

Avalanche Reporter Doubted But Now He's A Believer

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Hypnotism Is A Reality And There Was Nothing So Sweet As Sleep, Declares Writer As He Still Wonders About De Zita's Power; Young Woman Denies Statements As Duchess

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HYPNOTISM IS a reality. In less than two minutes Dr. de Zita had me under his spell; there was nothing so sweet as sleep.

Miss Helen Jackson, 20-year-old school teacher, only a few minutes before had been awakened on the Palace theater stage after a 24-hour-sleep, ending at 9 o'clock last night.

"What is this? I thought you were going to put me to sleep?"

she asked de Zita, and then professed earnestly that she did not recall giving out an interview as the Duchess of Lubbock with the hypnotist, nor having a beauty treatment. I could not accept her statement, even with a tablespoon of salt.

"We'll get the doctor, and let you try it," said C. B. (Brownie) Akers, assistant theater manager.

"Concentrate on this coin." the swarthy Frenchman said. I was in an easy chair. "Think

about the coin." He held a dime, with "heads" showing between gnarled and almost wiled thumb and two index fingers. He snaked the coin near me; drew it away.

There was an unusual, involuntary reaction of the muscles of my chest. They "rippled" over. Furniture in Akers' office began to fade. Everything began to fade—except—

De. Zita's two fingers, his

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Hypnotism

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thumb, the dime. Witnesses, including Miss Jackson, said my head was nodding. I was drowsy very drowsy sleepy.

Then, de Zita slapped my face; I was awake again. Apparently Miss Jackson's story of not recollecting is true; at least I believe her.

When the clock chimed 9 o'clock last night exactly 24 hours after Miss Jackson was placed in the hypnotic trance—she was awakened at the Pal-

DRIVES SET TODAY

Dr. de Zita will climax his appearance here with two blindfold drives, at 2 and 4 o'clock, this afternoon. Scoggin-Dickey Motor company, Pontiac dealers, and Drexel Tire company, dealers in U. S. tires, are sponsoring the drives.

Route of the tours, to be made in a Pontiac: West from the Palace theater to Avenue Q, then south to Broadway. Stops along his route east on Broadway and through the city will include the Glorieta, which furnished breakfast for Miss Jackson; the Lubbock Beauty shop, which gave the beauty work; Levine's, the Avalanche-Journal, Drexel Tire service, Scoggin-Dickey Motor company, Rix funeral home, the new federal building, the courthouse, and city police station, and thence back to the Palace.

ace theater. She lost the vacant stare which had characterized her during the spell. Her mind, she said, was a blank during the time, and she blushed at the escapades she was said to have engaged in.

Word for word she repudiated an interview early yesterday afternoon, when she had been—without hesitation—the Duchess of Lubbock.

"I did it for the thrill," she said last night. "I had no thrill for I can't remember anything. I guess I was the goat."

She complained of being tired of her eyes hurting, and having a "dark brown taste" in her mouth. As the Duchess, she had smoked a cigaret, a very infrequent occurrence, she assured. She did not remember the "smoke."

In the interview granted yesterday, Miss Jackson showed a frank individualism which occasionally turned the reporter off the beaten track. After de Zita had 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, duchess?"

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 said she had been informed her

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