

THEY SURVIVE

*Evidence of Life Beyond the Grave
from Scripts of*

GERALDINE CUMMINS

Compiled by
E. B. GIBBES

PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

49 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4

*This edition is published
by arrangement with
MESSRS RIDER AND COMPANY
by whom World Copy-
right is reserved.*

THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COM-
PLETE CONFORMITY WITH THE
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS.

*Printed in Great Britain
at the Gainsborough Press, St. Albans,
by Fisher, Knight and Co. Ltd.*

"Nothing really matters except the answer to the burning question, 'Am I going to live or shall I vanish like a bubble? What is the aim and issue of this strife and suffering?'"

—MALINOWSKI.

"What mean these premonitions and apparitions, levitations and hauntings, these tales of far sight in time and in space, of telepathy and hyperæsthesia . . . of monitions and intuitions like those of Socrates and Joan of Arc? They meet you everywhere, in every age, in every literature, in every quarter of the globe. . . . Do not let us talk of the credible and the incredible until we have looked further into these among many other things; from which, if well understood, a new vision of truth might arise."

W. MACNEILE DIXON, *The Human Situation*.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	9
CASE I. LIEUT. B. G. W. YEATMAN, R.A.	15
Knowledge unknown to medium or to investigator about a gunner reported missing in Hong Kong (1941) is given in automatic writings four months before intimation of death was received.	
CASE II. LIEUT. N. A. ST. G. GIBBES, 8TH HUSSARS	17
Evidence of prevision and survival in connection with a young officer who died of wounds in North Africa (1942).	
CASE III. FLYING OFFICER IAN MACLEAN, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R.	29
Statement of death having taken place is given in automatic writing a month before information was officially received (1944).	
CASE IV. BOB F.	33
Reported death of a friend of the communicator some hours after his passing. Verified by Dr. E. OE. Somerville.	
CASE V. HENRY BOYCE	35
Identifying details correctly given about a stranger who was not known to anyone present at the sittings, subsequently confirmed by his widow.	
CASE VI. T. M.	47
An author's evidence that "we survive whole, not piece-meal."	
CASE VII. ELIZABETH B.	55
A child-communicator. Evidence of identity in facts conveyed and style of writing.	
CASE VIII. SIGNOR X. AND HIS WIFE	76
The substance of an agreed statement known only to two people, one dead, both strangers to medium and sitter, written at a sitting thirty-seven years after the death of alleged communicator.	

CONTENTS

7

PAGE

CASE IX. CAPTAIN J. M.	82
Information concerning events unknown to anyone present at the sitting communicated about thirty years after they took place.	
CASE X. THE PEARL TIE-PIN	88
"A telepathic message from the deceased officer" is the comment of the scientist, the late Sir William Barrett, on evidence purporting to come from an officer killed in action in the 1914-18 war.	
CASE XI. THE ROSS SISTERS	90
Evidence that human personality survives unchanged in character and temperament by the experience of death.	
CASE XII. A VERIDICAL DREAM.	132
POSTSCRIPT. A NEW DEFINITION OF DEATH	138

PREFACE

Do we live in another world after death, or is death the end? Numbers of people may now be asking this question.

The reply to those who earnestly seek to answer this problem is that patiently conducted research has provided much evidence which seems to indicate that human personality does survive the grave. But a point can only be enforced by accumulated proof. So it has seemed worth while presenting in this small volume, some additional evidence of survival of human personality, obtained in automatic writing by Miss Geraldine Cummins.

It is not generally known that one of our leading lawyers, the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., against his will, became convinced of survival through automatic writing.

It may be said that a lawyer cannot be regarded as an authority on the subject of Psychical Research. Scientists would not accept him as such because he is not a trained exponent of the scientific and analytical view. But it cannot be denied that a great lawyer is an eminent exponent of the common-sense view. Some years ago the editor of a London literary journal told a friend of mine that he always gave books on psychical research to lawyers for review because they were experts in the examination of evidence. His view was that an analytical scientist is apt to lose sight of the wholeness of a question in his concentration on critical detail. It is arguable that the editor was mistaken in his estimate of a reviewer's qualifications. But at any rate, from the common-sense point of view, Sir Edward Marshall Hall's experiences add final verdict, are of considerable value to the plain man who seeks an answer to the question as to whether death is the end.

In his introduction to *Guidance from Beyond*, written automatically by Miss K. Wingfield, a personal friend of his sister's, Mrs. Arthur Labouchere, he says:

My real object in writing these lines is to try to show that automatic writing, as it is called, is a real thing, and that by its means messages are conveyed through an unconscious hand from some place outside the physical world to those who are still inhabitants of it.

Sir Edward goes on to explain how he became convinced of survival. He describes how he, a complete sceptic, who would have nothing to do with psychical research, was at last persuaded to experiment with Miss Wingfield. At a loss how to begin, he

suddenly recollected that he had a letter in his pocket which he had received the previous day at his chambers in the Temple. He folded up the letter and envelope so that no postmark or writing was visible and placed it in another envelope. Miss Wingfield was then asked where was the writer of the letter contained in the envelope. After some delay, the automatic writing gave the message that "the writer of that letter is dead." This reply, he says, only increased his disbelief. So he asked: "When and where did the writer die?" The answer came back: "He died yesterday in South Africa."

It will be noted that no sex was mentioned or any indication of locality given in the question. The answer seemed ridiculous, but the letter was from Sir Edward Marshall Hall's brother in South Africa and was written three weeks prior to date of receipt. Two further letters were received in the following two weeks with no indication of death or illness. The third week after Miss Wingfield's writing, however, brought a letter from Archdeacon Gaul in South Africa, saying that Sir Edward's brother had been found dead in bed that morning. The introduction continues :

I need hardly say that I was staggered at the communication and, making any and every allowance that my imagination can conceive, I came to the conclusion then, and I still believe, that that message can only have been communicated through Miss Wingfield by some agency outside this sphere. Telepathy, clairvoyance, thought-reading are eliminated absolutely. I was ignorant of the fact—for fact it was when the message came on that Sunday afternoon—that the writer of the letter was at that moment lying dead in South Africa.

As far as we can ascertain, he had died about thirty-six hours previous to the receipt of the message, and though, of course, at the time of the asking of the question, his death was known to Archdeacon Gaul and others in South Africa, it was never known to anyone in England until three weeks later, when I received the Archdeacon's letter, containing the news.

Of course, I could relate many other instances and experiences that have occurred since, but for me this was enough. I was and am convinced that there is an existence beyond so-called death, and that there are means of communication between them and us. . . .

The above is quoted at length, for here we have the considered opinion of a brilliant lawyer, accustomed to analysing and scrutinizing every little detail of a debatable problem, yet, like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett and other scientists, Sir Edward Marshall Hall was not afraid to come into the open and state his convictions once he had satisfied himself that survival was proved.

However, the sceptic would doubtless argue that evidence in this case might have been obtained by telepathy between Archdeacon Gaul or others in South Africa and Miss Wingfield, or that possibly travelling clairvoyance on her part accounts for the details given. But the intelligent reader will be disinclined to accept this view if he has studied the vast body of evidence published by various societies for psychical research and takes into account the cases recorded in the present volume.

The following collection of automatic writings was produced by Geraldine Cummins when in a condition of semi-trance or light dream-state or sometimes in a deeper condition of trance. Her hand is assumed to be controlled by some outside entity or influence, quite separate from her own personality. The method adopted by her is as follows: she sits at a table, with her left hand covering her eyes and her right hand resting on a block of foolscap paper. After a pause, during which she endeavours to make her mind a blank, her hand begins to write and the name of her guide or control "Astor" is written. He announces the presence of some "communicator" who then, after a few words of introduction by Astor, writes his or her name.

In some of the cases here recorded, I have been the investigator, generally called the "sitter," i.e., the one who sits beside her, pulls away the sheet of paper when it is filled with writing and moves the hand to the top of a blank page then exposed. The sitter also reads the words as they are committed to the page and makes the comments or questions necessary to carry on the conversation. Such is the method we employ for automatic writing.

In this manner, Miss Cummins has written the following historical books, *The Scripts of Cleophas*, *Paul in Athens*, *The Great Days of Ephesus*, *When Nero was Dictator*, *After Pentecost*, and *The Childhood of Jesus*. All these were written in my presence and in the occasional presence of other witnesses. These Cleophas Scripts as they are collectively known, are an historical document of remarkable interest, in that the story of the life of St. Paul is woven into a coherent whole, linking up the Acts of the Apostles with the Epistles. They are published in the above-mentioned four volumes—each being complete in itself. *After Pentecost* claims to emanate from the same source. It deals with the meetings of St. Mark and St. John with Philo in Alexandria, and shows the influence of the latter on the writing of the Fourth Gospel.

These books are beautifully written and contain much information not known to the automatist (Miss Cummins) or to the general public. They bear the stamp of genuine history and, so far as has been possible to trace given facts, these have been verified by theological experts. They claim to be communicated by one calling himself "The Messenger of Cleophas." But from whatever source they are derived, it seems scarcely possible that they could have come from Miss Cummins's

conscious or unconscious mind. In addition to the above, the late F. W. H. Myers purported to write many essays through her and has given an account of the conditions which we may expect to find after the death of our bodies. These are published in *The Road to Immortality* and in *Beyond Human Personality*. F. W. H. Myers was one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, and Sir Oliver Lodge testified to his belief that it was, in effect, his friend F. W. H. Myers himself who had communicated the contents of these books. He also comments on Miss Cummins's "ready willingness for devoted service and transparent honesty." As one who has known her for over twenty years and has worked continuously with her, I would like here to state that I have never known anyone give of her best more ungrudgingly whenever called upon to do so.

The daughter of the late Professor Ashley Cummins, M.D., of Cork, Geraldine Cummins has achieved distinction both in sport and in the literary world. She has played international hockey for Ireland, and is a tennis player. She is the author of two novels of Irish life, *The Land They Loved* (Macmillan), *Fires of Beltane* (Michael Joseph), and also in collaboration with Miss Susanne R. Day of two Irish peasant plays, *Broken Faith*, produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and *Fox and Geese*, produced there and also at the Court Theatre, London. Two brothers and two sisters of hers are members of the medical profession. Her brothers (save two who were already serving in the Regular Army), were volunteers and all saw active service in the 1914-18 war. Two were killed in action. A third sister was the first woman member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Ireland.

Automatic writing is a most intimate form of mediumship, for it is direct control. It is claimed that the deceased person writes, and communications from him are not, as a rule, conveyed by a "guide" or "control" as is usually the case with trance mediums whose guide speaks to the sitter by means of the medium's larynx.

Miss Cummins and I started experiments in automatic writing and the "ouija-board" as long ago as December 1923. The cases presented in this book were produced by one or other of these methods. The ouija-board used at our sittings, is a square of cardboard on which letters of the alphabet are written. These are covered by a piece of talc. The fingers of the sensitive or automatist (to mention a few names designating the medium or intermediary), rest on the "traveller"—a piece of pointed wood. After a while, the fingers move the traveller; its point is pushed from letter to letter and the words thus spelt are recorded by the investigator.

In the following scripts it will be observed that no indication other than that of joy is expressed at again speaking to earth. The communications in many cases are entirely unexpected and spontaneously given. So no question arises of it being wrong to disturb the dead.

It may be considered, in the following records, that I have some-

what unnecessarily emphasized the point that, in this supernormal writing, information has been given of which the sitter was unaware at the time, or was given when Miss Cummins was writing alone; such information having been subsequently verified. My reason for this is due to the fact that the sitter's mind may influence the communication. Therefore, statements made which were unknown to the medium and known to the sitter do not offer the complete and satisfying evidence required as to the identity of the alleged communicator. I have myself experienced from an extraneous source the interpenetration of my mind at sittings when information has been deliberately asked for by me. But, in my opinion, it was not the mind of the automatist which penetrated my mind and acquired information known to me but unknown to her, it was the control or communicator, who "looked into" my mind and obtained the correct answers. In days gone by I tested this with Mrs. Dowden and later with Miss Cummins. In each case a pause took place in the writing as though the controlling entity had to shift his own mind, as it were, to another direction.

In the case of Mrs. Dowden, I asked her control "Johannes" to get from my mind the name of someone of whom I was thinking. The names, Christian and an unusual surname, were correctly written on the ouija-board. This entity subsequently conversed with me on many occasions—proving his identity in other ways.

Writing through Miss Cummins, F. W. H. Myers correctly obtained a certain date for which I asked him, by, as he put it, "looking into my mind." Miss Cummins had no normal knowledge of this projected event at all or that it was even contemplated. On the other hand, communicators have sometimes asked in writing for certain information which on penetrating our minds could have easily been obtained. Case II illustrates an instance of this.

So, in studying this subject and in endeavouring to prove the identity of communicators, the importance of obtaining facts unknown to any person present, cannot be too strongly emphasized. Otherwise, the sceptic may still affirm that there is nothing to show that the medium's mind does not penetrate the sitter's mind thus obtaining required facts. Even if at first only information is received which could be obtained from the sitters' minds, further developments, in my experience, invariably establish the identity of the communicator beyond doubt.

In forming his opinion as to whether or not the following records offer convincing proof of "survival," readers should also take into account the contrast in style and the characterization of the alleged communicators. It should be borne in mind that, when consciously composing, Geraldine Cummins is unable to reproduce their personalities, but would it be possible for her subconsciousness to create them? She has met only five of the many communicating entities mentioned in this book, and three of these five on only two or three

occasions. Yet relations and friends, have recognized certain traits of character and tricks of speech of the communicators of these writings.

The reproduction of personality would seem to be the most important evidence of survival after death and this appears to be very pronounced in the varied records obtained by Geraldine Cummins. It must surely be admitted that it would be difficult to transmit a personality by telepathy; nor, I think, could penetration of the sitter's mind by the automatist, be said to account for all the phenomena displayed in these cases. For, as I have pointed out, there are many instances when the sitter was "absent" or unaware that certain events as described, had taken place.

Much other evidential material has been received through Miss Cummins which it is not possible to include in this present volume. Some of it is of too personal a character to permit of publication. This is often the case in psychical research and considerable material of value is thus lost to the public.

E. B. GIBBES.

Case I

LIEUT. B. G. W. YEATMAN, R.A.

I AM grateful to Mrs. Webb for her kindness in permitting me to print her report of a case of special interest. It concerns the younger son of her first marriage, a brilliant young officer, who, like thousands of others, gave his life that we may live. Mrs. Webb is the daughter of the late Major-General F. Koe, C.B., C.M.G. Many of her forebears served with distinction in the British Army. She is a personal friend of Miss Cummins's and since the first two communications, when she was not present, has had occasional sittings with her. The dates of the following communications and the corroborative details received later, make this case particularly arresting and valuable as evidence of survival after death.

Mrs. Webb's report runs as follows:

On December 19th, 1941, Benedictus Godfrey William Yeatman, a gunner, was killed in action, in Hong Kong. His father, Marwood Yeatman, was killed at Gouane la Férté, on September 15, 1914. (our son's nickname was Bun.)

February 26th, 1942. At this time I had no news of Bun, and there was no reason to believe that he was dead, as 6,000 prisoners had been taken. On the above date Geraldine Cummins had a communication from her father, who had died some years previously, in which he said my son was there with him. She then got into touch with Marwood, who confirmed this, and warned her not to tell me, as I was not well, and my grief would affect the boy. I was not to be told "till well in the summer."

On June 22nd, 1942, I got the first unofficial news (through the Society of Friends) of my son's death. Later I had several communications from Marwood and Bun, through the hand of Geraldine Cummins. Bun started one communication: "My own Mum"—This was a family joke as each of my three boys claimed me as his exclusive property. The signature was larger but very like Bun's own writing, and the headlong, excited style was characteristic of his earthly letters.

In June 1942, Bun's father gave a description of his son's death. "Bun was, as it were, struck down, flung out of life. It seems that his camp was assailed from the air, and in other ways. He saw horrors, but not many. He went quickly."

In July 1943, I received a letter from a sergeant of the Hong Kong Volunteers, who was taken prisoner but escaped later. He wrote: "We were under constant shelling, and his coolness was a great example to all in the position. . . . The body of your son was found in the gun position itself, and as far as I could tell, he had been killed outright." I afterwards heard from the M.O. that he had been shot through the head. The attack on Hong Kong was then only four days old.

In the same script (June 1942) came the following words:

Bear in mind that Bun was marvellously delivered from what would have been hell—bitter, cruel. His young soul escaped torture.

It was *a year later* that stories of the tortures on the Hong Kong prisoners leaked out.

August 1942. I was the sitter when Bun, in a script through Geraldine Cummins, apologized for writing me a furious, unkind letter in answer to one of mine remonstrating with him for not living within his income. This incident was unknown to Geraldine Cummins till she read the script with me. The changes in handwriting and the likeness to both Marwood and Bun's signatures (which are utterly dissimilar) could only be brought out by photographs of the scripts and original signatures. I think these incidents go to show there certainly was a discarnate mind in touch with Geraldine Cummins and me. The dates are the important factors.

At a lecture given at the British College of Psychic Science, Professor Macbride, F.R.S., made the following remark: "If you can show that knowledge has been received from a medium which the sitters did not know and the medium didn't know, which afterwards turned out to be correct, then I think you have extremely strong evidence."

In this case, Mrs. Webb might be described as the "absent sitter" for knowledge was received on the first two occasions when she was not present, which neither she nor the automatist knew, i.e., in the stated death of her son, four months before any notification of this event was received. Again in the words of the automatic writing, "Bun was marvellously delivered from what would have been hell—bitter,

cruel. His young soul escaped torture." Also, the account of the circumstances of the death was substantially correct.

The announcement of the death was tragic information, opposed to the hopes and wishes of medium and absent sitter, and, as Mrs. Webb has written, "there was no reason to believe he was dead, as 6,000 prisoners had been taken."

In this case, the standard of evidence required by a Fellow of the Royal Society has been fulfilled. It is reinforced by the likeness of the signatures of both father and son to those in the automatic writing. Of these Mrs. Webb writes:

The resemblance of the two handwritings to the originals is extraordinary; as G.C. never saw either (of the latter) and they are utterly unlike her own writing. The evidence of supernormal intelligence must, I think, be conceded.

In sending Miss Cummins her record, Mrs. Webb added:

I have deliberately chosen with care what I consider evidence good enough for a court of law. . . . As I am all in favour of carrying the war of proved faith into the camps of the materialists who will not allow these powers to be used as they are meant to be employed—for the helping of humanity to understand itself and the Infinity into which it has been born.

Case II

LIEUT. N. A. St. G. GIBBES, VIII HUSSARS

THIS case is of an extremely personal nature, and it was only after some hesitation that I decided to discuss it in this book. It includes some evidence of precognition or the forecasting of events. I submitted the evidence of precognition to the London Society of Psychical Research. In due course, a report of the forecast was published in their *Journal*, which is circulated only to members. This record is reproduced by permission of the Society. I have made some slight alterations and added a paragraph to it. It is followed in this chapter by some interesting evidence of survival.

Journal of Society for Psychical Research, May-June 1942.

The following extracts from the record of a long series of communications have been contributed by Miss E. B. Gibbes. The extracts are selected as referring precognitively to a single

episode, the wounding and recovery of Miss Gibbes' nephew; his deceased mother is the purporting communicator in scripts obtained by Miss Geraldine Cummins, who was in Ireland at the time. His deceased uncle is the communicator in two earlier messages, one obtained by Miss Cummins and the other by Mrs. Taylor. Miss Gibbes explains the family names and relationships about which the reader will need to be informed, in the first paragraph that follows; her ensuing record of dated events explains itself.

My sister-in-law, who died on July 16th, 1941, was devoted to her two sons, and these extracts conclude with a letter from one of them, Nigel, confirming what she wrote through Geraldine Cummins. Peggy is his young wife. Harold was her favourite brother who died some years ago. Nigel is the son in question, and Hilda is the name of my sister-in-law.¹ There have been other prophecies in connection with the death of Hilda, given through various mediums some years ago which came true. My brother Frank was Nigel's uncle.

The following was the first intimation of what has proved to be an interesting example of prevision.

On October 31st, 1941, writing through Geraldine, Harold remarks that Hilda had had what he "could only call a nightmare—a conviction that something bad had happened to Nigel. . . ."

On November 7th, writing through G., Hilda remarks: "They keep telling me Nigel is all right but I had such a fear about him. . . ." (This script was received by me on November 13th.)

On November 14th, in order to calm her mind, I sent G. a telegram saying: "Please reassure Hilda immediately. Nigel cables each week that he is well. . . ." (Peggy had written that she had had several cables to this effect.)

On November 14th, G. prepared herself for automatic writing and, after reading aloud my wire, wrote the following extract, purporting to come from Hilda: "Tell Bea² I am very grateful to her for her wire. It means so much to me that Nigel is well. I had such bad dreams about him. I dreamt that he was wounded, that he lay out on a battlefield in great pain. That Peggy said he was missing, that he did lose an arm or a leg. I can scarcely bear thinking about it and now you tell me it is all fancy, that my darling is well. . . ."

¹ This, the actual name, is printed in place of a family nickname in the scripts that follow, for the sake of simplicity.

² Abbreviation of Beatrice—the name by which I was known in the family.—E. B. G.

