

Anomalous Showers of Stones, Water and Other Objects

The Mystery of the Appearance of Stones, Water and Other Objects inside and outside houses.

by Dirk Gillabel

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The following links go to accounts of all the original newspapers and magazine reports, and some other sources I have collected about these mysterious showers. It is well worth reading them, as it gives a more direct view on the phenomenon, often based on multiple witnesses and investigators.

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1. A Complex Phenomenon

When I was collecting newspaper and other reports of stone showers (sometimes also called throwing of stones, or rain of stones), it became clear that the falling, or apparent throwing of stones, outside or inside houses, were part of a vaster, more complex phenomenon. In every case, people were perplexed, and even after intense investigations in order to try to find the cause of the phenomena, they were not able to find an explanation. Sometimes spiritualists, interested in the strange phenomena accompanying the stone showers, declared that spirits were the cause, although at the same time, they were at a loss to find any spirit, or any motive it might have. Labeling such a case as a poltergeist case does not solve it either.

When you carefully read the original newspaper reports, and the rare well-investigated cases, it is obvious it has nothing to do with ghosts or spirits. The cases are reported as 'stone throwings', 'stone showers' or 'poltergeist', but these are just labels people put on a complex phenomenon. As far as I know nobody has really looked in depth into the many characteristics this phenomenon has, or brought up an explanation, other than that of the ghosts and spirits.

It is not only stones that suddenly manifest and fall down, but also water, money and other objects. The phenomenon has a range of strange happenings. Not all these characteristics show up in every case. Sometimes they don't get reported unless an investigator or journalists picks up on it and writes it down in his report.

From here on, when I talk about the phenomenon in general (stones, water, money and other objects), I will use the term *Shower Phenomenon*.

In every case, the shower phenomenon suddenly comes and after a while suddenly stops. It displays effects of a physics that is not found in school books, or is accepted in mainstream science. However these effects have been reported by those who have experimented with technology based on what is called scalar fields, aether physics, or whatever terminology is used to explain a new emerging field of physics. Actually this kind of physics has been around since the days of Nicola Tesla. Theories, mathematics and experiments were going around since the early 1900's, but were not incorporated in mainstream science. It is said that they were explored by the secret military-corporate establishment for exotic weaponry. Nowadays this physics is being developed by both 'fringe' scientists and laymen experimenters.

Terminology is a problem, as there is not yet a commonly accepted terminology for this kind of new science. How do I explain what might be at the bases of the shower phenomenon (and the whole range of phenomena associated with it)?

2. Accounts of Anomalous Showers

The shower phenomenon is often seen as a mystery. Sometimes it is attributed to supposed psychic powers of children. Sometimes it is blamed on supposed ghosts or spirits. A small minority of the cases are label poltergeist. Although they are all the same phenomena, sharing the same characteristics, I have divided the reports I found into sub-chapters, depending on the main focus:

It's Raining Stones!

Money Showers

Water or Rain Out Of Nowhere

Other Substances

(links to these sub-chapters are at top of this article)

In these sub-chapters I have collected the original newspaper, magazine and other reports. When I first looked around on the World Wide Web, I found a lot of websites that list a small amounts of the showers often without any reference. They copied it from other websites who copied it from.... Later I found that they contained a lot of mistakes. You really have to go back to the original article, and this was not always easy to find. The famous Charles Fort (1874-1923) wrote a lot about these phenomena, but he summarized them, or quoted a few sentences. He brought awareness to these anomalous phenomena but he didn't want to investigate it. He left out a lot of details.

It took me a long time to look up all the reports you find in the different chapters. Most of them I found on websites who have historical newspapers digitized and searchable. Their search function is not always adequate because the newspapers are scanned as image files, with accompanying text files, which are the result of electronic 'translation' into text characters. This gives a lot of mistakes in the text when he newspaper image file is of poor quality. I am sure that there are more cases buried in these newspaper collections.

In the beginning I thought there were only a small number of these 'showers', the ones that are repeated over and over again in books and websites. When I looked up the original reports of these, and looking through the digitized historical newspapers and magazines, I kept on finding more and more. Many cases have never been mentioned anywhere else. Considering that I have limited myself primarily to public domain American and Australian newspapers from before the passing of copyright law (before 1923 in the USA and before 1955 in Australia), the number of anomalous showers over the past two centuries must be far greater than what I have collected. The USA and Australia are only a small fraction of the surface of this planet. I am convinced that the these showers are not a rare event at all. If one happens in your town, it can be called rare event, because it probably won't happen again in your lifetime. But on a global scale, they happen frequently. I think a lot of them don't even get noticed because they happen outside in the woods or plains where nobody lives. In rare cases stone showers were seen in open fields when farmers were working in those fields.

3. Characteristics of Anomalous Showers

When you look at one or a couple of anomalous showers, it doesn't tell you a lot. It all sounds mysterious, superstitious, and the cause is never found. Thus, one leaves it as a mystery and forgets it. At most it was a curiosity.

When I was gathering news report after news report, and some rare reports of investigators who did an in depth observation of a few singular cases, a clear pattern started to emerge. Most cases were not just about a stone shower, or water appearing in a room, but about a variety phenomena. Not all the phenomena were showing up in every case, but those that were showing up, were always of the same kind. Although I have separated the cases into categories depending on their main feature, it is important to understand that they all have the same underlying force fields dynamics.

The following are the characteristics, or phenomena, that show up again and again, in spite of the main feature of the event, which can be a stone shower, water appearing, money falls, or other objects manifesting.

Sudden Beginning and End

The phenomenon always starts suddenly and ends suddenly. Sometimes the event is thought to be caused by a person, usually a child, that is said to be psychic. However, if this would have been the case, the phenomenon would happen on a continuous basis throughout their lives. This is never the case. The period between start and end can be a few days, a few weeks, months, and in rare cases a few years.

Periodicity

During this period, the different phenomena happen on and off, seemingly at random. Sometimes, they only happen at night. Because they last over a time period, they are witnessed by many people, neighbors, curiosity seekers, investigators, and often police officers.

Intensity

The shower phenomenon happens in short bursts. A shower can be followed by another one a couple of minutes or hours later, then nothing for a couple of days, then start again. These showers can pick up in intensity or calm down.

Cause Never Found

In spite of rigorous investigation, often by the police, it is never discovered where the stones, water or objects come from. They do notice that the stones often come from overhead. When outside, they appear to come from a short distance above the ground. When inside a house or a room, they seem to come apparently

from the ceiling, but not through it as the ceiling is never damaged. The stones seem to materialize at that point and then fall down, mostly at an angle. Straight vertical falls have been reported too. In one case pebbles were seen to fall inside a tent, without damaging the tent.

The same applies to the appearance of water in rooms. A plumbing leak is never found, the plaster of the ceiling, from which the water usually comes from, is absolutely dry.

Money showers, as strange as it may seem, never reveal any benefactor. One would expect that somebody would do this to gain publicity, but nobody ever comes forward. The amount of money is sometimes really high for the time period.

Dry and Warm

In several cases it was expressively mentioned that the fallen stones were warm and dry. In one case they were wet. In another case it was found they were all free of any dirt.

More Than One Kind of Object

Other materials that often come stone showers: earth clumps, dry lime, gravel, a piece of wood, and in one case even buffalo bones.

Gravitational Forces

In some cases stones can be ejected with extreme force, causing a lot of damage to the house, rooms, furniture, windows. However it is often reported that they fall slowly. It can even be so slow, that the witnesses state that they fall much slower than what would be expected under normal gravitational forces, even to the point that they are almost floating. Sometimes the stones can be caught before they hit the ground. It seems that the stones, although ejected with some velocity, are still under the influence of (by lack of a better terminology) anti-gravitational forces. Less frequently, a household object is seen to levitate.

Objects moved or flying around

Household objects, like furniture, utensils, dishes etc. are moved (or pushed) around, or are violently thrown about. Some unseen force is interacting with inanimate objects and is able to exert a physical force on these objects. Metal objects are often affected, but wooden object, like furniture, moves around too. In the case of [Battersea](#), England, it was found that the furniture that moved by itself was also found to be heavier than usual, during the actual vibration or movement.

The force that is able to move a heavy wooden chest around must be intense, at

least by our present standards. In one case the person tried to stop a swaying furniture but was unable to do this. In the Lithobolia case, a fence gate, at the house, was wrung of the hinges and thrown down.

In the [Spooks Throw Stones](#) case, a stone thrown into the fireplace, flew back into the room, twice. In the same case, walnuts with which the children had been playing outside, came flying into the house some ten minutes after the children had gone into the house.

Repulsion

Sometimes the stones show a repulsive effect. They can hit a window pane and rebound, but not break the glass. They can hit a person with some velocity but the person himself hardly feels the touch of the stone. Most often stones fall around a person, extremely close, but never hit that person.

In the case of [Grottendieck](#), the stones, although falling slowly, could not be caught while they were falling: "It seemed to me that they changed their direction in the air as soon as I tried to get hold of them." This might be an example of the interaction between the energy of certain people and the energy of the phenomenon. Or there is an intelligence behind the phenomenon that doesn't want to cause any harm.

Sounds

It is not unusual that sounds are heard just before or during a shower, other than the stones hitting something: strange whistling sounds, a 'gingling' sound, rustling, snorting and explosive sounds, a humming noise, rumbling noises. Knocks, rappings and thumps are common, singular or repeated.

Kinetic energy

The energy fields involved transferring kinetic energy to the stones, water or other objects. When the objects emerge, they have gained velocity which can be extremely fast and destructive. Sometimes water-streams from walls appear in bursts. Interestingly, it is often said that the stones are warm or hot. This would imply that the atoms and molecules of the stones have absorbed kinetic energy on the molecular level, increasing the random microscopic motions of their elemental particles, resulting in heat.

Dematerialization and subsequently materialization of stones, water and other items = teleportation

The complexities of the energy fields present at a shower phenomenon location causes dematerialization of matter (stones and other objects, and liquids too like water) in one place and then materialization at another place. At the place of the

shower, the people present notice only the materialization, the sudden appearance out of thin air. However in a few cases stones were marked and thrown outside, which subsequently were found back inside the house again. Thus it is obvious that they were teleported from one place to another.

The materialization of objects is well known in spiritualistic circles where it is called an apport. Spiritualists call 'an apport' an appearance of an article from an unknown source that is often associated with poltergeist activity or spiritualistic séances. Some Eastern gurus or yogis are also able to make this happen at will. Although these are often seen as pure materializations, they are actually teleportation of objects from other places.

Aside from the main event of stone showers, or water pourings, household items suddenly disappear and appear elsewhere in the house, or even outside in the yard.

Where do the stones, water, money, or other objects other than the household objects actually come from? I think it is possible that they might come from a far away place on the Earth. At that distant place, the spin energy of the objects increases, by which their mass effect diminishes. When the mass effect is nullified, the objects are in a high spin state, in a higher 'dimension', that is non-local. This non-local property of the higher dimension allows for the transportation of the object from one physical place to another instantly, because space, distance or locality does not exist in this higher dimension. Being instantly present at the primary shower location, the spin energy slows down and the mass effect of the object appears again. This makes the object physical again, what we then observe as materialization out of thin air.

However, I think that all the stones, water and other objects, come from the immediate environment. The energy fields responsible, although very localized, might still be as large as, I am guessing, half a mile in diameter. Within this radius it will dematerialize and materialize, that is teleport, the objects. People will only notice the materialization inside or just outside their houses. The reason why I think teleportation happens within a limited radius is that in a small number of cases it was verified that the stones came from the immediate environment. This is further strengthened by the fact that household objects disappear and appear within the same house. In the case of money showers, we never see any foreign money come down, it is always the same currency of the region in which it happens. I think this money dematerializes at neighboring houses or buildings.

In a couple of instances, stones were gathered and marked, and placed elsewhere. Soon afterwards they disappeared from the place they were put, and fell down in other locations.

A good example of this can be found in the [Lithobolia](#) case. This is a case of repeated stone falls in 1682 in the state of New Hampshire. Mr. Walton gathered several stones, painted several of the stones and hid them away under lock and key in the basement. These painted stones soon disappeared from storage and once again began raining down on the house. A big stone was intentionally put on a table in a room and the door locked. A short while later, a sound was heard and

the stone was missing.

A similar account is from the famous Ivan Sanderson, who wrote several books about mysterious phenomena. His account is particularly interesting because the stones dematerialized and materialized within the same area, showing that the objects, or stones can also be transferred through non-local physics within the same area, or within the same vortex, just like in the Lithobolia case. This stone fall happened in Sumatra in 1928: while sitting on the veranda of an estate house as a guest one evening, a shiny black pebble dropped onto the veranda out of nowhere. Dozens more followed. Sanderson, who was familiar with the phenomenon, tried an experiment. He ordered the stones gathered up and marked with chalk, paint or whatever else could be used. They then threw the stones back out randomly into the garden and shrubbery. "We must have thrown over a dozen such marked stones," Sanderson wrote. "Within a minute they were all back! Nobody, with a powerful flashlight or super-eyesight, could have found those little stones in that tangled mess... and thrown them back on to the veranda. Yet, they came back, all duly marked by us!" This is also a sign of an intelligence at work, that knows which stones to 'throw' back, and to find them among all the other stones.

Another example is from the [#Riko](#) letter, where The Regent of Soehapoera marked the stones and threw them in the nearby river, but the stones appeared again, having the markings still on them.

Locking onto a person

It has been observed more than once, that the falling stones concentrate on a person. Most of the stones will fall around that person. When that person moves outside the house and in the field, the stone shower will happen around that person in the field. When that person moves into another house, the stones will fall in that house. It seems that in some cases the energy fields that causes the phenomenon are able to lock onto the energy field of a particular person. This is not always the case, but it can happen.

When an investigator arrives at the place, and focuses on the phenomenon, primarily in an effort to try to find the origin of the stone throwing (they often suspect another person doing this), then he himself starts to get pelted with stones. When multiple persons come by, the stone shower can intensify.

It seems that when people start to focus their attention on the phenomenon, that the phenomenon starts to interact with the object of focus. This can be a person that is suspected to be psychic, usually teenage girls, or the owner of the property, or an investigator. When a native young child resides in the household, then he/she is usually suspected to attract the phenomenon. As soon as this is suspected, the stone falls intensify. In my opinion, it is not so much the person that is important, but that upon which the attention is placed. The people who became the center of attention never displayed any psychic abilities before or after the period of the stone falls. It was usually spiritually minded people who

think that the person concerned was psychic, and then they suggested the whole case was a poltergeist phenomenon. However it was never mentioned that the people suspected of psychic abilities indeed had these abilities. They were just ordinary people.

The phenomenon can strongly interact with human energies. I am thinking here about the so-called aura, or the electromagnetic field that surrounds the human body. Interesting to note is that the children suspected to attract the phenomenon, accept the stone falls as it is and are not hurt by the falling stones, while adult people, when afraid to be hurt, will be hit by the stones. It seems that the emotions or thoughts/attention plays a key role. It is a kind of a feedback loop.

In other words, once a person(s) starts to resonate with the energy fields of the phenomenon, by, for example, intensifying the showers, or to make it happen around a particular person. The attention or intention can influence what is happening. This idea is further supported by examples of people who marked some of the stones, to see if they would disappear or move, and yes, they did disappear and/or materialize again elsewhere. The expectation makes it happen.

Experience of coldness

In the [Mudgee event](#), 1997, "deadly chills" would affect Mrs. Large when the stones fell around her: "A cold deathly chill then crept over her, and she had to be taken to the fire, but this did not restore warmth to her system."

In the [Battersea event](#), where it 'rained' different materials, a visiting medium got very cold: "Immediately she entered the house the medium began to complain of extreme cold; and although a fire was soon roaring in the kitchen, she continued to shiver."

Cold chills is a well known experiences, in houses where ghosts are said to reside, or where paranormal activity happens. It is usually attributed to a telltale sign of some sort of energy that bereaves the body from its warmth, and it can even lower the temperature in a room.

Other effects

There are also some rare and unique effects reported, that should be mentioned here. Although these are sometimes present in only one case, they do show some other unusual phenomena that are the result of the activity of the strange energy fields present.

- Occasionally one can have the feeling there is somebody, invisibly, around, or can even catch a glimpse of a face behind a window or see a man outside, which cannot be found when one goes immediately outside to confront him. From experiments in laboratories, we now know that certain electromagnetic frequencies can elicit these impressions. In cases where

this happens, with or without anomalous showers, one is quick to point to ghosts and deceased spirits. When spiritualists come by they label the case a poltergeist phenomenon. In my opinion, the energies involved can interact strongly with human bio-energies, as I have mentioned before. I also think that these energies can also interact with one's consciousness and create impressions that are interpreted by the brain wrongly, that is, into something that one is familiar with, but that does not reflect what really is present.

- During a stone shower episode, windows can shatter but no stones are found inside the house. Maybe the glass is resonating with a (sound?) frequency and shatters as a consequence, just like a wine glass will shatter when its resonant frequency is sung.
- Sometimes a window shows a very small hole.
- A strange effect of a broken window: "...the Window near which I sat at Table was broken in 2 or 3 parts of it inwards, and one of the Stones that broke it flew in, and I took it up at the further end of the Room. The manner is observable; for one of the squares was broken into 9 or 10 small square pieces, as if it had been regularly mark'd out into such even squares by a Workman".
- In one case, plants of Indian corn were uprooted and hay was thrown up into the trees.
- In one case someone saw a blue flame associated with the stone falls: "The native constable watching the place asserted excitedly after, however, that he saw a pale blue flame travelling along edge of the roof and linger outside the door, this being followed by the knocking."
- In the Mudgee case, the woman of the house "saw some black object come through one angle of the house and go right through the opposite angle".
- Also in the Mudgee case, the horse of the farmer did not want to approach the house and bolted. It is well known that animals are very aware and often frightened by energies unseen or unfelt by humans, such as is the case in approaching earthquakes.

4. Poltergeist, a Misinterpretation of the Phenomenon

In folklore and parapsychology, a poltergeist (German for "noisy ghost") is a type of ghost or other supernatural being supposedly responsible for physical disturbances such as loud noises and objects moving around. Most accounts of poltergeists describe movement or levitation of objects, such as furniture and cutlery, or noises such as knocking on doors.

Investigators in poltergeist phenomena have examined many of those features, but usually they are still baffled by it. Not only are spirits of ghosts seldom seen, but the nature of the phenomena is not in accordance to a possible motive by a ghost or spirit. It is assumed that a deceased spirit is angry and is out to make the lives of the living difficult at least by, for example, throwing stones. Aside from the fact that a deceased spirit resides in another realm cannot pick up a physical stone itself, how is going to acquire the ability to teleport the stones from one place to another? However the motive is the real problem. The stones often fly randomly, and are not aimed at the people in the house, except only in a few instances where people start to focus on a person. Only in a very rare case will the stones hit somebody. It is also common that the stones fall slowly, and sometimes float. The other phenomena, such as sounds, the appearance and disappearance of objects, don't fit into the supposition that a spirit is responsible.

Those investigators who see such a case as poltergeist, or caused by a spirit, have found the same characteristics as the ones I listed before, based on all the news and magazine reports. Poltergeist cases:

- begin suddenly, run their course, and end abruptly
- an adolescent is often thought to be the cause or attraction of the phenomenon
- when this person moves out of the house, the phenomenon follows that person
- apparitions are extremely rare (with stone throwings I have found only two cases where a mysterious person was seen which immediately disappeared)
- the 'throwing' of rocks and dirt
- small objects are hurled across the room
- stones or objects falling or flying around rarely hit people
- these stones or objects fall slowly and then crash
- fallen object are warm or hot
- furniture is overturned
- noises of all kinds
- strange smells
- appearance of water in rooms

5. A Clue to the Origin or Cause of the Phenomena

The John Hutchison Effects

John Hutchison, an experimenter in alternative technology, using many surplus Navy and Army electronic equipment, and Tesla coils, is able to create effects that are not explainable by conventional science. He himself does not have a full explanation how it all works, as he is merely interested in creating the effects. He creates different electromagnetic fields in his room, and by their blending, and probably some unknown factors, phenomena happen that we also see with anomalous showers:

- Levitation of objects.
- Vibration of objects.
- The creation of holes in glass. Mirrors breaking.
- Objects suddenly fly away. In 1979 when Hutchison started up an array of high-voltage equipment, he felt something hit his shoulder. He threw the piece of metal back to where it seemed to have originated, and it flew up and hit him again. This was how he originally discovered the so-called Hutchison effect. I have found about three cases (with stone showers) where one threw away a stone and it immediately flew back.
- Objects disappearing and appearing.
- Warping or distortion of metal objects.
- The anomalous heating of metals without burning adjacent material. This looks similar to the warm of hot stones reported in stone showers.
- Flames coming out of non-flammable materials. I have found one case of stone showers where someone saw a flame traveling along the gutter of a house.

All these effects Hutchison created were done with very low power. For example, he obtained most of the best examples of objects levitating with a maximum power of 1.5 kilowatts, and this from the ordinary power sockets of the house mains. Since basic outlets in the house supply sufficient power to operate his many machines, the power which unleashes all these incredible effects is believed to lie elsewhere, such as where these various fields interplay, since on their own the wavelengths or fields these machines create have never been noted to do this.

More info can be found on [The Hutchison Effect](#) website. Also read [The Hutchison Effect -- An Explanation](#) on the same website.

It is also significant that Hutchison can turn on his equipment and nothing happens, until a couple of days later when things suddenly fly around. It is unpredictable, just as with the stone showers.

So, what are we looking at then? There is definitely an intelligence behind it. The phenomenon is often seen as a mysterious shower of stones, but there are always other phenomena associated with it. When spirits are thought to be the cause it is labeled 'poltergeist'. But spirits, or deceased people, are not known to be able to affect the physical world in such a drastic way. Besides there seems to be no motive for these supposed spirits to harass people in such ways.

However, the phenomena do display an intelligent design, because of the variety of the phenomena, the local display of (to us) strange and bizarre happenings, and the tell-tale signs of interaction with one or more people.

There is another area of interest where the same phenomena occur: alien encounters and contacts. The stone showers here are absent, but a person (sometimes its entire family) is the center of attention, apparitions of alien beings are seen. Contactees and abductees are familiar with objects being displaced at home, and the materialization and dematerialization of objects. Coldness and heat are reported with UFO sightings. Noises are heard, not only with UFOs, but also inside the house, just before an abduction, or at other times of alien contacts. Sometimes strange smells are reported. Actually, alien contactees and abductees experience a lot of poltergeist phenomena. These are not always explored by UFO researchers as they usually focus only on contact experiences or abduction stories.

In my opinion there are some alien beings around, of whatever nature, who have technology advanced enough and sophisticated that can manipulate physical matter in ways that are not possible with our own present technology. Nevertheless we are making the first steps in manipulating physical matter, and even space/time. All the phenomena with stone showers and poltergeist phenomena can be done with the manipulation of electromagnetic energy in sophisticated manners. People who had encounters with UFOs and aliens can testify to that.

It is too much to explain it further in this article, but the aliens concerned are known to have a habit of interfering with human affairs. There is plenty of information out there for you to explore.



6. Newspaper and Magazine Articles

The following pages are the sub-chapters from the *Links to Pages with Newspaper and Magazine Articles* at the top of article:

6.1 It's Raining Stones!



A Rain of Stones, from a manuscript in 1557.

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1. Newspaper Reports

Singular Phenomenon – Shower of Meteoric Stones

Our town was visited on Wednesday evening with a **violent thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy torrents of rain**, mingled with small black angular-shaped stones, somewhat resembling iron stone, but more vitrified in appearance. Some folk affirm that they are merely fragments of the Rowley Rag

with which a portion of our roads are laid, but as they have been found, not only in parts of the town where this material has not been introduced, but on the house tops, this explanation of the phenomenon is the fact that amongst the numerous persons who might have been seen, after the storm passed over busily engaged in securing specimens, was one lucky customer who actually picked up a half-crown piece. If we could only be satisfied that that the silver token in question was the product of the meteoric shower, we should be inclined to welcome the acceleration of the earth's motion "even," as wittily observed by a contributor to the daily contemporary, "to the extent of bringing Christmas twice a-year." In some parts of the town, more especially in the neighbourhood of the market place, the stones fell in such abundance as to admit of their being taken up in shovels full. - Wolverhampton Advertiser

Source: [Empire \(Sydney, NSW, Australia\), 24 August 1860, page 2](#)

[Wolverhampton is in England]

Thus an English paper of July 20:

An extraordinary occurrence (a correspondent says) is causing much excitement in the neighborhood of Hafer road, Clapham common, where the windows and conservatory of the house of Mr. Piddock, a gentlemen of private means, have been wrecked in a most mysterious fashion. The house is situated in Hafer road, and bounded on the back and side by Limburg road and Battersea rise respectively. The attack on the premises began about eight o'clock on Monday evening, when a stone was hurled from some undiscoverable quarter, through the conservatory into the dining-room, which it adjoins. The stone, which weighed over a pound, was followed by four others in rapid succession. Mr. Piddock and his servants endeavored to discover whence the missiles were hurled, but in vain. Inquiries were made at all the houses which overlook the premises, but to no purpose. In about an hour afterwards the stone-throwing was renewed still more vigorously, the continual crashing causing great excitement in the vicinity. The police, who had been communicated with, could not detect whence the stones came. This state of affairs was continued with short intervals up to 1.30 on Tuesday morning. Mr. Piddock and his family were in great distress, as Miss Piddock was all this time lying in a dying state in a bedroom on an upper floor. All day on Tuesday the police had the matter in hand, but failed to trace the perpetrators of the outrage. About three in the afternoon the stone-throwing recommenced, and by 6 o'clock the conservatory was completely wrecked, and many of the windows were broken. Again every effort was made to discover the miscreants, but without result. **The stones kept coming in, sometime! five or six in succession, and then single stones at intervals of from half an hour to an hour and a half.**

Source: [Northern Argus \(Clare, SA, Australia\), 26 August 1890, page 3](#)

ROCK SHOWERS LATEST THRILL FOR CALIFORNIA

Chico, Calif., March 10. Showers of stones that fall "from the clouds" on a warehouse here have baffled the police, neighbors and various official investigators. Today J. W. Charge, owner of the warehouse, offered a reward of \$200 to the person revealing the source of the rocks. While the town marshal and a committee were examining the corrugated iron roof yesterday a shower of large smooth stones fell, sending the investigators scurrying to cover. Persons nearby at the time declared the stones seemed to come straight from the clouds. Employees in the building stated that the mysterious bombardment of the roof had been occurring **periodically for three weeks.**

Source: [The Rock Island Argus and Daily Union. \(Rock Island, Illinois\), 10 March 1922, front page](#)

MYSTERY STONES FRENCH FARM PELTED

"Poltergeist or practical joker?" is the question that the police are trying to solve at a farm outside the village of Tourettes-Levens. near Nice. Stones varying in size from small pebbles to two-pounders have been striking the roof and walls of the Collet farmhouse. The people at the farm are old Dominique Simon and his wife (in their seventies), Marius Simon, their son, his four children, and two old retainers, Adrien Canestrier and his sister, also both in their seventies. Adrien is already feeble-minded. A police sergeant kept watch with two constables patrolling the ground round the farm, but stones continued to strike the roof or walls, and some times the inhabitants. Finally, Captain Chandille, of the gendarmerie, with four men. spent the night watching in the farmyard, while his men were posted at good observation points. Stones fell beside the captain, struck one of his men, and one of the Simon children, but where they came from or how they were propelled remained a mystery. Captain Chandille refuses to believe in any phenomena which are not recognized by French civil and criminal law.

Source: [The Newcastle Sun \(NSW, Australia\), 12 September 1936, page 7](#)

Mystery Fall Of Small Stones Scares Natives PERTH, Monday

Stones flung into a 30-square-yard area of a native camp at Pumphrey, 92 miles from Perth, and the mystic dream of an old aborigine,, have posed a deep mystery for 64-year old farmer, Mr. Alan Donaldson, and his family. For three consecutive nights and today a hail of stones varying in size from small pebbles to three inch circumference have rained down in the area. Some of the stones were brought to Perth today and examined by the Deputy Government Mineralogist, Mr. J. N. A. Grace, and the Director of Government Chemical laboratories, Mr. J. C. Hood. This morning a one-legged 69-year-old aborigine claimed, that during the night he had been told in his dreams to get away from the camp. The mystery began to unfold about 8.30 p.m. on Friday when one of the aborigines came to Mr. Donaldson's homestead , about 200 yards, away and claimed stones were

falling from the sky. Mr. Donaldson and his two sons, Brian, 26, and 20, immediately visited the camp. They were amazed to hear objects falling on the ground. They drove a truck up to the spot and shone its headlights on the scene, and saw rocks falling **through the beams**. The stones continued to rain down on Saturday and Sunday nights. Today was the first occasion on which the stones have fallen during the daytime. A newspaper reporter and a photographer stood in amazement as rocks, lobbed around their feet, narrowly missing their heads.. The natives admitted they were frightened and a search by them for foot prints proved fruitless. Mr. Donaldson said there was **a big fire near his 2,400-acre farm** on Friday night. Huge willy willys accompanied the blaze and he thought these could perhaps have lifted stones into the air.

Source: [The Canberra Times \(Australia\), 19 March 1957, Front Page](#)

Follow-up article in the same newspaper the next day:

PERTH, Tuesday.-The mystery of the falling stones continued on the Donaldson farm at Pumphrey, near Perth, today. A newspaper reporter sent to investigate the phenomena said the stones **came from all directions** and landed **with, a soft "plop"** as if they had flown through the air instead of being thrown. The stones are said to be following 23-year-old native, Cyril Penny, of Borden, who recently had a dream warning him to get out of the area. Natives pleaded with the owner of the property, Mr. Alan Donaldson, today to take them away to Pumphrey's Bridge, 10 miles away, but **the hail of stones followed them**. Shortly after they arrived there the stones again started to fall. After further pleadings, they were brought back to the Donaldson farm, but stones then commenced to land on the farmhouse, roof and the surrounding area. Frightened natives then asked Mr. Donaldson to take Penny away. They said "We will pay freight to take this fella away." Penny had been on the farm only a week when the stones started to fly. Many natives, some of whom speak and write English, maintain Penny has a "jinx" on him. Three white men last night crouched inside a native tent to investigate and later swore they saw gravel pebbles falling inside the tent without holing it. The witnesses are Brian Donaldson, 26 and Ian Donaldson, and Tom Hardie from a neighbouring farm. The Donaldsons said later they had investigated every possible theory, but were unable to offer any explanation for the strange phenomena. Penny, the apparent target of the stones, said "I don't know what it is all about. It has never happened to me before."

Source: [The Canberra Times, March 20, 1957, page 6](#)

Stones from Nowhere.

GLEN INNES MYSTERY.

From' Glen Innes comes a story of a will-o'-the-wisp stone thrower who has defied the police and many armed searchers, notwithstanding the fact that they have had electric searchlights at work and have surrounded the house which he attacks. A few nights ago the daughter of William Bower, a Shire ganger, who lives about half a mile from the town told her mother that a man chased her and pelted here with stones about a quarter of a mile away. That night the walls of the

house resounded with the thuds of stones. A neighbour was communicated with, but no trace of the attacker was found. The next morning the police were informed, and two, constables took up the work. They had hardly arrived when a stone smashed a window. But there was no trace of the thrower. The next night more police and four civilians took up the vigil, but although the stones continued to fall on the house, nobody could be found! The following night even more police, and ten well known citizens took up strategic positions, again without success, the stones landing as before. On Friday night— the fifth of the vigil— a great crowd turned out, armed with all kind of weapons and a big electric searchlight. They formed cordons round the house, and occupied posts at every possible hiding place. Still the stones fell, although they stopped when the light was turned on.

Source: [The Bombala Times \(Australia\), 15 April 1921 Page 2](#)

MYSTERY OF THE MALLEE.

Stones That Fell From Nowhere

[By a Special Reporter.]

The haunting fascination of a "spook" or spirit story drives my imagination into realms of wildest fancies. But I could not resist the invitation to listen to an uncanny mystery which happened years ago in the mallee wilderness along the River Murray. The descriptions of the weird workings of recent Gawler spirits were jingling in my brain as I sat before Mr. Henry Hayward on Tuesday. The old man — he was 78 last January — came into The Register Office to tell me a tale of the mallee, and I expected to hear how a ghostly monster had terrified the people in the lonely scrub. But when he began I knew he meant to deal in "spirits," and not in ghosts. Mr. Hayward now lives in retirement at William street, Norwood. It seems that he was driven by circumstances to settle in the Hundred of Foster, about half a mile to the east of the Murray. He first settled at Mount Mary. "I could not grow enough wheat there to keep me in flour," he said. "The first year I got 60 bags of wheat. In the following year from a crop of 120 acres I reaped five bags, and next year I got nothing at all. I then went over to the Hundred of Foster."

