

PSYCHIC OBSERVER

TRUTH

SPIRITUALISM'S PICTORIAL JOURNAL

NUMBER 283

Published by PSYCHIC OBSERVER, Inc., 10 East Fourth St., Jamestown, N. Y., U.S.A.

JUNE 10, 1950

15 CENTS

THE RED SHAWL

Rare Picture No. 2



George Vassianoff

One of America's foremost direct-voice mediums; the books: "Wisdom of The Gods" and "Towards The Stars," by H. Dennis Bradley, were written around his mediumship.

Bradley met him (1923) at the country estate of Joseph DeWyckoff, Arlena Towers, Ramsey, New Jersey, where, after a series of seances, a great controversy arose—the sitters taking sides in a bitter quarrel over the phenomena.

As a result of the stand taken by both DeWyckoff and Bradley, Vassianoff spent the last years of his life quietly in Williamsport, Pennsylvania—holding few seances, Vassianoff (73) passed away April 3rd, 1947.

How "The Red Shawl" Was Woven

Though "The Red Shawl" is a story of fiction, it has its counterpart to true life. An article in the *Psychic Observer*, told of an incident taking place in Philadelphia, where a little girl desperately summoned a doctor to aid her mother, the doctor discovering later, that he had been summoned by a spirit. The experience had made such a profound impression, that it was later repeated to Theodore Roosevelt.

The British magazine "Light," recited an incident in Africa, of a priest called by a messenger to administer last rites to the dying, the priest discovering also, that the messenger was a spirit.

Of late times, the Reverend Hildred Hope Langford of San Diego, in her early ministership, was summoned by a young girl's voice through the telephone, urging her to render last solace to this girl's dying mother, the voice carefully repeating the name and address of the mother, a stranger to Reverend Langford. When she called at the home, she found the mother in a last illness, discovering also, that the anxious voice through the telephone, had already passed this life, weeks before.

These unrelated incidents, though bearing a sameness in purpose, inspired me to write "The Red Shawl." But more important, a belief illustrated that even the most incredulous must confess in the silence of their souls: that when the need is the greatest: that when one is seemingly beyond all aid, spiritual return, in whatever form it can muster, in whatever strength it can gather, can, to serve the sincerest motives, scale the highest wall that skepticism can build. . . .

Vramil Saurin.

UNKNOWINGLY, had Doctor Goodhart been delayed in the village, he might have missed the most singular experience of his life, though Fate, no doubt, would have waited anyway. Returning home in his sleigh, however, he had relaxed his reins to view the performing winter.

Nightfall, unimpeded by icy winds, commenced routing the day. Drifts were piling in

mountainous heaps. Snowladen trees seemed terror stricken in their loneliness. Alongside, flowed the turbulent waters of the rapids, passing on the winter to the valley below.

Cabins dotting the lowlands, were blanketed in white silence. The menfolk had answered Lincoln's call for war. Left, were the women, marooned by the storm.

Touched, the doctor raised

By VRAMIL SAURIN

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Vramil Saurin
The Author

his grey head, sent up a prayer for lost souls, then a second prayer of thanks, sure that his path through the blizzard had been guided by God. There on the hill, standing like a sentinel, he saw his house and barn.

"Get, Old Gal!" he urged his black mare. "We're almost home."

With the horse warm in her stall, he blew out the lantern, steeled himself against the drifts, trudged a path home through the deep snow. Mounting his porch, he stomped his feet, made wide crossing sweeps to loosen the snow from his clothes, then opened the door.

The room with its drawn curtains, was dark and damp and mournful. With fresh logs, he rekindled the low burning fire to a greater flame. The fire snapped and spit, filled the large room with a pleasant warmth and reddish hue. Seated comfortably, he warmed himself before his glowing fire; watched the dancing flames rise and fall in rhythm, mirroring shadows of silhouettes, com-

panionable to his solitude.

"Danged, if I'd make another call, no matter what!" he decided.

Two taps sounded on his door, faint, but distinct.

Annoyed, the doctor turned his head. "There are other doctors in the village!" he said out loud. "Why should anyone call on such a night?"

The response followed in vigorous raps.

The doctor rose mincingly, slouched his lean frame to the door. Opening the slot, his eyes became fixed. No one was there? Vainly, he looked again, finding only the darkness, penetrating coldness and a flurry of snow, slamming the slot shut.

Moments later, the taps repeated, loud and long. Vexed, he rushed to the door and swung it wide open. Became startled. There, stood a tall figure! Smiling? A soldier of the Union! As though he'd dropped from the sky?

The fire's amber glared at the doctor's visitor from the night, distinguishing clear blue eyes, set in a frank sturdy boyish face, not over twenty. Crossed swords of the cavalry appeared in the peak of his garrison cap. Curly, blonde locks escaped from its sides. And strangely, a woman's red shawl covered his shoulders and chest, held down by his bare hand?

Strange Mission?

Unprotected otherwise, miraculously though, the soldier looked none the worse. Skin, pink with warmth, his uniform, however, showing signs of battle campaign.

"Good evening," the doctor greeted affably, having composed himself. "What can I do for you, soldier?"

"You're Doctor Goodhart?" the soldier pleasantly inquired.

Curious, the doctor nodded, "Yes."

The soldier smiled. "I'm fortunate to find you home, doctor."

"What might be your pleasure, soldier?" the doctor solicited.

"My wife's ill," the soldier explained. "I'll be thankful for your help."

"Where's your wife, soldier?" the doctor shrugged, unimpressed, feeling a chill to the bone.

"In the valley," the soldier replied without wincing.

"The valley!" the doctor swallowed.

The soldier nodded.

Craning his neck, and seeing no horse, nor skis, the doctor swallowed again, hard put indeed for his next question. "Alone—on foot?" he tried.

The soldier smiled at the doctor's fluster, answering with an incredulous "Yes."

"Won't you come in?" the doctor beckoned. "It's bitter outside."

Face taut, the soldier shook his head in refusal. "Thank you, Doctor, he said. "Mary's condition is too urgent to tarry."

"What's ailing your wife, soldier?" the doctor questioned.

"She's in child," the soldier disclosed. "You must hurry, Doctor. She's all alone."

Tantalized by the soldier's claim of an impossible journey,

his bizarre getup in a shawl, his calm mannerism, the Doctor submerged with a quandary. "Surely, soldier," he objected, "You could've found a doctor, closer?"

"How can I make you understand that my wife's suffering?" the soldier berated, eyeing the Doctor sternly. "Or, is it a hardship, Doctor, to leave your lazy fire?"

Unperturbed, the Doctor still hesitated. "I can't gather, soldier, why you traveled so far."

The soldier met the query with a half smile. "Indeed, I have come a far distance," he said. The smile departed, however, and in its place, a resolute gaze fastened in his eyes, as if seeking to appraise the Doctor's soul. "Doctor," he murmured with a soft grimness, "Would you know what it's like, lying in a field, alone, dying, knowing that someone needs you?"

Bewildered, the old man failed to answer.

"Doctor, what would you do?" the soldier whipped.

"I'd pray," the Doctor found

himself saying. "God would hear you."

"Indeed!" the soldier exclaimed, shaking his head. "Dying, but praying to God Almighty than one soul will hear you—willing to sacrifice comfort for service . . ."

Moved, the Doctor sent a penetrating glance to the soldier's battle-worn uniform; to the sensitive features that belied hardships, then became chilled in soul. Inadvertently, the soldier had removed his hand from the shawl. Its corner blew over his shoulder, exposing his breast. Over his heart, was a small hole, as though pierced by a bullet. And around the hole, were grayish splotches of dried blood . . .?

For the first time, too, the Doctor noticed the insignia on the soldier's collar, designating the 21st Cavalry.

Impossible! the Doctor gasped. They were wiped out to a man! How could he have escaped?

Quickly retrieving the shawl, (Continued Next Page)

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Psychic Observer

the soldier said, incredibly, "Better it be, to remain cold in death, than lose faith."

Affected, the Doctor became charitable. "I'm an old man," he said, "I'll be glad though, to summon other doctors able to wage the storm through the valley."

Sighting the Doctor like one with a rifle, the soldier revealed: "No doctors can be found in the village."

Struck sheepishly, Dr. Goodhart arose from his labyrinth. "My apologies, soldier. I'm a dad-blamed old fool. Or course, Doctors Hervey and Jenkens joined the troops this morning. I'd forgotten. I won't be but a minute getting ready."