On December 2nd, 1941, Hilda purported to write the following few lines, through Geraldine. "Hilda. Will you tell Bea that I was right and she made a mistake.—My poor darling Ni, he has been wounded or was I dreaming? No. No, it was real. But tell Bea I am happy about him for it wasn't or didn't seem as bad as I thought. . . ."

On December 4th, Peggy wrote: "I have just this moment received this cable from Nigel: 'Wounded in leg, nothing serious. Now in base hospital. . . .'"

On December 20th, Peggy wrote: "I have had letters from Nigel saying he has a broken leg, broken ear drum and has had two operations to remove shrapnel from his legs and he was burnt about the face. . . ."

It will be observed that Hilda appeared to have this vision of Nigel on or before October 31st, 1941. That it is again referred to on November 7th. On November 14th, H. wrote that Nigel lay out on a battlefield wounded in leg or arm. According to the papers and in Nigel's confirmatory letter, the campaign in Libya opened on November 18th.

On November 21st, Nigel was wounded apparently in these circumstances:

Extract from a letter from Nigel received February 19th, 1942. (Written to Miss Gibbes from hospital and dated January 5th, 1942.)

I have just received your two airgraphs, dated December 5th and 11th. Thank you very much, the information received from Mother via Geraldine is most interesting. I don't think now there can be any harm in giving you the information and dates as it is so long ago. We left the Metropolis and moved into the desert on October 8th. The battle started on November 18th, and I was wounded on November 21st about 5 o'clock in the evening. I lay out all night by my tank which was burning and was picked up about 7 o'clock the next morning, November 22nd. My leg was operated on at an advanced dressing station the same evening and I finally fetched up here about 7 p.m. on November 29th. I was operated on a second time on December 1st, when they removed a fairly large bit of shrapnel from my leg, and that, I think, is the whole story. I am up and about again now but walking is slow and somewhat painful still, as the wound has not yet healed. . . .

It is interesting to note that, though Miss Cummins was alone and not holding a sitting expressly for her, Hilda wrote with a relieved mind, on the day *after* Nigel had had his second operation (December 1st). He was then apparently progressing satisfactorily. Also it will be observed that Hilda wrote through Geraldine two days before Peggy or anyone else in England had received the information that Nigel had been wounded. In addition to this, she stated a fact which was opposed to the information I had sent her. So far as I know, there was no question of Nigel having been reported missing.

In March 1940, at a sitting with Mrs. Taylor at the London Spiritualist Alliance, my brother Frank indicated that there would be an anxious time about Nigel, but that he would come back. Incidentally, Mrs. Taylor also said that Nigel's mother would have passed over before he returned.

On May 17th, 1940, writing through Geraldine Cummins, my brother Frank said: . . . "We shall have heavy losses in life. I think Nigel is wounded, but he recovers. . . .

I now give an account of how the news of the death of Hilda was written through Geraldine Cummins in Ireland, when she was unaware that it had occurred in England.¹

My brother Arthur died in June 1941, his wife Hilda died suddenly four weeks later. Nigel, their elder son, had left for the Middle East four days after his father's death and had been unable to attend the funeral or to see his mother again after his recent embarkation leave. So that my sister-in-law had, in a sense, lost them both within a few days of each other. In a letter to Geraldine, I had told her of Arthur's death which was inevitable and which we had all anticipated. I explained that Hilda had been wonderfully brave and courageous throughout all this worry and anxiety, in addition to her own almost incessant pain—she had suffered, among other things, from arthritis for several years.

When Hilda died, I did not inform Geraldine of the fact, I merely asked her to get in touch with my brother Frank, who died in 1932, or with Hilda's father, nicknamed "Govy" by his family, or with her younger sister, Muriel. The latter had died of influenza in the autumn of 1918. The father had died earlier during the last war. From time to time I had had communications from them all. In my

¹ As my notes sent to the Editor of the *S. P. R. Journal* were rather roughly made out and Christian names used, I am continuing throughout this record, in the same somewhat intimate manner.

letter I merely said "As I had had no news lately, I would like to know how were they all getting on?"

Extract from letter from Geraldine Cummins, dated July 22nd, 1941.

(It will be remembered that Hilda died on the 16th. Letters to and from Ireland took eight to ten days each way.) "I have just had your letter by second post. I shall devote to-morrow morning to a sitting. . . . I was very glad to hear that Hilda is carrying on well. . . . I do hope she continues to carry on well." (Referring, of course, to my previous letter.)

On July 23rd, my brother Frank in automatic writing gave an account of how he had seen my brother Arthur. This was followed by more details from Hilda's father and a few lines from Muriel, all on the same theme assuring me that Arthur was with them and quite all right.

I was extremely surprised and not a little worried and upset on receipt of these scripts about eight days later, for in none of them was Hilda mentioned. However, the mystery was solved by the arrival of another letter from Geraldine saying she had omitted to enclose, with her previous letter, a few lines of writing from Muriel which were given after the three other communications were made. After completing these, Geraldine had apparently felt she must write again, and the following few lines were inscribed on another sheet of paper:

Astor. Muriel wants to say something more. Muriel: Just tell Bea, please, that Hilda is really resting at last, that she mustn't worry about her. All is well with her. She will enjoy her flowers soon.

This gave the clue. It became obvious to me that the communicator could only in these words convey the fact that Hilda was with them. Clearly, Geraldine entirely believed the remark in my previous letters that Hilda was keeping well in spite of the loss of her husband and the departure of her elder son. So the statement of her death would have met with an almost impassable barrier in the medium's mind and could only be expressed in this indirect way. Astor spontaneously explained later that, as in a distant manner, Geraldine was extremely fond of my sister-in-law, had they forced the news through her mind at the time, the shock would have been so great that it would have seriously upset her, being as she then was, in the sensitive condition necessary for psychic communications.

Extract from letter from Geraldine Cummins, dated July 28th, 1941 (after explaining how she had mislaid the missing page, she wrote):

Tell me if it is correct, if she is really able to rest. . . . It is

great news that she is bearing it so well as you said in your last letter (written before Hilda's death). I hope that during the summer Hilda will pick up and really enjoy her flowers. . . . At any rate it is a great comfort to me to hear that she is carrying on well. . . . Please God she will be spared for some time yet and will have Nigel back later on.

I quote these extracts in order to show how entirely Geraldine had misinterpreted the last few lines of Muriel's writing. Subsequently, on August 3rd, I wrote to Muriel through Geraldine, asking if she could give me any details of the passing of my sister-in-law; saying that I should like to know of Hilda's last days and how she left here. In fact, "what happened." I had merely written telling Geraldine briefly and gently of what had occurred. I gave her no details about the circumstances of Hilda's death.

All the above correspondence is, of necessity, abbreviated. But I now give an entire script.

On August 9th, 1941, Geraldine wrote:

Astor is here. Yes, I have already asked Muriel about Hilda's last days. There seems to have been some great anxiety about the elder son—a great fear that he was suffering in the midst of violence, or dead. I can't get Govy to come and speak for he is entirely devoting himself to the curative work on Hilda's delicate psyche. He is using all his powers to eliminate the terror for her son's pain. It is lurking there like a haunting demon. So he remains watching by her. And during the long periods of rest for her he concentrates upon that, keeping it from re-entering her soul. For if it did it would be difficult to dislodge.

Muriel to Bea: My dear, you want me to tell you about Hilda's last days. I was watching for every opportunity to be with her and near her. Govy was away, engaged on work in the struggle with the gigantic evil that was flowing to the earth and is still obsessing it, but with less strength than in the first half of last month.

I saw Hilda trying to carry on after Arthur's passing, writing letters, wearying her tired brain. Then suddenly there came some great disturbance in her mind. I felt as if everything went black about her. I could see Bea with a tragic face. It was a face of loss, as if she had heard something very bad. She and Hilda were then together. It was all a confusion of shifting pictures that came and went. It was hard to grasp their meaning. I concluded that they had heard Nigel was in the fighting or in some situation of violence in which there were explosions. A little earlier than that I had seen him well, though very sad about his father, but prepared with reckless courage to face his own future.

Then I saw real terror in Hilda's mind for Nigel, as if she had heard something very serious about him. So I left her and tried to penetrate the mists and reach that hot, blue sea where I had last seen Nigel. But I couldn't reach him. It was as if the din, the thunder and the noise in that part made any link with him, any penetration to him, impossible.

I struggled to get back to Hilda and I became aware of Bea being with her and that it was the worst time of all in Hilda's life—there was a sudden catch at the heart, a wild terror, and then I could perceive the blood rushing through the brittle veins to her head. I was aware of a violent pain in the head. Then it ceased and everything became dark for her. I could feel stiffness, rigidity of the body, particularly the left side. It seemed cold, so cold. But Hilda's mind was struggling, trying to break through the dark, trying to move what couldn't be moved; to speak, and was unable to speak. There were figures about her, whispers, a short, stout woman there. Bea again. Also a young woman who seemed to be helpful, to think quickly and act. Afterwards there was a middle-aged man, I suppose he was the doctor.

I can only say about what happened that if Hilda didn't get bad news about Nigel, she conjured up some nightmare of horror about him in her mind which I saw and Bea was near, that I saw too. It was as if there had been one trouble after another and this was the last straw. At any rate the horror broke Hilda. Her body was shattered, by a stroke probably, for there was a bursting of the veins and there was heart failure, later—I think.

I didn't want to talk of this but you insisted on my telling you what I saw, so I am just giving you my impressions. They may have been forced, distorted, for you must know that things are very bad psychically about the earth. Tremendous forces of evil have been drawn up from the depths by the black soul of the German people and by the man who summoned the principle of evil, the father of lies, and made his pact with him. Nearly all our generation and the preceding generation have been engaged in some way in this conflict. At the moment it is a little easier but for the first few weeks when the east of Europe went into flames, the atmosphere we entered round the earth was all chaos.¹ It's quite different from the days of peace when we could come and go easily.

I am sorry I can't tell you more now, I feel your hand slackening. My love to Bea. Tell her not to worry as Govy is watching faithfully by Hilda and we hope Harold, when she wakes again, will

¹ "East of Europe went into flames." Germany attacked Russia on Sunday, June 22nd, 1941. A. M. G. (Arthur) died June 20th, 1941. H. L. G. (Hilda) died July 16th, 1941.

be able to take her to the garden and bring about her the healing, youthful memories of 1900.

Yours always,

MURIEL.

P.S.—Ruth couldn't be with Hilda as she is struggling to keep near Eric and her own children—that is what is so hard, to keep near them in this time.¹

On Monday, August 11th, 1941, in answer to a further letter from me, the following communication was made:

Astor is here. Yes, I can call Govy now.

Govy, you ask me about my Hilda's last days. Her passing was peaceful and rapid. (Geraldine referred to Hilda's death and attributed it to some misfortune having occurred to Nigel.)

No, if Muriel told you that, she is wrong. But I see where the mistake came in. Hilda did not receive bad news about Nigel. But she imagined it was coming. She heard in her mind all the horrible sounds of war about him, the din, the noise, the explosions. Muriel probably saw these dark pictures which, because they were imagined by Hilda before her passing, were real, clear-cut and definite, shaped by fear, and these Muriel saw and told you about. Of the two boys, Tony is the hardest hit. He needs comforting most. But he will get over it in a little while. My Hilda was worn out by the strain of her husband's illness and the separation from Nigel. So she slipped out of her body without great pain or struggle. It is well with my child. Don't be troubled about her. We shall cure her of the disease and sorrow rapidly. Your hand is lead to-day, I cannot go on writing. (Geraldine was terribly overworked, rushed and worried just then.)

At that time, Nigel was safe and had seen no fighting—only experiencing the long sea voyage via the Cape to Egypt. And it is evident to me that as "Govy" explained, Muriel picked up Hilda's many thoughts and fears concerning Nigel after his departure for the Middle East. I well remember that, on one occasion when the days went by, and, of course, no word came from him, I tried to cheer her up with some remark about his safety: that he was probably enjoying himself at sea. She replied: "Yes, but he may be torpedoed." All those four weeks she must have endured agonies of mind though she said little about it and always made an effort to be cheerful. But I know that the loss of her husband and the departure of her elder son, four days later, nearly broke her heart.

¹ Ruth is an elder sister who died in 1933. Eric is her husband, still living.

The earlier part of Muriel's communication of August 9th refers to the two or three weeks before Hilda's death, when she had innumerable letters to write and her brain was utterly weary. But I cannot place the first description given when Hilda and I were together. This may be confused with what happened later to Hilda, and be due to "the shifting pictures that came and went."

Muriel's description of Hilda's death is remarkably accurate. Hilda, as described, suddenly complained of a violent pain in the head; became unconscious almost at once and died three hours later. She was unable to move during those last hours. The blood would have rushed to her head as described in the script. It was also correct I believe, that the left side was the worst. Her companion—the boys' old governess—Mademoiselle, is "short and stout." She and I, as indicated, were with Hilda while she was unconscious. Her daughter-in-law Peggy, Nigel's wife, came in about one p.m., having been out in the woods all the morning, and was "helpful," thinking and acting quickly, as stated. She immediately took the car to *fetch* a doctor from the nearest town. *He was "middle-aged,"* (my sister-in-law's own medical man was out and could not at once be traced by telephone). When death came, it was due to sudden "heart failure."

It must be remembered that Geraldine was in complete ignorance of the circumstances of the passing of my sister-in-law. There might have been two or three doctors, a hospital nurse and others present, including the second son who was in England at the time. Yet none was mentioned in the script but those who were around Hilda at the time of her death.

.

I must now relate the tragic sequel to the report published in the *Journal of the Society of Psychical Research* and quoted above.

During the spring of 1942, I had an attack of influenza with complications which left me rather seedy for some time. Geraldine Cummins came over from Ireland and stayed in my house in London for about ten days. While sitting beside my bed, she obtained automatic writing for me on three occasions (May 26th, June 1st and 4th, 1942). I had been keeping in touch with Hilda all the winter and spring by this method of posting occasional letters to Geraldine which she placed on the table, and, when the various communicators had announced their presence in writing, read aloud to them. (Alternatively, the communicators sometimes use her eyes and read the letters through her.)

7)

On May 26th, 1942, Hilda prattled on in her customary evidential

and happy manner, talking of her sons and chaffing me but showing no special anxiety concerning Nigel.

On June 1st, 1942, after other conversation, she suddenly wrote:

I have been in my garden, and I really had some rather lovely roses out made by my own hands and mind. I was so pleased I was just going to pick one red one for Tony, one cream one for Nigel, when there came a cloud of smoke and then sounds like guns and I saw those dreadful tanks rushing over that corner of my new garden. Out of one of them Ni looked, so white, so exhausted and he was in his battle-dress. I felt a great pain in my head and so hot, and choky. There were clouds of dust about us. I tried to reach Ni between those terrible monsters and I knew my headache was his headache and my choking was because he couldn't breathe properly. Just as I came beside his tank and my arms went out to my darling, there was an explosion. I saw nothing more. I found myself back among the roses, the bees humming among them and no other sound. Do you mind my telling you this, Bea dear? They don't understand over here. They are so far away from all that. But you and I were through a little of it so you know what I feel. Is my Ni in great danger?

These remarks considerably shocked me, for her previous vision of Nigel's wound had been so accurate. But hoping that this second vision was due to some trick of her imagination, I tried to console her by saying that perhaps she had picked up other people's thoughts from earth, and confused them with her own. Eventually, I set her mind at rest by saying that, for all we knew, Nigel's regiment might be some distance from the Front, in the Caucasus, or waiting somewhere safe to back up Russia via Persia later. I knew it was not so. But while Hilda was on earth I had (with others), so often endeavoured to calm her fears in many ways, that I felt justified in doing the same in this case. It seemed strange to me that those with whom she now was were unable to help her in her anxieties. However, they explained later that, owing to the worried and troubled state of mind in which she had left this earth, great care still was needed in order not to harm the delicate "psyche" that had now become her body. So she was kept largely in ignorance of earth events.

On June 4th, 1942, Hilda described some of her experiences in the "Beyond" and she suddenly added that:

Govy has been teaching me things. I was not to be frightened any more, I mean about Nigel, and it is strange, I feel quite calm and happy, as if he were safe from real pain.

Then she joked in her witty and characteristic manner and nothing more was said of her concern for Nigel.

Geraldine returned to Ireland the next day (June 5th).

On Tuesday afternoon, June 9th, 1942, Peggy's mother rang me up and told me that they had that day received information from the War Office that Nigel had been killed—died of wounds—on May 27th. It seemed incredible. Subsequent confirmation of the events outlined in the script of June 1st came from Nigel's great friend, who was able to get to him just before he died, whom he recognized and to whom he was just able to speak. Save one other very slightly injured, Nigel was the only one hurt by a direct hit on the side of his tank. He lived for two or three hours before passing on—joining his parents who had gone before him ten and eleven months previously.

It will be observed that Hilda made no mention of anything tragic at the sitting of May 26th, the day before Nigel's death. On June 1st, she was terribly upset at what she had experienced. On June 4th she said she felt calm and happy about him "as if he were quite safe from real pain." She was apparently unaware of the true reason for this at the time. Granting survival, conditions surrounding Nigel immediately after death on the battlefield, would no doubt make a meeting between them impossible.

In this case, the circumstances of a death were described that were unknown at the time to any of the automatist's friends or acquaintances. They could have been known only to those who had witnessed them in far-away Libya. Did Miss Cummins therefore, receive telepathically from the minds of strangers this vivid description of events that apparently took place? It seems easier to believe that this devoted mother was drawn, through her love, to be with her son in that last critical moment of his life. Possibly some half-unconscious thought went out from him to her and thus she caught a momentary vision of Nigel and experienced some of his last sufferings. He was devoted to his mother.¹

There is more material of considerable interest in this series of automatically written scripts. But owing to space limitations only

¹ After this book had been typed, I happened to read over some early trance-writings purporting to come from my elder sister. In one of them, writing through G.C. she said; that she had been "wanting to talk about Nigel," that "she was surprised when he suddenly came out of the mist we always find about the earth." Nigel had been to see me the day before she wrote and G. C. was present. He was then aged 15. I asked my sister to explain how it was she saw Nigel. She replied: "It was something in him that made me see him. I think he had some kind of power that helped to draw me to him and clear away the mist. Not the ordinary power, but just I think, because he is a Gibbes. . . ." This seems to bear out my suggestion concerning Hilda being drawn to Nigel as described above.

one further extract from the writings of these communicators is recorded. Prevision of Nigel's death is again indicated.

When she was on earth, Hilda created a lovely garden which was of engrossing interest to her.

On January 25th, 1942, four months before Nigel's death, writing alone in Ireland, Geraldine sent me a communication from Harold, Hilda's brother. It began with these words:

We have been making an exhaustive study of azaleas. It is now Hilda's fancy that Nigel will come home in May, so I began to teach her our method of gardening. . . .

There followed an account of this process in their world. Then he continued:

She has caught on to the idea of painting a picture of the Wickenden azaleas here, to be ready in her garden at the time of Nigel's home-coming. . . . Hilda imagines, by the way, that he will be back at Wick. in May, so she is determined that over here she will be looking at what he is looking at—the azaleas. . . .

I did not then take this hint of what *might* be going to happen, though my brother Frank's wife drew my attention to it when I read it over to her some little time later. But as Nigel had been so recently wounded, I concluded that Hilda meant that she thought he would be sent home to Wickenden—his Sussex home; in fact, the last remark indicated this. From the first sentence quoted above, it would seem that Harold knew the truth and changed his words in order not to worry me. For the so-called dead appear to be still very sympathetic to our earthly cares and feelings. Being at that time very occupied with war work, I did not sift these scripts carefully and give them the attention I should otherwise have done. Now I see what was indicated.

In conclusion, it is necessary to make a few comments on the remarks dealing with prevision given through Mrs. Taylor, purporting to come from my brother Frank, published in the *S.P.R. Journal* and outlined earlier in this case. It will be noted that it was said that Nigel would return. In that, Mrs. Taylor (or the communicator) was wrong, though it was correctly hinted that Nigel's mother would have passed over before he returned. This might have been meant to indicate that she would soon pass away. Writing direct through Geraldine Cummins, it will be observed that my brother Frank confines himself to saying: "I think Nigel is wounded, but he recovers."

Obviously, he referred to the first time his nephew was hurt.

Perhaps he saw no further, or, if he did, did not wish to impart what he foresaw.

The confusion in the Taylor sitting might have been due to misinterpretation on the part of the control. On the other hand, my brother Frank, through Mrs. Taylor, gave accurate details concerning the death of my sister-in-law, among them that she would pass over in "deep sleep" in summer-time.

Also Mrs. Taylor hinted at the life of Nigel being "cut, there is alteration and change" "to the one interested in aeroplanes."

Those readers who judge that the above record perhaps represents certain conditions in the Beyond, may be glad to know that, though Hilda had frequently written of her happiness before Nigel's death, her delight at being no longer separated from him is unbounded. They are together. And what was to us a tragedy has so beautifully ended in supreme joy in that other life.

I have not deleted from these scripts some little personal touches. It is my hope that, in this human and tragic record, those suffering from recent losses may derive from it the belief that there is a life to come, and that, as seems obvious, death does not change us.

In concluding this case, I would especially draw the reader's attention to the "Postscript" at the close of this book.

Case III

FLYING OFFICER IAN MACLEAN, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R.

THE case of Ian Maclean is analogous to that of B. G. W. Yeatman in that his death was known to no one in England at the time when it was "reported" through Geraldine Cummins from the Beyond. In this case, my nephew Nigel—with whose name readers will now be familiar—claimed a month before his death was announced by the Air Ministry that he had heard of him and also met him.

