

UNCANNY, SPOOKY, CREEPY TALES

FEBRUARY

# Ghost

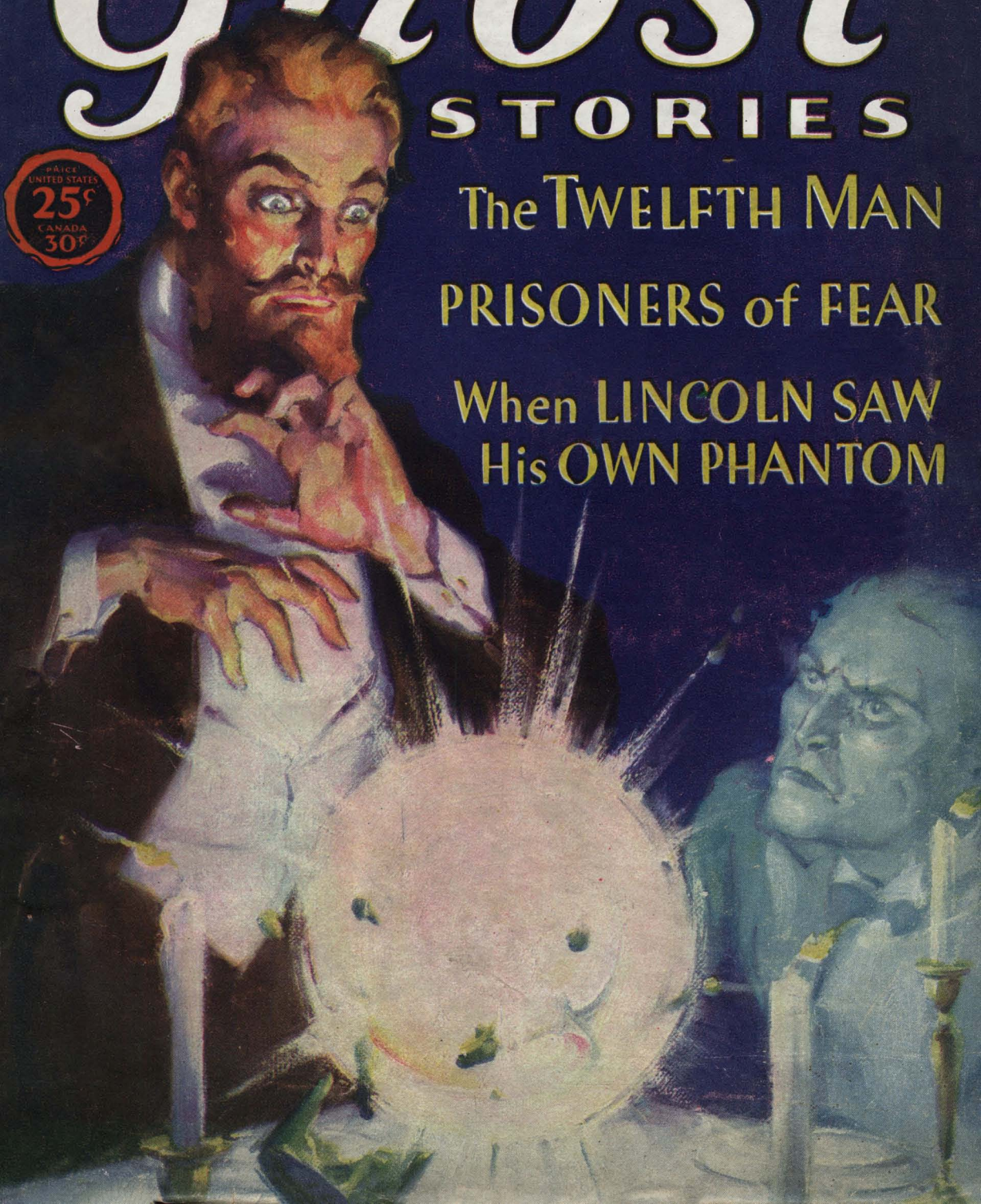
STORIES

The TWELFTH MAN

PRISONERS of FEAR

When LINCOLN SAW  
His OWN PHANTOM

PRICE  
UNITED STATES  
25¢  
CANADA  
30¢





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"Get back to hell where you belong!" screamed Selah. "I don't know where Caleb Proctor is"