* * *

HURRIEDLY, the Doctor went in, and soon came out prepared for the journey, instantly feeling a twinge of conscience in his heavy sheepskin as against this thinly clad soldier and his shawl. "Come with me," he motioned.

Silently, the soldier followed. At the barn door, he stopped, held by an unexplainable, fore-

warning in his eyes. "I'll wait here until you're ready, Doctor," he said.

Ungratified, the Doctor entered the barn alone. Shortly, he backed the black mare in-between the shafts of the sleigh. "How about a hand with the hitchm', soldier?" he admonished.

"Certainly," the soldier said, quick to help.

Ascending the sleigh, the Doctor waved for the soldier, who followed with springy step. Seated, once again he clasped his shawl, heedless of the storm, assuming an indifferent silence.

"Wrap this blanket around your knees, soldier," the Doctor bided, handing him a blanket.

Staring casually, the soldier accepted the blanket, his manner solemn. "Thank you, Doctor," he said.

First stealing a glance, the Doctor signalled the black mare to start. No alarm carried the soldier. Only a show of confidence.

"What might be your name, soldier?" the doctor asked,

looking straight ahead at the road.

"Tommy Fellows," the soldier answered, pursing his lips again.

The Doctor turned the name over in his mind. "Unfamiliar," he said under his breath. Stealing a second glance though, the Doctor caught sadness in the soldier's eyes. Sadness apart from the emergency. More of a longing.

* * *

WELL on their way through the blinding and biting snowdrifts, their travel was aggravated by the unyielding darkness. Drifts of snow, ghostly pyramidal, flowed across their road. Trees suddenly loomed. Branches sagged with the burden of icicles. Trunks were sunk deep. Seemingly, the blizzard threatened to bury the trees altogether. Spinning and agitating in whirlpools, the storm had drawn the anger of the heavens. Had even hidden the familiar path. Any moment, they risked pitching headlong into some unknown depth.

(Continued Next Page)

Temple of Christian Philosophy, Long Beach, California



The name and address of a Long Beach Spiritualist church has been changed. Formerly known as the Kosmon Center Church, located at East 17th Street, the same Spiritualist organization is now known as the Temple of Christian Philosophy, located at 1105 Raymond Avenue in the city of Long Beach. Reverends John and Lola Reddig are the pastors.

This temple (see picture) was dedicated Sunday, April 16th, last. Hundreds gathered and seventeen prominent Spiritualist leaders honored the Reddigs by publicly declaring their wish to co-operate.

On the rostrum above, left to right: Rev. Marie Book, Rev. Margaret Gunzinger, Rev. Marie Swanson, Rev. Josephine Griffiths, Rev. Reta Kempf Murray, Rev. Laura Crocker, Rev. Beulah Englund, Dr. Wylie Baker, President of Temple of Christian Philosophy; Rev. Gertrude Ross, Rev. Isabelle Howe, Rev. Sarah Ferguson, Rev. Lola Reddig, Pastor; Rev. John Reddig, Associate Pastor; Rev. Reesa Darling, Lillian Wilmoth, Vocalist; Rev. Dorothea Parker and Robert Parker, Vocalist.

PSYCHIC OBSERVER

10 East Fourth Street, Jamestown, Chautauqua County, N. Y., U.S.A. Telephone: Jamestown 6-788 (Established 1937)

Founders and Publishers, Juliette Ewing Pressing, Ralph G. Pressing.

Published Twice Monthly. Release date 10th and 25th of each preceding month.

Subscription Rates: 1 Year, \$3; 2 Years, \$4.50; 3 Years, \$6.00; Your own and a Gift Subscription. (In U.S.A. ONLY) \$4.50 per year.

Canada—1 Year, \$3.50; Foreign, 1 Year, \$4.00.

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Entered as second class matter September 1, 1938, at the Post Office Jamestown, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Two Hundred Eighty-three

June 25, 1950

15c Copy

ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertising: \$3.00 per column inch; 6 consecutive insertions for the price of five insertions. Quarter page, \$27.50; One half page, \$50.00; Full page, \$75.00.

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(P-284)

Clutching his reins, the Doctor struggled perilously in decision: Hugging the side of the rapids, might free them from the drifts, yet sweep the sleigh into the swirling waters? His tight grip agonized the horse. Caused her to foam.

"Give the horse her head!" the soldier said calmly.

In answer, the Doctor threw him a worried glance.

Sensing the Doctor's frenzy, the soldier continued, "She'll guide us, Doctor, don't worry."

There was something odd in the soldier's advice? In his

confident air? As if he knew what the horse would do, better than the Doctor himself . . .

Persuaded though, the Doctor loosened his reins, surprised that he'd conceded so easily.

The black mare, unmindful of its danger, and inspired by its mission, responded in leaps and strides, gliding with sure-footedness, kicking the snow high with her hoofs. Whether guided by instinct, or by an Understanding Providence, the horse had chosen her path on the side of the rapids . . .

And amazingly, while the

storm had subsided on the horse's chosen path, the drifts continued elsewhere! As if some Invisible Force had held the storm from their road?

Covertly, the Doctor eyed his strange companion. Triumph blazoned in the soldier's eyes?

* * *

ARRIVING in the valley, they came in view of the cabins.

"Which is yours, soldier?" the Doctor asked, halting the black mare.

"This one," the soldier answered, jumping off the sleigh.

He had pointed to a low roofed shack, built out of felled logs, fringed with laces of icicles. A beam of yellow light came through a side window, centered its glow on the snow. Nearby, was the barn.

Descending, the Doctor waited for the soldier, who stood there however, unmoved by the Doctor's impatience.

"Aren't you goin' to show me in, soldier?" the Doctor prodded in stupid wonder.

Called to answer, the soldier glanced sidewise. "No," he said. "Must get some wood for the fire."

"That's right, we'll need a fire," the Doctor acknowledged, though tangled with the soldier's answer, sending a second concern to the black mare.

Intuitively, the soldier had unhitched the horse.

"Please hurry in, Doctor," the soldier prompted, talking over his back. "I'll see to Old Gal. . ."

* * *

HELD almost hypnotically, the Doctor watched the soldier lead the black mare into the barn. Left no alternative, he went into the house, entered a low beamed living room, found another door and came into a bedroom.

Lying helplessly between thin blankets, was the soldier's wife. Barely out of her teens, she had a round face, searching eyes, and coal black hair to match. But, her cheeks were sallow, and her face was drawn with pain, though not sufficient to hide her simple beauty.

(Continued Next Page)

MANUSCRIPTS

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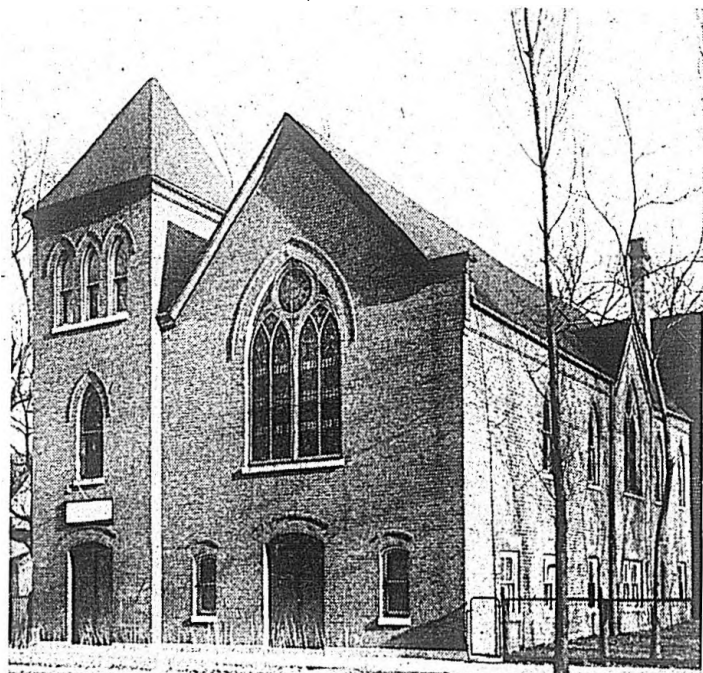
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The Liberal Psychic Science Association, Inc., have opened their "Church No. 1" (see picture above) at 3149 West Altgeld Street in the city of Chicago, according to Rev. Anthony Camardo, pastor and founder. Rev. Mabel Wilkinson will serve as co-pastor.