I am indebted to his mother, Lady Maclean, and to his wife, for permission to include his story in this book. The facts are these:

Ian Maclean was reported to be missing from air operations on the night of September 14-15, 1943, but Maclean's relatives were always hopeful and convinced that he was a prisoner or in hiding somewhere, and that he would ultimately make his way back to this country. Time wore on and I was afraid they were mistaken. Geraldine Cummins, in Ireland, was very occupied, and I did not want to take up too much of her time in conducting psychic correspondence.

On January 24th, 1944, however, at the end of a letter sent to Nigel, I made the following remark: "Have you met Ian Maclean in R.A.F. yet? He is the son of Lady Maclean, a friend of mine, you may remember."

On January 29th, 1944, Nigel replied. After other matters he wrote:

Funny you should mention Ian Maclean. When I was on the brink of no-man's-land a little time ago, I heard his name called. I was preparing to nose-dive on the chance of picking up a bag of airmen who might be stuck in the black night between life and death. A chap next me said he had been told to fetch up Ian Maclean. We haven't any time here—or at any rate, it doesn't keep time with Big Ben. So I can't tell you the date it happened. I shall make enquiries about him if you like. His mother was your friend, wasn't she? I saw him later, you know. Though I've lots more to say, I can't hold on now. Thanks ever so much for news, etc.

Lady Maclean had told me early in February 1944 that her son's effects had been returned, but that she and her daughter-in-law were still quite happy and confident about him. There was, of course, nothing for me to say as the information given by Nigel might have proved incorrect. I decided to await events and in the meantime, if possible, to get more details from the latter. I asked Miss Cummins therefore merely to "get Nigel to send some messages from Maclean."

On February 26th, 1944, Lady Maclean was officially informed that her son was believed to have lost his life on the night of *September 14th-15th, 1943*. Confirmation of Nigel's report was thus received exactly four weeks later. That the missing man had passed over some time ago was evident from Nigel's remarks recorded above for he refers to the incident of hearing his name called as though it was a past event of uncertain time, and added: "I saw him later, you know."

It is claimed by the so-called dead that neither time nor space exist as we understand them in the world to which we go at death. What may seem a long time to us may be only a short time to "them." I may here explain that Nigel's expression of "nose-diving," etc., and his general interest in airmen, is accounted for by the fact that some years ago he obtained his pilot's certificate.

The following script shows that Ian Maclean had passed over some while ago, for he had recovered from the shock of his death, etc., and appears not to be at all confused (a condition in the after-life which, it is stated, sometimes occurs for a time after sudden death).

On March 1st, 1944, Miss Cummins produced this communication. She was in complete ignorance of the fact that Ian's passing had not been officially confirmed.

Astor is here. (She asked for my nephew and made the above request.) Yes, wait a little. (Pause.)

Nigel Gibbes. Yes, tell my Aunt that I have talked to Maclean. His airman friend brought me along to him. He has had to have a long rest as he passed from his body so suddenly. He simply slept and dreamt while his etheric body gradually emerged from the chrysalis. That's how it's explained here. As regards his death, as far as I could gather, it was very rapid. He said everything went inky and black and he seemed to be travelling a long time down a tunnel, and when at last his feet touched the bottom and he thought "I've parachuted safely on to solid earth," he found himself floating in space. That was a pretty unpleasant experience. It was lonely and it was dark. After a while a queer, unearthly terror got hold of him, and he called and called to his pals for help. That was the sensible thing to do, because one of our chaps called Irvin or Irwin, found him and helped him out of no-man's-land. He has got on famously since then. He has no recollection of agonizing pain—only for one awful searing moment, a blaze of light and then the tunnel.

He is with his father.¹ But I gather that he was worrying about his mother most of all. I told him I might be able to wireless to her. He only half-believed me. But he said if I could, to tell her and the others, that he was "O.K., never felt better in his life." But he is worried about affairs—if there will be money enough to carry on. I asked him about his wife. Then he broke down rather badly. I suppose he felt the parting from her too much; I don't know. Anyhow, I changed the subject quickly and asked him about his life in this corner of our immense world. You know, it's not like the earth, it has, so far as I know, no boundaries. Anyhow, Maclean said he was having an amazing time—had found his own crowd, and they, including himself, were all so immensely relieved to find that they were alive, and not only that, but they were neither in heaven nor in hell or in any other hot spot, but were in a perfectly normal world, leading a life packed with thrills. He said, if it wasn't for those left behind, he'd have no regrets—he wouldn't be sorry for having packed up and cleared out, or rather, been cleared out.

But he is worried about his affairs and whether there is enough to make things comfortable. You say you have got to leave off. (This remark in reply to Geraldine as an interruption occurred in the sitting.) One message then to his mother. He wants her not to be upset about him—that he isn't lost or missing, that he was

¹ The Rt. Hon. Sir Donald Maclean, M.P. (died 1932).

saved a lot of misery by taking the big jump into this world like a parachutist—no breaks, a clean land—that he is having the hell of a good time and there is nothing to be sad or worry about, and all his love to Nancy and Donald and good luck. So that's that, Auntie Bea. . . .

Yours,

NIGEL.

It was unfortunate that Miss Cummins was interrupted for Nigel had obviously more to say. But in her busy life looking after her invalid mother and many other matters during this war, alas, this too frequently occurs when endeavouring to obtain automatic writing.

In corroboration of the above script, Lady Maclean said it was concluded that, as only two of the crew of the bomber were identified, the plane must have caught fire and crashed or been shot down. This would account for the blaze of light referred to by Nigel. Information was received through the International Red Cross, that Ian's body had been found, identified and buried with some of the others. It is true that he had discussed the possibility of communication between the next world and this, and it is correct that he only "half-believed;" he was inclined to ridicule it. It is also true that he might be worried about his financial affairs. These details were, of course, unknown to the automatist. So far Irwin or Irvin is unidentified.

In this case the wording of my remark in my letter to Nigel would seem to suggest to the automatist that Ian Maclean was dead. On the other hand she knew that he had only been reported missing and she has a natural objection to writing the sentence of death while there is still hope and when a friend is the mother of the son involved. If evidence in alleged communications from the departed can be explained by telepathy, then Miss Cummins should have recorded Lady Maclean's and her daughter-in-law's belief that Ian was alive. But even if the wording of my remark overcame the influence of telepathy and the medium's conscious knowledge that there was an excellent chance that he yet survived, there is still the account given of instantaneous death in those circumstances to be explained. Ian might have been seriously injured and have died of wounds or at least have lived for some hours.

The sceptic may of course, say that the correct information conveyed does not prove the survival of Ian Maclean; it merely shows that Miss Cummins has the gift of clairvoyance, a faculty that invariably finds out the truth about a matter in dispute, when other hypotheses fail. However, if clairvoyance is accepted as the explanation of this and other evidence, then the influence of telepathy between

living minds is disproved. Miss Cummins has frequently met Lady Maclean over a number of years and should have registered her all-absorbing thoughts about her son.

Case IV

BOB F.

THE incident here described is of evidential value, in that not only was it spontaneously given, but in this instance it is testified to by Dr. E. C. Somerville, the well-known author with Martin Ross of *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, *The Real Charlotte* and other books which have gained for these writers world fame.

On the evening of September 27th, 1936, Geraldine Cummins had been giving a sitting for automatic writing to one of her sisters at her home in Ireland. At the end of it, her control, "Astor," wrote that someone was present who wanted to give a message. Miss Cummins accompanied her sister downstairs and, later, returned alone to her room. When there, she again took up her pen, and the following was written:

(ASTOR) May I let your friend, the Admiral, give his message now? He says he will only write for a few minutes.

(BOYLE SOMERVILLE) I felt that you would not mind conveying a message to my sister. Tell her that all is well with Bob, that he is at rest. We have been with him during his gradual passing. He was ready to go, but was surprised and delighted to find all of C. T. (name of village), who are over here, waiting for him at the terminus. Don't have any regrets about Bob F.'s passing. He slipped easily and quietly to us. He has escaped from an old and worn-out body and is now going to be again the young and handsome man he was in his prime. He wants you to think of him in that way and forget the old, tired man he became. We are all so glad to have him with us. I can't write more now. I was anxious to let you know through G. C. that Bob is with us and that he is happy and at peace.

B. S.

The above message was obviously for Dr. E. C. Somerville at whose home in Ireland Miss Cummins had frequently stayed. The communicator "B. S." had done some experimental work in connection with psychometry with her, and, since his death nearly a year previously, had communicated on three or four occasions. Miss Cummins was doubtful as to the value of this message and hesitated

to forward it. Dr. Somerville was in America. However, she posted it to her the next day.

Here is Dr. Somerville's statement of the case on her return.

DRISHANE HOUSE,
SKIBBEREEN,
CO. CORK.
January 2nd, 1937.

I have been asked by my friend, Miss E. B. Gibbes, to state what I know in connection with a case of psychic communication of which one of my cousins was the subject.

I was in America, and, on the 10th of last October, I heard from my sister, in Ireland, that a much-loved cousin (of whom I will write as "Bob F." using an abbreviated Christian name and an initial only, precisely as in the script), had died early on Sunday morning, September 27th. By the same mail, I heard from my friend, Miss Geraldine Cummins. Her letter was dated September 28th, 1936. It was a long letter, with no reference to psychic subjects until the end, when she wrote as follows: "I was doing some automatic writing, and 'Astor' asked me to let someone speak. There came the enclosed page of writing. Do you know anyone called 'Bob or Bob F.'? That seems to be the name in the writing. It came late in the evening, when there was little power left. But it seems to be intended for you. Just tear it up if it means nothing to you. I am a little doubtful as it came so late."

I found that the script Miss Cummins enclosed was from my brother, the late Vice-Admiral Boyle T. Somerville (who, it may be remembered, was murdered by political assassins last March).

He was a personal friend of Miss Cummins, and was much interested in psychical research, and she and I have had several extremely interesting direct communications from him since his death. (Miss Gibbes has given a transcript of my brother's message and the circumstances of its reception.)

I wrote to my cousin's widow for the facts as to his death, and she has written to me saying that he died between 2.30 and 3 a.m. on Sunday morning, September 27th. She said that she had sent no notice of his death to any newspapers until September 30th, and only wired the information to his nearest relatives on Monday, 28th, being anxious that they should first hear of his death from herself.

As Miss Cummins had never met Mr. "Bob F.," and only knew his widow very slightly, it appears to me that my brother realized that an opportunity had come, not only to reassure Bob F.'s friends that he was happy and with his own people, but also to present what seems to be an unassailable case of evidential communication.

E. CE. SOMERVILLE, LITT.D.

It should be noted that Mr. "Bob F." died in England; also that Miss Cummins was not corresponding with any other members of Dr. Somerville's family at that time. Drishane, Dr. Somerville's home, is sixty miles distant from that of Miss Cummins.

As conclusive evidence of survival, this case fails in one respect only, i.e., the telepathic theory is not eliminated. Miss Cummins had once, some years ago, met the widow of "Bob F."

It is possible that this fact may suggest to the conscientious sceptic that the information had been picked up by Miss Cummins from Mrs. "Bob F." and was then dramatized by her, subconsciously, into a suitable message to send to Dr. Somerville in America.

This solution seems to me to demand a large measure of credulity as well as invention on the part of the sceptic. But sceptics are like that.

Moreover, against this hypothesis we must take into consideration the fact that Miss Cummins appears to be distinctly unreceptive to telepathic communication. Some years ago a well-known investigator of psychic phenomena invited Miss Cummins and myself to attend a series of five test-sittings for the purpose of discovering if evidence of telepathy could be obtained in connection with my mind and that of the automatist in question. He had to admit that no evidence of telepathy had been shown to exist between us in these experiments.

On two of these occasions I was substituted by a friend—a keen investigator and one who is not convinced of survival. Yet on these occasions also the results were declared to be negative, or at least, the evidence was insufficient to show that there was any interaction of mind between them.

Case V

HENRY BOYCE

THE Boyce Case describes in detail an episode in which the identity of an unknown communicator was eventually established and ultimately acknowledged by his widow. Incidentally, this case illustrates how the *conscious* and not the *subconscious* mind of the sensitive intervened and played havoc, for a time, with what would seem to be indisputable evidence of survival. It further illustrates the difficulties of communication and some of the many pitfalls in psychical research into which the enquirer may become involved.

Miss Cummins and I started a series of experiments in automatism at the end of 1923. For the first fifteen months or so communications of a varied kind were received. *On November 18th, 1924*, we were invited to the house of Captain and Mrs. R. They were friends of

mine; Miss Cummins had not met them. They were anxious to see what results would be obtained from their association with her. She prepared herself for writing as usual and after a few moments her control, "Astor," wrote as follows:

Astor is here. There is someone here newly dead, I think, anxious to get a message through. He has only just passed over and has still his astral envelop about him.

(E. B. G.) Please ask him to speak. (The writing changed). Is this the earth? How queer. I thought I was dead. Is my wife there?

(E. B. G.) We don't know who you are.

Surely you see me?

(E. B. G.) No, we can't.

Then perhaps if I tell you who I am, you will tell my wife I am alive.

(E. B. G.) Yes, please tell us who you are.

Henry is my Christian name.

(E. B. G.) That isn't sufficient.

Try and listen now. (Here the pencil hesitated a little, making only a tiny movement. Then the following was written and underlined).

Bois. Horswich. Did you get my name?

(E. B. G.) Yes, that is clear.

The place I lived in. Write to Highfield; my wife lives there.

(E. B. G.) I wonder if we have your name correctly?

Yes, Henry Bois, Bois.

(The pencil then gyrated as if there were some difficulty and again the word "Bois" was written.)

(E. B. G.) All right, your name is clear. I will try to trace you at that address.

Yes, yes. Horswich. Tell her I am alive. I know how she is grieving. Tell my wife her husband will be watching for her and give her my love. I am in dimness but don't tell her that. I feel this is only the beginning. I have faith. I know I shall find Heaven and my God eventually.

(E. B. G.) I don't know where this place is that you mention but I will try to trace it.

England. Horswich. It's not a foreign name. I am English.

(E. B. G.) We would like now to see if there is anyone else here who would care to speak, so I must ask you to come again.

Yes, please let me come again. I am so relieved to feel the earth has not stopped. I thought everything had stopped at first. Good-bye.

At this juncture it was necessary to send this communicator away, for Captain and Mrs. R. were getting very bored. They had anticipated

conversations with their friends. Therefore we transferred to an improvised ouija-board at which Captain and Mrs. R. themselves sat in order to receive communications. The first entity who then claimed to spell out some remarks was F. W. H. Myers.¹ None present was acquainted with him. After a while I asked Astor to call someone connected with our friends and the communication proceeded on other lines.

Now it seemed apparent that some obstruction checked the writing of the name "Bois." But as the communication of names is sometimes a stumbling-block in psychical research, I attached no especial importance to it. Later it will be shown that this hindrance was caused by a conflict taking place in the mind of the automatist. Considerable delay in proving the identity of this communicator thereby resulted.

When I told Miss Cummins of the message from Henry Bois, she at once remarked that it must be the invention of her subconscious mind. She stated that she knew a certain Henry Bois then living in India. Therefore she assumed the whole message to be fictitious. Nevertheless, I consulted a railway guide book and discovered that a town of the name of Horswich existed in Cheshire.² So far as we could remember, neither she nor I had ever heard of it. I wrote to the postmaster. On November 28th, 1924, he replied that he "had made enquiries from all the postmen in the district, but was sorry he could not help me to find Mr. Henry Bois." For the time I let it go at that, believing that dramatization by the subconscious mind accounted for what had been written.

On December 13th following, Miss Cummins and I were experimenting at the ouija-board. She was blindfolded. I was watching and recording the words spelt out. At first the communication consisted of a few disjointed remarks from Astor expressing annoyance at the bandage. Then followed the words:

Let me talk. Henry Bois. My wife. Help me. Write pencil.
(E. B. G.) If you are Henry Bois, can you give me the name of the place you know?

Horswich.

(E. B. G.) I want the name of the house or street.

Highfield. Message, my wife, love.

The above was slowly spelt out. I then removed the scarf from the eyes of the automatist and the communication proceeded rapidly.

Give my wife my love, give it to her, will you please?

(E. B. G.) If I can. Tell me if you remember when you died?

¹ See *The Road to Immortality*, pp. 137-8.

² Pseudonyms are adopted for the name of the town and the county in England.

November. Will you give my message? My love and I am alive. Tell her that.

(E. B. G.) I will, if I can find the right address.
Highfield, Highfield Road.

(E. B. G.) Is your name really Henry Bois?
Yes, Bois.

(E. B. G.) I wrote to Horswich in Cheshire. Is that right?
Horswich, Scotland. I am confused. Find my wife. Let her know I am alive. She thinks I am dead. I am not dead at all. I feel so clear now. My memory is muddled still but I can think and I have no pain at all. She may not believe or consider it is really true. How did I succeed in getting back to earth? I don't really grasp what this means. I saw you in a whirl of mist. It is clearer to-night.

(E. B. G.) You remember speaking to us on a previous occasion?

A lot of shapes were near me then. But when I saw the light I went straight for it. I didn't care. I wasn't frightened. I just wanted light to see—to know what had happened.

This communicator then drifted away. Now the word "Scotland" came as a surprise. On again referring to the railway time-table, I discovered the existence of a town of the name of Horswich in Scotland. This I had not previously noticed. I delayed applying there for a few days. Strangely enough, on December 17th, I received voluntary information from the postmaster at Horswich, Scotland. Referring to my enquiry for the name of Bois, he informed me that a "Mr. and Mrs. Boyce" lived at "———" Heathfield Road, near Horswich, Scotland.

It is a curious circumstance that the postmaster at Horswich should have spontaneously written from that town giving me a similar name and address to that which I was seeking, four days after Henry Bois had himself communicated the word "Scotland" on the ouija-board. Presumably my application to Horswich had been forwarded to Horswich.

Subsequent enquiries at Horswich, however, elicited a curt reply to the effect that their name was not Boyce or Bois but Boyes and that "they had never known a Henry in the family." It appeared that I was once more on a false trail. At that time we were very much occupied with other affairs, so I put the whole matter aside. As a result, however, of further study of the phenomena of supernormal writing, it occurred to me, some months later, that, if communications were made to some extent phonetically, misinterpretation might have taken place in the mind of the automatist owing to her conscious connection with the name of Bois. If it were so, it was quite possible that the name in the automatic script should have been spelt Boyce, and not Bois, the pronunciation of these two words being the same.

Therefore, on September 13th, 1925, I again applied to the postmaster at Horwich, Cheshire, asking if Mr. Henry Boyce lived in any house or road by the name of Highfield. He replied the next day, stating that a "Mr. H. Boyce lived at 2, Highfield Road, Horwich." The following day I wrote to that address asking for information concerning him. *The widow of Henry Boyce answered by return saying that her husband of that name had died there on November 13th, 1924.* The problem was solved.

At this point I must diverge in order to recount what might be called a "sidelight" on the case. I have referred to the fact that F. W. H. Myers, the well-known investigator of psychical research and one of the founders of the London S. P. R., purported to write on the occasion when Miss Cummins and I visited Captain and Mrs. R. Thinking it might be of interest to follow up this lead, on December 1st, 1924, thirteen days after the first appearance of the name Henry Bois, I asked Astor if he could call this entity. He did so. Replying to my query as to whether he had spoken to us on a previous occasion, Frederic Myers wrote:

I tried to speak through the old man but it was very confusing. Someone else was trying to talk too, who said he had not been able to give you his name properly, or something like that. Anyway, I tried to get my message through in spite of him and the other influences.

Now this was a possibility which had occurred to neither of us. We had completely turned down the communication purporting to come from Henry Bois as being an example of subconscious invention. The postmaster having stated that he could not trace this individual, the information, therefore, given by Myers was entirely opposed to the ideas in our minds.

In looking back, I blame myself for my utter stupidity in not seriously considering the important inference made by Myers. But at that time, I was not very experienced in psychical research, and, as Frederic Myers soon began writing many things of interest, I paid no attention to his valuable hint. In those days I was inclined to attribute all such mental phenomena to the subconscious and telepathic theories.

Now, after over twenty years' close investigation of the various forms of Geraldine Cummins's mediumship, I have come to the conclusion that these theories play a very minor part—so far as she is concerned—in communications received by her. In all I have recorded above and in what follows, I fail to see any indication of telepathy, thought-reading, subconscious invention or intervention. It is easy to speculate on the probability of the widow's thoughts being picked up by Miss Cummins while in a condition of light trance. But if this case were thoroughly analysed, taking in connection with it

the spontaneous remark of F. W. Myers, it would be acknowledged, I think, that thought transference in any form from any living person is out of the question. The mere contents of the insistent message from Henry Boyce seem to put these theories beyond all reasonable possibility. The widow of this individual, or anyone connected with him, would hardly have formulated such remarks and ejected them into space at the precise moment when Miss Cummins and I were holding a sitting. Or if the message be assigned to latent telepathy, it is impossible to believe that the sensitive would be able to select, out of the millions floating around, such appropriate thoughts as would fit this then hypothetical communicator.