# THE

*As told to*

HAROLD S. CORBIN

*By*

WALTER G. PROCTOR

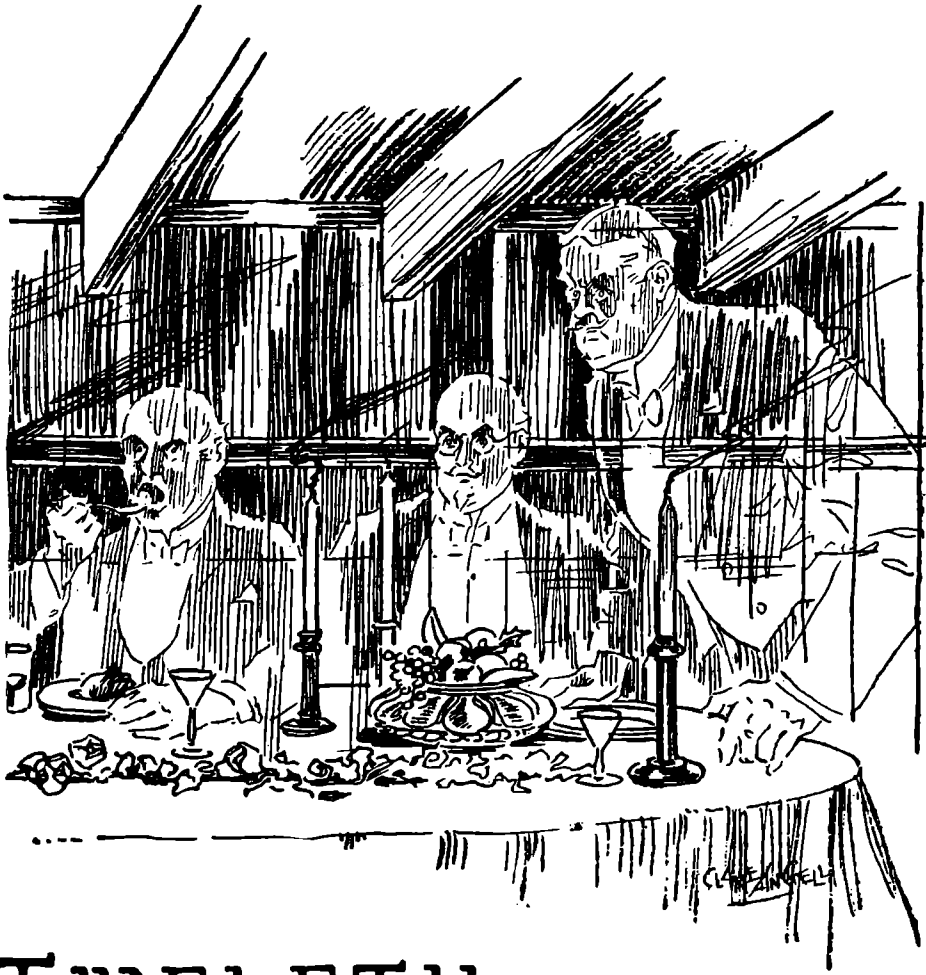
**O**LD Selah Clark plainly was afraid. Gazing off across a field of clover that I never shall forget, he sat on the porch of his ancient farmhouse and his voice became a whine.

"The wine is gone," he said. "The bottle we sealed twenty-five years ago to-night has disappeared. That isn't right. Your uncle knew where it was. But he's dead. The wine is gone."

It was about my great-uncle, Caleb Proctor—my late grandfather's older brother—that I had come to ask this man. To my brother and me Uncle Caleb was very much of a tradition. We knew, of course, that he

lived a recluse on his farm in northern Connecticut and vaguely that he possessed a moderate fortune. But that was about all we knew.

When we received word of his sudden and mysterious death it gave us a jolt. Frank and I were his sole heirs. The money would come in handy to us, for Frank



# TWELFTH MAN

*"It is a law of God and man that he who kills must be killed. . . . Where is Caleb Proctor?"*

*Bent on retribution, the eleven wraiths of the men he survived attended Selah Clark's fantastic banquet on their anniversary night*

had tried to negotiate a curve in an automobile road with disastrous results, and I—well, I wanted to be married.

Then as things happen, there came a hitch in the proceedings. The trust company that managed my uncle's affairs wanted proof of the old man's death. The body never had been found. Before they

would turn over a penny to us they demanded absolute proof that he was dead. Moreover, they were obdurate.

