to discover that they are wondrous devices built by Sir Hamish himself. His estranged wife had access to a dozen or so of the devices. If I was them I would be more concerned with the implication that the hats are not necessarily an identifying feature of these mysterious beings. Anyway they all travelled to the hotel and after checking it over spent the night. I was happy for the quiet especially as the Maple Squad was at the Royal A. with the dignitaries.

Wednesday November 23, 1932

What was the headline again? Oh yes, "Wonders wreck funeral of Sir Hamish and Family." I had to seek out the Milk of Magnesia when I saw that in the evening newspaper. Apparently the plan had been for Sir Hamish and his attendants and those of the Watcher's Men who couldn't pass for human to sit in the choir loft which Sir Hamish had arranged to be blocked off by a one way curtain. The Watcher was checking out those who came in the front door and the Shadow was seated in the congregation keeping an eye on them. Mighty Mite was flying overhead and the Mountie, Northwind and Petite Jeanne were stationed in the choir loft with the local team.

While checking out the people arriving at the funeral the Watcher spots Sir Clarence, returned from the dead and there for the funeral (though I hear he seemed confused why he was there). The Watcher grasped him by the elbow and tried to lead him aside. He telepathically communicated with the Shadow and asked him to contact the rest of the team and let them know what was happening. I was gobsmacked when I heard the Shadow went invisible right in the middle of the church and flew to the loft. I must circle the definition for the word undercover, or perhaps circumspect, for him in the dictionary and leave it on his night stand. Of course people saw this and started panicking. The RCMP started clearing the place and ushering the dignitaries out. They arrested both Sir Clarence and the Watcher and put them in the back of one of their special Black Marias. Another two went to investigate the choir loft and when they saw Jeeves descending the stair one drew his revolver and shot him! This wouldn't have done anything but the round had a Neutralium tip and Jeeves lost all his powers! Fortunately the chief of Assiniboia's police force was there and vouched for Jeeves and an ambulance was summoned.

The Watcher and "Sir Clarence" were dropped off at the Gingerbread Hall by the RCMP, the Ghost flew back, the Shadow was forced to take a streetcar and eventually everyone, except Jeeves returned after escorting Sir Hamish back to the Hotel Fort Garry. (We were all grateful to the doctors at Winnipeg General Hospital for the quick removal of the bullet. Jeeves told me afterwards that he had hoped the loss of powers would reveal whether he was an ape who became a man or a man who became an ape. Unfortunately the devolution did not reveal anything conclusive).

The Watcher inspected Sir Clarence who seemed addled at best. Neutralium removed no powers from him and his mind could not be read by either telepath in our little band. He seemed to have no marks on him or anything in his pockets of any interest. He was locked into the basement wondrous cell to await further questioning.