Also, it seems hardly probable that the mind of the psychic would wander into the mind of a woman unknown to her who lived 190 miles away, and gather the fact that her late husband (among other things) refused to admit that he was "dead." For it subsequently transpired that the widow declined to believe in the continued existence of her husband. It seems reasonable therefore to postulate that the communications purporting to come from Henry Boyce can only be accounted for on the assumption of the spiritistic hypothesis. What is more natural than that this discarnate entity actually saw Miss Cummins's psychic "light" and "went straight for it"? Under difficult conditions he identified himself giving his correct name and address.

On this supposition, what followed seems quite comprehensible. Hearing that his first effort had failed, and, in his anxiety to get a message through to his wife, accidentally, as it were, he recollected the name of the other town in Scotland. In a flash, his thought was communicated to the brain of the sensitive. In fact, he would seem to confirm this view for he quickly followed up the word "Scotland" by the remark that he was confused. Probably he realized this slip but was powerless to arrest its passage. This may be an example of *unintentional thought-transference* (from the dead to the living). It may often account for errors in communications for which the intermediary or medium gets the blame.

An unexpected corroboration of this surmise can be inferred from a case recorded in the *Proceedings of the S. P. R.* (London) for May 1929, p. 288. In this case—a most remarkable one—the alleged communicator, Margaret Veley, remarks: "I suddenly woke up and found myself here. I didn't choose to come, and I felt as if I had some vague control over your brains *and some of the things I thought of were written*" (my italics). On p. 330, Margaret Veley also remarks: "You have got ideas, but hardly the form that I should have given them."

There are two other instances in the Cummins scripts in which the communicator had been conscious of the fact that inaccuracies may have crept into the writing. One came from an entity described by the initials "T. M." This very evidential case is recorded elsewhere

in this volume. The communicator wrote: "I see the words coming on a glass as I think the thought they embody. But now and then wrong words get in and the thought is not completed just exactly as I think it. I fancy I am a beginner who does not yet understand his apparatus."

The second example comes in another Cummins script published in *The Occult Review* for January 1937. It purports to have been written (also in November 1924) by one of the explorers who lost their lives in a vain attempt to reach the summit of Mount Everest. He wrote: "You see, I didn't expect to find myself without a body and I am rather lonely and confused. The queerest things come into my mind. Even as I write this, the sentences run away from me and only some of my words get in."

There is, of course, the possibility that some thought from the mind of the sensitive is invoked by the communicator and unknowingly it slips into the context.

I now turn to further evidence of the survival of Henry Boyce. In the spring of 1925 Miss Cummins began writing *The Scripts of Cleophas*. This being so, we ceased all other work. As stated, I corresponded with the postmaster at Horswich in September of that year. Miss Cummins was in Ireland, and *knew nothing of my renewed quest for the widow of Henry Boyce*. She was aware of the fact that I had failed to trace him in England or in Scotland. Many matters—personal and otherwise—were crowding into her life and she gave little thought to anything that was not of apparent consequence. However, on her return from Ireland, I arranged to have a sitting with her. She had no idea as to whom I was seeking and, on October 8th, 1925, we again got into touch with Henry Boyce.

Astor is here.

(E. B. G.) Do you remember a stranger who spoke some time ago named Henry Boyce? Could you get him to speak to us again? He spoke twice before.

Wait. It will be difficult but I will try.

(There was a pause of less than a minute and the handwriting changed from Astor's vigorous calligraphy to something rather faint.)

A queer place this, all misty. I am puzzled. Is any friend of mine here? I know that this light of yours means the world and the people living in it. I think I spoke to you before but my memory has all gone to pieces—I mean of the earth. I am quite sane and clear in my mind, in fact, I can think a hundred-fold quicker than when I was alive. But you human beings are just like stone effigies to me now, so cold and grey and silent.

(E. B. G.) I wonder if you are the same person who spoke to us before.

I am called Henry Boyce. You are a stranger to me. But in

that time of terror just after my death, your face appeared to me in this mist and I thanked God for it.¹

(E. B. G.) Well, tell us something about yourself.

I was really retired from my business. I mean I hadn't been very fit for it for some time—my illness made me confused. Before the end, I entered into a curious time in which I seemed to be always awake, lying there in blinding light, seeing pictures of my life all the time from the very beginning. They wouldn't stop coming—that was what was so maddening about them.

(E. B. G.) Were you ill for long before you died?

I wasn't ill for very long. I was ailing before anyone knew for a while, but I wouldn't tell. It didn't seem a matter for alarm and I was never a great talker. My heart was not in a good condition. It seemed, even to me, before I saw a doctor, to be irregular.

(E. B. G.) Was that the cause of your passing over?

It was merely a complication, there were other causes. I think if my heart had been stronger, I wouldn't have gone out as I did.

(E. B. G.) Can you tell us what your profession or your business was?

My profession? Oh, handling money. I was buying and selling for a good part of my life and I have pulled off a thing or two in my time, but it is all a bit blurred now. You would be surprised to learn that I remember my childhood best. I remember being brought up very strictly and the little Highlander my mother made of me. The kilt I didn't like a bit, but it was the fashion in those days. Queen Victoria made it popular. I got into fearful trouble for fighting another boy when I had it on. It was my Sunday best. Curious the way you call up these memories for me.

(E. B. G.) Do you remember anything of your later life?

I remember things in a tangle. Listen and I will try. I was a serious man and I didn't care for new-fangled ideas. I didn't believe in going with the times, I preferred that the times should go with me.

(E. B. G.) Can you tell us anything of your relatives?

Well, you are a stranger. I wonder whether you know my wife. If you do, I can understand your questioning me.

(E. B. G.) That is just what I want to ask you about, if you can tell us some more?

I understand that you do not know her. I can only tell you ours was a rare connection. We were devoted to each other though we never said very much—we were not taken that way. She didn't know how much I loved her. If you ever meet her tell her this. That is all I care about. You seem to be able to get in touch with people. I am losing grip now, good night.

¹ This is the first time anyone has ever thanked God for the sight of my face!—E.B.G.

The writing became very faint and after a short pause, Astor wrote as follows:

He slipped away. He was a person of no great interest, I think. He seemed not to have lived to be very old. I think he must have died in the fifties, at least, he seemed not to have reached the ripeness of spirit which we associate with those who live to see seventy years and more.

(E. B. G.) Can you describe him?

He seems to have been about medium height on earth. He had quite a pleasing appearance. I think he was dark when he was alive, but he was dim to me. At any rate, his hair had changed colour before he died.

It will be seen that it was somewhat difficult to formulate a letter to the widow enquiring as to the accuracy of these details, yet obtain an answer without explaining my reason for so doing. Even when intense love exists between parties concerned, the idea that the dead may possibly be alive appears distasteful to some people. I feared a rebuff, before securing the hoped-for corroboration from the widow.

On the following day, therefore, I wrote to Mrs. Boyce enumerating various remarks and saying I was anxious to trace someone answering to that description. I made the letter a friendly one. After four days, the widow replied—guardedly asking my reasons for applying to her. Was she to get any benefit from it or was I? For, she said: "all the questions could be replied to." On October 14th, I wrote again assuring her that my efforts were entirely disinterested, giving her my banker's reference! The following is an unedited copy of her letter.

2, HIGHFIELD ROAD,
HORSWICH.

October 15th, 1925.

DEAR MADAM,

In reply to your letter of the 14th October. You will quite understand why I wanted to know who I was answering your questions to, about one whom I dearly loved and have a great respect to his memory.

My husband was a great sufferer from arthritis, he was ailing two years, and kept on going to business, he was not fit to go, but he would not give in, he walked with the help of a stick, for a long time and the last two weeks he went to business, I had to go with him to help him to walk, then I had to go to help him home again in the evening, he started out one Monday morning and only got a few yards down the road, he could not walk any further, I had to get him back home, and he never went to business

again, it crippled him up so much that I had everything to do for him for eight years, he had a merlin chair for the house and when the weather was fit, he went out in a bath chair, he was suffering ten years and bore it all very patiently, never giving up. On November 10th, 1924, he was not very well, so I called in the Dr. and he told me it was a gastric ulcer that had burst in the stomach, and he gradually went worse, and died three days after, November 13th, 1924, he was 55 years of age when he died.

I cannot say that he was a great talker, but he was a great reader, and enjoyed a good conversation with anyone, and would talk on most subjects, he was not a very serious man and did not care altogether for some of the new ideas, he was medium height, dark, and of a very pleasing appearance. I do not know that he ever wore Highland kilts, but as a boy he wore velvet suits.

I am anxiously waiting for a reply to these questions to know if I am the right person you are seeking,

Yours faithfully,

————— BOYCE

I replied to the above gently informing the writer that I thought I had received a message from her dead husband. To this letter she vouchsafed no reply. I fear she was disappointed.

Now there are many points in the document printed above which corroborate statements made in the script-writing, for instance:

(ASTOR) November 18th, 1924. There is one here newly dead. . . .

(Mrs. B.). *He died on November 13th, 1924.*

(Astor) I think he must have died in the fifties. . . .

He was fifty-five years of age when he died.

He seems to have been about medium height . . . he was dark.

He was of medium height and dark.

(H. B.) I was really retired from my business, I mean I hadn't been fit for it for some time. . . .

He was ailing for two years but kept going to business, He was not fit to go but would not give in. . . .

I wasn't ill for very long, I was ailing before anyone knew, but I wouldn't tell . . .

On November 10th he was not very well. I called in the doctor who told me it was a gastric ulcer that had burst. He died three days later.

I was never a great talker, I was a serious man and did not care for new-fangled ideas.

I cannot say he was a great talker but he was a great reader and could talk on most subjects. He was not a very serious man, and did not care for new ideas.

In his first communication Henry Boyce seemed anxious his wife should know that he was in no pain. As he had suffered from arthritis for a number of years, it is probable that he would still be very conscious of this memory and would wish to comfort his wife in that respect. He might not have been aware of the actual cause of his death though he referred to his heart and "other causes." My question as to his being a serious man was probably misunderstood by Mrs. Boyce. Anyone who is a great reader and can talk on most subjects would surely be somewhat serious-minded. It will be noted that she remarked that I was enquiring "about someone whom I dearly loved." Henry Boyce says they "were devoted to each other." As I received no reply to my letter explaining my reason for tracing her, it would seem that she unconsciously endorsed her husband's doubts concerning her ability to believe in his survival of bodily death. For it will be observed that, on the second occasion on which he wrote, he said: "She may not believe or consider it is really true."

When I enquired for information from the widow, I worded my letter in a manner which might have induced her to misrepresent him in order to proclaim her relationship to the deceased man. For instance, I asked if she would consider her husband a great talker. Her reply confirms the fact that he was not. It will be seen that she owns that she does not know if he wore a kilt as a child. Obviously she realized that if she had not told the truth it might be easy on certain points to ascertain the correct facts about her husband.

I must now revert to the blindfold sitting of December 13th, 1924. After Henry Boyce had written the word "November" as being the month in which he died, he added the word "Times." I asked if he meant the newspaper. He replied "Yes," and then hurried on to give the message for his wife. As the name and address given proved untraceable, I did not then trouble to apply to this newspaper. When, however, the mystery had been solved, I wrote to the offices of *The Times*, enquiring if the death of anyone named Boyce had been recorded or in any way referred to in that newspaper. The following is the reply:

DEAR SIR,

I am asked to acknowledge your letter of September 25, but to say that no death announcement or obituary notice can be traced in *The Times* during November 1924 in the name of Boyce.

Yours faithfully,

.....

Students of psychical research often jump to the conclusion that evidence of a kind similar to that given in this case might have been derived from a newspaper. Hence my search for this possibility. The inadvertent reference to *The Times* may again be explained as unintentional thought-transference. The anxiety to get through some notification of his continued existence is very apparent in these communications, and it is probable that Boyce caught at any straw which he thought might assist in the matter. That his death might have been reported in a newspaper may have occurred to him, and, as already suggested, the *thought* of *The Times* may have slipped accidentally through to the trance-writer's brain.

As a final possibility I considered that some mention of his death might have appeared in local papers, to which perhaps, the automatist had somehow had access—either normally or super-normally. Therefore I now wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* and to the four other principal newspapers which I ascertained were published in the town in which Boyce had lived. None of these was called *The Times*. Only the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* replied to my enquiry and that was again in the negative. Even if there had been any notice in one or other of these newspapers, such details as had been communicated would not have been published. Moreover, from the illiterate character of the letter received from Mrs. Boyce, it will be evident that her husband was hardly the type of man whose death would have been recorded in a newspaper, unless perhaps the cause of the said death had been due to an accident.

From the above, not one but many facts emerge which could not conceivably have come from any source but the discarnate mind of a man who was on earth known as Henry Boyce. He gave his name and an address in a provincial town which neither Miss Cummins nor I had ever visited and details of a personal character cognizance of which it is impossible to assign to any of the well-known scientific causes. In the last communication (October 8th) the name appears correctly spelt. This, I think, can be ascribed to the fact that Miss Cummins's psychic powers had considerably developed since the writing of the earlier scripts. The communicator was thus able to put through his name without the unconscious intervention of the automatist's conscious mind. Asked afterwards if she had any knowledge as to who had been writing on October 8th, Miss Cummins recalled with difficulty the name of Boyce and appeared to have forgotten its former connection with her own mind. She made no allusion to it at the time, neither did she seem the least interested.

I would like to draw the reader's attention to the introduction of the word "listen" in the first communication. This was written by the communicating entity as though he anticipated some difficulty even before he actually wrote his name. The confusion in the spelling of the word "Boyce" would seem to indicate that the method of com-

munication is, to some extent, phonetic. Obviously, the mistake occurred because the *sound* was reminiscent, in the automatist's mind, of a name with which she was familiar.

Case VI

T. M.

THE following record contains a considerable amount of information unknown to Miss Cummins and to myself, which was subsequently verified. *T. M.* was a great friend of my brother-in-law's—whom I will call Major *Forbes*, and he was fairly well acquainted with my sister, *Norah*—wife of Major *Forbes*. Miss Cummins and I knew *T. M.* by name only. He was a contributor to a leading Sunday newspaper and occasionally reviewed books. Miss Cummins and I were aware of the fact that he lived in the country not far from my sister and brother-in-law, but otherwise he was a complete stranger to us. We knew nothing of his personality or of his affairs. We had, however, seen the announcement of his sudden death in the newspapers. This occurred three weeks after the death of *Norah*.

Spontaneous reference to *T. M.* was first made by another deceased sister of mine who purported to write through Miss Cummins shortly after the death of *Norah*. This sister, *Evelyn*, had died some years previously. She stated that she came in contact with *Norah* soon after the latter's death and the following is an extract of the conversation which took place between them.

(EVELYN) (1) Some old friend came to her just as I was talking—a man—who brought her news. She was so surprised to see him. He broke into our conversation.

This turned out to be T. M. Norah would naturally be surprised to see him as he was alive at the time of her death.

(E. B. G.) What were you talking about?

(EVELYN) (2) There was something about a little dog. I know she mentioned a dog. Then, when this other spirit came he took up the point where I left off.

This would be quite in order. N. and T. M. were both devoted to dogs though I was not then aware of this in connection with T. M.

(3) He seemed to be connected with some dog or dogs, for he started by saying, "As the astounding fact is true that I am alive here, Mrs. Forbes, it may well be that our dogs will follow us."

Major F. told me that he and T. M. often discussed the possible survival of animals—a fact unknown to Miss C. and to myself.

(E. B. G.) What was he like?

(EVELYN) (4) He wasn't an old man. He passed out suddenly. I think he was rather grey, but I didn't get his colouring very distinctly. He was not tall by any means, I should say. His mind was very tired. He said he had been pushed too hard lately, that if he had had a rest, he might not so suddenly have passed from his body. He seemed to have a lot to do with writing.

Major Forbes wrote: "*Age about 58. Hair had been red, but, when he died, sandy grey and rather bald. Height 5ft. 10ins. He had been much overworked.*" All unknown to us, though his age may have been mentioned in some newspaper.

(5) Said he had left a half-written article.

Correct, in so far as he left a half-finished book—a fact unknown to either of us.

(6) He said he had no time to make preparations. He had suddenly found himself looking down at his body . . .

Correct. His affairs were left rather in confusion according to Major F.

(Norah here communicated and ended with the following remark):

(NORAH) (7) I have one more thing to tell specially . . . Tell Leonard that we have met. I mean T. M. Tell him he is all right.

(i.e. Major Leonard Forbes) (*Name written in full and scrawled across the page.*)

(8) Says he saw him at his grave and wanted to say: "Cheer up, old chap. Don't pull such a long face."

The death of T. M. had been a great shock to my brother-in-law. He was present at his funeral; a fact known to me but not to Miss C. In reference to the quotation, Major F. wrote: "Just what I should have expected him to say."

At the next sitting Norah again purported to write. After a time I led the conversation back to T. M.

(E. B. G.) You mentioned someone else when you were last here.

(NORAH) (9) Yes. T. M. He is here now. Just come. He would like to make your acquaintance.

Name written large and in full.

(10) I will get him to write.

(*Writing changed to a small neat hand.*) Major F. wrote that T. M.'s writing was "small but legible."

(T. M.) I am trying to get my bearings. Strange to use someone else's hand. Excuse me, you are my friend's sister-in-law, aren't you?

(E. B. G.) Yes, that is right. Do talk to us.

(T. M.) Poor chap. He must be very upset still.

(11) Will you tell him that I was right. We do survive whole, not piecemeal.

My brother-in-law wrote: "I remember T. M., in a talk we had on the future state, making use of practically these words."

(E. B. G.) He will be delighted to hear from you. He was very cut up at your death.

(T. M.) Yes, he is such a good fellow. I was very grateful to him for all his kindness.

(12) He understood me. I was rather a queer chap. He knew how I felt about most things. I am very exercised about my wife and family. . . . It is rather a shame mentioning a private worry to you. I am anxious lest they should be badly off. I never thought I should go so suddenly. But I won't burden you with my private affairs. I know they, my wife and family, are very cut up. Will you ask your brother-in-law to keep in touch with them, if he would be so kind? I am sure he will. . . . I am still rather puzzled as regards the actual events before my decease. I just remember the great darkness swooping down on me like a bird. How close, how suffocating it was. Then at last, there was relief, expansion, a sense of being freed from an intolerable weight. When I came out into a strange clearness, I did not believe that I had died. I said to myself, "Has the bottom slipped out of old England? Or have the laws of gravitation been suspended or so altered that now I am actually taking on the attributes of a bird?" My memory isn't quite the same, at least so far. It is as if a curtain had been rung down on a play. I know it has all happened, is perhaps, still there in its setting behind that curtain. But I can't quite visualize it. I suppose I am not much older as regards time. There is no Big Ben here. Your sister wishes to speak again. May I pay you another call?

Major F. states: "*Above reply covers this also. He often said I was one of the few people who understood him and had an insight into the real T. M.*"

(*This script is reproduced as an example of contrast of style.*)

(13) It is strange that we should have had a kind of fleeting acquaintance, hardly that on earth. And that you should be the first to extend the friendly hand.

I have no recollection of ever having met T. M.

Evelyn then wrote and the conversation reverted to T. M.

(E. B. G.) Have you seen that man again?

(EVELYN) Yes . . . I saw the man vaguely.

(14) Didn't he wear glasses in life?

Correct. Verified later by his wife.

(E. B. G.) I don't know.

(EVELYN) (15) He seemed worried about his glasses. He had still in his mind the idea of reading and writing. It is hard for the new-comer to get rid of old habits.

Correct. His wife stated: "He always worried over his glasses."

(E. B. G.) Can you remember any more of that conversation into which he broke and about which you spoke?

(EVELYN) (16) He said something about Snap—seemed to be some pet. Snap—I heard it like that.

Incorrect in so far as it was not the dog of which I was thinking. The dog's name was "Joss." But the transmission of names often leads to confusion. And Evelyn took no interest in dogs and would in life have paid little attention to their names.

(17) Anyway, he spoke of dogs and seemed very fond of them.

Correct.

(18) He talked to *Norah* about some dog that had been theirs and then was his. I didn't follow it all.

Correct. Major F. had given T. M. a dog which was a pet of theirs.

(19) He was wondering if dogs survived as he had survived. He said it would be most unfair if they didn't.

His wife wrote that: "He often said this in life."

(20) He is very fond of the country and hated having to work in the city.

Correct.

My brother-in-law told me that he understood that *T. M.*'s will could not be found. At a subsequent sitting I asked *Evelyn* to inquire from him as to its whereabouts. The conversation which she reported had taken place between them, however, showed that *T. M.* was confused. She said that he was in a state of "half-sleep" and had been "groping among his memories." He had apparently no clear recollection of the matter at that moment. I thought no more about it. At the opening of the next sitting *Astor* suddenly remarked:

(ASTOR) (21) The man mentioned that paper to me. I gathered from him that it was in some secret drawer, but he is not sure whether it is a legal document. He said something about a bureau of his in some small room. It seemed an effort for him to remember still.

Major F. wrote: "*I have no doubt that T. M. left the papers he mentioned in the old bureau at which he did all his work. I know exactly where it stood in his small study.*"

Neither Miss Cummins nor I were aware, of course, that he worked at an old bureau in a small room. For all we knew about him, he might have sat at an office table in London.

At three further sittings *T. M.* purported to speak. The matter is too long to recount here. Moreover, there came a communication in the shape of a story.¹ However, in course of conversation, the following information was given. *T. M.* was worrying very much about his widow and children. They were left very badly off. In order to get

¹ Consisting of 3,750 words, written in two hours and forty-three minutes.

some evidence I had asked various questions. T. M. was referring to his family.