And that was our predicament. A fortune almost in our hands when we needed it most, and yet withheld. Since Frank lay swathed in bandages on a hospital bed, it remained for me to see what I could do

to solve the mystery of our Uncle Caleb.

So up to Libertyville I went—a little farming community seven miles from the railroad, and shortly I found old Selah Clark who had the next farm to Uncle Caleb's and who, I was informed, could tell me all I wanted to know. Before I had finished with that hateful old man I wished he was in Hades—where, I have no doubt, he probably went.

**S**ELAH was a tall, gaunt, gray-bearded old fellow who seemed to be eternally laughing at me. Behind those rheumy blue eyes through which he studied me, as he sat on his porch, there lurked derision—jeering laughter that angered me from the start. Despite his toil-hardened hands, his faded ancient suit and his battered old felt hat, he spoke in a cultured voice that amazed me. In fact, all the while I talked with him I felt there was something

Happening to glance through the farmhouse door behind him, I saw something that jerked me to attention. It seemed so incongruous to see a dress suit hanging there, carefully pressed and in fairly recent mode. What, I asked myself, could this creaking old fossil want with a dress suit in a farming region of this kind? I showed my surprise for Selah Clark laughed aloud.

"Why, this is amazing, eh?" he said in a bantering tone, as if reading my thoughts. "A dinner suit, to be sure! Now why should a swallow-tail, grosgrain vest, ribbon-striped trousers be hanging in this old codger's kitchen here amid these surroundings?" He waved a hand casually at the meadows and woods over which the autumn sunshine flowed. "Absurd, contradictory, discordant. Positively indecent, some of our neighbors might say."

I flushed in embarrassment. It stung me that he had read my mind so completely.

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**Again he snuffed out a candle. I watched him breathlessly. There was something so final about his action that I had the uncanny feeling that each candle was a part of his own life.**

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strange about him that I could not analyze.

"So you want to know about Caleb, do you?" he mused, gazing at me speculatively.

"Where he went," I said. "How he died."

I thought his eyes changed a trifle when I said "died." But his face behind that gray beard might have been a mask.

"How he—died, eh? Well, no one knows exactly. He lived alone. Presumably, he died in the swamp. Footprints led to it. Only they were indistinct. It rained the night he disappeared. Folks believe he went there to fix a fence, or to look for one of his cows. In the darkness he fell in and sank beyond help. The swamp is said to be bottomless."

"Anybody search the swamp at all?" I asked.

"Oh, we prodded here and there with poles. It's a dangerous place. You might go down and try it yourself. But don't go too near or you'll fall in like Caleb did. That would be terrible, wouldn't it?"

Jeering laughter, cloaked under assumed helpfulness. I loathed this old man. His sneering smile, his patronizing manner irritated me.

"Oh, well," he shrugged, patronizing again, "suppose I tell you. You might be interested, since it has somewhat to do with your uncle. Come up here, young man, and listen to a story of ghosts—of spirits who have passed beyond. Come up and sit down."

He shoved forward a chair.

"You've heard of these 'last man' organizations," he began. "They date from the seventeenth century when twelve gentlemen who had been accustomed to gather at a boat club at Henley-on-the-Thames in England agreed to meet and dine once a year at the boat house until the surviving man of the twelve had dined alone.

**T**HIS plan was fully carried out and, at the end you remember—or do you?—the matter had become of such public interest that it bore fruit in the form of a play entitled 'Geoffrey Dale, or the Last Man.'"

"You belong to such an organization?" I asked.

"We all did—lawyers and doctors and other professionals hereabouts. Your uncle Caleb did. For twenty-five years we met

annually on the eighteenth of October to have our banquet and to drink a toast to the departed members. For want of a better place, we met in the upper story of the exhibition hall at the fair grounds here. A caterer from Hartford served us.

"Three members have died during the year," he went on. "At our last banquet only four remained out of the twelve. Your uncle Caleb, the fourth youngest member, offered the toast. He little knew he drank it to himself."

HE chuckled nastily. I gasped. There was something so sinisterly naive about this old man that it made me shudder. I wondered if all oldsters talked that way when age and death dogged their footsteps.

