

# TRANSITION

By  
MAJOR C. H. MOWBRAY

With a Foreword by  
THE REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS

*To the Memory of J. H. McK.*

*"There is no Death! What seems so is transition."* — Longfellow.



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That personal responsibility must be acknowledged for  
every thought, word and deed.

That people, both in the physical body, and those who  
have passed on to the unseen, influence each other for  
good and for ill according to their individual thought  
and feeling.



Tambourine levitated—Medium Lewis.





Ectoplasmic Rod plucking strings of Zither. Observe ring in nose (see page 52.)  
Medium Lynn.

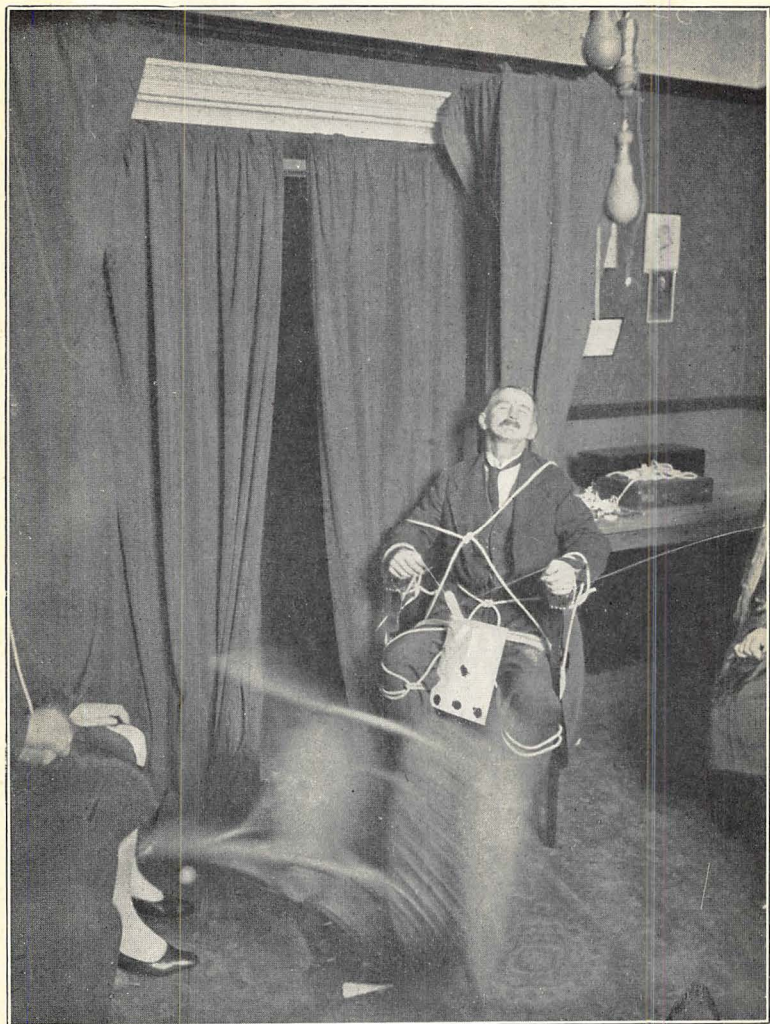
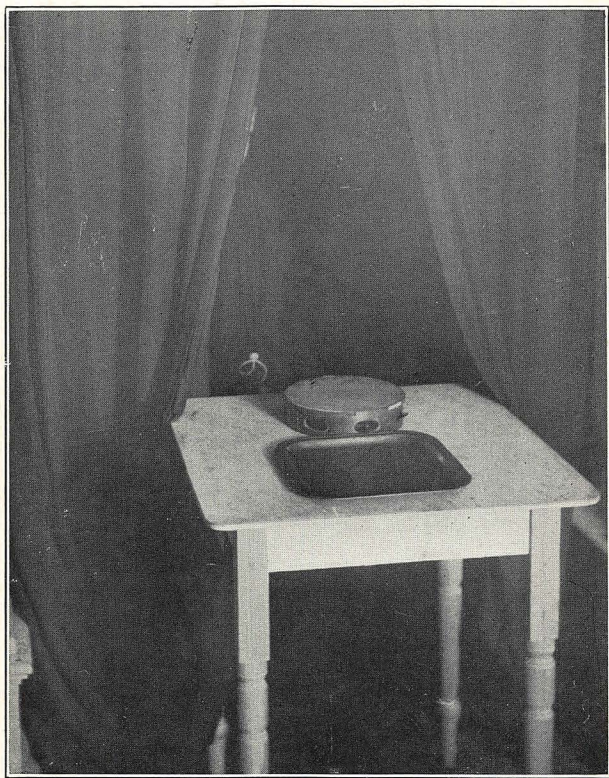


Table thrown on to ground.—Medium Lewis.

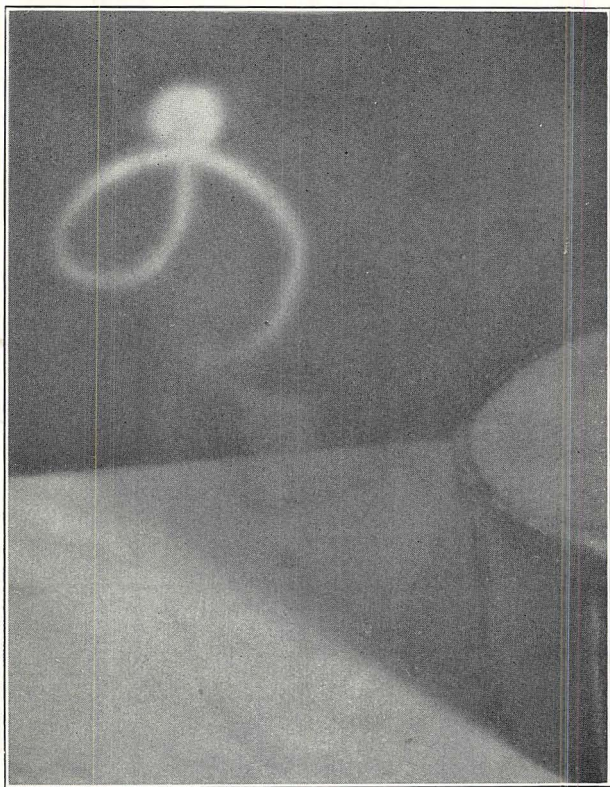


No. 4



Ectoplasmic Rod tapping table.—Medium Lynn. (See page 52.)

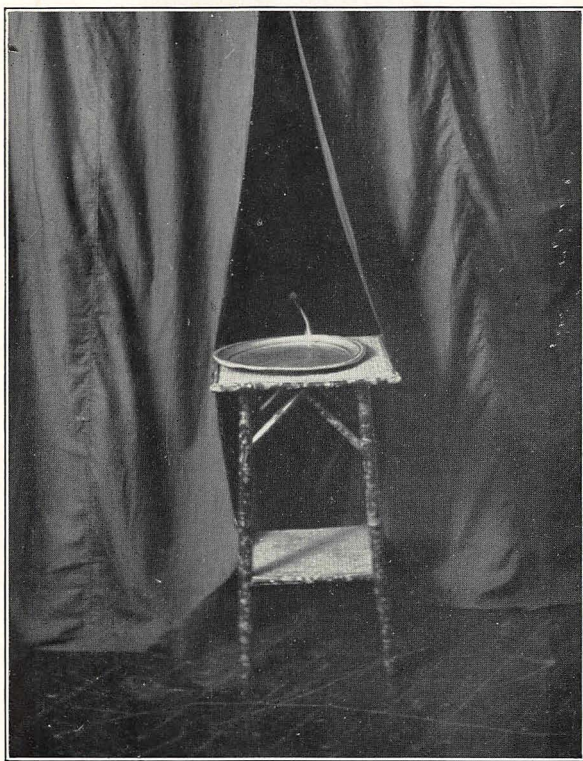
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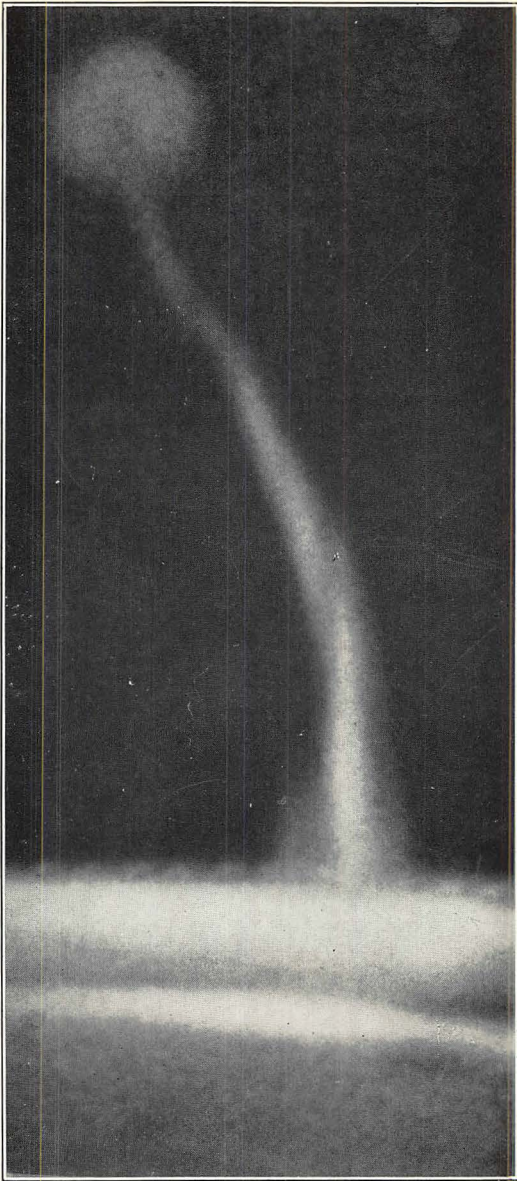
Enlargement of No. 4.



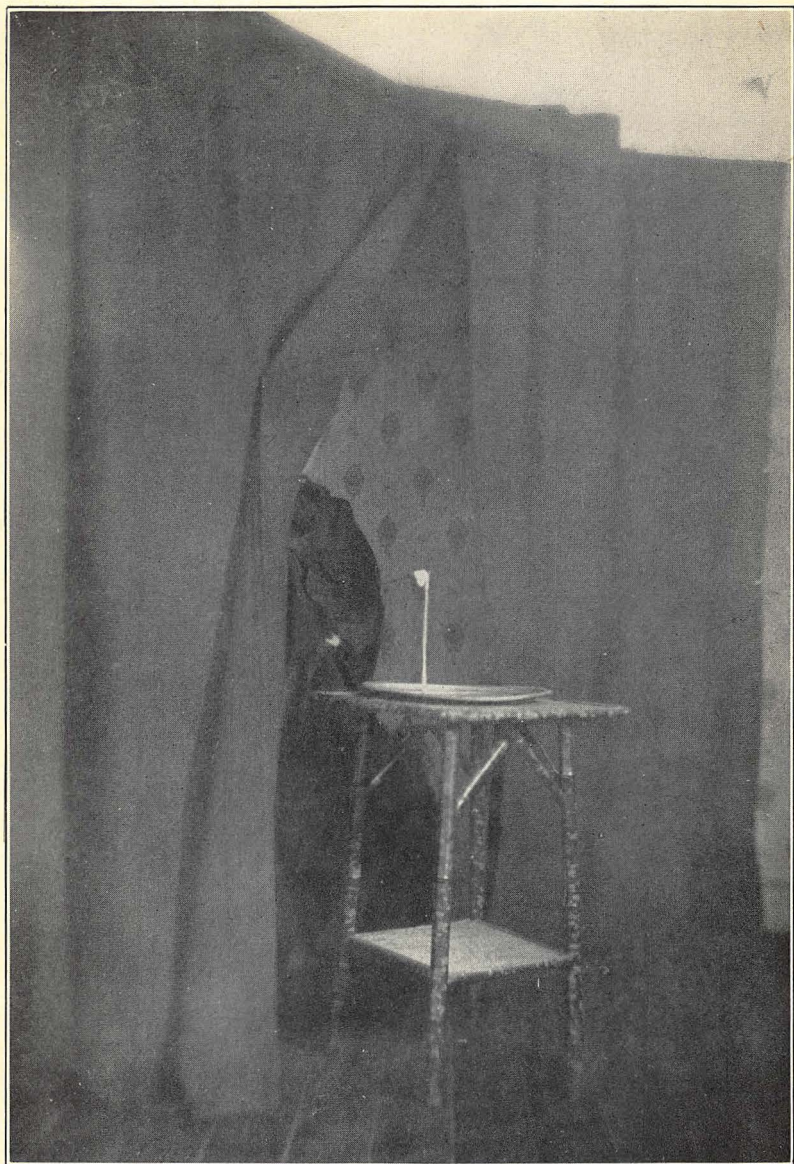
No. 6



Ectoplasmic Rod tapping table.—Medium Lynn. (See page 52.)



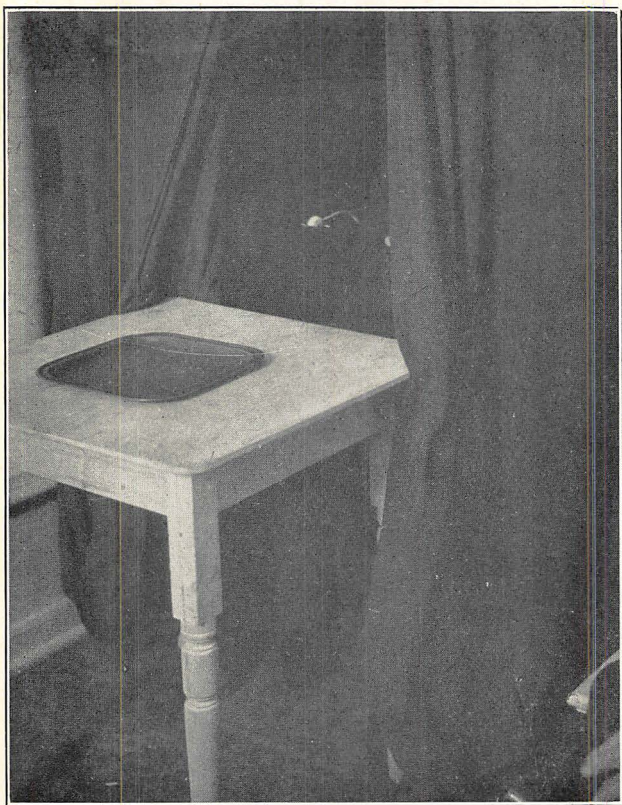
Enlargement of No. 6.



Apport (necklace) at moment of arriving.—Medium Lynn.



No. 9



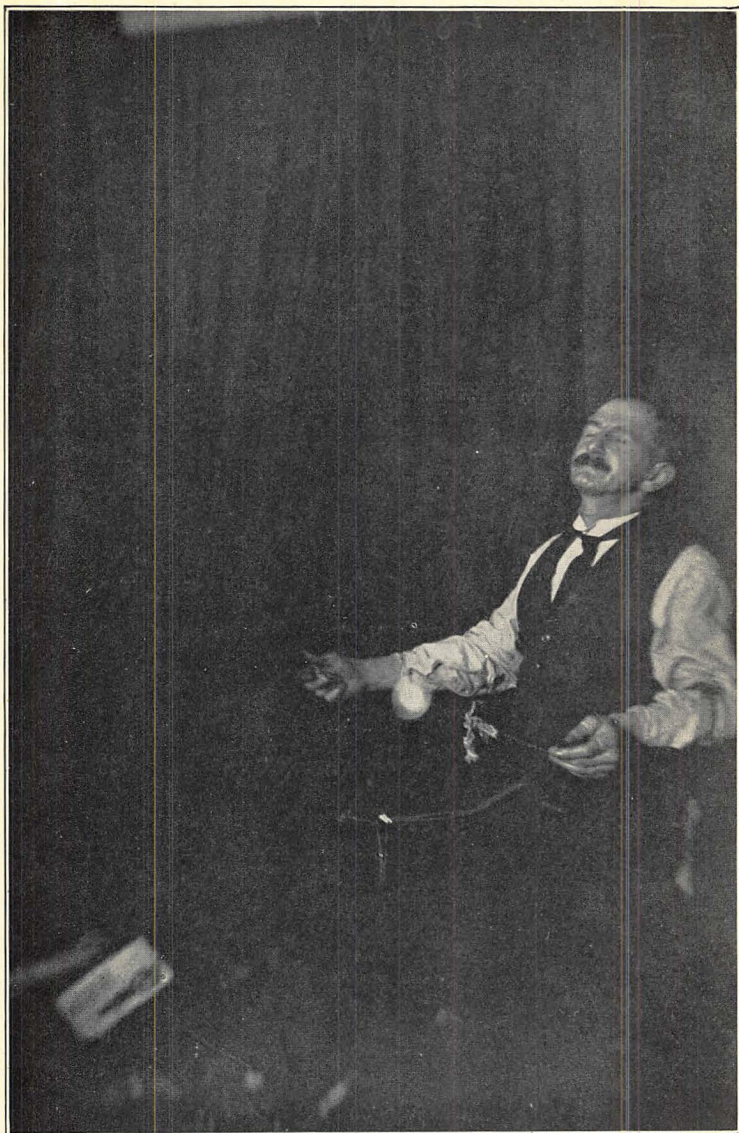
Apport (saltspoon) at moment of arriving.—Medium Lynn.