— When the Spirits Walk.—

"It must be 14 years ago now," he continued, "since I had a nice little block in the mallee scrub. My nearest neighbour was Mr. Fred. Towell, who now lives at Kent Town. One night my eldest son, Edward, who was then about 23 years old, and my youngest son, Tom, about 12 years of age, went out to feed the horses. It was a clear moonlight night. As they were walking back to the house from the stables something rolled past them. At first the boys took no notice. But when a second "something" came by they stopped to see what it was. They found a small stone. They came back to the house, thinking that the other boys were hiding in the scrub and throwing stones for a joke. But when they found their brothers in bed they told me about the affair. Of course I said some one had been playing a lark.

— A Shower of Pebbles.—

"Next night I went up to the stables alone. I got into the yard and was looking into the manger when a stone as big as an egg fell right against my legs. There were mallee bushes close by, and I jumped over the rails and sent a few stones into the clump. I thought that some one was behind it throwing stones at me. But there was no one about. I then began to wonder what it all could mean. Next day my wife and daughter were washing outside of the house when a large stone came over the building and fell close to them. Another missile followed a couple of seconds later. They could see no one near the place, and were sure that the stones had come from the other side of the house. Well, everybody in the district heard of the strange happenings at my place, and sometimes parties of 20 people came and watched the pebbles falling, and they all went away mystified. At one time **a large piece of earth** fell near my house, and one of the boys saw **a piece of wood** come from goodness knows where.

— A Close Call.—

"On the third night I went over to a neighbour named Hutchinson, and asked him to come with me to the horse yard. We were standing near the manger while the boys were pulling hay from a stack, when **a large piece of wood** came hurtling down and grazed the brim of Hutchinson's hat, and fell at his feet. I looked over the stable shed, but again there was no one in sight, nor could I hear anything. If any one had been moving about in the scrub, which was thick near my house, I could easily have heard him, because the night was still. As we went down to the house, stones kept descending around us, and others rolled past our feet.

— An Old Man's Fright.—

"I'll never forget poor old Duncan O'Dea and the scare he got the night he came to see the stones," went on Mr. Hayward, and chuckled to himself as he recalled the incident. "Duncan O'Dea came with about 13 or 14 others one bright moonlight night. I took them to the horse yard, and as we were leaning against the rails a big stone fell between Duncan's feet. He swore that he saw it **rise out of the ground**. He stooped and felt it to see whether it was warm. But it was quite cool. Just after this two young chaps from Adelaide visited my place in great style to explain the mystery. They were staying in the district, and on hearing of the occurrence at my farm, they put on airs and told every one that they would soon tell what caused the trouble. So they came one night. The stones pelted down around them, and they went away as wise as they came about the 'cause of the trouble,' as they called it.

— A Disbeliever Converted.—

"Bill Roathe, who is now in Western Australia," proceeded Mr. Hayward, "was a neighbour of mine at this time. He did not believe in ghosts of any kind, and when he heard of my experience, he laughed and said, 'All rot.' Anyhow Bill was not afraid to come and have a look at what was going on. He had not been on the farm 10 minutes before he saw what he had heard so much about. A short distance from the house was a pine tree, and on this night the stones seemed to be striking the tree. Bill listened for a while. Then a stone struck the ground near to where he was standing. He looked at me and said, 'Don't you think we'd better get out of this?' I could see that Bill's idea of ghosts had changed. As we walked away from the yard he turned to me and said, 'I have never believed in ghosts. I

have often heard old men tell stories about them, but I thought it was all rot. But I'm satisfied now."

— A Fortnight's Mystery.—

"The stones had been falling night and day **for almost a fortnight**. At last people were afraid to come near my farm. I, too, was beginning to fear that some one might be seriously injured by the missiles. On several nights the boys had gone out with guns and blazed away in the direction from which the stones seemed to come, but still they arrived. I was sure that the trouble was not the work of a human being. But still things were getting un safe. I said to my wife one day, 'I'll go into Mannum and tell the police trooper — his name was Gibbons, if I remember alright — and ask him to come out.' We decided that we would not tell even the children that we were going to bring the police out. I wrote to Gibbons, and on the very day that the letter was sent the stoning stopped. It happened that the police officer was absent from home for several days after the letter arrived, and he did not get it until he returned. He did not come out, but I saw him sometime later and told him all that had happened, and how the thing had ended so soon as the letter was written. Another strange thing about the affair was that during the whole of the time the stones were falling no one was hit by any of them."

(Source: [The Register \(Adelaide, SA, Australia\), 27 March 1918, Page 9](#))

Rain Of Stones In Brunswick

MELBOURNE, Sunday. - Residents of a street in the Melbourne suburb of East Brunswick were mystified by a "rain of stones" on two adjoining houses at noon yesterday and again at 10 o'clock last night. The houses were occupied by Mr. William Ariss, a furniture maker, of 155, and Miss Marjorie Nunan, secretary of the Victorian Combined Pensioners' Association of 157 Stewart Street, East Brunswick. For three or four minutes at noon on Saturday a hail of small, hard white stones about one inch in diameter fell on the roof of a work shop at the rear of Mr. Ariss' home and in the backyard of Miss Nunan's house. The geological department of the Melbourne University will examine the stones tomorrow. Several stones narrowly missed a two-year-old grand nephew of Miss Nunan as his mother was carrying him to a sleep out in the backyard. Residents gathered between 40 and 50 of the stones at the time and found more today. Earlier this year a mysterious, fall of stones was reported from W.A. Mr. Ariss said it was a "terrific shock." One minute everything was quiet and then the stones began to fall. "They made so much noise on the tin roof I could hardly hear myself speak," he said. "Miss Elaine Mayne, who lives at the rear of my place, was in the workshop talking to me at the time, and when we ran out to see what was happening we were nearly hit by stones, which were bouncing all over the place." Mr. Ariss said Mrs. Eunice Nunan, mother of the child, described the hail of stones as terrifying. "If any of those stones had hit my child they could have killed him," she said. There was a further, but smaller, fusilade of stones shortly after 10 p.m. Source: [The Canberra Times \(ACT, Australia\), 10 June 1957, Page 3](#)

SPOOKS THROW STONES.

Ghostly Phenomena in a House on a Virginia Plantation. (N. Y. World.)

The people on the plantation of John W. Brooke, near Culpepper Court House have been thrown into a state of terror by phenomenal occurrences in a house on the place which was until quite recent occupied by the family of Richard Moton. Moton and his neighbors allege that **hot stones** have been thrown into the house through closed windows without breaking the glass, and that the furniture could not be kept in any particular place by reason of some invisible influence that caused it to move about the rooms and even to travel up and down stairs. This peculiar state of things was developed last September and has continued uninterruptedly since. The effect of sudden showers of hot stones and unexpected encounters with perambulating chairs and beds on Mrs. Moten's nervous system has been such that to save her life her husband considered it necessary to move from the neighborhood. The family came to Brandy Station and a *World* correspondent had an interview with the husband on the subject of the phenomena. While protraining entire disbelief in the power of disembodied spirits to return to earth and assert their presence by impish pranks, Mr. Moten is unable to account for the strange occurrences at his former home. He contends that they cannot truly be accounted for on psychological grounds, and rather inclines to a belief that they are due to mineral magnetism, but in just what manner he is at a loss to explain. Ho continued to reside in the house despite the protests of his wife in the vain hope of discovering the source of the disturbances, and his investigations were conducted in such a manner, he says, as to leave no doubt in his mind that they were brought about, not by supernatural, but by other than human sources. Here is his version of the mysterious visitations : "On returning from work one day near the end of September I was surprised to find my family huddled together outside the house, As soon as she saw me my wife cried out: 'Oh, Richard, the house is haunted! Stones have been dropping into the rooms all the afternoon.'" Insisting that the stones had been thrown by neighbours' children, I succeeded in quieting her fears and induced her to re-enter the house with me. "Looking around on the floor of the north room I discovered stones as large as hen's eggs lying on the floor. I picked them up and threw them out into the yard, thinking some practical joker had been trying to frighten the children. As I had cause to remain home the next day I thought I would just keep an eye open to detect the joker. About ten o'clock in the day a scream from my wife caused me to run into the kitchen, my wife lay in a faint on the floor and near her were four large stones. Picking up one of those I found it the least **bit warm**, and on examining; the rest I found them of the same temperature. I then sent for Mr. Brooks to come and make an examination. I showed him the stones which were scattered hero and there over the floor. Taking a chair, he sat clown to examine them. While doing so a stone that seemed as if it came through the window-glass struck Mr. Brooks on the foot. On examining this stone we found it to be **hot**. Mr. Brooks, thinking some one was playing a joke on us, got a gun and commenced firing at random into the cornfield to see if the mischievous person was hiding there. As the shooting availed nothing we re-entered the house to see if we would be disturbed again by the mysterious stones. After waiting for an hour or so, and

as no more stones fell, Mr. Brooks left for home feeling at a loss to account for this strange mystery. " We lived in the house for **five months**, and during that time the stones fell **frequently**. On one occasion the children were hauling walnuts under a large tree. Coming into the house to answer a call of their mother, they left the walnuts under the tree until they could return. Not ten minutes after they entered the house **the walnuts came flying through the open door and fell on the floor in a shower**. People in the neighborhood became afraid to come near the house. The stones seemed to come through the window-glass and also through the door when standing open. How the stones **came through the glass without breaking** the panes is a mystery to me. My little girl once said she saw a hand against the window just as a stone came in the room. "While eating; one evening a stone fell from the ceiling over the table into my coffee. After taking the stone out of the cup I drank the coffee as if nothing had happened. My family objected to it, but I was not the least bit afraid. The same evening my little boy's **spelling book was swept from his hand** as if some one had snatched it from him, At this moment several stones, which seemed to come through the window-glass, fell on the floor. My brother threw one of the stones in the fire, and **it immediately leaped out of the fire back into the room**. He tried this twice, with the same result each time. **Flat-irons would fly across the room**, and **articles downstairs would come upstairs on a fly** over the banisters. My wife grew ill and could stand this no longer, so I moved. The house is still vacant."

Source: [Montreal Herald \(Montreal, Canada\), Jan 14, 1890, page 2](#)

20 July 2014. TEACHERS at Musita Primary School, Masakadza area in Gokwe North, Zimbabwe, have reportedly fled the school after their homes were mysteriously pelted with stones at night. The teachers, whose school is under Chief Nemangwe, abandoned classes last week after cottages were mysteriously pelted by stones that were reportedly falling like rain on their roofs. The asbestos roofs were destroyed by the mysterious rocks. Some of the teachers have reportedly sought sanctuary in nearby villages while some pupils have, as a result, stopped coming to school. The teachers started having the weird experience two weeks ago when they were awakened by a mysterious **torrent of stones** that cracked their asbestos roofs while the headmistress' property was destroyed after a huge stone fell into the house and destroyed the property. Musita Primary School headmistress, Mrs Mary Chinyati, confirmed the phenomenon saying the teachers' lives had turned into a living nightmare due to the **intermittent** showering stones. "I can confirm that the roof of my house was destroyed by mysterious showering stones that were falling from the sky. The stones fell into the house and destroyed part of my property. The first incident occurred on 6 July during the night when our houses were pelted by mysterious stones. Initially we suspected that it could be members of the local community who were bitter with some of the teachers. "We then had another mysterious shower of stones during the day. These stones continue to fall every day and we are now living in fear because we do not know where, when and how this is going

to end.

Source: [Bulawayo News, Zimbabwe 20 July, 2014](#) and [The Sunday News, Zimbabwe July 20, 2014](#)

News paper article from Australia:

"STONES FROM NOWHERE,
A SOUTH AFRICAN MYSTERY.

A parallel to a recent case in New South Wales comes from South Africa., The following is from the "Rand Daily Mail" :-- "In ghosts I have never believed. I won't, believe in them now if I can help it ; but we've been through some experiences lately which are both terrifying and inexplicable; at any rate; neither the police nor my wife nor I can get at the bottom of them" . In these terms a young man, Mr. D. Neaves, residing at Roudepoort, and employed in Johannesburg as a chemist's assistant, referred to a number of mysterious happenings at his house. Mr. Neaves' house is situated about a mile north-west of Roodepoort in a somewhat lonely five-acre holding. It is a neat, red- roofed dwelling, with white outside walls, and a group of servants' out-houses lying some 20 yards away. The ground spreads in all directions to a barbed wire fencing, which encloses the entire five-acre property, and serves to protect the stocks of valuable poultry bred by the owner. One night recently Mr. Neaves, angered by the **incessant** crashing of stones on his roof, reported the matter to the police and a white constable and four natives were sent to his house after dark. The boys were ordered to stand some five and twenty yards away, and to watch not only the house, but any movement in their immediate vicinity. Hardly had they taken up position when stones again fell heavily on the roof. Mr. Neaves and the white constable searched around the house meanwhile, but could not discover the source of the annoyance. A little Hottentot girl was then ordered to the garden well with a bucket, the intention being to see if she would stimulate the attentions of the stone-thrower. She had barely got clear of the house when a shower of rocks fell almost **vertically** about her—in fact dropped in the light thrown from the windows of the house, but so vertically that the original direction from which they had been hurled could not be, ascertained.

Peremptory Knocking.

Suddenly Mr. Neaves heard a peremptory knock, "like, a postman's knock." as he puts it, at the kitchen door. He tip toed into the kitchen, and stood there, waiting close to the door, and hoping for a repetition. "Who's there?" he demanded. Another **heavy series of raps** was the only response, where upon he jerked open the door. It was a swift movement. Hardly a second intervened between the knock and the opening of the door ! Nobody was there. The native constable watching the place asserted excitedly after, however, that he saw **a pale blue flame travelling along edge of the roof and linger outside the door, this being followed by the knocking**. Mr. Neaves, who is sceptical of the supernatural, climbed upon the roof to ascertain if there were any traces of

human handiwork then! Nothing met his scrutiny, however, other than the dozens of heavy stones—relics of prolonged bombardment. He re-entered the house, therefore, and closed the doors. Suddenly the peremptory knocking was repeated at the back door. He hurried to the spot to open it, and was confronted by an excited native constable who declared that the nocking had come from within. While discussing the point loud knocking were heard at the front door. This door, however, was also being watched. The native guard concerned had heard the nocking there, he said, but had seen nobody. The man seemed to be scared, and wanted to leave the place.

Sick of the business.

With regard to the knocking on the front door, Mr. Neaves pointed out that he was puzzled to know how anybody could have got away without being seen, for he would have had to make his exit through a gap in the fencing guarded by a constable, who had never left it. On several occasions since, Mr. Neaves, waiting to trap some human door rapper, stood close to door and opened it swiftly when the knocking came. For all his celerity, however, he has found nobody, though his torch has flashed swiftly afterwards into every conceivable space. "I am not a superstitious man," declared he, "and I am heartily sick of this business, not having had any sleep fur a long succession of nights.' In order to ascertain whether dongas or any points of vantage had sheltered stone-throwers, Mr. Neaves has been in the habit of leaving his house at, dusk—which is when the stone-throwing usually begins, and, accompanied by his boys, of making detours to suspected spots. During his explorations, stones have fallen on his roof, and he has invariably returned without; getting any nearer a solution of the mystery."

Source: [Western Argus \(Kalgoorlie, WA, Australia\) Tuesday 2 January 1923, page 10](#)

Mysterious Stone Throwing

Two Brothers Driven from their Corn Field by Showers of Pebbles

TRENTON N.J., June 21 - George Sandford aged about 25 years lives with his mother and younger brother Albert on a farm half mile north of Trenton on the plank road between Utica and Boonville On Monday while they wore hoeing in a corn field lying on high ground tie brothers were suddenly assailed by a fusillade of stones several of which struck Albert with sufficient force to abrade the skin There was no fence or building near, behind which a person could conceal himself and there was no one in sight The stones were between the size of a pea and a large egg. They continued to fall so furiously that the brothers were obliged to flee **The stones continued to pelt them until they reached the house** about fifty rods away and one stone dropped within the dwelling This occurred at about 4 P.M. At 9 A.M. on Tuesday they started out to resume their task but **again** the shower of pebbles set in. Then they came to Trenton and got several men to return home with them. While these persons were at the Sandford place forty or fifty stones of various sizes were seen to fall near the brothers. While Albert was

taking a drink from a cup at the well a stone knocked the cup from his hands. Several stones went into the kitchen through the open door and one through an open window. Crowds of people were going to the place. J. B. Watkins and E. C. Bovins, gentlemen in whose word every one here has confidence, declared that they saw the phenomenon and were utterly at a loss to discover where the stones came from.

Source: [The Sun \(New York, N.Y.\), 22 June 1884, front page](#)

Wrecked by "Ghosts."

HOUSE BOMBARDED WITH STONES AND WINDOWS BROKEN.

A number of the inhabitants of Marcinelle, a suburb of Charleroi (Belgium), are about to leave the town because they believe it is infested by malignant "ghosts." The residence of the Van Zanten family has been the principal target for "ghostly" attacks, which have resulted in the partial demolition of the building and the smashing of all the windows. M. Van Zanten endured mysterious showers of stones and other missiles **for several days**, without being able to discover the perpetrators. He then complained to the police. Captain Vandermersch, chief of the gendarmerie, with six men, went to the house to assist in the search for "ghosts." The gendarmes were stationed in various rooms, yet the strange attacks began immediately after luncheon, in accordance with the usual custom. Showers of stones and pebbles rained against the windows, and the crash of broken glass sounded in all the rooms. Captain Vandermersch and his men were driven from one room to another by the heavy fall of debris, apparently flung from outside. They were unable to discover any person in the vicinity, and although they even climbed on the roof, there was no satisfactory explanation of the attacks. One afternoon the shower of stones continued from noon until 3.45, at two-minute intervals. M. van Zanten and his family have left the house, which is now in a semi-ruined state, with shattered walls and gaping window frames.

Source: [Eastern Districts Chronicle \(York, Western Australia\), 18 July 1913, Page 7](#); [The Gundagai Independent and Pastoral, Agricultural and Mining Advocate \(NSW, Australia\), 11 June 1913, page 3](#); [The Border Morning Mail and Riverina Times \(Albury, NSW, Australia\), 14 May 1913, page 3](#)

ROCKS FALL 'FROM CLOUDS'

Mysterious Shower of Stones Bombards Chlco, Calif., Warehouse

Chlco, Calif. March 10 - (by A. P.) Showers of rocks that fell "from the clouds" on a warehouse here have baffled the police, neighbours and various officials and unofficial investigators. Today J. W. Charge, owner of the warehouse, posted the offer of a reward of \$200 to the person revealing the source of the rocks.

While the town marshal and others were examining the corrugated iron roof yesterday a shower of large smooth rocks fell, sending the investigators scurrying

for cover.

Others, standing on the street at the time, declared the rocks seemed to come straight from the clouds. The mysterious bombardments have occurred periodically for three weeks.

Source: [Evening Public Ledger \(Philadelphia, Pennsylvania\), 10 March 1922, page 17](#); [Great Falls Tribune \(Great Falls, Montana\), 11 March 1922, front page](#); [New-York Tribune \(New York, N.Y.\), 11 March 1922, page 6](#); [Evening Star \(Washington, D.C.\), 10 March 1922, page 3](#)

GHOSTS AS STONE-THROWERS.

Mysterious Happenings at Rectory.

Spooks or mischievous boys— local opinion is divided— caused discomfort at Ardrea Rectory (near Cookstown, County Tyrone). once the home of the Rev. Charles Woolf, who wrote the famous poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.' Showers of **bricks, bottles**, and the like kept the present occupier, the Rev. W. E. R. Scott, and his household in a state of some liveliness. Police and special constables garrisoned the house, and did some shooting, but without wounding a single spook. The scene of the attack was the rectory yard, to the right of a three-storied structure. The missiles were flung from the roof by unseen hands. No one cared to approach that part of the grounds, and strangers were warned to keep clear of the premises. Cookstown police and a strong force of Special Constabulary were on duty at the rectory day and night, and shots were fired in order, if possible, to frighten or kill the intruders. The grounds at the front of the building are covered with shrubs, and there was scarcely a bush, nook, or even a blade of grass for a considerable distance around the place that had not been searched. The rector thought the bombardment was the work of mischievous boys, but many of the people said that ghosts were to blame.

Source: [The Register \(Adelaide, SA, Australia\), 13 May 1924, page 12](#); [The Telegraph \(Brisbane, Qld., Australia\), 31 May, 1924, page 15](#)

'Phantom of the hills' pelts family, friends from on high

TUCSON (AP) —The Richard A. Berkbigger family says that after they drive up to their new home in the Santa Catalina foothills they must cover their heads and make a beeline for safety before the rocks begin falling. "We're prisoners out here," says Berkbigger, a 45-year-old truck driver. "We've got five acres, and we can't even go out at night." He blames a phantom bomber who hurls anything from pebbles to fist-sized stones. After nine weeks of harassment, Berkbigger says he still cannot imagine who the attacker might be or why he has been so persistent. The family's 1963 van has at least 50 dents and two broken windows. One rock skipped off the van a few weeks ago and crashed through one of the home's expensive, double-paned windows. Last weekend, a rock smashed another of the \$100 windows. Family and friends have been injured by the rocks.

Pima County Sheriff's Department deputies have been attacked. Searches have been conducted, but the unseen rock-thrower disappears into the hills, washes and thick underbrush nearby. When deputies were first sent to the home in early November, the rear windshield of one patrol car was smashed. So far, Berkbigler says he has seen three patrol cars pelted by the hidden marauder. The Sheriff's Department has sent deputies to the home at least six times, and even searched the area around the house with police dogs. Sheriff's officials say they twice called in a helicopter to help hunt for the rock-thrower, but the man slid away through the shadows. As soon as the chopper left, the rock-thrower, trying to taunt the family, tapped on a bedroom window to remind everyone that he was still there. Berkbigler says. Sheriff's officials staked out the house several times, but failed to even catch a glimpse of the vandal, Sgt. Jim Thomas said Saturday. The stone-throwing began about two weeks after the family moved into the house on East Snyder Road. Berkbigler said his youngest son, 15, saw someone looking through a window. When he went to investigate, he found nothing. The rocks began landing about a week later. At first, "you could set your watch by him," Berkbigler said. Between 6:15 and 6:30' every night, the rocks would drop on and near the house. Family members have seen the man on only two occasions, probably because it is easy to disappear into the underbrush 30 feet away from the house, Berkbigler says. When Berkbigler's daughter and her husband visited recently, the flying rocks did \$1,100 damage to their car, he says. "In the last three weeks, he's just rocked the hell out of us daytime, night time, whatever," say Berkbigler. The closest the Berkbiglers have gotten to the vandal was last Sunday, when friends and family arrived to pitch horseshoes and have supper. The rocks quickly began falling, and when some members of the family took shelter behind a parked van, they saw the rockthrower about 15 yards away. 'One of the family members threw a rock back at a running figure and reported striking him in the back, but the man escaped.

Source: [The Courier \(Prescott, Arizona\), December 4, 1983, page 7](#)

[if this was done by a man, he has to be pretty close to the house and the police cars in order break the windows of the house and the car. Unseen by the deputies? No scent for the dogs? Who would dare to break the window of a police car?]



The Guyra mystery:

ALLEGED PHENOMENAL OCCURRENCES ARE THE SPIRITS PLAYING UP?:

The Mudgee paper gives an account of a mysterious phenomenon in the locality. A farmer named Large, residing in the vicinity of Cooyal, has reported to the police that, for several nights, himself and family have been terrified, in consequence of stones, some weighing 1 1/2 lb. continually dropping inside the house, **apparently dropping through the roof**. Strange to say, these occurrences were never apparent unless the man and his were in the room. The

affair has caused quite a sensation, and all who have visited the place, seeing for themselves, the police included, persist in applying what they regard as appropriate term "ghostly missives" to the huge stones, which have dropped, into the house when both, doors and windows have been secured. The effect on the poor woman, Mrs. Large, who feels that she is the victim of some awful vengeance is most alarming. At times, while the missiles are falling around her; **deathly chills affect her whole system** and almost prostrate her. On one evening, fearful to remain indoors, the poor woman sought a quiet spot outside the house; but, strange to say, **several large stones dropped close to her, whilst one, although falling on some part of her, left no mark, in fact was hardly felt.** A cold deathly chill then crept over her, and she had to be taken to the fire, but this did not restore warmth to her system. It is an easy matter to convince superstitious people that alleged occurrences are facts, but when sceptics go and see and sit with the woman and her husband in the same room, and have stones dropping round about them, they are very glad to be rid of such unpleasant associations. This was the case when Mr. Parker and, others went out at the solicitation of Large recently. On another occasion a large-sized stone, which fell in the ordinary way, struck a little child on, the side of the face, 'and left no mark, nor did the child appear to take any notice of the blow, if such it can be termed. This occurred at the time Mr. Parker was sitting in the house while a number of his friends who had accompanied him were stationed. outside to see that no person was on the roof. The house is without a ceiling, so that no person can be secreted inside. It is understood that Large has determined to remove his family from the place.

Source: [Kilmore Free Press \(Australia\), March 3, 1887, page 4](#); [Goulburn Evening Penny Post \(NSW, Australia\), 17 February 1887, page 2](#); [Riverine Herald \(Echuca, Vic., Australia\), 17 February 1887, page 2](#)

The following newspaper ran a very short story of the above stone shower, but also mentioned some other odd happenings in the vicinity: the movement of household items, a characteristic we also find with stone showers:

More Ghostly Visitors. — Mudgee and its vicinity seem likely, if rumour is to be credited, to become a chosen playground for disembodied spirits. The appearance of the unrecognisable and inarticulate Cooyal ghost has been followed by that of a young female who became — so the story says— disembodied some twelve years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances This interesting person is said to exhibit her self at uncertain times, among the branches of an old half-dead tree not far from the intersection of Lawson and Gladstone streets. There are said to have also been **some curious phenomena witnessed in some adjacent cottages, pots and pans, earthenware and glass have been displaced**, but so far as we can learn this is a careful, orderly, and decorous ghost, and never breaks anything, as it is on record that some ill-conditioned ghosts have been known to do. No one seems to quite know why this interesting female should have allowed her remains to rest quietly under the fowl house, where they are

supposed to lie, for twelve years, and should have now become so violently anxious to do something startling in order to wake up the survivors to a consciousness of their duty towards her. There are, however, said to be two distinguished experts in ghosts now in Mudgee, and we may soon have the great good fortune to get their opinions on this knotty question. We hope, at least they will take the Lawson-street ghost in hand, and at least induce the young female to discontinue her present present practice of taking the air in a tree — most indecorous even for a disembodied female.

Source: [Bathurst Free Press and Mining Journal \(NSW, Australia\), 15 March 1887, page 3](#)

On March 18, stone were still falling:

The mysterious stone falling at Largo's farm near Cooyal is still going on. Yesterday a report came into town that no less than twenty-four stones dropped on the premises. The parents wore away from home, and the children made off to the house of a neighbour, named M'Cann, and informed him of the occurrence. He at once proceeded to Largo's farm. He reports the above having taken place. Hundreds of people have visited this place, and affirm that the stones have come, but the mystery as to where they come from remains unsolved.—Evening News.

Source: [The Richmond River Herald and Northern Districts Advertiser \(NSW, Australia\), 18 March 1887, page 4](#)

On June 11, we get some more detailed information from an investigator:

[the first part is the same as has been appearing in the newspapers for the last month, so i left it out]

...We understand that Largo has determined to remove his family from the place.

Concerning these very singular manifestations, the " Harbinger of Light," Melbourne, says:- Just as we were going to press, we received from Mr. Gollatley, of Mudgee, a report from personal investigation of the manifestations at Mr. Largo's house, Cooyal, the writer says: 'On receipt of your letter, I made up my mind to pay to visit to Cooyal and see for myself. I found on my arrival at Largo's house I had travelled 24 miles over a portion of the worst roads. I got bogged twice and with much difficulty succeeded in extricating self and wife, horse and buggy, to have the same misfortune repeated in half an hour after, and were it not for the kind help of a Miss Blackman, who volunteered her services, I must confess I, at the request of Mrs. G., would have returned home, I had to leave the buggy and horse at the foot of a very steep range, up which there is no road or bridle track; the only mode of ascent is up the worn watercourses for about one mile. When we arrived at the top of the range, I could see that the Largo's were located about a quarter of a mile down in a glen like locality, This clearing is surrounded by very romantic looking hills, all sand stone piled one on the other for hundreds of foot in height, On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. Largo and all

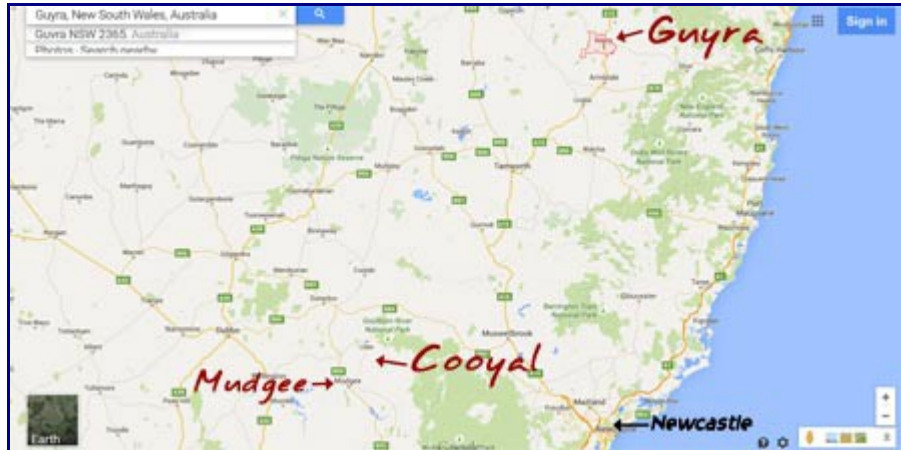
the young Largos at home, I at once entered upon the object of my business, Mrs., L, did not seem in any way disconcerted, but commenced at once to give a full description of the manifestations from beginning to end, The stones ceased falling for the last five days, She is the mother of fifteen children She is rather under middle size. She has a beautifully formed head, classical in shape, and a well shaped body; her intellect to all appearance clear, her descriptive powers very good and quite natural, She is totally without education-so is her husband. I was told by the young lady that piloted me there, that this person down to her youngest child can curse and swear to perfection. I was not in any way edified in that way, In my opinion, those people live very close to nature; I judged so by the appearance of home home surroundings, and I thought or hoped that our system of public instruction may in time work some change for their welfare, and also for the benefit of the locality at large., When the stone throwing commenced about 5 pm. on the Saturday evening, she thought it was her sons that were having a joke with her; she went out to remonstrate with them, but both sons denied throwing the stones, She saw at the time her husband coming towards tie house with a pack horse. She said he had flour packed to make broad for the family. **The horse was not inclined to go near the house, so one of the sons undid the pack of flour when he horse swerved round and bolted with the bridle still on. The husband remarked to her he never knew that horse to cut such a caper before. The sons could not got the horse to approach after.** She said the stones did not have the appearance of stones thrown by men or boys. They seemed **to float** sometimes obliquely, other times **horizontally**, and when they fall vertically they fall with a thud, the same as if **some** soft thing, such as wet clay, would do. All who saw **the stones floating** verified her statement that **the stones looked white, but when they fell on the floor they turned black.** On examination the stones presented the usual appearance of those in the gully. She also said that one evening she was under the impression that the house was about being crushed in from some ponderous weight that was resting on its roof. **The walls swayed from side to side, there was a rumbling noise overhead; she saw some black object come through one angle of the house and go right through the opposite angle;** this was verified by the young lady, Miss B., who accompanied us, and was present at the recital. The children left the house one day and called on a neighbouring farmer. They told him their mother was away all the morning at their uncle's, about two miles distant. The farmer told me this part about the children - he went to the house with them and found that the floor was literally covered with stones, and they were then falling right through the bark roof and a temporary ceiling of flooring boards laid on the rafters. There must be mediumship amongst the children, as well as the mother. I have been assured that all the lying yarns circulated in the Cooyal and Mudgee district are voluntary statements of people that would not go near "Large's" house.

Source: [Maryborough Chronicle, Wide Bay and Burnett Advertiser \(Qld., Australia\), 25 March 1887, page 3](#)

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The above event happened in the vicinity of Cooyal, which is in the Mudgee-Gulgong district of the New South Wales, at the east coast of Australia. About 34 years later there was another stone shower event 265 miles to the northeast, at Guyra, a town situated midway between Armidale and Glen Innes. The Guyra stone showers were well publicized.

The phenomenon started on Monday the 4th of April 1921.



.....

GUYRA MYSTERY

Young Girl Objective in Nocturnal Attacks

SOLUTION STILL AWAITED

GLEN INNES, Saturday.— The Guyra community has been greatly perplexed by strange happenings at the residence of William Bower, a ganger in the employ of the Guyra Shire. The house referred to is a four-roomed weatherboard cottage, in a rather isolated locality about half a mile east of the railway station. The family includes the father, mother and three children, one a girl about 12.

The mystifying events began at about 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, when the girl alleged she was pursued by a man about a quarter of a mile from her home and who, she further alleged, attacked her with stones while she was trying to escape him. He disappeared before she reached home. At night the family was much disturbed by stones striking the walls, the attack being naturally attributed to the man who molested the girl. A neighbor joined in the search for the offender, which was futile.