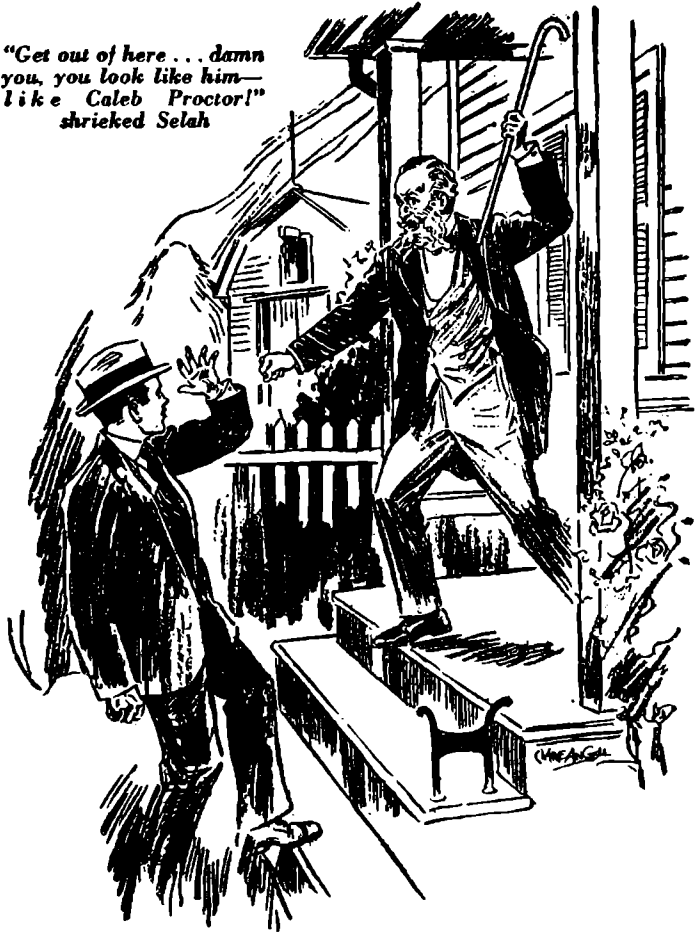
"It was a strange scene to watch our brotherhood sit down to its solemn banquet," he said, as if enjoying my discomfort. "Rites which followed none save a member might look upon. Eight vacant places last year. But each was set as if the departed were present. And alongside these dishes laid out for the dead, tall candles stood, burning in memory of those who would gather with the brotherhood no more on earth.

"At ten o'clock, in accordance with the annual custom, all the lights were extinguished save only the eight candles. As the secretary—your uncle—called the roll of the dead, those candles were snuffed out one by one. A short period of silent prayer followed in the darkness."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Then what?"

"Then we went away. Three of the four that attended that last banquet have died. Your uncle Caleb was the last of the three. To-night I dine alone. I am the last of twelve. To me reverts all the property of the club." His eyes seemed to light an instant. Then they clouded. "But the

"Get out of here . . . damn you, you look like him—like Caleb Proctor!" shrieked Selah



wine which we sealed twenty-five years ago and which should be opened by me to-night, is gone. I don't like that. I don't know where the bottle is. Your uncle knew. He was the secretary. But he's dead. I ought to open that wine. It isn't right that I shouldn't have that wine."

His attitude was queerly changed now. He sat brooding, staring off toward that clover field that still remains in my memory. The laughter was gone from his eyes.

"SO you're going to dine alone to-night,"

I mused, studying him. "Surely it will be an awesome spectacle—you at the head of the table, eleven vacant places, eleven candles burning to be extinguished by you in memory of those who are dead. It's too suggestive. I don't envy you your position."

He shot me a swift glance. No longer was there jeering laughter in his eyes. My words somehow had brought sudden fear. The old man had turned craven. His hands

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## Why does the grass grow so green at the corner of the fence in the east pasture? Why do the clover blossoms there drip red?

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trembled. His eyes were wide and his breath gasping. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"Get out of here!" he shrieked. "Damn you, you look like him—like Caleb Proctor. Get out of here—or I—I'll——"

With maniacal rage he started toward me, shrieking, brandishing his cane, advancing to strike me. I retreated as he came, backing down the porch steps, amazed, stupefied, watching him as he snarled in fear and rage, striking at me, his eyes gleaming wildly.