No. 10



Enlargement of No. 9.



Visiting Card about to be removed from thread. (See page 50.)  
Medium Lewis.





## FOREWORD

Major Mowbray and I have been fellow members of the British College of Psychic Science for some years. His enterprise in research soon attracted my attention, for it was obvious that he brought to it qualities which are favourable to success in dealing with sensitives, whether of the physical or mental type.

While travelling together to address a private gathering in a clergyman's drawing-room, Major Mowbray and I were exchanging experiences. Some of the incidents he related struck me as being of special value for students, and I therefore urged him to publish them. A selection of these experiences has since appeared in the pages of *Light*, and I now learn with pleasure that they are to take book form. It is in response to the Major's request that I gladly write this foreword.

While listening to the incidents told me in the train I noticed that they provided conclusive refutation of the imaginative alternatives by which critics have sought to discount the evidence for human survival, provided by communications from deceased people. In other words, Major Mowbray's experiences are strongly evidential. They display facts which demonstrate that messages from the departed do actually reach us, if and when we can provide the indispensable conditions.

Doubts about existence beyond death are prevalent to-day, and not a few boldly assert their entire disbelief. Both within and outside the churches also there are not a few whose conviction is too slight to support with fortitude the shock of bereavement. For such as these, the evidence which brings certainty that we survive the death of our physical body and continue life under other conditions, opens a new outlook on existence, an understanding of life's meaning and a better appreciation of the laws of spiritual help.

Under the heading, *Scope and Limitation of Psychic Experiences*, Major Mowbray gives sound advice. He reminds readers that not all sittings are as productive as those which he has described, and that much depends on the sitter's patience and discretion. He advises that one should first try to find a medium with whom our communicators are successful and that we then take a series of sittings with that Medium. This will give opportunity for our communicators to do something more than prove their identity. It is likely to result in our receiving valuable information about life in the Beyond and other matters which, from their advanced position and enlarged experience, they deem it important that we should know.

Communication with the Beyond, like all other good things,



can be misused or ignored. The mere fact of conversing with friends whose bodies we saw buried long ago, does not necessarily, and of itself, do more for us than did our talks with the same persons while they were here. Good things need wise using, 'ere their benefit can be enjoyed. It is here that the Christian church should find its scope when the new knowledge is absorbed by its clergy and utilised in their customary ministrations. Unfortunately, many who have this knowledge seem unable or unwilling to use it, while others who could and would use it to good effect, remain unaware of its reality.

I believe that the incidents recounted in this book by so conscientious and acute an observer are likely to prove an inspiration to many who read them, and an aid in the supreme art of living wisely and well, not only in actions, but also in thought.

C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

*October, 1936*

## INTRODUCTION

I have often asked what made me take up Spiritualism—whether I really believe in it, and if it has done me any good. The answers to these last two questions are easy, because I absolutely know that spirits have the power to communicate with their friends on earth, if they can find a suitable Medium ; and the many sittings I have been to have convinced me that human beings—and probably all life—survive bodily death.

Surely the knowledge—not the belief or hope—of survival is all important. It does not in the least matter whether we wish to survive or not ; the fact remains that we do ; and I have found that, when death takes away a child from the mother, or a husband from a loving wife, the sure and certain knowledge of death being only a change of existence brings solace and comfort to the bereaved one that nothing else can. Most decidedly the knowledge of spiritualism has done me good. Whether it is wrong or not to try and get into touch with the departed, I will discuss at the end of this book.

A great uncle of mine was a convinced Spiritualist, and my mother at times was in the habit of describing to me some of the sittings she had been to with him. Slade was the Medium. Of course, these took place many years ago.

I always remember her account of one of these séances. There were present, Slade—the Medium—my mother and her uncle and aunt. The latter's son had gone out to Africa, but having decided to come home, he had died on board ship and had been buried at sea. The father, being a doctor, was naturally anxious to know all about his son's illness. He had corresponded with the Captain and learnt that the boy had died of some fever or other. As the ship had no doctor the Captain had treated him, and having few medicines on board and less knowledge, he had dosed him with castor oil.

After a short time the Medium's guide said that Jim—the son—was present, and his father carried on a conversation with him somewhat after this fashion :—

Father : Well, Jim, my boy, I am so glad to get in touch with you again. You died of fever, I understand.

Jim : No, I didn't.

Father : What did you die of.

Jim : I was murdered.

Father : Who murdered you ?

Jim : The Captain.

Father : Why did he murder you ?

Jim : Because he wanted my money.



Father : How did he kill you.

Jim : I wasn't very well, so he gave me some castor oil into which he had put poison.

The Medium then said something was hurting his arm, and turned up his sleeve. "James Osborn Davey"—the boy's full name was seen to be written in red letters on his arm. The writing gradually disappeared, and in a few minutes it had vanished.

When the father had written to the ship's captain for his son's effects he had been told that there was nothing except his personal baggage, but later on it was found that the Captain was wearing the boy's gold watch and chain, which, he said, he had given him in return for his kindness in looking after him.

Of course, nothing could be proved, but they were all tremendously impressed, and until the day of their deaths the parents fully believed that their son had been murdered. My mother told me that she shared their view.

She had other good sittings with Slade, but at the time I really was little interested in the accounts, and in my heart of hearts, I thought that it was all nonsense.

Then my sister had a series of—as I know now—wonderful sittings with Mrs. Wreidt, the American Voice Medium, but I laughed at her and told her that she had been thoroughly taken in.

One evening, however, I was travelling down to Cambridge from Liverpool Street. The carriage was full and I found myself sitting next to a young man who was reading an evening paper. This youth had a receding forehead and wore a billycock hat on the side of his head with a jay's feather stuck in the ribbon. Suddenly he remarked to the carriage at large, "What a fool." The other passengers stared at him when he again said, "What tripe." I then glanced over his shoulder to try and find out what had caused these outbursts, and saw that he was reading an article on Spiritualism by Sir Oliver Lodge. I wondered who was the fool. I didn't believe in Spiritualism, and yet I couldn't bring myself to believe that this young "knot" was the wise man and Sir Oliver the opposite—it was absurd, and yet—. I thought about this a great deal, with the result that I made up my mind to find out for myself. I got in touch with the Psychic College through Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, who arranged a sitting for me with Mrs. Barkel, an account of which follows ; but I feel it is up to me to express my thanks to that conceited young idiot—I haven't the least idea who he is—for his inane remark.

### MY FIRST SITTING

The first sitting I ever had was with Mrs. Barkel, and a remarkable one it was, though I did not realise this at the time. It took

place on a certain Thursday at 3 o'clock. I had gone to the Psychic College with somewhat mixed feelings ; I badly wanted to find out if there really was any truth in Spiritualism, or if it was just nonsense believed in by a lot of credulous old women of both genders. Going upstairs to Mrs. Barkel's séance room I passed an extraordinary looking individual coming down, and I remember thinking to myself, "Heavens, am I going to get myself mixed up with that kind of crowd." However, there was no turning back now, but when I was introduced to the Medium I was agreeably surprised. I found myself in the presence of a charming woman, nicely dressed, who talked quite naturally and told me about her guide, "White Hawk," and what would happen when she became entranced.

After talking together for a little time the conversation ceased, and I noticed that the Medium seemed to be asleep, but of course, she had gone into trance. Suddenly "White Hawk" introduced himself, and said :—

"Evelyn, Oxford." Now Evelyn is the name of my wife, and she had gone to Oxford that morning to stay with cousins to watch the "Eights." "White Hawk" then proceeded to tell me that she had a very sore throat ; he said it was not dangerous, but that it was very painful, and he remarked—"Blue China—don't forget—it's a test ; ask her ; she will understand."

After that "White Hawk" described various spirits whom he said were standing at the other end of the room, but wouldn't come closer. One, he said, was an old lady who was showing a walking stick, and another was a soldier, very old and very bent. They were, he thought, near relatives of mine, but he could give me nothing else. Certainly I had had an aunt who had always gone about the house with a stick owing to lameness, and her husband had been a Crimea and Mutiny veteran, but the descriptions had been too vague, and I wasn't in the least satisfied. (Incidentally, I might mention here that sometime later the aunt came again through Mrs. Mason, showing her stick and giving her name, Anna.)

The sitting ended ; but just before the close "White Hawk" reminded me about the Blue China, again telling me that it was a "test."

I came downstairs thinking that the whole thing had been nonsense. My wife, I knew, had been perfectly well that morning, otherwise she would never have left home. It was curious that I had been given "Oxford," but that was probably telepathy, and as for the two old people, I wasn't going to be a credulous idiot and say that my uncle and aunt had come to me.



(At a subsequent sitting, "White Hawk" told me that these forms had been unable to come closer to me owing to the conditions I had set up. He said that I had been in a great state of excitement and had given off an atmosphere "like water boiling in a kettle.") I went away from the College thinking to myself, "Well, that's the last time I shall waste my money there."

Next evening my wife suddenly walked into the house while I was having dinner about 8 p.m. I was very surprised, as she had gone away for a week, and when she had left home she was, as I have already said, in perfect health. I said, "Hullo, what on earth has happened?" She then told me that she had suddenly got very bad toothache and, not wishing to visit a strange dentist, had returned home to consult her own. She went off there and then and had two teeth extracted.

It appeared that at the very time "White Hawk" had told me about her throat, she was sitting on the Christchurch barge, with the collar of her coat turned up, suffering great pain all down her cheek and throat—a wonderful case of travelling clairvoyance on "White Hawk's" part.

Next morning I went into her room and said, "I had a funny dream about you last night, it was something to do with Blue China, and it is puzzling me."

She answered, "How extraordinary you should say that. Yesterday morning at breakfast (*i.e.*, Friday at 9.15 a.m.), Maud (her hostess) suddenly showed me two blue china cups, remarking, 'When mother died, I found she had put these away most carefully, evidently thinking them valuable; what do you think of them?'" My wife answered, "They look like Spode, but there are no marks on them. Why don't you take them to a curio shop and have them valued?"

"White Hawk" had told me about "Blue China" some eighteen hours before this had happened. It was something absolutely unimportant, but of intense interest as demonstrating the Medium's power of prevoyance.

This, of course, put an entirely different complexion upon the result of the sitting, and I immediately wrote to the College to tell them about this wonderful prevoyance. "White Hawk" must have known that I needed a really good test of his supernatural powers, and provided me with one. This little incident completely changed my outlook, so I determined to have some more sittings, and arranged one with Mrs. Blanche Cooper, the Voice Medium.

This first sitting taught me two most important lessons—always to take full notes, and never to turn down anything straight away, because what may seem to be false at the time

may be verified later on ; and not to put a difficult atmosphere—barrier—which will most certainly make it impossible for communications to come through.

Mrs. Blanche Cooper, I found to be a frail, delicately looking woman, the last kind of person one would expect to possess the strong psychic power she undoubtedly has.

Her mediumship is somewhat unique, as voices start speaking within a few seconds of the lights being put out. Sittings with her only last about half an hour, but those thirty minutes are, as a rule, fuller of incidents than very much longer sésances with other Mediums.

I sat with her a great many times, but perhaps the first sitting I had with her was the most remarkable. I obtained much evidence of survival and had an exact representation of the Pentecost enacted in front of me. This I believe to be a very rare phenomenon, one which I shall never forget and have never experienced again.

One sits on Mrs. Cooper's left side, holding her left hand all through the sitting. One is thus able to be quite certain that she never leaves her seat and yet one sees the luminous trumpet floating about yards away from her. She seldom, if ever, goes into trance.

She likes a gramophone to be played when the power lessens.

The moment I had taken my seat and the light had been extinguished a loud voice addressed me, giving me the name of Eyles. He told me that he used to take me out fishing.

Though I hadn't given a thought to this person for years, I knew at once that it was my mother's cousin, Colonel Eyles Gordon, who had come home on leave from India about the year 1888 or 1889. He used to hire a boat and take me out on the river at Surbiton to fish. I know I much appreciated his kindness at the time, and thought it wonderful of him spending a couple of shillings boat hire on me for just an afternoon. He was about the last person in the world I should have thought would come, but since then I have learnt that so often it is the least expected person who *does* turn up. I have found that if one thinks too much about anyone a barrier seems to be imposed that hinders them and may prevent them coming at all. This point was once brought home to me very forcibly when later I was sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard. I had told a friend staying at Westgate that I was having a sitting next day at 11.30, and to try and get a message through to me. Feda—Mrs. Leonard's guide—described the friend accurately, saying she was sitting by the sea, but couldn't get her thoughts as she (the friend) was concentrating too much on me. All this came quite



spontaneously, as at the time I was entirely preoccupied with the sitting and had completely forgotten my request to my friend.

But to return to Mrs. Cooper.

Eyles reminded me of our fishing together and spoke of the day when I had fastened my line to the end of the rod—leaving the reel at home. This had vexed him. When he mentioned this, I remembered the incident—though it had completely escaped my memory—as well it might after a lapse of some forty years.

A child then spoke. She said that I knew her quite well. She had stayed with me in “the other house.” I knew her mother very well. She called me “Daddy,” which, after her last remark, was rather embarrassing!

She asked me to give certain messages to her mother regarding the disposal of her dolls and garden doll’s house. She was quite unable to give me her name, and I had no idea who she was.

My grandmother then introduced herself, remarking that I was a “beautiful boy.” I will not go quite so far as to say that this was highly evidential, but it was very curious for this reason. I laughingly repeated this remark to my mother a few days later. She then told me that she had taken me to see my grandmother a few hours before her passing. As I was going out of the room the old lady had remarked to her, “What a beautiful boy.” I was under six at the time. Of course, it’s quite possible that I had heard the remark which had sunk into my subconscious, but had come up again to the surface when speaking to her, but I think it far more likely that when she returned to earth she had taken on again her last earth memories. As I was so young when she passed, I could not recognise the tone of her voice, but she said she had brought my grandfather with her. Now, he lived until I was 22, and the voice that addressed me next was his absolutely. It was most curious to listen to these two voices—one male and one female speaking at *the same time*. I couldn’t carry on a conversation with both of them at once, and had to ask them to speak separately. My grandfather told me that he was worried because of my mother. So I asked him if that meant that she was going to pass over soon. He said, “No, I am worried because she is worried.” I protested that I did not think she had anything very much to be worried over. “Oh, yes,” the voice answered, “she is worried over the house. Tell her from me that I have thought it all over and that I think under the circumstances she had better stay where she is and buy it.” This seemed to me very curious because my mother, who had lived in her rented house for some twenty years, had received a letter informing her of her landlord’s death. The new owner had written to her to say that he wished to sell the house,



but would give her first refusal of it. If she did not wish to buy it then he intended to auction it. My mother *had* already consulted me about it, but I had told her not to do anything of the kind. I had suggested to her that it was probably bluff, but anyway she was protected by the Rent Restriction Act, and if she did buy it, we children would find it rather a white elephant when she passed over. I was so against the purchase that my mother had said nothing more about it to me, and I thought she had taken my advice, and I had almost forgotten the matter. People who really know very little about it are always so ready to murmur the magic word "Telepathy," thereby thinking that they have said a very clever thing and solved all difficulties, but in this case had the communication been due to telepathy from myself, surely I would have been told to tell her *not* to buy it. If that had come through people could have said quite reasonably that my own subconscious mind had been tapped, but you can't have it both ways, though most of us would like to !

My grandmother then took up the tale, and told me that she would try and show herself to me. A ball of dull luminosity, about the size of a football, gradually formed. This seemed to be manipulated in much the same way as a baker kneads dough. Suddenly, a hideous face flashed out, hideous, I suppose, because it was not properly formed. Mr. S. O. Cox, the principal of the British College of Psychic Science, informed me that once when sitting with Mrs. Cooper, the same thing exactly happened with him, only in his case a perfect face—his daughter's—was formed. He described the "working" of the luminous globe as I saw it. I never heard of anyone else having the same experience with this Medium, nor did Mr. Cox ; in any case, it must have been a very rare occurrence with her.

After this abortive attempt the globe vanished, but a few moments later a tongue of fire appeared flitting about the room. This was soon joined by another one. These two moved about the room, reminding me, more than anything else, of two butterflies in a garden on a warm summer's day. At times they were at the top of the room, now in the corners, now under my chair, only to return to the ceiling again. Often they were several feet away from the Medium, whose hand I was holding all the time. During these manifestations the breezes were so strong that I judged they would blow a newspaper across the room had a copy been there. I had no thermometer, but I should say the temperature had gone down several degrees, as I was shivering with cold. I wonder why the question of cold is not mentioned in the "Acts of the Apostles," as I have little doubt that it was experienced. I saw the whole of the Pentecost enacted before

me that day—"voices," "tongues of fire," "rushing mighty wind," and I shall never forget what I can only describe as the gracefulness of those tongues of fire.

How history repeats itself ! I showed a friend of mine an account of this sitting which I had written for *Light*. He remarked, "you must have been to that séance after a regimental dinner," the modern equivalent for "These men are full of new wine."

The whole sitting was a most remarkable one, which entirely removed from my mind any doubt I had about the truth of psychic phenomena.

On returning home, I told my wife about the child who had spoken, and she thought it must be "Penanne." This was the young daughter of a cousin of hers who had lately passed over. She had stayed with us the year before for six weeks or so while her parents were abroad. Since her visit we had moved into a new house, so her description of "the other house" would be accurate. I determined to find out if it really was the child, but it was many months and after many sittings before I absolutely satisfied myself as to her identity.

