

SIXTH SENSE?

By Bill Murray

Do you believe in mind-reading, fortune-telling, mental telepathy, and related mysteries of the mind—a "sixth sense", as some people term collectively these little-understood abilities that a few people claim to possess? It's quite likely that you are, to say the least, extremely skeptical. People in all ages of history have been; and people are baffled when what seems an authentic evidence of a "sixth sense" is presented them. Many think that such cases are, somehow or other, complete fakery. But once in a while occurs some such instance whose genuineness one can hardly dispute.

If you, the reader, are one of these aforesaid skeptics, then this case may cause you to wonder if maybe there isn't something to it after all. It's something that occurred to one of your own faculty member, E. L. Williams, Head of the Industrial Arts Department) a few years back—in the fall of 1933, to be exact.

Mr. Williams, let it be said, is a man who though interested in such things as mental telepathy and spiritualism, is extremely open-minded about it. He realizes that in such little-known fields probably a great deal of trickery does occur—in fact, as a boy he worked as a magician's assistant in a traveling show, going to the next town, before the show arrived, in order to gather local gossip which furnished material for some of the magician's "magic". Still, Mr. Williams believes that cases do occur that may actually be the workings of a "sixth sense", and this thing that happened to him would seem to be one of them, even though it does not possess a definite ending.

It was on a dreary, drizzly, autumn evening that Mr. Williams and his wife went visiting friends of theirs for supper and a little game of bridge. They returned home to find that during the time they had been away someone had ransacked the house and stolen a number of things of considerable value—clothes, jewelry, and a fine new Gladstone traveling bag packed with clothes that Mr. Williams

was going to take with him on a trip to a firemen's convention in San Angelo. Of course, he notified the Bryan police of the theft, but they were unable to trace the robber or the stolen goods.

Well, Mr. Williams went to the convention anyhow. While there, in a conversation with the fire chief, the chief jokingly warned him about one of the firemen, "You'd better be careful around George. He sees things." This interested Mr. Williams, who went around to talk to George. Now George was just an ordinary, \$100-a-month fireman, who had never traveled much or had much "book learning". He had never been down to this part of Texas—didn't know anything about it.

George revealed to Mr. Williams that he actually did possess some strange powers. No one understood just how or why he had them. George didn't understand, himself. Yet he had them, and used them, to everyone's complete mystification.

It seems that these powers were not exactly mind reading, or mental telepathy, or fortune-telling, or anything else that you could exactly classify. He just "saw" things. When he concentrated on some subject, mental picture would come into his mind—pictures of persons, places, objects—things he had never seen or even heard of before. He had two particularly unusual powers: he could see inside people, and he could see what was going to happen to stocks on the stock market. Still he never had used these powers for his own profit.

George with his unusual abilities had helped the police of his city to recover a number of stolen articles—a valuable pair of boots, a costly diamond ring, and other things. Before poison gas was ever brought into war use, he foretold its employment; he had a vision of dense clouds of gas being spread by the Germans and killing the Allied soldiers by the hundreds. This, mind you, was before anyone had any idea that gas would be so used. One day, too, a woman skeptical of his ability to "see things"

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too after reading this
article

asked George how much she had in her handbag, knowing there was a \$20 bill in it. He said, "Lady, there's not one cent in your purse." She knew he was wrong, but he insisted he could see in his mind the empty interior of her closed purse. So she opened it, and found it empty, sue-enough. Dashing down to the taxi she had left a little while before, she found on the seat the \$20 bill she had just lost.

Now to get back to Mr. Williams' story. George had never known Mr. Williams previously, and never did meet Mrs. Williams or any of the couple's relatives, and as before stated, never had been down in this part of Texas. Nor did Mr. Williams in his conversation with George tell him anything about his home, his family, his work, or any other items of information. George simply saw these things, out of a clear sky. In his mind's eye he had visions of these things, when he concentrated upon them. He described Mrs. Williams perfectly, as well as the various relatives of the Williams family. He described Mr. Williams' work, and the number and color of the checks he is paid in, and the kind of work his father had obtained. He described the Williams' home here, its driveway, and the buildings surrounding it. He described the cuts made by an operation Mrs. Williams had recently undergone, and a leg ailment her father-in-law was suffering from. He told how many people stayed in their home, told what they had been doing the evening the robbery had been committed, and described the robbery and what was taken. He visualized the Country Club lake, Allen Academy in Bryan, and other places and things in and around College Station he had no previous knowledge of. He described how to get to the robber's home, and told just where it was. George said he saw this house inhabited by people of questionable character.

Mr. Williams told the Bryan police what George had visioned. However on such "flimsy" evidence they could not raid the house. So there has never

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