**T**O say that I was thunderstruck at this sudden demonstration is putting it mildly. What was the matter with him? What had I done to offend him so quickly? I could not make it out, unless I had dwelt too dramatically on the scene of that lonely dinner. But it seemed to me there was something else. His rage at me was born of fear within himself. And somehow, I felt he could tell me much more about my uncle's fate than the meager information he had given.

I left him fuming on the porch and set about finding a place in the village for the night. Inquiry at a garage brought me eventually to Mrs. Woodbury's on the Libertyville turnpike.

Mrs. Woodbury proved a motherly, buxom woman of middle age. She led me to a room—a queer, old-fashioned one with a huge four-poster bed, braided rugs on the floor, and a commode with a pitcher and bowl on it. The window overlooked an old-fashioned garden seared by a recent frost. But what arrested my attention was a group of buildings that could be seen not far away.

"What is that place over there?" I asked.

"Libertyville fair grounds," she answered.

Immediately I was interested. So that was where old Selah was to have his lonely dinner! I stared out the window.

"Upstairs in the exhibition hall is a general meeting place in our community," Mrs. Woodbury volunteered. "The Masons meet there, and so do the Odd Fellows. But there's a queer enough affair going on there to-night."

"Selah Clark's banquet?" I returned, striving to be casual.

"Oh, you know about it?"

"I've just been talking with Selah himself. I'm Caleb Proctor's grand-nephew. I came up here to learn what I could about his death."

The woman pursed her lips. Her eyes widened.

"Well, I guess you'll find out enough," she asserted.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She studied me doubtfully. Then she shrugged.

"Caleb Proctor was a good man. Everybody liked him. Shrewd but honest. Selah Clark's different. I could tell you many stories about poor widow women whose affairs he's handled. He's a hateful old man. Sometimes I wonder if God——"

"What?" I asked as she stopped. "He and my uncle were good friends, weren't they?"

"They used to be partners—until——"

"Partners!" I said. "I didn't know that."

"Yes. Partners in a law business. Until they got to going around with the same girl. Caleb won her. Selah never forgave him for that. They broke up the partnership."

"That's interesting," I said. "That must have been my great-aunt Betsy."

"It was." She nodded. "I can just remember her. She died when I was ten."

"Uncle Caleb never married again," I said.

**N**O. And Selah Clark never married at all. After the partnership broke they always were rivals. Always took opposite sides on law cases. Everybody was surprised when they took up farms side by side here twenty years ago. People began to think they'd patched up their differences."

"But they hadn't?"

"They used to visit each other occasionally," she said thoughtfully. "But I—J oughtn't to be telling you this. It's just gossip."

"But I'm interested. It may help me."

"Well," she said, "there's been a lot of speculation as to what became of your uncle's money."

"Money?" I queried. "I thought the trust company had it."

"Um-m-m-m. Maybe most of it. But he was supposed to have considerable cash right with him on the farm. You see, just a few weeks ago he wanted to buy that neighboring farm over which a brook runs. And so did Selah. The idea was that if Selah got it he'd squeeze the young sawmill owner who had a power-right down below. There's a way of turning the stream. And if you uncle got it, Selah'd lose his chance to make some more money. The hired man heard them quarreling over it."

"What hired man?"

"Well, he was working in the woods over beyond the clover field. He heard them wrangling. It wasn't long after that that your uncle disappeared."

I studied the woman. Her lips were set tightly, her eyes bright.

"Did Selah need this money?" I asked.

"Land sakes, no! That's the kind of tight-fisted, grasping old money-grabber Selah is. He lives for money. He's mean and crafty. Ever since he lost your Aunt Betsy he had no other interest in life but to hoard money. He's a good sight richer than your uncle ever was, and land knows your uncle was supposed to have had plenty."

"It's evident," I said, "you have your suspicions. Did you ever talk with anybody—the district attorney, for instance?"

"Yes, I did," she said at last. "I told the state's attorney over at Highstone, but he only laughed at me. He said the evidence was plain enough that Caleb fell in the swamp."

"Yes?" I echoed significantly.

"But land sakes!" she exclaimed. "I never thought I'd get to be the village gossip. I better be going. I've got work to do."

And despite my pleadings she would not return.