(E. B. G.) You don't tell us how many children you had.

(T. M.) (22) Two children and another.

It was with a certain amount of hesitation that I read out this remark to T. M.'s widow. I knew she had two children. I said of course confusion often occurred in communications, and murmuring that he was evidently "muddled" quickly passed on. Mrs. M. broke in, "Oh, that is quite right. He was married years ago and had another child." This was known to very few. Certainly not to the automatist or to myself.

(23) I never expected to go so soon. My affairs weren't in order. . . .

Correct.

(24) If I had not known your brother-in-law, and, also, of course, had the pleasure of meeting you.

I have no recollection of ever meeting T. M. So this remark could not have been drawn from my mind, nor should I have conveyed the information telepathically to Miss C.

(E. B. G.) I don't think we ever met.

(T. M.) Surely I met you.

(E. B. G.) I don't recollect it.

(25) I had such a busy life.

Correct.

(26) Your brother-in-law foregathered with me over dogs.

Correct. Quite unknown to Miss C. and myself.

(27) And also, he was very helpful as regards books, dealing with anything of that kind on one or two occasions.

Correct. Major F. told me T. M. often got him to look through certain sporting books which he (T. M.) had to review. This was also unknown to me and to the automatist.

(28) By Jove, they did breed good dogs, didn't they?

Correct.

(29) It didn't really pay, I fancy, though.

Correct.

(30) Then I remember there was some experiment in bee-keeping, wasn't there? I seem to have heard about that.

Correct.

(31) It was a losing game, too, like most things of that kind in England. *Correct.*

Forgive me rambling on like this. I begin to remember things about Leonard as I talk to you. Why is that?

(E. B. G.) Possibly because some of these memories are stored in my mind and you contact them in some way at the moment. But it is perhaps the association of ideas. As you see me, you recall these things just as if you had met me in the ordinary way. Anyhow it is very hard for us to understand how you communicate. . . .

(T. M.) Yes, how do I write to you now? I am puzzled. I see the

words coming on a glass as I think the thought they embody. But now and then wrong words get in and the thought is not always completed just exactly as I think it. I fancy I am a beginner who does not yet understand his apparatus.

Owing to illness on the part of Miss Cummins and to other matters occupying her time, there were no sittings for my sisters for over four months. At a later date, therefore, Astor wrote:

Astor is here. You wish me to call your friends? The one named T. is not far off.

(E. B. G.) (32) Oh well, let him speak.

I had not thought of T. M. The writing of the name came as a surprise to me.

(Astor) Wait.

(T. M.) Excuse me. Am I not wanted here?

(E. B. G.) Yes, of course. I was so surprised that you came, that's all. Please stay and talk for a little while.

(T. M.) It's a pleasure. I am just returned from a meeting with Mrs. Leonard Forbes. She is changed, and if I may say so, is in a far happier humour than when she was alive.

(33) I always had the impression that she was very worried.

Correct.

(34) That the little things of life disturbed her too much.

Correct.

(35) I had a great regard for both Forbes and his wife.

Correct.

(36) Tell him that I often think of the very good times we spent together.

Correct. They often had long talks together.

(37) And with gratitude for his unfailing kindness and hospitality.

This is true of my brother-in-law.

(E. B. G.) How are you getting on?

(T. M.) I am happy in my own way. Have you ever known what is called a fisherman's holiday? I am enjoying such a one at present. My new job has not yet come to me.

(38) Like the hunter for trout or salmon who vainly thrashes the water, I vainly thrash what you would call, the void, trying to catch the elusive enigma of life, here and there in this state and your state. And in hours of quiet contemplation in between, I get back that essential vigour of the soul which was wrenched from me in those tortured months before death, and in the after-time when I suddenly apprehended that my soul was living and all those good friends I cared for, my wife, my children, were all dead. I will now salute one who is dead. A living soul sends greetings to your ghostly self. . . .

Major Forbes writes: "T. M. was a keen and good fisherman." Miss C. and I were unaware of this.

(These passages are given to show contrast in personality but have no evidential value.)

Being a man of letters *T. M.* put his experiences immediately before and after death into the form of the story already alluded to. Its style is in complete contrast to the *Cleophas* and other scripts produced by Geraldine Cummins.

Hearing from my brother-in-law that I had received communications purporting to come from her husband, Mrs. *M.* wrote to me asking if she could come to see me. She went through all the matter written on the occasions in question and corroborated various details. I have not quoted all of these as some were of a minor character.

The story *T. M.* had written she described as being "the best thing *T.* had ever done." "Exactly like him." In every possible way she expressed her convinced belief that her husband had been speaking through Geraldine Cummins on the occasions quoted. With reference to the story and the communications which she took away with her, she wrote: "My brother and sister think they are wonderful." Four days later I received the following letter from her:

DEAR MISS GIBBES,

I am returning the script with my notes. Several relatives and some of his old friends have read it and they are not very sure that it is *T.* speaking, saying his outlook has changed so. He was the cheerful one, I was the worrier. *Mr. O.* won't have the story is his, as the style is all different and the English not clear cut. I see exactly what they mean when it is pointed out to me and compared with his work in life. . . . It is very wonderful and I should like to talk it over with you again some time, but I could not swear to it being *T.*'s, which is really what we want, isn't it? . . .

Here we are up against the old difficulty. It should be realized that all psychic communications are, to a certain extent, a collaboration between the "living" medium and the "dead" communicator, or control. This has been evidenced to me many times in the various scripts and stories which have been written automatically by Miss Cummins at the dictation of an alleged unseen intelligence. The ideas, plots and messages the communicator intends to convey seem to come from the erstwhile control. But the words which clothe them must, of necessity, be framed in the language found in the brain of the sensitive.

It is true that Mrs. *M.* might have been carried away at first by a sudden fit of enthusiasm, but it is also obvious that she was influenced to change her mind by those who had made no study of psychic phenomena and were unaware of the pitfalls that lie in the paths of students of psychical research.

For instance, she stated that her husband never used the word "apprehend." This is possible. But it happens to be a word which occasionally occurs in the Cummins scripts when the alleged communicator tries to avoid duplicating a word in the same paragraph. In all the years in which I have been associated with Geraldine Cummins I never recollect hearing her use this word in conversation. "Scattered" is another term to which Mrs. T. M. took exception. This again, is a word which communicators through Miss Cummins frequently use, and one which she herself often employs. Mrs. M. also complained that her husband's outlook had changed: that in life she was the one who worried. In this case, however, it would seem only natural for even a light-hearted man to worry over the future of his family. Conscious of the fact that he had left his wife and family insufficiently provided for, is it not probable that T. M. would be a little less "cheerful" when he found himself in possession of his emotional memories of earth, yet unable to help his family in the material sense of the word?

It will be observed that Mrs. M. entirely ignores the very important fact that Miss Cummins's script gave many evidential details which were entirely unknown to either of us at the time of writing, and which both she and my brother-in-law subsequently confirmed.

In contrast to the criticisms of Mrs. M. I must mention that *Major Forbes* informed me that he considered the scripts were written in exactly the style in which T. M. expressed himself when on earth. When I sent the first few writings which contained the communications from *Norah* and *Evelyn* as well as from T. M., to my brother-in-law, he wrote: "Marvellous! The script is the most wonderful thing I have ever read. The personality of everyone is unmistakable. I have read and re-read it many times."

It will be noted that T. M. remarks that his "memory isn't quite the same, at least, so far. It is as if a curtain had been rung down on a play. I know it has all happened, is perhaps, still there in its setting behind that curtain. . . ." Mrs. M. wrote that this was "not his description." Very well. The normal mind of the automatist was continually thinking out plots for plays and novels. To her it is recreation as well as work. She enjoys it. If, then, this remark is unlike T. M., it may be assumed that some such simile was in Miss Cummins's subconscious mind or was pictured in her brain. Either he made use of it at once as it sufficiently conveyed his meaning, or else the thoughts of the communicator were clothed in the words drawn from the mind of the automatist when the "idea" was suggested to her brain. Either theory indicates collaboration.

This hypothesis is borne out by the actual words of T. M. when, in a script recorded above, he says: "I see the words coming on a glass as I think the thought they embody. But now and then wrong words get in and the thought is not always completed just exactly as I think it."

In this case also the class of evidence required by Professor Macbride has been obtained, and in addition my brother-in-law claims that supernormal knowledge of personality was shown.

Case VII

ELIZABETH B.

THIS case does not exclude telepathy from every source as the child communicator was known to me, though I had not seen her since she was about five years old. Her mother and I have known each other for over forty years. However, the theory that telepathy or the dramatization of Miss Cummins's subconscious mind, could account for the phenomena which are here recorded, would seem to be a remote speculation. It illustrates the difficulty in this case of at first establishing identity. Unexpected factors were at work, which tended to confuse the investigation.

It is a curious document in that it purports to come from a young and unsophisticated personality and is in strange contrast to the dignified writings of the Messenger of Cleophas and the philosophical writings which purport to come from F. W. H. Myers (see *The Road to Immortality* and *Beyond Human Personality*).

The following scripts are of interest because of their naive manner of expression and arresting ideas, and concern a child who died at the age of fifteen, of whose survival the mother is now convinced. Both mother and daughter were entirely unknown to Miss Cummins at the time when "Elizabeth" first communicated. The mother had one sitting later, but this took place after I had sent her many of the child's writings.

It may be suggested that the mere idea of a young communicator might prompt the subconscious mind of the automatist to adopt childish phraseology and to change the handwriting to the round, childlike form which subsequently developed. However, other alleged entities who were communicating at that time—sometimes after a lapse of many weeks or even years had intervened—each wrote in his or her own particular style. In the case of Elizabeth B., her mother claimed to recognize the signature which was entirely unknown to Geraldine Cummins and to myself.

During May 1924 I spent a week-end with Mrs. B., whom I had not seen for some years. She was interested in my accounts of the experiments in automatism which Miss Cummins and I were then conducting. She grieved very much over the loss of her daughter which had occurred six or seven years previously, and worried a great deal as to whether or not survival was a proved fact. I offered, through

Geraldine Cummins, to endeavour to get into touch with Elizabeth. I had nothing belonging to the child of which she had been fond, and which, through the psychometric¹ powers of Miss Cummins, might have been likely to draw her to me, nor was there any particular affection between us, which might have linked us together, should she have survived death. The only thing to be done was to ask "Astor" to try to find someone answering to her name. This I did. The automatist knew nothing of the child or of my intention. The following was the result:

(Ouija Board Communication)

May 31st, 1924.

(E. B. G.) Astor, would you see if you can find someone answering to the name of Elizabeth B. ? She will not have spoken here before and it may be difficult to find her.

Miss Cummins's hand wrote:

Astor. Wait, I will look.

After a pause the hand spelt out slowly:

I wonder what this is ?

I explained that I was trying to find someone named Elizabeth B., whose mother was anxious to trace her. The writing then continued more quickly:

I am greatly surprised and puzzled. Of course I would be so grateful if you would tell my mother that I have now reached a state in which I can be at peace. I mean that at first, after I died, I was so upset and distressed at the thought that everything I cared for was going from me. I felt as if I were in a feverish dream. They told me later that it was simply the parting from the body. I learnt that I should have a new life and that I was only at the beginning of things. The promise was made me that when my mother died I should see her and meet her.

There was more of this form of conversation which was not in any manner evidential. Elizabeth asked if she were dreaming and said how much she wanted to speak to earth; that she was quite undeveloped when she died. At the end of the sitting, I asked Astor if he could describe this entity who had just purported to speak. He replied:

¹ For explanation of this word see case viii.

I got the impression of a person not very cultivated in mind, of a gentle disposition, and one who had drifted away from the world. She passed over when she was young.

All that was written at this sitting, I conjectured, might have been impressions obtained from my mind and unconsciously dramatized by the medium. The communication appeared to be more or less a description of what I imagined Elizabeth to be like, together with details of certain conditions concerning the after-death state in the manner of spiritualist literature. Two weeks later I made another attempt through the ouija board to get into touch with Elizabeth. The following is an abbreviated account of the writing:

June 11th, 1924.

. . . Yes, Elizabeth. I am trying to see. I am clearer now. Please tell me is my mother there.

(E. B. G.) No, she is not here. But I will read you a message which she has sent to you.

I then read extracts from Mrs. B's answers to my notes of the first sitting. As I expected she had been somewhat disappointed with the results but took the affair on trust, sending messages to Elizabeth should she write again. As I read, the hand on the board gave an excited jerk, then rapidly wrote how delighted she was to get the message, and continued giving details of her life since she left the earth. She reiterated how happy she was at being able to speak and sent her love to her mother. The communication was couched in rather extravagant language. Granting survival, it explained to a certain extent the possible conditions and surroundings in which the child might have found herself. But there was really nothing in it which could not have been accounted for by thought-transference and a dramatization of Miss Cummins's subconscious mind. Moreover, the style of composition seemed largely to resemble that of the automatist's own, or that of her control, Astor.

Miss Cummins and I separated for the summer and the memory of Elizabeth B. slipped from our minds. I had considered the experiment a failure. Mrs. B. was obviously disappointed in the notes I sent her. When we met again in the autumn, Miss Cummins and I did not refer to the matter, and I had not heard from Mrs. B. since the previous June when she acknowledged my second letter. I was, therefore, very surprised when Astor announced the presence of "a young woman" at one of our sittings for automatic writing.

October 31st, 1924.

. . . Elizabeth. I have waited so long. How is Mummy? I wondered if it was all right because I have had such a feeling

about her lately. If you see her will you talk to her about me and tell her that I am sure that she and I will meet. I wasn't quite before but now I know the secret of people coming together. . . . It is quite simple. I keep my wish for her alive in my mind. I never forget I want her. It is just keeping up wanting that makes it possible for us to meet. The wish, if it is strong enough, goes out like a thread. It will draw her to me when her time on earth is over. But she must want me too, quite badly. So will you tell her NOT TO FORGET (written large). I might slip out of her mind. There are other people and other things and once the wish is gone, it is hard to get it back.

(E. B. G.) I thought people always met. . . .

(E.) No, not always. A great many don't. Besides, they may go to different worlds if they are differently developed, so I have been told. One may go on to a star and develop a different shape or body. One may have the power to shape one's own shape when one goes to a sphere. I only know a little but I am just telling you what others have told me here. There are so many other different places and conditions you would be bewildered. But we always have the power of wishing—that is the true power of the fairy godmother in the old fairy stories. I have learnt that at any rate, so it all depends on what we wish for. I wondered if Mummy was worrying. Some thoughts can reach us from the living if we care enough. She is disappointed and a little sad and discouraged, I think. Perhaps I am quite wrong, but as I got that feeling I wanted her to be cheered up. Just give her my love and tell her I am happy and that she is certain to be when she comes here.

(E. B. G.) I will write to her.

(E.) It relieves my mind to know that you will write to her. Do please. Then I shall go. I only wanted this to be done. Thank you awfully. Good-bye.

(E.B.G.) Try to sign your name.

Elizabeth B. . . .

The writing was a big untidy scrawl, the signature occupying more than half the foolscap paper. I knew nothing of Mrs. B.'s circumstances, having had no communication with her since the previous June. I sent her a postcard, merely asking how she was as I had not heard for so long. She replied by return saying *she had not written as she had been very worried and troubled both financially and otherwise*. On receipt of this letter I forwarded the above script, stating that it appeared to give information unknown to both the automatic writer and to myself. I added that of course the signature meant nothing as I had had to give her name when asking for her to come and speak—therefore, the name would be known to Miss Cummins's subconscious mind. I received a reply immediately expressing astonishment at the

correct descriptions which surrounded Mrs. B. at the time. She added that though I had said that the signature would mean nothing, to her it meant a great deal, *for it strongly resembled the child's signature—especially the dash and scrawl under the last letters.* Under normal conditions the automatist could not even remember Elizabeth's surname.

Fortunately Geraldine Cummins and I were then sitting fairly frequently, letting anyone write who desired to do so. Elizabeth purported to speak several times after this, Astor introducing her.

November 30th, 1924.

. . . Elizabeth. May I talk ?

(E. B. G.) Yes, please do. You were quite right about your Mummy being worried.

(E.) Yes, I felt it very strongly for some time but I couldn't get at her till this lady came. (Meaning G. C.) I feel happier about her now. The thoughts that come have a different colour, they were so dark before. I got quite troubled. Mummy and I were very close to each other, you know, that's why I felt it quite a lot. You might tell her the next time you see her that I am quite happy about her now. But she mustn't fret like that again. There isn't anything worth worrying about as much as that. You see, even if things are horrid for you when you are alive, it's all made up afterwards. *I wanted to tell you that the first time I spoke, my guide really did most of the talking for me. But now I am getting so good at it I can really manage alone.* Tell her it has helped me to speak. You know I missed her so much at first, but tell her I don't now, because we will meet soon. Elizabeth B. . . . (The italics are mine.)

The script was written in a round, neat, childish hand differing from the scrawl of the previous occasion. This style was reproduced whenever Elizabeth subsequently purported to speak. Afterwards, it occurred to me that the writing of the previous script gave the impression of someone being *taught* to write. The information that her guide had done most of the talking for her had occurred to neither of us, and, as has been shown, was given spontaneously and accounts for the somewhat unconvincing style of the previous communications to which I have drawn attention.

December 31st, 1924.

. . . Elizabeth. May I send a message to Mummy? I know she is starting on a New Year. I saw her at Christmas.

(E. B. G.) How did you do this? Can you explain?

(E.) Yes, I saw her mind. I saw the part that you can't see. It was lovely getting it that way. I know she would like something

from me so do please tell her that the New Year will be a better one for her than the old year and something quite lucky will happen that will please her very much. I was with her mind or soul, I think you would call it, at Christmas and I could see that was going to happen soon in a faint way. It is known beforehand by a part of you always, but that part isn't able to speak. It usually—give Mummy best love and lots of kisses from me."

It seemed that Elizabeth was more anxious to send messages to her mother than to continue what she was writing about. So she broke off her sentence. I asked her how her mother was getting on.

(E.) I think she is still a bit worried but I feel it is not as bad as it was. I do think things will improve in the New Year.

(E. B. G.) Did you sense or feel anything in particular that she was doing?

(E.) She was thinking of me, I know, because I felt her thoughts. She did go over in her mind, Christmas long ago. What fun we had. What lovely presents were given me. I felt I was just looking in at a window on the old Christmas when I was near Mummy—that was what told me it was Christmas. . . . Good-bye. Elizabeth B. . . .

This communication was quite unexpected. The writing changed to the slow childish hand as in the last instance when this entity purported to write. Neither Geraldine Cummins nor I had been speaking of nor consciously thinking of Elizabeth, nor were we aware of the movements of her mother. The following is an extract from the letter I received from Mrs. B. in reply to the above script which I sent her.

It is simply wonderful and word for word true. I was thinking about her more than I have for years as we were spending Christmas in the very house with the same person . . . same servants, same everything. And the remembrance was so strong . . . I have always shut it away each year but this year I felt I could let it come and it brought such peace. What she says about the New Year is so odd, as I said to J. on New Year's Eve, "I don't dread this year as I have dreaded others. I am going to drift and things will shape themselves somehow." I am so awfully happy with this message. . . .

Now what is the explanation of the above episodes? Geraldine Cummins apparently gave information which was subsequently verified, concerning a person unknown to her and of whose whereabouts at Christmas we were both ignorant. Either it all happened as Elizabeth had described, in which case it would seem that she

has proved her survival of bodily death, or else Geraldine Cummins unconsciously picked up these details from the mother and recorded them some days later. However, telepathic impressions, I understand, are usually conveyed instantaneously. How, then, can telepathy supply the answer to the mystery? Does the mind of an entranced individual retain its information and impart it only at the psychological moment? And how does the mind know when that moment arrives?

February 1st, 1925.

(E.) . . . May I talk? I wanted to send a message to Mummy . . . I wanted her to know that I am with her in a way, but one that you or she can't understand. It isn't like being together as one used to be. It is more by feeling than seeing. I expect you will see Mummy later on but there is something in the way of her coming to where you are now. I just got that feeling. I think she will come though after a time. I know she will because that part of her which you or no other living person has met, has told me she will. It is what is outside you. We see it in a cloud. It's being explained to me. You don't see the roots of a tree, they are underground. There is a part of you that can't be seen or known that feeds the other part. It is more in our world than in yours. It can think. It can know. But the body is so deaf it can only hear a little of what that part says. I mean the brain hears it, not the ears . . . Of course I am a bit different but not in the things that matter. Mummy will know me when she comes here.

I told Elizabeth of the joy her last communication had given her mother. "Darling Mummy," she wrote. The pencil was then moved back a little and the letter O was placed over the Y making the word into Mummo. She continued:

(E.) I like speaking awfully but there are other people here sometimes so I don't try to speak then. I am able to when the way is clear as it is to-night. *I have been helped by someone here to speak. The first time he called me he did the speaking for me because I didn't know how to write. So I expect you were a bit puzzled by what was said. He tried to say for me what I wanted to say, but of course he talked in his own way. Now I know what to do.* (My italics.)

(E. B. G.) Do you mean Astor, the guide?

