

**About the Premature Death of My Husband  
Manly Palmer Hall,  
A Personal Opinion written by  
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In view of the fact that my own exit from this planet had been expertly contrived by the three con-artists in question—that is in connection with or shortly after the demise of my husband—I would like to record why I believe, in fact know, that Manly left this world on August 28, 1990, by way of murderous causes.

Obviously con-artists who pretend to care for and heal elderly people have more or less murderous motives to begin with, even if they are experts in covering up their tracks by hypocritical pretenses. The three con-artists in this case managed to do so for three years while representing themselves to us as "Godsends."

Hopefully, for their own sake, God will repay them according to their desert. Aware that the police might not be able to convict them of murder short of a confession, provable fraud and grand theft charges do readily confirm my conviction: The culprits have recently been served with summons from the Superior Court of California.

For a moment digressing from the issue: it is curious to say the least, that our fatal vacation started on August 26th, 1990. It is the exact date of the 52nd anniversary of my unearthing the original Bruton Church foundations and locating Bruton Vault in Williamsburg, Virginia, during the summer and fall of 1938. At the time I was forced to do so without being able to gain permission, despite the fact that the Rockefeller Restoration of Williamsburg Virginia had dug for me under the present or wrong church and had paid for it. (see *Foundations Unearthed*)

But to return to the fatal vacation trip: On Sunday, August 26th, 1990 we—my husband, myself, Fritz (a supposed physiotherapist), and his son—left in an R.V. which was given to my husband by his company. We intended to spend a week or ten days in the little community of Halcyon, located near Arroyo Grande, where my daughter and her family live. Their home is in walking distance of our prospective destination.

We were invited and had made arrangements with the people who are in charge of The Temple of the People in Halcyon. Curiously the name sounds identical in meaning with The Church of the People which is part of my husband's establishment: the Philosophical Research Society of Los Angeles (PRS). For a still more curious coincidence, if there is such a thing, I was born

in a small town in Germany called Leutkirch, which translates The Church of the People.

But to get to the point: When we left our home in Los Angeles Sunday morning, August 26, in the R.V., I was greatly surprised that Daniel Fritz—the principal con-man in question—had attached a large metal trailer carrying his car to the oversized R.V. His son David followed in a newly acquired Jeep. I remarked to Fritz that the extra weight of trailer and car could easily overheat the engine of the R.V. and wondered why he could not attach his car to the R.V. without a trailer.

I now realize that the situation was brazenly precalculated as an excuse for my husband never to reach our destination. Yet Fritz had taken the R.V. on long trips to Carmel and to Rogue River, Oregon without a trailer or "the difficulties" caused by it.

Sure enough, as we reached Santa Barbara about 89 miles south of our destination, Fritz pulled over to the side of the road, claiming the engine was "heating up," even though no one saw a sign of it. Since we still trusted the scoundrel, we were unaware of his precalculated designs, it was Sunday and the R.V. had to go to a garage, so I insisted that we return back home to Los Angeles in the car, which we did.

I had been reluctant to leave for the trip in the first place because my husband and I had contracted a bronchial congestion, which should have been attended to by our family physician, Dr. Pollock. However, Fritz was opposed to it as he was to all legitimate medical treatment. He contended that "the fresh air" would do Manly and myself more good(?)

The following morning, Monday, August 27, Fritz and David came to the house early to get ready to return to Santa Barbara and the R.V., when I announced to all three—my husband, Fritz and his son—that I was not going, that instead we should see Doctor Pollock and have him give us antibiotics. I told Fritz that his "fresh air" recommendation might be well meant, but I thought his judgment was lousy.

Manly was still in bed when I announced to all three of them that, with all their strange medicines and outlandish treatments, it seemed to me that lately Manly was not getting any better, also, that Manly was getting overly dependent upon their unreasonable methods and ways and that he was acting strangely frightened after Fritz and his gang left the house. I told Fritz in front of my husband that there would have to be a "showdown" between him, his methods with Manly and myself.

After this seemingly open argument Manly pleaded with me—as he frequently did when Fritz was not present—so that I was forever "sandwiched" between Manly's frightened attitude "not to rock the boat." At the time

Manly pleaded that he had been so looking forward to this vacation and that he hoped we would get on the way.

With three against one I gave in. So on that second day, August 27, we returned to the R.V. and in it drove to the upper side of Santa Barbara when Fritz again claimed continued heating up of the R.V., also without any sign of it perceived by anyone else. Fritz concluded that we would be unable to reach our destination that day. I still did not seriously mistrust the scoundrel. But with three men and a dog occupying the R.V. I surely could not stay there that night. Fritz suggested that David drive me up to my daughter's house, about 75 miles north and return to the R.V. I spent the night of August 27, 1990 at my daughter's house.