It would be wearying to my readers if I were to relate all the little bits of evidence I gradually obtained about this child, not only through Mrs. Cooper, but through Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Barkel and the Misses Moore. Gradually I became convinced that the child really was Penanne, but she could never give me her name, and I firmly refused to pass on any of her messages to her mother until she did.

Matters had reached rather an *impasse* when, at a sitting with Mrs. Barkel, my old friend Major M—— was able to rap out his name. I wondered if this little girl could do the same ; so, the next time I sat with Mrs. Barkel, I got into touch with the child and asked if she could spell out her name by raps. She said she could, and started "P," "E," "N." I naturally expected her next letter to be "A," but it was not—it was "E," and she spelt out "Penelope Anne" in full. This was her correct name, though never in my life had I ever heard her called anything but "Penanne." Surely, telepathy should have given me the name I expected and had been waiting for for months.

The very next day I sat with Mrs. Blanche Cooper. The child came through, and I said, "You gave me your name by raps yesterday." "Yes—wasn't I clever?" was the comment ; so I replied, "You will be still more clever if you give it to me by voice now." It was quite pathetic listening to the Voice trying to get her name out. Sounds like "Pah," came, and then,



"Daddy, I can't." I told her that, as she had given me her name the day before, I would tell her mother about her, which I did.

To cut a long story short, her mother was at first entirely incredulous, said she didn't believe a word I had said, but couldn't make out how I knew about the dolls. I gave her lunch, arranged for a sitting for her with Mrs. Cooper, and went with her—the sitting being booked for myself and a friend. Now, this good lady has a very strange name—we call her "Possett," though that is fictitious. Suddenly a voice called, "Possett, Possett," with the result that my friend nearly jumped out of her chair, and the Voice stopped. I told her to ask who it was, and the Voice replied, "Granny." "Oh," she answered, "are you Lumpy's mother?" The Voice replied, "Not Lumpy's—Arthur's!"

(My friend told me after we came out that she had been in the habit of calling her husband "Lumpy," much to the annoyance of her mother-in-law, who would invariably correct her and say, "His name is Arthur, not that silly name.")

Then "it" happened. A voice called, "Mummy, it's Pen" (that was the name the mother always called the child), and the two were restored to each other.

That one sitting turned a very miserable woman into a very happy one; and last time I heard, these two were in constant communication. I also gained a very real friend for life on this side and one on the other side, too, I trust.

On her return home my friend told her husband about her marvellous experience, but knowing nothing about the subject, he scoffed at the whole thing, telling her that he was ashamed of her being so utterly credulous, but she implored him to go and find out for himself. After a good deal of nagging, he at last consented, with the remark, "Very well then, I *will* go and show up the d—— Medium."

I saw him after he had come out from his sitting. He said to me, "What astonishes me is that all my life I have been such a fool as to laugh at these things without knowing anything about them. Why, of course it's my child." He did not tell me all the evidence that had been given to him, but whatever it was it completely satisfied this ultra sceptic.

"Waste of time?" "Dishonouring the dead?" "Telepathy?" Readers can judge for themselves.

Later on I took another lady to Mrs. Cooper. Her husband had died under most tragic circumstances, in fact he had been murdered. She had brought into the room a bunch of violets which she placed under her chair. The sitting commenced and her husband spoke, giving his name, which was Hugh. Now he



very much gasped this out in a manner difficult for me to describe, but later, when I went with this same lady to sit with the Misses Moore, he gave his name in exactly the same gasping manner, and she told me that it had come in precisely the same way through another Voice Medium, Mrs. Roberts Johnson.

We then both saw distinctly a ball of luminosity about the size of a golf ball—it seemed to form close to my friend and then slowly move to the other side of the room. It hovered over the mantelpiece and then returned to her. She at once said, "A flower has been put into my hand." There was a vase of asters on the mantelpiece, and it was an aster that had been given her. Seemingly the ball of luminosity had brought it to her. After the sitting we found that the bunch of violets had been undone, and the violets scattered all along the floor almost in a line to the mantelpiece. I found several violets actually on top of the asters. During the whole of the sitting I never let go the Medium's hand, and it would have been impossible for her to have carried all this out fraudulently. But to make quite sure, I tried, when the séance ended, to throw a violet from where we were sitting towards the asters ; but I found I couldn't get it half-way.

#### FURTHER EVIDENCE FROM "VOICE" SITTINGS

When my old friend Colonel R—— asked me to take him and his wife to a sitting, I arranged for them to come with me to the Misses Moore, the Voice Mediums, who work together, each sister apparently being dependent on the other to get the voices. The appointment had to be some time ahead, as they were booked up.

Up to then I had never met Mrs. R——, but she kindly asked me to spend the night before the sitting with them, so that I could make her acquaintance. I was delighted to accept her invitation.

When I arrived at their flat the Colonel was out, but Mrs. R—— gave me a kind welcome. The first thing I noticed about her was that she was dressed in black, and she immediately told me that her mother had passed over only a week before, and she then asked me if I thought there was any chance of her "coming through" at our sitting. I told her that in all probability the old lady would be still asleep, and that I did not think there would be much chance. Mrs. R—— seemed very disappointed, so I said, "If you have something of hers which she wore constantly, take it—it might help."

At that moment the Colonel came in and the subject was dropped.

Next evening the sitting took place, and soon after the lights had been put out, the Colonel's Uncle James spoke. He gave his name and apologised for dying so suddenly with his affairs in such disorder, and he spoke about the trouble there had been over his insurance policy. Later, they told me that this was quite correct—the insurance policy, being lost, had delayed the probate of the will being granted.

I then heard the feeble voice of an old lady talking in almost a whisper—it was Mrs. R——'s mother, who addressed her by the pet name she used to call her as a child. The re-union of mother and daughter was most dramatic, but the conversation only lasted a short time. Andrew, the guide, came through and told us that the old lady had gone because she was still too tired to talk very much, but he asked Mrs. R.—— “Are you wearing something of hers, because she keeps on pointing to your chest?”

It then transpired that Mrs. R—— had slipped on a locket of her mother's which she was wearing under her bodice, suspended round her neck by a thin gold chain. This she had done after the lights had been put out.

After one or two other voices had spoken, the trumpet dropped on to the floor, and the Mediums asked me to put up the red light. I did so, and then picked up the trumpet, which was lying on the floor at my feet. While I was doing this, I heard a soft voice come out of it saying “Toby.” I thought it was my father, who used to call me by that name as a child. That was the end, except that I distinctly saw a thin wisp of white vapour coming out of the mouth of the trumpet—it looked like smoke from a cigarette, and it must have been ectoplasm returning to the Mediums. We immediately linked hands and reformed circle, but nothing more happened.

The sitting was very impressive and the result was that both the R——'s are now keen Spiritualists.

At another sitting with the same Mediums, a voice spoke to me. It said his name was Albert, and he had been a soldier in my company, but though I clearly recognised the voice, I could not place it, and told it so. But it said, “Of course you know me.” I tried to soothe him by remarking that so many of my men had been killed that I could not remember them all. “Well, anyway,” he replied, “you will remember who I am later.” So I said, “I hope so, but how are you getting on?” He told me he was all right now. “I have met lots of the old ‘H’ Company (my old Company); but you know, when I died and found



myself still alive, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I did not know if I was standing on my head or my heels."

The voice ceased, and then I realised that it was Bertie Fraud, my old batman. I tried to get him back, but I could not, and he has never come to me again. Three or four weeks before his passing (the result of injuries while a prisoner of war in Germany) his wife had written to me telling me that his end was very close and that he would like to see me once again. I drove over and saw him, and we spent a very happy afternoon together talking about old times. So his voice was fresh in my memory, and this was his voice (I was not suffering from hallucination, which I have heard given as an explanation of these voices).

At a third sitting, a cousin of mine, John by name, came through. He was another war casualty, and he asked me to give a certain message to "George." Now, the only George I could think of was another cousin, but I knew these two had scarcely ever met, so I asked him why on earth he wanted to send that message to George. The voice answered, "You are Charlie Mowbray, aren't you?" and on my saying "Yes," it said, "Well, then, please do what I ask."

I gave George the message, and he could not understand it; but when some time later my own sister, whom I had told about the message, met John's sister and remarked to her how strange it was sending that message to George, she was surprised to hear her say that the message must have been intended for her. Her second name is "Georgina," and her brother had been in the habit of calling her George in private, unknown to other people.

Naturally, I had not understood whom the message was for, and it is difficult to see why Bertie Fraud gave me the more formal name of Albert, and why the other message should have been for "George" instead of the name by which John's sister was usually called.

The lady in question deeply regrets she did not get the message in time to act upon it. Had she done so, she believes it would have saved her from financial loss.

At this sitting, John spoke in his own voice—it used to be somewhat thick, and the tones were exact. Later, I took another relative to the Misses Moore. John came through, but his voice was not the same. This other person, I suppose, had brought new conditions with her, and perhaps slightly upset the balance of psychic forces.

#### *Good Cross Evidence*

One day when sitting with Mrs. Mason, Penanne came, and, after passing the time of day with me, remarked, "You used to



tease me when I was on earth." I told her that had only been fun, and no harm had been intended. She assented to this, but told me that now it was her turn, and she was going to have her fun and tease me.

A little time afterwards, when sitting with the Misses Moore, the Voice Mediums, a kind of clicking noise started, like someone snapping their fingers very loudly. This seemed to go all round the room—now up in the corner near the ceiling, now close to the floor, and it continued so long that the Mediums discussed stopping the sitting, not being able to imagine what this could be.

Suddenly a voice said, "Daddy, I'm teasing you." I said, "You little beast," and the voice replied, "I am sitting on the trumpet doing it." I said, "Well, then, bring the trumpet on to my head and do it." Sure enough down came the trumpet, resting lightly on my head, and the clicking noise came all round it.

During all this I frequently continued a conversation with the two Mediums, to convince myself that they had not left their seat, and even if they had they knew nothing about the child and her threat to tease me. No wonder I am not only convinced of survival, for an experience like that helps me to realise that life on the other side is very like it is here, with the same feelings and *joie de vivre*.

#### *"The Evil that Men do"*

Another time when sitting with the Misses Moore "Andrew," their control, informed me that a spirit, who gave his name as "William," wished to speak to me. He was described as a "preacher," and was in the same degree of relationship to me as a grandparent.

From this and the description given, I had no difficulty in knowing that my great-uncle William was present. I had seen him once or twice some twenty years or more before, just before his passing over. He had been a Church of England clergyman. I have no idea what his doctrinal views were, but I should imagine that he had been of Low Church persuasion. Anyhow, he greeted me, and, after passing the time of day with him, the following conversation took place between us:—

Self: Are you happy?

William: I am now. (With emphasis on "now.")

Self: Why, weren't you always happy?

William: No.

Self: How's that? Did you find yourself earthbound?

William: No, but when I died, I expected to go straight to Heaven. I found I wasn't there, and I was terribly upset. After

a little time I found out that I had been teaching wrong doctrines. I had been very dogmatic, and the result was that I had to be punished. I had to try and make good.

Self : But, surely, if you taught what you believed to be true, it wasn't wrong of you ? ”

William : That didn't matter. I had done harm. I know it was unintentional, but I had incurred a penalty, and I had to try to undo the harm I had done by trying to influence other clergymen to preach the truth. I have worked out my punishment now ; and, though I am not in Heaven, I am much happier.

Now this conversation upset my own ideas. I had always imagined that, if one acted up to one's notions of right and wrong, all would be well ; but, on thinking the matter over afterwards, I wondered if my uncle had been slack. Perhaps he had been too idle to read and enquire ; had he done so he might have discovered the truth and altered his views, and I think it must have been for that reason that he had been punished. I knew he had been very fond of money, hungry for it, and I daresay he had had to bear the penalty for being like that, too ; but he never mentioned it. I cannot bring myself to believe that anyone who really does his best and acts up to his lights, however wrong they may be, will be punished.

I well remember my father being much amused. He had been staying with this old gentleman and had got rather tired of his continual talk of money, money, money. So he remarked to him, “ But I thought you were told to sell all you have and give to the poor.” The old man got very annoyed, and answered, “ Don't be silly—that text doesn't apply to *me* ! ”

Even after he had worked out his retribution, my uncle seemed to be very obsessed with a very narrow outlook, because he continued to come to me through several other Mediums, always telling me the same story—so much so, indeed, that one day I told him he hadn't changed in the least : he was just as dogmatic as he had been on earth. I told him to go away and try to advance a little and not to keep on coming and wasting his time and mine.

The next time I sat with a Medium (Mrs. Mason), “ Maisie ” said that “ William ” was there, but that he was keeping in the background and wouldn't come near. I felt I had been a brute, and I asked him to come and chat, but he wouldn't, and he has never come to me since.

I would only add that it was not through Mrs. Mason that I had told him to go away and “ get on with it,” so the incident turned out to be rather a good cross-test. But I have always felt sorry I had been so abrupt with him on that occasion.



## CONVINCING EVIDENCE

Happening to be passing a cousin's house one afternoon, and thinking I should like a cup of tea, I stopped, and, finding her at home, I went in.

We sat and talked for a little time, when she remarked, "I do wonder what happens to one after death. I wonder if there really is a future life?"

"My dear Betty," I said, "you who go to church always twice every Sunday, and do so many good works—you, of all people, doubting."

"Well, when one gets older one begins to wonder sometimes," she answered.

So I said, "I'll fix you up. I'll take you to a sitting." Rather to my surprise, she understood what I meant, and, jumping up, almost shouted, "Do you suggest taking me to a Spiritualistic séance?"

"Yes," I said. "Would you like to come?" I was really astonished when she answered, "I should love to."

Up to then, had I thought about it, I should have considered that this very conventional lady of over seventy would have been about the last person in the world who would have wanted to sit. I had never mentioned Spiritualism to her, and I should certainly have thought that such a thing would have shocked her. But there it was. So I promised her to do what I could, and in due course I met her for an appointment with Mrs. Barkel. Though it was her sitting, it was booked in my name, and to this day no one knows who she was or where she came from. I acted as note-taker.

The sitting was one of the most successful that I have ever attended. "White Hawk" surpassed himself by giving not only every name correctly but without the slightest hesitation whatever. My cousin's old father came through at once. He had been in the Royal Navy many years before, and he was described as wearing Naval uniform as worn in his day. He said that he felt like a schoolboy going home for the holidays at the idea of talking to his "little girl."

At this, "White Hawk" broke in, "Fancy calling you a 'little girl'?" (she is over six feet high), but her father replied, "She is always 'my little girl' to me."

My cousin listened and then politely asked:

"But to whom have I the pleasure of talking?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "Your old father, Bob Sutton, of course; who else did you think it was?" He then told her that he had brought all his relations with him, and I



think the old gentleman was certainly speaking the truth. Her grandmother, Hanna Jane (name correct), two aunts, and uncles (full names, quite correct), and several friends all spoke through "White Hawk," and my cousin chatted with each in turn, just as if she had been meeting friends at a garden party.

It seemed to me as if the guides were making a supreme effort to prove Survival to this honest but perplexed woman. They certainly succeeded, and she has more than once told me since that that afternoon made all the difference in the world to her.

Her mother came and asked her to "forgive and forget," and was distressed at being told that she was forgiven, but that it was impossible to forget; but was finally a little bit comforted when my cousin told her she would do her best to forget. I know that this was a most convincing piece of evidence of a very confidential nature.

Robert Dinking came—he had been their gardener and had passed over some forty years before, and the old father told his daughter that the man was now serving him for love.

Her father sent messages to his granddaughter Jean, whom he was particularly looking after, but he said he was disappointed that his other daughter, Margot, had not come to talk to him, and that she must be told to come next time.

But Betty was surprised, so she told me afterwards, that no message was sent to their present gardener, who had taken Dinking's place. He had worked with the father for years, and the two had become great friends. (Surely telepathy must have been asleep.)

"White Hawk" then spelt out RIALB, which I wrote down but could not understand; and when I told him so, he told me to "hold it up to a mirror." I then realised that he had been giving me her brother's name, Blair, spelt backwards.

I asked "White Hawk" why he had given it that way, and he said, "You know I can't read. I only know my letters, and I must have started the wrong end."

A villager came and thanked my cousin for going to see his bed-ridden wife and reading "the Book" to her the Sunday before. He said he had been in the bedroom at the time.

Her uncle (my great-uncle) then came, and after having given his name correctly (Arthur Sutton), began to talk through the guide. He spoke about his residence in Nice in his early manhood, and then "White Hawk" said, "He says he is running away from the Coppers."

I told "White Hawk" I did not understand what he meant, whereupon the remark was repeated, and the guide added, "I think it was a joke, because he is laughing."

When we left the sitting, my cousin and I came to the conclusion that we had no idea what was meant, but we were rather amused at the idea of the uncle running away from anyone, as he had been nearly 100 years of age when he passed over.

My cousin was delighted with her experience, and went home and told her sister, Margot, about it all, and also her brother, Blair, but both were very cold—the former said, of course, it was all telepathy, while the latter knew perfectly well that all these Mediums were fraudulent.

He was particularly annoyed, I heard, when Betty told him that her father had said that he was in a higher sphere than her mother, which incidentally would probably be quite true. Blair had been the mother's favourite child, and this remark made him wince. Both Betty's brother and sister were particularly sarcastic about the old gentleman "running away from the coppers," and instanced this as an example of Mediumistic rubbish.

(Of course, it goes without saying that neither of these people had ever been to a sitting themselves, or taken the trouble to study the subject.)