The police were informed next morning, and two constables went to the house about 7 p.m. Shortly after their arrival **a pane of glass was smashed by what appeared to be a pea rifle bullet.** Though the police searched for some time **no trace of the cause** could be found. On the following night, a sergeant, three constables and four civilians placed themselves in positions inside and outside the house that would apparently make the visit of anyone impossible without detection. Stones again hit the walls at different times, and as soon as the noises were heard the party closed in, but nothing could be seen. On the third night the police were reinforced by ten well known civilians, several of whom were armed.

At about 7.30 a window was smashed almost in front of Sergeant Ridge, and less than three minutes later another pane was broken. The watchers closed in and torches were turned on, but there was nothing to be seen to account for the bombardment. Two stones were found on a bed in the room. During the next half-hour fully twenty missiles struck the house. Among the stones found in the house was one half the size of a brick.

On Friday, the fifth night of the watch, 40 volunteers joined in. Sergeant Ridge secured 2 powerful motor battery and searchlight, which at intervals was thrown on the house and its surroundings. The stone throwing began at about 6.45. and watchers heard about thirty sounds, either from stone throwing, or what might have been **rappings on the wall**. These stopped when the light was turned on, but even that powerful auxiliary in detection failed to reveal the cause. The girl who appears to be the object of the attack in the first place, is the only member of the family not greatly worried by the attacks. The others are at a loss to assign any cause for the occurrence. The peculiarity about the affair is that the missiles seem to be directed against the girl. **They follow her in whichever room she is taken.** She has been carefully watched, which negatives the supposition that she is in any way responsible for the throwing or rappings.

Source: [Sunday Times \(Sydney, NSW, Australia\), 10 April 1921, page 9](#); [The Newcastle Sun \(NSW, Australia\), 9 April 1921, page 5](#); [The Bathurst Times \(NSW, Australia\), 11 April 1921, page 3](#) and other newspapers

On the 13th newspapers published some more information:

MYSTERIOUS NOISES

STONE THROWING AND RAPPINGS

EXCITEMENT IN NSW TOWNSHIP

The following is from our Sydney correspondent:— The following is from our Sydney correspondent. A message from Glen Innes states that the township of Guyra remains in a state of ferment of excitement over extremely mystifying occurrences of the past ten days. All efforts to solve an affair of stone throwing have proved unavailing. As many as 80 people surrounded the house at night and closed on it when stone throwing and knocking began and yet they have neither found nor seen anything strange. The occurrences are beginning to get on the residents' nerves. On Thursday night a girl was removed from the house and over 70 people surrounded it. It was a wet night. A section of the people were noisy. No stones were thrown and no sounds were heard. During the morning, however, a queer incident caused those concerned considerable worry. A party motorists had visited the locality out of curiosity. As they neared the house a large stone suddenly struck a tree nearby. On examination it was found to be marked with a red cross. This was the first daylight attack that had been made. A search resulted in nothing. On Friday the girl was brought back, and soon after a stone passed through a bedroom window landed on the bed. Other customary happenings occurred on the same night, but Saturday night proved an absolute

blank. On Monday evening a crowd of people formed a human fence round the house. No stone throwing was heard, but rappings on the wall lasted for a considerable time. It is understood that new tactics are to be adopted during the present week, when the people hope that the whole business will be cleaned up. The theory advanced is that many stones lying about the house have in some way developed, an explosive character. It is strange, however, that the explosions should largely occur at night. Three men stationed outside the girl's bedroom declare they heard blows on the wall.

[Daily Herald \(Adelaide, SA, Australia\), 13 April 1921, page 4](#); [The Newcastle Sun \(NSW, Australia\), 12 April 1921, page 5](#) and other newspapers

The a spiritualist came in who declared that the phenomenon was caused by the spirit of the girls' dead sister. "tell mother that I am in heaven, and I am quite happy." [why does she need to throw stones for then?] [The Armidale Express and New England General Advertiser \(NSW, Australia\), 15 April 1921, page 4](#)

A couple of days later a new story went around the newspapers, in which it was mentioned that the house to a neighboring house also was the subject of stone throwing. Also, "Two of the shutters on the front windows had been roughly wrenched off." This is reminiscent of the Lithobolia case where a fence was wrung of the hinges. The boot tracks, in my opinion, don't mean anything, as the house was the center of curious visitors.

MYSTERY ON MYSTERY

Guyra-Ghost Continues.

MORE STONE THROWING.

SYDNEY POLICE TO RESCUE.

The "House of Mystery" as many people now term it, at Guyra, has been the scene of further strange happenings. It will be remembered that on Wednesday last week the whole mysterious business developed a very extraordinary phase, when a spiritualist named Ben Davies, from Uralla, is said to have successfully used the little girl who has played such a prominent part throughout, as a medium. As a result, a spirit message from her dead sister, May, was conveyed to her mother. This remarkable development made a great and pathetic impression on other members of the family, especially as all the events connected with the reception of the message seemed so natural, and free from any suspicion of fraud. The little girl has stoutly resisted all attempts to shake her testimony. She was in one in stance virtually, subjected to the third degree. In fact, the examination was so severe as to leave, her almost nervously prostrated, and yet she would not deny that she heard a voice from another world, arid the voice she heard was her dead sister's. She says that the message came practically in a whisper, but she is absolutely certain that she did hear it, and the voice was unquestionably that of her sister.

AN ORDINARY GIRL.

The girl is anything but intellectually advanced, or precocious for her years. In

fact, she is just an ordinary little bush child, without any sign of a perfervid imagination, and there seems no reason to believe she was prompted, beyond the suggestion that she should answer the knocking. Then it was only with difficulty that her acquiescence was secured. She is rather a timid retiring girl, with wonderfully luminous and unfathomable eyes. That this story of spiritualism was the final solution of a complex problem has however been rudely dispelled by what has occurred since. Now that the uneasy spirit of the dead girl has been satisfied, so ran the theory there would be no more uncanny noises unless there was a further message to be sent. If there has been a further message there has been a very material way of drawing attention to it! The Thursday night was a complete blank. Friday morning witnessed what was most certainly a mystifying, though, at the same time anything but a ghostly, manifestation.

NEW SCENE OF ACTION.

About 10 a.m. all members of the Bowen and Hodder households, which now jointly occupy the former's cottage for mutual self-preservation, left to visit Hodder's house, some distance away. It was in consequence of the windows being all smashed in this house that the family took up its abode with the Bowens. At about one o'clock the two families returned, and found that in their absence the house, which had been left securely locked up, and, with all windows shuttered, had been tampered with. **Two of the shutters on the front windows had been roughly wrenched off**, and more panes of glass broken, Stones in each room, among the wreckage, showed the means used, Apparently no attempt had been made to enter the house, and no apparent benefit had been obtained by the mysterious visitor; beyond heightening the mystery. A thorough search of the neighborhood revealed nothing. It was impossible to locate any tracks round the house owing to so many people having walked about during the past couple of weeks. But Hodder discovered the bootmarks of a man leaving the house in a north-easterly direction. In the earlier stages of the mystery, Hodder found similar boot tracks leading from right under one of the bedroom windows to the road, and from there to **the residence of Melnes, which has also been the subject of nocturnal stone-throwing attacks.**

YET ANOTHER ACT.

Nothing further occurred that day or at night. Saturday night, however, saw yet another queer happening. No untoward event marked the hours of daylight, nor did anything occur till after nine O'clock that night. It was a bright moonlight night, and the guard had decided to go home. Not ten minutes later, the little girl heard a strange shuffling noise, either at the back window or the back door. Thinking it was one of the guards back again, the girl called out, "Very well," and unlatched and opened the door. At once a stone was thrown, and struck with great force the side of the door, not two feet from the little girl. The household was speedily aroused, but not a sign of the prowler could be found. Retirement to the house had no sooner been effected, however, than the loud crash of another stone was heard at the opposite side of the house where, the little girl in the meantime had gone with other members of her family. There was another hurried

exit and complete search, but again wholly negative result. The nocturnal intruder had seemingly disappeared into thin air. 'Search however revealed two stones neither of which could have been thrown without mechanical contrivance from a greater distance than 20 or 30 yards, and there was no cover worth speaking of within a distance of fully fifty yards. There is no doubting the fact that the stones were thrown, as the noise of the contact was entirely different from that of the knocks of 'thuds that generally furnish the chief cause for excitement. The rest of the night passed without further incident.

MORE THEORIES.

Many theories and alleged motives for the mysterious attacks on Mr. Bowen's house are living around Guyra. A lot of people think someone is anxious to dispossess Bower' of his lhouse, though he only rents it, while others think, the attacks centre on the little girl for indirect reasons. The spirit theory finds favor with an astonishing number, while others think the whole thing is due to some cranky person desirous of creating a scare. Mr. Cox, the owner of the house, says the affair is a visitation from the Almighty and he goes to wonderful lengths, by means of the theory of letters and figures to prove it. One of the most remarkable earlier features of the mystery was the fact that one night, Mrs. Bowen's attention was drawn to one of the rooms by a draught, and on entering the apartment she found **the window had been raised**. It fell with a bang as she entered, but a hurried rush outside revealed no one. Foot prints were, however, found under the window, outside, in the morning. Another night an unusual noise at one of the bedroom windows attracted attention, and an examination showed that pretty well **all the putty had been removed** from one of the panes. Whoever was responsible had decamped.

A VICARAGES SCARE.

There is doubtless no analog between the two, as **a similar window-lifting incident occurred at the Vicarage at Guy**- the window which she had previously prised open but there was no sign of an intruder. | On Monday morning a new scheme was ra one night last week, Mrs. Best found tried. Constable Stennett, who arrived the night before, remained in the house, while the whole of the two families went away. The constable kept a very keen watch, and about 11 o'clock he saw a man outside. Constable Stennet refrained from immediately rushing, out to apprehend the stranger, in the hope that he would give some evidence that he was connected with the mysterious occurrences. A couple of minutes passed and nothing happened. So the constable went out to interview the prowler. But no one was to be seen, and, though a diligent search was made of the surrounding country, no trace was found of the man whom Constable Stennett had seen through the window. At night there was the usual vigilant crowd, including members of the police force. Five or six knocks were heard, and again nothing was discovered to reveal their origin.

Source: [Daily Examiner \(Grafton, NSW, Australia\), 22 April 1921, page 2](#)

Then the story went around that the little girl, Minnie, 12 years old, had confessed to the Superintendent of Police that she caused the rappings on three

occasions and she threw three little stones, but was not responsible for any of the other happenings. I wonder if she was made to confess, as the police still could not find any solution to the case. A lot of people took that as the solution to the mystery.

On May 11, newspapers reported that Minnie was now at her grandmother's house, and that the stone throwing was now happening over there:

GUYRA STONE-THROWER

SHIFTS QUARTERS. OPERATIONS AT GLEN INNES.

GLEN INNES, Tuesday.

The Guyra ghost has removed his 'venue' from Mr. Bowen's house to that of Minnie's grandmother (Mrs. Shelton), who resides in Church-street, Glen Innes. The occupants of the house comprise Mrs. Shelton, her son (Alf. Shelton), Minnie Shelton, and a baby. Shortly after tea last night noises were heard like stones **bumping** on walls. The neighbours made inquiries, and the police were sent for. Constable Stewart was sent along to investigate, and while he and several others who had arrived were walking round the house a stone hit the window of Alf Shelton's bedroom, breaking a pane of glass and becoming entangled in the curtain. This stone was of ordinary white metal, and was similar to many others on the footpath in front of the house. Though constable kept a close watch, with Minnie inside the house, and while there heard four or five distinct sounds resembling **knocks against iron at a distance**, but he was not sure whether they emanated from inside or outside. He came to the conclusion that the girl was responsible, and declined to stay any length of time. After his departure the inmates of the house and the neighbours outside were emphatic in their statements that they heard many noises up till midnight as of stones hitting the walls or the roof. One neighbour, named Mr. Marden, says the noises were like the sounds caused by an axe being struck heavily against the wall. The occupants of the nearest house to Sheltons, named McKillop, a few yards distant, distinctly heard the noises and became greatly concerned." They are threatening to leave the premises if the mysterious noises continue. The girl, Minnie Bowen, was brought up from Guyra to Glen Innes about ten days ago, and last night was the first occasion when any untoward sounds were heard by the occupants of the house.

Source: [The Sydney Morning Herald \(NSW, Australia\), 11 May 1921, page 11](#)

Guyra's "Ghost."

STARTS OPERATIONS IN GLEN INNES.

Glen Innes, Thursday. The Guyra ghost seems to have shifted headquarters to Glen Innes, following on the removal of the girl, Minnie Bowen, from Guyra to relatives here. Though the girl has been here over a week there were no manifestations of "supernatural interest in her movements until Monday night last, when the first sign of anything amiss came with **a shower of gravel** on the

roof. This was quickly **followed by stones of varying sizes and loud knocks** on the walls. A good many people were at once attracted to the residence, but no one was detected who could in any way be connected with the mysterious affair. Further stone-throwing occurred early in Tuesday night, when the police were present in strong force. There were also strange noises at intervals, which, were credited, rightly or wrongly, by most to inmates of the house. In fact a well-known farmer, who was having tea in the house when the loud noises on the wall occurred, insisted that he had seen the girl hit the wall with her elbows. This was, however, stoutly denied by the girl, whose relatives bore out the denial. The stone throwing ceased early in the night. Last night a large body of residents gathered round the house, but were promptly sent home by the police. All the customary happenings, which have made Guyra so famous, were again in evidence, though only a few stones were thrown—about 9.30. The thrower was not detected. The police incline to the theory of hoodlums, and though there are plenty willing to believe in a supernatural origin of the trouble, the "spook" belief has many doubters here.

Source: [The Armidale Express and New England General Advertiser \(NSW, Australia\), 13 May 1921, page 4](#)

Then the story seems to have died out.

Mysterious stones fall from sky

Statesman News Service Wed, 10 Jun 2009 02:15 UTC

Dhenkanal, India: Mr Anil Hota of Ichchbatipur, under Baruna gram panchayat, in Kamakshanagar subdivision, was carrying a palm leaf sheet over his head, while moving around in the village today. Scorching heat, is not the only reason for such protective measures adopted by Mr Anil and other villagers, as all of them resort to leaf sheets or umbrellas, at the dead of the night, these days too. Much to the disbelief of the outsiders, the villagers of Ichchbatipur claim that, for last few days they have been witnessing bizarre and mysterious incidents like dropping of **stone pieces and splinters** from above and other directions. Hence, it was no surprise that at the Pandua outpost and Kamakshanagar police station police officers, were taken aback yesterday when the villagers came in large numbers and narrated the "disturbance" in the village, which is taking place from Saturday night, while requesting them to take "necessary action". The police, however, were helpless too and could do nothing except visiting the village and starting an inquiry. Saturday night was as like any other night for Mr Hemant Mohapatra. But at about 12, his slumber was disturbed by a strange sound. He woke up and realized that stone pieces were falling on his roof. Though, he immediately could not figure out what exactly had happened or who was doing it, he saw similar "attack" on the verandah and roof of many neighbours. They too could not understand what was happening and with utter disbelief, fear and confusion, all started searching for any clue, but in vain. Mr Srikant Hota, a fellow

villager informed the curious and confused neighbours that one big stone had fallen from above injuring him. He showed the injuries marks on his body. As the news spread in the morning, thousands of people from nearby areas rushed to the village. Though the whole incident is still wrapped in mystery, the villagers preferred to remain indoors. "We searched extensively for the origin of the stones, but found no answer for the mystery," said Mr Hemant Mohapatra, who has sustained injuries. Many villagers feel that it is a supernatural phenomenon, while some maintain that this was the handwork of a sorcerer. Kamakshanagar MLA, Mr Prafulla Mallick, visited the village and discussed with the residents yesterday. Meanwhile, the villagers are getting ready to offer mass prayer before Lord Hanuman, seeking divine intervention to ward off the evil power.

Source: [Scott, Signs of the Times](#), June 10, 2009

The following report is interesting because the people the stone showers were also associated with mysterious fires. (in India)

Villagers in Madhya Pradesh face mysterious enemy

By Rohit Ghosh, Ratria (Madhya Pradesh) Mar 21

People of a village in Madhya Pradesh are facing hostility from an unseen and a mysterious enemy. The people of Ratria village in Neemuch, a district in western Madhya Pradesh, for the last one week have been coping up with unexplained fires and stone pelting. And they do not know who is behind them. Not only the villagers, even the district administration and the police have till now failed to provide any solace to the villagers. The villagers feel that if their problem is not solved soon, they may soon face shortage of water. "Our wells have started drying up fighting the fires," said a villager. Ratria is a village around 20 km from the district headquarters of Neemuch, with a population of 1,000 people. Most of the villagers are farmers. It all started a week back when a fire suddenly broke out in the village. The villagers did not find anything unusual in the fire. Assuming that the fire resulted from the stub of a cigarette, short-circuit or a matchstick, they doused it. But to the horror of the villagers, breaking out of fires soon became very common. "Fire breaks out anywhere in the village and at anytime of the day," said Sardar Singh Gurjar, the headman of Ratria village. "We draw water from the wells of the village to douse the fire. The wells have started drying up. Major fires have broken out in the villages 11 times in a span of few days," said Gurjar. But the villagers of Ratria do not have to have to cope with fire only. "Stone pelting is another problem," said Gurjar. According to the villagers, they suddenly have to face shower of stones. "Many people have been injured in the stone pelting till now," said the chief of Ratria. "I was going to my fields in a usual manner a couple of days back when suddenly the stones started hitting me from all directions. I ran for cover," said Ram Deo, a farmer of the village. "I thought that it was a mischief. But the same thing happened on the following day also," he said. The harassed villagers informed Neemuch Police about the matter. Taking the incidents seriously, district police chief Yogesh Deshmukh visited the village.

But much to the surprise of Deshmukh, he and his men also came under the shower of stones and had to scamper for saving themselves. Once the "rain of stones" subsided, Deshmukh sent his men to all directions of the village. He was suspecting the hand of some mischievous person. But all his men returned empty handed. "We have deployed policemen in plainclothes in the village. Secondly we have decided to take scientists to the village to allay the fears of the villagers. We have also deployed cameramen on rooftops," said additional superintendent of police N P Varkade, while talking to IANS. "We believe it's a mischief," he said.

Source: Scott, [Signs of the Times](#), March 21, 2004

Again a combination with mysterious fires:

Mysterious fire and stones terrorise family

Date:10 December 2012 - By: Kaizer Nengovhela

A family from Makhura village near Vleifontein is being tormented by mysterious fires and stones that rain down unexpectedly on their house. Limpopo Mirror visited the family last week, shortly after a fire destroyed a bed, chairs and books. The family members also complained that window panes were smashed by stones. The owner of the house, Mr Samuel Makhura, explained what had happened during the latest incident. According to him, he was resting on his sofa with his wife, still trying to figure out what could be turning his life upside down, when he became aware of the smell of smoke. On inspecting where the fire had emanated from, he was surprised to see smoke billowing out from one of the rooms. "When we went to that room, we found that the clothes and bed in my son's room were on fire," he said. "My wife managed to control the fire with water from a tap," said Makhura. "I could not believe my eyes when a stone came flying from my sitting room and smashed a window pane. Since then, **other stones and invisible objects** keep on smashing my windows and the damage keeps on increasing on a daily basis. The fire started again last Saturday afternoon in the same room and then again on Sunday afternoon. The fire was extinguished with the help of the neighbours, who were also keeping a watch over the house," he said. The family members now fear that a spell had been cast on the house, which is making their lives difficult. At the time of going to press, seven windows had already been damaged. The close family members were offering their moral support, but their spirits were down as everyone seemed to be depressed by the events. "I have lost valuable property and I am afraid I won't be able to replace it with my small grant," said Makhura, who has been sleeping under a nearby tree with his wife since the fires started. "I do not know why this happening. I do not know who is behind this and I also do not know if I owe anybody anything. I have had enough of these fires, and our lives as a family have been turned upside down," said Makhura. He said religious leaders from different churches had visited them, but there has not been any change as the fire continues to wreak havoc. "We have sleepless nights here. How can one sleep when one does not know when the next fire will break out? Life is really bad here," he said. A community

member, Ms Tshifhiwa Rambau, said that community structures were discussing the issue and several people had visited the family to pray for them. Rambau said that the family also need counselling as they were going through a tough and difficult time. "We appeal to anyone who can assist the family to come forward before the whole house is destroyed," she said. The police spokesperson for the Makhado SAPS, Capt Maano Sadiki, confirmed that the fire and damage caused by the stones had been reported to them. Sadiki said that they would send their experts to investigate.

Source: [Limpopo Mirror \(South Africa\), December 10, 2012](#)

2. Other Sources

The following are reports from sources other than newspaper articles.

Houses mysteriously pelted by stones

Residents of Garikai suburb in Bindura [Bindura is a town in the province of Mashonaland Central, Zimbabwe, Africa.] have been rocked by a bizarre occurrence in which stones are thrown at their houses from mysterious sources. The Dzuda family home at number 1684 is at the centre of the drama with residents saying the family has been tortured for over a month by falling rubbles, quarry stones and even donkey dung coming from all directions. When the ZBC News arrived at the scene, the most affected family had travelled but neighbours confirmed the strange happenings. It is believed that members from some apostolic sect failed to exorcise the spirit. Of concern is that the stones are only targeting houses and not humans. Neighbours have not been spared and some were afraid to share their experiences because it is believed anyone who expresses disgruntlement is attacked with stones by the mysterious forces. This news crew spent some time trying to catch a glimpse of the stone shower, but nothing was seen. Only a large amount of pebbles, rubbles and bricks on the roof top are signs of the unfolding story and it remains to be unpacked where this said mystery emanates from.

Source: [Bulawayo24 News, 17 Oct 2018](#)

Village in Romania, haunted by the undead, stones were thrown to a police car. Testimonies of Terrorized People.

The locals of Sohatu commune (Calarasi County) are terrified. People say that for more than a week, they can't sleep because of the undead. They turned to the authorities, the mayor and the local policemen, but nobody can do anything. Evening after evening, after 22 o'clock until morning, invisible spirits throw stones to their homes. You get bored. Being afraid to stay in their houses, people go out with the children on the street.

"It starts at 11.30 at night and it goes on to 4 am." This person said that stones were thrown all night, and he called the police. When the police arrived, they got

stones thrown at them. At 11.30 they heard the stones and the stones coming in. I do not know what to suspect; I thought they were children", people complained to Romania TV .

"We are away for seven days and we do not see anything. When we are here, it the stones start falling again. We look at the side where they come from and we ca't see anything. We all stay up until 3 am and we see nothing They just keep on throwing at us. There are a few houses that got stones thrown at them, and two police officers came, and stones were also thrown at them. The stones did not hit us, they only hit the houses, "a local man said, who ran in the direction of where the stones came from but saw nothing.

People are being scared and I think a bad spirit troubles their nights, since they have not ceased even when the police arrive." I called the Police and they came with a gun, with a flashlight, and they did not see anything." The priest said that it means that something is haunting us. The police goes looking for the source and they don't not see anyone. When the stones are seen falling, the police run into the direction they came from, they removed even the crate but found nothing. People are afraid. We all prayed last night. The police finally gave up.

Source: [Romania TV, August 04, 2018](#)

In this story the falling stones are also related to object moving by themselves. Stones falling inside and outside the house, and seemingly connected to a particular person, but other people are affected as well.

Bikita family pelted by mysterious stones as father confesses to killing daughter

BIKITA – A haunted family from Murahwa village under Chief Mkanganwi is living in constant fear with mysterious stones reportedly hitting them whenever they set their foot outside.

The Musirinofa family suspects that the bizarre incident is being caused by an avenging spirit (ngozi) of a family member killed by the father.

Since the attacks began, Koniwai Musirinofa was living alone, locking himself indoors to save himself from the stones that are reportedly hurled from all directions, hitting the doors, windows and roofs whenever he set his foot outside. The old man has, however, now been given refuge at the home of one of his sons, with his own haunted homestead now abandoned.

Headman Murahwa, Godfrey Murahwa, who lives close to the Musirinofa homestead, confirmed the predicament of the family.

Murahwa said the weird happenings began in December last year when the elderly Musirinofa was working in one of his fields.

He said a sack containing **maize seed started 'leapfrogging' on its own before vanishing into thin air**. Utterly shocked, Musirinofa tried to run after the sack but **his walking stick was snatched from him and it also disappeared**. This was, however, only the beginning as the stones menace was soon to come, preventing the family from going outside and to work in their fields.

Murahwa said a village meeting was recently held after Musirinofa had spent the whole night yelling for help. At the meeting, the distraught Musirinofa revealed that **his bed had been turned upside down before stones began falling on the bed** which had trapped him.

One of Musirinofa's sons who declined to be named for fear of disrupting family ties said the family also convened its own meeting where elders asked Musirinofa to confess whatever he could have committed.

He said his father made a horrendous confession that he was behind the death of his daughter, their sister, back in 2004. After the confession, Musirinofa began living under self-imposed house arrest for fear of the stones.

This reporter could not risk going near the house after a close neighbour, Dennis Mugari warned **that people who had previously tried to reach the place to give Musirinofa advice had also fallen victim to the stones.**

Looking from a distance, the reporter managed to see scattered stones at the homestead where a house with cracked walls and broken windowpanes stood local.

Source: [TellZim News, Zimbabwe, February 03, 2018](#)

The following story is not limited to just falling stones. There are other phenomena, like loud noises, clothes found outside. Interestingly, sometimes the stones penetrate walls and even metal sheets without leaving a mark.

Mysterious stones rain on Chinhoyi family

A Chinhoyi family is living in fear and anguish as mysterious stones from invisible sources rain on them inflicting injuries and damaging property. Initially, the stones targeted family members and started at 20.08 hours every night but the attacks are now frequent. The audible claps and pinching often result in people fainting for up to three hours. The Herald visited House No. 4146A, Chikonohono suburb in Chinhoyi where these mysterious happenings have been witnessed. Heaps of stones including half bricks, broken window panes and asbestos sheets are strewn around the house. Mrs Tabitha Chiviru narrated the family's ordeal, which started on May 9 this year. Her 22-year-old daughter, Concilia, was the first victim after she was hit by small stones on two occasions. The stones got bigger with time. The family now has two sacks of stones whose source is a mystery. "Because of the frequency of the attacks I have come to understand that some wind often precedes the attacks. Currently, the attacks are mostly targeted at my 19-year-old daughter," said Mrs Chiviru. Prior to the attacks, the family would find a bag full of clothes on their yard. The last born, Shamiso (19), is attacked more frequently and loses consciousness when ever it happens. In some instances she reveals the identity of the family's tormentors in a trance. The father, Mr Phillip Chiviru (55), has also been at the receiving end of the attacks which have seen him seeking help from apostolic sect prophets but to no avail. "I do not know what wrong I have done to deserve such pain and mysterious occurrences in my family. We would like to appeal for anyone who can help but from the manifestations of my daughter and previous experiences, this will need someone

strong," he said. In a bid to avoid the attacks on her daughter, Mr Chiviru tried to create a buffer around her one day using 3,6 inch metal sheets. That did not help as two stones managed to penetrate the main roof and the metal sheet giving off a thunderous sound. "I thought I could protect my daughter in the hope that when the stones penetrate the roof they would land on the metal sheet and avoid her. However, two stones hit her and she fainted and when I looked at the sheet, there were two footprints, the size of my small finger," he said. Doors, windows and walls are pounded like someone is knocking with strong force. Some window panes have been broken, while doors have been loosened from their hinges. Strangely stones penetrate the walls, roof and windows, sometimes without leaving a mark. Neighbours confirmed hearing strange noises like someone is banging doors. At times clothes are mysteriously found outside. "The occurrences at this house are quite strange. People are being attacked by stones which has resulted in us fearing to visit the house," said a neighbour. At one time, the family called apostolic faith prophets who performed rituals to cleanse the house. However, a clay pot they had buried in the ground was found at the doorstep the following morning. When they surveyed the yard, they found a large hole the size of the clay pot. At times when the family prepares a meal, it is filled with human waste. Shamiso is always escorted by her family even to visit the toilet as she is attacked whenever she is alone. "We ensure that she is not alone at any given time because any moment she is left alone, she is attacked. When it happens something forceful like a snake moves inside her stomach almost as if to squeeze her heart and lungs. So we move quickly to block it. It is a real battle," said Concilia, a sister to Shamiso. Mrs Chiviru said she believes in prayers, which have helped calm the situation. Some elders from a local church went to the house to offer prayers but left in a huff after they were hit by stones. Shamiso could not finish her education because of the attacks.

[The Herald, Zimbabwe, July 8, 2017](#)

This place is getting rid of stones, full village in panic

Everyone has heard that snow falls or it rains from the sky, but have you ever heard of a rain of stones? It sounds really strange to hear you say this but it is true. In the Mandla district of MP, the stones are raining from the sky in Phulasagar village. Roof and cloths have been damaged due to heavy stone rains. In Darshal, Thakur Mohalla of Phulasagar village of Mandla district, a strange incident has occurred in the last 24 hours, due to which the whole village is in panic. Stones are falling behind people even on the streets, but these stones do not fall on any villager. From the last 24 hours, rocks have left the houses in rural panic. The villagers claim that in their village it suddenly began to rain large stones on the roof of the houses, causing damage to the roof tiles and to cloths. Initially it was thought that a mischievous person was doing this. After that the villagers ruffled the whole village, but there was no stone thrower found.

The villagers have now started to understand it as a divine outbreak. Now the

villagers have gathered in prayer. The village's panda is praying to stop stone rains from the deities. He says that he has seen such a phenomenon for the first time in his life. He hopes that the divine outbreaks will be removed by prayer. The women and men of the village are all living in panic. The scared villagers have stopped eating and drinking. Fearlessly, the entire village has come out of its homes on the streets. The Deputy Speaker of the District Panchayat also came out to see the event. They say that they do not believe in superstitions, so as soon as the incident came to light, they themselves came to the village. During the conversation with the villagers in the village, when suddenly huge stones appeared in front of their eyes, and hit their eyes.

Source: www.sanjeevnitoday.com. June 27, 2017

A story submitted by a reader of the website [Ghost Theory](#):

Written by Scott S who went out fishing near his house, with two friends in 1975.

On the last day of July 1975 my brother, a friend, and myself were witness to an event that I have failed to explain to this day. I was 12 years old, my brother was 10, and our friend was 11 years old. We lived in the small Northern California town of Willows. Willows is a small sleepy little farming community, most area farmers grew rice or safflower. A mile or so northeast of town was an old gravel mining area where abandoned gravel pits filled with ground water to create a small group of very natural looking but man made fishing ponds that the community used for recreational bass, panfish, and catfishing. My friends and family were no exceptions; we fished there on a weekly basis. So on this particular day my brother, our friend, and I gathered up our fishing gear and walked out to the ponds. The road to the ponds from town is typical of the area roadways, a slightly elevated two lane blacktop road which was straight and clear, it cut a path through wide open low lying farmland with open views in every direction, only a few farm homes were scattered through the area, and only a few small willow trees dotted the roadside, for the most part it was wide open space. The road had very little traffic on it; we found it quite safe to walk shoulder to shoulder right down the centerline all the way to the ponds. It was a clear cloudless summer sky and about mid day, we had arrived at our favorite fishing spot, a place right off the road we arrived on where it intersected a gravel road that cut across two of the ponds. We were all fishing facing East about 10 feet apart and watching our lines, there was no apparent wind or other disturbances, just a typical beautiful summer day by the water. Suddenly there was a loud splash out in front of us! Something had entered the water about 15 feet out in front of us, it must have to have been pretty large based on the splash it made, maybe 4-6 inches in diameter. We were startled and looked at each other thinking that one of us was goofing off and had tossed in a large rock in the water (major taboo while fishing!). After some blame tossing and head scratching we shrugged it off and kept fishing (with no luck BTW). A few minutes later...Another big splash, similar to the last one but further out, none of us were strong enough to heave a large rock that far, and we were now on high alert watching each

other....None of us did it! Now getting a little nervous, we started looking around for the culprits, none were found, we were absolutely alone out there with plenty of visible open farm land around us, we could see anything and everything within a half mile of us, there were no cars around, no machinery, no people, not even any animals, just low growing crops in flat farm land in every direction. There was no way any other person could have tossed those rocks! Suddenly more rocks fell; we stopped counting after a half dozen or so. All landed near to us, some on land, some in water, and variable in size from thumbnail to grapefruit sized. We picked up a couple rocks that fell near us to check them out, there was nothing unusual about them, they looked like normal rocks you'd find on the ground in the area. At this point we were downright scared; we picked up our fishing gear and started walking back down the road we arrived on. We walked right down the center of the road as before, not a single car came by on the way out or they way back. There were no noises or any other thing else out of the ordinary. As we walked down the road more rocks fell, mostly small ones about the size of a quarter, again, none hit us but fell close by, sometimes at our feet. When they hit the ground they bounced up as if they fell from quite a ways up. The rocks continued falling all the way back to town, just as we entered town the last one fell, it was a large one, a fist sized one that while falling smashed right into my fishing pole which was extended out in front of me as I walked breaking it in half! When we arrived home our father was there and we were pretty freaked out, he sort of smiled when we told our story and it was pretty obvious he didn't believe it. My father was a mechanic and had lived and farmed in the area most of his life, you could say he'd pretty much seen it all in that area. He's a very grounded person (as I am) and he just figured someone was messing with his kids and he was going to see exactly who it was. He owned an old Hot Rodded 57 Chevy step side pick up, it was faded black with a few rust colored primer spots. It wasn't all that nice but it was his "baby", he told us to get into the back and we'd take a ride out to the gravel pits to see what was going on. The ride out was uneventful except for our chatter about what we would discover, deep down inside I knew what had happened didn't have a good explanation but I was hoping dad could figure it out. When we arrived at the gravel pits we all bailed out and looked around. It was calm and peaceful with no more rocks or anything else unusual, dad shrugged it off and said that he didn't see anything or anyone around that could explain things so we loaded back up and headed back to town. Just as we started heading back a rock fell in the bed of the truck! Then a little ways further (doing 30-40mph) another rock hit the cab! Dad heard it and stopped the truck, he was mad because he thought someone threw a rock at his truck (the cab had a small dent where it hit). Again, nothing was seen or heard in any direction. We then headed back to town with no further rocks falling on us. That is the conclusion of my story.

