

## **Three Instances of Wartime Telepathy**

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It happened during the War, when I was in the Polish Forces being formed in Britain. It must have been in the autumn of 1943 when Tobruk in North Africa was liberated because my infantry company I was a private in it got some reinforcements from the remains of a Polish brigade liberated with the rest of British troops. Our company was located, at the time, in Dundee, in eastern Scotland, in a school building. We, the men, slept in the two-storied bunk on paliaasses supported by metal springs.

One of the newly arrived men, a blonde fellow of some 30-35 years old, came to sleep on the lower bunk under me (I slept on top). Within a day of his arrival I started feeling unpleasantly odd as if I was squashed flat between two large plates with no possibility of getting out and so feeling hopeless as well. The feeling was so unusual and so strong that I began to write a letter to my Mother, with whom I was very close, in case she could help me with some advice she was knowledgeable in metaphysics. However, before I finished my letter we were issued some rifle ammunition and this 'neighbour' of mine shot himself. He shot himself in the mouth and I remember seeing a piece of his skull on the floor of the school gym which was our drill hall. That day my despair went, though I don't remember the exact hour I was just happy that it had done so and that I wasn't going to be miserable any longer. My letter to Mother was never finished I never sent it. This was my first case of the telepathically received feeling from someone else.

The second case happened two or three months later when I was sent on a lorry driver's course. The lorries were Canadian, with five gears an odd number. The course lectures took place in a Scottish country mansion while the students were housed in a stable. We slept again on straw paliaasses which were placed on boards supported on wooden cross-pieces, some 9 inches from the floor. The paliaasses were placed in pairs, side by side, and each pair was separated by some 18 inches from its neighbour.

The man facing me from the neighbouring paliaasses double was a dour peasant from eastern Poland of some 25-28 years of age. After our arrival and the settling down process I began to feel odd again but this time I felt as I wanted to jump out of my skin. Luckily for me this feeling did not last long that night my near neighbour hung himself in the privy and the next morning I was all right again. However, within a day or two I started feeling odd for the third time but it was different again I had a terrific stomach ache. I remember sitting miserable in the garden of the mansion in a weak summer sunshine hugging my stomach which was certainly very troubled. In desperation, I had to start thinking hard and I saw very clearly that as I had felt the emotions of two suicides then this stomach pain must be from another, a third would-be suicide! So, I started looking around and did manage to find this man I don't know how. Perhaps I used the technique of Zulu witch-smellers? Whatever was the method I used, I did find him. When I managed to talk him out of it, my stomach ache disappeared. He was a small Jewish tailor from Pinsk, a town in eastern Poland and who felt in despair about the fate of the Jews in Poland going into gas chambers in Auschwitz which probably included his family and friends.

I am aware that in recounting my telepathy-cum-empathy experiences I have not provided any witnesses to make them more believable but for anyone knowing army life, it should not

be surprising. I did not want to be laughed at by my comrades and if I did tell about my experiences I would be a candidate for the <sup>3</sup>trick-cyclists<sup>2</sup> attention.

Incidentally, I was reasonably proud of myself for persuading the would-be suicide to reconsider but, perhaps, I wanted to stop my stomach ache!