For a time I sat there in thought. It could be true, what Mrs. Woodbury thought. I could picture the hate that might creep into

old Selah's soul, first because of the love affair for which he never had forgiven my uncle, and then because he was about to be thwarted in the purchase of the farm. Long years of hatred flaming up at last. Rankling in the bosom of a greedy old man such as Mrs. Woodbury described Selah Clark to be. Finding satisfaction in a horrible deed. Selah might have murdered my uncle and have skillfully concealed the crime. How was one to know? How could I find out if it were true?

Mrs. Woodbury called me to supper, though she would say little during the meal. Afterward, in need of air and exercise, and feeling that a walk would do me good, I set out across the fields toward the fair grounds hall. Arriving there, I climbed the stairs, passed through an anteroom and

into a great bare barn-like hall where an elderly man with all the atmosphere of a headwaiter was at work setting a long table with silver and dishes and white linen.



THERE were twelve places. At eleven of them stood candles. Several vacuum containers stood about on the floor and I knew that the viands for that eerie banquet were soon to be set out. Starting conversation with the saturnine individual there was not difficult.

"Fifth year I've set these places," he remarked. "We've orders for only one dinner to-night. Believe me, when I've served the one guest I won't wait to take the dishes away. Me for Highstone to-night. I'll come back in the morning. The ceremony afterwards is damnable. I didn't sleep for weeks."

"Oh, then you saw it?" I suggested.

He eyed me uncertainly. Then he nodded.

"It was all new to me then. There's a false attic over this room, with a peephole in it—a small shutter meant for ventilation. I climbed up there. Believe me, I'll not do it to-night."

He paused from finishing the arrangement of the table lights that he had wired from the wall.

"There ought to be a bottle of champagne to open to-night. But I hear it's been lost,



Old man Clark is greatly upset about it. It seems to matter a lot, but I guess that's only an old man's whim."

He suddenly became silent, as if he thought he had said too much, and it was then, for no reason at all, that I was seized with a desire to view that banquet just as he had done—to crawl up into that false attic by way of the ladder in the anteroom, find that ventilating shutter and see what would take place.

**T**HE more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me. I found myself suddenly drawn to it as though some force outside myself worked on me. At first I argued with myself that it would be un-sportsmanlike to spy on the old man. But it was as if some spell had settled on me that I could not resist. The feeling grew stronger and stronger that I must see the weird banquet. It was as if some voice outside myself commanded me.

Hardly before I realized what I did, I was scaling that ladder, watching to see that the waiter did not observe me, creeping along in the darkness of the narrow space above as noiselessly as possible toward a point where stabs of light showed from below. I wormed my way forward. At last I could look down below. I found I was at one side of the hall where the gambrel roof sloped downward and that by peeping through the shutters of the ventilator I had a clear view of the banquet table a dozen feet below.

The waiter put in his final touches unaware of my presence above him. Then hardly had I made myself as comfortable as possible in the cramped quarters before the door opened and old Selah Clark appeared.

He presented a far different aspect in the swallow-tail than he had in the faded and patched suit of the day. He might have been, despite his remarkable age, an elderly gentleman of means about to enter his library, for he wore the evening clothes familiarly and well. He glanced once over the table and its setting and then advanced leisurely to his place at the head, while the waiter stood deferentially by.

The waiter began serving at once. I, from my peephole scarcely twenty feet away, observed that the food was of excellent quality and well served. Strangely, I fancied others beside Selah were eating, too! But Selah Clark ate little. He seemed to be in an extremely nervous state, fur-

tive and high strung. At last, as if he could endure it no longer, he signaled to the waiter to go. And Selah Clark was left alone.

I wondered what he would do. For a time he sat there, his head sunk low on his chest, evidently thinking. Studying him in the glow of the table lamps, Selah Clark's face appeared in shadows that did nothing to soften its hard outlines, and I saw the greed and churlishness that had made up his life. But there was something else. He was deathly afraid. Above the pinching parsimoniousness of his nature I saw that fear had seized him, that he looked about him jerkily, raising his eyes to stare into the shadows, listening to each creak of the wooden building as it gave to the night wind outside.

Thus he sat for a time, alone, turning his head at intervals, twitching agitatedly, staring about him. At last he seemed to come to a decision. Hoisting himself stiffly out of his chair, he went to the lamps and began to extinguish them one by one. But when he came to the last he hesitated, loath to be alone in the candle-light, staring about him as if he expected some one. He put one hand to the last lamp. He drew it back. There would be too many shadows there—shadows that danced and crept forward menacingly.