#### *Sister's Story*

A little time afterwards I showed the notes to my sister, who exclaimed, when she came to that statement, "Well, that is about as good evidence as you have ever got." Naturally, I asked for an explanation, and this is what she told me :—

Some years before she had stayed with my uncle at Nice, and one day when out walking with him, he had remarked, "That's where we buried the French flag," and he then told her that when he left the Navy, at the age of 22, he had gone to live with his mother, who had a villa in Nice. In those days Nice was a much smaller place than it is to-day, with only a few English people living there, but the sympathy of the latter was entirely Italian, and when the day came and the French took over the Riviera, feeling was running high. There was a big military parade, the Italian flag was lowered and the Tricolour run up in its place.

After dinner the flag was still flying, so my uncle, with some other kindred spirits, went out to remove it, and my uncle (whose Naval training seemed to make him the best-suited for the job) was detailed to swarm up the flag-staff and get it. He had nearly completed his task and was sliding down when one of his friends shouted, "Look out, the gendarmes are coming." He got to the ground and took to his heels, but with the flag in his possession. After being chased through many streets, he



managed to throw off his pursuers and got safely home ; and when all was quiet again he went out, collected his friends who had eluded the police, and they solemnly buried the flag at the spot he pointed out to my sister so many years after.

On hearing this story I immediately went to see my cousin, who assured me she had never heard of this escapade. I certainly never had ; the other participants were most probably dead, and, as far as I can find out, my sister was the only living person who had ever heard about it.

"He says he is running away from the Coppers !" Surely quite good evidence that "White Hawk" was in touch with my uncle ; but if our old bugbear has to be invoked and telepathy is the explanation, Mrs. Barkel must have tapped my sister's memory many miles away—surely a thousand times more difficult to believe than the Spiritualistic explanation.

I do not lose sight of the chance that my cousin may possibly have heard about this adventure years before and completely forgotten it. It would then have sunk deep into the subconscious mind. I do not think this probable, but even so, it shows what wonderful power Mrs. Barkel possesses. As regards telepathy, it is interesting to remember what Dr. J. H. Hyslop, no mean investigator, wrote :—

"As I do not regard telepathy as an explanatory hypothesis at all for anything, and as I contend that there is no evidence for selective telepathy as a fact, I do not give that theory of the phenomena any serious consideration whatever."

Some time after this sitting I had occasion to act with Blair as joint executor of a will. I saw a great deal of him, and I got to like him very much indeed. I could never make out what his religious beliefs were. I don't think he was actually an Atheist, but he loathed churches and parsons and, as far as I know, he troubled himself very little about the future. A little later he passed over ; and, at one of my sittings with Mrs. Mason, he came through, giving me his name in full. I was astonished at his coming, not in the least expecting him to do so.

I found that he was in a very curious condition. He was not happy or unhappy ; he was not in heaven or in hell. He kept on remarking at intervals, "I don't know where I am, I am in a strange place," and he seemed quite lost. He told me that there was water there and he could bathe, but the curious thing was that when he came out of the water he found himself quite dry. He told me that he liked his smoke, and got it—but it is only fair to add that when he was on this side he was a non-smoker.

I did my best to enlighten him as to his condition, and, before he left, he thanked me for allowing him to come. (I had not—he had just come “on his own.”)

He told me that his sister, Elizabeth (*sic*) would be all right when she passed over, as she knew about things, but that it would go hard with Margaret (*sic*) as “she is like I was, and knows nothing about the future life.”

It was curious calling his sisters “Elizabeth” and “Margaret” instead of “Betty” and “Margot,” the names I had always known them by. (Telepathy would almost seem to have let us down again.)

I sent a copy of my notes to Betty, who showed them to Margot, who, I heard, did not like his reference to herself at all. It is a pity it did not make her think seriously—the only result being that it confirmed her telepathic theory.

Betty wrote that she had been to a local Medium. Blair had come through to her too. He seemed to be in much the same state as he was when he came to me. She also told me that at this sitting her mother had come, but she had asked the guide to get her father for her instead. He wouldn't, because he said it was important for her mother to talk to her. She needed her help, whereas her father, who was much more advanced, did not.

There must be many people about like my cousin Betty—it was only by the merest chance I was able to help her, and it would be a real happiness to me if I could feel that some of my experiences should prove to be of assistance to other people who are in the same state of doubt that she was.

But the old saying seems to be as true to-day as it ever was: “Even if one rose from the dead, they would not believe.”

In this account I have used fictitious names, with the exception of Blair and Hanna Jane.

While I was preparing this work for the press I heard of Betty's passing. I trust she will be able to keep her promise and try and communicate with me.



“EXCEPT YE SEE SIGNS AND WONDERS”

*Evidence that excludes Telepathy*

I have found from experience extending back to 1912 that, as a rule, the people most rabid against Spiritualism are those who know nothing whatever about the subject, have never been to a sitting and, if they are inclined to make us any concessions at all, they murmur the blessed word “telepathy,” thereby imagining that they have put us back into our proper place.

I can sympathise with them, because I know in my own case as I have already said, I absolutely derided the accounts of a series of sittings my sister had in 1912 with Mrs. Wreidt, the wonderful American Voice-Medium ; and it was not until later, when I had had some experiences of my own, that I realised that she had had some very evidential sittings.

I think I went through the telepathy phase, but I cannot remember ever feeling so perplexed mentally as to try to explain things away by the “hallucination” hypothesis.

My friend, Admiral X, was no exception to the rule. Spiritualism to him was anathema—so much so that I made a point of never speaking about it in his presence. I never could imagine why he was so rabid against it—but there it was ; to his mind survival was an idle dream and incidentally a very terrifying fable.

Imagine my surprise when one day he came up to me in my club and said, “Who do you think is the best Medium in London ?” I stared at him in astonishment and asked what on earth he wanted to know that for. “Well, he said, “my wife would rather like to go to one.”

Now, though I had at that time never met his wife, I knew that he thought the world of her, and he had always told me that it was she who had all the brains and that she was a very well-read woman.

I said I would do what I could, that I was going up to the Psychic College after lunch and would try to book a sitting, and ask them to communicate with her direct so as to save trouble. He begged me to do nothing of the kind. “Can’t you book it for a friend of yours without mentioning her name ?” he said. “If anything did come through, it would be so much more convincing if they did not know who she was.

I told him that it would rather cramp the Medium’s style, as it would prevent her (having nothing better to do) going round old burial grounds to see if she could find out something about his wife’s relations ; but I would get the sitting under his conditions if he would promise to believe me if I said her name or

address would never be mentioned. He promised to take my word for that, and I duly booked a sitting with Mrs. Mason for "a friend of Major Mowbray."

The day before the appointment the Admiral asked me to lunch, and I told Mrs. X what would probably happen next day. I explained who "Maisie" (the guide) was, told her not to be flustered and to talk to her in a natural manner. I also said, "Your sitting is at 2.30, be at the College at 2.15 and I will meet you there."

Next day I saw the lady coming along the street. I opened the door, took her into the waiting room and told her to keep quiet. When the Medium was ready, I took her upstairs and said to Mrs. Mason, "Here is a friend of mine; give her a good sitting"; and then to Mrs. X, "I will wait for you downstairs." "Good," she answered, "come and have tea at our flat after."

About an hour later, I saw Mrs. X coming downstairs—crying! So I remarked to her, "I see you have had a good sitting." She answered, "It was wonderful, but I want to collect my thoughts, so let us go to the flat quietly."

We walked along in silence, got up to the drawing-room, where the Admiral was sitting over the fire. He looked up and asked in a half-mocking voice, "Well, did you get anything?" I will try and give the conversation I listened to as nearly as I can remember:—

"Donald came."

"Nonsense," said Admiral X.

"He did. He talked about the wound in his chest and the gash on his head, but then he talked about a bandage round his throat, which, of course, he never had."

"Oh yes he had," said the Admiral. "They performed tracheotomy, but it wasn't successful, and he died a few minutes later—I never told you about it to spare your feelings."

#### *An Explanation*

I then asked for an explanation, and they told me that "Donald" was her son. When he was ten, he had been riding his bicycle, it got out of control down hill, he ran into a milk cart, the shaft penetrated his chest and his head was badly injured. He was picked up, taken to hospital and died there a few hours later.

At the sitting, he remarked to his mother, "When you come over here I shall have to appear to you as a little boy. You know I am grown up now and am 30. You would not recognise me if you saw me as I am now."



Mrs. X told us that her father had come—she had not in the least expected him, as they had not been on good terms. He gave her good evidence of identity and thanked her for letting her brother have some of her spare furniture (which was true).

Then Mrs. X told us that a woman friend had come, who gave her full name. She had died and her husband had married again within three months. Mrs. X and others had been horrified, and thought the widower had been heartless, but the first wife told her that she was delighted her man had re-married, because he was so lonely and so badly wanted someone to look after him. She had added, "You know he is really mine, and will always belong to me when we are reunited."

This was so opposed to Mrs. X's ideas that for her it ruled out telepathy. She told us that several other friends of hers had communicated, but I forget details.

And the result of this sitting? Admiral X became almost a missionary, and he told me, "You know, my wife is ultra-truthful. I know when she tells me anything it is the absolute truth. I don't understand these things, but to my mind survival is a fact. I shall not worry—I shall know all about it when I go over."

I might add that a little time after his wife's sitting he had persuaded a woman friend to sit with Mrs. Mason, and he told me that the results were, if possible, even more conclusive than those obtained by his wife.

Much to my regret he passed over a short time after this, but at the next sitting I had with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, some two months after his death, he came through to me.

He proved his identity to my complete satisfaction—in fact I never have had better proof of spirit return than he gave me. Unfortunately, a great deal of what he told me is of such a confidential nature that I cannot publish it. I showed my notes, however, to two mutual friends, one of whom is a complete sceptic.

After reading them they both agreed that there was no doubt whatever that Admiral X had returned.

Admiral X told me that what I had done for him had helped him enormously when he passed over, and he added that my thoughts had helped him too.

A few minutes earlier, another friend had also come. He had passed over a fortnight after X. He told me that he had only heard a little about Spiritualism (I had never spoken to him about it). He knew practically nothing about another life, and the result was that when he found himself on the other side, he was very bewildered, and discovered that he had a great deal

to learn. He now realises how important it is to know something about the "equipment and the geography" of the next stage of existence before one arrives there. He is doing his best to learn as quickly as possible, so that he can be in a position to help others when they come over.

This friend did not actually give me his name, but Feda said it started with "B," and "B" was something to do with his career. "B" was something he did. He used to work at figures, something to do with accounts, counting up and books." Other details were given, and I had no doubt whatever that I was talking to my friend Brown, who had been in a London bank and had passed over a fortnight after X.

### *An Extraordinary Sequel*

The sequel to this is extraordinary. I was talking to General Kemp about our mutual friend X, and he told me he thought he had come to him through Mrs. Abbott. I told him about my sitting with Mrs. Leonard, and when I mentioned Brown he became intensely interested, because Brown had actually come through to him at the same time as he thought X had come. He had given his name—this time in full—occupation, and details of his passing, which he stated had been a fortnight after the other's death. All this he described in almost the same words as he used to me through Feda.

General Kemp had never met Brown. Nor had he ever heard of him.

Evidently these two friends of mine had met for the first time in Mrs. Leonard's séance-room at Tankerton. They knew nothing of each other on this side. It would almost seem that they had struck up a friendship there and, knowing that I should probably hear about General Kemp's sitting, Brown had come with his new friend as a further proof of Survival, and at the same time giving an excellent cross test.

Telepathy cannot account for this, and I don't think General Kemp suffered from hallucinations! (Alas, he has now passed over.)

My talk with these two friends has, of course, confirmed what I have so often heard before—that knowledge of psychic matters is of paramount importance when we pass over. One tries to learn always, but I often have in my memory the sarcastic remark of an old uncle, after he had passed on: "You think you know a great deal, but when you come over here you will find that there are certain things that even you don't know."

If only people could realise that the more they learn here, the easier it will be for them there, they would hardly be like a dear



old man I know who shouted out, when I told him I was going to address a spiritualistic meeting: "Bah! *all* Mediums are frauds, and we are forbidden in the Scriptures to have anything to do with them."

Before my sitting with Mrs. Leonard, I was speaking at a meeting at the Tankerton Lecture Hall, and found myself on the platform with Mr. George Swift, who gives auric clairvoyance in addition to ordinary clairvoyance. I thought him exceptionally good, as did those he picked out in the audience—some dozen people who, without exception, agreed with what he told them. I was particularly struck when he told a lady that there was a man standing by her who had been a very keen angler, and who used to bore people to tears at dinner by telling them his fishing yarns. "Do you recognise him?" asked Mr. Swift. "Oh yes, I do," she replied, "it is my father." I questioned her afterwards, and she told me that the description was typical of her parent, who had never come through to her before, and was therefore entirely unexpected.

#### HELPED BY KIND THOUGHTS

I once had a letter from an old brother officer of mine, in which he mentioned that another officer in our regiment had "come through" to him. I was greatly interested to hear this because he had already been through to me. It had happened like this.

At one time I was in the habit of sitting with Mrs. Barkel once a week. She never went into trance. Sometimes we sat in red light, sometimes in complete darkness. I used to sit facing her, nothing between us, and generally held her hands. We used to await developments and I was seldom disappointed.

Some of the things which used to take place were extraordinary. I remember once the very disagreeable and unmistakable smell of ectoplasm came, followed by strong psychic breezes. I amused myself by asking these winds to blow on different parts of my body—left ear, right arm, back of neck, etc., etc. They always responded to my requests. At another time lights seemed to flash between us, and when we sat at a table it jumped about as if alive. Once a globe of luminosity was formed above our heads which worked itself into the semblance of a face, but immediately dissolved itself. One day "Hugh's" wife, whom I have mentioned before, said to me that she had never seen any physical phenomena which she was quite certain was genuine. I said, "Well, come along with me next week when I sit with Mrs. Barkel, we never know what is going to happen, but you may see something interesting." She was delighted to accept,

and that day we just sat at a table in good red light. The Medium and I sat opposite each other, while she sat at the head, no one, of course, being opposite her. After a little time the table seemed to come to life and start tipping backwards and forwards between Mrs. Barkel and myself. My friend, wishing to make quite sure that we were not faking, asked the table to tilt from her end to the other ; it immediately responded, thus proving to her satisfaction that neither Mrs. Barkel or I were responsible for the movement. What was the intelligence behind these movements ? I wish I knew.

One day, when sitting in the dark, a globe of dull luminosity seemed gradually to build up in the far corner of the room ; and, thinking that light had got into the room from outside, we turned up the lamp to investigate, but found the séance room was quite dark, so we resumed our sitting in darkness. The luminous globe again appeared after a few minutes.

Half jokingly I asked, "Is that a spirit-light ?" when, to my amazement, three loud raps were given, which seemed to come from a table on the further side of the room. I found out by means of questions—the answers being given by raps—that this was an officer of my regiment who had been killed in the War. He said he was neither happy nor unhappy. I asked if he could rap out his name, and I got "Willie." Not being able to place him, I asked for his surname and got M——.

Now, Major M—— had been a great friend of mine, but he had always been known by his nickname of Doodle, and I had never thought of him by any other name. (Surely our old bug-bear would have given the nickname ; what tricks Telepathy seems to play !).

I then asked if there was anything I could do for him or if he would like a message given to anyone, but he replied, "No." I then asked him to move the light round the room. It immediately started slowly travelling, stopped and vanished.

Some six months later, when sitting with Mrs. Mason, "Maisie" informed me that "Willie" had come to thank me for what I had done for him. I replied, "My dear old man, I have done nothing for you. You said there was nothing I could do." But "Maisie" answered, "He says you have given him kind thoughts which have helped him."

Some time ago I was sitting with Mrs. Leonard, and had taken a lady down with me to take notes. A relative of this lady had been killed in an accident, when suddenly he came through to her. My note-taker whispered in my ear, "Ask him if what he did in Edinburgh was any good to him." I had not to ask the question, because Feda replied at once, "Tell her it did him all



the good possible. It seemed to give him a kind of anchorage to hold on to ; it seemed to clothe him in a kind of spiritual garment. Ask her if she can find time sometimes to go up to her room and concentrate on him for a few minutes, instead of giving him those rather nebulous thoughts. It would help him more."

When I came out from the sitting, I asked my friend what she had done in Edinburgh, as I had no idea. She replied, "I gave his name in to a church to be specially prayed for at Holy Communion on All Souls' Day." Well, some time afterwards I was passing a church and happened to look at the notices outside, one of which read as follows : "Next Sunday, 6.30 p.m. Preacher, the Vicar. Subject, Holy Communion." A moment afterwards I ran into the Vicar himself, whom I know quite well, so I stopped him, and said, "I see you are preaching on Holy Communion—now here's something to tell your congregation, and confirm what I am sure you are going to preach about." I then told him about this sitting. His reply was interesting. It was, "Of course, that's what one would expect." And then, pulling himself together, he added, "Of course, I don't accept that real communication came from a spirit. It was just due to telepathy from the lady." One would have thought that he would jump at the idea of being able to confirm the church's teaching by this, to my mind, rather beautiful message.

Telepathy. What a bugbear this word is, and what a refuge for people who dislike the idea of spirit communication.

Kind thoughts and prayers are, I take it, identical—prayers for the dead. Would our good Bishop of London, I wonder, consider we had "dishonoured" our friends ; that all this had been a "waste of time" or that we had been in touch with "unpleasant spirits !"