In my estimation it was the following day, August 28, 1990, toward late evening, that Fritz and David—in a precalculated legal conspiracy with Mogins Brandt who is the most insidious of them—that the three murdered my husband Manly Palmer Hall. Probably they did so by suffocation during the one and only night they could get me away from Manly and make it sound and look coincidentally "natural."

Unknown to us at the time, three days before we went on this fatal vacation trip, Brandt had prepared and presented the "legal" or rather illegal lying. Brandt was fully trusted with all the finances of the PRS, and the Veritat Foundation, along with my husband's and my own private financial affairs.

By forgery and misrepresentation he had manipulated the signing of an arraignment of papers by my husband and by myself which, on basis of his false pretenses, I was persuaded to hastily sign. When I remarked to the questionable lawyer Brandt brought along, that I thought husbands and wives did these things together, they explained that they had gotten Manly to sign his papers first because the PRS was involved, and that I needed to sign mine, implying because the Veritat Foundation was involved.

Brandt claimed a "living trust" was to be accomplished on the basis of this information after we return home from our vacation and that they would explain it to me later. This occurred three days before we started on our fatal vacation. They were setting me up.

August 28, near noon, Fritz said he was calling from the R.V. He called me at my daughters home. He said Manly was doing fine and sound asleep, even though they had found out that the R.V. could not be repaired, and that therefore they could not come up to Arroyo Grande that day, i.e., August 28. I protested and demanded Fritz immediately ask Manly if he would not prefer to go back to Los Angeles and sleep in his own bed.

My Daughter Jo-Ann offered to bring me down to Santa Barbara and we could leave together in the car. Fritz returned and announced that he would take

Manly home the following morning, August 29, and phone us when they arrived.

I am sure that at that time, August 28, 1990, noon, Manly was still alive, but that he was murdered that evening or night of August 28th. At the time of this conversation with Fritz, everything seemed ok. Fritz knew that my daughter and I had contemplated shopping for groceries at Arroyo Grande. He recommended that we go right ahead and do it. He assured me that he would call again as soon as they got home to L.A. Jo Ann and I did our shopping in the early evening of August 28. We decided to go to bed early, around 7:00 P.M., to get a prompt start the following morning for our 3 1/2 hour drive planing to get up at 5:30 A.M.

I now believe that in the late evening of August 28 Manly lost his life at the hands of Fritz and David. I do not know the exact time because I had slept a few hours (waking up between 9:00 P.M. and midnight on the 28th). It was dark when I found myself wide awake sitting up in bed and being startled. For I heard very heavy breathing which continued for some time. I knew it was not my breath, but to make sure I held my breath and listened to continued laborious heavy breathing.

Manly had some bronchial infection. I immediately thought that perhaps he was having some kind of attack. I was very worried and wished I could be there with him to help and comfort him. Then suddenly the heavy breathing stopped with a drawn out high wheeze. I felt that whatever it was, Manly had gotten over it and felt greatly relieved. At that time with my husband and myself looking forward to a much needed vacation with family and people of kindred spirit, any such idea as murderous death and betrayal could not possibly have entered my mind.

Now I am sure that Manly did draw his last breath at that moment. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It occurred only when Fritz and his accomplices accomplished their murderous design. Fritz and his wayward son had brought Manly's body back home August 28, despite the fact that he called me in Arroyo Grande on August 28, saying that they had arrived safely in Los Angeles. He stated that Manly was glad to be home, that he was sound asleep, and he would stay with him that night so he would not be alone. Fritz did not tell me that he had brought Manly's body home and that we would never see him alive again.

Most likely in the late evening of August 28th Fritz and his son brought Manly's body back to Los Angeles in the car. They had to keep it dressed in a suit for the contemplated trip from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles. Most likely they left his body in the car during the night. It must be that somehow, in connection with it, the "ants" originated, so that in the early hours of

Wednesday, August 29, they had hired professional carpet cleaners after they brought the body in the house.

It may also be the reason why Fritz immediately drove away when my friend DeDe surprised him and members of his gang at 7:00 P.M. on the evening of August 28. She had arrived to do some watering in the garden while we were away. Fritz had to make sure the car would be out of sight before he told DeDe that my husband had died in his sleep during the night of the 28th.

Through the sham "living trust" for murder? the scoundrels had everything set up for their personal acquisition. They had erroneously calculated that with my husband out of the way it would be easy to get rid of me, one way or another.

Meanwhile, our long time neighbor Arthur Applebaum saw Fritz's car arrive in our driveway on his way to work around 9:00 A.M. August 28th. Mr. Applebaum remarked to his wife that Manly, who always greeted him, did not move and "looked like a zombie." Fritz and Brandt had called Forest Lawn for my husband's cremation without consulting me at all.