Only 30 miles away, in the town of Chico, another stone shower happened in 1922. You can find a newspaper article about this one in the above chapter.

The following are reports from sources other than newspaper articles.

This appeared in The Theosophist magazine:

Stone Showers.

Following is an interesting letter which we translate from the French "Revue Spirite," of March last. It is addressed to that journal by M.A. J. Riko, of the Hague, Holland, a well-known gentleman of great education, whose name is familiar to many people in London and Paris. M. Riko is an esteemed correspondent of ours, and we believe his personal experience in various phenomena has been great. —En. Theos.

The stone shower is a remarkable phenomenon which takes place at uncertain intervals in every country, and under every climate. It is frequent in the East. An official Report coming, from Dutch East Indies, and dated 1831, states that one Van Kessinger, then residing at Reanger, had in his own house, situated in Sumadon a veritable rain of stones throughout **a period of sixteen days**. The Governor-General ad interim, M. J. C. Baud, ordered an inquest, and a report was made to which, among other signatures, was appended that of Major-General W. Michiels, (then Lieutenant-Colonel), a man of a positive mind, known for his stern probity, and who would never allow himself to be duped. Remaining shut up in a room, near **a little girl who seemed to attract the stones**, this man recorded their continuous falling near **the child whom they never even grazed**. His verbatim report will be found further on. From most reliable information this is what happened. Belief in phenomena produced by spirits is widely spread in the Malay Archipelago, and the natives call them Gendarola. In the house of a gentleman named Van Kessinger lived a child, the cook's daughter, who kept constantly near her father. On February, the 3rd 1831, the little girl approached Madame Van Kessinger and drew her attention to her Kabaai (white native apron) on which there were **numerous red spots of Sirs**. The lady believing the spots were due to a trick of other servants, had the child put on a clean Kahaai, but **in a few seconds the same spots appeared on it. At the same time, stones of about the size of an egg kept falling perpendicularly**, seemingly from nowhere, at the lady's feet. Extremely frightened, she sent immediately a message to the Regent, Radeen Adi, a man of great probity who became convinced of the reality of the phenomena, but who, notwithstanding all his precautions, and the help of an armed force, was unable to fathom the mystery of the red spots and the cause of the stone-falling.

An Indian priest attempted to exorcise the "spirit." Placing a lamp on the matting, he had hardly squatted himself on it, when upon opening his *Kuran* he received a box oil the ears, and **both lamp and Kuran violently flew in opposite directions**. As no hand was visible the priest remained very much perplexed. Madame Van Kessinger having determined to pass the night with the child in the Regent's house, the rain of stones began pouring there harder than ever. The bare presence of the child seemed sufficient to bring, it on.

The event having spread abroad and produced a commotion, Colonel Michiels was then officially ordered to investigate the facts, and, if possible, to find out the

truth. Causing the house to be cleared of all its inmates, he placed a policeman in every tree around the building; he had the walls and ceiling of the room covered, tent-like with white canvass; but, notwithstanding all such precautions, he found that when alone with the little girl, **the red spots appeared without any visible cause upon, the white liner walls,** and that stones, **hot and wet,** were falling by fives and sixes at very short intervals, **becoming visible** to the eye that followed them only **at a height of five or six feet from the ground.** He also saw a fruit called p apaya, plucked by an invisible hand from a neighbouring tree of that name, and at a great height; the sap running down the trunk from the wound made in it by the **violent tearing away of the fruit.** Sometimes, **chairs and glasses were seen moved** by an invisible force, and the imprint of a hand was found on the glass of the mirrors. Colonel Michiels, after many days of investigation, made a report of the same which is now in the archives. The Government offered considerable sums to any person who would discover the cause of that mystery, but all its efforts proved useless. The report runs as follows:-

To His Excellency the Acting Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies.

On February 4, 1831, on the first day of the Javanese month Na s Po assa, as I was returning from an inspection tour, I saw a group of persons assembled around my house. My wife affirmed to me that stones thrown by an invisible power were falling into our room and into the interior gallery. Believing it at first either a hallucination on their part or some wicked trick, I got angry. Entering the house I placed myself in the middle of the gallery and saw at once stones falling perpendicularly, passing so to say, through the ceiling, the boards and rafters of which are closely and solidly fixed and united, and do not show the smallest crevice. This proved to me that the stones came there from no human hands.

Gathering all the persons of my house and the inmates of the neighbouring abodes together, and placing them under the watch and in charge of the police, on an esplanade open from the four sides, I then shut myself up with closed windows and doors in my house, alone with my wife. The stones poured in still from all sides, until—the phenomenon being well proven to us —we were finally compelled to re-open doors and windows. These stones—some of which weighed nine pounds—were thrown in to the number of **one thousand** in a day, and for a period of sixteen days. My house is built of *djali* wood, very dry and solid; the windows being furnished with a close, wooden lattice, the square openings of which are two inches in diameter. The stone-rain began daily at 5 o'clock a.m. and stopped at 11 p.m., offering that strange peculiarity that it seemed to **acquire additional violence in the presence of a little Javanese girl** whom it pursued.

I close the report, which outside the simple statement of facts would become too voluminous, but to corroborate which I here give the names of well-known and respectable persons who were all witnesses, to the phenomenon, and are ready to verify it under oath should the Government require them to do so.

(Signed.) W. MICHIELS, LIEUT.-COLONEL, AID-DE-CAMP, Ermalinger, late

Inspector of Coffee Plantations. V. Kessinger ; J. Van Simiten; etc. etc.

This document is at present in the Royal archives of Holland.

Promoted, General Mr. Michiels spoke rarely of the above experience. In 1877, at an official dinner, when asked to repeat his story, he consented to do so. General Van Gagern having laughed at him, a violent quarrel was the result, and the row ended by Van Gagern offering his excuses and taking, back his imprudent and flippant remarks.

Following are facts, of the same kind.

In the southern part of Sochapoera (?), near the place of the same name, lived in 1834, a family named Teisseire. The husband was a Frenchman and inspector of a Government indigo manufacturing store. The family was generally liked. In that year, while they were at dinner a shower of stones came upon the table, and the same was repeated **for a fortnight** in every room of the house; the stones being sometimes replaced by **buffalo bones**, and once by **a whole head of that animal**. Once M. Teisseire being out, seated in a chariot dragged by buffaloes; he found himself stoned with **pieces of dry earth**. As at Sumadan (Samarang?) not a creature was near, the stones falling **perpendicularly**, and **never hurting or even touching any one**.

The Regent of Soehapoera, before he had personally investigated the above-given phenomenon, desiring passing one night at the house of M. Teisseire, went to bed. As soon as he lay down, **the bed was vigorously shaken** and finally **lifted up** entirely from the floor, in the presence of his son and several servants, and under the the full glare of several lamps. In this case what is most remarkable is, that **after having marked the stones with a cross or some other sign, they were thrown into the torrent of Tjilandoog which passed near the house at a depth of 150 feet; and in less than a minute, these marked stones were thrown back out of the water, all wet, but bearing the signs that identified them**. The resident Ament tells of a similar case. Finding himself on Government service on a tour in the district of Breanger, where lie was serving as inspector of coffee plantations, he learned that at Breanger, there was a *gendarola* (spirit) then appearing in a small house. He determined to learn the truth about the matter. The haunted cottage was situated opposite the house of the Assistant Resident of Bandoog, one Nagel, and was occupied by an old woman, a native from the Sunda islands.

M. Ament, accompanied by the Assistant Resident and the Regent, placed the small building under the watch of the police, inside as well as outside. The old lady was invited to remain outside, and when all was ready the investigators proceeded to the haunted abode by the only road leading to it—a narrow path which brought the visitors to the very door. There was but a single room inn the hut. The Sundanese woman led the way, being followed closely by M. Ament, the Assistant Resident, and lastly by the Regent and his suite. On the threshold the Sundanese was caught by invisible hands by her legs, suddenly upset, and dragged around the room. She was shouting for help. Here, too, the room had had its walls and ceiling covered with white sheeting. M. Ament received **a large**

handful of gravel right in his bosom, which upset him to such an extent that so late as in 1870 he was heard to say that nothing could induce him to repeat the experiment. The causes of these doings were never discovered.

Several years later, during the Residency of M. Visscher Van Gaasbeeck at Bandung, analogous phenomena again occurred there. The civilized and well-educated Javanese regents, corroborated by the native chiefs, aver that such weird things happen very often in our colonies, but that the Indians are afraid to talk of the matter lest they should be laughed at and ridiculed by skeptical *Niederlanders*.

In 1825 M. Mertins was Governor of the Moluccas Islands. Once, towards evening, as he was at Amboyna, in Fort Victoria, he saw a shower of stones fall. The fort was situated in an open space, and a vast esplanade separated it from the nearest house. It was simply impossible to reach the fort with a stone from any of these buildings. The esplanade was then surrounded by sentries and no one allowed to pass, and the garrison was called to arms inside the fort. But all this did not in the least prevent stones, **bits of dry lime** &c., from showering among the ranks of soldiers. People saw the projectiles coming from a short distance and **not at very great height from the ground**. The phenomenon was repeated upon several occasions, and **never was a man touched by one of the stones**. All this is to this day a mystery. The news spread widely over the islands, and in 1842, at Banda it was still discussed.

In Europe such showers of stones have been known everywhere. The stone-phenomena of the Rue des Grès (in 1849) and that of the Rue du Bac (1858) are well remembered in Paris. I will close by giving some particulars about a case which came under my own observation at the Hague—in 1871. In the Van Hogendorp Street, there lived the family of Captain O. E. K. who occupied the second floor of a house in which one of the backrooms confronted other houses of an adjacent street. The family had been there but a few weeks, when, on one afternoon, a stone dropped on the window-sill of the said room. The phenomenon was repeated several days, generally between two and four p.m. Besides stones, **there also fell pieces of bricks, coals, lime, fragments of crockery, and even dung carefully wrapped in paper**. I visited the house in company with a sceptical investigator, a surgeon, Mr. H. G. Becht, and the Captain's wife showed us a heap of rubbish. The room had been absolutely ruined. The mirrors, windows, ornaments, all were in bits and rags. **The stones flew with such a force that the window curtains had been all torn into shreds**. The missiles coming from a great distance were seen in their flight to fall **from far higher than the roofs of the adjoining houses**. The police investigated the case for several days with the utmost activity; placed some men from the police force upon every roof—but could discover nothing to explain the cause of it. Stones coming from nowhere, and directing themselves toward the windows of the room, were continually flying before the noses of the policemen, and that was all that could be ascertained.

It would certainly be worth the trouble of trying to find out and accept some

definite opinion, as to the nature of the invisible beings who cause such showers of stones to come down. What do they do it for? Is it to amuse themselves ? A strange pastime !....For revenge?...But the uniformity of that phenomenon in various countries forbids such a supposition. Must we believe in other beings (than human spirits) as believed in by the Theosophists? I would like to learn the opinion of your readers upon this subject. A. J. RIKO

Source: [The Theosophist magazine, Vol. 2 No.11, Bombay, August 1881, page 231-232](#)

A newspaper article of the *Java Bode*, March 24 1883 about the first event mentioned in the above can be found (in Dutch) at <http://javapost.nl/2013/10/14/de-stenenwerperij-te-soemedang/>

We have one old report of phenomena centered in a house in Messolongi, western Greece, reported by farmer Yannis Barbetakis and friends Spiros Matsikas and George Mantzouratos. The three men were passing outside of a bar on the first day of 1927, at 6 p.m., when they heard bangs on the roof, caused by falling stones. The bar was bombarded for half an hour by stones thrown from an unknown source. At 7:30, Barbetakis noticed a little boy, approximately 4-5 years old, approaching the bar, walking steady and fast. He asked him: "Where are you going, little boy?" but he did not receive an answer. Barbetakis and seven other people followed the boy, when suddenly and without warning, the child disappeared into thin air before the astonished eyes of the eight people.

Source: <http://www.vembos.gr/forteanfalls.htm>

On the island of Corfu. The first took place in July 1957 in Canalia village, where a house was the target of falling stones that started to fall only after 7 p.m. The second case concerns a similar story on the same island, at Mallaki village, where the local priest's house was hit by stones **for a period of days** -with an interesting detail: threatening letters, written in capital Greek, were thrown under the priest's door. In both cases, the police investigations found nothing that could indicate the cause of the stone falls. (Source: *Apogevmatini*, 2 August 1957).

Source: <http://www.vembos.gr/forteanfalls.htm>

The following is an extract from a letter W. G. Grotten dieck wrote in Dordrecht, the Netherlands, of his experience when he was in the then Dutch colony of Sumatra in 1903:

Dordrecht, January 27th, 1906. ... It was in September, 1903, that the following abnormal fact occurred to me. Every detail of it has been examined by me very carefully. I had been on a long journey through the jungle of Palembang and Djambi (Sumatra) with a gang of fifty Javanese coolies for exploring purposes. Coming back from the long trip, I found that my home had been occupied by

somebody else and I had to put up my bed in another house that was not yet ready, and had just been erected from wooden poles and lalang or kadjatig. The roof was formed of great dry leaves of a kind called "kadjang" in Palembang. These great leaves are arranged one overlapping the other. In this way it is very easy to form a roof if it is only for a temporary house. This house was situated pretty far away from the bore-places belonging to the oil company, in whose service I was working. I put my bullsack and mosquito curtain on the wooden floor and soon fell asleep. At about one o'clock at night I half awoke, hearing something fall near my head outside the mosquito curtain on the floor. After a couple of minutes I completely awoke and turned my head around to see what was falling down on the floor. They were black stones from one eighth to three quarters of an inch long. I got out of the curtain and turned up the kerosene lamp, that was standing on the floor at the foot of my bed. I saw then that the stones were falling through the roof in a parabolic line. They fell on the floor close to my head-pillow. I went out and awoke the boy (a Malay-Palembang coolie) who was sleeping on the floor in the next room. I told him to go outside and to examine the jungle up to a certain distance. He did so whilst I lighted up the jungle a little by means of a small "ever-ready" electric lantern. At the same time that my boy was outside the stones did not stop falling. My boy came in again, and I told him to search the kitchen to see if anybody could be there. He went to the kitchen and I went inside the room again to watch the stones falling down. I knelt down near [the head of my bed] and tried to catch the stones while they were falling through the air towards me, but I could never catch them. **It seemed to me that changed their direction in the air as soon as I tried to get hold of them.** I could not catch any of them before they fell on the floor. Then I climbed up [the partition wall between my room and the boy's] and examined [the roof just above it from which] the stones were flying. They came right through the kadjang, but there were no holes in the kadjang. When I tried to catch them there at the very spot of coming out, I also failed. When I came down, my boy had returned from the kitchen and told me there was nobody. But I still thought that some body might be playing a practical joke, so I took my Mauser rifle and fired five sharp cartridges into the jungle from [the window of the boy's room]. But the stones, far from stopping, fell even more abundantly after my shots than before. After this shooting the boy became fully awake (it seemed to me that he had been dozing all the time before), and he looked inside the room. When he saw the stones fall down, he told me it was "Satan" who did that, and he was so greatly scared that he ran away in the pitch-dark night. After he had run away the stones ceased to fall, and I never saw the boy back again. I did not notice anything particular about the stones except that they were warmer than they would have been under ordinary circumstances. In a later letter dated 1st February, 1906, Mr. Grottendieck adds : The boy certainly did not do it, because at the same time that I bent over him, while he was sleeping on the floor, to awake him, there fell a couple of stones. . . . **They fell rather slowly.** Now, supposing that somebody might by trickery have forced them through the roof, or supposing they had not come through it at all, — even then there would remain something mysterious about it, because it seemed to me **that they were**

hovering through the air; they described a parabolic line and then came down with a bang on the floor.' Mr. Grottendieck explains that the stones, which have unfortunately been lost, were black and polished, but not crystalline, more like anthracite, but not with such sharp edges. They were light like anthracite.

Source: [The Naturalisation of the Supernatural by Podmore, Frank, Published 1908, page 164-165](#)

.....
The War end mystery:

There was an interesting case of stone showers in War End, an area of the city of Birmingham in England, in the early 1980's. it was labeled as poltergeist case, but it had all the characteristics of a stone shower case:

From 1981 to 1983 windows were smashed repeatedly by polished stones that seemingly rained continually from the night sky on five houses on Thornton Road. Numbers 32, 34 and 36 bore the brunt of the damage, with rear windows continually smashed and roofs damaged. At the height of the trouble, residents placed chicken wire over windows and erected corrugated sheeting.

The residents alerted police. The police had a round the clock surveillance, and even erected barricades in an effort to catch the supposed stone-throwers. The police didn't find any fingerprints on the stones. A night-time surveillance using infra-red cameras, image-intensifiers, flood lamps, was set up, but didn't reveal any stone-throwers . The strangest thing was, the automatic cameras would go off and never catch a human figure in the dead of night. The only things they ever saw were rabbits, the occasional fox, and rats. Had anything even as small as a rabbit been in the area, the motion sensing cameras would have picked up on it. But there was nothing. Even as the police were visiting the stone throwing would continue.

Going on the reports from his officers that the stones appeared to fall from the sky, CI Turley called in a ballistics expert to see if it was at all possible that the stones may have been fired or propelled from a distance. The finding from this ballistics investigation was that it was highly unlikely due to the relatively small area targeted and the accuracy involved.

The inspection of the stones proved that they were from the same area and could be found in almost any of the gardens. The odd thing they did identify was that they all appeared to be smooth and clean as if they had been scrubbed or polished, none of the stones that were recovered from the properties had any dirt on them.

The police investigation was finally scaled back and eventually stopped. No one was ever arrested or convicted of causing the damage. Eventually the Birmingham CID gave up and left the case open. Chief Inspector Len Turley, in charge of the investigation, said: "We have spent more than 1,000 man hours on this case. We are keeping an open mind about the whole thing. We don't know

why it's gone on for so long.

Typically for stone showers, as suddenly as it the attacks had started, they stopped.

Source: [The Birmingham Mail, 4 February, 2012, Paranormal Events](#)

I think it is also significant to mention that there other phenomena happenings in War End. [Wikipedia](#):

"In 2006 Tarmac (a heavy building materials company) drew up a list of Britain's 'spookiest roads', with Drews Lane in Ward End coming 10th. Invisible cars are frequently heard on the road. Jackie used to live at Drews Lane, Ward End in the mid 1970's. She explains, "Between house number 175 and the corner shop, I used to hear cars that used to roll over while driving. 100's of cars have been heard and seen upside down with no reason or rhyme. There were a couple a week sometimes, nothing to explain it. There were never any other cars involved, just that when they came down our road, they would turn over. I used to say to my husband at night when I'd here them 'there's another one'. It was very weird." (also [Hub4](#))

"In 2007 around the Thornton school area it is reported that orbs were spotted by one Ward End resident. Near the wahabi mosque the Spokesman for the mosque said that they had no part in it. Various sources have claimed to have observed these mystical orbs and studied them. This garnered interest from the British institute for the occult to investigate."

3. Newspaper Reports Not Verified

These are newspaper reports I found here and there, but I was not able to find the original newspaper articles.

Harrisonville, Ohio, 1901: The stone attack on this small village began on the Sunday afternoon of October 13 when, as the *Buffalo Express* reported, "a small boulder came crashing through the window of Zach Dye's house." No culprit could be found around the isolated house... and this was just the beginning. The next day, dozens of stones rained down in the heart of the village, breaking windows and striking citizens. Were mischievous kids to blame? The next day, all of the male children of the village were gathered together (how could girls do such a thing?), and stones fell for a third day. None of the villagers could detect where the stones were coming from.

From the book "Unexplained Mysteries of the 20th Century," Janet and Colin Bord

London Times, Jan. 13, 1843 -- that, according to the *Courrier de l'Isère*, two little girls, last of December, 1842, were picking leaves from the ground, near Clavaux (Livet), France, when they saw stones falling around them. The stones **fell with uncanny slowness**. The children ran to their homes, and told of the phenomenon, and returned with their parents. Again stones fell, and with the

same uncanny slowness. It is said that relatively to these falls the children were attractive agents. There was another phenomenon, **an upward current**, into which the children were dragged, as if into a vortex. We might have had data of mysterious disappearances of children, but the parents, who were unaffected by the current, pulled them back.

A story in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Jan. 27, 1888 -- large stones that **were appearing and "falling slowly" in closed rooms** in the home of Mr. P.C. Martin, Caldwell County, North Carolina.

Madras (India) Mail, March 5, 1888 -- pieces of brick that, in the presence of many investigators, were falling in a school room, in Pondicherry.

The 9th of January, 1907, Mr. McLaughlin had cleaned soot from the chimney. It is said that immediately afterward, phenomena began. There were flows of soot from undetectable sources, **in rooms**, and from room to room, independent of draughts, sometimes moving against draughts. Also there were flows of stones, or bombardments. About thirty panes of glass were broken by stones, in the daytime, some of them in the presence of neighbors. This is the story, as it was told by reporters of the *Derry Journal* and the *Coleraine Constitution*, who had been sent to investigate.

Ardeche, France, 1921: Most of these events are short-lived, lasting only a few days at most. But beginning in September, a farmhouse in France was victimized for **four months**. The stones dropped at all hours of the day, sometimes striking the family's children and a clergyman who was called in to investigate. In this case, **apples** were also thrown and, again, with inhuman accuracy: apples came speeding in through small holes in the shutters made by previous apples.

In August 1943, stones fell from a clear sky onto a little white stucco house. At least that's what the newspapers said. The house was on 89th Avenue in Oakland, California, and belonged to Irene Fellows, a grandmother. Some of the rocks were pebbles, some as large as chicken eggs. According to reports, the stones fell only on the Fellows's house. Police investigated but could find no cause. The story gained local attention. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported on the mystery and its book review editor used the event as an introduction to one of his daily columns. Anthony Boucher, resident of the adjacent city Berkeley, California, visited and collected one of the stones. He gossiped about the event with fellow writer Miriam Allen de Ford, who lived across the bay in San Francisco. For many of the people—for the journalist who wrote the story, for Joseph Henry Jackson, the *Chronicle's* book reviewer, for Boucher and de Ford, for Manly P. Hall who told of the happenings in his magazine *Horizon*—the odd occurrence on 89th Avenue immediately brought to mind one name: Charles Fort.

4. Cases Labeled as Poltergeist

Some events of stone showers are not reported as such, but as a poltergeist phenomenon. Nevertheless these poltergeist cases have the same phenomena as reported with the stone showers.

BULLIED BY GHOSTS!

MAN'S TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES

From India, the land of inexplicable mysteries, comes the strange story of a retired official who is being bullied by ghosts. Poltergeists, or 'noisy ghosts' are often reported to be active in, various parts, of the Indian sub continent, but the terrifying experience of a former Deputy Collector in Tellicherry seem worthy of special mention. The hobgoblins-or whatever the invisible forces, may be- which, have selected his house for their hair raising demonstrations give the bewildered ex official no peace. This is the sort of thing he has to put up with: One day his pillow catches fire -for no apparent reason whatever- is burnt; and the mattress on which it lies is not even scorched. The new pillow disappears and is found at the bottom of a well. Crockery smashes itself to smithereens all over the house. **Large stones whizz through the rooms.** The key of his cash box vanishes, A new key made specially to replace it is itself mysteriously replaced by the old one -and later the new key is found, locked up inside the cash box. A rich Moplah landlord who also lives in Tellicherry was recently obliged to flee from his house, owing to the unwelcome attentions of supposed poltergeists. All kinds of household utensils disappeared -even when carefully watched- and then the landlord's money and even his spectacles evaporated into thin air. Finally, as a last indignity, **dirt was thrown** by some unseen hand into his food. The victim surrendered- He abandoned his large and newly built home to the hobgoblins.-
Reuter.

Source: [Northern Territory Times \(Darwin, NT, Australia\), 16 October 1931, front page](#)

A mysterious Affair in Mauritius

Extraordinary Incidents Are Related by an ex-Naval Officer From His Own Experience

By "CAPPY RICKS"

"CAPPY RICKS," narrator of this unusual story, was a naval officer who served in Australian waters during the war and lived for 11 years in Melbourne. He is now in business in Mauritius, but forwarded this story because of former associations with "The Argus." The phenomenon which he describes has been the subject of investigation by psychical research workers for very many years, as similar manifestations have been reported from other parts of the world. One of the most famous was that which occurred in the household of John and Charles Wesley at

Epworth, England, in 1716-17. A German school of thought has coined the term "poltergeist" (racketing spirit) to describe the mischievous supernatural presences who are credited with playing such tricks.-Ed.

AT 7.30 a.m. on September 1, 1937, **a stone fell** on the roof of my house, a bungalow, in the Rue Touraine, Port Louis, Mauritius, It rebounded to the paved courtyard, striking the stones only a few inches distant from the feet of the children's "nanan," a Creole girl aged 13 years. During the day **100 more fell**-43 in the house itself, doing, though, only slight damage. It was thought at first that this was the work of mischievous boys, but the police proved such not to be the case. **Stones fell later in the bedroom** when all doors and windows were closed, one falling vertically between the feet of my wife's four sisters, coming to rest as it fell. **Others fell in the court**, and the nanan rushed into the house in terror, with three stones following her in, **horizontally**. The bombardment ceased as night fell, and the nanan left for her home; but it was resumed at 7.30 on the following morning. None of the stones was such as are common to the locality. One of them, a flat one some seven inches long, had a hole at its pointed end, and into this I inserted my pencil, to swing the stone round and round as I perplexedly deliberated on the inexplicable occurrence. More of this later. Police took up station in and all around the house. In the evening 27 stones and **a large iron shackle fell** in the house in an hour and a quarter, although all windows and doors were closed. Nightfall only put an end to the bombardment. On the following morning **a large iron nut that had lain in the court for months past fell from the kitchen ceiling** (so far as could be ascertained) and dashed a dish from the Indian cook's hands. In the bathroom I was struck by a large stone which entered by a "Cappy Ricks." 6in. space above the door. A detective inspector was at the moment leaning against a tree 6ft. distant, but he had seen nothing. At midday stones fell on the (roofed) back verandah, and **I saw a large bull mouth shell that with others had lain on the tiles of the verandah for two years rise of its own accord to a height of 5ft. and make straight for the little nanan, who fled shrieking**. Later, when she was laying my study table for tea, a stone flew in the partially open door, and I crouched to catch it, but as it entered the room it swung 40deg. right and smashed glassware and a milk jug on the table where the nanan was standing. This caused me to come to the determination-a weak one may be-that the nanan must go, but she left for home before I could tell her not to return. No stones fell during the night, but the morning of the fourth day saw a resumption of the bombardment. Six police surrounded the house and court-yard, one of them up a high tree. I packed off my wife and babe to her mother's house, **and stones fell there**, though still doing little damage. Then a retreat was made to a neighbour's house, and **the stones followed**, smashing pot plants and a table on the verandah. I took my people to the hotel, and left for the office to bring out my paper, only to be summoned to take wife, babe, and nanan away. Leaving the hotel, a stone flew into the car, but was caught before it could strike anyone. **It was the stone with the hole in it that, to the best of my belief, lay in my courtyard a mile away**. Arriving at home I at once packed the nanan off for good and all, and not a stone fell afterwards. But what a mess my home was in, not to mention the fact

that it, with the street and courtyard, contained 1,000 excited people, most of them yelling advice, 1,000 varieties, at me. All I could do was to clear them off the premises, with the exception of the police. I HAD left my home for the office at 9 a.m., but before going I had collected all the stones that had fallen inside the house that morning, 14 in number, and these I placed on the bed in the adjoining room, with a note for the detective inspector whom I had been momentarily expecting. It was these stones that had 'wrecked my dining-room. I must explain that the two rooms are really one, divided by a wooden partition which cuts in two a window space common to both halves. The wall at this point is 18 inches thick, with the glass of the window flush with the outside of the street wall, leaving a large window sill recess, which was stacked with papers and magazines. A small body can pass from one room to the other round the partition. The communicating door between bedroom and dining-room was closed and bolted, and **the stones travelled horizontally** from the bed, round the end of the partition, breaking the window, tearing its curtains, and scattering all the papers on the dining-room floor, and smashing the hanging lamp and everything breakable on two tables. Twelve of them remained on the tables amid the wreckage; the others strewed the floor. The house was empty and all doors and windows were locked when this incident occurred. In the year that has elapsed the occurrence, which was by no means unique in the country, has taken premier place in the three quarterly deliberations of the local psychical society, which has at last announced its inability to suggest a solution of the mystery. A similar reply was received from the parent British Society of Psychical Researches. What is the answer? The type of country in which Port Louis, Mauritius, is situated A view taken just outside the town

Source: [The Argus \(Melbourne, Vic., Australia\), 4 February 1939, page 5](#)

Poltergeist Evicts Family

BALTIMORE, Md. (AP)-- the dictionary says a poltergeist is a noisy, usually mischievous ghost held to be responsible for unexplained noises. Ronald Stallings says he and his family are moving out of their home as soon as then can sell it. It's full of unexplained noises. "I don't believe in ghosts," he said. "I want to tell myself it's just my imagination. But we're getting out of here before we all lose our minds."

3 Years Enough

The 32-year-old electronics technician and his wife and seven children have lived in the white frame house for three years. About a year and a half ago, the Stallings' **electric appliances began going on and off without explanation.** At the same time, he said, there were mysterious **knocks** on the walls and sounds of footsteps throughout the house. Last Christmas, Stallings said, the family had a candle in the window. "Every night he would unplug it, but in the morning it would be plugged and lit."

Stones Thrown

Mrs. Stallings, 25, said **stones were thrown against the house** during the past week but when she investigated, there was no one around. A large knick-knack shelf in the living room suddenly tilted, she said, and **other objects in the house seemed to have shifted**. The Stallings had a priest bless their home but said it did no good. They decided to move after what happened last week-end, when the family was in bed. "I felt somebody shaking me," said Mrs. Stallings. "I awoke and I thought somebody was standing there, but when I looked there was no one. "Then I heard footsteps coming down the hall, like a child walking with the floor squeaking. I got up and looked in the bathroom, but none of my children was there. "I went back to bed and heard more creaking, and I saw a ball that looked like mist come through the bedroom door. It went across the bedroom, went up to the corner of the ceiling and stayed there for a few minutes and must have disappeared."

Source: [Spokane Daily Chronicle \(Spokane, Washington\), August 3, 1968, page 28](#)

Poltergeist's Carousing Routs Family From Home

Osceola, Ind., Oct. 11 (UPI) ---- Strange things have been happening at the Walter Szlanfucht home here, and his family won't come home until he finds out what is causing them. Szlanfucht told police Sunday night an "unseen force" has been **moving furniture**, making **sounds** and **throwing pebbles** against the side of his house. Police Capt. Richard Handley said he went to the home in this community east of South Bend and saw a picture fly off the wall and **a heavy ashtray shatter into pieces**. "If I had not been a witness to this," Handley said. "I certainly would not have believed it could happen." Handley said **a 30-40 pound chair was lifted off the floor** and dropped at his feet. He said he sat the chair up again and went on to investigate the house, only to find **the chair tipped over again** when he returned. There was no one else in the house, he said. Szlanfucht said his wife and 9-year-old son will not return to the house until the poltergeist moves out. His family is currently living with relatives. But some of his relatives are having similar problems. **David Colbert, Szlanfucht's uncle, has reported similar happenings in the past few weeks at his home a mile away**. Colbert said **pictures, vases and plates have been flying around the living room. Stones have been flying from the ground against the side of the house**, he said, some times breaking windows. Szlanfucht said he had heard sounds like pebbles hitting the side of his house. St. Joseph County Deputy Sheriff Joseph Molnar said he found **some strange plastic objects** outside the Colbert home. He described them as green and just larger than a robin's egg. "You can't tell anyone about these things," Colbert said, "or they'll send you to a psychiatrist."