## SUBALTERN'S MEMORIES

### *Gaps which Telepathy should have filled*

I once had a sitting with Mrs. Mason which puzzled me quite a lot. After the Medium had become entranced, her guide, Maisie, suddenly said, "Arthur is here." I said, "You must give me something much more definite than that. Arthur is too common a name. Maisie replied, "That's his surname," so I said, "Well, what's his Christian name?" Quickly the answer was given, N—— or M——.

Now this was becoming interesting, as a subaltern in my own regiment, M—— Arthur (the names are fictitious) was killed in the War in 1916. So I said, "Maisie, if that is M—— Ar

ask him if he remembers passing me in Cairo just before the War, when I was marching my Company on to the range for musketry?" Answer: "He says he was riding an ass." I said, "Good; ask him what he said as he passed me." Answer: "He says he said, 'March at ease.'"

This was excellent, so I said, "Ask him what he was carrying in his hand." But he couldn't remember, and eventually said it was a stick.

Now the facts are as follows. On this day, M—— Arthur had been on butt duty for another Company, and was going home by himself. He was riding a donkey holding an umbrella over his head, and as he passed me he laughingly said, "You may march at ease, Captain Mowbray." As this officer was a good many years junior to me, this remark was, to say the least, unusual; and, of course, carrying an umbrella (he was in uniform) was outrageous.

Thinking this might have been due to our old friend Telepathy, and that the power had gone so that the Medium couldn't read the word "umbrella" in my mind, I subjected him to a further test and said, "Ask him if he can remember the cheery evening with old D." Maisie replied, "He is laughing so," and then described how he was putting on a woman's hat and cloak. He couldn't remember anything else, so I gave him a lead and asked him about a chair, but after a great deal of fumbling he said he had sat on it.

Now for the facts. One day old D. had come into the mess and, seeing Arthur, had said, "Doing anything to-night?" "No." "Well, come to dinner and have a cheery evening." Arthur's fate was sealed, and unwillingly, he had to go. Next morning he amusingly described the evening which had started as dull as ditchwater, but when the lad had got to the port stage, he remembered that he had been asked to a "cheery evening." So, when going out of the dining-room into the drawing-room, he saw a woman's hat and cloak on a peg, and he put them on and went into the drawing-room, roaring like a lion. The hat and cloak belonged to old D.'s mother-in-law, who objected to their being worn by an inebriated young officer, and tried to seize them. Arthur dodged and tripped against a small chair, and sat on it and broke it, and the evening ended even more dully than it had begun.

Now, the question I have often asked myself is this: "Why did he get the donkey, the 'march at ease,' the hat and cloak, and not remember the umbrella and breaking the chair? If it was Telepathy, he should have got the lot, and I have always thought that all this came from the lad himself.



Some time later I happened to meet Mrs. D—— in London, and told her about this sitting. She asked if Captain Arthur had remembered breaking her chair? It is curious that the thing which had impressed her most had entirely slipped Arthur's memory.

A little time later I ran across a brother officer of mine who is very interested in psychic matters, and in the course of our conversation he asked me if Arthur had ever come through to me, because he said he had heard that he had come through to J—— C—— in India. I had to wait two years before I met J—— C——, and could ask him if he had been in touch with Arthur since his passing. He then told me that about once a year he and his wife tried what he called "Ragging table-turning." "Arthur always comes, the table tilting out his name in full—my wife then gets the wind up, so we stop it."

Arthur has been through to me once or twice since, but he doesn't seem to have anything particular to say, he just seems to want to pass the time of day, but I am very grateful to him for having given me one further proof of survival of bodily death. He wasn't a particular friend of mine, and I never in the least expected him to try and communicate with me, in fact, I had hardly ever given him a thought. I imagine that he must be a very strong communicator, and as I was probably one of the few people he knew who attended sittings, he seized the opportunity of doing what he could, with excellent results—more power to him.

I got a very shrewd investigator to read over this script. He made the following observation on this sitting, which I think so interesting that I quote his remarks in full.

"Arthur, holding the umbrella over himself, would not be impressed with a memory of it anything like so forcibly as were you who looked at it. It was visual with you, and therefore perhaps a stronger recollection than that of Arthur's. Similarly, the broken chair would mean so much to its owner and polite persons who heard the story. To the culprit, who was not quite sober at the time, it might leave little impression. I notice that the things that stand out in memory are not the same for various members of the crowd present on an occasion; one remembers this and scarcely recalls that, another remembers that and scarcely recalls what is so vivid a memory to the other. I have proved this myself."

### CROSS-COMMUNICATIONS

Cross-Communications are very evidential, and I quote the two following cases which impressed me very much. I have

Lady Rawlinson's permission to relate the first. I know General Cummins very well indeed, and I am quite certain that his mind would never have evolved the expression "damned cheek" as coming from his old chief.

It must be over nine years since I took General Cummins to his first sitting. The Medium was Mrs. Barkel, who had never set eyes on my friend before, and did not even know his name.

After giving some really excellent evidence, "White Hawk" remarked, "Rawly is here and wishes to speak to Cummins." The General said, "I knew Rawly, what does he want to say to me?"

The "White Hawk" said, "He sends his love to Arthur." But my friend did not understand; so "White Hawk" said, "Arthur B—," and then added the surname in full, and said, "He says, 'He is very sentimental, carrying my photo about in his breast pocket.'"

This was quite good, as this man had been on the Commander-in-Chief's (General Rawlinson's) staff. General Cummins afterwards wrote to Arthur B— to tell him about the sitting and to enquire whether he did in fact carry the photo about in his pocket; but he has never to this day had any reply from him.

Some two months afterwards, however, at another sitting with another Medium, Admiral A. B. C— was told that Rawly wished him to tell Cummins that "A.B." was silly to be annoyed at his letter. This was quite unintelligible to the Admiral, because he had never known Lord Rawlinson, nor did he know about the first sitting or the letter that had been written to Arthur B—. He took it that "A.B." applied to him, being his first two initials; and it was not till he had delivered his message to General Cummins—who explained things to him—that it all became clear. I have had to alter two names, or, rather, one name and two sets of initials, as one person in the link would not like his name published; but it does not affect this wonderful cross-evidence.

After other messages, "White Hawk" said, "He says it was like your damned cheek to send him, Commander-in-Chief in India, home second class. If he had been awake you would not have dared to do it."

This, at the time, was Greek to me, but when we came out of the sitting, my friend explained that, as G.O.C. troops at Bombay, he had had to arrange for putting the body of the late C.-in-C. on board a transport for burial in England, and that the second-class smoking room had been turned into a Mortuary Chapel. So Lord Rawlinson had travelled second class—a fact which, I take it, very few people knew—certainly not Mrs. Barkel or myself.



Major-General H. S. Cummins writes as follows, "I was present at the sitting referred to and can confirm the accuracy of Major Mowbray's statement, including that part of it concerning Admiral A. B. C—— and myself."

When I was a small boy my father started calling me "Toby." At the first sitting I ever had with Mrs. Leonard, he came through and addressed me by that name. Fedra remarked, "Toby—that is a nice name—I will call you Mr. Toby. Next time you go to another Medium I will come and call you that, it will be a good test." I said, "Good, I am sitting with Mrs. Barkel next week; you come and do it, it will be a splendid test."

Now, as far as I can remember, Mrs. Barkel became ill; anyhow the sitting never took place. But a little later on, I went to Mrs. Mason. Suddenly Maisie said, "Fedra is here; she is saying, Toby-Toby-Toby. What does she mean?"

I have always been glad that the Barkel sitting did not take place, otherwise some people might have said that Mrs. Leonard had told Mrs. Barkel what to say; but as things turned out, Fedra got her test through a different Medium, and one with whom, at the time the promise was made, I had no idea I should be sitting. Incidentally, I never for a moment thought I should get this test through Mrs. Mason, and had quite forgotten the promise.

I might add that Mrs. Mason did not know Mrs. Leonard, and at the time when these sittings took place they had never even set eyes on each other.

The whole sitting interested me enormously as contributing to evidence for Fedra's separate existence, a point contested by most of my S.P.R. friends.

### A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

In the year 1909, I was home on leave from Malta, and went down to Messrs. Vickers' works at Erith for a course of Maxim machine-gun. The firm treated me with the greatest courtesy; the course was excellent, and in 1914 I blessed my lucky stars for having gone through it. I used to lunch with the staff each day, generally sitting opposite to Sir Hiram Maxim, who was then a director of the company.

Now, Sir Hiram was much opposed to religion in every way, and his favourite topic of conversation used to be against the Bible and the reality of God. At my last lunch, I somehow felt it was up to me to take up the cudgels against him, with the result that we had a most heated argument and perhaps tempers got a bit frayed. The last thing he said to me was, "Some day something may happen to you—some little thing which will

show you what nonsense you have been talking, and then you will be convinced that there isn't a God."

So I said, "Well, you know it is just possible that something may happen to you which will make you realise that there is one." He replied, "*If ever I discover there is one, I will let you know.*"

I never saw him again. He died some time before 1920.

Now for the sequel. About the year 1920 I bought the *Evening Standard*, and a heading read something like this, "Strange Spiritualistic Séance ; Sir Hiram Maxim purports to speak ; he says : *There is a God.*"

A strange coincidence, no doubt—but I know when I read it I turned cold all over—it seemed exactly like a voice from the dead. Coincidence—was it ?

### GETTING NAMES

After I had convinced "Penanne's" parents that their child was very much alive on the other side of life, they booked a sitting with Mrs. Barkel and invited me to come along with them—an invitation which I was very glad to accept.

Poor Penanne was in rather a difficulty. Since her passing, she has taken to calling me "Daddy." Now she found herself confronted with her real father and myself at the same time, but she solved the problem by calling her father "Daddy" and myself "Daddy Charlie."

After one or two minor incidents, "White Hawk" said, "There is a spirit here who gives his name as Fred ; he says he is a man, but I don't know what he means." However, he quickly found out, because, after muttering, "Fred, man," once or twice, he gave the name "Manfred" correctly—this being the lady's uncle, who had passed over some time before.

Manfred, "White Hawk" said, was particularly anxious to send a message to "What funny people you are, having a month for a name : August, August, A., Augusta." (This was Manfred's second wife, who was still on this side.)

The message was that Augusta was not to oppose their son's wish to go to America ; if he went out there he would do very well indeed. Manfred then added that he wanted her to know that he was with Julia.

I heard afterwards that this part of the message was not very much appreciated, as Julia was Manfred's first wife, whom he had divorced.

The son did go out to America soon after the message had been delivered to his mother. I do not know how far she was influenced by it, but in the end she gave her consent, and in a



short time he got an excellent job out there, which, in spite of the slump, he has retained ever since. He is now married and doing very well indeed.

At this sitting "White Hawk" gave the father news of his brother who had gone abroad some years before and had never been heard of since. The Guide suddenly came out with his full name, and said that he had died in Australia, giving the name of the town, and stated that he had left a considerable sum of money which had never been claimed. My friends were much impressed, and said they would take steps to verify this information. Not knowing quite whom to write to, they let the time slip by and now, death having intervened, it is too late. What a pity they let this chance of verification and, perhaps, getting a fortune, slip by. What a wonderful test it might have been.

How does "White Hawk" get these names through? Sometimes he seems to get them straight away, but sometimes he says he sees them written up in front of him, and at times he reads the letters backwards. (I have already described how he got "Rialb" for "Blair" at another sitting.)

Once I was sitting with a friend whose wife came through; and when speaking about their son, "White Hawk" gave his name as Bird, "for you have a picture of it on your ring." Now the boy's name was "Dick," and the father's signet ring had a pelican engraved on it. In this case, "White Hawk" seems to have seen the name as a picture.

Feda, Mrs. Leonard's guide, has once or twice traced a name out in the air, using her Medium's finger to write with. Now and then with this Medium the name is given by the direct voice. With Mrs. Barkel I have had names spelt out by raps on a table.

I remember, when sitting with Mrs. Barkel with another friend, his nephew came, and at first "White Hawk" seemed to be completely baffled by his name—and in fact it was not until a second sitting that "White Hawk" got it through; but he got it in the end, when it proved to be an old Saxon name I had never even heard before.

### DREAMING INTO THE FUTURE

Many years ago, a connection of mine, Captain Vesey, R.N., came down to breakfast one morning and told his old mother about a very vivid dream he had had. He said that he seemed to be walking along a road in Southsea (where he lived) and had seen a naval funeral passing. When the gun carriage came opposite him the wind seemed to blow the ensign back from the coffin, and on the plate he read his own name with the date of

his death, which was in about a fortnight's time. He laughingly remarked, "I think they might have given me a little longer to live."

Well, he contracted influenza, which developed into pneumonia, and he died on the date he had seen on the coffin.

As he had been a Captain in the Royal Navy, and had at one time commanded the Royal Yacht, Queen Victoria (it was many years ago) sent down a special order that he should be given a naval funeral, to which he was not entitled in the ordinary way, as he was on the retired list.

I was a child at the time, but I remember very well hearing the story. The death warning seems to have been in vain, as far as one can tell, as being in perfect health at the time of the dream, he did not take it seriously.

Of course, it's just possible that the details of this dream may have sunk into his subconscious mind and actually brought about the illness which caused his death. We know what extraordinary power the mind has over the body, as evidenced by the phenomenon of stigmata.

As we have so much evidence for supernormal occurrences it is far wiser never to accept that explanation until we have exhausted every other possible cause.

### SPONTANEOUS CLAIRVOYANCE ?

In 1917, I had a job with a Cadet Battalion training young officers. We were stationed at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, and we had men in every walk of life whom we tried to turn into efficient second-lieutenants in the shortest possible time.

In one batch, we had a man who had been a conjuror in civil life. He was absolutely first-rate, and before the war he was continuously employed on the music halls. Unfortunately, I cannot recollect his name after all these years, but if he is still on this side of life and this happens to meet his eye, I would be grateful to him if he would get in touch with me through the Editor of *Light*.

One day, we were inspected by a very distinguished General from the War Office ; and after the inspection, wishing to put him in a good frame of mind, as he was staying the night, we asked the conjuror to come to dinner in the officers' mess and give a performance. There were some twenty officers present, with the General and his staff.

The show went off without a hitch, the General was delighted, and incidentally the Battalion got a good report !

Before turning in for the night, we were having a round of drinks, when the General told us that one of the most extra-



ordinary things he had ever seen was on a voyage out to India. Bertram, the well-known conjuror, was on board and read a message in a sealed envelope.

"Oh," said our man, "I think I could do that. Write a message on a piece of paper—don't make it too long—and seal it up. Write two if you like and put them into different envelopes."

The General went to one end of the room, where there was a writing-table, and did as requested. In the meantime we had taken our man to the far end, which was quite twenty yards away, and made sure that it was quite impossible for him to see what was being written.

The General came back to where we were and placed the two envelopes on a table. Our man picked up the first, placed it against his forehead, and said "You have written so-and-so" which we found exact when the envelope was opened. He didn't touch the second envelope, but he told us what was written, which we found to be correct.

There could have been no question of trickery, as the experiment only took place as the result of casual conversation. Was it a case of clairvoyance? Or did our man mentally suggest to the General what he should write? I think it was the former.

### A SEQUENCE OF THREES

A few hours after my father's death, I was told that it would be better if my mother did not see him again, so I carefully locked the door of the room where he was lying and kept the key in my pocket.

Next morning, I was working in a room under his—one of my sisters and a nurse were with me, all of us being busy with various occupations. Suddenly, the three of us were startled by hearing three loud raps on the floor of my father's room. We all looked up, and I remember my sister remarking that someone must have got in there.

I immediately went upstairs, unlocked the door and made a minute search of the room, but found nothing whatever which could account for the raps in any way. I went downstairs. We discussed the matter and then settled down to our occupations again.

Now, in the room where we were sitting was a large oak book-case, about 12 feet long and 5 feet high, full of books and weighing a ton or two. I had noticed a fortnight or three weeks before that someone had picked up three chestnuts (conkers) and put them on top of this book-case, where they had remained ever since. Suddenly I heard a noise, something

dropping on the floor, and found these chestnuts under the dining-room table—"dropping" is a wrong word, it was much more as if they had been thrown down. I picked them up and went out and got a level to see if the book-case was leaning outwards at all, but found it perfectly true. There had been no heavy lorry passing; and, even if there had been, it could not have shaken the chestnuts off, as the house stands a good way back from a quiet road.

After the funeral (which took place on a rainy day in late autumn) my sister went up to my father's room to see that it was in order and, while standing by the side of the bed, felt three soft pats on the top of her head. Thinking that a slate must have come off the roof and rain had come through, she got a light, expecting to see a wet patch on the ceiling, as the three taps had felt just like rain dropping on her head, but the ceiling was perfectly dry.

What seemed curious to me was the sequence of threes: three raps, three chestnuts, and three taps; three generally meaning in table rapping "Yes." I got the impression that my father had been trying to say, "Yes, all is well."

#### CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN THIS CASE?

Spiritualism, like so many other subjects, is bristling with difficulties. So often we seem to come up against a stone wall and can find no explanation of our perplexities. The following is an example of what I mean.

I had inherited some books from my father, and these I had placed in a certain shelf in a book-case in the smoking-room in my house at Cambridge. One day, about three months before I moved from there, I had taken these books over to my mother's house, leaving the shelf completely empty.

