

**THE SUNDAY DISPATCH
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**ALMOST IN CONFIDENCE
By The Marquess of Donegall**

A Very Tall One

Well, there is one man who might be able to cure me, and that is Mr. Aleister Crowley, who is going to speak on "The Philosophy of Magick" at the next Foyle's literary luncheon.

Crowley is a remarkable man. The sort of fantastic yarn that he delights to tell is that a friend of his was once visiting Scotland Yard. The party came upon a large room surrounded by shelves packed with documents.

"What do you keep in here?" he asked.

"This," replied the guide in awed tones, "is the room specially built to contain Aleister Crowley's dossier!"

Very Fierce Beast

He once bought a Scottish estate and styled himself Lord Boleskine (at other times he is alternatively Sir Aleister). Now a road ran through the estate to Inverness, and this right of way annoyed Crowley to a frenzy.

He proceeded to buy two vast placards which he erected at each end of the estate. They bore this inscription:—

"Beware of the Wooloo Mooloo. Every effort is made to keep this fierce beast under restraint. Between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. it is let loose for exercise."

I am told that people made a detour of miles and miles to avoid the mythological Wooloo Mooloo.