(E.) Yes. He called me. I have wanted to tell you a funny thing I met, but you won't believe me. . . . A horse! One I was fond of when I was alive. Of course, there is no body as you know it. But at one time I was lonely and I saw it. It didn't stay with

me. It had some other kind of life. . . . It seemed like a shape that one can see into. I mean into the part that thinks. You know horses can in a way, but I think they go back to earth. They don't stay here. . . . He was brown, not chestnut, but not dark brown. He was a dear and had a white spot and his mane used to be cut.

The last words were written faintly. The automatist was tired, so I suggested that this communicator should come again. She wrote that "it was getting dim," and signing herself "Elizabeth," said good-bye.

Here then, given quite spontaneously and without any conjecture or speculation on the part of either of us, was a further explanation of the unsatisfactory conversation given through the ouija board eight months previously. Readers will perceive that the child merely made this interesting statement regarding the help she had had from Astor, in the course of conversation. She wrote as though she had just thought of it. In fact, immediately after disclosing this information, she prattled on just as any child might do about a horse. If Astor were interpreting for her no wonder her personality went astray!

Investigators who, through some mediums, make unsatisfactory contact with unseen friends, may realize from this that there are many unlooked-for solutions to account for a poor sitting. It should also be noted that evidential matter frequently comes through when not directly asked for.

In the foregoing script there are many points of interest which go towards proving Elizabeth's identity. The correction of the word "Mummy" into "Mummo" elicited the information from the mother that Elizabeth was in the habit of addressing her as "Mumbo." I had noticed a slight hesitation on the part of the automatist when writing the word "Mummy." The fact that Mrs. B. contemplated a visit to London was known to me and also that the visit had been postponed. The automatist was entirely unaware of this. That Elizabeth had been in any way connected with horses was also unknown to her. Though the description given failed to recall any particular horse to Mrs. B.'s mind, the remark that "his mane used to be cut" was apt, for all their horses had hogged manes. This seems an unlikely point for a subconscious mind to invent as a chance shot. I see no reason to suppose that, because these details were known to me, I should have been able to induce Geraldine Cummins into putting them on paper. Moreover, in this instance, the Mummy-Mummo incident could not have originated in my mind for I was unaware of its importance.

February 16th, 1925

This was the only occasion on which Mrs. B. was present at a

sitting. The meeting had been arranged but postponed as suggested in the script-writing of February 1st. Geraldine Cummins had no idea as to who the visitor was. In the short conversation which preceded the opening of the sitting, she was entirely misled as to the identity of the sitter. Later she told me that she recognized the gentle, soothing influence of Elizabeth when she took control of the pencil—an influence which did not tire her as did some of the other communicators.

Astor announced that there was a youngish person present who wished to talk. I told him to let her do so. The writing then changed to a round hand which seemed rather unsteady at first.

(E.) It is different this evening—shining and bright. I feel so excited too. What is it? I feel so much the thoughts here. It is making me remember such nice times, but the thoughts make a cloud about you, perhaps I shall see in a minute.

Mrs. B., who had been following the writing, asked who was there. "I am Elizabeth" came the announcement, and the writing fairly danced across the paper.

My Mummy, darling Mummy. This is lovely. The cloud is going now. I was longing to talk to you. I don't know how to begin. . . . How is Daddy? I want to hear everything. . . . I have lots to tell you but first Daddy please.

After some details had been supplied concerning her father, Elizabeth continued:

(E.) Oh, Mummy, I just remember that you were the kindest, dearest Mummy anyone ever had. I know I was a bit slow at lessons and things, but I was awfully happy and now I think how lucky I was. You see I have grown a bit and I have met other children who had a bad time and could only think of that—it kept them back here. I wasn't so lonely as you think after I died because helpers came to me and explained things and they were awfully nice and good and they brought me to other children in a place you would think very funny. It was all light and colour and there they showed us what we were exactly. I saw someone who told me she was my great granny. I never knew her but she came to me first. She wasn't a bit old but she said I was like her in my mind and so she had been able to come. I want you awfully, Mummy, sometimes. There's such a lot of things here you would love. . . . I am looking forward to teaching you things—my turn you see to be teacher. I shall be awfully cross if you don't give me all your attention. . . . I am not cut away now like I was. I asked God especially hard to let me find you again. . . .

They say you and I will start together. You see I was a little backward when I came here and I had a long rest but you won't need it like me. You will have learnt the things on earth I have learnt here—that's what they say. . . . I'm just waiting in another country for you. You have a light on your forehead like this lady. . . . Well, Mummy, I send you heaps of love and kisses. Elizabeth B. . . . Good-bye.

The signature had the same flourish which the mother told me was characteristic of the child. So, also, was the frequent use of the word "lovely" which was introduced mainly in her raptures over speaking again to her mother. After "good-bye" had been written, there were frantic signs in the shape of crosses. Presumably, these were meant to be kisses. Though Geraldine Cummins and I had experimented in automatism over a long period, and had received communications from what purported to be various entities, no one, so far, had ever left us any kisses! However, Mrs. B. stated that the child had always made these signs at the termination of her letters to her when on earth. Subsequently Mrs. B. wrote that she had never felt anything so real as the child's presence at that time, and that she could never think of her as lost again.

March 7th 1925.

(E.) I've been wanting to thank you for letting Mummo speak to me. I didn't say half of what I wanted to say. . . . Isn't God awfully good to help us like that? . . . I missed her frightfully at the beginning. Now I know why it has all been. If I had lived, I think something bad would have happened, so they took me away to save me from being unhappy. They thought I could learn better here without being hurt. If I had lived a long time on earth, I should have met with some unhappiness that couldn't have been kept from me. That was in front of me, they tell me, so I escaped it by coming here when I was only a girl. If Mummy thinks of that, she will see why I was taken away from her. . . . There is a place here for children and anyone who dies young. Now I am learning how to make myself change and grow and how to make, with the others, the place we live in. We don't learn out of books here, we learn out of ourselves. I must put on the dress I wore when I was alive when I come to talk to you. I mean, not a dress you would wear, but just the dress that was all I was when Mummy knew me. I expect I have explained badly, but we have to be ourselves when we talk to you. I was rather stupid when I was alive. I couldn't learn things quickly, but I've been quite bright since I came here. You see, I've found the rest of myself here—everyone does. There's only a small bit of you alive now, there's a lot of you over here. Often the nice part is over here,

that is why you can never know a person who is alive. They sometimes seem to change so awfully. It's simply because another bit of them has come to live in the body and the first bit has left to join the bigger part over here. It's like a first cousin or an uncle coming to be you instead of yourself. I don't mean a first cousin or an uncle ever does, I simply mean that there is a great deal more of you than you think, and it's divided and joined at the roots only. So sometimes several people come and go in one body in a life, but they are all like each other as cousins are alike, so you don't notice it as much as you might. You just fancy this person has changed a lot, that's all. I wanted to tell you this to show you I do know something and I have learnt things that even an old person like you doesn't know.

I agreed that Elizabeth now knew more than I and inquired if, when she spoke to us, she appeared as she was on earth, did she return to a part of her that was grown up?

(E.) Yes, when I go back I go to a much older part of myself. You know when you're born, there's an old, quite grown-up part outside you, that often stays outside, living your life till you die and then joining it. That sounds like fairy stories, p'raps you would say, but it's quite true. Mummy mustn't be frightened and think she will meet an old grown-up person, someone as old as an aunt. She will find me (and I want her) just as I used. . . . Some people lose their mothers and fathers. It's just because they don't want them much. It's all if you want or don't want, and what you expect you will get. So you mustn't expect horrid things when you come here. Amn't I awfully wise? I wanted you to see I'm not a dunce now. Will you give Mummy . . . etc.

This script terminated with the usual ecstatic messages to her mother and the now customary crosses. It is curious to note the introduction of the words "p'raps" and "amn't". Miss Cummins has a positive dislike, even in a casual letter, for bad English. The use of these expressions must, therefore, have been made against her will and instinct. In fact, the general style of these writings is entirely unlike anything one would imagine would emanate from her. It would, however, be characteristic of a backward child such as Elizabeth was at the time of her death. Moreover, the allusion to "an old person like you" and "someone as old as an aunt," are, I think, more applicable to the mind of a child than to the dramatization of Geraldine Cummins's subconscious mind—especially when the reference was to myself!

In acknowledging the receipt of the above communication, Mrs. B. remarked that it was curious that Elizabeth should state that she seemed to have been taken away in order that she should escape some

great misfortune. She herself had often thought of this. It is possible, therefore, that this impression was received telepathically by Geraldine Cummins. It is equally possible that Elizabeth read her mother's thoughts as on other occasions and thus took the opportunity of answering a question which she found in her mind.

March 19th, 1925.

(E.) Elizabeth. It is nice to see you again. I talked such a lot last time. I meant it for Mummy. I wanted her to see how clever I had grown. Perhaps I know more than she does now. Did you ever play with dolls?

I laughed and explained that I was rather a tomboy and hated dolls.

(E.) It's like playing with dolls to come back and put on my old self again. That's what I do. It's such fun. I am really just a bit of myself when I talk to you in this way. I feel it is quite a nice silly bit of me. You know there is only a bit of Mummy alive too. There's a lot of her waiting for her to come out of her body.

(E. B. G.) Tell us something about the place you were taken to at first.

(E.) I will try and tell you. You are a very curious person, aren't you? You make me think of a governess asking questions about lessons one hadn't learnt and couldn't understand. (Laughter.) The children who die young sleep for a long time. They sometimes, if they are very young, slip back again into bodies, and grow up and become men and women. A great many don't. After they have slept they are taken by the people to what looks like houses and country. They are told these aren't the same as in the world, they aren't really there, but are real all the same. We have thought them so you see them. We see each other as children because we think the figures of children and so you appear to each other to look just like children. Your bodies aren't made of anything the earth people would call solid, they are simply made out of something lighter and finer than air. This something can take the (picture) of anything we like to print on it. We have wished to print the picture around your mind of your bodies, and we have done so because we know how to think. You will, when you have got the wish for it, learn how to do the same over here. You will learn how to make a picture in your mind of a house, and a house will spring up about you. The fairy stories are the only really true stories. The wand that turns an old woman into a young girl and the magic carpet that carries you where you want to go, are all just wishes in the mind that haven't anybody

to stop them from practising their magic. I know you will think I am talking silly rubbish, but it is really and truly what happens. The children are too young, when they come to the other side of death, to know how to use their wishing caps, their minds. They just see again pretty country and nice people and houses, that are all picture books—not really in any way the same as what we were used to on earth. But they'd be so lonely, they couldn't bear it, if they didn't find people and things they were used to. Of course, after a while they begin to feel their own minds' strength. They want to give up playing. Then the first thing they are taught is how to think the place you want to have about you. You'd be awfully amused at the funny things they do start building. At first they come just in little bits. It was lovely when I was able for the first time to think a horse, and then to see it there in front of me. Daddy even couldn't do that. Some children are so silly, they think such stupid pictures. One boy wanted a jungle and a prairie; he was clever and he got them. But he didn't like them a bit when they were there about him. They frightened him so, being all alone and all that. I can tell you he worked hard to get rid of that silly, dark jungle and its snakes and he made a cosy den out of his mind as soon as he could. We live, you see, for a time, in a way that is quite like living at home. Only there is really a big difference. It is, that home is made for us when we come here first, by older minds, but we are soon taught how to change it, how to make it; not with hands and muscles but by seeing the picture of what one wants in one's mind and then believing it is really there. It's the believing that's so hard. I had to make-believe lots, before anything came at all. The bad people when they come here, believe in just what is nasty and so they get it about them. But usually children have an awfully good time because they know what they want to believe in and when they are sure of finding a home, they find it of course. There's one thing we can't make with our minds and that's people. I can't make Mummy or Daddy. They say it's because no one can make what is called spirit. There are people here who are good and kind to us. They make their own shapes with their minds and come in them, so that we shouldn't be frightened. . . .

(E. B. G.) And do these pictures remain?

(E.) They stay if we keep working to make them stay. They are made for us at first by these older people. When we know how to do them we must for a while at least do this picture thinking. I have done more than make my home in this way and pretty country. I and a girl called Ruth have just learnt how to travel on the thing out of which we make our world. It is, in a way, like air. It has, we have found, lots of colours and we float off on those colours, going as quickly as a train, as quickly as wind, it is simply splendid.

Here I said that I thought all she was saying was very interesting and asked if she had any news to tell me of her mother.

(E.) I feel she is not upset in the way she was. I mean, I don't get that queer knowing that she was fretting, I haven't felt that just lately. I do get a sort of idea that things are difficult and something she hopes for hasn't come. But she is able to stand it better, I think, now. I love Mummy best of all . . . These are Mummy's.

The writing ended with a series of vigorous crosses. The following is quoted from a letter received from the mother of Elizabeth B.:

I think this last script the most wonderful of all. Really it seems to me to be the most definite and logical explanation of the state we call Heaven. Surely no medium could possibly write all that much less think it. It explains so many things that seem impossible in the next existence. Our "spiritual body," for instance, as mentioned in the Bible. And Christ's "many mansions" and Hell being the evil imaginations of the wicked ones. No theory I have ever read seems so simple and probable as the way she expresses it. It seems to me the explanation of the survival of identity without the earthly clay.

There is another link in the chain connected with the survival of Elizabeth B. It concerns some rather remarkable cross-references which occurred between Miss Cummins and Miss Helen MacGregor. At the period of which I write Miss MacGregor was only very slightly known to me, and she and Geraldine Cummins were unacquainted with each other. The following are some notes of a sitting obtained with Miss MacGregor. I had sat with her a few times experimentally, some eighteen months previously before Elizabeth had begun to communicate. Miss MacGregor was unaware of her existence. I went to her on this occasion, hoping to get further evidence of survival connected with a totally different entity, i.e. F. W. H. Myers. He had frequently purported to communicate through Geraldine Cummins during the past year. Elizabeth was entirely out of my mind. Later, Miss MacGregor wrote stating that she had thought the sitting a bad one as she "sensed so clearly that she had not touched the spirit friend I had come for."

April 13th, 1925.

After some conversation Miss MacGregor's "control" spoke as follows:

"There is a girl here with straight hair hanging down, and a ribbon on it. She is slender, wearing a white cotton frock, standing on one

leg, then on the other. She looks delicate though not through illness. She had a good brain, not very active, and is affectionate in nature. She has come through you to her mother and would like to communicate again. She has come to the ouija-board or in writing for her mother. The girl has been over a few years and has evolved and learnt a lot. She has a good power of expression now. She was young when she passed over. She looked about fourteen then, now she looks about nineteen or twenty. She will be able to give some more through writing . . . messages to her mother. The girl did not know you, she knows of you. You know her mother anyway. She sends her love to her mother who is beginning to feel her presence and realize she is still alive. The girl says her mother is not so unhappy about her now, knowing that life is not ended; she feels in touch with her mother, she feels she is opening out towards her. She has a younger sister, but she does not mean so much to her mother—she doesn't mean she doesn't care so much, but she is different in nature. The mother suffered dreadfully when she lost the girl, but she is better now. She wants to thank you for helping her mother. It was a great surprise. You were the last person she thought could help her in this way. You were interested in our side and she has been able to help you. She is a very good communicator and has brought through good tests. The mother is not in London—you write to her, you don't see her. She doesn't live far away but it is in England. The mother is not able to go to mediums because she is out of London. The mother is receptive and has a certain amount of psychic power, she gets it in feeling some way. She is not good for tests but is impressed. The mother is kind-hearted, she gives out sympathy, having felt so much herself; the girl is very happy. At first it was an awful wrench from her mother as she had a great love for her. But she was quickly consoled on passing over. She has progressed and is progressing in intelligence. She has come out psychically a lot because you helped her mother. Don't think you are dragging her back. This girl touches your hand . . ." (possibly indicating that she has written elsewhere).

The above is remarkable not only in the corroboration of what Elizabeth had written through Miss Cummins, but also in indicating the mother's feelings resulting from her contact with Elizabeth. This is the first occasion on which allusion is made to the younger sister. It may be conjectured that Miss MacGregor's control merely read my mind. Nevertheless, certain facts were given which I did not know.

On receipt of the notes of Miss MacGregor's sitting, Elizabeth's mother wrote:

I love this last communication and I think the description wonderful because Miss MacGregor could know nothing of either Elizabeth or me. It is lovely to think she can come through more

than one source. I should think standing on first one leg and then the other, means she was excited and nervous. I always used to tell her not to fidget. She nearly always wore white. I have her frocks now. And she always looked frail even when not ill. It is indeed true the difference it has made to me—like a door being opened. People say I look better. It is a new life really. Quite true, no one can be to me what she was. . . .

I did not know that Elizabeth “fidgeted” or that she nearly always wore white, or in fact anything of her personal appearance. It will be noted that Mrs. B. does not dispute any of the description which was given by Miss MacGregor, and the account of her contact with me is accurate in every particular.

About this time Geraldine Cummins began to develop the writing of the Cleophas scripts. For some weeks, therefore, we had no further conversations with our other alleged communicators. Two months later, however, we had time for a script from Elizabeth. Here I would draw attention to the fact that Miss Cummins was absolutely unaware that I had even seen Miss MacGregor in the interval, much less had a sitting with her. She knew that I had sat with Mrs. Osborne Leonard early in June for the purpose of obtaining cross-correspondence between her and Miss Cummins. I had secured a sitting with the latter soon afterwards and had told her later my reason for so doing.

June 22nd, 1925.

(E.) . . . Betty—a new name for you. My whole name is Elizabeth. How are you? . . . I know lots of things you don't know now. I have learnt how to think twice at the same time.

(E. B. G.) That must take a bit of doing.

(E.) It does! I would like to explain if I could. I want to be making something I remember and I want to be playing too. If I want hard enough I find I can work and play at the same time. And when I have finished, both myself and the other me meet and tell each other what we have been doing and I am behind both and I laugh. It is such fun to do two things at the same time.

As I was anxious to see if Elizabeth would make any reference to her unexpected appearance at the MacGregor sitting, I asked her if she had tried to speak to me elsewhere. The answer came without a second's hesitation. When I asked Geraldine Cummins afterwards if she were conscious of this question, she replied that she vaguely recollected hearing the remark and that her mind instinctively recalled the fact that I had told her of my recent sitting with Mrs. Leonard. In consequence of the information which I knew was in the mind of the automatist at the time, I confess I expected some allusion to

Elizabeth's having spoken to me at Mrs. Leonard's. In reality, Elizabeth was not mentioned at the Leonard sitting. What Elizabeth wrote, however, referred directly to Miss MacGregor.

(E.) Oh, yes. I tried to make you listen but it was quite different from this. What a funny place it was. The light was different, so bright and jumpy. It made me see a room again quite clearly. I felt crowds of other people were trying to speak so I had to be quick. I wanted to send love to Mumbo, I thought it might be heard by you. But you looked different, too, and you seemed surprised as if you hadn't expected me. I thought perhaps I had made a mistake, and I tried to say I had talked to you through someone different—through this person (meaning G. C.) I think you knew then it was really me. Your face changed. You smiled quite nicely. I saw your face very clearly. I tried to explain to the lady who I was. I showed the spirit (the MacGregor control presumably) my robe. That meant I was young when I died. I wanted to explain that. I think it was clear. I said I was happy and I explained myself when I was alive. It's hard to explain what you are, isn't it? I showed what I used to like but I don't know if the spirit saw. I made a picture of an animal and I made one of the country, by thinking. Then, when that seemed puzzling a bit, I thought of Mumbo and Daddy and that seemed to be given attention. You looked pleased. You nodded your head so funnily. I laughed. Isn't it funny you can't hear me laughing. You see I like you awfully and you hadn't been talking to me so I wanted to show you I was there, and give you a message. I hope you were pleased. It was all so queer—all that buzzing about and all that brightness. It is quieter here.

(E. B. G.) Do you remember anything more?

(E.) I tried to explain how it all happened, I mean my coming here, and about being ill. But that was hard to say. It was easier to talk of the way I had spoken to you. I talked a lot and I wanted to say something about where I was and what I was doing. Then I thought of Granny and Jane. I thought it would be lovely to say Jane so that you could hear. You didn't look as if you did. You didn't smile, you see. I could tell a bit by watching.

(E. B. G.) Do you know that all you are saying is very important as proving that you are still alive?

(E.) I told you I was awfully wise. I wanted to show you what I could say in a new way. It was so jumpy—such a funny little spirit. Why does she dance so?

(E. B. G.) I didn't know she did.

(E.) Yes, all the time dancing and that's why I wasn't sure if I was being attended to properly.

The writing ended with the customary display of crosses. The

dancing to which Elizabeth referred would indicate Miss MacGregor's control, who is, I understand, of a youthful kind.

The two most popular theories brought forward to explain cases of spirit communication: telepathy, or inventions of the subconscious mind, do not seem adequately to dispose of the evidence offered by this cross-correspondence. I have no idea how I looked upon the occasion of my sitting with Miss MacGregor. It is, therefore, impossible that I conveyed impressions of myself at that sitting to the subconscious mind of the trance-writer of Elizabeth's words, Geraldine Cummins. If the survival of "Elizabeth" is not accepted, then the only plausible explanation seems to be that Geraldine Cummins is gifted with the power of "retrovision,"—in other words, that she is able to eject her mind into the past and from it select—among other things—a certain pictorial episode in the MacGregor sitting, of which she had no conscious knowledge had taken place.