Services will be held every Wednesday and Sunday at 7:30 P. M. The official opening date set by the pastor will be Sunday, September 10th at which time hundreds of Spiritualists from Chicago and vicinity will assemble in honor of the founding of what may prove to be one of the largest attended Spiritualist churches in Chicago.

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Removing his sheepskin, the Doctor placed it over her chilled form. Her eyes brightened with the added warmth. Glad for the soldier's consideration, he made a mental note to apologize.

"I'm Doctor Goodhart," he said by way of introduction. "You're Mary, of course". Slowly, she turned her head and greeted him with her eyes. "Rest quietly, Mary," he said bracingly.

Unbelievably, perhaps with confidence surging through, and despite the pains, she fell into a deep slumber.

A small wicker lamp rested on a set of dresser drawers. He turned the wick higher, showing the room with a yellow light. Examining her with care, he found the urgency as the soldier had said. . .

* * *

WHILE readying himself, he heard sounds of a crackling fire. He waited for the soldier. However, the soldier failed again to come inside. Two thoughts became startling: He had not heard a door open? No movement of any kind! As though the fire had started of its own accord . . . ?

Certain however of the soldier's presence, he called out: "See that I have a pan, soldier. A large pan. Plenty of hot water. And by the

way, soldier, I'll need some help, right soon!" There was no answer. . . "Did you hear me, soldier?" the Doctor called out louder. Again no response?

Pacing into the living room, the Doctor nearly stumbled over a pan—the exact size he wanted. . . ! Over the fire, steamed a kettle of water? But, the soldier was not there!

He surveyed the outside. A new snowfall had covered the old tracks. No fresh tracks. Not a sign of the soldier anywhere? He returned to his vigil.

After waiting for what seemed interminably long, the Doctor determined to proceed without help. Delay would endanger the girl's life.

Praying for Almighty Assistance, he went about helping nature in its most important task, inspired spiritually. Disregarding obstacles. Relying upon Providence. A faith in which he had wrapped his life, would not fail him now. . .

* * *

BEFORE long, the Doctor held a small bundle of human frailty in his arms. A boy, with a round face like its mother. Blue eyes, and unmistakable blonde hair like its soldier father. Born in bare humbleness, under a yellow light, with a gale blowing at the window, but all witnessed by God.

The newcomer though, after one objectionable look, lustily wailed away for having been brought to a stormy world . . .

"Quite a pair of hefty lungs," the

Doctor credited. "But no way to start greeting neighbors."

Unconcerned, the new arrival wailed even louder. Its cry stimulated the young mother into wakefulness. Thrillingly, she stretched her arms out for the baby. "Please, doctor," she pleaded, "Let me have him!"

Beaming, the doctor handed her the baby. "By all means!" he said. "Glad to be shed of it."

Cuddling the suckling baby, she eyed it in the glory of the first born. The doctor meanwhile, seated himself to observe. Professional it may have appeared. More personal though. Compassion crawled out of the deepness of his heart.

Supremely carried away, the soldier's wife looked up, eyes shining. "Isn't he a beautiful boy, Doctor?" she said eagerly.

New mothers with preconceived notions had always delighted the Doctor. Leaning over, he exclaimed, "A dandy." then he chided, "But, why a boy?"

Disturbed, the pupils of her eyes darted to and fro. Panic seized her. "It is a boy. Isn't it, Doctor?"

"Of course," he laughed. "Surely, Mary, if it was a girl, you wouldn't feel too disappointed?" Suffering for words, she looked at him blankly. "How did you know, Mary?" he pursued.

She placed loving fingers on the baby's head, smoothed its hair, then said with surety, "God would never disappoint me. I prayed for a boy." Speaking as if the matter had all been settled between her and God. . .

Understandingly, the Doctor smiled, soon becoming serious though. The manner in which she beheld her baby, had paralleled the soldier's lamentable eyes.

He studied her critically now, and for other reasons: She hadn't even asked for her soldier husband? Unreasonable. Not altogether to blame, though. What about the soldier's feelings as a father? Why didn't he come in? What can be going on between them? All unanswerable questions for the moment. . .

Striving for the solution from the bare walls, the single frosted window and uncarpeted pine floor, the doctor rubbed his eyes in defeat.

His abstraction attracted her. Wrinkled her brow.

"I don't know how I'll ever manage to pay you, Doctor?" she said helplessly.

"No need to worry yourself, Mary," he said warmly. "Least, until after the war. . ."

He had already dismissed the obligation. Bringing happiness had its own compensation. Besides, his mind demanded a different satisfaction: Reference to the war, had failed to bring her husband's name—deciding him to broach the subject subtly in a test—

"Who made your fire, Mary?" he queried with a roll of his eyes.

"Didn't you, Doctor?" she asked mildly, still diverted to her baby.

"No!" the Doctor said firmly.

"Then, it must've been one of the neighbors," she guessed, but with no apparent concern.

(Continued Next Page)

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"What about Tommy, your husband?" he advanced.

She looked up wide-eyed. Color drained from her face. Her lips quivered. Accentuating her words, she asked, ". . . did you know — Tommy — ?"

"Yes," he said, holding his breath.

The past tense did not escape him. Hadn't he seen Tommy? Talked to him? Rode with him? How else— he almost said, the words welling in his throat, restrained by some unintelligible force, compelling control of his consciousness. . .

Haunted by an awareness that someone stood near, yet couldn't be seen, his thoughts strayed to the soldier. Turning to her, he managed however, "When did you last see Tommy . . . ?"

Her eyes faltered. With thumb and forefinger she closed her eyelids. "Not since Tommy left," she told him later.

A question on his tongue dropped for a new interest. Her eyes had become livid pools of fascination. An undefinable thrill had exchanged places with despair. A remote wistful gleam that separated their worlds. . .

* * *

MEMORY of a warm summer day melted the winter's bitterness. Tommy, looked stalwart and handsome and soldierly. Herself, in a gay white blouse and ruffled skirt; a white rose in her hair, and a red shawl over her shoulders. Tommy, had placed the wedding ring on her finger, then found her lips. Both

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dwelt upon what the minister had said: "Whatever God creates, no man shall put asunder. . .!"

Later, arm in arm, they watched the curling rapids hurling its joy to the sprightly green of the valley. Removed far from a troubled world. No thought, that tomorrow, they'd separate.

"Mary, darling," Tommy said tenderly, "Time, nor distance, nor worlds, will ever separate us. Always, I'll be near you."

"Always," she assured him.

Mary remembered, and now returned to reality. Smiling, though tears swam under her eyelids. With her handkerchief, she tried to stop the lingering tears, smiling like a child, embarrassed that she'd be crying.

* * *

"REALLY, Doctor, I'm very happy," she said defensively, pointing to the sleeping face of the baby. "He shall take Tommy's place — even in name. Tommy was a noble soul."

Again the same confusing past tense! Had her solitude affected her mind? What if she knew that Tommy was somewhere in the valley? Perhaps, even behind the door? Yes, and had even fixed the fire? Prepared the water? Furnished the pan that the baby was bathed in?

He hung back however in telling her. The same unfathomable power returned—restrained him as before? He cocked his ears, but heard nothing above the silence of the room.

"Have you heard from Tommy, lately?" the doctor asked earnestly.

Her lips tight, reflexed, transferred perplexity to her eyes. "Didn't you know, Doctor," she began, "that Tommy is dead? . . ."

NO!" he said with a start.

* * *

WEARILY, he shook his head, charged with new responsibility.

A different feeling however, mustered itself towards the soldier; a feeling he was unable to shake off, and that could neither be placed in thoughts nor words. Like breathing an enigmatic air. A feeling heightened by the sudden pressure of an unseen hand on his back. . .

"Does it hurt to talk about Tommy?" he attempted.

"Why shouldn't I talk about Tommy?" she poised with pride. "I'm indeed proud of Tommy. Proud that he had distinguished himself above the others."

Absurd! What had taken place to accept such an untruth? What unspeakable wretchedness had seized her mind. Suffered her soul? Lashed her with cruelty to believe

in a false courage! Surely, to crucify her when she later learned the truth. . . This soldier indeed, is the devil incarnate! Why hadn't he returned? To have her sustain such forgery?

In answer, the strange force gripped tenaciously again, as though trying to reason that his questions would be satisfied.