Source: [Reading Eagle \(Reading, Pennsylvania\), October 11, 1966, page 26](#)

5. Addendum: The Lithobolia Text

Below is the very detail accounts of stone falls in the state of New Hampshire in 1682. At that time people were still equating strange phenomena with witches, curses and the devil. This was at the end of the period of witch hunting. So you have to put these references aside and focus on the physical manifestations.

.....

Lithobolia, or the Stone-Throwing Devil records the remarkable events of 1682 that took place in the Great Island (present-day New Castle, N.H.) tavern of George and Alice Walton. Lucy Treworgy Chadbourne's brother Samuel was married to the Walton's daughter, Dorcas. In the early 1650s, Humphrey Chadbourne built a house for George and Alice Walton on Great Island – though probably not the house attacked by a "stone-throwing devil" thirty years later. This account was written by "R.C.," Richard Chamberlain, the secretary of the colony of New Hampshire, and agent of the Mason family. In 1682 Chamberlain was boarding at the Walton tavern, so he witnessed much of the attack. He published his work in 1698. The text below is taken from George Lincoln Burr, Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases (1684-1706) , pages 55 to 77.

LITHOBOLIA

LITHOBOLIA

Lithobolia: or, the Stone-Throwing Devil. Being an Exact and True Account (by way of Journal) of the various Actions of Infernal Spirits, or (Devils Incarnate) Witches, or both; and the great Disturbance and Amazement they gave to George Waltons Family, at a place call'd Great Island in the Province of New-Hantsshire in New-England, chiefly in Throwing about (by an Invisible hand) Stone, Bricks, and Brick-bats of all Sizes, with several other things, as Hammers, Mauls, Iron-Crows, Spits, and other Domestick Utensils, as came into their Hellish Minds, and this for the space of a Quarter of a Year.

By R. C. Esq; who was a Sojourner in the same Family the whole time, and an Ocular Witness of these Diabolick Inventions.

The Contents hereof being manifestly known to the Inhabitants of that Province, and Persons of other Provinces, and is upon Record in his Majesties Council-Court held for that Province.

London, Printed, and are to be Sold by E. Whitlook near Stationers-Hall, 1698.

To The much Honoured Mart. Lumley, Esq;

Sir,

As the subsequent Script deserves not to be called a Book, so these precedent Lines presume not to a Dedication: But, Sir, it is an occasion that I am ambitious

to lay hold on, to discover to You by this Epitome (as it were) the propension and inclination I have to give a more full and perfect demonstration of the Honour, Love, and Service, I own (as I think my self oblig'd) to have for You. To a Sober, Judicious, and well Principled Person, such as your Self, plain Truths are much more agreeable than the most charming and surprising Romance or Novel, with all the strange turns and events. That this is of the first sort, (as I have formerly upon Record attested) I do now aver and protest; yet neither is it less strange than true, and so may be capable of giving you some Diversion for an hour: For this interruption of your more serious ones, I cannot doubt your candor and clemency, in pardoning it, that so well know (and do most sensibly acknowledg) your high Worth and Goodness; and that the Relation I am Dignified with, infers a mutual Patronization.

Sir, I am
Your most Humble Servant,
R.C.
To the much Honoured R. F. Esq;

To tell strange feats of Daemons, here I am;
Strange, but most true they are, ev'n to a Dram,
Tho' Sadduceans cry, 'tis all a Sham.

Here's Stony Arg'uments of persuasive Dint,
They'l not believe it, told, nor yet in Print:
What should the Reason be? The Devil's in't.

And yet they wish to be convinc'd by Sight,
Assur'd by Apparition of a Sprite;
But Learned Browndoth state the matter right:

Satan will never Instrumental be
Of so much Good, to' Appear to them; for he
Hath them sure by their Infidelity.

But you, my Noble Friend, know better things;
Your Faith, mounted on Religions Wings,
Sets you above the Clouds whence Error springs.

Your Soul reflecting on this lower Sphear,
Of froth and vanity, joys oft to hear
The Sacred Ora'cles, where all Truths appear,

Which will Conduct out of this Labyrinth of Night,
And lead you to the source of Intellect'ual Light.

Which is the Hearty Prayer of
Your most faithful Humble Servant,
R.C.

Lithobolia: or, the Stone-throwing Devil, etc.

SUCH is the Sceptical Humour of this Age for Incredulity, (not to say Infidelity,) That I wonder they do not take up and profess, in terms, the Pyrrhonian Doctrine of disbelieving their very Senses. For that which I am going to relate happening to cease in the Province of New-Hampshire in America, just upon that Governour's Arrival and Appearance at the Council there, who was informed by my self, and several other Gentlemen of the Council, and other considerable Persons, of the true and certain Reality hereof, yet he continued tenacious in the Opinion that we were all imposed upon by the waggery of some unlucky Boys; which, considering the Circumstances and Passages hereafter mentioned, was altogether impossible.

I have a Wonder to relate; for such (I take it) is so to be termed whatsoever is Praeternatural, and not assignable to, or the effect of, Natural Causes: It is a *Lithobolia*, or Stone-throwing, which happened by Witchcraft (as was supposed) and maliciously perpetrated by an Elderly Woman, a Neighbour suspected, and (I think) formerly detected for such kind of Diabolical Tricks and Practises; and the wicked Instigation did arise upon the account of some small quantity of Land in her Field, which she pretended was unjustly taken into the Land of the Person where the Scene of this Matter lay, and was her Right; she having been often very clamorous about that Affair, and heard to say, with much Bitterness, that her Neighbour (*innuendo* the fore-mentioned Person, his Name George Walton) should never quietly enjoy that piece of Ground. Which, as it has confirm'd my self and others in the Opinion that there are such things as Witches, and the Effects of Witchcraft, or at least of the mischievous Actions of Evil Spirits; which some do as little give Credit to, as in the Case of Witches, utterly rejecting both their Operations and their Beings, we having been Eye-Witnesses of this Matter almost every Day for a quarter of a Year together; so it may be a means to rectifie the

depraved Judgment and Sentiments of other disbelieving Persons, and absolutely convince them of their Error, if they please to hear, without prejudice, the plain, but most true Narration of it; which was thus.

Some time ago being in America (in His then Majesty's Service) I was lodg'd in the said George Walton's House, a Planter there, and on a Sunday Night, about Ten a Clock, many Stones were heard by my self, and the rest of the Family, to be thrown, and (with Noise) hit against the top and all sides of the House, after he the said Walton had been at his **Fence-Gate**, which was between him and his Neighbour one John Amazeen an Italian, to view it; for it was again, as formerly it had been (the manner how being unknown) **wrung off the Hinges, and cast upon the Ground**; and in his being there, and return home with several Persons of (and frequenting) his family and House, about a flight shot distant from the Gate, they were all assaulted with a peal of Stones, (taken, we conceive, from the Rocks hard by the House) and this by unseen Hands or Agents. For by this time I was come down to them, having risen out of my Bed at this strange Alarm of all that were in the House, and do know that they all look'd out as narrowly as I did, or any Person could (it being a bright Moon-light Night), but cou'd make no Discovery. Thereupon, and because there came many Stones, and those pretty great ones, some as big as my Fist, into the Entry or Porch of the House, we withdrew into the next Room to the Porch, no Person having receiv'd any Hurt, (praised be Almighty Providence, for certainly the infernal Agent, constant Enemy to Mankind, had he not been over-ruled, intended no less than Death or Maim) save only that two Youths were lightly hit, one on the Leg, the other on the Thigh, notwithstanding the Stones came so thick, and so forcibly against the sides of so narrow a Room. Whilst we stood amazed at this Accident, one of the Maidens imagined she saw them come from the Hall, next to that we were in, where searching, (and in the Cellar, down out of the Hall,) and finding no Body, another and my self observed two little Stones in a short space successively to fall on the Floor, **coming as from the Ceiling** close by us, and we concluded it must necessarily be done by means extraordinary and praeternatural. Coming again into the Room where we first were (next the Porch), we had many of these lapidary Salutations, but unfriendly ones; for, shutting the door, it was no small Surprise to me to have a good big Stone come with great force and noise (just by my Head) against the Door on the inside; and then shutting the other Door, next the Hall, to have the like Accident; so going out again, upon a necessary Occasion, to have another very near my Body, clattering against the Board-wall of the House; but it was a much greater, to be so near the danger of having my Head broke with a Mall, or great Hammer brushing along the top or roof of the Room from the other end, as I was walking in it, and lighting down by me; but it fell so, that my Landlord had the greatest damage, his Windows (especially those of the first mention'd Room) being with many Stones miserably and strangely batter'd, **most of the Stones giving the Blow on the inside, and forcing the Bars, Lead, and hasps of the Casements outwards, and yet falling back (sometimes a Yard or two) into the Room**; only one little Stone we took out of the glass of the Window, where it lodg'd its self in the breaking it, in a Hole exactly fit for the Stone. The **Pewter and Brass** were frequently pelted, and

sometimes thrown down upon the Ground; for the Evil Spirit seemed then to affect variety of Mischief, and diverted himself at this end after he had done so much Execution at the other. So were two **Candlesticks**, after many hittings, at last struck off the Table where they stood, and likewise a large Pewter Pot, with the force of these Stones. Some of them were taken up **hot, and (it seems) immediately coming out of the Fire**; and some (which is not unremarkable) having been laid by me upon the Table along by couples, and **numbred, were found missing**; that is, two of them, as we return'd immediately to the Table, having turn'd our backs only to visit and view some new Stone-charge or Window-breach; and this Experiment was four or five times repeated, and I still found one or two missing of the Number, which we all mark'd, when I did but just remove the Light from off the Table, and step to the Door, and back again.

After this had continued in all the parts and sides of the first Room (and down the Chimney) for above hours, I, weary of **the Noise**, and sleepy, went to Bed, and was no sooner fallen asleep, but was awakened with the unwelcome disturbance of another Battery of a different sort, it issuing with so prodigious a Noise against the thin Board-wall of my Chamber (which was within another) that I could not imagin it less than the fracture and downfall of great part of the Chamber, or at least of the Shelves, Books, Pictures, and other things, placed on that side, and on the Partition-Wall between the Anti-Chamber and the Door of mine. But the Noise immediately bringing up the Company below, they assured me no Mischief of that nature was done, and shewed me the biggest Stone that had as yet been made use of in this unaccountable Accident, weighing **eight pound and an half**, that had burst open my Chamber Door with a rebound from the Floor, as by the Dent and Bruise in it near the Door I found next Morning, done, probably, to make the greater Noise, and give the more Astonishment, which would sooner be effected by three Motions, and consequently three several Sounds, viz, one on the Ground, the next to and on the Door, and the last from it again to the Floor, then if it had been one single Blow upon the Door only; which ('tis probable) wou'd have split the Door, which was not permitted, nor so much as a square of the Glass-Window broken or crack'd (at that time) in all the Chamber. Glad thereof, and desiring them to leave me, and the Door shut, as it was before, I endeavoured once more to take my Rest, and was once more prevented by the like passage, with another like offensive Weapon, it being a whole **Brick** that lay in the anti-Chamber Chimney, and used again to the same malicious purpose as before, and in the same manner too, as by the mark in the Floor, whereon was some of the dust of the Brick, broken a little at the end, apparant next Morning, the Brick it self lying just at the Door. However, after I had lain a while, harkning to their Adventures below, I drop'd asleep again, and receiv'd no further Molestation that Night.

In the Morning (*Monday Morning*) I was inform'd by several of the Domesticks of more of the same kind of Trouble; among which the most signal was, **the Vanishing of the Spit** which stood in the Chimney Corner, and the **sudden coming of it again down the same Chimney**, sticking of it in a Log that lay in the Fireplace or Hearth; and then being by one of the Family set by on the other

side of the Chimney, presently cast out of the Window into the Back-side. Also a **pressing-Iron** lying on the ledge of the Chimney back, was convey'd invisibly into the Yard. I should think it (too) not unworthy the Relation, that, discoursing then with some of the Family, and others, about what had past, I said, I thought it necessary to take and keep the great Stone, as a Proof and Evidence, for they had taken it down from my Chambers; and so **I carried it up, laid it on my Table in my Chamber, and lock'd my Door, and going out upon occasions, and soon returning, I was told by my Landlady that it was, a little while after my going forth, removed again, with a Noise, which they all below heard, and was thrown into the anti-Chamber,** and there I found it lying in the middle of it; thereupon I the second time carried it up, and laid it on the Table, and had it in my Custody a long time to show, for the Satisfaction of the Curious.

There were many more Stones thrown about in the House that Morning, and more in the Fields that Day, where the Master of the House was, and the Men at Work. Some more Mr. Woodbridge, a Minister, and my self, in the Afternoon did see (but could not any Hand throwing them) lighting near, and jumping and tumbling on the Grass: So did one Mrs. Clark, and her Son, and several others; and some of them felt them too. One Person would not be perswaded but that the Boys at Work might throw them, and strait her little Boy standing by her was struck with a Stone on the Back, which caused him to fall a crying, and her (being convinc'd) to carry him away forth-with.

In the Evening, as in the Evening, as soon as I had sup'd in the outer Room before mine, I took a little Musical-Instrument, and began to touch it (the Door indeed was then set open for Air), and a good big Stone came rumbling in, and as it were to lead the Dance, but upon a much different account than in the days of Old, and of old fabulous Inchantments, my Musick being none of the best. The Noise of this brought up the Deputy-President's Wife, and many others of the Neighbourhood that were below, who wonder'd to see this Stone followed (as it were) by many others, and **a Pewter Spoon among the rest, all which fell strangely into the Room** in their Presence, and were taken up by the Company. And beside all this, there was seen by two Youths in the Orchard and Fields, as they said, a black Cat, at the time the Stones were toss'd about, and it was shot at, but missed, by its changing Places, and being immediately at some distance, and then out of sight, as they related: Agreeable to which, it may not be improper to insert, what was observed by two Maids, Grand-Children of Mr. Walton, on the Sunday Night, the beginning of this *Lithoboly*. They did affirm, that as they were standing in the Porch-Chamber Window, they saw, as it were, a Person putting out a Hand out of the Hall Window, as throwing Stones toward the Porch or Entry; and we all know no Person was in the Hall except, at that instant, my self and another, having search'd diligently there, and wondring whence those should come that were about the same time drop'd near us; so far we were from doing it our selves, or seeing any other there to do it.

On Monday Night, about the Hour it first began, there were more Stones thrown in the Kitchin, and down the Chimney, one Captain Barefoot, of the

Council for that Province, being present, with others; and also (as I was going up to Bed) in an upper Chamber, and down those Stairs.

Upon *Tuesday* Night, about Ten, some five or six Stones were severally thrown into the Maid's Chamber near the Kitchin, and the Glass-Windows broke in three new places, and one of the Maids hit as she lay. At the same time was heard by them, and two young Men in the House, an odd, dismal sort of **Whistling**, and thereupon the Youths ran out, with intent to take the suppos'd Thrower of Stones, if possible; and on the back-side near the Window they heard the Noise (as they said) of something stepping a little way before them, as it were the trampling of a young Colt, as they fancied, but saw nothing; and going on, could discover nothing but that the Noise of the stepping or trampling was ceas'd, and then gone on a little before.

On Saturday Morning I found two Stones more on the Stairs; and so some were on Sunday Night convey'd into the Room next the Kitchin.

Upon owing Mr. Walton going (with his Men) by Water to some other Land, in a place called the Great Bay, and to a House where his Son was placed, they lay there that Night, and the next Morning had this Adventure. As the Men were all at work in the Woods, felling Wood, they were visited with another set of Stones, and they gathered up near upon a Hat-full, and put them between two Trees near adjoining, and returning from carrying Wood, to the Boat, **the Hat and its contents (the Stones) were gone, and the Stones were presently after thrown about again**, as before; and after search, found the **Hat press'd together, and lying under a square piece of Timber at some distance from thence**. They had them again at young Walton's House, and half a Brick thrown into a Cradle, out of which his young Child was newly taken up.

Here it may seem most proper to inform the Reader of a parallel passage, (*viz.*) what happened another time to my Landlord in his Boat; wherein going up to the same place (the Great Bay) and loading it with Hay for his use at his own House, about the mid-way in the River (Pascataqua) he found his Boat began to be in a sinking Condition, at which being much surpriz'd, upon search, he discover'd the cause to be the pulling out a Plug or Stopple in the bottom of the Boat, being fixed there for the more convenient letting out of the Rain-Water that might fall into it; a Contrivance and Combination of the old Serpent and the old Woman, or some other Witch or Wizard (in Revenge or innate Enmity) to have drown'd both my good Landlord and his Company.

On *Wednesday*, as they were at work again in the Woods, on a sudden they **heard something gingle like Glass, or Metal**, among the Trees, as it was falling, and being fallen to the Ground, they knew it to be **a Stirrup** which Mr. Walton had carried to the Boat, and laid under some Wood; and **this being again laid by him in that very Boat, it was again thrown after him**. The third time, he having put it upon his Girdle or Belt he wore about his Waste, buckled together before, but at that instant taken off because of the Heat of the Weather, and laid there again buckled, **it was fetch'd away, and no more seen**. Likewise the **Graper**, or little Anchor of the Boat, cast over-board, which

caus'd the Boat to wind up; so staying and obstructing their Passage. Then the **setting-Pole** was divers times cast into the River, as they were coming back from the Great Bay, which put them to the trouble of Padling, that is, rowing about for it as often to retrieve it.

Being come to his own House, this Mr. Walton was charg'd again with a fresh Assault in the out-Houses; but we heard of none within doors until Friday after, when, in the Kitchin, were 4 or 5 Stones (**one of them hot**) taken out of the Fire, as I conceive, and so thrown about. I was then present, being newly come in with Mr. Walton from his middle Field (as he call'd it), where his Servants had been Mowing, and had six or seven of his old troublesome Companions, and I had one fall'n down by me there, and another thin flat stone hit me on the thigh with the flat side of it, so as to make me just feel, and to smart a little. In the same Day's Evening, as I was walking out in the Lane by the Field before-mentioned, a great Stone made **a rusling Noise** in the Stone-Fence between the Field and the Lane, which seem'd to me (as it caus'd me to cast my Eye that way by the Noise) to come out of the Fence, as it were pull'd out from among those Stones loose, but orderly laid close together, as the manner of such Fences in that Countriy is, and so fell down upon the Ground. Some Persons of Note being then in the Field (whose Names are here under-written to visit Mr. Walton there, are substantial Witnesses of this same Stonery, both in the Field, and afterward in the House that Night, viz, one Mr. Hussey, Son of a Counsellour there. He took up one that having first alighted On the Ground, with rebound from thence hit him on the Heel; and he keeps it to show. And Captain Barefoot, mentioned above, has that which (among other Stones) flew into the Hall a little before Supper; which my self also saw as it first came in at the upper part of the Door into the middle of the Room; and then (tho' a good flat Stone, yet) was seen to rowl over and over, as if trundled, under a Bed in the same Room. In short, these Persons, being wonderously affected with the Strangeness of these Passages, offer'd themselves (desiring me to take them) as Testimonies; I did so, and made a Memorandum, by way of Record, thereof, to this effect. Viz.

These Persons under-written do hereby Attest the Truth of their being Eye-Witnesses of at least half a score Stones that Evening thrown invisibly into the Field, and in the Entry of the House, Hall, and one of the Chambers of George Walton's. Viz.

Samuel Jenings, Esq; Governour of West-Jarsey.

Walter Clark, Esq; Deputy-Governour of Road-Island.

Mr. Arthur Cook

Mr. Matt. Borden of Road-Island.

Mr. Oliver Hooton of Barbados, Merchant.

Mr. T. Maul of Salem in New-England, Merchant.

Captain Walter Barefoot

Mr. John Hussey

And the Wife of the said Mr. Hussey.

On Saturday, July 24, One of the Family, at the usual hour at Night, observ'd some few (not above half a dozen) of these natural (or rather unnatural) Weapons to fly into the Kitchin, as formerly; but some of them in an unusual manner **lighting gently on him, or coming toward him so easily, as that he took them before they fell to the Ground.** I think there was not any thing more that Night remarkable. But as if the malicious Daemon had laid up for Sunday and Monday, then it was that he began (more furiously than formerly) with a great Stone in the Kitchin, and so continued with throwing down the **Pewter-Dishes**, etc. great part of it all at once coming clattering down, without the stroke of a Stone, little or great, to move it. Then about Midnight this impious Operation not ceasing, but trespassing with a continuando² very great Stones, weighing above **30 pound a piece** (that used to lye in the Kitchin, in or near the Chimny) were in the former, wonted, rebounding manner, let fly against my Door and Wall in the ante-Chamber, but with some little distance of time. This **thundering Noise** must needs bring up the Men from below, as before, (I need not say to wake me) to tell me the Effect, which was the beating down several Pictures, and displacing abundance of things about my Chamber: but the Repetition of this Cannon-Play by these great rumbling Engines, now ready at hand for the purpose, and the like additional disturbance by four Bricks that lay in the outer-Room Chimney (one of which having been so imploy'd the first Sunday Night, as has been said) made me despair of taking Rest, and so forced me to rise from my Bed. Then finding my Door burst open, I also found many Stones, and great pieces of Bricks, to fly in, breaking the Glass-Windows, and a Paper-Light, sometimes inwards, sometimes outwards: So hitting the Door of my Chamber as I came through from the ante-Chamber, lighting very near me as I was fetching the Candlestick, and afterward the Candle being struck out, as I was going to light it again. So a little after, coming up for another Candle, and being at the Stare-foot door, **a wooden Mortar with great Noise struck against the Floor, and was just at my Feet, only not touching me, moving from the other end of the Kitchin where it used to lye.** And when I came up my self, and two more of the same House, we heard **a Whistling**, as it were near us in the outer Room, several times. Among the rest of the Tools made use of to disturb us, I found an old Card for dressing Flax in my Chamber. Now for Monday Night, (June 26) one of the severest. The disturbance began in the Kitchin with Stones; then as I was at Supper above in the ante-Chamber, the Window near which I sate at Table was broke in 2 or 3 parts of it inwards, and one of the Stones that broke it flew in, and I took it up at the further end of the Room. **The manner is observable; for one of the squares was broke into 9 or 10 small square pieces, as if it had been regularly mark'd out into such even squares** by a Workman, to the end some of these little pieces might fly in my Face (as they did) and give me a surprize, but without any hurt. In the mean time it went on in the Kitchin, whither I went down, for Company, all or most of the

Family, and a Neighbour, being there; where many Stones (some great ones) came thick and threefold among us, and **an old howing Iron**, from a Room hard by, where such Utensils lay. Then, as if I had been the design'd Object for that time, most of the Stones that came (the smaller I mean) hit me (sometimes pretty hard) to the number of above 20, near 30, as I remember, and whether I remov'd, sit, or walk'd, I had them, and great ones **sometimes lighting gently on me**, and in my Hand and Lap as I sate, and falling to the Ground, and sometimes thumping against the Wall, as near as could be to me, without touching me. Then was a Room over the Kitchin infested, that had not been so before, and many Stones greater than usual lumbring there over our Heads, not only to ours, but to the great Disturbance and Affrightment of some Children that lay there. And for Variety, there were sometimes **three great, distinct Knocks, sometimes five such sounds as with a great Maul, reiterated divers times.**

On Tuesday Night (June 28) we were quiet; but not so on Wednesday, when the Stones were play'd about in the House. And on Thursday Morning I found some things that hung on Nails on the 'Wall in my Chamber, viz, a Spherical Sun-Dial, etc. lying on the Ground, as **knock'd down** by some Brick or Stone in the ante-Chamber. But my Landlord had the worst of that Day, tho' he kept the Field, being there invisibly hit above 40 times, as he affirm'd to me, and he receiv'd some shrowd hurtful Blows on the Back, and other Parts, which he much complained of, and said he thought he should have reason to do, even to his dying day; and I observ'd that he did so, he being departed this Life since.

Besides this, **Plants of Indian Corn were struck up by the Roots almost, just as if they had been cut with some edged Instrument, whereas r**

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Snort a Whistl, was heard near the Men at Work in the Fields many times, many whereof I my self, going thither, and being there, was a Witness of; and parting thence I receiv'd a pretty hard Blow with a Stone on the Calf of my Leg. So it continued that day in two Fields, where they were severally at Work: and my Landlord told me, he often heard likewise **a humm Noise i t Air** by him, **a of a Bul discharg'd from a Gun**; and so said a Servant of his that work'd with him.

Upon Saturday (July 1), as I was going to visit my Neighbour Capt. Barefoot, and just at his Door, his Man saw, as well as my self, 3 or 4 Stones fall just by us in the Field, or Close, where the House stands, and not any other Person near us. At Night a great Stone fell in the Kitchin, as I was going to Bed, and **the Pewter was thrown down**; many Stones flew about, and the Candles by them put out 3 or 4 times, and **the Snorting** heard; a Negro Maid hit on the Head in the Entry between the Kitchin and Hall with a Porringer from the Kitchin: also the **pressing-Iron** clattered against the Partition Wall between the Hall and a

Chamber beyond it, where I lay, and Mr. Randolph, His Majesty's Officer for the Customs, etc.

Some few Stones we had on Sunday Morning, (July 2) none at Night. But on Monday Morning (the 3d) both Mr. Walton, and 5 or 6 with him in the Field, were assaulted with them, and their Ears with the old **Snorting and Whistling**. In the Afternoon Mr. Walton was hit on the Back with Stones very grievously, as he was in his Boat that lay at a Cove side by his House. It was a very odd prank that was practis'd by the Devil a little while after this. One Night the Cocks of Hay, made the Day before in the Orchard, was spread all abroad, and **some of the Hay thrown up into the Trees, and some of it brought into the House, and scatter'd**. Two Logs that lay at the Door, laid, one of them by the Chimny in the Kitchin; the other set against the Door of the Room where Mr. Walton then lay, as on purpose to confine him therein: A Form that stood in the Entry (or Porch) was set along by the Fire side, and a joint Stool upon that, with a Napking spread thereon, with two Pewter Pots, and two Candlesticks: A Cheese-Press likewise having a Spit thrust into one of the holes of it, at one end; and at the other end of the Spit hung an Iron Kettle; and a Cheese was taken out, and broke to pieces. Another time, I full well remember 'twas on a Sunday at Night, my Window was all broke with a violent shock of Stones and Brick-bats, which scarce miss'd my self: among these one huge one made its way through the great square or shash of a Casement, and broke a great hole in it, throwing down Books by the way, from the Window to a Picture over-against it, on the other side of the Chamber, and tore a hole quite through it about half a foot long, and the piece of the Cloth hung by a little part of it, on the back-side of the Picture.

After this we were pretty quiet, saving now and then a few Stones march'd about for Exercise, and to keep (as it were) the Diabolical hand in use, till July 28, being Friday, when about 40 Stones flew about, abroad, and in the House and Orchard, and among the Trees therein, and a Window broke before, was broke again, and one Room where they never used before.

August 1. On Wednesday the Window in my ante-Chamber was broke again, and many Stones were plaid about, abroad, and in the House, in the Day-time, and at Night. The same Day in the Morning they tried this Experiment; they did set on the Fire a Pot with Urin, and crooked Pins in it, with design to have it boil, and by that means to give Punishment to the Witch, or Wizard (that might be the wicked Procurer or Contriver of this Stone Affliction) and take off their own as they had been advised. This was the Effect of it: As the Liquor begun to grow hot, a Stone came and broke the top or mouth of it, and threw it down, and spilt what was in it; which being made good again, another Stone, as the Pot grew hot again, broke the handle off; and being recruited and fill'd the third time, was then with a third Stone quite broke to pieces and split; and so the Operation became frustrate and fruitless.

On August 2, two Stones in the Afternoon I heard and saw my self in the House and Orchard; and another Window in the Hall was broke. And as I was entring my own Chamber **a great square of a Casement, being a foot**

square, was broke with the Noise as of a big Stone, and pieces of the Glass flew into the Room, but no Stone came in then, or could be found within or without. At Night, as I, with others, were in the Kitchin, many more came in; and one great Stone that lay on a Spinning-Wheel to keep it steady, was thrown to the other side of the Room. Several Neighbours then present were ready to testifie this Matter.

Upon August 3, On Thursday the Gate between my said Landlord and his Neighbour John Amazeen was taken off again, and thrown into Amazeen's Field, who heard it fall and averr'd it then made **a Noise like a great Gun.**

On Friday the 4th, the Fence against Mr. Walton's Neighbour's Door, (the Woman of whom formerly there was great Suspicion, and thereupon Examination had, as appears upon Record;) this Fence being maliciously pull'd down to let in their Cattel into his Ground; he and his Servants were pelted with above 40 Stones as they went to put it up again; for she had often threatned that he should never enjoy his House and Land. Mr. Walton was hit divers times, and all that Day in the Field, as they were Reaping, it ceas'd not, and their fell (by the Mens Computation) above an hundred Stones. A Woman helping to Reap (among the rest) was hit 9 or 10 times, and hurt to that degree, that her left Arm, Hip, Thigh, and Leg, were made black and blue therewith; which she showd to the Woman, Mrs. Walton, and others. Mr. Wood-bridge, a Divine, coming to give me a Visit, was hit about the Hip, and one Mr. Jefferys a Merchant, who was with him, on the Leg. A Window in the Kitchin that had been much batter'd before, was now quite broke out, and unwindow'd, no Glass or Lead at all being left: a Glass Bottle broke to pieces, and the **Pewter Dishes** (about 9 of them) thrown down, **and bent.**

On Saturday the 5th, as they were Reaping in the Field, three Sickles were crack'd and broke by the force of these lapidary Instruments of the Devil, as the Sickles were in the Reapers hands, on purpose (it seems) to obstruct their Labour, and do them Injury and Damage. And very many Stones were cast about that Day; insomuch, that some that assisted at that Harvest-Work, being struck with them, by reason of that Disturbance left the Field, but were follow'd by their invisible Adversaries to the next House.

On Sunday, being the 6th, there fell nothing considerable, nor on Monday, (7th) save only one of the Children hit with a Stone on the Back. We were quiet to Tuesday the 8th. But on Wednesday (9th) above 100 Stones (as they verily thought) repeated the Reapers Disquiet in the Corn-Field, whereof some were affirm'd by Mr. Walton to be great ones indeed, near as big as a Man's Head; and Mrs. Walton, his Wife being by Curiosity led thither, with intent also to make some Discovery by the most diligent and vigilant Observation she could use, to obviate the idle Incredulity some inconsiderate Persons might irrationally entertain concerning this veneficial Operation; or at least to confirm her own Sentiments and Belief of it. Which she did, but to her Cost; for she received an untoward Blow (with a Stone) on her Shoulder. There were likewise two Sickles bent, crack'd, and disabled with them, beating them violently out of their Hands that

held them, and this reiterated three times successively.

After this we enjoy'd our former Peace and Quiet, unmolested by these stony Disturbances, that whole month of August, excepting some few times; and the last of all in the Month of September, (the beginning thereof) wherein Mr. Walton himself only (the Original perhaps of this strange Adventure, as has been declared) was the designed concluding Sufferer; and going in his Canoo (or Boat) from the Great Island, where he dwelt, to Portsmouth, to attend the Council, who had taken Cognizance of this Matter, he being Summoned thither, in order to his and the Suspect's Examination, and the Courts taking Order thereabout, he was sadly hit with three pebble Stones as big as ones Fist; one of which broke his Head, which I saw him show to the President of the Council; the others gave him that Pain on the Back, of which (with other like Strokes) he complained then, and afterward to his Death.

Who, that peruses these praeternatural Occurences, can possibly be so much an Enemy to his own Soul, and irrefutable Reason, as obstinately to oppose himself to, or confusedly fluctuate in, the Opinion and Doctrine of Daemons, or Spirits, and Witches? Certainly he that do's so, must do two things more: He must temeriously unhinge, or undermine the Fundamentals of the best Religion in the World; and he must disingenuously quit and abandon that of the Three Theologick Virtues or Graces, to which the great Doctor of the Gentils gave the Precedence, Charity, through his Unchristian and Uncharitable Incredulity.

Finis.



6.2 Money Showers

Instead of stones, water or other objects, the interfacing electromagnetic fields can also dematerialize and subsequently materialize at another place coins and bills, thus creating a shower of money. Thus, somebody will find that his money mysteriously disappeared. When your money disappears, who are you going to tell, as there is no proof left that it did.

When the local energy fields are active, inside a building where money is present, such as in a drawer, then the money will be teleported to another location nearby. Silver coins have always been very valuable and nobody would ever think of just throwing them out for fun. In one case two of the silver coins that rained down were counterfeit. That should not be a surprise as counterfeit coins have always been around, and a vortex/portal will suck up any coin that is lying around, genuine or counterfeit.

I did find a case of poltergeist phenomena, in which, among other things, stones were materializing inside a house. It also mentioned that "the landlord's money and even his spectacles evaporated into thin air". You can find this report in the third chapter.