Suddenly, he straightened. Once more he gazed about him as if he had heard some one. I wondered if I had made some unconscious move that might have betrayed me. But I found I could not move! I felt my legs and arms had become numb. But they were not so in the usual sense. A strange force pervaded that whole room and extended to me up there in the attic, a strange force of recurrent waves that held me tighter and tighter as in a nightmare web.

**I**T was that force, I think, that inexplicable, intangible spell, that came sweeping over the place that Selah Clark felt. He put out a trembling hand, not to extinguish the last light but to turn on another. His arm seemed to be jerked back and before my gaze the last one snapped out.

He had not done that. But it was out, leaving the old man standing there in the dancing candle-light—the light of eleven tapers set at the places for the dead.

Now he appeared to grip himself for the task at hand. It seemed to take all

his strength. Steadying himself by the table, he mumbled a name I could not hear. He reached over and snuffed out a candle. He straightened, moved on. Again he mumbled. Again he snuffed a candle. I watched him breathlessly. There was something so final, so conclusive, about his action. I had the uncanny feeling each candle was a part of his own life.

So he moved until only three candles remained—those set for the ones who had died in the last year. Now he hesitated.

A moment he stood there, motionless. Then one hand went to his throat and a sudden screech of terror came from his lips. His eyes stared into the darkness across where I could not see. Slowly he began to back away, retreating from some fearsome thing there, gripping the chairs along the table for support. Back, back, he cringed until he fell with a thud into his own chair at the head of that awful banquet table.

Still he stared, his eyes popping. The part of his face not hidden by the beard was deathly white, his nostrils blue. His hands like bird's claws now, were outspread on the white linen before him. He leaned forward, staring, his fingers crushing the linen.

The candles flickered. I saw their three flames bent in one direction as if a breeze blew across them.

And suddenly, as old man Clark sat there gripped in terror, vague forms stole out of the shadows—silent, intangible forms, wraiths, a company of them, old men, eight of them coming out of the shadows and taking their places at the table. They all were dressed in dinner clothes. They all were gray-haired. Some wore beards and some were smoothly shaved or else had facial decorations of another day and generation. Two or three might have been sixty-five. Their clothes were of the oldest styles. Others were seventy, with clothes of slightly later mode.

The eight took places. The three chairs where the three candles still burned remained vacant.

Again I heard sounds of feasting!

Now came a voice. It was a voice that had no body or tone, but was borne in on the mind as an image is registered silently on a photographic plate. I understood every word. But I did not hear any voice. My brain alone caught the meaning.

"How goes the hour?" asked the voice.

"It is ten o'clock," answered another voice.

THEY were seated now. The places except for three, were filled. Selah Clark sat there terror-stricken. The others were nonchalant in their attitudes.

"Ten o'clock." I saw now that the voice came from the large, dignified man at the opposite end of the table from Clark. "Let us remember our departed brothers. Let us drink to their memory."

Wine glasses that had been standing at each plate were reached for, held aloft. Suddenly I saw that each held an amber liquid, sparkling, scintillating, in the candle-light. None had poured the draught. But there it was in each glass, golden amber, sparkling.

The company arose. Chairs were pushed back. The glasses held aloft.

"Call the roll."

Solemnly another voice responded.

"Dr. George Anson Goodhue."

Out of the shadows a new wraith advanced—an elderly person I had not seen before—to stand quietly behind one of the chairs where a candle burned.

A fitful breath of air from somewhere extinguished the candle as he took his place. I shuddered.

"Waldo Simpson Fisher."

A second wraith came quietly out of the shadow,

"Caleb Manfred Proctor."

*The*  
**Psychic Detective**  
By SYLVAN J. MULDOON

Files of the Police Departments in many Middle West cities, especially Milwaukee, contain records of mysteries which the authorities could not solve, but which were solved through the psychic power of

**ARTHUR P. ROBERTS**

This extraordinary true story will appear in the March **GHOST STORIES**

On sale  
February 20th.

The strange company waited. It seemed to me I could see a vague form back there in the shadows, but it did not advance like the others.

Again that voice—"Cabel Manfred Proctor!"

There was no response. But old Selah Clark was half out of his chair, breathing through bared teeth, his trembling hands clinging to the table for support, his terror-filled eyes seeming to start from their sockets.

A rasping sound came from his throat. He tried to speak but the strange person at the head of the table raised a hand, silencing him.