Never had the Doctor been tried so. To oppose, would doom his soul. His conscience became a living, breathing, throbbing pulsation, condemning him for his uselessness. And the leverage of the unseen hand, returned for a moment — to rest on his shoulder. . .

Wiping his brow, he moved wet fingers through the iron greyness of his hair. Somber facts boarded individual trains. Ran back and forth in a circling journey. . .

Mary loved her husband with deep unshattering faith. Believed that the soldier had died gloriously. Why should he destroy that? What injustice was he propounding in judging her mind? God! — what a terrifying thought! — to believe someone dead — but know otherwise. . . ?

"Mary," the Doctor said, concealing his anguish, "You'll have to forgive me. I'm such a doddering old fool. I don't always keep up with the dispatches. If I remember, Tommy was a member of the Twenty-first Cavalary. Tell me, if you know, how Tommy died?"

She studied for a moment, then spoke with simple directness. "When his regiment was trapped," she started, "Tommy escaped and rode for help." She paused, becoming sad, her words difficult. "A sniper's bullet found him," she revealed.

"How did you learn that, Mary?" he sought out.

Narrowing her eyes, she told him, "Doctor, I knew the exact minute he fell. Felt it inside of me."

The words dropped with considerable weight. A premonition that by strange coincident or otherwise, had confirmed the soldier's words at his door? The soldier had spoken of dying, and sensing her need. . . Telepathic waves between the dying and living?

Rot! he exploded within himself. Such stupid reasoning! The soldier's alive! No! — her loneliness had festered into a wound, sufficient to bring on premonitions? A stressed mind is indeed capable of that! Haven't I just experienced the same peculiar feelings?

And now, the soldier's failure to
(Continued Next Page)

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(P-284)

return became apparent: Aware of her condition, he feared shocking her? Merely waiting until he thought it safe? Surely, she had more to reveal?

Her eyes became fixed on the dresser drawers. A steady gaze. A gaze as though it were an object animated with life and influence. A tender gaze, her eyes questioning as if she expected it to tell her something . . . ?

Then her lips commenced to move, her eyes never leaving the drawers. "A Washington dispatch told me all about it," she said.

So that's it! — his mind unraveled. A Washington dispatch? Fantastic! Washington, with all its pish-posh and officiousness has erred! He's a deserter; Even a coward! Clever though? After escaping, succeeded somehow in having himself declared dead—and now fears courtmartial? . . .

* * *

WITH the soldier thus dubiously indicted, now, the Doctor sensed a presence in the living room. . . Abruptly rising from his chair, he said, "Mary, I better take a look at the fire." Scarcely hearing him, she still concentrated on the drawers.

In the living room, he found himself beside emptiness. Stirring the fire, he returned, seated himself again, his mind insisting on tangible proof, one way or the other. . .

"Where did you read that dispatch, Mary?" he probed.

"It was sent to me from Washington," she told him, her eyes fastened on the drawers.

"H'mmm," the Doctor murmured. "May I see it?"

"Yes," she consented. "The bottom one," her finger pointed. "It's true, I know."

The Doctor idled over to the dresser drawer, his mind skeptical. Her eyes followed. He opened the drawer and looked in. He looked long, frozen with wonder? Indeed, there was the dispatch. Underneath it though, neatly folded, was the red shawl—the exact one that the soldier had worn. . . !

* * *

HE NO longer questioned the soldier's repeated failure to make himself visible. . .

With the Doctor's speculation, came loud raps on the outside door? Transfixed with frightening expectancy, a horror rose in his mind. God forbid! Only havoc would be wreaked with the soldier's presence. No! he prayed. God's more merciful than that. . .

The rappings on the door con-

tinued. With fear and questions in his eyes, he looked toward the soldier's wife. Had she too heard the knocks?

Withdrawing her gaze from the drawers, the anxiety in her eyes arrested him. "Doctor," she said anxiously, "There's someone at the door. Better answer it."

Held fast, he moved slowly, shackled to a tumultuous soul, limping with a prayer in his heart, pleading for Divine Protection.

* * *

DOUBLE footsteps tracked the pine floor of the living room. Returning footsteps. Hurried! The door opened. The Doctor ushered in a woman of buxom build. Excited in appearance. Of hasty dress. Men's boots, gingham dress and a woolen shawl carelessly thrown over her shoulders. Her eyes stared feverishly in a face of chalk-white, and her hair uncombed, scraggled to hide her neck. A most fearsome creature? And as she bent over the bed, her features became one of open-mouthed astonishment, unable to find her tongue.

"Mrs. Simpkins!" the soldier's wife exclaimed gleefully, announcing simultaneously, "Our neighbor, Doctor!"

He merely sent up a sigh of relief.

"Mary, you poor child!" the woman finally shrieked. Taking the

(Continued Next Page)

Coming Events

1950

June 4th-August 27th—Edgewood Spiritualist Camp, Lake Surprise, Tacoma, Washington.

—xxx—

June 11 to August 31st—Massasoit Spiritualist Camp, off Route No. 128, 19 Lincoln St., West Gloucester, Massachusetts; Vivian L. Harvey, Sec'y.

—xxx—

June 23rd-Aug. 20th—Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp, Chesterfield, Indiana; Mabel Riffle, Sec'y.

—xxx—

June 24th to Sept. 5th—Hydesville Spiritualist Camp, Hydesville Road, Hydesville, R.F.D. Newark, N. Y.; Rev. Margaret Lewis, President.

—xxx—

June 26-29—54th Annual Convention of The California State Spiritualist Association; Los Angeles, California.

—xxx—

June 25-Sept. 4th—Freeville Spiritualist Assembly, Freeville, N. Y.; Sec'y, Ruth Latharr, Tully, N. Y.

—xxx—

June 24th-Sept. 4th — Camp Silver Belle, Ephrata, Pennsylvania; Ethel Post Parrish, Sec'y.

—xxx—

June 28th to July 7th; July 17th to July 28th; August 8th to August 31st—Rev. Gloria Taber will be sponsored by The American Foundation for Psychic Research, Inc., 10 East Fourth St., Jamestown, N. Y., in a series of direct-voice, appert and materialization seances.

—xxx—

July 1-30—Spiritualist Camp Massasoit, Lincoln Road, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

July 1-Aug. 31—Lily Dale Assembly, Lily Dale, N. Y.

—xxx—

July 1-Aug. 27—Chain Lake Spiritualist Camp season, South Branch, Michigan.

—xxx—

July 1-Aug. 30—Lake Brady Spiritualist Camp, Brady Lake, Ohio.

—xxx—

July 1-Aug. 31—Harmony Grove Spiritualist Camp season, Escondido, California.

—xxx—

July 1-Sept 7—The Ashley Spiritualist Camp Association, Wooley Park, Ashley, Ohio; Cecil V. Williams, Sec'y, 511 Olney Ave., Marlon, Ohio.

—xxx—

July 1-Aug. 31—First Spiritual Religious Association of Clackamas County (New Era Camp) Route No. 1, Canby Oregon; Sec'y, Lester J. Hess, R.F.D., Canby Oregon.

—xxx—

July 2-Aug. 27—Western Wisconsin Spiritualist Camp Association, Wonevoo, Wisconsin.

—xxx—

July 2-Sept. 4—Onset Spiritualist Camp, Onset, Massachusetts.

—xxx—

July 2nd-Sept. 3rd—Parkland Heights Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association, Parkland, Penn.; Joseph B. Stott, Sec'y.

July 7th—Connecticut Spiritualist Camp, Pine Grove, Niantic, Connecticut.

—xxx—

July 8-9-10—Rev. Fred L. Felix, direct-voice and blindfold billet medium, public and private seances at The American Foundation for Psychic Research, No. 12 East Fourth St., Jamestown, N. Y.

—xxx—

July 15-Aug. 20—Sherwood Spiritualist Camp, Crystal Fountain Park, Sherwood, Ohio.

—xxx—

July 16-Aug. 31—First Illinois Spiritualist Camp Association, Cherry Valley, Illinois.

—xxx—

July 30-August 13th—Temple Heights Spiritualist Camp, Northport, Maine. Jessie H. DeWitt, Sec'y.

—xxx—

July 30-Aug. 27th—Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association; Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa (Spiritualist Camp) Willis Johnson, Sec'y, 409 S. 3rd St., Clinton, Iowa.

—xxx—

Aug. 6-13—Madison Spiritualist Camp Association, Lakewood, Maine.