Content of this chapter:

[1. Newspaper Reports](#)

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.....

[1. Newspaper Reports](#)

This happened in Jaisinagar village, located in Sagar Tehsil of Sagar district in Madhya Pradesh, India.

Rainfall of coins from sky in this village of Madhya Pradesh ... know what this strange event is

So far, you have heard this many times that the fish and turtles have fallen from the sky in the rainy season, but perhaps maybe you heard it for the first time that coins are raining with water. It is not one coin, or two, but hundreds of coins. This incident, which seems impossible and strange in the first place, is being reported in Devlochri block of Jaisinagar village. On Wednesday, there were heavy rains with thunderstorms in the district. In the afternoon it was dark with clouds, then in this village, coins start falling from the sky with water. In the village there were dozens of witnesses, including children. People listened to the story and were speechless. Some people went out to collect the coins. Although by that time the rain had already stopped, and some children were seen with coins in their hands in the middle of the rain.

What the villagers say

Villager Hemraj Pal said that he was returning home after bathing, and that there was a crowd of children near the house, and he was very upset, and asked if the coins from the sky were hot. At first, he did not believe it, but when he came to see the scene himself, it was correct, and he said that as soon as the coin fell, they would make noise hitting the ground. There were all coins of one, two, five and ten rupees. Apart from this, some children of the village, Bira, Shiva, Jaya, Deepesh and Som, have collected hundreds of coins.

Coins falling in two to three places.

According to information from the villagers, coins have fallen not in one place but in two to three places. Children and adults saw coins fall in the village Panchayat Bhawan, at the river banks and at the hillside.

Source: Patrika.com, Hindu news website, September 21, 2017



Another Reason to Head to Boylston:

Money Falls from the Sky It's a mystery wrapped in a \$2 bill.

This has got to be one of the better occasions police have had to head to Boylston Street in recent weeks: Bystanders reported that a bunch of U.S. dollar bills, mostly in the odd \$2 denomination as far as we can tell, began falling from the sky Thursday afternoon. As the money fell, people began scrambling to find it and ... tweeting about it, of course:

WBZ's Carl Stevens says police "followed up" on reports of falling money. ("There's money falling from the sky? We'll be right there. Joe, put on the siren," is probably how that conversation went.) The identity of Boston's Uncle Pennybags remains a mystery. (If it was you, let's be in touch.) Universal Hub and Stevens suggest it came from 745 Boylston, across from Lord and Taylor.

Boston's prolific Twitter personality Michael Ratty reports that the people in the windows were actually looking up at the falling money themselves.

"Still not sure who did it," Ratty says, but adds that it was a nice moment. "To see a few hundred people all at once stop dead in their tracks and look at the sky and smile and take photos was great—especially considering exactly where we were standing."

Indeed, and hey, everyone's been spending the week trying to encourage people to return to the Back Bay, spend some money, and help affected businesses. Maybe some good Samaritan is just giving us a little stimulus cash to get the spending started. Get thee to the Back Bay and this could be you! Just be sure to spend it on a good cause.

Source: [Boston Magazine \(Boston, Massachussettes\), April 25, 2013](#)

[\$2 bills are seldom seen in circulation as a result of banking policies with businesses. It is comparative scarce in circulation.]

RAINING PENCE IN MELBOURNE.

Melbourne June 26.

It is raining pennies (and florins) in North Melbourne. Every evening for two weeks people Glass street have been startled by coins which have landed mysteriously in the street. They range from half pennies to 2/- pieces and arrive in batches of two or three at a time. One man was hit on the head with a 2/- piece as he cleaned his car in the street tonight. John Wade, 12, of Glass Street, said tonight that he and his friends, Martin Crowley, 13. and John Colla, had picked up 2/7 in a few minutes. 'Thls is beaut,' he said. 'I hope it keeps up, but a police man was down tonight having a look round.' The policeman, Constable K. G. Longman, said: 'I answered a call to-night thinking I might find a two-up school. But I never expect to to see **money flying through the air the way it did**. 'Soon after I got there I heard a tinkle and saw a half-penny whizzing along the street. 'The coins were coming over two or three at a time and the kids were having great fun. One had collected about 6/-. 'Someone is apparently tossing the money over a house roof or from the top of one of the factories in the street. 'The thrower is apparently doing it for a joke, but it is a pretty expensive joke.'

Source: [Townsville Daily Bulletin, \(Qld., Australia\), 27 June 1953, page 5](#)

Different newspaper about the same event:

Pennies turn to turn to "silver"

Down rained the coins again in Glass St., North Melbourne, last night - for the third night in succession. And this time **some of the coins were wrapped in silver paper**. At least three children picked up wrapped pennies, halfpennies, or shillings. The coins fell from six o'clock on, at intervals of no more than half an

hour.

Adults watch

Scores of children went after them with torches and matches, while curious adults watched. The coins fell with reasonable accuracy **within 30 yards of each other** on the narrow, drab street. One resident said the coin thrower could be some old man who used to live in the street, "giving the kids some fun." But searching of the low houses and chimneys lining the street revealed no thrower.

Source: [The Argus \(Melbourne, Vic., Australia\), 27 June 1953, Page 3](#)

A RAIN OF MONEY.

Genoa (Italy) has its ghost, with this peculiarity—that people run after it instead of fleeing for their lives. No one has seen the ghost, but its presence is indicated by a rain of money! Every evening, between 6 and 7 o'clock, pennies begin to drop in a certain locality, and from 10 to 11 the rain is of **silver**. Where they come from has not yet been ascertained, and the people of the neighbourhood really believe that it is the work of spirits. This strange happening has brought many strangers to the neighbourhood, not with an idea of making their fortunes, as no single person has yet collected more than from one to two lire in one day, but certainly with an idea of getting "drink money." The only fun-keeper of the neighbourhood gets most of the pennies, for which he gives good red wine, so much so that he has been accused of having invented this novel way of advertising his wares; but his protest that he has no money to throw away is so confirmed by the appearance of his wine-shop that it is generally credited with being the truth. That the spirits, if spirits they are, are bad. is shown by the fact that **among their silver pieces, two of them mere false**, which almost got the person who was unfortunate enough to pick them up into trouble. Can they be a kind of ghastly coiners of contraband money? The police have the matter in their hands. and meanwhile the new kind of rain continues unabated.

Source: [Evening News \(Sydney, NSW, Australia\), 4 November 1905, Page 9](#)

Showers of Money.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed during last month in St. Martin's Place. Trafalgar Square. Just as the theatres were discharging their audiences, showers of coins were scattered by an unknown hand from above. **The coins included silver**, and on one occasion a half-sovereign [this is a gold coin] caused a fierce struggle. The police were in a quandary, for although the coins seem to come from one of the houses adjacent to St. Martin's Church, neither the precise place nor the identity of the amateur Carnegie could be determined, On Friday the traffic was blocked for the best part of half-an-hour whilst hundreds of people — mostly newspaper sellers, out-of-works and street venders — scrambled in the

road for the money, pushing, hustling, swearing, and sometimes fighting. On no occasion had the free distribution lasted longer than half-an-hour, but, coming as it did at the most crowded time of the night, from 11 to 11.30 p.m., the affair threatened to develop into a serious menace to the public.

In the neighbourhood in which the showers fell are a vicarage of St. Martin's, a number of offices, and some flats. It was a visit to the flats that solved the mystery. In the course of an interview the housekeeper explained that the source of the showers was the top floor flat, which is engaged for a month by American friends of the occupant, two goodhearted young fellows, who, seeing the misery of some of the poor beggars in the West End, resolved upon this means of alleviating their sufferings. "But I told them it was quite wrong." added the house keeper, "I told them that they must not do it, as it caused an obstruction, and that they were liable to arrest. There were enormous crowds opposite the railings at the National Gallery again on Friday, but the young men took my advice, and despite the whistling and bowing and scraping and cheering, no money was thrown. The Americans themselves were standing at the window, and raising their hats repeatedly to the crowds.'

Source: [The Maitland Weekly Mercury \(NSW, Australia\), 16 September 1911, page 7](#)

[The explanation does not make sense. When you want to give money to beggars you give it directly to them. Throwing it out of a window, everybody is going to pick it up. Silver and gold coins are very valuable, and is something one would not give to a beggar.]

The story was also mentioned in [Geelong Advertiser \(Victoria, Australia\), 13 September 1911, page 5](#), in which it was said that "pennies, half-pennies and at rare intervals, silver coins, have fallen almost every evening...". It happened after dark, and the police could not find the origin of the money shower.

MYSTERY HOUSE

A RAIN OF PENNIES

Strange happenings in a house in Battersea have so alarmed the occupants that they no longer, stay in it at night (says the London "Daily Chronicle"). **Furniture, they say, has been thrown down, glass doors broken and missiles hurled about from unknown sources.** Crowds of people **daily** gather outside the house waiting for "something to happen."

The occupiers of the house are : Mr. H. Robinson, aged 86; Mr. F. Robinson, his son; Misses L. and K. Robinson, son, and Mrs. A. Perkins, daughters; and Peter Perkins, aged 14, grandson. According to Mr. F. Robinson, there have been thrown into the house enough **coal** to light two fires, sufficient **soda** to fill a pickle jar, several pounds of **potatoes**, about a shilling's worth of **coppers**.

Mr. Robinson, who is a private tutor, said: "On November 20 lumps of coal began to fall on the glass roof of a little conservatory at the back of the house. We

found, too, some potatoes and three pennies. "This continued for two or three days in December. We complained to the police, and a constable was struck on the helmet while in the garden. "On December 19 our washerwoman found the outhouse littered with **hot cinders**; although there was not a fire in the house. A constable came round again, and while he and I were sitting in the kitchen two potatoes were thrown in. On Monday, while my sister and I were standing in the doorway of the front room she exclaimed. 'The hall stand is going.' I saw it swaying forward, and when I tried to hold it back found that I could not do so, and it fell with a crash. "On another occasion I was getting up, rather late, when I heard a **tremendous knocking** at my door. I went outside and saw that a linen basket had been burlled right across the landing. My sister, who was in her room, gave a shriek, and I heard three knocks. My sister shrieked again, and when I got to the room I found a chest of drawers had fallen over. "As we were taking my father downstairs the glass of his door was smashed. My father was taken to the infirmary with a cut on the head caused by a jagged piece of soda. After the experience of Monday we no longer sleep in the place, but go to friends. Before leaving, I lay what furniture I can on the ground so that it cannot be thrown down. "We have lived in the house for 25 years."

Source: [The Telegraph \(Brisbane, Queensland, Australia\), 29 February 1928, page 14](#); [The Kadina and Wallaroo Times \(SA, Australia\), 27 June 1928, front page](#)

Russian Rain

During a violent thunderstorm July 16 collective farmers in a Russian village near Gorky were startled to notice silver coins landing near them. They hustled the coins to archeologists in Moscow and were told this week the coins were **16th century pieces**. The professors theorized that they were part of an undiscovered treasure exposed by erosion and sent flying by the storm. A search is expected to begin soon.

Source: [Reading Eagle \(Reading Pennsylvania\), Aug 11, 1940, page 6](#) [Coins are too heavy to be picked up and fly around in the air. But a vortex/portal might have been active at the site where the coins were exposed, unless it was located at somebody's coin collection]

Another newspaper about the same event:

Silver From Heaven.

In the village of Meshchera, near Gorky, silver rain fell during a thunderstorm. The oval-shaped silver pieces were the size of large fish scales. Farmers brought samples to Moscow, where they were identified as late sixteenth -century coins. A professor expressed the opinion that they were lifted by a cyclone from some nearby ancient remains of dwellings, where the coins had been exposed by erosion.

Source: [The Independent \(Deniliquin, NSW, Australia\), 17 July 1941, Page 5](#)

"Money falls from sky in German town. BERLIN.

A German motorist surprised by euro notes swirling in the air around her car hit the brakes and collected a "substantial amount of money" before turning it over to police, authorities in Worms said on Thursday. A police spokesman in the small western town said the 24-year-old woman saw the money flying through the air in her rear view mirror late on Wednesday. She pulled over and tried to collect all the notes, unsuccessfully. When police went with her to the scene they could not find any more cash. A spokesman at Worms city hall said police were withholding details on the exact sum and location of the find in the hope of learning more about the money's origin."

Source: [Reuters Jul 5, 2007](#)

Mysterious Rain of Money Falls From the Sky in Kuwait City

A large amount of **paper money** fell from the sky over Kuwait City for real recently and so far, no one has come forth with an explanation or to claim it. The rain of cash occurred on the afternoon of February 11. Before the shower of buying power was over, an estimated 2 to 3 million AED (United Arab Emirates dirham) worth between \$544,000 and \$817,000 (US dollars) fell, mostly in 500 AED notes worth about \$136 each. Witnesses say the rain of cash fell for a few minutes, stopping traffic as people ran to pick up the bills. Initial reports had the money raining down in Dubai but the video shows the Burj Jassem shopping mall in Kuwait City. The confusion may have been caused by the currency, since the AED is the currency in Dubai while the Kuwaiti dinar (KWD) is used in Kuwait. Whatever the floating currency was, no explanation has been given for the money shower or how it was counted and no person, bank or rich prince has claimed it.

(Source: [Mysterious Universe](#) website, posted on February 7, 2015)

A Capital Mystery

SACRAMENTO (SMWNS)

When Mat Jameson walked into his back yard Sunday to check on his new dog, he found her rolling in dough - of the spendable variety. Jameson's Fair Oaks lawn was covered in \$20 bills, and his black Labrador, Beauty, was having a ball. 'There was money scattered everywhere,' Jameson said. 'The dog was playing in it, ripping it around. It looked like the money was growing on the lawn, like grass.' Jameson wasn't the only resident to stumble on a really green lawn. Three others in the neighborhood made similar discoveries. It was like pennies from heaven, but to the tune of \$10,000. 'It seems this money fell from the sky,' said Sacramento County sheriffs spokeswoman Sharon Telles. 'It's the most bizarre thing I've heard of in a long time.'

Source: [Lodi News-Sentinel, Lodi, California, Nov. 15, 1995, page 18](#)

Money Falls From Sky

CHICAGO (AP) Nearly \$600 remained unclaimed Tuesday after the money in crisp dollar bills floated over Chicago's business district, Allan Davidson, 37, said he was walking along LaSalle Street near the Northern Trust Bank on Monday when the money began falling. "All of a sudden money was flying down from the sky," he said. Several passers-by who thought the money belonged to Davidson began helping him pick it up. So did police officer George Sullivan, who was directing traffic at a nearby intersection. When Sullivan turned the money in to police, it totaled \$588. Henry Frankel, vice president of banking at Northern Trust, said none of the bank's departments nor any of its depositors reported any money missing.

Source: [San Antonio Express \(San Antonio, Texas\), December 25, 1974, Page 17](#)

2. Unverified Reports

These are newspaper reports I found here and there, but I was not able to find the original newspaper articles.

On 3 December, 1968, the London Daily Mirror reported that people who were shopping at Ramsgate in Kent, England, saw coins falling on the pavement. The woman who witnessed the event, Jean Clements, stated to the paper, "Between 40 to 50 of them came down in short bursts for about 15 minutes. You couldn't see them falling. All you heard was the sound of them hitting the ground". No tall buildings, and no airplanes were above the area. (from [The Missing Link by Andre Steven Madrid](#))

In 1957, thousands of 1000 franc notes fell onto Bourges, France, and in 1975 hundreds of one dollar bills totaling \$588 rained on Chicago, Illinois. Over \$7000 once fell on McClellan Highway in East Boston, Massachusetts.

In 1976, two clergymen watched as 2,000 marks worth of fluttered down from a clear sky in Limburg, West Germany. (reported in The Bath and West Evening Chronicle, 6 January 1976)

There was a local sky above Italy when twice in the course of a week banknotes rained down from the heavens and were blown about by high winds. At least £8000 fell in Mantova, and an estimated £5000 worth of lira fluttered down upon the streets of Frosinone, near Rome. The police remained baffled as to where the money came from. (Sunday Telegraph, 16 Jan 2000)

Pennies and half-pennies fell around children leaving school in Hanham, a suburb of Bristol, England one day in 1956.

Thousands of 1,000 Franc Notes rained down on Bourges, France, in April 15, 1957. No one claimed the notes or reported any loss.

3. The case where money disappeared:

BULLIED BY GHOSTS!

MAN'S TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES

From India, the land of inexplicable mysteries, comes the strange story of a retired official who is being bullied by ghosts. Poltergeists, or 'noisy ghosts' are often reported to be active in, various parts, of the Indian sub continent, but the terrifying experience of a former Deputy Collector in Tellicherry seem worthy of special mention. The hobgoblins-or whatever the invisible forces, may be- which, have selected his house for their hair raising demonstrations give the bewildered ex official no peace. This is the sort of thing he has to put up with: One day his pillow catches fire -for no apparent reason whatever- is burnt; and the mattress on which it lies is not even scorched. The new pillow disappears and is found at the bottom of a well. Crockery smashes itself to smithereens all over the house. **Large stones whizz through the rooms.** The key of his cash box vanishes, A new key made specially to replace it is itself mysteriously replaced by the old one -and later the new key is found, locked up inside the cash box. A rich Moplah landlord who also lives in Tellicherry was recently obliged to flee from his house, owing to the unwelcome attentions of supposed poltergeists. All kinds of household utensils disappeared -even when carefully watched- and then the landlord's money and even his spectacles evaporated into thin air. Finally, as a last indignity, dirt was thrown by some unseen hand into his food. The victim surrendered- He abandoned his large and newly built home to the hobgoblins.-
Reuter.

Source: [Northern Territory Times \(Darwin, NT, Australia\), 16 October 1931, front page](#)



6.3 Rain or Water Out of Nowhere

There has been several known cases where water appeared out of nowhere, from faint drops, to rain, to streams of water, both outside in the fields (with totally clear skies) and inside houses. As these cases are not as spectacular as stone showers, journalists or investigators are not inclined to travel to the location and investigate the phenomenon.

In my opinion, the mystery of the appearance of this water is based on the same phenomenon as with stone showers. The complexity of local electromagnetic and other fields cause water at another location to dematerialize and then materializes it at the location where people are seeing it appear out of thin air, or apparently from ceilings and walls. In other words, teleportation of water.

Content of this chapter:

[1. Newspapers Reports](#)

[2. Other Sources](#)

[3. Addendum](#)

1. Newspapers Reports

The following happened near Crosshill, Welleship township, Toronto, Canada:

Remarkable Phenomena - The Windows of a farmer's dwelling - Repeatedly shattered to pieces - And the inmates drenched with Water

Wellesley, Sept. 6--A very extraordinary story having gained currency in this section of the country that Mr. George Manser, a very respectable and well-to-do farmer residing near the village of Crosshill, in the township of Wellesley, had with his family been driven out of his dwelling by the mysterious breaking of his windows and showering down of water in dry weather, your correspondent took occasion to-day to visit the place and interview Mr. Manser and his family in regard to the report in circulation. On approaching the house he noticed the windows, six in number, closed up with boards, which still further excited his curiosity and gave reason to believe that there must be some ground for the report.

The house I found to be a large one-and-a-half story hewed log building, rather old but in a very good state of repair, situated a short distance from the highway on the most elevated part of the farm. On stating the object of my visit Mr. Manser very kindly showed me through the building and gave me the following facts:

About a month or six weeks ago the glass in the windows began to break, several

panes bursting out at a time. These were replaced with new ones only to meet the same fate. A careful examination was then made to ascertain the cause. It was at first supposed that the house being old and getting a little out of shape might affect the windows, but the sash was found to be quite easy and even loose in the frames. Then the family are surprised and put to flight with a shower of water, saturating their beds, their clothing, in fact everything in the house, whilst the sun is shining beautifully in the horizon, and outside all is calm and serene. Nothing daunted, Mr. Manser repairs to the village store and obtains a fresh supply of glass, and even tries the experiment of using some new sash, and utterly failing to discover the mysterious cause of either the breaking of the glass or the sudden showers of water, all taking place in broad day light. His neighbours are called in, and whilst they are endeavouring to solve the mystery, a half dozen or more panes of glass would suddenly burst, making a report similar to that of a pistol shot. Mr. Manser states that he inserted more than one hundred new lights of glass and then gave it up, and boarded up the windows, first taking out the sash and setting them aside, but on account of the continued bursts of water, they were compelled to remove all their beds, some to the wood-shed and others to the barn, leaving only those things in the house that are not so liable to be damaged by the showering process to which he has been so repeatedly subjected. He has commenced the erection of a new dwelling, hoping thereby to escape those remarkable tricks of nature, or whatever it may be, which seem to continue their operations to the old house. If these strange occurrences had taken place at night, one might suspect that Mr. Manser was the victim of some mischievous people, but occurring in the daytime in the presence of the family and other witnesses, and in fine weather, it seems very difficult of solution. Various theories have been put forward, but none of them seem sufficient to account for the double phenomena of the sudden showers of water under a good roof in fine weather, and the oft-repeated bursting out of the windows. Perhaps you or some of your scientific readers can crack the nut.

Source: [Toronto Globe Toronto, Canada\), Sept. 9, 1880](#)

It is reported that In Chesterfield county, in the northeastern part of the State, it has been raining for ten or twelve days out of a cloudless sky. Something of this character has been observed here. This morning at 5 o' clock the sidewalks were wet and the gutter pipes attached to the roofs were running water just as though a heavy rain was falling. Not a single cloud was to be seen in the skies at any time during the night. It may be mentioned, too, that there has been no rainfall here in nearly two months, which is somewhat remarkable. as the months of September and October are usually considered the rainy season here.

Source: [The Sun \(New York, N.Y.\), 24 Oct. 1886, front page](#)

A WEEPING TREE.

Strange Phenomenon Near the Town of Guthrie. Oklahoma Territory. Guthrie (O.

T.), October 23.-The people of Stillwater are greatly mystified over a remarkable natural phenomenon near that town. In the field of Robert Copper, south of that place, stands a large cottonwood tree, its branches leaning out over the bed of a little creek. A few weeks ago a party of picnickers stopped under the tree and were startled by finding there was **a continual shower of water** falling from its leaves and branches. It is in the shape of a fine mist or drizzle, but it can be plainly felt and seen at all times. Although it has not rained in that part of the Territory for weeks, the fall of water from this tree has kept up continually, and crowds of people come from a distance every day to view it. Those scientifically inclined speculate, theorize and give it up. The superstitious ones shake their heads ominously, but the tree keeps right on sending down its shower, and whenever the sun is shining a beautiful rainbow can be seen under its branches.

Source: [The Record-Union, October 24, 1892, Sacramento, California \(front page\)](#)

RHINEBECK, N.Y., Oct. 16.--A phenomenon was noticed by many persons in a portion of Rhinebeck on Friday afternoon. The sky was **perfectly clear and the sun shining brightly**, when, suddenly a shower of rain began to fall, which lasted several minutes. Many people witnessed the unusual occurrence, and they say that the sky remained perfectly clear and the sun shone brightly during the shower.

Source: [The New York Times, October 17, 1886](#)

There is a spot near Dawson, Ga., where rain continuously falls out of a clear sky. This has been going on ever since the great earthquake of August 31. The theory is that at this place the crust of the earth is very thin and the temperature of the air is modified by the temperature of the vacuum beneath, thus producing rain. Hundreds of people have visited the spot and testified to the dampness of the drops that fall...

Source: [Evening Star \(Washington, D.C.\), 20 Nov. 1886, page 3](#)

MYSTERIOUS RAIN PUZZLES DUBLIN, GA.

(By International News Service) Dublin, Ga. Oct. 15 - A mysterious rain which falls daily on a certain spot in this city, whether it is cloudy or fair, cold or hot, has been going on until it has awakened the curiosity of the people in the neighborhood and started much talk. On the sidewalk of Columbia street between Franklin and Washington streets there is a spot near a tree where the rain can be seen falling in a light shower **from about 11 a. m. to midafternoon**. It is not a hard rain but can be plainly seen and felt. Residents in the street say it has been going on this way for two years or more, and so far no explanation of it has been found.

Source: [The Bridgeport Times and Evening Farmer \(Bridgeport, Connecticut.\), 15](#)

Mysterious Rain

Glasgow Ky. Sept. 24 - Much comment has been occasioned throughout this section by a mystifying rain which fell in Warren county a few days since. The rain which is termed "a soaking rain" fell on the farms of James Young, W. D. Duncan, J. C. Read and Barker Duncan, and, it is claimed, thoroughly soaked the ground for something like a half mile square, and aside from these four farms not a drop of rain fell in that or adjoining counties. The peculiar feature in connection is the fact that Warren county along with the rest of the State is experiencing one of the most severe droughts in many years and why or how this rain fell on only four farm in the middle of the drought ridden district is simply unexplainable The occurrence has created almost as much comment and interest as did the rain at Glasgow Junction a year ago when the rain fell in one certain place for a week without a sign of a cloud and which was given almost a national publicity.

Source: [The Hartford Herald \(Hartford, Kentucky\), 30 Sept. 1908, front page](#)

What appeared to be a most wonderful phenomenon was daily witnessed during the whole of last week in the back yard of the Presbyterian parson age at this place. Beginning about 5 o'clock p. m. of each day rain, apparently, fell continuously for about three-quarters of an hour in one spot, about sixty feet in diameter, while else where not a drop of rain could be be served and the weather perfectly fair. Water unquestionably fell in the form of rain. Several doubting Thomases stretched forth their hands and caught the drops as they fell, and were convinced. There were no trees overhead. For a long while investigation into the phenomenon failed to discover anything that could suggest a rational explanation of the mystery or show any natural causes of which the senses could take any notice. Dr. Edmunds, who resides on the premises, has at last found what he believes is the source of the "water supply." On a fruit tree not far off from the spot where the water falls is a number of little insects that throw out jots of water from their tails. They evidently get the water by sucking the sap of the tree. When the water is thus emitted it forms into drops, and falls in the manner of rain from vapor. This solution of the Sumter mystery satisfactorily explains the phenomenon of the raining trees in Barnwell, Columbia and Cheraw in 1886, the year of the earthquake, and by some people superstitiously connected with that disturbance. The insect is described as a brilliantly variegated butterfly about twice the size of a common housefly. - *Sumter Watch man*.

Source: [The Manning Times \(Manning, Clarendon County, South Carolina\), 16 Oct. 1889, page 6](#)

[Charles Fort, in his books, mentions that the water ejecting insects was the

going explanation for mysterious rains at that time by the 'learned men' or scientists]

Another Mysterious Rain

A correspondent writing to the Times from Slick Rock says: "Another example of rain falling in one particular spot and that when the sky was perfectly clear has been witnessed in the Slick Rock country. A few days ago Mrs. J. H. Chism was surprised to notice quite a shower of rain falling In front of her kitchen door and not a sign of a cloud visible though the rain was sufficient to have wet a man in his shirt sleeves. When her husband came in at noon Mrs. Chism called his attention to the fact. Unwilling to believe anything supernatural was causing this phenomena they set about to discover the nature and cause of it. They observed that rain was falling just beneath a very rank grape vine and upon examining the grape vine found it infested with a vast number of little striped bugs about the size but hardly the shape of lightning bugs from which this rain was continually falling. Since then quite a number of their neighbors have witnessed it and all are willing to testify to the above facts. It Is thought this little bug draws the sap from the grape vine and this is what forms the rain. "Now they would like to know if the Glasgow Junction rain which so puzzled the people of that place a few months ago could have been explained in this natural way". Glasgow Times

Source: [The Hartford Republican \(Hartford, Kentucky\), 19 June 1908, page 2](#)

The following is a recent article that appeared in a local news paper (the event started at July 5, 1975): The Crescent-News, Wednesday, July 9, 1975, Defiance, Ohio:

Mystery Puddles Plague Ayersville Family

By Pam Bigford, C-N Staff Writer

THE MYSTERIOUS APPEARING water threatens to ruin many of the Frederick's belongings, and Mrs. Clyde Frederick and daughter Julie are kept busy seeking new appearances of the moisture and wiping it up. Crescent-News photo. While rain In Spain may fall mainly on the plain, all the precipitation in Ayersville seems to be falling In the Clyde Frederick house. In? Yes, inside their house. It may be incorrect, however, to refer to the moisture in the Fredrick house as rain since It doesn't really fall. **It just appears.** Everywhere. All the time. "It comes In spells," Mrs. Ann Frederick said, with an ever-present towel in her hand. "We might not see any for a couple of hours and then **it will look like there's been a shower in the house.**" The water gives no warning; it makes no sound when it appears. But turn around and there's a puddle on the TV. Or on the shelves. Or in a drawer or in the coal bucket. It's a strange phenomenon, and one that none of the plumbers, Water works employees or insurance men who have visited the house have been able to explain. Even the National Weather Bureau admitted It has never heard of a case like the one in Ayersville. The eerie saga began

Saturday night when Ann and Clyde Frederick and their children, Julie and Danny, left their home at 9 p.m. to pay a short visit to a friend's house. When they returned at 10 p.m., the kitchen floor was full of water. Puddles have been relentlessly appearing ever since. "It's hard to catch it forming, which only makes it more mysterious," Mrs. Frederick said. It happens when you're not looking at a certain place. We only saw it form once--we could see the carpet get wet in a ring. "It makes you nervous," she said. "It's worse because no one can tell us what's causing it." It really is spooky," said Harold Root, office manager of the Defiance City Water Department, who visited the Fredericks Monday. "I don't know why it's happening, but it has to have something to do with condensation," he said. "It shows up on flat surfaces, which is characteristic of condensation, but it really has appeared in large amounts." Root saw the water appear with his own eyes. "I saw a few drops of water on the carpet, and then a circle about the size of a half-dollar appeared. I thought it was coming up through the floor, but we lifted up the rug, and the pad underneath was completely dry." Root is checking out a few of his own theories on how the water appears, but the fact that the walls and ceiling of the house are dry has destroyed most of his ideas, he said. The National Weather Bureau in Columbus agreed that the problem must be an unusual form of condensation, but admitted, when the circumstances were described to them over the phone by the Crescent-News, that it had never heard of anything like it before. Neighbors helping mop up water and move belongings around kiddingly compare it to the strange occurrence in "The Exorcist" film which played in Defiance only two weeks ago. Right now they are kidding. But the story admittedly smacks of the "Twilight Zone." In fact, one would be inclined to think it was all an elaborate hoax if the Frederick house was not in such obvious disarray and the family and friend's so worried. "Disarray is perhaps not a strong enough word. The house has been turned upside-down in an effort to locate the ever-appearing water before it soaks in and ruins things. Sheets of clear plastic cover the sofa, chairs, and piano in the living room, as well as the TV and similar furniture in the family room. Pictures have been removed from the walls. All the drawers in the kitchen and bedrooms are pulled out or have been removed. "We pour water out of the drawers and wring it out of the clothes inside," Mrs. Frederick said. The living room drapes lay in the garage, where water has yet to form, drying out after the Fredericks discovered water running down them Monday morning. Many items that are easily water-damaged have been moved to the garage or the attic, another place which has remained bone-dry. Hopefully it will remain so. But no water had appeared in the closet under the stairs until Monday. Meanwhile, the house is dotted with piles of damp towels, sheets and clothes, "anything we could soak up water with," Mrs. Frederick said. "Sunday night we had 12 washer loads full of towels and sheets," she said. Neighbors have been a big help. They and relatives have been lending moral support and helping mop up since the weekend. They have also provided extra towels as well as dehumidifiers and fans which Mr. Frederick hopes will help alleviate the problem. "We have three dehumidifiers going now and are expecting a fourth from a neighbor," he said. "We also have four fans. I don't know whether it's helping or not since water is still appearing. But we have to do something." The house,

however, feels no more humid to the average person than any other house on a 90-degree summer day. Something has to be done soon, everyone says. No serious damage has been done yet, if the felt keys on the piano dry out. But the Fredericks have paid the price of getting up every hour during the night to look for water and wipe up any that appears. Their insurance firm, Bacherman of Napoleon, has indicated that it won't pay off on any damage caused by the water, Frederick said. "If it was vandalism or a water pipe broke; it would be covered, they said, but this won't," Frederick lamented. "They said that they don't know what's causing it and we can't prove where it's coming from, so the claim isn't good." The Piano is drying out, and they hope the wooden drawers and cupboards will do the same. The TV picture is blurry now, but Frederick isn't sure if that is due to the water, or if it is merely a coincidence. News about the mysteriously appearing water is spreading fast. Weatherman Earl Finkle of WOWO radio station in Fort Wayne, Ind. has contacted the Fredericks about it, and Mrs. Frederick said Finkle had been contacted for information concerning the phenomenon by the Chicago Weather Bureau. Maybe the experts will be able to explain why the Fredericks have water on their record albums. And on the headboards in the bedrooms. And in the fireplace. In the meantime, the Fredericks, their friends, and their relatives will keep mopping up.

