HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD
by Kenneth Roberts
Doubleday & Co., Inc., N.Y. $3.00

Reviewed by Robert P. Sharp
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Kenneth Roberts, famed writer of historical novels, here recounts the truly amazing water dowsing performances of Henry Gross, a game warden of Biddeford, Maine.

When Gross and Roberts first got together in 1947, Henry was a good water dowser of considerable experience and many successes, but he was not particularly adept in obtaining detailed information from his dowsing rod as to depth, volume of flow and related matters. Encouraged and stimulated by Roberts, Gross gradually developed almost unbelievable abilities along these lines. He soon learned to establish the depth, volume, direction of flow and potability of water in “veins.” He could even predict the type of material to be drilled through. Then Gross discovered he could locate water in veins and obtain information concerning them merely by being on the property and not necessarily directly over the vein. About this time he also found that his rod could locate people hidden from view, giving direction and distance to the desired person, and, further, that his rod could locate lost objects such as an outboard motor dropped by accident to the bottom of a lake.

Next Gross learned that he could dowse a piece of property from a picture of the house on that property, and later this remote dowsing ability developed to the stage where he could determine the number, nature, depth, volume of flow, and location of water veins on a piece of land merely from a description of its location or by knowing the owner’s name, even though the property was tens or even hundreds of miles away. Wherever possible these instances of remote dowsing were checked by subsequent dowsing directly on the premises, and the agreement in results was all that could be desired.

Map dowsing

Most impressive of Henry Gross’ performances is map dowsing. Using a map of Bermuda in the bar at Roberts’ house near Kennebunkport, Maine, Gross located four water domes with numerous associated veins on the island of Bermuda, an area notoriously short on supplies of potable ground water. A dome is a pipe or spout of water rising from great depth. The exact location of these domes was later pinpointed on the ground by Gross. According to his dowsing rod one was polluted, but the other three were subsequently drilled and two produced potable supplies of fresh water. The third dome drilled yielded slightly saline water owing to an error of location on the part of the drilling crew.

Anyone who thinks that geologists are a bunch of numbskulls will greatly enjoy this book, for Roberts loses no opportunity to deride their almost universal disbelief in water dowsing. Oscar E. Meinzer, a lifelong student of ground water and a leading figure in the field, is described as representing “entrenched ignorance grown to full flower.” Geologists will have to revise drastically their concepts of groundwater behavior, and geophysicists struggling with the internal constitution of the earth will find that the water...
dome under Mt. Washington in New Hampshire which rises from a depth of 57,500 feet, having at that depth a temperature of only 141° F., requires a considerable reorganization of their concepts of various crustal and subcrustal layers and geothermal gradients. The origin or ultimate source of water at this depth is not treated.

Ground water

In matters pertaining to ground water Henry Gross' rod is infallible. If water is not found where Henry says it should be, then the driller failed to follow directions carefully in locating the well or by clumsy work crushed the veins, thus sealing them off. Unfortunately, scientific tests of Gross' performances have been poorly designed and improperly carried out. They indicate only the stupidity of the scientist and his closed mind in refusing to believe the incontrovertible facts.

The ultimate potentialities of Gross's rod seem almost unlimited. "Henry's rod, for example, will answer any question he chooses to ask it—Is there underground water on the planet Mars? Will the Red Sox win the American League pennant?" (p. 79). The rod will answer these questions, but no one is yet certain that the answers are right. However, in view of the amazing progress and development reported by Roberts in this book, it is too much to hope that someday the rod will answer such questions with the infallibility with which it now solves problems pertaining to water veins and domes for Henry Gross?

NO TRIP LIKE THIS
AND OTHER STORIES
by C. C. Cawley
The House of Edinboro, Boston $2.75
C. Clifford Cawley received his B.S. in Engineering from Caltech in 1932 and his M.S. in Civil Engineering in 1933. In recent years, with a successful career in engineering behind him, Mr. Cawley has switched to writing for a living. No Trip Like This is a collection of five of Mr. Cawley's short stories. Aside from the fact that he has dedicated this, his first book, to Prof. Harvey Engleoson of the Institute's English Department, Mr. Cawley gives little indication of his Caltech or engineering background.

These stories are, for the most part, concerned with the agonies of adolescence, or the equally intense agonies of lonely young men. The stories are all set in or around Los Angeles.

In the title story a frustrated young office clerk feverishly tries to make a dime-store salesgirl on a Catalina weekend—against a complicated counterpoint of interrelated episodes involving the reactions of several other males, young and old, to sex and love.

"Belle Monahan" is a warm and affectionate account of the odd courtship of a lively young Irish schoolgirl by a dedicated young Protestant pastor. "When Day Is Done" and "The Lost" describe the disillusionment of some tender adolescents. And "The Grunion Run" tells how a repressed young man finally gives in to love.

The two long stories—the title story and "Belle Monahan"—make probably the best reading in the book, and give the best indication that Mr. Cawley should be coming up soon with an interesting first novel.