—xxx—

Aug. 20-Sept. 3 — Etna Spiritualist Camp, Etna, Maine.

—xxx—

Aug. 6-20—Temple Heights Spiritualist Camp, Temple Heights, Maine.

—xxx—

Aug. 1-30th—Lake Pleasant Spiritualist Camp, Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts.

—xxx—

August 24-26—Washington State Spiritualist Association convention, Edgewood Spiritualist Camp, Edgewood, Washington.

—xxx—

September 7th-10th; Annual convention of the Federation of Spiritual Churches and Associations, Inc.; Albany Hotel, Denver, Colorado. Convention chairman: Lois B. Washburn, 9707 West Calfax St., Denver (15), Colorado.

—xxx—

Sept. 8-10—Minnesota State Spiritualist Association convention, Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

—xxx—

Sept. 10-14—Second Annual Spiritualist Episcopal Church Institute, Camp Chesterfield, Indiana; Rev. Clifford L. Blas, Dean.

—xxx—

Sept. 15-17—Tenth Annual Conference; Spiritualist Episcopal Church, Camp Chesterfield, Indiana.

—xxx—

September 24th-30th — Rev. Maude Kline, Long Beach, California will serve The American Foundation for Psychic Research, Inc., Jamestown, N. Y.

—xxx—

October 16-21—58th Annual Convention of The National Spiritualist Association; Hotel Bradford, Boston, Massachusetts; Chairman: Clarence Benedict, 45 Westland Ave., Boston.

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baby up in the crook of her broad arms, unceremoniously, she inquired, "Boy or girl?"

"A boy, of course!" the soldier's wife said decisively. Flashing her eyes, she demanded, "How did you know to come?"

Awed, the woman looked from one to the other. "I was fast asleep," she told them, "when I was awakened like in a dream. Someone tellin' me, clear as a bell, t' rus'le over an' help with th' baby. Of—"

"Who was it?" the Doctor hastily interrupted.

"I lit th' candle," the woman went on, "but, no one was there. Oh—"

"You saw no one?" the doctor interrupted again.

"No one," the woman verified, slightly vexed. "But—"

"Did you recognize the voice?" the doctor continued.

Bitingly, she said, "Yes! That's what I've been trying t' tell you if you'll only give me a half chance—"

"Whose voice?" the Doctor demanded in unrelenting tone.

While her lips moved, no sound came, her voice lost in her throat.

"Come, woman! Whose voice did you hear?" the Doctor persisted.

"W-w-why — it sounded like Tommy's," she finally gasped.

The revelation cast a spell over the room. She lowered her eyes like one who'd made an unwitting confession. Dropping her voice, she surmised, "Couldn't be. Tommy's dead, you know."

"Yes, I know," he said, unwilling to add to her knowledge.

"It sure is th' trues' dream I ever had," she declared, putting on an air of buoyancy.

"Then what makes you think it's only a dream?" he pointed out.

"What else could it be?" she challenged. "Tommy's de—"

Realizing the load of distress on the soldier's wife, her voice faded out.

The doctor, reticent in soul for

reasons beyond him, rose, donned his sheepskin, left a few instructions and made his departure, no longer surprised when he found the black mare fully harnessed and hitched to the sleigh, eagerly waiting to start on the returning journey.

* * *

NOW SEATED before his own fire, tireless, overwhelmed by his adventure, he said out loud: "Who but God, can question what I've experienced?"

Two taps sounded on his door. Gentle taps. Recognizing the sounds, he turned his head, waiting for the taps to repeat.

No further tap. No further sound. Not from the storm. That, the Doctor knew. Perhaps, the taps had come as his answer? And again, perhaps, Tommy's way of demonstrating his gratitude?

Walking to the door, he opened it wide and looked out. Dawn had spread its fingers over the night. The storm had spent its fury. An early sun came over the horizon. Arrived with a flourish to herald a sunny day. Even the black mare neighed with delight.

White stillness permeated the hills. Snowbanks glistened like mountainous jewels. The trees had shed their loneliness, reached joyfully to the heavens, bringing courage and hope to the cabins below. Happiness would reign there, awaiting only the return of men at war.

The *Red Shawl*—its symbol came to his mind. Dutifully, he raised his head in prayer thrilled with the knowledge: that love and faith, like time itself—is eternal. . .

His soul gratified, his heart though, was filled with an unsatisfied longing for the soldier. About to turn in, his eyes became fixed on a pathway of snow between a scragged patch of trees. He perceived a form there of a lone being, a shawl around the shoulders, the tassels of the shawl blowing in the breeze, a hand raised as if in farewell, the form commencing to move like a shadow on the snow. Profoundly fascinated, he watched the form. But the form was evaporating in the sun, and now, it was no longer there—

NOTE: The writer would be pleased to hear from those desiring the story of "The Red Shawl" preserved in a book for their library. Send no money. Address: Vramil Saurin, 861 Armada Terrace, Point Loma, California.

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Mystics who were

MEDIUMS

The practice of mysticism has always, or nearly always, gone hand-in-hand with occult manifestations, and most saints have been mediums. The Roman Catholic Church is well aware of this truth, and consequently refuses to canonize a saint until his or her so-called miracles have been proved up to the hilt. (A miracle, strictly, is an event which is contrary to the laws of nature; perhaps "marvel" would be a better word than "miracle.")

The third-century philosopher, Plotinus, was a mystic of the first water. He experienced the true mystical ecstasy on many occasions. His disciple, Porphyry, vouches for the following anecdote:

A certain magician who, like Plotinus and Porphyry, lived in the Greek city of Alexandria, was consumed by jealousy of Plotinus. I think he was chiefly jealous of Plotinus' own great reputation for "magic." At any rate, this gentleman had sworn to the gods that he would destroy his rival by witchcraft.

Plotinus sent for Porphyry, his Dr. Watson, and gave him a summary of the circumstances, instructing him to visit the magician at a certain hour on the following day. "At that

hour," said Plotinus, "he intends to kill me." If Porphyry was Dr. Watson, the magician was Moriarty!

At the appointed hour, "Dr. Watson" visited "Moriarty." Moriarty was in a trance of concentration, bending all his psychic power to the task of destroying Plotinus; but, even as Porphyry stood and watched, the magician "collapsed like a pricked bladder."

Joan of Arc had the gift of predicting the results of battles, and, on one occasion, she was able to locate clairvoyantly a sword that was hidden in a high altar.

"The Friar Who Flew"

The levitations of the renowned St. Joseph of Cupertino were attested by witnesses of impeccable respectability, including church dignitaries and doctors. He has been called by Dr. Dingwall "the friar who flew." There is a story that he once remained suspended in mid-air above the high altar, during the singing of Mass, in the presence of the whole congregation.

His levitations were so numerous—and so interesting—that in the end, the ecclesiastical authorities forbade him to attend outdoor ceremonies, since crowds used to collect, not for the purpose of taking part in the service, but simply to see what Joseph would do next.

If the saints of the Roman Catholic Church have produced their quota of marvels, "here-

tics" have been equally successful. During the early part of the eighteen century, considerable interest was aroused in France by reports emanating from Paris of alleged healing miracles which were said to be occurring daily in the cemetery of a certain heretical sect. Many people who were cured of their afflictions took oaths to that effect before notaries.

The case of one Gauthier is particularly interesting. He was partially blind in one eye, and the sight of the other had been destroyed by an accident with a gimlet; after a visit to the cemetery, the sight of his partially-blind eye improved enormously.

The Jesuits, however, refused to accept his evidence, on the ground that his seeing eye was still very imperfect. Gauthier paid another visit to the cemetery, again with satisfactory results, and this time the Jesuits were forced to admit that an improvement had taken place since the previous occasion.

Difficult To Rebut

Later, they tried to shake his evidence by threats, but, when he was no longer in danger, he adhered to his story. Gauthier's evidence is still extant, and it is extremely difficult to rebut.

It is, however, obviously important to distinguish between genuine marvels and mere legends. Lytton Strachey, in his essay on Cardinal Manning, (Continued Page 15, Col. 1)

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The TABERS

A Family of Mediums

After checking through numerous journals—some now out-of-print, others dating back over fifty years—I find few instances paralleling "The Tabers."