In the meantime I had arranged a sitting with Mrs. Garrett, the well-known trance Medium, and I sat with her about three weeks after I had moved the books. After a time, Uvani, her Arab guide, said he would give me a book test. He then described my smoking-room most accurately, giving the exact position of the book-case, and said if I would look on a certain shelf, "Where you keep your father's books," take the seventh from the left, open it at page so-and-so, and I should then find a certain sentence.

A moment afterwards he gave me another book-test—this time telling me to look at a certain page in a book with a green cover, which was lying on top of a pile of books on a wooden box near my chair, and on which I was in the habit of placing



papers, etc. On my return home I found this test 100 per cent. accurate.

Now, I had only been given this second book three or four days before ; it had been sent to me by the Infants' Hospital ; I had taken it out of the brown paper packing and put it down without, as far as I can remember, opening it.

So my difficulty is this : When Uvani got the impression about my father's book, it must have been at least three weeks before the sitting ; but, when he got impressed with the second one, it could only have been a day or two before. Why did he not make a correction when the book had gone ? The whole thing seems very puzzling, and I have never yet had a satisfactory explanation given me. Once I was told that it was quite simple—the astral bodies of the book were still in the shelf—but I have still to learn that books have got astral bodies. Fancy being haunted by the ghost of a book of irregular French verbs !

When Mr. Drayton Thomas most kindly read through my script he made a suggestion, which I quote verbatim : " One book test was selected some weeks earlier and held in memory until a sitting gave opportunity for putting it through to you, the later test being selected on another of the Communicator's explorations. The same kind of thing has happened to me, and my father says that he may go several times to inspect the book from which he takes the tests." Mr. Drayton-Thomas has made a speciality of getting these book tests, so his suggestion should carry considerable weight. His father, of course, is on the other side and is his chief communicator.

### A GREAT PSYCHOMETRIST

The evening before I sat with Frau Plaat, the psychometrist I asked my daughter to give me something she had worn constantly to take to the sitting. She suggested a slave bangle, which I thought would answer my purpose admirably, and I told her to wrap it up in brown paper, put it in a large envelope, and seal it. This she did, and she then brought me some Egyptian mourning beads which I had got in Thebes from a first-rate dragoman and which I had every reason to believe were genuine and not made in Vienna, where so many of these so-called curios used to come from in pre-war days. These she wrapped up in exactly the same way, and I put a small mark on the outside of this envelope so that I could distinguish it from the other.

Next day I had the sitting, the Medium remaining seemingly quite normal. I began by placing on the table the envelope which I thought contained the bangle. Frau Plaat picked it up, but immediately dropped it, remarking, " You have brought me

something very horrible ; it belonged to an evil woman who has been dead a long time."

"I answered, "I don't know if she is an evil woman or not, but I do know she was alive this morning."

The Medium picked it up again, but again dropped it, saying, "She *is* dead ; she had been dead a very, very long time."

### *A Fortunate Mistake*

I then examined the envelope and discovered that quite inadvertently I had given her the wrong one and that she had handled the one containing the beads !

I said I was sorry I had made a mistake, "I think she is dead." Whereupon Frau Plaat said, "Of course she is. She has been dead for ages. She used to live in a country over the seas, further away than France or Germany. She was a dancer. She belonged to a religion that is not our religion. I can see her dancing in a huge temple with enormous pillars." (Great Temple of Amon at Karnak ?) She then described her face, form, colour of her hair, height, etc., giving me a most vivid picture of a very pretty woman.

Here Frau Plaat put her two hands together and posed exactly like the figures one sees in ancient Egyptian sculptures, and added : "She died in great agony at the age of about forty, from a disease peculiar to women."

Now, of course, there was no way of verifying the Medium's statement, but she most certainly described an Egyptian dancing girl, and it is quite likely the beads had belonged to one who lived three or four thousand years ago.

I was so glad I had muddled up the envelopes, as, under the circumstances, it would be difficult to put this down to our old friend telepathy !

I then gave Frau Plaat the envelope containing the slave bangle. After having given an excellent character reading of the owner, she said : "She has a bad leg," but gradually located the hurt to the ankle. She told me that there had been "rubbing" which had done no good, but in time it would get all right again.

Now, my daughter had hurt her ankle at winter sports in Switzerland, and it had given her a lot of trouble.

Other people who tested this Medium got equally good results ; and if my memory serves me right Mr. Stanley De Brath, the well-known investigator and writer, was given a remarkable demonstration of this Medium's power.

Later, I had many talks with Frau Plaat, and she told me of



the good work she had done in a foreign capital when working with the police tracking down criminals.

Mrs. Osborne Leonard also possesses the power of psychometry, and she once gave me a striking example of it. I was having tea with a friend one day. There was also present a lady who was almost a stranger to me. In the course of a general conversation I happened to mention that I was going to Tankerton next day, and on being asked why I was going there of all places, I said that I was going to a sitting. This aroused interest (incidentally, I have found that most people *are* interested in Spiritualism even if they say it is all nonsense).

I talked a little to this lady, who then said she would be so grateful if I could find out the future for her. I noticed that she was wearing a valuable diamond ring. I asked her if she would trust me with it and, on her agreeing to, I made her wrap it up in brown paper and then seal the whole up in an envelope. Next day, when the sitting was in full swing, I handed the unopened envelope to Fedra, who said, "The owner of this ring is very unhappy. She is going to be separated from her husband. She really wants to marry another man, but she won't be able to do that because he is already married. She will get her separation, but I see no happiness for her." As far as I knew she was living happily with her husband, but within six months she had got her separation and then she told me that it was quite true about the other man.

#### HAND WITH BENT FINGER

"Fraud, Telepathy." How often we hear these words applied to physical and mental Mediums, and one wonders how far they are justified.

Mrs. Bayliss was a physical Medium who was reported to have very strong power, so I determined to have some sittings with her. These took place at the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, and at each there were some eight to ten persons present, the sitting being held in complete darkness.

We all linked hands, and after a short time sitters declared that they were being touched by hands; sometimes three or four people reported this at the same moment.

After this had been going on for some time luminous slates floated round the circle. These were used to light up materialised faces. When the slates came opposite to me I distinctly saw the face of a man—it was extraordinarily like my father as he was when he was about forty. (He had passed over at eighty.) I have a photograph of him taken when he was about this age, and the face I saw seemed to be the same, but of course it is

extremely difficult to recognise something so dimly illuminated.

A little time afterwards a child's face came, and I distinctly saw the lips move and utter the word "Daddy."

Now my little friend Penanne had started calling me "Daddy," though she was no relation of mine, and I am positive that the Medium neither knew me nor had ever heard of this child—again I could not swear to the likeness, but it was most remarkable being addressed as "Daddy."

I determined to have another sitting, which Mr. Hawken, the secretary, kindly arranged.

This time I took with me a lady, whom I introduced as "a friend." I am quite certain that no one else in the room was aware of the fact that she had lost a well-beloved daughter about six months before. I sat next to her in the circle, and when the lights had been put out, I placed in her hand a blank card and a pencil which I had brought with me. After a short interval she whispered to me, "The card and pencil have been taken out of my hand"; and ten minutes later she added, "The card has been put back into my hand." Immediately afterwards the pencil was placed over my right ear, with no fumbling whatever. When the sitting was over and the lights turned up, I took the card from her hand, and on it was scrawled in childish letters her little girl's pet name.

At the same sitting, a great-uncle of mine spoke who had passed over (at the age of 97) a few months previously. I had a little talk with him and remarked: "You must have been surprised when you died and found yourself still alive." His answer was extraordinarily characteristic of the old man: "I have never been dead yet—and, what's more, young man, you think you know a great deal, but when you come over here you will find that there are things that even you don't know!" This is exactly the sarcastic remark my uncle would have made.

I then asked him to do something for me—to show me his hand, but the only reply I got was a grunt. A little time afterwards a hand came round the circle, lit up by a luminous state. The fourth finger was bent double. Now, in life, my uncle suffered from rheumatism, and the fourth finger of his left hand was doubled up against his palm and could never be straightened. It was for this reason that I asked the old gentleman to show me his hand.

I might add that the hand I was shown in no way resembled the Medium's. My uncle had long tapering fingers, and Mrs. Bayliss' fingers were fat and podgy, and incidentally I am absolutely certain that no one in the room knew of this rheumatic deformity.



At this same sitting a very beautiful hand floated round the room at the same time as a voice kept on saying, "What a noosance, what a noosance."

Now this is a very favourite expression of "Feda's," Mrs. Osborne Leonard's guide, and this seemed to indicate that this hand had something to do with "Feda."

Sometime later, when sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, "Feda" remarked to me that she had once shown me her hand.

Be this as it may, this well-kept, beautiful hand was as different from the Medium's as day from night. I carefully examined Mrs. Bayliss' hand after the sitting, and most decidedly it was not her hand that had been shown.

Now a short time after these sittings Mrs. Bayliss was "exposed" by the late Mr. Dennis Bradley. I believe he suddenly turned up a light—the Medium was found out of her chair and her psychic career ended.

I am well acquainted with Mrs. Bayliss' whole history, yet I am convinced that, at any rate, at these sittings her Mediumship was genuine, but I suppose, like so many of these physical Mediums, she held too many sittings; the temptation to earn money was too great and, her power failing, she "helped things out."

Now, I do not think that I am particularly credulous, and I have turned down several Mediums in the past. Probably, had I been at Mr. Bradley's sitting I should have agreed with him, but I do think that these sittings tend to show how very careful one must be before condemning anyone, though, of course, there is no excuse for fraud.

### A PHYSICAL MEDIUM

It was at a séance with Lewis, a Welsh miner, that I obtained the photograph of the strange bat-like looking object which I will soon describe under the heading of "Photographing an Elemental."

At one time Lewis used to come to London fairly often and hold séances at the Psychic College. I think I attended practically all of them, and I used to take flashlight photos at these sittings.

For some years now I have lost sight of him, but I trust that he is still in the land of the living, or perhaps I should say "on this side of life."

We always used to examine him most carefully before the sitting, and devised various methods of securing him firmly to his chair; but I think by far the most satisfactory method is the "surgeon's tape," one to be described later on.

Lewis always used to sit outside the cabinet, but there was a table inside it on which were placed various toy musical instruments, a luminous tambourine and a skipping rope, the latter for the benefit of one of his guides, a child. If I remember rightly his chief control was a West African Negro.

Sittings used to take place in complete darkness and he required loud singing, led by Mrs. Lewis, who was always present, and whose voice was most powerful.

Of course, objection may be taken to this continual singing as serving to prevent one hearing any suspicious movements of the Medium, but in the case of Lewis we never noticed anything suspicious and, had he attempted fraud, I think the photos would have revealed it.

At intervals his guide would ask for the red light to be put up, so that the Medium's ties could be examined. We always found them intact. Care was always taken to control the Medium's wife by the sitters on either side of her holding her hands.

When conditions were said to be good the musical instruments would rise from the table, leave the cabinet, and float about the room. When they were "up," I have heard three or four of them being played at the same time. It used to be quite a pretty sight to see the levitated tambourine moving about the room, and I was on several occasions able to get good flashlight photographs of it in the air.

To my mind the interesting thing about these photos was that the edge of the tambourine invariably came out sharp. One could see that the luminous dots on it had moved through quite an appreciable arc. As the flash only lasted one-fiftieth of a second, it proved that it was spinning quite fast.

Many times I got someone to sit in the Medium's chair and throw the tambourine up into the air, taking a photograph in exactly the same way as I did at the séances. The result was always the same. The tambourine used to come out lozenge shape. This seemed to prove that the Medium hadn't himself thrown it up (I am assuming that to do this he had got out of his ties for the time being), because it would have been more or less stationary when the photo was taken.

After the "flash" the tambourine used always to drop on to the floor.

I think with Lewis we used to witness true levitation.

But to my mind the most interesting part at these sittings was the apparent passing of matter through matter.

After Lewis had been seated in his chair and securely bound we used to take a thick length of sewing cotton and bind and



seal one end to the arm of his chair. The other end was then tied round his thumb, threaded through an engraved visiting card, fastened round his other thumb and finally secured and sealed to the other arm of his chair.

After the sitting the card was nearly always found on the floor—quite intact—with the seals on both ends of the cotton unbroken.

From an investigator's point of view these sittings were quite interesting, but they never got one any "forwarder." But, in my opinion, the same can be said about all physical sittings. They do, however, rouse interest in the newcomers, and, in this way, doubtless serve a purpose.

#### PHOTOGRAPHING AN ELEMENTAL

I was sitting with this same Lewis when I had a curious experience.

I had arranged two cameras to take flashlight photos of "happenings" (it was a dark sitting), and one of my cameras was fitted with a quartz lens, which allows the ultra-violet rays to be registered on the plate, not cutting them off in the way an ordinary photographic lens does. (Vita-glass is made of quartz, which acts in the same way.)

Suddenly the Guide shouted "flash," which I did, and he then remarked: "You have something very extraordinary on that plate."

Directly the sitting was over, I took my plates up to the dark-room and developed them, and I found on one that had been taken with the quartz lens something that I can best describe as looking like a bat, and this on the plate that the Guide had remarked about. On the other plate, taken at the same time by the same flash, but with an ordinary lens, there was nothing out of the way.

As Mr. Hewat McKenzie happened to be in the building at the time, I took the negative, wet as it was, to show him; and, after examining it, he asked me if I had moved my cameras, and on my replying in the negative, he suggested that I should put fresh plates into the slides, go down with him to the séance room, and take some more flashes, his idea being to see if the bat-like figure was due to reflection or anything of that sort. I took three or four more flashlight photos, but found nothing out of the way on the negatives when I developed them.

The whole thing seemed a mystery, but I printed a copy of the "bat" and stuck it in my book with my other psychic photos, and the matter passed from my mind. But listen to the sequel.

About two years later, a friend came round to see me one evening to say that two people who were staying with him would very much like to see my photos, and could he bring them in? Of course, I readily consented, and he introduced them as a Judge of the High Court in Sierra Leone and his wife.

They turned over the pages of my album until they came to the bat-like photo, when the lady remarked, "I say, you have got an 'Ibudo' here." The judge examined it carefully through a strong glass and said, "Why, yes, it is." And he then explained to me that an 'Ibudo' is the kind of totem sign the witch doctors hang outside their huts in the Gold Coast, and he added: "I have seen dozens of them."

Now, this is the extraordinary thing. Lewis's Guide is "Sambo," a native of that part of the world; and ever since that evening I have always thought that I got the photo of some elemental who helps him in his practices. If an elemental has higher vibrations than we have, then it would be possible that the quartz lens would catch them, but they would be unable to pass through the coarser glass.

Do the witch doctors see these elementals? They would, at any rate, seem to be aware of their existence, otherwise how comes it that they have these totems as a sign of their magic?

Lewis' Mediumship consists chiefly of telekenesis, the playing of musical instruments and what would appear to be the passing of matter through matter, and it would almost seem that in his case the elemental is employed to bring these things about. Probably "Sambo" was a witch doctor and the 'Ibudo' was his "familiar." We are dealing with unknown powers, and it behoves us to be very careful of what we are doing.

I might add that I have taken scores of flashlight photos at séances, but this is the only time I have been told that I had got something extraordinary on the plate, and is the only time I have ever had anything of the sort.

#### AN APPORT MEDIUM

I have had several sittings with Lynn, the Newbiggin miner. He was quite willing to undergo any tests we liked to impose, and the results were always most satisfactory. I took several flashlight photos of apports actually arriving, attached to the Medium by ectoplasmic rods. Copies of some of these photographs are reproduced in this book.

To give an idea what these sittings were like, I will describe in detail the first one I had with this remarkable Medium. I travelled North to Newbiggin with the late Mr. Hewat McKenzie, who was good enough to leave the precautions against fraud in



my hands. The circle consisted of Mr. McKenzie, Mrs. Lynn, two miners with their wives, and myself.

I took Lynn out into his bathroom, stripped him quite naked and made a minute examination of his body, combing his hair, taking out his dental plate, giving him a drink of water, making him gargle, looking behind his ears, etc., etc., absolutely satisfying myself that it was quite impossible that he had anything concealed upon him.

I then put him into a shirt and pair of trousers, and finally into a black alpaca sack with a tape round the top, which I pulled tight round the Medium's neck, tied it, and sealed it with wax. (At one sitting, in addition, I securely tied his arms to his thighs before putting him into the bag. Though we got the results just the same, I did not repeat it, as Lynn complained, as well he might, of the discomfort.)

I then led him into the séance room and put him in a chair in the cabinet which, in the meantime, had been carefully searched by Mr. McKenzie.

No one, except Mr. McKenzie and myself went near Lynn after I had brought him into the room, which was well lighted by a small oil (white) lamp. In front of the cabinet was a small table on which rested a metal tray.

#### MEDIUM IN A DEEP TRANCE

The Medium went into deep trance ; taps were heard on the tray, and then the table started sliding about the room. I got up and stood over the table, satisfying myself that no strings or other contrivances were being used. The Guide then told me to put a zither on the table ; and when I had done this, it started to play. I again got up and stood over it—the light was quite good enough for me to see the strings being actually moved by some invisible means, and I felt a strong circular breeze on the top of the instrument. (At another sitting I was fortunate enough to get a flash-photo of the playing harp, which disclosed an ectoplasmic rod plucking the strings.)

A photograph of this is reproduced. I have never been able to make out what the ring in the Medium's nose is. Like the rod plucking the zither strings it was invisible to the human eye. It may be a case of transfiguration.