Here are a few comparisons of my notes of the MacGregor sitting with the Cummins script. Elizabeth states that I looked as if I had not expected her. Correct. I was thinking of Myers. She says that she would have loved to say Jane so that I could hear, but "I didn't look as though I did." I should certainly have noted the *name* of her younger sister, the reference to her father, and other details, had the MacGregor control heard them and passed them on to me. She "made a picture of an animal"—of which I had no note, and the script-writing admits that it was doubtful if this was mentioned.

Elizabeth alludes to the fact that she "showed the spirit her robe," apparently illustrating her approximate age at death. She does not qualify this by saying that she was not sure if she got it through. On the contrary, she says she "thought it was clear." Miss MacGregor spoke of a cotton frock and correctly described Elizabeth's age at death. These, and other details, were given very distinctly and corroborated in the automatic script. And there is one more point. Elizabeth states in writing that she found it hard to explain about her actual death—about being ill. Miss MacGregor wrote to me, stating that she "never encouraged her communicators to recall their last illness as she considered it harmful to them." Therefore, she "always shut out all passing-out conditions." This fact was entirely unknown both to Geraldine Cummins and to myself. Miss Cummins has no particular feelings of this kind. Yet, spontaneously, through her, Elizabeth says she was unable to give this information through Miss MacGregor.

The MacGregor sitting seemed remarkable enough in the description given of how Elizabeth had come to me through automatic writing and all the details concerning the mother's reactions, etc.

But more remarkable still would seem to be this record through Geraldine Cummins giving, it appears, correct indications of what she got through and of what she thought she had failed to get through

at the MacGregor sitting and of which, according to my notes, I had no record.

In reply to my query as to whether Elizabeth was ever called "Betty," her mother wrote:

"Yes, of course we called her Betty. All J's family do still. I took to Elizabeth as my father liked it and there were so many 'Bettys' about then. This seems evidential to me. . . ."

Elizabeth also spoke to me through Mrs. Barkel, a trance medium at the British College of Psychic Science, in September 1925. At this sitting she stated that she had communicated to me by writing and where I had taken down notes concerning her. I was a complete stranger to Mrs. Barkel. It was not until 1927 that another opportunity occurred to talk with Elizabeth through Geraldine Cummins. In this interval, she had completed *The Scripts of Cleophas, After Pentecost, Paul in Athens* and the first few chapters of *The Great Days of Ephesus*, and other matters.

Just before Elizabeth communicated for the last time in 1927, Frederic Myers wrote an essay on the Group-soul, through Miss Cummins's hand. All these writings greatly vary in character, style and subject-matter. Yet when Elizabeth wrote again, her own particular mode of thought and writing reappeared as though there had been no lapse of time between her communications.

June 7th, 1927.

Elizabeth B. . . . My dear godmother, how are you? I have been so happy since you let me talk. The letters I wrote to Mumbo made me feel quite close to her again, darling Mumbo! You were a kind of fairy godmother, pulling down the silly wall between us. Will you send her my love. . . .

(E. B. G.) What have you been doing lately?

(E.) I have been living in a lovely place where there is a spring garden and it changes just as the year does on earth. The people here taught me to set that garden by the time of the earth. Everything in it is meant to remind me of Mumbo, Jane, Daddy and everybody. The garden is made by us out of what we can remember. It isn't solid like the earth, and yet it seems the same because we think so as to make it; and we want it to seem like something we know. But if we didn't—with the help of all the nice people here—make this out of our thinking, there would be nothing but light around us. We build it all up just as children build houses of bricks, only we are taught to make the bricks too; but if you came along to my lovely garden you wouldn't see anything. It would seem air to you. Isn't that funny?

(E. B. G.) Do you know what your mother has been doing lately?

(E.) Oh lots of little things; she has been worrying and trying to manage for Jane. And that's a bit hard. You see Jane must have

a good time, the best Mummy can give her. And it's awfully hard when you haven't much. But it will be easier in a year or two. Things will be better then. I have a secret. Somebody will die and leave Mumbo a little money. At least I saw that. I can't tell you when. But it will be a great help. . . .

I have crowds of friends here, but you wouldn't know them. I don't want to play as I used. It is much more fun making these pictures which are more than pictures, for they are real. I have one hard kind of work. I meet little children who have only just come out of the sleep that follows the time when we first wake up from the world. They sometimes don't know they are dead, and if they did, they wouldn't often know what it meant. They try to cry because their nurses or their mothers aren't with them. I know what it is like to feel as they do. So I play with them for a bit and tell them not to be silly. I try to make them learn to use their new eyes. I show them that they haven't lost their bodies, but just have new ones that are very fine, not like ugly earth-bodies. These are pretty and don't have pain and don't need food. The air and the light give us what we need. I show these little children about the place we have ready for them, and they get quite happy when they see the houses, trees and fields made out of the minds of the nice people here. The children soon feel at home. They aren't frightened then when I tell them they are dead. They are so excited by the lovely world we have for them.

(E. B. G.) What about animals? Do they meet them? Are there any pets?

(E.) Yes, we have them too—horses, dogs and birds. The wise old people here tell me they draw the animal that has died here and make it understand and live as it did. Only it isn't frightened any more, for nobody hurts an animal here. If someone tried it would mean that person would have to go for a time to the empty place where there is nothing but greyness. It is awfully bad to be cruel. But somehow here people don't seem to want to be cruel. You know a great many of the sins of people on earth were the fault of their bodies; as soon as they get bodies here that seem made out of air, they are so light and easy to use, people don't feel the wish to do cruel or nasty things. There isn't any need to tell a fib when everybody understands and is kind. There isn't any need to steal when the air and light are food. There isn't any need for fights when people have everything they want. Besides, you see the stupid old earth bodies were made to make people want things dreadfully they couldn't have.

(E. B. G.) Do animals remember their earth-life?

(E.) Yes, they sometimes show me what they remember. I have seen a horrid picture, a poor hungry pussy that can't get home and is starving, creeping into a gutter to die. I have seen that kind

of remembrance. But the pussy has what they call "the spirit of life" here, so it comes on and doesn't die though its body is dead. We see after some of these animals, the cleverest of them. They come to the place I have told you of, and of course, they go to others too. I believe, after a time, they go back to earth because they know it is the best way to become complete. They may go into the bodies of animals or of babies. It just depends on themselves.

(E. B. G.) How do you know all this? Is someone telling you now about it?

(E.) I have been learning all this properly lately. Why, don't you believe me? A nice man has told me a lot. Will you give Mumbo heaps of love and kisses. She will be surprised at my writing. It is different because the light seems so bright to-night, I haven't quite got the hold I had before. I am out of practice. Give my loving messages, and tell her she is the dearest, best Mummie in the world. Elizabeth. (There followed a quantity of crosses as usual.)

On receipt of the foregoing communication, Mrs. B. wrote:

It is extraordinarily true about Jane and my being worried and trying to do things for her. I did not tell you that Jane had had the tonsil-adenoid operation for one thing. That's when I was worried, both about her and the expense. Then I have been trying to give her riding lessons and so on, extra. So it is odd that she should say "trying to manage little things for Jane." As regards money, I think it is more likely that she knew that one of my brothers had started to help me with education, etc., only now, lately, and it may have seemed like money left me. I am awfully struck, as I have been before, by all she says and describes of life over there. It seems to me it explains everything and is the solution of all our problems. . . .

There is little to add to the case of Elizabeth B. I can only impress on the reader that during these two years neither Miss Cummins nor I had had any intercourse with Mrs. B. I knew nothing of her plans concerning Jane or of her worries.

Now there would seem to be two theories to consider. Either the mind of the writer of these communications has amazing faculties by which she is able to penetrate into the past, present and future of a family completely unknown to her, or Elizabeth B. has demonstrated her survival, beyond doubt, through the psychic powers of individuals with whom she was unacquainted during life. It can hardly be claimed that my presence influenced the phenomena unless, of course, my consciousness in some manner unknown, reaches out to some of my friends and obtains snatches of information concerning

them which I am able, also unconsciously, to transmit to various mediums I visit.

In conclusion I would like the reader to observe that the details concerning the After-life as given by Elizabeth are expressed in a simple, childlike manner. Whereas Geraldine Cummins's hand has produced writings purporting to come from F. W. H. Myers, expounding similar views. These may be found in *The Road to Immortality* and *Beyond Human Personality*, but they are expressed in elaborate, and in some cases, complicated language. Both these books were written some years after the automatic scripts recorded above.

Case VIII

SIGNOR X. AND HIS WIFE

THE following record is remarkable in that obscure information and a pet name were given of which neither Miss Cummins nor I had any knowledge.

A particularly strong affection existed between Signor X., who lived in Italy, and his wife. Since her death nineteen years before these writings began, he had searched diligently through various mediumistic channels for proof of her survival. These apparently gave him no irrefutable evidence. It appears from his letters to me that his anxiety to be convinced was so great that his presence at a sitting would tend to upset the delicate psychic vibrations and so inhibit success. However, the evidence obtained spontaneously through Geraldine Cummins seems to have satisfied him. For, in November 1937, acknowledging a script sent to him, he wrote: "... it contained a striking reference to what had been *secretly* agreed upon between us thirty-seven years ago at the time of our betrothal."

Signor X. had, I understand, visited England occasionally but neither Miss Cummins nor I had met him and he was in Italy when, at his earnest request, these few sittings were held. He was put in touch with Miss Cummins through a friend in the autumn of 1936. From Italy he sent her a letter and a lock of hair, asking her to "psychometrize" them. Psychometry is a faculty a few gifted people possess. It enables them, through holding an object, to obtain a description of its owner, or veridical events connected with him.

On the occasion in question, the automatist sat alone with the above-mentioned articles beside her on the table. We had been doing much psychic work, we had, in fact, almost completed the writing of *When Nero was Dictator*. But having a few days' rest from work, on

December 21st, 1936, Miss Cummins decided to do what she could for Signor X. To her surprise, Silenio (the control who announces the presence of the Christian Messengers) wrote his name and proceeded to give a long account of his impressions obtained from the letter and from the lock of hair.

She sent the script to Italy. On January 17th, 1937, Signor X. replied at length, saying "there was a very strong and powerful bond between my wife and myself" (as was indicated in the writing), and that Silenio's message "seemed quite satisfactory." He would not then comment further, but continued:

The thing which worries me at present is to have cogent evidence of my wife's identity in order that the message purporting to come from her may be relied on entirely. . . . May I be allowed to say that our two lives, nay our two souls, were strictly united and interwoven. . . .

He ended his letter by saying:

I think it convenient to give a brief outline to you because the name Dina or Deena, which had been caught by Silenio *when you were totally unaware*, has to my eyes, a great significance. . . .

In early March 1937, Geraldine Cummins received a further long letter from Signor X. in which he says:

You will remember I had lately forwarded to you a writing from one of my daughters and a lock of her hair, with a view to have them psychometrized by Silenio. The fact is that, instead of a psychometry of my daughter, you received through Silenio, a message purporting to come from my wife whose name was Dina. At the time you did not know anything about my wife, nor could you know that "Dina" was a familiar abbreviation of her Christian name. It was a striking revelation for me to read Silenio's words: "Now I am getting a name, only a sound. It is either Dina or Deena. I hear it like that, I don't see the letters." You know at present that I and my wife were absolutely one in spirit. I have been seeking her desperately these nineteen years. . . .

He enclosed a copy of the original script written by Silenio. This was the first time I had read it. He sent also two letters from his late wife written in 1899 and in 1915, with a request for more sittings on his behalf. On April 13th, 1937, Geraldine Cummins and I decided to have a further sitting for Signor X. with the letters on the table. These drew forth a long communication purporting to come from

his wife, full of the utmost love and devotion—ercalling their happy life on earth together. It was signed "Diena X."—another indication that names are often transmitted phonetically to the sensitive as described by Silenio and shown elsewhere in this book. This letter was forwarded to Signor X. and, on April 20th, Miss Cummins received the acknowledgment from which this extract is taken.

I must sincerely tell you that there is a point—a *very important one*—in the message, which substantially coincides with what was once agreed upon with my wife in her lifetime. I think I am bound to tell you this because it will represent the best reward both to you and Miss Gibbes for united efforts.

It occurred to me that we were on the track of some good evidence, therefore I wrote in June, saying that, as Signor X. had, in response to my request, given me permission to participate in the experimental writing for his wife (as this facilitated the changing of the paper, etc.), could I have his permission to write a short article for some paper interested in the subject? To this he willingly assented. I referred to the obtaining of his wife's name and to the fact that apparently a point had come through which he claimed had substantially coincided "with what was agreed upon" between him and his wife thirty-seven years previously. I pointed out the importance of this, seeing that he had sought for evidence of his wife's survival for so many years, and that he was not present at the sittings nor did he know when they were taking place. Therefore it seemed telepathy would appear largely to be eliminated.

On July 30th, 1937, he replied. Referring to the point agreed upon between him and his wife, he wrote:

On April 13th, 1937, Miss Cummins's message runs as follows:

I want you to remember that we agreed once that whatever ties we might make or affinities have, if we were ever separated by death, we would in our spirit always hold only to the one love—each other. That is what I am anxious to make clear and speak about to you now. So long as your mind loves and puts first Dina, then we are sure of meeting as soon as you pass over to us. . . . I would like you to think of us two as what they call here—affinities—though we are two, we are one. Will you please keep that thought always in your mind. That we are twin-souls. So it does not signify how in earthly years we are separated, for we are bound at last to come together. They call that here the law of psychic gravitation. Because our two souls started long ago as one, we being one, must come together when you die. For two lovers, such as we are, cannot be kept apart for longer than the last half of an earthly life.

Having quoted this paragraph from Miss Cummins's automatic writing, Signor X. continued:

The foregoing passages made me think that there was a correlation with the following facts: A vow of everlasting union of our two souls was consecrated by our own free-will thirty-seven years ago. . . . I am now going to translate as best I can, part of what passed between my wife and myself thirty-seven years ago:

Prayer to God: Allow my thought to reach Thee at this moment when another soul-companion, who is part of my own soul, is near to me. To her I have devoted all my life hoping to reach with her and for her a degree of moral perfection. . . . We have come here to seal before Thee the vow which overflows from our hearts, and from the depth of our souls we ask Thee to bless our union, which we consider as indissoluble and indelible for ever. That is what we have promised each other before now knowing that no other tie would more powerfully satisfy our mutual aspirations. . . .

To her dead father, she addressed herself for intercession:

Allow that our two souls united in life, and after life, may meet you in the Infinite never to leave you.

Signor X. then quoted from a letter from his wife, written in 1917:

. . .our two souls in the same stream of light which is the sum total of our two lives bound in one. . . . I have felt and am feeling how much your life is an intrinsic part of my soul and how much your own self is a vital part of my own self. . . .

Signor X. continued:

She died in 1918, leaving five children and ever since I have been looking for her desperately. No reliable mediums as far as I know are to be found here, and for various circumstances I am unable to come to London. That is why I have tried to receive messages by writing to Miss Cummins and others. . . . The first part of the message received through Miss Cummins as reported above appears to refer to what was agreed upon thirty-seven years ago, while, as regards the second part of the same message, reference may be made, I think, to the letters addressed to me. . . .

The above passages put together for comparison by Signor X. may not satisfy some readers. But to me they seem to represent a

remarkable similarity of thought, to say the least of it, especially when we consider the lapse of time between the vow, the letter and the automatic writing of April 13th, 1937. It may be suggested that the thought of this strong attachment being always in Signor X.'s mind, it was easy for the automatist to pick up the idea of the vow from him. But why, if this thought was so much in the man's mind all these years, had no other medium picked it up and "put it through" as evidence in a manner satisfactory to Signor X.? In one letter to me in August 1937, he states that:

... he had submitted the case to a well-known London professional medium, but no satisfactory reply came to my questions, although I had furnished the medium with many particulars which Miss Cummins was entirely unaware of.

From this we may infer that in his endeavour to get real proof such as he was seeking Signor X. had even gone so far as to put leading questions. Yet, in addition to the possibility of telepathy, travelling clairvoyance, etc., which should be considered, even suggestions put into mediums' minds had failed to bring forth the desired results. Signor X. sums up the situation by remarking:

The questions were then perhaps not answered by my wife because she wanted a more congenial environment which was offered by Miss Cummins.

It will be noted that, in his letter to Geraldine Cummins in January 1937, Signor X. explained the close relationship between these two. I have quoted it because readers should be in possession of details for and against these various cases in order that they may judge each record for themselves. In this instance, the possibility of the intervention of the automatist's subconscious mind has to be considered. It may be claimed that this inadvertent and very foolishly-imparted piece of information given by the Italian, may have influenced the script-writing. But against this it must be recalled that, in her first communication through Miss Cummins, the wife spontaneously wrote: "*I want you to remember that we once agreed,*" etc. That any vow of any kind had ever been agreed between them was, of course, unknown to us.

It would seem that this case illustrates why some of the so-called dead, having declared before death that they will communicate the contents of a sealed letter, for example, have failed satisfactorily to accomplish it. As they must use the physical brain of a living person, they are dependent on the "make up" and personality of the medium to get it through. In Geraldine Cummins, Signora X. found one with, as her husband puts it in another letter: "the necessary sympathy and understanding," and so was enabled to give a close interpretation

of the intense affection which subsisted between husband and wife. As other communicators have said (their remarks are quoted elsewhere in this book), "the general idea" is given but not "the actual words." Again, it illustrates how important evidence was spontaneously given and a direct question was avoided. (Direct questions, for many reasons, sometimes bring confused answers.)

In examining this case I would remind readers that neither of us had met Signor X., nor was he in England during the sittings.

Regarding the lock of hair and letter originally psychometrized by Silenio, Signor X. said that these belonged to his daughter. The vibrations attached to these objects apparently attracted the girl's mother and a slight confusion was shown in the writing. Asked later to explain this, Silenio replied:

The spirit of a woman stood near you when I came, and pointed to the hair. I was led by her strong influence and desire, to write about her and for her, so I believed the hair to be hers. . . .

If we admit that the dead survive death and can communicate with those on earth, it would seem from above remarks that psychometry is sometimes helped by the attraction of the dead to the article in question, and that it is not entirely achieved by the mysterious powers of the sensitive.

There were two or three further sittings for Signor X. and his wife in 1938 and 1939. In acknowledging the first Signor X. wrote that they "contained much truth." But before I could tie the Signor down to corroborating the further evidential references in the writings, war had broken out. He stated however that his wife had always stressed her belief and complete confidence in an after-life. He sent a translation of a letter written to him by her in 1917 from which the following quotation is taken:

. . . with the help of your love, great and everlasting, which, after God, is the powerful support of my own soul in earth life and *after life*.

These words are underlined by Signor X. as in the automatic writings Signora X. had stressed this belief of hers. To those who accept survival as a proved fact it would seem from these communications that in some instances memory vividly survives death, for at least thirty-seven years.

Case IX

CAPTAIN J. M.

THE following record is taken in its entirety from the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*. (May 1929).

The sitter had been most anxious to obtain indisputable evidence of survival. For this reason she sought details unknown to her and to the automatist (Miss Cummins), which she could later verify. Geraldine Cummins appears to have satisfied her in that respect, as the sitter was successful, with the help of another member of the Society, in tracing obscure details. Apart from this, it would seem that the communicator J.M. was fully aware of the sitter's desire, and set her problems to solve, to be, as he said: "added to E's museum."

INFORMATION RECEIVED AT A SITTING CONCERNING
MATTERS UNKNOWN TO THE SITTER

We print below a report received from one of our members, here called *Mrs. Cooper*, concerning some information of apparently supernormal origin received by her at sittings with Miss Geraldine Cummins. The method of communication was by ouija board, Miss Cummins being in a light trance. The names of all persons concerned are known to the Society, but for reasons which will be apparent, pseudonyms or initials have been used here.

The purporting communicator at these sittings was Captain J. M., of the 1st Batt. of the *Blankshire* Regiment, an old friend of *Mrs. Cooper's*, who was killed in the South African War. *Mrs. Cooper*, who takes her own notes, had her first sitting with Miss Cummins on June 22nd, 1927; at her fourth sitting on October 26th, 1927, the following statement was made:

(J. M.) You know Cunynham.

(Mrs. C.) Yes, of course. What is the rest of his name?

(J. M.) Cunynham Dick.

Mrs. Cooper was thinking at the time of a man of the name of Dick-Cunynham, now dead, with whom she was acquainted. At a subsequent sitting with Miss Cummins on November 25th, 1927, it was made clear that reference was intended to Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunynham, who was awarded the V.C. in the Afghan War in 1897, and died of wounds received at Caesar's Camp, Ladysmith, in January 1900. This Colonel Dick-Cunynham *Mrs. Cooper* never knew, nor at the time of the sitting did she consciously remember the circumstances of his death. It is, however, quite possible that she had at some time

known them; moreover, the circumstances of the awarding of the V.C. and of Colonel Dick-Cunynham's death have been described in several published books. The incident is only mentioned here as it seems to have been the first emergence of a train of thought followed up in subsequent sittings. Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunynham was known to Captain J. M.

Extracts from later sittings with Miss Cummins.

December 8th, 1927.

(J. M.) You want me to try to put through a name or two. Did you ever hear of two men in my regiment who were knocked out as I was? . . . One was a youngster *Vezezy*. The other is *Fraser*. . .¹ They gave me part of a name which is important. They could not remember it all. It is Eland—I think. They were done in near some place like that.