They are, in fact, a family of mediums. Lula Taber, lovingly called "Ma" by her children, is one of Spiritualism's outstanding workers, but so also are her children, numbering five, all gifted: They are: Gloria Lou Taber (24); Walter D. Taber (32); James William Taber (31); Donald R. Taber (29); and Harold Edward Taber (27).

There are thousands of instances where families, from generation to generation, carry with them a certain degree of psychic power evidenced periodically, but for all members of a family to also possess physical mediumship, especially materialization—this is indeed rare.

Regular Seances

Lula (56) has been demonstrating her mediumship publicly for the past 32 years. She made her first appearance in Mattoon, Illinois, then moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where she was ordained (1931) by the National Spiritualist Association. Later, Rev. Taber became affiliated with the Spiritualist Episcopal Church, Eaton Rapids, Michigan—an organization she has served in an official capacity as well as being one of their registered mediums.

When interviewed recently during her week's engagement at the American Foundation for Psychic Research, Inc., at Jamestown, Rev. Taber re-

marked that she cannot remember the time when one or the other of her children, while growing up, were not keenly interested in seance room phenomena. For years, circles were held in their home three times a week, and during these early days, she said only sickness prevented anyone from attending. These circles were limited to members of the family group only, no one else was admitted. From the very outset, all the children showed some degree of psychic power, she said.

Walter Was First

It was during these early sittings that most of the Taber children became aware of their own principal spirit collaborators. They were told the phases of mediumship each could develop, even to the period of time it would take. The Spirit teachers always stressed the point that positive mediumship, without proper co-ordination and collaboration, could jeopardize true service.

It turned out that Walter was the first to show any marked degree of mediumship. Powerful voices were heard in his trumpet seances, and the first spirit to manifest, when Walter was but 11 years old, was a Dr. Clover who has always been with him and today he is known as the medium's principal spirit collaborator.

For over nine years, Walter sat with his mother and the family group and it was not until he was twenty that he was permitted to sit for the public. In addition to Dr. Clover, Sister Bernadette and Oscava, a

Hindu, are closely associated with him.

In the case of Gloria, the youngest of the Taber children, she has sat *regularly* in seances since she was ten. According to her mother, *regularly* means two or three times a week. This procedure was followed for over seven years before she was allowed to sit for the public at all, and now today Gloria possesses two rare phases of physical mediumship, apport and materialization.

It follows that she would also be a splendid direct-voice medium. As evidence of this fact, during her visit here, she demonstrated various phases of mediumship before nine members of the Foundation. But more about that later.

Canadian Recommends

Rev. Harold E. Taber, also a member of the Spiritualist Episcopal Church, is a lecturer, mental and direct-voice medium. An account of his clairvoyance appeared in *Psychic Observer*, November, 1949. He resides at 5109 York Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

An outstanding message, received at Chesterfield last summer was credited to Harold. The message was given to a prominent Canadian Spiritualist, James P. Skelton, 371 Furby St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, who says that he placed a sealed envelope on the rostrum and during a message service, Harold Taber picked it up and without opening it, gave him one of the most evidential proxy messages ever received during his fifty years of psychic research.

(Continued on Page 11)

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James William Taber is a direct-voice (Dr. Peter Williams, spirit collaborator) and clairvoyant medium associated with the First Church of Psychic Science of Minneapolis. During the summer months, 1949, he served Mille-Lac Spiritualist Camp near Minneapolis. This camp, known as "The Order of the White Cross" will be open during 1950.

In addition to other phases of mediumship, James Taber has demonstrated blind-fold billet reading and "extras-on-silk" phenomena — the latter manifesting somewhat like spirit photography—only the faces or "skotographs" are projected independently on silk instead of on photographic paper. The *modus operandi* being similar to that of the late English medium, "Mrs. Deane."

Donald P. Taber does not claim to be a medium but is credited with a fair degree of clairvoyance and on occasion, demonstrates various phases of physical mediumship. He also lectures and conducts short message services in Spiritualist churches but prefers to confine most of his time to his chosen profession. He is a chiropractor and feels his psychic gifts, especially spiritual healing, have greatly assisted him to serve in that field.

Child Medium

Donald's little daughter, Joyce (6) is also psychic. On numerous occasions, she plays "telephone"—puts her hand to her ear, like a receiver, and repeats what she hears—names of spirit guides, prophecies, etc. Evidential messages relayed by Joyce have proven to Don that his little daughter is clairaudient, so it appears she, too, will carry on the Taber tradition—"Mediums All."

Rev. Lula Taber and Gloria served the American Foundation the 18th through the 22nd of April and during their visit. Walter joined them. For five days, seances were held at the Foundation headquarters and for the first series, Lula was the medium. None of the seances were crowded, attendance limited to around twenty. This was

conducive to better results and afforded the spirit guides ample opportunity to reach each sitter.

All seances were supervised by Juliette Ewing Pressing and the records show that, before each session, the room was examined by three or more persons, all of whom signed statements to the effect that they were satisfied all doors, windows, etc. were securely fastened and nailed. Those examining the medium also signed statements, testifying they were satisfied nothing had been carried into the seance room.

This formality does not take too much time and always relieves the minds of the sitters who could be confronted by circumstances during a seance that might make them wonder. This wondering sometimes becomes acute but can generally be allayed when each sitter knows beforehand that every possible precaution has been taken for their assurance as well as for the medium's protection.

Spirit Photographed

Invariably, I find this procedure lends greatly to smoothness and productiveness, as far as phenomena is concerned, when carried out in a matter of fact and yet meticulous way.

Thousands of psychic researchers and those interested in Spiritualism have witnessed phenomena evidenced in materialization seances held by Lula. In fact, the entire family group have, on many occasions, served the Immortality Psychic Research Society of Chicago. All those who have attended Lula's seances know her principal spirit collaborator and chemist to be Dr. John Burkett while Star Bright is the entity, manifesting as a child, who introduces spirit people to those in the circle. Star Bright, materialized, was photographed years ago by Dr. William Hughes at St. Louis. The picture appears in Coleen Owen Britt's book, "Byron, Station to Station."

No less than three and as many as ten spirit people manifested to each sitter in Jamestown according to the tran-

scribed records. Many sitters said they recognized features, mannerisms or something characteristic whilst the materialized spirits were out on the floor.

We will never know why materialized spirits, standing right before us, sometimes fail to know their names or to express themselves properly. The job of the spirit collaborator is always difficult. They not only have to explain the *modus operandi* of this type of manifestation to each spirit but must also help them to perfect the actual manifesting—the art of stepping forth for the first time.

What Swaffer Said

I shall never forget a statement made by Hannen Swaffer after a seance held in his London (Trafalgar Square) flat (1937), Jack Kelly and Frank Decker were present. Swaffer said: "*The important thing about materialization* (This was during an open discussion. Kelly is not a materialization medium and Decker, except on rare occasions, does not sit for this phase of mediumship.) *is not what the spirit looks like, not their height, not their apparent weight, not how they are clothed, not what they say, not the sound of their voice—BUT the fact that there is anything (anybody) on the floor at all.*"

For a group of Spiritualists assembled, this makes sense, but for a group of psychic researchers, it would hardly have any weight because they will counter by saying: "*Why do they come out if they do not know their name?*" or "*Why can't they carry on a coherent conversation?*"; or "*Why do they sometimes look like the medium?*"—and on and on.

Frankly, I don't know, but I do know that a materialized spirit, in order to manifest at all, must hold the ectoplasmic substance together by thought. Don't ask me how you hold a form together by thought because again I don't know. I do know that when an earth person has their mind set on some particular job, they be-

(Continued on Page 12)

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(P-282) (Cont. - B.M.)

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What I Observe by R.G. Pressing



Cheiro Predicts

In a recent edition of *Psychic Observer*, we published an article written by Morris Kipp, a student of Rev. M. McBride Panton who conducts a church in Englewood, New Jersey. Mr. Kipp is well-known in Spiritualist circles and has been an ardent supporter of psychics and mediums for many years.

His last report included psychic experiences and a presentation of some of the philosophy taken down during Rev. Panton's regular direct-voice classes.

For some time, we have had a copy of the predictions received through Panton's mediumship and after having checked the source of information, we find that the controlling entity was "Cheiro," Count Louis Hamon.

These prophecies should have been printed some time ago, but we were careful to check the source of the information because of the extreme prominence of "Cheiro" but it is easy to understand why he would be attracted to Rev. Panton because of the medium's intense interest and serious research on the subject of occultism and spiritual philosophy.

