

Mr. W. Winston  
High Branch Manor,  
872 Kingsport Rd,  
Aylesbury,  
Massachusetts

Mr. D. Henslowe  
513 West Henry Street,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

January 11th, 1925

Dearest Walter,

I am so glad to hear that you made it back safely, I got back to Savannah almost immediately. I'll cut straight to the chase my old friend, I need some corroborating evidence from you to set me back on the right track.

I have tried to piece things the events of last summer and recount them, but it is still sketchy in places and I see eyebrows begin to rise at some of the story. Perhaps if they could hear it from you as well?

Please write back with your account of what happened. My doctors simply will not believe me.

Your Friend,

Douglas

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513 West Henry Street,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

June 16th, 1926

Dear Walter,

I apologize for writing again, I left it for as long as I was able before requesting your help once again. I understand your reluctance about being drawn into this business once again and that it not what I am asking for.

What I need is someone to back my story up to prove that the things I saw were indeed true and not some figment of my sub-conscious. That is what my Doctors are saying. Don't worry I haven't told them where any of this was and I won't.

You don't even have to put your name to it if you don't want to, but I could really use your help.

Your Friend,

Douglas

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July 6th, 1927

Dear Walter,

Well its has been a year since I attempted to contact you old friend. I'll admit thing haven't been going that well for me of late and I keep thinking on that summer in 1924.

It has been playing on my mind and often I wake in a cold sweat thinking of our friends. Tell me they didn't die for nothing. Tell me they didn't get away with it! Just some reassurance from you would let me sleep a little more easily.

I need to hear from a friend about now so if you can spare me a few moments to drop me a note I'd appreciate it.

Your Friend,

Douglas

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February 19th, 1929

Dear Walter,

They still won't listen to my story, perhaps you could send word to my Doctors? I just keep going over it, that August. Five years hasn't dulled the pain. I just keep asking myself that if they 'd followed me out of there, they'd still be alive.

Why didn't I make them? Why didn't they just follow me? Is there more I could have done? These questions and others rob me of my sleep and leave me drained to my very soul. They won't listen, their answers seem to come from a bottle of pills.

Please write back Walter, I need to hear from you. I need to prove I'm not crazy!

Yours sincerely,

Douglas

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513 West Henry Street,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

September 27th, 1930

Walter,

I understand your reluctance to get involved but I have run out of options. If you'd just send word telling your version of events perhaps the doctors would believe you and me.

If not my only other recourse is to take there pills and pretend like all this is a fantasy. That is what they want to hear naturally. I'm sure that they will be pleased that I have given up insisting that my 'story' is the truth.

If only you could see to helping me out on that score, for old time's sake. I'm begging you...

Yours,

Douglas

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513 West Henry Street,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

October 13th, 1931

Dearest Walter,

Perhaps it has been for the best that I have finally submitted to never being able to tell the truth of that night. The doctors are pleased with the progress that I have made since I began to refrain from my insistence that the events of August 1924 happened as I have been describing all these long years.

Are you ignoring me Walter? Perhaps this is your way of helping me? Your silence echoes when I think you're trying to tell me something. I think I finally understand. Some things are better left alone. But like a frayed cuff of a jacket, I cannot help but worry at the loose threads. One day perhaps I will rest.

I live in hope you may change your mind and write to me.

Your friend,

Douglas

Mr. W. Winston  
High Branch Manor,  
872 Kingsport Rd,  
Aylesbury,  
Massachusetts

Mr. D. Henslowe  
23 Old Hope Road,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

March 13th, 1933

Dear Walter,

I have managed to clear my troubled mind, at least in my waking hours. I think maybe I'm free of that day at last. The dreams still haunt me but things are better here.

The trees swaying the in the breeze, chatter of the birds in their low hanging branches flitting between the moss and the constant drone and thrum of fat-bodied insects brings me a sort of calm that I have not felt in some time.

I hope you too are able to find some peace. It would be good to hear that all was well with you Walter, it has been so long.

Your Friend,

Douglas

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Mr. D. Henslowe  
23 Old Hope Road,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

May 25th, 1933

Dear Walter,

I find myself drawn once again to reach out to you my old friend, perhaps at last to close a chapter of our story together. The doctors told me that I had to move on and look to the future and begin to set aside thoughts of the past.

August 1924 is something I will never forget, it is etched on my memories like the carved names driven deep onto the headstones of my distant family. I am truly sorry I haven't left you in peace all these years, a part of me still wanted you to support me to prove I wasn't mad.

I have come to terms with it now my old friend, I won't write again. I wish you all the best in your life and hope you have found some degree of happiness.

Your friend,

Douglas

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23 Old Hope Road,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

August 9th, 1933

Dear Walter,

I remember in my last missive I had said I would not write to you again, yet once again I feel compelled to write. I felt there was something you should know.

I have made a book, a journal of sorts. It contains everything I remember and completing it just last week I have hidden it away. It felt good to get things off my chest and commit them to paper

You only have to ask if you would like to know where it is, I will tell you as I trust you more than I trust myself!

Yours Sincerely,

Douglas

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High Branch Manor,  
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Mr. D. Henslowe  
513 West Henry Street,  
Savannah,  
Georgia.

February 1st, 1934

Walter,

It's been so long now, I know. But I don't think that I'll be ever able to escape what happened. If you could just write with you side of the story. Please my old friend I really need you to write back to me now.

I await your letter,

Douglas

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April 14th, 1934

Walter,

Why won't you write to me my old friend, all these long years I have reached out to you for your help and still there is nothing but silence. I am starting to believe that I have made the whole thing up and that is why you don't write to me.

It wasn't real? Perhaps it wasn't real. They tell me that it wasn't real, it was all in my head. I've come to believe the lie, they say, as I told myself the story over and over in my waking hours and in my dreams.

If it wasn't real then I am sorry I have frightened you with these letters. Please let me know we are at least at peace.

Douglas

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December 29th, 1934

Walter,

Do you even remember what happened anymore? That August of 1924. I can never forget.  
Did they die for nothing? I need to hear from you, just a note or a telegram even. Please  
Walter I'm begging you. I wonder if you've even opened my letters after all this time.

Douglas