After this, the Medium went into even deeper trance, and then the apports arrived, generally falling on the tray. Many consisted of a pile of sand, some soot, sea shells, lumps of coal and other articles that I have forgotten. At a subsequent sitting, something like two dozen different articles arrived—a teaspoon, a pen knife with both blades open, ten curtain rings, a large

fish-hook, etc., etc., and this after the most minute search of his body we could think of.

One time, when taps were coming on a tray which had been placed on a table, I got up, stood over it and attempted to put my hand on the tray so that the taps would strike it ; but they always avoided it. It seemed almost as if they had eyes and were determined that I should not feel them. Photographs of these ectoplasmic rods making these taps are reproduced.

When Lynn came to London, I asked the editor of a well-known magazine to attend a sitting, and this is what he published later :—

“ Spirit photographs have always been particular objects of attack by sceptics ; and, before publishing Mr. Shaw Desmond’s article, I made up my mind to see for myself. It was my first experience of a séance. I myself assisted at the searching of the Medium. I manipulated one of the three cameras that were set at different angles round the séance room.

“ I left the Psychic College with curiously mixed feelings. To say I was ‘ converted ’ is perhaps going rather far, but I was certainly amazed.”

Lynn is certainly a wonderful Medium, and I feel sure that those who have sat with him will bear me out that I have under-rather than over-stated the happenings which take place in his presence.

As these sittings take place in such a good light the objections which we all have to “ dark ” sittings are removed.

### LIFELIKE MATERIALISATIONS

I was delighted when I was asked to go to a test materialisation sitting with Guy L’Estrange, of Great Yarmouth, as I had always wanted to see this kind of happening. So, one afternoon, the late Mr. Cotesworth Bond and I went down to Norwich, where it had been arranged for the sitting to be held. Besides our two selves, Mr. Maitland (Norwich), the late Dr. Lamond and two local people formed the circle.

Mr. L’Estrange was very anxious to undergo any test we liked to impose, so we started by not only making a minute examination of the séance-room, but of the adjoining rooms as well, even taking up the linoleum and satisfying ourselves that there were no hidden trap doors or other contrivances installed.

After stripping and examining the Medium, we led him into the séance room, and securely fastened him to his chair by means of surgeon’s tape, crossed with blue pencil marks which would indicate the slightest degree of movement.



In addition to this, I tied a cord securely to the Medium's left wrist and held the end in my right hand in order that I should know if he had got out of his ties and was trying to move about the room. We locked and sealed the door and also the windows.

We then formed a circle. I sat next to the cabinet on the left of the Medium, Mr. Bond sat in the middle, and Dr. Lamond on the right of the cabinet.

I placed the sitters in such a way that they were being controlled by Mr. Bond, Dr. Lamond and myself. Hands were linked and the light extinguished, the sitting taking place in complete darkness. It should be noticed that my right hand was free to hold the cord I mentioned.

After a little time, taps were heard and the luminous trumpet moved about the room. After this had gone on for some time one of the luminous cards, which were used for lighting up objects, rose from the ground where it had been placed, floated about the room and finally fell at my feet. I immediately stretched out my legs and formed a kind of wall round it with my feet. I thought that if there was any fraud going on and someone was lifting the card with his or her hand, if they tried to do it again, I should feel their hand against my foot.

I remember thinking that the card would stay where it had dropped until the end of the sitting. A few minutes later, however, it quietly rose and tapped against the ceiling. Up till then I confess that I had been rather bored with the whole thing, but when this happened I became very much more interested, as I could not see that it was possible that this had been accomplished by normal means.

Suddenly the luminous aluminium trumpet, which was floating about, dropped on the cord I was holding, snapping it. The Guide immediately asked me to go into the cabinet to mend it. Some of the sitters protested that if I did this it would quite likely upset conditions and end the sitting. I pointed out to them that it was possible that the Guide knew more about conditions than they did ; but they remained so averse to my doing so that I gave in to them, because while the Medium still remained securely bound, I had my right hand free. As it turned out I was very glad I had.

A few minutes later I suddenly saw the figure of an Arab standing close to me, made visible by the light of two luminous cards that were slowly lifted up from the figure's feet to his head. The man seemed to be perfectly formed, clothed in a long flowing robe and wearing sandals on his feet. As I gazed

at him, the cards dropped to the ground and I suppose he disappeared.

After a short interval the cards were turned to the floor and lit up the body of a naked child some two years old. The cards fell to the ground and then Mr. Bond informed us that a baby was sitting on his knee. He told us that he had his arms round it and that it was gradually drawn upwards and seemed to pass through his clasped hands.

This gave me an idea, so I asked the guide if I might touch the next figure that came along, and permission was granted. So when the figure of a nude young woman stood in front of me, I passed my right (free) hand over from her waist up until it rested on her head. She felt exactly like a normal woman—including the breasts, which seemed perfectly firm and well formed, as I saw quite distinctly by the light of two luminous cards—but her temperature must have been well over 100 deg., and had she been “alive,” I should have said she had a very high fever. While my hand rested on her head, it gradually melted away and she had gone.

My point in mentioning these details in this case is that the Medium, being a man, it was impossible for him to pass himself off as a nude woman—even had he been able to get out of his ties, which were found intact at the end of the sitting.

Several other figures came, and I handled them all. One seemed to melt away from the feet upwards, and sank lower and lower, as if it were going through a trap door—which made me glad I had taken up the floor covering at that very place and had satisfied myself that nothing of that sort existed.

One figure put the slates against my face and peered into my eyes, giving me a most eerie feeling.

Each figure seemed quite natural; and unless I was hypnotised, I am certain that the sitting was genuine. In fact, I had only seen what had been reported to us in London by other sitters, and what I had come from London to see.

At this same séance, I passed my hand along the arm of a young man who had materialised in front of me; it felt quite normal, though warmer than I would have expected it to be. When I got to the elbow, the rest of the figure vanished, leaving the forearm suspended in the air. I passed my hand round and round in it all directions to find if there was anything supporting it, but discovered nothing.

Just before the end of the sitting, the Guide told us that he had placed the Medium on the mantelpiece, which was on the further side of the room, outside the cabinet, and that he had intended to allow us to put up the red light so that we could



see him for ourselves, but the psychic forces were so delicately balanced, he said, that any light would be a danger to the Medium, so we must take this on trust. But, presently, I felt something slowly passing me, and, putting out my hand, I felt the form of a man floating in a horizontal position and, as far as I could judge, about three feet from the ground. I am quite certain that the form was unsupported by any material means, and I believe it was actually the Medium being taken back to the cabinet.

I should have mentioned that, before this, there had been the sound, which seemed to come from the direction of the mantelpiece, of a falling, and the Guide told us that the Medium had fallen. He seemed to be no worse for the misadventure.

I heard later that, at another sitting, the red light had been put up, and on the mantelpiece there was seen lying a small figure which closely resembled the Medium—but only about half his size. As I was not present I cannot vouch for this, but I think my informant would confirm what I write.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bond and Dr. Lamond are no longer on this side, but Mr. Maitland, I am glad to say, is still with us, and I am sure he will bear me out in everything I have said. In fact, I know that he has seen other more wonderful things with this Medium, as I believe at one time he was a regular sitter in his circle.

*Light* published the account of this sitting, and the next week they also published the following letter from the Rev. R. W. Maitland, whom I mentioned as present that night.

#### *A Puzzling Experience*

Sir,—I well remember the materialisation sitting to which Major Mowbray refers in his article in *Light* of October 17th. It was held at the house of the stalwart worker in the cause of Spiritualism, the leader of the Christian Spiritualist Church in Norwich.

A curious incident which occurred on that occasion has often puzzled me since. I suddenly felt someone sitting on my knee, whether man or woman I could not tell, but I was able to feel up the warm, moist backbone of a naked living body, freely perspiring, until I came to where the head ought to have been—and there was none. And yet, the body was obviously alive. The weight, slight at first, afterwards increased rapidly until it became so heavy that I felt my leg would give way under it, and then suddenly it ceased to be.

It has often occurred to me since that it was probably intended as a demonstration of the artificial nature of an ectoplasmic

body. A head was not required at the moment, and therefore there was none.

It was at this sitting too, if I remember aright, that Dr. Lamond had the contact with his daughter, Kathleen, which he afterwards described in one of his books.

Darsham Vicarage,  
Suffolk.

*Rowland W. Maitland.*

I was very glad to have his confirmation of what I wrote about this wonderful experience with the further curious incident added :—

I remember at the time Dr. Lamond telling the circle that “ Kathleen ” was standing in front of him. As he was sitting on the further side of the cabinet from me I did not see her myself, so did not mention the incident in my *Light* article.

The account I have given sounds, I know, so strange that readers, I realise, will find it difficult to believe. Every word, however, is true. I am quite sure that there was no imposture. After the sitting we, of course, examined the Medium, found all his ties intact, the door and windows still sealed. I only wish Dr. Lamond and Mr. Bond were here to add their testimony to Mr. Maitland's.

### A SITTING WITH “ MARGERY ”

Readers can imagine with what delight I opened a letter from Dr. Crandon bearing the Boston postmark, in which he told me that he and “ Margery ” would be in England shortly and would be giving a few sittings, and asking if I would care to form one of the circle. My pleasure was further increased after the Doctor's arrival in London, when he informed me that he hoped I would be present at all of the sittings.

Actually only three sittings were held in London, at each one of which I formed one of the circle ; and as comparatively few people have had the opportunity of being present at a “ Margery ” séance, I will describe one of them for the benefit of my readers.

Most people have heard of the Crandons, but for the benefit of those who have not, I will just mention that Dr. Crandon is a highly successful surgeon in Boston, U.S.A. “ Margery ” is his wife—a very gifted physical Medium ; whose guide “ Walter ” is her brother. He was killed in a railway accident some years ago. Dr. Crandon has spent almost a fortune in investigating his wife's mediumship. “ Margery ” is absolutely non-professional, and they would both be horrified if there was a question of offering her a fee for her services.



I do not suppose at any time that there has been so much controversy over the genuineness or not of any other Medium, in fact, I believe at the present time spiritualistic circles in America are divided into Pro and Anti "Margerys." Without taking sides I am only going to relate what I saw, but I have always asked—if she is fraudulent, then why on earth are the Crandons wasting so much time and money with no apparent benefit to themselves. I believe many of Dr. Crandon's patients are Catholic, who are averse, or should be, to calling in a Spiritualist. He certainly doesn't stand to gain by his notoriety—very much the reverse. But to proceed :—

The circle consisted of some dozen persons and included well-known investigators, scientists and medical men ; and as the object of our sittings was for test purposes, every precaution was taken.

After we were all assembled, the first thing we were asked to do was to test the voice "cut-off" machine, which consists of a bent glass tube in the shape of a "U" with a mouth-piece fitted at one end. The tube is half filled with water, with two luminous corks floating on the surface on either side of the tube. Under normal conditions, these corks are, of course, at the same level ; but when a person takes the mouth-piece into his mouth and blows, one cork becomes depressed and the other rises to the same extent, remaining in that position until he opens his mouth to speak, when, air entering into the tube, the corks immediately return to their level positions.

We all blew into the apparatus and tried to talk, keeping one cork depressed, but found it quite impossible to do so.

During the sitting, if it is desired to test the Medium, "Walter," the guide, brings her out of trance and she makes the test herself, but the voice goes on talking with renewed energy, thus proving that the Medium herself is not responsible for it. Dr. Crandon told us that several hundreds of people have tried the same test with the same result.

It was a matter of regret that during these sittings there was no time for "Margery" to give us a demonstration of this herself, but one can fully accept the testimony of the many people (with some of whom I am personally acquainted) who have been present at various times when the Medium has undergone this very convincing test.

"Margery" was led into the séance-room by a well-known lady doctor, who had previously examined her and satisfied herself that nothing was concealed on her body ; she had then dressed her in a one-piece séance garment. The Medium was placed in a chair and secured to it by adhesive tape, bound round

her wrists and ankles and marked at the crossings with blue pencil which would indicate the slightest movement on her part. A kind of halter was passed round her waist and secured to the back of the chair. This was all done under the supervision of two medical men who were responsible for guarding against trickery.

Lights were then turned out, and the room was in darkness except for a small red light over the notetaker's desk. The Medium speedily became entranced. "Walter" indicated his presence by giving his usual whistle, and told us that the first thing he wished us to do was to put any objects we liked into a basket which was to be handed round for the purpose, and he would then describe them and say to whom they belonged. This was done and the basket placed on a table in front of the Medium. In every case "Margery" correctly described the various objects which, at the same time, were thrown on to the ground.

What Dr. Crandon called the "luminous doughnut" was then placed on the table, and after a few moments it started floating round the room. When it came opposite me, I distinctly saw a kind of claw holding it, and, as I was sitting some feet away from the Medium, I was quite satisfied that she could not have been responsible for the movement.

The sitters were all linked up by holding hands all round the circle, and remained so during the whole of the sitting.

Before the séance had started, two flat dishes had been placed on the table in front of "Margery"—one containing cold water and the other ready to receive hot water (which was being kept at the desired temperature in a kettle under the table), and dental wax on which it was hoped that "Walter" would impress his thumb-mark. This wax had been given to one of the investigating men the day before, and he had cut a series of notches in it so that he would easily be able to identify it.

"Walter" then instructed the two investigating officers to form a smaller circle by holding hands inside the outer one, which had already been formed in the same way. The inner circle also held the Medium's wrists. Hot water from the kettles was poured into the empty dish and then the marked wax was placed in it to get it soft.

After a minute or so, we all heard a sound of splashing water, and then "Walter" ordered the red light to be put up, and it was found that the wax had been transferred from the hot water dish to the cold dish, and on examination it was found that a thumb-print had been impressed upon it. This proved not to be the "Walter" thumb-print, nor the Medium's, nor anyone's in



the room. It belonged to some strange person, believed to be a woman, who but has, I believe, not yet been identified.

I should like to emphasise that from the time the marked wax was placed in the first dish until it was taken out of the second one, "Margery's" wrists had been held, in addition to being secured by the surgeon's tape, as already described—which, incidentally, showed no sign of movement at the end of the sitting.

Of course, I was only an observer, and not responsible for the control of the Medium, and have only described what I saw and heard, but if the testers did their work properly (as I have no doubt they did), then the question of fraud could not come in.

After the thumb-print had been made, "Walter" requested us all to leave the room, with the exception of the lady doctor and an assistant; but after a short time we were called back, when the former informed us that while she was bending over the entranced Medium, "Walter" spoke, and his voice seemed to come from some six feet above and to the side of "Margery"—this in full red light.

The lady doctor commented upon the unusual physical state of the Medium, which had the greatest significance in proving supernormal activity. The particulars were not permitted to be published, but I can at least say this: that these particulars alone convinced me of the genuineness of the thumb-print.

I also attach the very greatest importance to the fact that the "inner circle" had held the Medium's wrists while the thumb-print was made; and, so that there could be no possible doubt about this matter, I rang up one of these investigators and put the following question to him:

"Did you and the other investigators, or did you not, hold 'Margery's' wrists when you formed the 'inner circle' when the thumb-print was being made?"

The answer he gave me was: "We held 'Margery's' wrists during that time."

In view of this evidence, I fail to see how "Margery" can now be accused of fraud; but as charges are always being made against her, I am only too glad to put my conviction into print.

I have only described in part one of the three sittings I attended, but the others were most interesting, and I shall always be grateful to Dr. Crandon and his charming wife for allowing me to see for myself what I had so often read about.

I should just like to add that, after the sitting, one of the investigators distinctly informed me that he could only account for the happenings by inferring that super-normal means were used; but in the cold, grey light of the next morning, I believe, he became more material and changed his mind.

## A POLTERGEIST INVESTIGATION

Some ten years ago most of the evening papers and some of the morning ones were full of strange happenings in a house not fifty miles from a Midland town. It was stated that pictures had been thrown down from the walls, furniture moved about in a locked room and crockery smashed. In fact, the Poltergeist, if the disturbances were caused by one, had done most of the things which a well-trained plotergeist should do. The house was inhabited by a man and his wife with their only child, a boy of about fourteen. He was the son, so we heard later, of the first wife, who had died of cancer a few years before. The family did all their own house work. After these disturbances had gone on for some time, their nerves had become somewhat frayed. So the father wrote to the late Mr. Hewat McKenzie for advice. He answered the letter by return, telling him that at the time he was very busy, but that he would come to them the following week provided the disturbances still continued. He impressed upon him the urgency of letting him know at once if they ceased. If he did not hear to the contrary he would arrive on a certain day. One knows, of course, that in these poltergeist cases the manifestations are apt to be intermittent, and naturally he did not wish to waste his time if he was not going to see something.

Having asked me to go with him, we set off one beautiful summer's morning by car, Mr. McKenzie driving. By the time we had arrived at our destination I think my nerves must have been as shattered as those of the people we had come to see. (People who have been driven by Mr. McKenzie will know why !)

However, we *did* arrive at our destination, only to be met by the man with the remark that he was sorry we had come, because nothing had happened in the house for some days. "Then why hadn't he written to stop us coming," we asked. "Oh, I thought my wife had written and she thought I had, but, any way, one of us would have written to-day," was the unsatisfactory answer we got. However, here we were, so we thought we would stay the night, especially as we had arranged for Mrs. Eileen Garrett, the trance Medium, to come next day and hold a séance in the house.

We sat up most of the night playing cards with the family in order to relax any tension there might be. The poltergeist, however, refused to oblige us, and we turned into bed about three o'clock.