On the morning of August 29th Fritz called us in Arroyo Grande between 5 and 6 A.M. announcing that Manly had died in his sleep during the night.

He claimed that at three A.M. Manly had gotten up to the bathroom and returned back to his bed by himself and that when he, Fritz, touched Manly's hands at five A.M. they were ice-cold. Dr. Pollock refuted this, saying that it was impossible because it takes 10 to 12 hours for a body to cool.

Naturally, the shock of Fritz's announcement to us on the morning of the 29th in Arroyo Grande was horrendous. The three and one half hour journey back to L.A. was terrible.

When Jo Ann and I arrived home in L.A.—around ten thirty A.M.—Manly's body was on a stretcher in front of the fire place in the living room, and two attendants from Forest Lawn were waiting to take the body away. Fritz and Brandt had ordered my husband's cremation without consulting me at all. When Jo Ann and I arrived, professional carpet cleaners were noisily operating in Manly's bedroom and hallway while Manly's body was still in the house.

I was stunned and torn inside by my husband's completely unexpected and untimely departure and by the sudden discovery of foul play and betrayal by a trio of hypocrites who had invaded our home. We had trusted them and their deceptions, thieveries and hypocrisies for more than three years.

Around 7:30 A.M. on Wednesday the 29th of August the brazen offenders had called Dr. Pollock to issue a death certificate which he later recalled and annulled. Dr. Pollock will render his own account and opinion.

Meanwhile in my husband's bedroom the entire content of two large closets and two large dressers—his entire wardrobe, a large number of stamp albums from his collection, along with other belongings—had been burglarized by the thievish trio, along with two valuable Tibetan Tankas which were removed from the wall.

Around 7:30 A.M. on the 29th of August Dr. Pollock was notified by the offenders to issue a death certificate. Dr. Pollock later cancelled that death certificate because there were several basic discrepancies in Daniel Fritz's statement.

About one or two days later, after I had regained some composure, I called Forest Lawn to find out if Manly's body had been cremated. Luckily Labor Day had intervened. Even though I was still unaware of Brandt's insidious complicity in the murderous deed—he had ordered embalming of the body so as to fully minimize discovery of the foul deed—I simply stopped the cremation to order an autopsy.

Probably because of Manly's age and the prospect of immediate cremation, the first autopsy turned out to be a sham-performance with illegal implications. We had to order a second autopsy by a reliable and honorable expert; it cost me over \$12,000. The situation is a most revealing account all by itself and related findings.

Also, as to the timing of the trio's murderous designs, Fritz gave himself away in several ways. For example, before we left on the fatal trip, I had asked a friend, DeDe Whiteside, to do some watering in the garden during our absence. Around 7:00 P.M. of August 28, DeDe appeared in the garden and found Fritz and members of his gang seated around the dining room table. They were very startled when they saw her through the glass doors. According to DeDe's report, the suspects disappeared in different directions" when they saw her.

Sometime later that same evening of the 28th Fritz reappeared to inform DeDe that Manly had died in his sleep during the night. Naturally she was surprised and shocked. She asked how he died and when. Fritz retorted that it was beside the point. When DeDe asked again about the time, Fritz was annoyed and replied, "He was dead before you came." It was Tuesday, August 28. Meanwhile, Fritz had claimed Manly died the morning of the August 29th between three and five A.M.

There are other obvious discrepancies in these murderous accounts. Brandt, the most deceptive and insidious one, was unmasked after his legal death manipulation came to light in two sham "living trusts," which both my husband and I were supposed to have signed three days before the murderous journey began.

My lawyer, Helen James, has multiple documents of fraud, grand theft and the investigation of murder. She obtained a restraining order from the Superior Court of California against all culprits involved. All have been served with summons.

I believe that the last three months of Manly's life Fritz and his accomplices had deliberately accelerated their fiendish designs so that Manly became visibly more frail and seemed more and more frightened for reasons I now do understand.

Though in their blinded hearts and perverted minds they would not only gain millions of dollars they could do with whatever they pleased, but in an insidiously satanic way they could parade their hypocrisies long enough to discredit and soil my husbands and my own idealistically realistic lifetime endeavors represented through the PRS and through the Veritat Foundation.

That encompasses not only millions of dollars, but a select library open to the public with irreplaceable manuscripts and art treasures. Also, along with my own 52 years of labor and dedication, plus many publications exposing truthful New Age ideals and preparations for world and family enlightenment which is about to come to factual and much needed practical realization.

For this is the time when all secrets shall be revealed, be they white, black or gray. It seems God made men (as the masculine gender) to make secrets. Then he thought better of it and made woman to break manmade secrets and divine secrets wide open. (see *Virgin Mother of the Cosmic Masculine Trinity Creator and the Mystery of the Virgin Soul*, written by M.B.H. but not yet published)