[There were three follow-up articles, July 10 and July 11. The July 10 article stated that the phenomenon was continuing, and the July 11 article said that "The water stopped for a 24 hour period beginning Tuesday and raised everyone's hopes it had stopped for good, but then relentlessly began again as frequently as before." The July 14 article stated that the phenomenon had stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

Source: <http://www.reocities.com/area51/aurora/2677/ayersville.html> (with b/w pictures); and <http://www.oocities.org/zoomar1/ayersville.html>

News article in the Herald-Journal (Spartanburg, South-Carolina), September 11, 1993, page 48. [same typical characteristics are with stone showers: loud popping sounds as from a gun, the repeating burst, and a beginning and an end to the phenomenon] :

Was family's home haunted by a water demon?

AMERICAN MYSTERIES

E. Randall Floyd

It began one rainy night in October 1963, just when the Francis Martin family of Methuen, Mass., had settled down for a quiet evening of TV. A few minutes into the program they noticed a small damp patch forming on the den wall between two bookshelves. The spot grew quickly from the size of a nickel to that of a large dinner plate "That's odd." Francis Martin remembered telling his wife as he got up to investigate the curious spot. His first thought was that a pipe had frozen and burst. But that didn't seem possible since it was only early October. Nor did a

drain backup seem likely either, since he'd had the system cleaned out only a few weeks before. What could the strange spot be, he wondered as he ran his fingers across the sticky surface of the wall. His wife and children joined him, and soon they were oohing and aahing over their mysterious discovery. Then came **a loud popping sound** -- "like a small caliber pistol being discharged." A split second later **a spout of water burst from the wail**, soaking them all wet. "It pretty well drenched us," Martin told a reporter. "The water was freezing cold -- the coldest water I've ever felt." A few seconds later the gushing spray of cold water stopped. After cleaning up the mess, Martin promised his wife he would phone the plumber first thing in the morning. The next day, however, **another spot appeared on a different wall**. Soon a fountain of water was pouring in, forcing the family to rearrange furniture to keep it from getting soaked. As before, the mysterious stream of icy water lasted about 20 seconds before suddenly stopping. After **several days of popping sounds** and mysterious fountains of water -- usually occurring **every 15 minutes at various places** -- the Martin's house was so much awash that they moved into the home of Mr. Martin's mother-in-law in Lawrence, not far from Methuen. Unfortunately, the water gremlin **pursued them to Lawrence**, and in a short time five rooms in the mother-in-law's place were drenched too. "Water was everywhere," Martin recalled. "The walls, carpets, furniture, everything was soaked." The deputy fire chief was asked to investigate and the house was checked for leaky pipes; there were none. At least one official a deputy named Mains - was present when a jet of water suddenly burst through a plaster wall and shot two feet into the room. He also heard the curious popping sound. "It was like a nightmare," Martin told the press. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think some kind of water demon was after us." Rather than inflict their problems on his mother-in-law any longer, Francis Martin loaded up his wife and kids and moved back to their Methuen home. This time the water supply was turned off at the main and the pipes were drained. Their first night back home nothing happened. Then, next morning, another wall exploded in a shower of ice-cold water. Then another, and another. In the days that followed, damp spots would appear on several walls simultaneously. Then as suddenly as the spots had appeared, the walls would erupt with streams of water at the same time, none of them lasting longer than 20 seconds. Once again the house became unlivable, and once again the Martins returned to Lawrence. But, just like before the "water demons" followed them, eventually forcing them to return home. "It was as if whatever was causing the problem was ordering us back home," Martin noted. "It wouldn't tolerate us leaving our home" In time the watery assaults on the Martin family **gradually came to an end**. A few more spots appeared, but no more leaks or showers shot forth from the walls. To their dismay, the Martins never did discover the source of their "watery haunting." How -- or why - gallons of water would suddenly jet from the dry plaster walls of their house would remain a mystery. Equally perplexing was the gradual cessation of the phenomena. "Moisture buildup" was the official explanation. To this day, however, no official has been able to explain how moisture buildup can result in showers of icy water gushing forth for 20 seconds. One psychic investigator theorized the bizarre activity was the work of a poltergeist -- a kind of troublesome ghost that

takes delight in wreaking havoc in the lives of mortals. "This particular poltergeist probably favored working with water." the investigator noted dryly. "A true water demon "

Source: [Herald-Journal, Spartanburg, South Carolina, Sep 11, 1993, page 48](#)

2. Other Sources

The following I translated from the original French report in [Comptes rendus de l'Académie des Sciences, volume 14, January-June 1842, page 663-664](#): (*I kept the translation as close to the original as possible, and thus does not read fluent in English*). *The original French report is at the end of this page.*

Note on the rain observed by a completely clear sky; Mr. Bodson to Noirfontaine. "On April 21, at about two-thirty in the evening, with a perfectly serene sky, I was on the gate of the enclosure, to the left of the a Flanders road, alone and away from any dwelling . I felt several times on the face and hands, the impression of some very fine drops of water, but that **seemed thrown with force**. I only made that first little attention, but having then crossed the road and being approached by a group of soldiers who were raising an embankment, I still felt the same sensation, and saw very distinctly raindrops on my hands. I expressed my surprise when the sergeant and several others told me that **it had rained like this for several hours**. The drops that fell were neither big enough nor sufficiently abundant to be noticed on the ground. I watched the sky carefully, and do not see **any trace of clouds or vapor**. The wind blew with strong enough north-northeast; the temperature, which had been low until then, began to go up. The following days it became indeed considerably high, and the wind turned south from the east. The next day, the 22th, finding myself at about the same point and at the same time, I felt **once again** the same effect. The sky was less clear than the day before. I noticed high in the upper part of the sky white clouds, very small, underdeveloped, with uncertain contours and very distant from each other; but their position in relation to the wind direction, and the height that they seemed to be, were such that it is not likely that the few drops of water that I received might come from them.

Rain From a Cloudless Sky.

The following is from the "Charlotte Chronicle" of October 21, 1886, published in Charlotte, North Carolina: "Citizens in the southern portion of the city have witnessed for weeks or more a very strange phenomenon and it is to the effect that **every afternoon at 2 o'clock** there is a rainfall in a particular spot, which lasts for half an hour. Between two trees at the hour named there falls a gentle rain **while the sun is shining**, and this has been witnessed every day during the past weeks by the people in the neighborhood. "

The Signal Service observer at Charlotte made the following statement in regard to the phenomenon:

"An unusual phenomenon was witnessed on the 21st: having been informed that,

for some weeks prior to date, rain had been falling daily, after 3 P.M., on a particular spot, near two trees, corner of 9th and D streets, I visited the place, and saw precipitation in the form of rain drops at 4:47 and 4:55 P.M., while the sun was shining brightly. On the 22nd, I again visited the place, and from 4:05 to 4:25 P.M., a light shower of rain fell from a cloudless sky... . Sometimes the precipitation falls over an area of half an acre, but always appears to center at these two trees, and when lightest occurs there only."

Source: [Monthly Weather Review, Volume 14, Issue 10 \(October 1886\), page 287](#)

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When searching the internet I came across several posts made by ordinary people on bulletin boards and the like who had this phenomenon happenings inside their houses and were at a loss for an explanation:

I'm actually writing on behalf of a very very very good friend of mine... She just moved into her new flat... But strange things 'been happening.. but only in her room... There's been puddles of water appearing out of absolutely Nowhere... two common spots: both near her bed... The amount of water that appeared can actually fill up 1/4 of a glass.... There's also been vague sights of some long hair girls whenever she shower... Initially she laughed herself off... not wanting to think too much bought such things... But because it's been really giving her the freaks and pissing her off... So.. I wanted to try posting somewhere to see if anyone can enlighten me with some kinda explanation... PS: My friend's kinda obsessive bout cleaniness/tidiness... so she seldom... unless there's been visitors to her room... or else she would refrain from bringing water to the room... and... Her parents are devoted buddhists.... So there's always a buddha statue in her living room... not in her room though... [my own note: the ghost appearance is not unusual at places where energy vortexes are, as are other so-called paranormal phenomena that happen at these sites.]

source: http://forums.sgclub.com/singapore/new_house_puddles_103582.html

I apologise if this has been posted in the wrong section, but I'm completely baffled by an unexplainable experience, and I have no knowledge of the supernatural or paranormal, but I thought this forum may be able to assist me. Yesterday evening, my mother and I were sitting in the lounge room - she was using the laptop, and I was reading a magazine when we heard a long trickle of water - also, at this same time a mobile phone and a switched off appliance made a noise. We looked to each other in puzzlement, and then searched for the source of the trickling noise. On the coffee table, in front of us, was a large puddle of water the size of an A4 sheet of paper. We immediately looked to the roof, assuming there had been a leak - but there was no leak, no wet patch; it was dry as a bone - there was absolutely nothing. And the puddle did not splatter, like it should have from falling at that height, and yet there was a trickling noise preceding it. There were no drinks on the table, and we do not have an air-

conditioning unit. Notably, the water also tasted very sweet and radiated a pleasant smell. The water, quite literally, appeared from no-where. I was wondering if this kind of phenomena has a particular name, or if anyone has had any experience or ideas as to what caused this? Also, I'm not sure if it's relevant - but two days ago we had to put down our beloved dog that we kept for fourteen years. The dog was very special, as I grew up with her, and I'm currently carrying a lot of guilt about the way the vet handled her and that I didn't properly say goodbye. Any help would be greatly appreciated - as a science undergraduate, this has completely rocked my world. [my own note: here again, we have another phenomenon happening alongside the water drip: electromagnetic interference with appliances]

Source: [Unexplained Mysteries](#)

I have mysterious areas of water appearing in my carpet in my home. They are about 6 inches in area. If you were to draw a line thru the house where the spots occur, it would be almost a straight line. The plumber has been to the house; he looked under the house and says there are no water pipes in the area where the spots occur, and thus cannot blame it on leaking pipes. He also said the flooring underneath the house was not wet. There is no water standing under the house either. He has no idea what could be causing this. Do you have an answer as to what could cause it, and what sort of service business could be called to eliminate it, since it is apparently not a plumbing problem?

Source: [Google Answers](#)

While on the computer one night, about half a gallon of water fell onto the staircase next to me. It wasn't raining outside and I have no plumbing upstairs, so to make it short, it came from no source I could find. I wouldn't of believed it if I didn't see it with my own eyes. It sounded like rain on my steps, lasting about 5 or 6 seconds. Can anyone explain this? Has anyone experienced this and can share it with me? My wife and I are still perplexed by this, and it's been 3 years since it happened. We had a local investigation team stay the night a few days later. They claimed to hear water falling, but couldn't find it. A minister said it was a spiritual message, and he said it meant good things, but we live a normal life with normal strife and happenings, so I'm not sure about that. I do believe it was spiritual, but in what capacity? What did it mean? I have never talked to anyone that has had the same experience, so I am open to anyone who may have witnessed the same thing. Oh, also, a couple months before this event, my custom lighter I thought I lost at work was on the floor in front of me when I got home that night. I know I had it at work, because I used it until I thought I lost it, so... another enigma. But the water thing I saw, so I must know what it was. [my own note: once again, another mysterious happening alongside]

Source: <http://www.psychic-experiences.com/real-psychic-story.php?story=367>

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Water Drops from Nowhere

I'll start by saying that I have been in my current house for a few months past a year, and since then I have experienced this incident a handful of times (more than 5 but less than 10). It doesn't matter what time of day or what season it is, nor does it matter what part of the house I'm in. At first, I thought I was the only one experiencing it, but as of now, it has happened to 3 out of 4 members of my house.

Randomly, one of us will have a single drop of water fall on us from somewhere above our heads. The first time it happened, I was at the dining table doing work at my PC. It was a single drop of water that landed on the top of my leg. I thought it was odd but I ignored it for the most part.

It happened again a couple of months later, this time in the bedroom while I was vacuuming. This time I was wondering how the hell it happened. Keep in mind, this house does not have skylights or high windows.

I actually got a chair and felt around the ceiling where the water had to have come from. Nothing, dry and somewhat dusty.

It happened several more times, and finally, my son was playing in his room and came to tell me some water dropped on him from the ceiling. I went into his room, and since he couldn't pinpoint where exactly he was sitting on his bed, I checked every part of the ceiling that would be overhead. Again, nothing. This incident took place in late spring, opening up to one of our very dry summers.

My son and I would talk about it and my wife thought we were nuts, until a week ago when she had it happen on the living room couch. Now all but my daughter have had water drop on them from somewhere in the ceiling.

Since this has been happening for over a year, I have gone through a lot of possibilities in my mind.

We do not get much rain at all.

One of our dogs didn't shake off after getting a drink and splash us.

Our ceiling has been inspected within the last year, and there are no signs of leaks that haven't been 100% repaired (there was only one spot, and that part was redone and confirmed leak-free).

The ceiling in these areas is never wet, never discolored, and it's never more than a single drop of water.

The water drop is visible on our skins or clothes after it falls so it isn't a sensory problem.

I have no idea where this weird ass water is coming from.

It's not humid in my house. As I've said, our weather is pretty dry.

Source: [Reddit](#)

It was a bright sunny hot day last summer. Not a cloud in the sky and very bright. So I pull in to this gas station around 2pm. I exit the car and on my way walking to the front door and it down pours on me. No clouds and it was a foot in diameter just around me. Everyone that witnessed it looked absolutely horrified. No clouds just blue sky I made sure of that. Maybe it's just an omen saying I'm

going to hell but hopefully not.

Source: [Reddit](#)

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The Rochdale Poltergeist

Rochdale is a town about 10 miles northeast of the city of Manchester in England. In 1995 there were strange phenomena typical for what is considered a poltergeist, but it is actually primarily a case of mysterious appearance of water in the form of drips, rains and gushes. It also had phenomena that also show up with stone showers, like the repeated showers, suddenly stopping and starting elsewhere. Strange smells. Objects moving around, or disappearing and appearing. Although they try to connect the observed smells and the hearing of a voice with a dead relative, these are probably energy impressions in the local aetheric field that they are picking up. Energies of people are often imprinted into objects but also in places like homes. Psychics can read these energies and thus obtain information. When an earth's energetic field is particularly intense at a house, even ordinary people can pick up on information that is stored in these houses.

Manchester Anomalous Phenomena Investigation Team decided to investigate the case. The following is an extract from their [Mapit](#) website pertaining to what they encountered.

For about a year the Garner family had to deal with repeated outpourings of water inside their house, soaking beds, carpet and furniture. Workmen and housing officers inspected the building and could not find a cause for the appearance of water.

"Sometimes the water breaks out in the form of huge droplets covering large areas of the ceilings and will disappear as quickly as it comes" Vera said. The water would also appear as heavy rain, apparently through the ceiling, but nothing was found that could explain it.

Mr. Gardner explained: " It started about ten months ago when we noticed a damp patch on the wall in the back bedroom, which started to leak. We got the council in and they searched all through the loft but could not find anything leaking. We left it to see how it went and at first it stopped. Then we had what we thought was condensation on the ceiling. It started at one place, then it shot right across the ceiling from corner to corner and even seemed to curve around the ceiling light. It would happen in the bedroom and then stop, only to start in the kitchen. I rang the council again, and two men went in our loft while an electrician dismantled the ceiling lights whilst I was sat underneath an umbrella in the kitchen, that's how bad it was. The whole kitchen was wet through as if it were raining. The council men had no idea what was causing it and in the heat of

desperation they decided to fit a fan in the kitchen window.....Some good that did.

It finally stopped in the kitchen and started in Jeans front bedroom. It stayed there for four to five months. It happened every day and was causing a lot of upset in the home. When we decided to move Jeans bedroom to another room, it followed as if it knew. The council workmen came again and brought some detectors. They were looking for condensation. Of course, all prefabs will have some condensation, especially during the hot weather, but this was ridiculous.....

Then all of a sudden it stopped for about a week. We thought the ordeal was over. We moved the furniture back and lay the carpets again, and within ten minutes it was back with a vengeance. We daren't put the stuff back down. Apart from the water, I was sitting here one night when the handle on the hall door turned and **the door opened on its own**. I was expecting someone to be there but we all knew there was no-one as we were all sat in the living room watching TV. Last Friday night we had decided to send Jean and her daughter to stay at a friends house as they were finding it difficult to sleep at night. Myself and Vera were the only ones in the house. We lay in bed and could both clearly hear someone coughing from the corner of the room. Even though a little scared I did thoroughly check the house and found nothing unusual. **We've also smelt tobacco smoke in our bedroom and the smell of liquorice as if it was a flavoured cigarette paper.**

Last night the **hairdryer flew off the drawers** and hit my grad-daughters friend on the back of the head. It seems to be more concentrated around Jean and her daughter when they're here. The council first said it was a mystery, then said it was condensation, and when they accused us of throwing buckets of water on the ceiling, it was the last straw. We turned to the newspapers in hope of getting it sorted out. The family has lived here for 13 years and we didn't really want to move out but what else can we do? The council official suggested we shouldn't cook, shower or bathe due to our condensation problem. How are we to live under such circumstances ? Alison was found crying yesterday. She said she had felt a cold presence over her whilst lying on her bed and now its started banging things around at night and keeps us awake. **We have even seen things fly off the wall for no reason and things that go missing and turn up in the oddest of places some days later when your not looking for it."**

...the most unusual thing was that we heard a radio working and when we went in to the front room, it turned itself off. When we checked it, **we found hat it wasn't even plugged in. Strange buzzing sound** can sometimes be heard at night yet we are always unable to locate the origin.

When the mapit team stayed for an overnight vigil, they also encountered strange phenomena. You can read about their experience [on their website](#).


Eventually the Gardner family moved out because of the extreme stress they had to endure. The new family that moved into the bungalow were Asian and did not report any unusual experiences. However **the Gardner's on the other hand went through similar experiences for two months in their new home.** After which it suddenly ceased and never returned. Just as with stone showers,

the energy fields sometimes locks onto a person, and when the person moves the fields stays with that person, until it suddenly disconnects and moves on.

3. Addendum

The French text of Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences, volume 14, January-June 1842, page 663-664:

Note sur de la pluie observée par un ciel complètement serein; par M. Bodson de Noirfontaine. « Le 21 avril, vers deux heures et demie du soir, par un ciel parfaitement serein, je me trouvais sur le glacis de l'enceinte, à la gauche de la route de Flandre, seul et loin de toute habitation. Je ressentis à plusieurs reprises, sur le visage et sur les mains, l'impression de quelques gouttes d'eau très-fines, mais qui paraissaient lancées avec force. » Je n'y fis d'abord que peu d'attention, mais ayant ensuite traversé la route et m'étant approché d'un atelier de sapeurs occupés à élever un talus, j'éprouvai encore la même sensation, et vis très-distinctement des gouttes de pluie sur mes mains. J'en témoignai ma surprise, lorsque le sergent et plusieurs sapeurs me dirent qu'il pleuvait ainsi depuis plusieurs heures. » Les gouttes qui tombaient n'étaient ni assez grosses ni assez abondantes pour pouvoir être remarquées sur le sol. » J'observai le ciel avec attention, et n'y vis pas la moindre trace de nuages ni de vapeurs. Le vent soufflait avec assez de force du nord-nord-est; la température, qui avait été basse jusque là, commençait à s'adoucir. Les jours suivants elle s'est en effet considérablement élevée, et le vent a tourné au sud par l'est. » Le lendemain 22, me trouvant à peu près au même point et à la même heure, j'éprouvai encore une fois le même effet. Le ciel était moins pur que la veille. On remarquait bien à sa partie supérieure quelques nuages blancs, très-petits, à peine formés, à contours incertains et très-éloignés les uns des autres; mais leur position, relativement à la direction du vent, et la hauteur à laquelle ils paraissaient se trouver, étaient telles qu'il n'est nullement probable que les rares gouttes d'eau que j'ai reçues pussent en provenir. »



6.4 Other Substances

Sometimes there are anomalous showers, or materializations of substances other than the well-known stone showers or mysterious water pourings or rain. The dynamics is nevertheless the same as with these showers.

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[2. Other Liquids](#)

1. Other Objects

Rain of Marbles

Now, I'm going to tell on myself a little here — you're not supposed to ever ask a lady her age, but if you are smart, you can figure out about how old I am. This was back in the day when children, school kids, still played with marbles — it was a grand deal at the time — so now you know that I'm simply ancient! Mind you, back then we didn't have a lot of entertainment — television was years away, a radio was a large appliance in your living room, and most kids around where we lived didn't have a lot of toys. Marbles kind of made up for that. A rousing game of marbles was considered a fun time by one and all. Every child in my school had a collection of marbles, and every day on the playground at school, you could find several games in motion. Your marbles were your pride and joy, and you knew every one in your collection. I told you all that to tell you this—I was out in the woods near our farm in Gallatin, Tennessee, where I grew up. It was a sunny, clear day in the early summer — there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I was walking along, picking berries from wild bushes that grew down by the creek on the back side of our property. It wasn't anything for us kids to play miles away from the house back then — there wasn't much real danger out in the country, at least not like there is these days. As I was walking along, putting berries in a tin lard bucket I had brought along for the purpose, I felt something hit me on the shoulder. I swatted my hand at the air, at first thinking it might be a bee — there were bumblebees around in the summer, and they were capable of stinging the fire out of you! I didn't see any bee, but what I did see on the ground, just as proud as a rooster, was a shiny blue marble. I gleefully picked up the marble and pocketed it in my dress. A fine addition to my personal collection. Plus, 'finders keepers, losers weepers,' as we used to say! While smiling smugly at the thought of my new treasure, I heard a muffled sound as something struck the ground beside me... It was another marble! All different kinds, from a clear, blue sky. One initially pinged me in the head, I thought it was a rock or maybe a hailstone, but on closer inspection it turned out to be a glass marble and was rather warm to

the touch. They continued to fall for about the next hour, sporadically. There was no cover that anyone could have hid behind to launch the projectiles, and furthermore, they appeared to be falling straight down, whereas they would have fallen along an arc or angle if fired from the ground. (from *Strange Things in the Woods*, by Steve Stockton)

Practical Ghosts

A case is reported from Brownsville, Texas, the explanation of which implies that some ghosts are not only of a practical turn of mind, but also philanthropic. The ghost of commerce, so to speak, has lost credit on account on his persistent unpracticality. On revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon, he appears to have no more definite object than the terrifying people who do not know him, when he was alive, and who have no ambition to make his spectral acquaintance. As to the ghost of the spiritual séance, he notoriously confines himself to most exasperating platitudes. But at Point Isabel there is a lighthouse, which has been abolished, and recently the house of the late light keeper has suffered mysterious bombardments - with shingle nails, of all things in the world - alternated with oyster shells and brickbata. All attempts to ascertain the source of this bombardments having failed completely, the supernatural has been fallen back upon, and a very picturesque little story is brought forward to account for the mysterious occurrences.

It is the seafaring residents of the Point who are responsible for the theory, which is as follows: The ancient mariners say that during the war the aforesaid light was put out by a light keeper who was in league with a gang of wreckers, and that some vessel was thus misled and wrecked, and the crew all drowned. Now it is supposed the be the spirits of the drowned sailors that have been manifesting through the purely mundane medium of shingle nails, oyster shells and brickbata, their disapproval of the abolition of the beacon, whose former extinction caused their untimely demise. There is, it must be admitted, a certain straightforward intelligibility about this hypothesis, which speaks volumes for the estimation in which the Point Isabel mariners hold the good sense of their deceases comrades. No doubt it would have been still more to the purpose if the spooks had bombarded the premises of the Lighthouse Board which ordered the Point Isabel light to be discontinued, but then it will not do to expect to much from the ghosts of simple sailormen, who after all, if the theory is correct, have found the way to express their sentiment plainly enough.

Source: [New-York Tribune. \(New York, N.Y.\), 07 Nov. 1888, page 4](#)

[The Point (Port) Isabel Lighthouse, built in 1852, was used temporarily by Civil War soldiers from both sides as a look-out post. Its light was extinguished in 1905 and the land was purchased by a private owner and was eventually preserved as a historic site. It is also considered a haunted site.]

The story above is written in a skeptical and humorous tone. One might easily dismiss it, but it was also features in *the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, Oct. 16, 1888: " -- dispatch from Brownsville, Texas -- that, on the night of the 12th, the lighthouse, at Point Isabel, occupied by Mrs. Schreiber, widow of the keeper, who

had departed not long before, had been struck by a rain of nails. The next night, about dark, [58/59] came another shower of nails. More variety -- also down pelted clods of earth and oyster shells. Bombardments continued. People gathered and saw showers, mostly of nails, but could not find out where they were coming from. " (from Charles Fort book *Lo*, page 57).

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The Battersea Poltergeist

1. Newspaper report:

MYSTERY HOUSE

A RAIN OF PENNIES

Strange happenings in a house in Battersea have so alarmed the occupants that they no longer, stay in it at night (says the London "Daily Chronicle"). **Furniture, they say, has been thrown down, glass doors broken and missiles hurled about from unknown sources.** Crowds of people **daily** gather outside the house waiting for "something to happen."

The occupiers of the house are : Mr. H. Robinson, aged 86; Mr. F. Robinson, his son; Misses L. and K. Robinson, son, and Mrs. A. Perkins, daughters; and Peter Perkins, aged 14, grandson. According to Mr. F. Robinson, there have been thrown into the house enough **coal** to light two fires, sufficient **soda** to fill a pickle jar, several pounds of **potatoes**, about a shilling's worth of **coppers**.

Mr. Robinson, who is a private tutor, said: "On November 20 lumps of coal began to fall on the glass roof of a little conservatory at the back of the house. We found, too, some potatoes and three pennies. "This continued for two or three days in December. We complained to the police, and a constable was struck on the helmet while in the garden. "On December 19 our washerwoman found the outhouse littered with **hot cinders**; although there was not a fire in the house. A constable came round again, and while he and I were sitting in the kitchen two potatoes were thrown in. On Monday, while my sister and I were standing in the doorway of the front room she exclaimed. 'The hall stand is going.' I saw it swaying forward, and when I tried to hold it back found that I could not do so, and it fell with a crash. "On another occasion I was getting up, rather late, when I heard a **tremendous knocking** at my door. I went outside and saw that a linen basket had been burlled right across the landing. My sister, who was in her room, gave a shriek, and I heard three knocks. My sister shrieked again, and when I got to the room I found a chest of drawers had fallen over. "As we were taking my father downstairs the glass of his door was smashed. My father was taken to the infirmary with a cut on the head caused by a jagged piece of soda. After the experience of Monday we no longer sleep in the place, but go to friends. Before leaving, I lay what furniture I can on the ground so that it cannot be thrown down. "We have lived in the house for 25 years."

Source: [The Telegraph \(Brisbane, Queensland, Australia\), 29 February 1928, page 14](#); [The Kadina and Wallaroo Times \(SA, Australia\), 27 June 1928, front page](#)

2. Investigation Report by Jane Cunningham:

The above event was also investigated by Jane Cunningham, a London freelance journalist writer. Valentine Dyall wrote an article about her investigation in the magazine, that appeared in the magazine *The World's News* (Sydney, NSW, Australia), 21 March 1953:

(The house was on 8 Eland Road, Battersea, London; and the events began on November 29, 1927)

The house where the furniture danced

BY VALENTINE DYALL, FROM LONDON

A suburban fatality endured astonishing persecution, but it drove them from their home.

JANE CUNNINGHAM, a London, freelance journalist, hurried down the street, her raincoat collar turned up against the bitter January wind.

She was within sight of her home when she heard a loud crash and a cry of fright. It sounded like a car accident. She wheeled around-but the street was deserted.

She stood still, listening intently, looking up and down the rows of terraced houses. Just as she was about to turn away a nearby door flew open and a young man in shirt sleeves ran out. He stood in the middle of the road, looking up and down the hill. Then he turned and ran back into the house.

Less than 30 seconds later Jane was on the doorstep, notebook in hand. The young man eyed her impassively as she introduced herself, then without a word led her through a long, narrow hall to the back of the house.

Standing at the back door, Jane looked out on what might have been the scene of a violent explosion. The conservatory - a lean-to building running the length of the back wall - was smashed in a dozen places. The small back garden was littered with broken glass, stones, lumps of coal, pieces of soda and pennies!

In the downstairs rooms she was shown smashed ornaments, splintered furniture and a number of tiny slips of white paper. Her urgent questions brought from the grim-faced young man-Frederick Robinson-a story so strange, so baffling, that for the second time that evening she wondered if she were dreaming.

Half an hour later Jane was telephoning the first news story of the many that were to focus world attention on Number 8, Eland Rd., London's "Mystery House."

These reports were to bring the country's foremost expert on psychical research to the scene, and culminate in the Robinson family's removal to a more peaceful abode.

A natural explanation to the riddle of the Battersea disturbances has yet to be found: it remains unsolved, except in terms of the supernatural. This, despite a mass of well-documented evidence from a large number of wholly reliable witnesses.

The tenant of the house was Frederick's father, Henry Robinson, an 86-year-old invalid. He had been living there happily for 25 years until the end of 1927, when the weird occurrences began.

Besides Frederick-a tutor, aged 27- the family consisted of three daughters and one grandson.

Lillah and Kate were both unmarried and employed as school teachers. The third daughter, Mrs. George Perkins, was a widow who looked after most of the household affairs. The youngest occupant was her 14-year-old son, Peter.

On November 29, 1927, the peace of the house was broken by lumps of coal, pieces of soda and copper coins which rained on the conservatory roof. All the objects were small, but **some were propelled with such force that they smashed through the glass.**

The family were so alarmed that they called the police. A blank faced constable stood in the back garden with Frederick Robinson, scratching his chin, watching the panes break-but quite unable to trace the line of flight of a single missile.

The constable's confusion was increased when a lump of coal appeared out of nowhere and deftly knocked his helmet over his eyes. With an indignant growl he pushed it back on his head, ran to the garden wall, pulled himself up and surveyed the surrounding area. No one was in sight-and still the bombardment continued!

From then on police had orders to keep a special day-and-night watch on Number 8, Eland Rd.

On December 19 the Robinsons' washerwoman, who had served them for many years, gave notice that she was leaving. In a state of terror she showed her employers a heap of red hot cinders in the outhouse. There was no fire near.

About a week later the household had its worst hour to date-**loud bangings** in every room, **window panes breaking, ornaments falling from their places.**

Robinson senior, helpless in bed in an upstairs room, began to call out in fear as **furniture fell over** and **various articles dashed themselves to pieces on the walls.** Frederick went up to quieten him; as he entered, the **windows caved in with a noise like a bursting shell.**

Anxious to move the old man downstairs, the son went to the front door and asked assistance from a passerby-a Mr. Bradbury.

Together they carried Robinson senior from the bedroom; as they passed out of the door the heaviest piece of furniture, a **large chest of drawers, toppled over and fell flat on the floor.**

A few minutes later, on the ground floor, another massive piece of furniture "came

to life." Describing it Frederick said: "My sister called to me. I saw the **hallstand swaying**. . . He rushed across the hall and got hold of it, . . but **some strange power seemed to tear it from my hands** and it fell against the stairs. It broke in two parts."

The Good Samaritan, Bradbury, told, police later that Lillah Robin son was "too afraid to stay in the house any longer, but was also too afraid to go up to her room and pack her clothing!"

When at last silence returned, the family held a conference. Robinson senior was suffering from shock, and it was decided to send him to hospital. He was borne out of his home on a stretcher a few hours later never to see it again, for he died in an old people's ward.

After the sensational headlines of January 15, when colorful accounts of all these happenings were flashed across the world, Eland Rd. was be sieged for days on end by reporters, cameramen and foreign correspondents.

One morning a middle-aged man shouldered his way through the swarm of pressmen, knocked on the door of Number 8, and handed in his calling card. He was the late Harry Price, prolific author on psychical phenomena, leading expert for the Society for Psychical Research, meticulous investigator - and deadly enemy of the fake medium, the fraud and the charlatan.

Frederick Robinson spent the next three hours recounting every strange incident that had happened under his roof, and showing his visitor the shambles which had resulted.

Price's report of that first inspection tells of pebbles, coal, potatoes, pennies and pieces of soda littering the conservatory and the garden.

Windows were broken "**with small holes** as if stones had been fired at them." The glass panel of the interior door was shattered and the wooden panels of another splintered.

From the garden, Price noted **that the windows of two adjoining houses were also smashed.**

Standing on the back wall he pointed to a building about 80 yards away and asked, "Is that a private house?" He was told that the place was a small, "private asylum" and most of the patients were shell shocked veterans of the 1914-18 war.

An enterprising representative of the Evening News persuaded Frederick Robinson to let him accompany the celebrated investigator on the rest of his inspection. They were in the kitchen when Kate Robinson heard a dull thud. In the passage which connected the kitchen to the scullery they found an 8in-long metal ferrocerrium gaslighter with a wooden handle.

"Undoubtedly," Price wrote later, "it had been projected from behind us and had, apparently, struck the wall in its flight. We immediately went back through the scullery and into the kitchen, but no one was visible."

On a Friday morning soon afterward Price made another visit to the house. But this time nothing unusual occurred.

Shortly before midday Price was attending to other business in the city when the editor of the Evening News telephoned with startling news.

