

DUCHESS OF LUBBOCK, UNDER SPELL OF HYPNOTIST, GIVES OUT INTERVIEW

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A frank individualism that occasionally turned the interviewer off the beaten track was entwined in a conversation at noon between the Duchess of Lubbock, the hypnotized 30th year-old Helen Jackson, and a Daily Journal reporter, under supervision of Dr. de Zita, hypnotist appearing at the Palace theater.

The swarthy hypnotist ordered his subject to turn, to rise, and to awake. She opened her eyes, stared vacantly at the hypnotist, who opened the conversation by asking:

"Are you rested now, duch-

ess?"

She was, she assured him, and he introduced the reporter. Rumors of a conspiracy to overthrow the present regime, as a result of waste of public moneys in the duchess' gambling adventures, are only rumors, declared the duchess. Inadvertently, she had intimated she had lost heavily.

Early in the conversation the brown-haired duchess said she had been informed her husband was in Paris suing for a divorce.

"I can play around, too," she reflected.

(Turn to Page 7, Column 4, Please)

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THE DUCHESS

(Continued from Page One)

A news dispatch has it that your husband alleges you have already done that, said the reporter.

"The truth will out," she commented.

Inviting the newsmen to her 21-room villa in France, the duchess promised to pay expenses. The reporter, however, tentatively declined.

Intermittently, the duchess remarked on the limited living of those who had not seen gay Paris. She approves of Americans who live as Americans when in America, she conceded. When in Paris, be Parisian, she advised.

After returning to the French capital, she will go to Nice, to Monte Carlo, and other cosmopolitan spots, she said. She likes America, she indicated, but she is strictly an individualist.

The smiles of a coquet and her pressing of the invitation were colored by superlatives, intended to bolster the somewhat bold suggestion. The reporter took her hand on bidding the duchess goodbye, but fell short of Dr. de Zita's kiss on the hand.

Asked if there were a province of Morton, or Mor-tone, or Mor-ton, in her duchy, the duchess replied in the negative. Miss Jackson taught English last school-year in Morton High school. She was in a furniture store display window during the interview.

Sixty seconds after Dr. de Zita began a cobra-like weave of his left hand last night before the eyes of Miss Jackson, Texas Technological college graduate, the tall young woman's eyelids were drooping. In another minute she was sleeping lightly on an ambulance cot on the Palace theater stage.

"You are perfectly at ease in every way," the hypnotist had said. "You will be safe. You will awake at exactly 9 o'clock tomorrow night. You are drowsy."

The hypnotist and psychoanalyst then awakened Miss Jackson and conversed briefly with her. Previously he had announced she would assume the role of a woman of noble birth; when she was awakened she conversed without hesitation with Dr. de Zita.

A Rix ambulance carried Miss Jackson to the Plains Furniture company window where she will remain for 24 hours. She had breakfast furnished by the Glorieta at 10 o'clock this morning; she underwent a facial treatment by Lubbock Beauty Shop operators at 11 o'clock; and at 4 o'clock she will have tea with de Zita.

Before she went to sleep, Miss Jackson was assured by de Zita if he died, if he were to be killed or kidnaped that she would be all right and would awaken at the appointed hour.

De Zita will climax his appearance here in a blindfold drive Saturday in a Pontiac automobile. His route will be west from the Palace to Avenue Q, thence south to Broadway. Stops along his route east on Broadway and through the