

**THE DAILY STAR**  
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**Taxicab Driver Summons 'Devil' In Ravenswood  
Lots, and Lo! His Satanic Majesty Obliges**

Devil-worshiping and satanic cults are things one associates with the mysteries of India but never with prosaic Hunter's Point, whence practical-minded people are concerned with life itself and not mythical appearances of the agent of the nether world.

Yet last week, through the wild imagining of a taxicab driver who loiters about Fiftieth avenue (Fourth street) and Vernon boulevard, Hunter's Point denizens are viewing the phases of devil-worship from many angles, including the humorous.

The cab driver, more reticent than the others of his profession, has been appearing in the neighborhood with pockets stuffed with books and pamphlets. Naturally, all the other hackmen were curious, for a book in the hands of a cab driver is to mark the reader as strange.

When they questioned him as to his reading, the truth of his studies was revealed. His explanation of devil-worship and his mention of the rites made famous by Aleister Crowley aroused their wonder and they asked him to demonstrate his power, if he had any, in bringing the devil forth.

After they agreed to meet next night at a rendezvous in the center of the 'Meadows,' a deserted field in Ravenswood, the devotee left the corner in the pursuit of practical profit.

The hard-headed taxi drivers who did not deny the existence of pink elephants or monstrous, multi-colored animals of weird shapes were reluctant to believe that the devil could return to earth at the solicitation of a cab driver—so they decided to surprise him and plant a devil of their own in the field where the seance was to take place.

The night of the meeting seven taxicab drivers waited in the middle of the field. The mystic number seven had been stipulated. Shortly, the 'high priest' appeared bearing three candles, which he lighted and placed upon an improvised altar on a tree-stump.

The rites began. Ordering all the men to kneel down, he started swinging back and forth pendulum-like, muttering strange incantations and calling upon the 'big chief' to appear.

Suddenly his voice trailed off, and the taxi drivers looked up expectantly. There before them was the reason for the abrupt ending of the ritual. The 'big chief' had arrived.

Outside the pale circle of the candle-light was a vague figure in white, slowly moving toward the group, and the tense figure of the man who had apparently called it forth. From the nebulous apparition emanated a sepulchral voice asking, "Who denied my power?"

The 'high priest' didn't. With the speed of a frightened thought he turned from his altar and sped to his taxicab and safety.

The rest of the group roared with laughter as the "devil" inquired, "How was I?"