Young Robinson had been removed by the authorities for observation in a mental ward. But the events of that weekend disproved the police idea that Frederick was responsible; the phenomena not only continued-they grew more violent than ever.

On Monday morning Price returned to Eland Rd. and found Mrs. Perkins in a state of near-collapse. In strangled tones she told him how, on the Saturday, "chairs marched down the hall in single file."

Three times she had tried to lay the table for Sunday dinner, but , each time the chairs leapt up on to the table, scattering the crockery.

On the Sunday an attache case had "taken off" from a chair, circled the sitting-room once, then dived to the floor; an umbrella sprang from its corner in the hall and "flew" through the house to the kitchen; a cruet crashed to the ground from the centre of the kitchen table; and when finally the dining-room table was set, it slowly turned on its side, scattering food and dishes all over the carpet.

Price was particularly interested in one detail: both women swore that **when they picked up articles which had been mysteriously displaced, they seemed unaccountably heavy**. There had been in the back of the investigator's mind from the start the thought that the Robinsons' experience might turn out to be a classic case of persecution by a poltergeist.

The word is German in origin and literally means "noisy ghost." In his long career Price had investigated hundreds of mysteries in which malevolent, unseen agencies were said to have produced pandemonium; were apparently incredibly destructive and impossible to expel.

A common feature in such cases, he knew, was that displaced articles appeared to acquire extra weight.

The events of that weekend had completely unnerved young Peter Perkins. In the past the boy had been inclined to treat every incident as a great novelty, vastly entertaining-so much so that many press men had hinted that he might be a brilliant practical joker, organising the entire affair! But now the lad's face was white and drawn, and he was obviously afraid to sit down.

Fearing for his health, his mother sent him off to stay with relatives in the country. Price, remembering the theory that a sensitive adolescent is the ideal "focus" for a poltergeist's manifestations, thought it possible that the disturbances might stop with Peter's departure: but far from it.

A day or two later Mrs. Perkins and her sister Kate were talking with the investigator and a reporter named Grice in the kitchen, when there was a loud thump in the corner.

The door leading to the scullery was closed, but under a chair near it Price found a pair of women's shoes. Inside one shoe was a small bronze ornament of a cherub which the women immediately identified **as an item missing for several days** from the mantel of the sitting-room.

The sisters were now being driven to utter distraction. Both men were away, lying in hospital-the father dying, the son under grave suspicion. Lillah, too, had gone, ill and terrified. And now young Peter had broken under the strain.

On the advice of the police, the sisters closed up the house and spent a few days with friends on the other side of London. They returned on Wednesday, January 25, at 3 pm - accompanied by Harry Price, Mr. P. G. H. Salisbury of the Daily Express and a famous woman medium who insisted on remaining anonymous.

Immediately she entered the house the medium began to complain of **extreme cold**; and although a fire was soon roaring in the kitchen, she continued to shiver.

"This place makes me feel miserable," she said repeatedly, hunched over the glowing coals.

The investigator and the news papermen began the most thorough inspection yet made. Taking a room at a time, they minutely examined every article of furniture and each ornament, carefully noting their positions.

While they were in the last of the upstairs bedrooms, the reporter thought he heard a faint thud: they hurried out and found a large cake of yellow soap in the main passage which divided the upper floor. Both knew it had not been there 90 seconds before.

In the kitchen they found the two women still sitting by the fire. They declared they had not moved. Shown the soap, Mrs. Perkins at once exclaimed, "That's from the scullery!"

That evening Frederick Robinson came home - angry and justifiably bitter at his detention. He had been certified completely sane.

Price had been anxious to ask him about the small slices of white paper, which according to some of the Press reports had been found in the house and garden. But the young man declined to answer any more questions: his one idea was to arrange for the family to move out the house as soon as possible. And within a few days they were gone.

The newspapers clamored for Price's verdict. Had a ghastly vandal wrecked the Robinsons' home, or was it a case of trickery?

Price made a guarded statement. He believed the ex-servicemen patients of the private asylum behind Number 8 could have been responsible for some of the damage: They could have catapulted missiles to the conservatory and through back windows. But that would not account for the smashed furniture, the overturning tables, the fall of pictures and many other incidents inside the house.

"I consider that the evidence for the abnormality of the occurrences is much stronger than that for the theory that the Robinsons were wholly responsible,"

Price further declared.

And so the mystery remained unanswered. But the last chapter in the macabre tale was not added until 13 years later.

On March 14, 1941, the publication *Two Worlds* carried Frederick Robinson's own account of events in the "house of mystery." For the first time he broke silence on an aspect of the "manifestations" which had intrigued the theorists.

The slips of paper, he claimed, had fluttered down "out" of nowhere -apparently materialising in thin air. And some of them, held up to the light, revealed writing-"as if done with a pin. . .

One of these "phantom messages" read, "I am having a bad time here. I cannot rest. I was born during the reign of William the Conqueror." and it was signed, "Tom Blood."

Other messages were signed by "Jessie Blood"; some were threatening, some pathetic.

"I was an actual witness of these happenings nearly a hundred times," Robinson declared. But even this gave no hint of a rational solution.

So the mystery of the jumping furniture and other strange happenings at 8 Eland Rd. remains a mystery which may never be solved. ..

Source: article *The house where the furniture danced* in the magazine [The World's News \(Sydney, NSW, Australia\), 21 March 1953](#)

3. Harry Price's Account:

from his book *Poltergeist over England*, Chapter XX, The Battersea Poltergeist, pages 229 to 239:

The focus of the manifestations was centred in a small villa in Eland Road, Lavender Hill, Battersea, a bustling working-class district of London with no attractions, one would have thought, for a Poltergeist.

This villa was inhabited by Mr. Henry Robinson, an invalid of 86, who had lived there twenty-five years, and who was removed to the infirmary at the request of the family when the disturbances commenced. With Mr. Robinson senior, lived his twenty-seven-year-old son Frederick, and his three daughters: Miss Lillah Robinson, Miss Kate Robinson, and Mrs. George Perkins, a widow, who had a fourteen-year-old son, Peter. The Misses Robinson were school teachers and their brother was a tutor.

The house in Eland Road is of a type of which tens of thousands can be found scattered all round the Metropolis. It has two floors and a small garden at front and rear. It is the typical abode of the London artisan. From the garden can be seen the back windows of some premises then occupied by a medical practitioner who kept a private asylum or mental home. I was told that men suffering from shell-shock were his principal patients. From the doctor's windows to the back of

the 'mystery house', as the Press dubbed it, is about eighty yards. It would be possible for a person standing at the windows of the private asylum to propel, by means of a catapult, small objects such as coins, pieces of coal, etc. with sufficient force to break the windows of the houses in Eland Road.

It was just before Christmas that, from a private source, I first heard of the strange happenings in Eland Road; but I attached no importance to the report, which differed little from many others that I receive. I heard nothing further until the week commencing January 15, 1928, when reports of alleged extraordinary happenings began to appear in the Press. I decided I would investigate.

On Thursday, January 19, at 9.30 a.m., I paid my first visit. I thought I was fairly early on the scene but a garrulous female free-lance journalist - who opened the door - had arrived there earlier and tried to bluff me into abandoning my investigation. Not being easily bluffed, I successfully negotiated the outer defenses of the 'mystery house' and entered the building. I found the family at breakfast, and my first impression was distinctly favourable as regards the family and the improbability that the inmates of the house were responsible for the destruction of their own home. For I at once saw that someone or something had caused considerable damage to the Robinson *ménage*. Broken windows, smashed furniture, and the *débris* of ornaments were much in evidence. After a few minutes' chat I withdrew and promised to call again.

On my return to the National Laboratory I found a message from the news editor of the London *Evening News* asking if I would allow a reporter of that paper to accompany me to the house. I consented and at three o'clock the same afternoon a car was sent for me, and for the second time that day I found myself in Eland Road - this time with a Press representative. Miss Kate Robinson and Mr. Fred Robinson were the only members of the family who were in the house on this occasion, and from them we obtained the complete story of the disturbances.

'Except for Percy,' said Mr. Robinson, 'we lived in the house for twenty-five years, happily and peacefully. Then on November 29, lumps of coal, pieces of soda and pennies began to fall on the conservatory - a lean-to building at the back of the house.

'It stopped for a few days. It began again early in December. It struck me as being extremely curious at the time that, although the pieces of coal were very small, they broke the glass.

'Things became so serious that I decided to call the police. I had no other idea except that some person was throwing things over the garden wall.

'A constable came along, and together we stood in the back garden and kept watch. Pieces of coal and pennies crashed on to the conservatory roof, but we could not trace their flight. One lump of coal hit the constable's helmet. He ran to the garden wall, but there was nobody there.

'On December 19 our washerwoman said she would not work any longer in the house. She came to me in a state of terror and pointed to a heap of red-hot cinders in the outhouse. There was no fire near. How could they have got there?

'Again I called a constable, and we decided to watch in the kitchen. Two potatoes were hurled in while we were sitting there.

'It was on Monday that the climax came - at nine o'clock in the morning - and for an hour the family was terror-stricken. There were loud bangings in all parts of the house. My sister ran to tell the magistrate. The window panel in my father's bedroom was smashed, and as he was in such a state of fear I decided to remove him from the house. I called a man from the street, and together we carried him from the room. Just as we were taking him out a heavy chest of drawers crashed to the floor in his bedroom.

'Previously, my sister had seen the hall stand swaying and had called me. I caught it before it fell, but some strange power seemed to tear it from my hands, and it fell against the stairs, breaking in two parts.'

Mr. Bradbury, the man who was called in to help move the old gentleman, confirmed Mr. Fred. Robinson's account. He said:

'Mr. Robinson called me to his house, and when I arrived there at about ten o'clock there were a fishmonger and a greengrocer discussing with him what had happened. I saw several women in the house and they appeared to be very frightened. Mr. Robinson took me up to a bedroom, where he said his father had been sleeping, and showed us an overturned chest of drawers.

'One of the women said that she was afraid to stop in the house, and that she was also afraid to go into her room to pack up her clothing. We went with her into her room, and she told us that she had been awakened by loud bangings on the door, and the crashing of glass. We stayed there until she had packed her bag and then returned to the back bedroom, where Mr. Robinson showed us pennies and coal on the conservatory roof.

'The four of us - all men - were watching these, when suddenly from another bedroom came a great crash and downstairs we heard a woman scream. We ran to the room and there we saw a chest of drawers lying on the floor. It was all very strange, and Mr. Robinson then took us to the kitchen and showed us the damage done there.'

After we had heard the history of the disturbances from their commencement, the Press representative and myself made a tour of the house and carefully inspected the damage, which was considerable. Several of the windows were broken, some with small holes in them as if stones had been fired at them. Some of the panes of glass of the conservatory roof were also shattered, and, lying on the roof, were pebbles, pennies, lumps of coal, potatoes, pieces of soda, etc., which had been thrown there. A door inside the house had also one of its glass panels broken. In the back bedroom we found the panels of the door shattered; a heavy chest of drawers was splintered as if from a fall; and the remains of several smashed ornaments were scattered about. In the hall we saw a smashed hat-stand in two pieces and we viewed the remains of two broken bedroom doors, a tea tray with one of its sides ripped off, and a number of pictures that had fallen to the ground. In the small garden were strewn lumps of soda, coal, etc., and Mr.

Robinson pointed out two windows of neighbouring houses which had received the unwelcome attention of the alleged *Geist*: both had small holes in them as if caused by stones shot from a catapult.

After our tour of inspection we returned to the kitchen where the four of us - Miss Kate Robinson, Mr. Fred Robinson, Mr. Grice, the *Evening News* representative, and myself - stood chatting. We were the sole occupants of the house. Mr. Grice and I were just about to leave when some hard object fell with a resounding thwack in the passage at the back of us.

The kitchen is connected with the scullery by a short passage. The scullery leads directly to the garden by a door which we had just closed.

Upon the fall of the object we four at once proceeded into the passage and found that a metal ferro-cerium gas-lighter, with a wooden handle, overall length about eight inches, was lying mid-way between the kitchen and scullery. Undoubtedly it had been projected from behind us and had, apparently, struck the wall in its flight. We immediately went back through the scullery and into the garden but no one was visible.

Miss Robinson told us that the gas-lighter - weight about two ounces - was always kept on the gas stove in the scullery. Certainly no one was in the scullery, garden, or passage when the lighter was thrown or fell. I say 'fell' because it is just possible that it may have been placed on the top of the open door that separates the kitchen from the passage. But experiment proved that a considerable push on the door was needed to displace the lighter, which, however, might have been so balanced that a touch would bring it down. But the Robinsons declared that the lighter was on the gas stove when we first visited the scullery. I did not see it there myself; neither did the *Evening News* representative. It was a curious incident and made an excellent stop-press paragraph for the evening papers!

The *Evening News* representative and I again visited Eland Road the next morning (Friday) and were told that a number of phenomena had been witnessed since our previous visit. Pieces of coal, pennies, lumps of soda and stones had been thrown about and one more window had been smashed. We stayed about an hour but witnessed nothing unusual.

I arrived back at the National Laboratory about 11.30 and half an hour later was rung up by the editor of the *Evening News*, who told me that the authorities had removed young Robinson for observation as to his mental state. I was astounded at this fresh development. I had had an hour's conversation with Mr. Fred Robinson on the previous day and had found him quite normal and very intelligent. It is alleged that the police formed a theory that Mr. Robinson, junior, was responsible for the manifestations and had decided to examine him at St. John's Hospital, Battersea.

I again visited the house on Monday afternoon (Jan. 23) and had a long interview with Mrs. Perkins, the widowed sister. Mr. Grice of the *Evening News* again accompanied me to Eland Road, and again went over the house with me.

The fact that Mr. Frederick Robinson was not now in the house made no difference to the alleged phenomena. Mrs. Perkins told us that during the week-end the manifestations had been both violent and varied. Besides the usual arrival of pieces of coal, etc., there had been 'great activity amongst the furniture'. Chairs, of their own volition, 'had marched down the hall in single file' and three times Mrs. Perkins attempted to lay the table for Saturday's dinner. On each occasion the chairs had piled themselves up on the table, making it impossible for the woman to proceed with the preparation of the meal. At the third attempt, she went out into the road and asked a police officer who was on duty there to enter the house and examine the 'phenomena' for himself. The stolid London policeman naturally accused Mrs. Perkins of piling up the furniture herself. A London policeman knows little about Poltergeists! (See the drawing from *Punch*, page 3.)

Mrs. Perkins's sister, Miss Robinson, stated that after her brother had left the house an *attaché case* 'flew' from a kitchen chair to the floor; an umbrella sprang from the stand in the hall to the kitchen floor; a cruet crashed to the ground; and the table fell over after it had been prepared for dinner.

She continued: 'We were so frightened that we went outside. Through the kitchen window we saw all the kitchen chairs fall over. We went upstairs and found stones on the roof. An extraordinary part about it is that the furniture seemed *heavy* to pick up again'. (It is often alleged that objects displaced by Poltergeists acquire extra weight - H.P.)

Three persons appear to have witness the alleged spontaneous movement of the furniture, viz. Mrs. Perkins, Miss Robinson, and Peter Perkins, the fourteen-years-old boy who was so frightened - it was stated - that he could hardly be induced to sit on a chair in case it should move. He was afterwards sent to his country to recuperate.

After we had heard the story of what had happened during the weekend, we made another examination of the house. It appeared to be in much the same state as when we left it on the previous Friday. We then returned to the kitchen and the four of us (Mrs. Perkins, Miss Robinson, Mr. Grice and myself) stood chatting in the kitchen when suddenly there was a sound as if a heavy object had fallen behind us, in the kitchen, but near the passage leading to the scullery, *the door of which was shut*. To me the noise sounded like the fall of a heavy boot or brush and I at once began to look for such an article: so did the *Evening News* representative. In a minute or so I saw something dark under a chair in the corner and putting my hand on it I found it was a pair of lady's black shoes. Actually I put my hand on a hard object which was in the right shoe and brought it to light. It was a small bronze ornament in the form of a cherub, weighing about four ounces.

The cries of astonishment - real or simulated - with which the ladies greeted my 'find' were renewed when it was discovered that the ornament was missing from the mantelpiece of the front sitting-room, where, I was informed, it had reposed (together with its fellow cherub) for twenty-five years. We were assured that

these cherubim and *never* been removed from the front room. I continued my search of the kitchen but could discover nothing else which could have fallen. If the bronze ornament really came from the next room it must have made two right-angled turns and travelled over our heads. It is conceivable that the ornament may have been thrown by one of the women, but I was within a few inches of both Mrs. Perkins and her sister and saw no suspicious movement on the part of either. Mr. Grice also declares that he saw nothing that could account for the flight of the ornament, which was quite cold when I picked it out of the show; if it had been held in the hand, it would, of course, have retained some of the heat.

We searched the house once more but satisfied ourselves that we were the only occupants. Mr. Grice and I arranged to spend the next night in the house. The next day I was informed that the Eland Road house had been shut up, so that I gave up the idea of staying all night. The strange occurrences were driving the family to distraction. With both of its male members away, one daughter ill, and the little boy dispatched to the country, the two remaining sisters determined to quit the house of evil associations. The crowds, too, were frightening them. During the week-end mounted police were necessary in order to keep back the gaping mob which all day and night stood in the road and gazed, open-mouthed, at nothing more thrilling than a couple of broken panes of glass. On the Saturday evening the Battersea hooligans threatened to break into the house if they were not permitted to 'investigate' the phenomena for themselves. As I was leaving on Monday a burly ruffian with a Russian accent accosted me and asked if he could 'mind the place' for me. He would have looked - and felt - much more at home in a *vodka* bar at Minsk. I declined his services - without thanks.

During the early part of the week Miss Robinson and her sister decided to return to the house. On the Tuesday the news editor of the *Daily Express* asked me if I would make the experiment of taking a medium to the house in order to see if she could get any 'impressions'; I consented.

The psychic was a Miss X., the daughter of a well-known London professional man and, of course, an amateur. The *Daily Express* representative was Mr. F.G.H. Salusbury, a gentleman with whom I was already acquainted. We visited Eland Road on Wednesday afternoon, January 25, arriving at the house about three o'clock. Mrs. Perkins was there - the only member of the Robinson family who entered the place that afternoon.

We took Miss X. to every room in the house in order to discover if she received any impression. She at once declared that the place made her feel 'miserable'. This was not particularly illuminating, as many suburban houses have the same effect upon me. But in the kitchen Miss X. declared she felt 'chilly'. There was a good fire burning in the room - in fact, the kitchen was the only apartment which was heated. Neither Mr. Salusbury nor I felt cold in this room; on the contrary, we felt much warmer. But Miss X. continued to get colder and positively shivered. Her respiration slowed down, and her hands were distinctly cold. We left her sitting by the fire watching Mrs. Perkins do her household duties. We

then continued our search of the house, carefully closing the kitchen door behind us.

We again examined the upper rooms of the house, inspecting and examining minutely every article of furniture, ornaments, etc., and noting their exact position. Hardly had we reached the top floor when Mr. Salusbury thought he heard something fall down below. I heard nothing myself, but we visited the lower rooms and could find nothing that had moved. The kitchen door was still closed. In reply to our query we were informed that the ladies in the kitchen had heard nothing. We returned to the upper story after again closing the kitchen door.

The rooms on the top floor of the Eland Road house are divided by a passage which runs from the back to the front of the building. During our inspection of these rooms we must have traversed this narrow and well-lighted passage at least six or seven times. Neither of us noticed anything on the floor of the passage. At this juncture we were in the front room when we both heard an object fall in some part of the house. We immediately turned to go once more to the lower part of the building and simultaneously saw in the passage, with the light falling full on it, a piece of common yellow soap as used for washing clothes. It was lying right in our path, about six feet from the door of the room we had just entered. We both declared that it was utterly impossible for us to have passed that soap without seeing it; to do so seven times without noticing it or treading on it would have been a miracle. Curiously enough, we did not hear it fall - if it did fall.

Without touching the soap, we made our way downstairs to the kitchen, the door of which was still closed. Both Mrs. Perkins and Miss X. declared that neither had moved during our tour of inspection; the door of the kitchen had not been opened and no one could have entered the house except by the front door (which opened only on the inside) or through the garden, scullery and kitchen.

Mrs. Perkins accompanied us to the top floor again and examined the soap, which she said belonged to the scullery. She could not account for its appearance on the top floor. The ladies also had heard something fall in the house, but we all agreed that it did not sound at all like a piece of soap falling. We then carefully examined the soap, which showed no signs of having had a blow or of falling heavily. Miss X. was still cold and shivering, though she had just come from a warm kitchen. We stayed in the house for another half-hour, but nothing further happened.

Mr. Frederick Robinson returned home a few days after the incident of the soap and I have heard of no phenomena there since. As I surmised, Mr. Robinson was found to be perfectly normal, and it was preposterous that he should have been compelled to leave his home. The Battersea 'mystery house' affair died a natural death and so another 'Poltergeist case' ended in a very unsatisfactory and inconclusive manner. The elder Mr. Robinson died in the infirmary. The Robinsons vacated the house.

It is obvious that the occurrences which I have described were either genuine phenomena, or were due to some mischievous person or persons with a very

powerful motive for disturbing the peace of the locality.

My own first impression was that the ex-soldiers at the mental home had discovered that the Eland Road house was an excellent target for their missiles. The angle at which portions of the house were struck originated this theory in my mind. There had also been 'friction' between the Robinsons and the inmates of the mental home. But no normal exterior force could have smashed crockery and broken the furniture inside the house. I was then faced with the alternative of suspecting the Robinson family of deliberately destroying the home that had sheltered them for twenty-five years, or attributing the phenomena to a paranormal origin.

I at once acquitted the boy, Peter, of having any guilty knowledge of the disturbances, assuming they were caused normally. In the first place, he was absent when many of the phenomena occurred; secondly, he had not the physical strength to inflict the damage which some of the furniture sustained. And with a house full of people any suspicious action on his part would have been noticed instantly. And on the one occasion when I saw him, he looked thoroughly scared. Though phenomena of the so-called Poltergeist type are often associated with adolescents I am not certain that in the case under review there was any connection between the boy and the manifestations.

More than one visitor to the 'mystery house' has suggested to me that the disturbances were deliberately planned by some of the members of the Eland Road family in order to frighten Robinson *père* out of the house - for what reason is not stated. But that theory will not stand analysis. Though the most violent of the alleged phenomena occurred when Mr. Robinson, senior, was in residence, the manifestations were afterwards so numerous and disturbing that, as we have seen, Mr. Robinson, junior, was suspected of originating them and was subjected to considerable annoyance and personal discomfort after his father had *left* the house. And no family would deliberately smash up their home for the purpose of driving out one of their number, especially when that member is the head of the family and the responsible tenant. And it was *after* Mr. Robinson senior's departure that the remainder of the family were subjected to the distracting attention of the public, police and Press.

The incidents of the gas-tighter, the cherub and the soap are still puzzling me. On the three occasions when I witnessed the movements of the objects I could never be *quite* certain that a normal explanation could not be found for the supposed phenomena.

It must be admitted that the problem presents some very unusual features. The removal of the two members of the household, and the suggestion that the early disturbances were caused by the inmates of the sanatorium at the rear of the house, mark the Battersea mystery as being decidedly out of the ordinary run of such cases. I feel convinced, though I have no evidence, that the disturbances were started originally by some of the soldiers who were receiving treatment at the private mental home. That the worry and anxiety caused by these disturbances may have reacted on some of the Robinson family seems obvious.

Whether this reaction was a normal or extranormal one is, in the absence of further evidence, a matter for speculation. But I consider that the evidence for the abnormality of the occurrences is much stronger than that for the theory that the Robinson family were wholly responsible for the trouble.

In 1941, Mr. Frederick Robinson himself gave the world an account of what happened in Eland Road. What I was not aware of at the time is what he calls the 'most wonderful piece of psychic phenomena anyone could observe, i.e. the dropping of small white slips of paper on the stairs, and about the rooms. This, by the way, never appeared in the Press for some unknown reason. Held up to the light these slips revealed writing as if done with a pin - the messages were sometimes threatening, and sometimes more sober in character. I recall one night after an unusually loud series of rappings seeing a message on a slip of paper come down from nowhere to fall on my bed. Upon elucidation, I read this: "I am having a bad time here. I cannot rest. I was born during the reign of William the Conqueror". The message was signed by the gruesome name of "Tom Blood". Sometimes it was "Jessie Blood".' Those readers who have read the story of the Borley hauntings, will remember that similar messages were found on slips of paper that were found scattered all over the house. And the Borley wall writings are, in many ways, unique.

What supports the theory that Poltergeist phenomena are frequently associated with children or adolescents is the fact that 'these occurrences only took place when my young nephew was in the house I was an actual witness of the happenings nearly one hundred times, often when the lad was under observation, and at other times when we were sure he was safely in his room upstairs'. Something similar occurred in the famous Epworth Parsonage case, in which the Wesleys were concerned, as the reader is aware. I think we can be sure that Miss Hetty Wesley was the unconscious prime-mover or focus of the manifestations. She was then about nineteen years old. The phenomena would continue even during her slumbers. Her face would be flushed, she would moan and turn over uneasily in her sleep. The Wesley case has certain correspondences with the Battersea affair in that the disturbances were associated with a child or adolescent - as so often happens.

Well, so much for the Battersea Poltergeist. As I said at the beginning of this chapter, the case was very unusual, particularly the intervention of the police and their extraordinary treatment of Mr. Frederick Robinson.

While I am on the subject of modern London Poltergeists I will mention a curious case that Professor J. C. Flugel, Dr. C. E. M. Joad and I investigated in 1935 and 1940. The disturbances were in a house at Woodside, Wimbledon, and were originally reported to Joad, who called me in. We visited the place one night and heard the whole story from the occupants - a professional man and his family, including some young children.

The usual phenomena had occurred: raps, bangs, sounds as of heavy furniture being moved, something walking up and down the stairs, doors opening of their own volition, maidservants being locked in their rooms (as frequently happened

at Borley), etc. Many of these manifestations were experienced when all the inmates were under observation, and even when the children were away from home.

But we neither heard nor saw anything. The manifestation ceased suddenly, and, *five years later*, recommenced. Then they again stopped abruptly. I have heard nothing of this case since 1940.

2. Other Liquids

The following is an interesting case of the appearance of not only water but chemical liquids and strong odors. I think it is significant that petrol was present, and used, in the immediate environment, and that paraffin was present in a nearby village shop. The methylated spirits, and sandalwood oil, might also have been present in a nearby house, but not known to investigators. As I explained, sometimes the local energies dematerializes objects from their immediate environment and materializes them in another spot of the same environment, what can be inside a house.

This event got a lot of media attention. At one point it was presented as a hoax perpetrated by a young girl, similar to the cases of stone showers.

It happened in August to November 1919, in Norfolk England:

NORFOLK "MYSTERY" HOUSE.

A VISITOR'S STORY.

Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, the educational expert, who is himself a Norfolk man, sends the London "Times" the following account of visits which he has paid to Swanton" Novers Rectory and its oil showers. The Norfolk "mystery House" bids fair to arouse a good deal of curiosity before its riddle is finally solved. It presents so many peculiar features that no one single hypothesis seems to account for all the facts. There are one or two data that the superstitious might be inclined to regard as supernatural, and the more incredulous would ascribe to human interference. Briefly; the main facts are these: On the afternoon of the recent big explosion in France, some three or four weeks ago, the garden of Swanton Novers Rectory was redolent with **the smell of sandal-wood oil**. It was clearly noticed by more than one person. It has been perceived since in- the scullery, the odor clinging faintly to certain portions of the wall. At the time of my first visit it was still distinctly observable to anyone who rubbed his finger on a particular spot and smelt it afterwards.

Shortly after the first appearance of this mysterious odor, the main phenomena began. **Petrol, paraffin, or water began to form in circular spots or patches on the ceilings**; mainly of the bedrooms which are on the first floor. These bead-like patches suddenly seemed to condense, and a **shower of petrol,**

paraffin, or water fell. Once the shower had taken place the circular patch, as often as not, quickly disappeared, except in the case of pure water, the only mark left being a slight unevenness in the plaster. In the case of one bedroom fears were entertained that the ceiling would fall, and bed was moved into the bay window, which, being of more recent construction, seemed to be immune.

It may be stated in parenthesis that the house itself is a well-built mansion, dating from about 70 years ago, and otherwise in a good state of repair. At first it was thought that these precipitations were due to leakages in the petrol-lighting plant, which has been installed for over 10 years. But this has not been used for the past three weeks, and the manifestations meanwhile are more frequent than before. Moreover, it seems impossible to lay the blame on the apparatus for various reasons, First, because it is run entirely by petrol, and no paraffin is used. Secondly, had there been any leakage through some pipe or other, the presence of water in the pipe would at once have been detected by the flickering of the light, and nothing of the sort has occurred.

Outbreaks of Fire

As these minor deluges increased it seemed likely that some of the ceilings might come down, and the rector and his wife were compelled to leave the house and seek refuge in the village. They were also obliged to remove their carpets and furniture, which threatened to become seriously damaged. Again, as the manifestations became more frequent, the danger from fire grew, and in fact during the last few days there has been more than one small outbreak of fire, notably in the kitchen, where the **highly inflammable vapor, rising through the brick floor**; was apparently set alight by a small oil-stove standing high above on an iron range. When this was discovered, the bricks were taken up and the **small jet of flame traced to the ground below the flooring**.

I myself have smelt the sandal-wood smell on the wall, which, however, was stronger at the time of my first visit. I have tasted and smelt the petrol and paraffin, and also witnessed a heavy fall in one of the upper rooms of **absolutely pure water** without the faintest taste of oil in it. Several of these precipitations have been caught. On the day of my last visit about a pint of liquid had been secured in a bowl. It must have been very fine petrol, for it speedily evaporated with the exception of a small residue. Several of these precipitations" have been submitted to Messrs, Mann and Egerton, of Norwich, who declare that, in the case of the petrol, it is purer than even that supplied to aircraft; while one of these samples, which constitutes a further puzzle, was pronounced by these experts to consist of **methyated spirits**. The water supply, curiously enough, was until a day or two ago entirely unaffected, but the water since drawn from the pump contains a more or less strong admixture of paraffin. On the occasion of my last visit I and others pumped up a certain amount of water, which when tasted, had a strong flavor of oil, though according to the rector's wife, other samples she had taken were far more strongly impregnated, floating oil being readily observable on the surface. In a couple of places in the scullery the rector's son had taken up the brick flooring, and in one of the holes below paraffin had been observed

trickling down the side, and a finger placed on the spot next day revealed a strong flavor of oil. Yet another astounding feature was the fact that in the case of paraffin or petrol, with or without an admixture of water, the oil admixture seemed in some mysterious way to be **entirely on the surface of the ceiling**. This was discovered by the plumber who has looked after the house for years. Immediately after a downfall he took up the flooring of the room directly above the patch on the ceiling, and found the laths on which the plaster rested and the plaster itself absolutely dry. One might, perhaps, hazard the guess that these patches form by external condensation, but if that were possible in the case of the petrol, it seems paraffin, and quite impossible in the case of the water.

Two Theories.

Two hypotheses have been put forward. One that from the village shop, some 300 yards away, which has sold paraffin for 40 years, there has been a steady, if small, leakage, which; after long percolation through the earth, has come up again to the surface through some secret spring under the house. But as there is a slight depression between the shop and the rectory, which clearly indicates the head-waters of a stream; this seems a little improbable. Furthermore, a visit to the village shop showed that the paraffin had always been kept in a zinc-tank, and that no petrol or methylated spirit had ever been sold there. The other hypothesis is that Swanton, of which the known subsoils are clay and brick earth, contains perhaps oil-bearing clays, such as have already been discovered at East Winch and other parts of Norfolk, and that the rectory, being built over this oil-bearing strata, the explosion mentioned above has liberated some of the oil below. It is strange, however, that the well, which absolutely abuts on the house has only just been affected, though a curious feature is that on the wall of one part of the house which was once attacked by dry-rot a large damp patch has now occurred.

But even if the above hypothesis were true, can it be said to account for the presence of methylated spirit, as vouched for by a firm of experts, and for the stronger odors of the sandal wood oil? There was, indeed, a case years ago of a paraffin-saturated house in Lincolnshire. One would like to know whether on that occasion there was also precipitation of methylated spirit and of some water coming from apparently nowhere. One has to go back to Gidcon's fleece to find a parallel to the latter's phenomenon, for when water mounts by capillary attraction, it mounts in masses, and does not suddenly appear in patches in the midst of a dry ceiling.

There is also one other peculiar phenomenon, . These visitations only occur in the daytime roughly between 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. The clergyman's wife seem to think that they might be caused in part by vibrations — i.e.. by people moving about the house. This appears to be a feasible theory, but when all is said and done, there are several phenomena that to the lay mind at least seem quite, inexplicable.

Source: [Tweed Daily \(Murwillumbah, NSW, Australia\), 29 November 1919, page 7](#); [Morning Bulletin \(Rockhampton, Qld., Australia\), 4 February 1920, page 9](#)