"Selah Clark," came the voice, like recurrent waves of thought, "where is your compatriot, Caleb Proctor? You must answer that."

Now Selah seemed to regain possession of himself. His horrible face set in a ghastly sneer. He tried to stand erect.

"How do I know?" he jeered. "Am I Caleb Proctor's keeper? Is not Caleb Proctor able to take care of himself?"

"**S**ELAH CLARK," came the voice again, and this time there was untold vehemence in it, "in mortal form we ever were honorable men. None ever stooped to a foul or dishonorable act. Each of us deemed honor a prize to be sought. But a foul thing has come into our company. Murder has been done. It is a law of God and man that he who kills must be killed. The integrity of our company cannot be besmirched. Where is Caleb Proctor?"

The vehemence of the voice seemed to break in on Clark's consciousness. It overwhelmed him so that he suddenly screamed in a horrible way.

"Damn you! *Damn you all!* Get back to hell where you belong—all of you. I don't know where Caleb Proctor is."

The tenseness of that awful company seemed to relax, as if each had come to a decision at Selah's words. Selah stood there at his place, stooping, cringing, his gaze darting from one to another. But they, I saw, had turned toward the man at the far end of the table. And once more came that voice.

"Why does the grass grow so green at the corner of the fence in the east pasture, Selah Clark? Why do the clover blossoms there drip red? Answer me. Where is Caleb Proctor?"

"Damn you!" screamed Selah. "Go

back to hell—all of you! Leave me alone!"

The strange voice came inexorably.

"Open the wine!"

Suddenly, I saw that in the center of the table, scintillating like the liquid in the glasses, glowing with a wierd light that took no atom from the single candle-flame on the table but was all its own, stood a bottle of champagne. I had not seen where it came from. No one that I saw had put it there. But there it stood—golden amber, radiating fire of itself like a devil's brew—or an angel's.

One of the wraiths reached for it, picked it up. He passed from his chair to the side of Selah Clark who had sunk back into his seat as if he had collapsed. The bottle was extended to him. Falteringly, mechanically, he took it, his breath whistling through his teeth.

"You are the last of twelve, Selah Clark," came the eerie voice from the head of the table. "Here is the wine that was secreted. You must open it. Come, drink to your friends. Open it!"

The single candle flickered, guttered, seemed about to go out. I could not see well what happened then. I only could hear Selah Clark's stentorious breathing, every breath as though his heart would burst with terrible fear.

Then I knew that driven by that same stupendous force that held me, he was opening the bottle. I heard the pop of the cork, the hiss of the liquid. An instant I heard it hiss. Then suddenly there was the crashing of glass. And suddenly a flame, swift, radiant, like fire from heaven, leaped from that liquid, for one terrible instant throwing that room into high relief so that the forms of the wraiths there were lost completely in its brightness. I saw old Selah Clark sitting alone there at the table, the broken bottle clutched in his hands, a look of surprise and horror and ultimate despair in his face as he stared at his right arm held so that I could not see. And then as if I had been hit a blow on the head, complete blackness filled the place and I seemed to be falling down infinite space beyond all hope of return.

**Y**ET I remember vaguely creeping from that attic, tearing my coat on a nail, scrambling down in terror, running across fields in the starlight and getting to my room.

The next really conscious thought I had

was late the next morning when Mrs. Woodbury knocked at my door and at my bidding opened it.

"My stars, what a late sleeper!" she exclaimed. "There's news this morning that I thought you'd like to hear—why, how in the world did you tear your coat and get it so dusty? I'll take it right down and mend it——"

"What is the news?" I demanded.

"Well—Selah Clark is dead."

"Dead?" I echoed inanely.

"Yes. The strangest thing! That hateful old man had his ridiculous banquet over at the exhibition hall last night. All alone. He evidently tried to open a bottle

of champagne and it broke and cut the artery in his right wrist. The caterer found him there this morning, dead in his chair. He had bled to death."

Later that day, when we investigated, the state's attorney from Highstone and I found the body of my uncle buried in the fence corner of Selah Clark's east pasture. Beside it was a rifle, easily identified by the neighbors as belonging to Selah, from which had come the bullet that penetrated my uncle's skull and killed him.

Later also, fifteen one-thousand-dollar bills, still in my uncle's wallet, were discovered in Selah Clark's desk in the bedroom of his farmhouse.