Perhaps, no occult figure of this century has been so widely known to the public as "Cheiro," an Irishman, a cosmopolitan, a paradoxical and strongly magnetic personality, one who had "that little something the others haven't got." He left his mark on the earlier decades of the twentieth century.

When the "Cheiro" prophecies were received early in this year, notes were taken in the seance room by Mr. Kipp. These notes were assembled and submitted in an article sent to us several months ago and now

we feel justified in releasing them in part:

"Your own destiny is in your own hand. What is in your hand comes from your mind and your brain, and what you think about is what makes the things you do, and what you do is what makes your destiny.

"1950 is of extreme significance as far as the future of the world is concerned. The century does not end before there are notable and extreme changes in your world. What you have known as a solid little world will be completely revolutionized and there will be an en-



Cheiro

"1950 will mark dual progress"

tirely different way of life at the close of the century than was at the beginning and that is now. A radically different life!

"I do not mean there is going to be a revolution as such any more than there is a revolution taking place at this very moment. You are in the midst of a revolution right now, and before you can control it (unless you do control it quickly) your world will be aflame, and it will be a flame that will be devilishly hard to put out.

"Your world in 1950 is in the midst of two forces which are fighting each other for the possession of the world, and for nothing less! Do not forget it! And the world can be procured by captivating the minds of man, not their physical

bodies. Armies alone are not going to do it. Airplanes flying overhead and dropping explosives are not going to do it. But armies can be the instruments of a vast machine for propaganda to control the thinking of men's minds.

"They are shooting for you and your mind, your support. You are the target, and you become increasingly the target in 1950. And wherever there is agitation, wherever there is just a bit of a chink for stirring up trouble, you can be sure that the trouble is going to be stirred up. That is the technique—stirring up trouble wherever it might be.

"Incidentally, I cannot tell you whether it will be discovered this year—I know that it is on the verge of being discovered—maybe not for five years. I am telling it to you—there will be significant discoveries of a metallic nature—of vital importance of a metallic nature—found in the ground, of all places, in the desert. And not your American desert!

"I seem to be a prophet of gloom. I cannot help it. I must report what there is to report. A bright spot I shall give you. A remarkable child shall come to the attention of the world, and the child shall be living in the central to southern part of Europe. A child whose effect upon your world can be notable and significant. Watch for it—about the child in the middle southern part of Europe. A bright child—a very great, bright child.

"Throughout your world, 1950 will mark dual progress and disaster in the air. There will be an airplane apparently lost containing officials of great importance to your world and they shall be lost over the mountains in a little known part of the old world. Perhaps you wonder why there were so many airplane accidents in the last part of 1949. It is a cycle, and the cycle is not yet spent.

"Prospects of a business nature in 1950 are remarkably good. Money is going to become no tighter, but a little looser, and there is going to be so much pressure brought that burdensome taxes will be lifted. No so much as you would like, perhaps, but lifted because of the pressure that is going to be brought to bear upon acutely ear-minded-to-the-ground politics.

"There is, speaking of politics, a man I'd like to tell you a little bit about—belonging to one of the political parties in your United States. He is a genius! You have never heard of him. You don't recognize

(Continued on Page 15)

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P. S.—I have letters from many of the officers of the National Spiritualist Association and leading mediums—all saying that these are splendid books. T. E.

him as a genius now and it may be that his golden opportunity may not come up in 1950.

"A new invention in 1950 is going to make itself felt and to have revolutionary effect upon the world eventually. Its inception is in this year.

"A severe earthquake, not in the United States. It appears to be, as I see it now, in the shore or off the shore of South America. There may be minor tremors in the United States.

"I believe the people in this section of the United States have been suffering from somewhat of a lack of water. Well, I think you will be able to take your Saturday night ablution after the spring, for the spring looks rather damp. There will be a drought however, in the northwestern part of the U. S. which will be of great severity. Also, a plague of insects which will do a great deal of damage and cause great destruction. There will be an invention — a second minor invention—of interest to you who travel in gas buggies—there will be an invention coming to the fore that will have a revolutionary effect upon the tires, mainly contributing to their safety and their long lasting quality.

"There will be a notable advancement in medical science — a discovery.

"Around August or September, perhaps October, an airplane dis-



Morris Kipp

He recorded Cheiro's Prophecies

ter, which is not totally disastrous in and around New York City itself.

"Watch the boy! . . . Watch that child in the middle south of Europe.

"God bless each and every one, and the best of all possible New Years—at least the best that you can have in your world, which, at best, is not too happy a place."

Mystics who were Mediums . . . CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

comments scathingly upon some of the absurd stories that gained credence during the early days of the Anglo-Catholic movement, in the nineteenth century.

There was a story of a saint who was said to have crossed the Channel on a tombstone, and a still taller story of another saint who (allegedly!) lit candles from an icicle. There is no shred of evidence for these amusing tales, and they do not conform to any known occult pattern; whereas the instances I have quoted of St. Joseph and of Gauthier are both well-documented.

It is easier to establish the existence of the occult, than to explain it, and particularly its queer association with mysticism. One would have thought that mysticism had nothing of this world about it, and that even levitation had little to do with heaven! It is possible, however, to make a tentative suggestion.

The Yogis practice deliberate mysticism; and the method by which they induce their experiences consists in performing certain breathing exercises which are designed to stimulate the nervous system.

Reichenbach believed in a force, called the "Od," which he thought was the basis of the occult. If he was right, surely the most likely source is the nervous system?

Whatever the explanation, the facts are plain. The marvels of healing which occurred in the Paris cemetery, for instance, are all thoroughly well-established, on oath.

Moreover, they were so numerous that the King, who did not approve of them, went to the length of closing the cemetery. On the gate a wag pinned the following notice:

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CHURCH NEWS

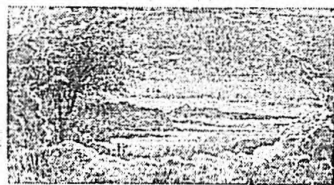


Rev. Harry Hilborn

He is the pastor of the Evangelical Spiritual Church, 651 North Parkside Ave., Chicago, Illinois. His mother, Catherine S. Hilborn (See notice this page) passed away recently.

Rev. Hilborn, lecturer and mental medium, has been an outstanding worker for the cause of Spiritualism for over 15 years.

SUMMERLAND



CARNEY—Rev. George Carney of Lily Dale, N. Y., passed March 31. Rev. Carney formerly lived in Detroit, Michigan. Services were conducted in Fredonia, April 3, by the Rev. Arthur Myers, assisted by the Rev. Clara Barnett Smith of Detroit.

CORCORAN—Joseph Corcoran, husband of Grace Corcoran, Madison, Wisconsin, passed March 31. Rev. Melvina Krauss officiated.

GENZEL—Ethel Genzel (60), passed April 11. She was a member of the First Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Surviving are three daughters, one sister and three brothers. Funeral services conducted by the Rev. F. Lorenz Lamping.

HANSCOMB—Funeral services for Helen M. Hanscomb, Chicago, Illinois, were held on April 13. She had been a Spiritualist for many years and was widely known in the stage and radio, officiated. Rev. Victoria Barnes, M.D., officiated.

LEES—Margaret Le's, Philadelphia, Pa., passed March 29. She was an active member of the Third Spiritualist Church, and a medium. Surviving are two daughters, Margaret and Violet, a sister and brother. Rev. Anna K. Rose officiated.

RATHER—Carl F. Rathert, Chicago, Illinois, passed April 15. He was a member of the First Spiritualist Church of Divinity. Surviving are his widow, Emma, two sons, a brother. Services were held April 19. Rev. Victoria Barnes, M.D., officiated.

Mrs. Hilborn Passes Away

Catherine S. Hilborn, passed away May 15th last at 5923 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois. Rev. Bessie L. Wells, Jackson, Michigan, officiated, and Rev. George W. Jewett of Grand Ledge, Michigan attended.

Mrs. Hilborn was one of the original organizers of the Chicago Evangelical-Spiritual Church. For over 20 years she was an ardent worker for the Independent Spiritualist Association.

She was a past commander of Minerva Conclave No. 1, True Kindred, a member of the Woman's Benefit Association and Guardian Chapter 720 Eastern Star.

Surviving Mrs. Hilborn are her husband, John J., and four sons, John T., Lester T., Ralph C., and the Rev. Harry M. Hilborn who is pastor of the Evangelical Spiritual Church, 651 North Parkside. There are also seven grandchildren.

