

BLIGHTY CROWNS THE QUEEN OF THE WITCHES

"Hush-Hush" (U.S.A.) (Quarterly, dated October, 1964).

Tested your eggs?

The Paris branch shop of famed Cartier's jewelers is currently peddling a solid gold sphere—about the size of a golf ball—which you're supposed to drop in your bucket of caviar to test its capability. If the ball sinks, don't touch the stuff. It's stale. If the ball merely makes a dent, the caviar's O.K.

What are all the poor people doing tonight?

announcement of Mrs. Wilson's appointment been made than a shrill challenge was issued by another witch—a particularly shapely one and, incidentally, very blonde.

This witch is Mrs. Patricia Crowther, who describes herself as "High Priestess" of witches in Sheffield and Manchester. She seems to be really worried about what she regards as a threat to the sorority of sorcerers.

Naming Mrs. Wilson "Queen" is—according to Mrs. Crowther—"absolute nonsense and it could have a very damaging effect on witchcraft. There is no such thing as a Queen of witches. There are High Priestesses, but that is as far as it goes."

Mrs. Wilson, who inherits Gardner's witches' museum in Castletown, on the Isle of Man, together with all his "equipment, machinery and manuscripts relating to magic," was unperturbed by Witch Crowther's protests and replied, as coolly as any witch you ever saw:

"I have had my warning," she said, "and am protected. Other witches cannot harm me . . . We will build up the witches' museum and work to alter the popular image of witchcraft."

By N. E. Cromancy

So you thought witchcraft went out of style 200 years ago, eh? Little do you know, friend. The following want ad recently appeared in an English magazine called Plan:

WITCHCRAFT: London coven has vacancies.

In fact, witchcraft has staged a remarkable comeback and it's all the rage now in certain British circles. There are covens (clubs of witches) scattered all over the Tigh Little Isle.

They even have conventions and—maybe—a Queen of the Witches. At a re-

cent convention of English witches, a noted psychologist made a talk (a witch pitch?) and told his audience bluntly: "You don't exist."

You know what? They didn't believe a word of it, and went right on existing anyway.

Willed a queen

But to get to that Queen of the Witches (if she is the Queen). She's Mrs. Monique Marie Wilson, of Perth, a young, attractive and raven-haired housewife.

The title was conferred on her in the last will and testament of Dr. Gerald Brousseau Gardner, an 80-year-old eccentric, who styled himself "leader" of Britain's witches. Mrs. Wilson was bequeathed—in addition to the title—the bulk of Gardner's \$50,000-odd estate.

And, among other things, of course, a broomstick.

No sooner had the an-