In the meantime Mr. McKenzie had closely questioned both the man and his wife, and from the answers that were given he



came to the conclusion that here was a case of true poltergeist haunting. For instance, pictures, etc., had always fallen *after* the boy had passed, never before him. No one had ever actually seen an object start to move, though they had seen them in the air. We were told about the usual stones being thrown at them, though they had never been struck by one. One day the boy had got into a 'bus in the neighbouring town. Immediately one of the plate glass windows was cracked. Once when entering a dance hall the electric lights had at once gone out. (Later we found out from the electric light company that there had been no other failure of the light that evening, and we also found out from the keeper of the hall that, strange to say, the fuses had not been blown. He told us that he had been very puzzled himself by the occurrence. He added that after some five minutes or so the light had suddenly come up again. He had rung up the electric power station but they had replied that there was nothing wrong, and told him to look to his fuses).

Next morning we had to get up fairly early to meet Mrs. Garrett. We then went back to the house and had a sitting with her as Medium. Besides our two selves, the man and his wife were present.

It was a strange sitting, and after the Medium had become entranced, "Uvani," her guide, told us certain things to do with the man and his wife. These were of such a confidential nature that I cannot relate them here. The gist of his communication, however, was that some years before the man's first wife had been suffering from a fatal disease from which she had died. A nurse had been brought in from a local hospital. In the meantime the man had engaged himself to marry his sister-in-law when he was free to do so. On the wife's death the nurse had got the widower to break off his engagement and marry her instead. Of course, the sister-in-law was furiously jealous. She had lately died and found that somehow she had power over her nephew to use him to annoy the second wife. While all this (and more) was being told us by the guide, I watched the couple's faces, and if ever a face gave a person away, that woman's did. She listened intently, blushed crimson and then got deadly pale. Mr. McKenzie reasoned with the sister-in-law's spirit, telling her that she was doing no good and hindering her own advancement. He begged her to leave the boy alone. (After all, it wasn't his fault, he said) and try and find something useful to do. "Uvani" promised to try and help her. Though the woman was full of revenge, at last she consented to do what was required of her. I think she must have kept her word, as we never heard anything more of the

manifestation. The man and his wife seemed very glad to see the last of us ; though when we came out from the sitting, they owned that what we had heard was true. None of us had ever heard of these people before, except what had appeared in the papers, but nothing about their private lives had been published.

Of course, I do not rule out the chance that Mrs. Garrett may have tapped the couple's subconscious minds, but that she did get the facts leaves no doubt whatever.

It was wonderful the way Mr. McKenzie used to take charge of a sitting, and, if necessary, reason with the spirits. He must have had a great deal of power himself. I remember one morning so well, after attending a sitting with him in the North of England. He had asked the Medium to come and see us in our hotel and give us a short sitting as he wanted to question the guide. The Medium sat down and went into trance, which wasn't deep enough for Mr. McKenzie's purpose. So he got up, stood over the Medium and made passes downwards over his head, with the result that the Medium became cataleptic. "Oh," he remarked to me, "I have put him too deep." He then proceeded to make reverse passes until he had got him into the condition he wanted.

A great investigator was Mr. McKenzie, and his passing a great loss to the movement. I sometimes have a chat with him nowadays through the Mediumship of Mrs. Osborne Leonard.

### GHOSTS

I have often been asked if I have ever seen a ghost. While I have heard strange footsteps and loud knocks in a haunted house, and even been touched by, what I believe to have been, a ghostly hand ; yet I have never actually set eyes on one.

My first experience was many years ago when I was on leave from India. Having been asked to stay with some friends to play in a tennis tournament, I went down to their house, not far from Ascot, where I found a jolly house party assembled.

The house, which had been in the family for many years, had originally been an old inn. It had been added to more than once, and at the time of my visit, though somewhat rambling, had been turned into a commodious residence.

The first night I went off to bed after having spent a cheery evening, and was soon asleep.

Suddenly I woke up with a start. I heard footsteps in the corridor outside my room, which I took to be another of the visitors going up late to bed.

The strange thing was that I was in an unreasonable state of fright. I felt clammy with perspiration and was trembling all



over. I switched on the light and reasoned with myself that I wasn't a child to be frightened of the dark. I don't mind confessing, however, that I didn't like the idea of being in the dark again ; so I kept my light burning for the rest of the night, and eventually I dropped off to sleep again.

In the morning, at breakfast, my hostess asked me how I had slept ; and on my telling her that I must have had nightmare and had "got the wind up" because I had woken up hearing someone walking along the passage, she remarked, "*She hasn't been heard for two years, I thought she was laid.*"

She then told me that the house was haunted by the ghost of an old lady wearing a "Paisley" shawl. She had been seen on several occasions in the part of the house where my room was. Some time before my visit an officer of Marines, to whom the daughter was engaged to be married, had come to stay. He contracted typhoid, and for a long time was delirious. During his ramblings he used to complain of an old woman in a "Paisley" shawl sitting by his bedside. He was occupying the room I had slept in, but on account of his delusions (?) had to be moved into the other wing of the house.

My hostess insisted, in spite of my protests, on changing me into the other wing too, but I don't mind owning that I was very glad really that she did.

When I had gone down to stay with these people, I had had no idea that the house was haunted.

My only other experiences of this nature started in 1927, and were continued on and off for about four years.

I had received a very advantageous offer for my house in the country, so deciding to accept it, I rented a house about seventy years old in Cambridge.

A fortnight after settling in, a sister of mine came to stay, and on the first morning after her arrival remarked to me that she believed the house was haunted. I told her not to talk nonsense. She said that in the night she had heard a noise outside her room. She described it as like a hard ball dropping from stair to stair. Thinking it must be the cat playing with something, she had listened for some time, and then got up to investigate outside her room. The sounds had ceased and there was no cat about, but when she had got back to bed they had started again. I felt concerned, because I hate rats, and I thought that perhaps there were some in the house which had made the noise, though I rather hoped it had been due to water in the pipes. I soon found out, however, what was the real cause.

A few nights after this I was awakened by a distinct, sharp smack on my back. Next morning I told my wife about it, who

suggested that it was probably due to lumbago, from which I had been suffering. I refused to agree, as I had had too much of it not to recognise the pain. When the slap was repeated a few nights later she told me to knock off my whisky before going to bed, so I decided to keep my own confidences for the future. My joy was extreme a little while later when she told me one morning that she too had been smacked on the back in the night. I murmured something about "whisky and soda," but she failed to see any humour in my remark.

A short time afterwards I had to go to my dentist, who asked me how I liked my new home. When I told him that I believed it was haunted, his only reply was to call his wife, and when she had come into the room, he said to her, "Tell him what you said when you heard that they were going to live in that house." She hesitated, so I said, "Its all right, I know." So then she told me that she had remarked to her husband, "I wonder how long they will stay in that haunted house." I soon found out that it was well known to have a ghost, but no one had warned me about it, and until I had experienced these manifestations I had no idea whatever of its reputation.

Soon the disturbances increased. Night after night my wife and daughter used to hear footsteps on the stairs, heavy knocks on the floors, and once a visitor declared that she woke up with a start in the night and saw a face looking at her. My family became really frightened. No more was now said about lumbago or whisky. In the meantime I had rid myself of the annoyance of being smacked in the night, as once when it had happened I turned round and snarled out, "What the h—— did you do that for." I do not know if my language shocked the ghost or not, but in any case the result was excellent, as it never disturbed me again.

However, its moral scruples were distinctly light, as a few nights later one of my daughters complained that something had got into bed with her. She described it as having a human shape, and she could distinctly hear its breathing. She was almost petrified with fright. This was repeated when it paid a further clandestine visit to the cook, who described to me how she became cataleptic, not being able to move or utter a sound, a condition which I understand is typical under these conditions.

Things had come to such a pass that I decided to ask Mr. Horace Leaf to come and help us, which he very kindly did.

We held a séance in the house, at which his guide told us that we were being troubled by the spirit of an old Cambridge professor who had lived there and did not know that he was dead. I was occupying his old bedroom and, naturally, he was



annoyed at finding a stranger in his bed. He also told us that my old cook, whom I had already suspected of being a psychic, was very much so indeed, and that she was supplying the power for these manifestations.

After this sitting the nuisances gradually lessened until the cook took another situation, when they ceased. Before she left, however, she came to me in a great state of agitation one morning. She had seen, she said, a man in the hall. Thinking he was a visitor she had taken no notice of him and had turned her head away. A moment later he had vanished.

Knowing her to be the most matter of fact reliable woman, I never doubted that she was telling me the truth.

A short time ago I happened to be reading a book—"Haunted Houses," by Flammarion, the French astronomer and psychic investigator. In it I read of a haunted house where noises, exactly like those my sister had described to me, took place. He had added a footnote saying that these were usual in these kind of places.

### THE REPLY COURTEOUS

I said in my introduction that I would discuss the question of whether it is right or wrong to try and get into touch with friends who have passed over. I think the following letter, which appeared over my signature in the *Sevenoaks News*, shows what my views are. But first a word of explanation as to how it came to be written.

Articles had been published in this paper for and against spiritualism, followed by one from a clergyman condemning spiritualism in no uncertain terms. This was sent to me by a resident in Sevenoaks, asking me to reply to it, which I did in the following issue. My letter ran :—

Sir,—I happened to see the Rev. C. H. E. Freeman's article headed "Spiritualism" in your issue of January 23rd, and I am delighted at the good news he gives us that Spiritualism is spreading so fast, but I think his letter calls for a reply.

No one should know better than the reverend gentleman how dangerous it is to quote texts from the Bible. He must be aware of the fact that in England alone most of the numerous sects have fallen away from the Established Church over a dispute about the meaning of some obscure passage. Why, even the great Churches of the East and West broke over the word "Filioque." Let him ponder over the difference between the Catholics and himself. I gather he calls himself an Anglo-Catholic, but the Catholic Church considers him a heretic because he rejects, or should reject, the doctrine of the Mass,

which is founded on a text.

But as he seems to be somewhat fond of texts, I should like him to explain how it was that Samuel, who was a paid Medium, was held up to us as such a good man. We have the record of how Saul consulted him about his father's lost asses and paid him a fee of quarter of a shekel. Incidentally, Saul was given the information he required, and far from being told he was a wicked man to go to a Medium, he was also told he was to be King—a strange reward for evil doing.

Also, if it was so wrong for Saul to go to a Medium, it surely was doubly wrong of Samuel to practise mediumship and be paid for it !

David, on his death-bed, gave Solomon minute instructions of the building of the temple which he said he received in writing from the Lord by his own hand—obviously David practised automatic writing. The priests were in the habit of consulting the Lord by Urim and Thummim. Was this wrong of them ?

St. John tells us to "try the spirits if they be of God." How can we try them if we are not allowed to contact them ?

St. Paul informs us that some people have the gift of discerning spirits. The people who have these gifts should keep very quiet about them, I suppose.

We are told of Jesus' appearances after his death. Surely if it is wrong of Mr. Smith to come back to his wife it would be very wrong of Jesus to come to his followers—the moral law is immutable.

Just to mention one more text : Joshua was told to destroy all the women and children and not let one of them escape. Surely Mr. Freeman would not hold with that text to-day, however uncivilised and idolatrous an enemy was.

Mediums are wonderful people, but, unfortunately, being human, they require to live in just the same way as a doctor, lawyer, or even a clergyman.

I mention this because Mr. Freeman uses the word "professional" in connection with Mediums.

Finally, to my knowledge, Spiritualism has brought many people back to a belief in a future life when the Churches failed absolutely to do so.

I have no doubt whatever that this letter of mine is open to a great deal of criticism. I referred to the Bible as Mr. Freeman had based his arguments on Biblical texts. My view is that no one can pick out a text here and another one there. One must be guided by the general sense of the whole Book. I tried to show that while it certainly seems to condemn Spiritualism in some passages, yet, to my mind, it approves of it in others.



## IMPORTANCE OF PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

*Their Scope and Limitations*

When my good friend, Charles Drayton Thomas, suggested that I should publish some of my psychic experiences, I felt very diffident about doing so, and I pointed out to him that I could hardly expect people to be interested in my purely personal communications, however much they appealed to me. However, he was insistent, and, bowing to his superior wisdom and much greater experience, I somewhat reluctantly started to send up articles to *Light*. The Editor considered that they interested people, so I went on with them, until I found that I had published everything that I thought advisable. Since then I have received numerous letters from strangers asking me to write further articles, if necessary, substituting initials for names, so that readers should not know to whom the details refer. It was then suggested that I should re-write the articles in book form. This I have now done. Some of them have been added to and one or two more experiences included. I have now finished, and details of my other sittings I must keep to myself. These are chiefly through the Mediumship of Mrs. Osborne Leonard, and are mostly of an intimate and confidential nature.

If readers have been interested in what I have been able to tell them, and especially if anyone has had belief in Survival strengthened, and knowledge confirmed that communication between the two sides of life is possible, then my effort has not been in vain.

It must not be imagined that all my sittings have been as good as the ones I have described ; some of them—but not many—have been blanks. As regards physical mediumship, I have come across a great deal of fraud, but I have found that very often the fraud has been mixed up with genuine psychic power. I think very often the sitters have been to blame to a certain extent. Some people are so credulous that they will swallow anything and, human nature being what it is, the Medium is tempted to give them what they ask for and expect. The credulous person is a greater curse than the sceptic.

I have no doubt that physical mediumship is good—up to a point. It is good propaganda and useful to focus people's attention on the supernormal, but it has its limitations ; and, having attracted attention to forces outside our ken, then we should look for teachings through a good trance Medium.

By physical mediumship I mean telekinesis ; apports, levitation and the like ; the direct voice is, of course, in a different category.

Personally, I now confine myself entirely to one trance Medium, and my advice to a seeker would be—find a good trance Medium who suits you, one to whom you can “tune in,” so to speak, and stick to that one. You will get far better results than running about all over the country trying to get fresh thrills each time you hear about a new Medium. I have found that, by pursuing the method I recommend, each sitting becomes, if possible, better than the last, and I learn more and more about life on the Other Side, and often real uplifting teaching comes through.

One has so often heard the remark made that one never gets anything really worth while at a sitting, apart from the vast importance of proving survival of bodily death. My own experience has been that I get masses of most interesting information about life on the Other Side, and dozens of serious investigators are equally favoured.

Often a sitter goes to a Medium just once or twice, and the time is taken up in getting “tuned in” and communicators trying to establish their identity; but when this has been done, off goes the sitter to another Medium, and the process has to start all over again.

In my articles I have tried to show that telepathy, in the generally accepted meaning of the word, seldom if ever comes in, at any rate when sitting with a properly developed Medium; but that is not to say that the spirit on the Other Side does not convey its information by thought transference to the Medium. I think this is the *modus operandi*; but surely really well-developed and intelligent guides such as “Feda,” “White Hawk” and others are able to differentiate between the vibrations they are getting from the sitter and those from the communicator.

We on earth are able to distinguish between voices; why should we be so ready to deny the same intelligence to our guide friends?

Scientists have now fallen back on that blessed word Telepathy, trying to make the man-in-the-street believe that it explains everything; and the latter, with little or no experience in these matters, repeats “Telepathy” at intervals as an explanation of these communications, thereby passing as a highly intelligent person. I believe that when we have succeeded in eradicating this Telepathy cult, as undoubtedly we shall, then Survival of bodily death will be accepted as a scientific fact, and the powers of communication between the planes of existence will be acknowledged by everybody. Of course, it is extremely



difficult to disprove the thought transference theory. When one gets something that is only known to a third and distant person, we are told that that is Telepathy at a distance ; but when we get something that no living soul has ever heard of, and we can't verify the statement, having no one to ask about it, we are then told that our information is absurd. I am thinking about what we are so often told about life on the Other Side.

However, there is one thing, it seems to me, that we should try to study as much as possible—pre-vision. When we are told of something about to happen in the future, which later actually does take place, all must allow that Telepathy could not have been responsible for the explanation. Then, how did the Medium know about it? People say, "Oh, that's the fourth dimension"—but that does not explain it to me. Perhaps that may be a correct hypothesis ; but why should it do away with our spirit-control theory?

I have been interested in psychic phenomena for over twenty years, and I find that nowadays more and more people are taking an intense interest in the subject, especially young people—this in spite of the Bishop, who stated that our numbers are diminishing. That statement is not true, and all the leaders of the movement, who are in a position to know, will bear me out. Twenty years ago Spiritualists were considered "freaks" and mad people ; to-day, I have been with young men who preferred to talk to me on Survival than go and enjoy themselves at a dance.

But, of course, there are others. I have a great friend who never neglects the opportunity of telling me that if I go on with this thing I shall go mad and get possessed by an evil spirit ; and yet he tells me with the next breath that the whole thing is a fraud, and that spirits do not exist !

I have found, especially in the North, that some circles are apt to look upon the Guide as a kind of minor deity, and are inclined to follow his advice implicitly. They do not realise that Guides are no more infallible than they used to be on earth, and that sometimes their advice is less to be trusted, as they have been out of touch with mundane things so long. Listen attentively to what Guides have to say, but never go against your better judgment.

I won't go into the accusation that Spiritualists often attract evil spirits who talk blasphemy. I have never had anything of the sort myself, nor do I know of anyone else who has. When I am told by someone "that they know someone," etc., I always tell them that "like attracts like, and if their friends get objection-

able communications, they must have objectionable minds themselves.

Also I know of no Spiritualist who has been shut up in a lunatic asylum, but I do know of many critics who most certainly should be.

THE END.