Spiritual Science Activities

The Spiritual Science Institute, and the Spiritual Science Mother Church, Inc., of New York City, will sponsor numerous activities throughout the summer months according to Rev. Glenn Argoe, 210 West 21st Street. Special activities include classes by Rev. Jennie Moore, pastor of the First Spiritual Science Church, who says: "The saving of energies is an important factor in spiritual progress and material success" and teaches: "To maintain one's balance and keep in harmony with the law, it is important not only to know the law but how to use it."

Rev. Bessie Fourton, assistant pastor of the 1st S.S.C., will hold a series of meetings for the purpose of psychometric experimentation. For many years, Rev. Fourton was an active member of the New York section of the A.S.P.R.

Rev. Argoe reports that May 7th last, Rev. Alice Tindall, pastor of the First Spiritual Science Church of Washington, D. C., was invited by the Washington Unitarian Church

STROHL—Mrs Oscar Strohl (77), passed April 19. Surviving are her husband, one son, four daughters, three brothers and one sister. Funeral service conducted by Rose Dewarzeger of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

TAYLOR—George Taylor (74), passed April 11. The beloved husband of Frieda Taylor, he was popularly known as "Scotty." Besides his widow he leaves seven children by a former marriage. Funeral service conducted by the Rev. Leota Maxwell.

to hold an open forum for its adult study class of over 100 people.

Rev. Argoe was elected recording secretary of the New York Woman's Press Club, at a meeting held recently in New York's Statler Hotel. She has been a club member for many years and has a newspaper background, having been a columnist for various periodicals in the Middle West. One of her best series was known as "Sunshine Corner."



Rev. Bessie Fourton

She is also the author of "Lessons in Spiritual Science," a course of instruction sponsored by the Spiritual Science Institute of New York City for the training of students and ministers in Spiritual Science work.

Freeville 1950 Program

The 55th annual season of Freeville Spiritual Association opened June 25th and will close September 3rd, according to secretary, the Rev. Ruth La Barr, Tully, New York.

Speakers and mediums listed on the official program: Rev. Bertie Lilly Candler, June 25th to July 1st and August 20th to 26th; Rev. M. McBride Panton, July 2nd to 8th; Rev. Betty Crews Brown, July 9th-15th; Rev. Sophie E. Busch, July 16th-29th; Mildred Mason and Robert Howell, July 30th-August 5th; Rev. Bertha R. Marx, August 6th-19th; and Rev. Lucy A. Walker, August 27-September 3rd.

Clara Osborne will be in charge of conferences held daily and every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon, she will conduct services at the Forest Temple.

Other special instructors, lecturers and mediums listed are: Rev. Converse E. Nickerson, Sadie McIntyre, Rev. Eva Bostwick, Goldie Guernsey, Rev. Olive MacMillin, Margie Newman, Myrtle Powell, Pearl Jones,

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CHURCH NEWS

Pauline Hamm, Florence Rodgers and Luania Caley.

The Board of Directors of the camps are: Clarence L. Titus, president; Harry L. Bullock, vice president; Rev. Ruth LaBarr, secretary; Hazel James, treasurer. Trustees: Mark B. Sturdevant, Zadie Mattern, Elizabeth Pratt, Mildred Stevenson, Norman Gardner, and Boies Penrose. Officers of the Ladies' Auxiliary: Alice Mitchell, president. Bertha Bullock, vice president; Ma ble Howell, secretary-treasurer. Officers of the Ladies' Aid: Jessi Brong, president; Mary Hoffman Lewis, vice president; and Nina Sturdevant, secretary-treasurer.

Fresno Church

Fresno, California, now has its first Spiritualist church building . . .

She also has private classes for individuals. Recently, ordination services were held for Ministers of Healing. Of her workers, Rev. Wolford says: "Rev. Richards is one of the finest workers we have in the church. Rev. Docia Stanforth is our Church Mother and Rev. Helen Jolly our pianist."



Part of the Chapel and Altar of the Church of Revelation, Fresno, California.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Rev. Grace Crawford, Rev. Docia Stanforth, Rev. Helen Jolly, Rev. Lester Mikesell, Rev. Warren Crawford, Rev. Odie Richards, Floyd H. Wolford, Rev. Floyd Anderson; Attendants: Odie Leona Richards, Grace Wechert and Edna Gross. Rev. Janet Stine Wolford seated.

known as the Church of Revelation, No. 10, and is located at 955 Palm Ave. Besides the main chapel, the church also has healing rooms, a prayer sanctuary, library, recreation hall (also used as class room, kitchen and office) and bedroom to accompany overnight guests.

The church was founded by its president, Rev. Janet Stine Wolford and dedicated February 22nd, last. Regular services are held each Wednesday and Sunday evening; Friday afternoon, lectures; and private consultations Monday and Friday of each week from 10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Each month, the congregation assembles for their "Get-Together" party.

Rev. Wolford also conducts a class for development and now has 41 students who attend regularly.



Church of Revelation, No. 10, 955 Palm Avenue, Fresno, California. Rev. Janet Stine Wolford, president and founder. Seating capacity, 400.

Corrections

According to Rev. Paul D. Wilson, the California State Spiritualist Association convention was held at the Armenian Center, corner of Venice and Magnolia, June 21st, to the 24th. The banquet was held on the night of June 20th.

Due to an error in a late edition of *Psychic Observer*, called to our attention by Rev. Wilson and Rev. Maude Klines, we print the following at their request:

"March 26th was Gratitude Day at the Central Spiritualist Church, 2201 South Union Street, Los Angeles 7, California. Activities began in the morning with a lyceum session conducted by Rev. Pearl Knight. At the morning service following, Janice Baynes and H. S. Smiley of Iowa were guest workers.

"At the afternoon devotional service, there was no lecture but the following people were invited to the platform: *Harold P. Courtney* (as a former N.S.A. official only as it was strictly a National day. Mr. Courtney was invited by letter owing to the fact that he was a past N.S.A. officer. The invitation was extended by the Church president, Rev. Wilson who says that Mr. Courtney had no part in any of the services except of being properly recognized and being on the platform at both services); *Rev. Mayme Pirtle*, *Rev. Sophia Norton*, *Rev. William Donovan*, *Rev. Mae Taylor*, *Rev. Lillian R. Courtney* and Central Spiritualist Church pastor, *Rev. Maria A. Sykes*.

"Maude Kline, a member of the Central Spiritualist Church and N.S.A. missionary, gave her splendid work after each medium on the platform had given spirit greetings.

"After the church dinner was served, evening devotional services featured a lecture by Rev. Clyde Dibble, N.S.A. treasurer.

"Ordination was then conferred upon Katherine Tobey of the Central Spiritualist Church by Rev. Dibble after the authorization was read by Rev. Wilson. The Ordination Invocation was given by Rev. Minnie M. Sayres, N.S.A. missionary. H. P. Courtney (as a past N.S.A. officer, courtesy recognition as he had no part in the ordination service)—was asked to introduce the C.S.S.A. officers present.

"Maude Kline again was at her best and gave both traveling and billet messages to the large crowd. She has been very active here in California and is doing much good wherever she goes.

"\$250 was raised for the N.S.A. General Fund and the check was given to Rev. Dibble.

"Rev. Paul D. Wilson (chairman) Church President and the pastor, Rev. Maria A. Sykes, took part in both services."

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SUNDAY, JULY 30th — 2:30 P. M. — LAKE BRADY SPIRITUALIST CAMP, Brady Lake, Ohio.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th — 2 P. M., and SUNDAY, AUGUST 6th — 10:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. — CHESTERFIELD SPIRITUALIST CAMP, Chesterfield, Indiana.

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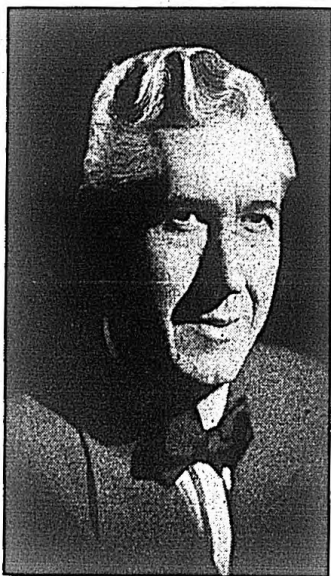
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