

## **THE SAGA OF MARY TURNING ON A FLUORESCENT LIGHT WITHOUT ELECTRICITY**

This incident ranks with my story of moving the big semi truck. Just one of those things that happen to me and is too good to cover up – everybody needs a laugh.

I got up one morning at five to call WMBD to have them announce Captain Scott's dog needed a good home and thought a farmer would be listening at that hour. Of course it was dark, so I tried the light over the sink, and it wouldn't turn on. Thinking the tube was dead, I took it out and placed it on the table. As I did, it turned on at both ends. I put it back in the socket, and it wouldn't go on, but it did again when I held it! This is a little weird at 5:00 AM. I experimented with it and found that it would light wherever my hands were, and I even got it to light all the way across.

By 8:00 AM I couldn't stand it any longer and called Wayne Bice at Bud Young Electric. I told him I was sane, but had he ever heard of such a thing? After a laugh and a "no," he suggested I call the head of electrical engineering at Bradley.

So when I went to school, I took the bulb and took Edith into the Board Room closet to have a witness to this weird act. You guessed it – it wouldn't go on. She didn't let on like I might not be all there, but thought it might have been from the electricity in the carpeting at home. I got hold of Dr. Weinberg, who hadn't heard of it either, but thought my clothing might have conducted it. So that afternoon when I got home, I took the bulb in the dining room closet – stark naked – and as soon as the door clicked it occurred to me that if the door wouldn't open, I could be found in an embarrassing situation. Anyhow, the bulb did work, I got the door open, and I was all the more puzzled because I began to think it had something to do with my eyes and the flashes I get.

To complete the suspense, after trying it for a couple of days and having it work (even with another bulb), I couldn't stand it any longer and asked Dr. Newcomer if he wanted to come over and see a phenomenon. He came right over, and we went into the dark kitchen and each held a bulb! Mine worked and his didn't, so we traded, and he finally got a flicker. I felt a little more normal when I saw that someone else could do it. We figured out that it was the heat of our body, but I must have plenty because I could do it much better.

Jim Erickson wanted to write an article about it, and said I could be called Mrs. Ready Kilowatt and that I should let Cookie at Cilco know about it. She came over, and we both had hysterics in the closet trying to light two bulbs. It worked for both of us, so now my friends are being the life of parties demonstrating the case of the light bulb that lights without electricity. Try it!

by Mary Wellbrock