Vezezy and Fraser (note spelling) were the names of two officers of the 2nd Batt. of the Blankshire Regiment killed at Elandslaagte in October 1899. To the best of her belief Mrs. Cooper had never heard of either of them. The applying term of "youngster" to Vezezy is not very appropriate, as he was nearly forty at the time of his death and considerably older than Fraser, who was not yet thirty.

(J. M.) I met two men I knew this side lately. One is called Fraser my regiment. He was quite young. The other was a good fellow *Vezezy*. I had forgotten even their names till I ran up against them here with Dick-Cunynham. . . .

The mistake as to the respective ages of Vezezy and Fraser seems to be here corrected.

Does a name beginning with Raven mean anything to you? Raven—I can't remember the rest. Teignmouth—a place there—I know there was some connection between Dorothy and it.

The allusion to a "name beginning with Raven" meant nothing to Mrs. Cooper at the time of the sitting. Nor did the allusion to Teignmouth.

(Mrs. C.) Which Dorothy? You don't mean Miss Cummins? *Dorothy is Miss Cummins's second name.*

(J. M.) No, the other one. Her name was connected with that place. Her name is the one connected with Ravensburn—not more than a connection. You must puzzle this out.

Later in the sitting:

(Mrs. C.) I'll try to find out about Raven and Dorothy.

¹ In selecting pseudonyms care has been taken to choose names which represent the actual names as well as possible, especially as regards mistakes in spelling, etc.

(J. M.) No. Nevill. Remember Dorothy's name.

Dorothy Nevill was the name of a friend at whose house Mrs. Cooper and J. M. had met.

April 18th, 1928

(J. M.) I am sorry I did not get the correct meaning through about Raven. I thought of the Raven Inn and then I couldn't get the other Ravensburn through. Nevills lived there, not Dorothy, but I set it as a puzzle for you.

At a sitting of Mrs. Cooper's with another medium, not reported here, there had been a confused attempt to make a statement about "Raven." The Raven Inn at Shrewsbury is very well known. Mrs. Cooper notes that at the time of the sitting of April 18th, she had traced a family called Nevill living near Carlisle, who also owned land in Shropshire near J. M.'s old home and she thought reference might be intended to them.

(J. M.) You will find Ravensbourne Teignmouth next. In my time Nevills lived there.

(Mrs. C.) Is it the name of a house?

(J. M.) Yes, I remembered it, and told you Dorothy's name was connected with it. It is the same surname. In my time remember.

Mrs. Cooper, who has never herself visited Teignmouth, was unable to find any reference to a house called Ravensbourne, either in Kelly's Directory¹ or on maps. Eventually, however, a statement was obtained from the postmaster at Teignmouth, as follows:

*Post Office,
Teignmouth.*

30. 4. 28.

With reference to your enquiry relating to the occupation of a house by the name of Ravensbourne, I beg to inform you that it is confirmed that a gentleman of the name of Nevill occupied a house of that name situated in the Higher Woodway some years ago.

(Sgd.) J. E. NEEDHAM.

April 26th, 1928.

(J. M.) Frazer has been telling me about the spree he said I missed at X—. I wasn't with the regiment then. The two battalions had the hell of a time to get there, he says—excuse the language and regimental gossip. . . . I shall be a prude and not tell you of a small scandal that occurred at that time. Some day you may hear of that famous meeting between the two battalions. The first had done awfully well, but they little knew what was before them.

¹ But see below, page 87.

A military station in India was correctly named with the omission of one letter. The first and second battalions of the Blankshire regiment met at this station in 1898, a fact of which to the best of her belief Mrs. Cooper had no knowledge. It is true, as Mrs Cooper ascertained by personal inquiry after the sitting, that J. M. did not accompany his regiment to India. Mention of this fact is of some interest since it would not be easily ascertainable from any published source. Mrs. Cooper did not herself meet, or hear anything of J. M. after June 1897, until she read of his death in S. Africa.

May 7th, 1928.

(J. M.) Next time I speak I will tell you more about X— and the spree the youngsters had. Jimmy, as we called the adjutant, knew about it, they tell me.

At a later sitting on May 8th, there was a reference to "Jimmy," otherwise Jamieson the adjutant. There seems to be some confusion here. Neither of the adjutants of the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Blankshires in 1898 was called Jamieson; there was a Captain Jameson (note spelling) in the first battalion, but he was not the adjutant. We have ascertained from an old soldier serving with the regiment at the time (see below) that there was an officer in the 2nd battalion called Jimmy B. But he also was not the adjutant.

May 18th, 1928.

(J. M.) By the way, I meant to tell you more about that X. affair.

(MRS. C.) Tell me about the scandal.

(J. M.) It seems hardly fair to repeat this gossip. I won't tell you one matter as it may concern some one still alive, but the other concerns the youngster here.

He went on the spree, got pretty drunk, I understand, and with another fellow wandered into a high-caste Hindu's garden and private residence. The master of the establishment thought they had designs on his women-folk and threatened to make a complaint to the Colonel. They managed to shut his mouth; no doubt they oiled his palm. They hadn't an idea as to where they were going. They were just a bit fuddled. I haven't got the story properly from them yet, but when I first heard them mention it, I thought: "By jove! Here's something for E's museum."

It is a fact, as mentioned above, that the 1st and 2nd battalions of the *Blankshires* met at X. in 1898, and it is worth noting that meetings between two battalions of the same regiments are rare events. The meeting between the two battalions at X. is mentioned in at least one published book, and although Miss Cummins informs us that to the best of her knowledge she has never read, or even heard of this book

(the reference was discovered by a member of the Society who kindly undertook to make some enquiries on our behalf), it obviously may be the source of her knowledge; the contrary cannot be proved. On the other hand, such an incident as is related in the above extract from *Mrs. Cooper's* sitting on May 18th, 1928, is most unlikely to be mentioned anywhere in print, and it is therefore a point of considerable interest that *Mrs. Cooper* had been able to obtain some corroboration of the statement made. The corroboration is contained in a letter written to *Mrs. Cooper* by a friend, Mr. B., as follows:

July 2nd, 1928.

I was playing golf with Colonel D. the other day and I asked him about the events we were discussing. He was there himself as a junior subaltern when the two battalions met. While he cannot, of course, remember the details, he does recollect some such incident as the garden episode occurring.

It would, of course, have added to the value of the case to have a more exact and detailed corroboration of this incident, but it is not surprising that such should be hard to get, seeing that the incident occurred more than thirty years ago¹ and can only have been known at the time to a few persons, several of whom lost their lives in South Africa a few years later. The old soldier with whom, as already mentioned, we got into touch through one of our members, when questioned on this point, said he well remembered the meeting of the two battalions at X. and the celebrations which ensued. Of the garden incident he knew nothing, but that is not evidence that such an incident did not occur, for it is not likely that a private soldier would have known of a matter of this kind in which only officers were directly involved. On the other hand, this old soldier volunteered to our informant an account of another unpublished incident which occurred at the same time and involved a man still alive. This is worth noting in view of *J. M.'s* statement on May 18th, 1928, that he would not tell of one matter "as it may concern some one still alive." At a later sitting *Mrs. Cooper* had with Miss Cummins on January 31st last, an attempt was made to get a further statement from *J.M.* on this point, but he declined to say anything on the ground that he had promised *Fraser* that he would not give "the name of any living man connected with that affair," i.e. the meeting of the battalions at X. And there for the moment the matter rests. Immediately after refusing to give the particular piece of information asked of him *J.M.* added:

"Did you ever hear of *West*? or what's his name? *Tatton*.
(Mrs. C.) Who was *Tatton*?"

¹ This refers, of course, to the date of publication of Report in *S.P.R. Journal*, in 1929.

(J. M.) You try and find out. You have to do your share of the work."

Lieut. *Tatton* was serving in the 1st battalion of the *Blankshires* in 1898, at about the time the two battalions met. There was no man of the name of *West* in either of the two battalions at the time. There was a Lieut *West* in another regiment which was serving in the Punjab in 1898. No contact between this regiment and the *Blankshires* had been traced, but such a contact may have occurred. So far as she can remember, *Mrs. Cooper* had never heard either of Lieut *Tatton* or Lieut. *West*, until the names were given to her by Miss Cummins. Apart from her personal acquaintance with J. M., which ceased in June 1897, *Mrs. Cooper* had never had any connection with the *Blankshires*, nor had she any knowledge of the book mentioned above, which refers to the meeting of the two battalions at X.

SUMMARY OF THE CASE

As regards possible sources of the knowledge shown by Miss Cummins, normal or otherwise:

(1) It is extremely improbable that Miss Cummins has ever obtained any accidental knowledge of the persons or events involved. In 1898 she was still a child, living in Ireland, and she has never had through her family or near friends any connection with the regiment here concerned. She has several relatives in the army, but none of them seems a likely source of the knowledge shown in the sittings. Nor is it likely that she has obtained the information in trance from any of her sitters. She does not give many sittings to members of the public, preferring to spend her time in such work as the recently published *Scripts of Cleophas*.

(2) The names of the various officers mentioned could have been obtained from army lists, and, as already noted, a mention of the meeting of the two battalions at X. has been found in a regimental history published some years ago. Published references to this incident are not likely to be numerous. It may be noted that the two mistakes in spelling which occur in the ouija board record (*Frazer* and *Jamieson*) suggest that the source of Miss Cummins's knowledge was auditory rather than visual (e.g. from an Army List), though this is not a point to which much weight can be attached.

(3) It is most improbable that any account of the garden incident had ever appeared in print, and the number of persons now living who might have any direct knowledge of such an incident must be small.

(4) With regard to the curious incident of the name *Nevill* associated with a house called Ravensbourne at Teignmouth, information on this point, both as regards the name of the house, and the name of the occupant, is obtainable from Kelly's *County Directory* for Devonshire in the issues from 1914-19; the entry does not appear

in earlier or later issues. The communicator's statement that in *his* time "Nevills lived there" appears therefore to be incorrect. *Mrs. Cooper* does not know of any connection he had with Teignmouth. It was at another place in Devonshire, twenty-four miles from Teignmouth, at the house of a friend called *Nevill*, mentioned above, that *Mrs. Cooper* and J. M. first met. The information, which has no direct connection with the rest of the case, was apparently offered in response to a request from *Mrs. Cooper* for some evidence of knowledge which could not be obtained from her mind.

Such is the very ably-presented case and the just and deserving summary and analysis given it as published in the *S.P.R. Journal*. As in the Boyce Case, it will be noted that the postmaster ultimately confirmed a name and an address given in the automatic writing of which the sitter knew nothing. Perhaps some of the possible explanations I have suggested in the above-mentioned case might here apply where confusion seems to have occurred. As a personal friend of Geraldine Cummins's over a number of years, I can vouch for the fact that she did not search Directories and other books in order to produce obscure evidence of the kind required. It would have taken months of research in an already very full life; in any case one episode recorded was not published. Also sceptical readers must take into consideration other cases reported in this book and ask: from where did Miss Cummins derive the information given? To take one instance only. By what *normal* means did she obtain the fact of the agreed vow between Signor X. and his wife, thirty-seven years after it was made?

Case X

THE PEARL TIE-PIN

THIS episode is taken from Sir William Barrett's book, *On the Threshold of the Unseen*, (pp. 184-5). He was, like Frederic Myers, one of the founders of the Society for Psychical Research, and an eminent scientist.

The facts are as follows: Geraldine Cummins had been witnessing some experiments made by Mrs. Dowden (Travers-Smith) in ouija board communications when visiting her in Dublin during the last war. This was before either of them came to reside in England. On

the occasion in question the "sitters" were Mrs. Dowden (I quote from the book) "the other was Miss C., the daughter of a medical man, and evidently possessing great psychic power."

In the Boyce Case, already described, it will be noted that the correct address was given and eventually traced. Many things, as discussed in that case, might account for the wrong address having been transcribed in the following record.

I would like to draw the reader's special attention to the last sentence in the report given by Sir William Barrett.

Miss C., the sitter, had a cousin, an officer with our Army in France, who was killed in battle a month previous to the sitting; this she knew. One day, after the name of her cousin had unexpectedly been spelt out on the ouija board and her name given in answer to her query: "Do you know who I am?" the following message came: "Tell mother to give my pearl tie-pin to the girl I was going to marry, I think she ought to have it." When asked what was the name and address of the lady, both were given, the name spelt out included the full christian and surname, the latter being a very unusual one and quite *unknown to both the sitters*. The address in London was either fictitious or taken down incorrectly, as a letter sent there was returned and the whole message thought to be fictitious.

Six months later, however, it was discovered that the officer *had* been engaged, shortly before he left for the front, to the very lady whose name was given; he had, however, told no one. Neither his cousin nor any of his own family was aware of the fact and had never seen the lady nor heard her name until the War Office sent over the deceased officer's effects. They found that he had put this lady's name in his will as his next of kin, both Christian and surname bring precisely the same as given through the automatist: and, what is equally remarkable, a *pearl tie-pin was found* in his effects.

Both the ladies have signed a document they sent me affirming the accuracy of the above statement. The message was recorded at the time, and *not* written from memory after verification had been obtained. Here there could be no explanation of the facts by subliminal memory or telepathy or collusion, and the evidence points unmistakably to a telepathic message from the deceased officer.

The above would seem conclusively to fulfil Professor Macbride's requirements as stated earlier in this book. It has the additional value of having been selected by an eminent investigator of psychical research as being a specific instance of outstanding importance.

Case XI

THE ROSS SISTERS

THE best evidence of the alleged survival of human personality is rarely made public for the reason that it is generally of too intimate a character and concerns those who are near to us. Naturally a certain reticence is felt in disclosing details connected with family affairs, and incidentally, perhaps, family differences. However, that these exist in most families (especially large ones) is common knowledge. And it must be evident to those who study communications purporting to come from the so-called dead that if as individual personalities we survive death, not only the good but also the bad in us would continue to assert itself for a time; that, in fact, death should not immediately change us.

In the following pages will be found a remarkable case of the building up of the various personalities of certain deceased persons unknown to the automatist (Miss Cummins). As the most comprehensive evidence of survival seems to be obtained through a series of sittings with the same psychic, these scripts are produced at length. In this case the aim was to obtain evidence more particularly through the reproduction of the personality of deceased persons than through the giving of names, facts and descriptions unknown to the medium.

The dictionary defines personality as "the quality or state of being personal—that which constitutes individuality." The sceptic sometimes argues that correct information given at a sitting, which is at the time unknown to anyone present, does not convey "that which constitutes individuality," does not tell us that the individual with all his faults and virtues, his habits of speech and idiosyncrasies, continues his life after death, "survives whole not piecemeal." The Ross sisters seem, however, to offer this ultimate evidence.

Under the assumed name of Mary Ross this investigator is permitting these communications, given through Geraldine Cummins, to be published, together with her notes and arguments concerning them which I have incorporated in this record.

Like many others under the circumstances, she had a strong feeling of compunction in revealing family history. Readers, therefore, must recognize that she does so entirely in the interests of psychical research. She realizes that these records are probably unique as regards the reproduction of personality, and for this reason puts aside any personal feelings in the matter.

The *dramatis personæ* are arranged in the order of their appearance in the scripts.

MARY ROSS The sitter and youngest member of the Ross family, known to them as "Molly."

MARGARET Unmarried sister of Miss M. Ross, died in 1925, aged 57. Second member of the family.

ALICE Married sister, died in 1928, aged 62. Eldest member of the family. (Mrs. John Hawley.)

AUDREY Unmarried sister, died in 1894, aged 21, third member of the family.

JOHN HAWLEY Husband of Alice, living at time of sittings—since dead.

CHARLES ROSS Unmarried brother. Still living.

RONALD HAWLEY Son of Alice. Still living.

"PATER" THE GOVERNOR Father of the Ross family, died in 1886.

"MATER" Mother of the Ross family, died in 1898.

When this account is read it will be seen that the characterization of two of the individuals concerned is so remarkably comic that it is a little difficult at times to take the communications as seriously representing prevailing conditions in the so-called life after death. Yet Miss Ross wishes to state that the personality of each communicator is, to her, so amazingly reproduced through an automatist who had met none of them in life that she is reluctant to hide any family idiosyncrasies which might be deemed to augment the proof of survival. Moreover, the publication of what follows (if we believe it to be a correct interpretation), suggests that "heaven" is not entirely the peculiarly happy state into which we enter at death, there to dwell in perfect harmony with those with whom we have had differences in our earth-life. On the contrary, if the experiences given in the following pages are any criterion, it seems that the old hostilities and petty grievances can re-emerge when human beings with conflicting temperaments meet again in the "Beyond."

Before going further it is necessary to make clear the connection between Miss Cummins and Miss Mary Ross.

After her death in 1925 Margaret Ross purported to communicate at a few experimental sittings with Geraldine Cummins to which I invited her sister Mary. These communications consisted mainly of descriptions of the situation in which Margaret stated that she found herself after death and her subsequent experiences for a brief while. At the last sitting in 1927 she hinted at certain disturbed conditions which she had to endure and which later developed as recounted in the following pages. But no suggestion was then made as to the rather humorous nature of this development. During these early sittings a few facts were given and a very unusual surname was correctly written. These were known to the sitter but unknown to the automatist.

On the first occasion on which Margaret purported to write, Miss Ross's notes (made immediately after the sitting) were to the

effect that Miss Cummins said she felt as though she wanted to cry and asked if Miss Ross had hypnotized her as she never felt like it before. She said she had no recollection of anything that she had written.

Miss Ross states that the latter end of Margaret's life had certainly been lonely, and it is more than probable that if her sister's consciousness still existed, her thoughts would run on the lines indicated and would be of a depressing character.

No further sitting for Margaret Ross took place after 1927, until, a year later, the following development was recorded.

Miss Mary Ross is the youngest of the family and has never been particularly interested in her elder sisters. Not being a united family in any case, their peculiarities and differences were not mentioned to Miss Cummins; in fact, Miss Ross declares that she seldom saw her sisters or gave them a thought, being much too occupied with her own pursuits. She had stated a few *facts* concerning her sister Alice to the automatist but gave no details. The facts alluded to in these records (which must, therefore, be disregarded in so far as evidence is concerned) are as follows:

1. In the course of the few early sittings Miss Ross had told Miss Cummins that she had a married sister living in the country and had mentioned her name.
2. That her sister had two sons.
3. That she was trying to sell her house.
4. That she had a dog of which she was very fond.

It must be understood, therefore, that Miss Cummins knew no details concerning the Ross family history. Yet into these communications is woven an accuracy of memory of early family feuds and controversies which were entirely unknown to Miss Cummins and which occurred, in some instances, before she was born.

A word must also be said regarding Miss Ross herself. The influence of the sitter is usually held to have a certain bearing on the communications received. Undoubtedly the association of memories would, if this were the case, help the alleged communicators. But it is difficult to believe that the mannerisms and in some cases the actual phraseology of certain sentences can be read by the psychic from the mind of the sitter.

We now pass on to the scripts themselves.

It must be explained that there existed a certain amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between Alice and Margaret and between Alice and Charles in their earth-life. This feature is strongly developed in the records which follow.

The death of Alice took place suddenly in a nursing home in York in the early morning of Thursday, October 11th, 1928. Miss Cummins was in Ireland and Miss Ross had not seen Alice since

July. She was summoned to her by wire on the morning of October 10th, and left London immediately. During the morning of the 11th, Miss Ross sent a few lines to Miss Cummins stating that she was at *York* where her sister had been very ill and where she had just died. Miss Ross begged her to try and get a message through to her sister Margaret. The request to Miss Cummins was as follows:

Please ask Astor to find my elderly sister who died some time ago, and who spoke through you before. Tell her that the one named Alice has just passed over, and perhaps she could get Audrey to go to her. Say this is from the one she calls "Molly."

No further information was given concerning Alice. Miss Ross knew neither when Miss Cummins would receive her letter nor when she would endeavour to get in touch. In fact, owing to necessary business, very little further thought was given to the letter posted to Ireland.

On the morning of the 15th Miss Ross received the following script from Miss Cummins, dated October 12th, 1928, evening. Miss Cummins alone.

(Comments by Miss Ross are in italic type.)

1. Astor is here.

Astor states that he was on earth a pagan Greek.

(Miss Cummins made the above request.)

(ASTOR) Yes, I think I can find her if you will listen. (Pause.)

MARGARET ROSS . . . who called me?

2. (Miss Cummins explained, adding that the message was from the sister she called Molly.)

(M.) Molly, you say. Can I trust you with a message for Molly? Then tell her that Alice was not alone when she was slipping out of her body. Surely she felt who was there. I mean Molly.

"Molly" is the name by which I was known in my young days. It was completely dropped by all save Margaret and Alice.

Didn't she know that Audrey and

3. the Mater

This was the name by which my mother was known in the family.

4. came to Alice. She must have known.

I was devoted to my mother but have never been conscious of her nearness after death. Margaret of course knew o, my affection for her.

5. Audrey and the Mater

Audrey and Alice were very fond of each other.

6. have been so anxious for some time about Alice and her journey to us. I should have thought Molly would have felt the Mater's presence close to her, heard her trying to speak to her.

Alice had been far from well for a long time but had no serious illness.

7. She was a little troubled, you see, not quite knowing how Alice would receive her when first she appeared to her. So Audrey was the first to go to the poor thing.

A very evidential allusion. A dispute had severed connection between my mother and Alice. The quarrel was not made up at the time of my mother's death.

8. She was very frightened, you know, before she passed.

This is probable.

9. Then she had suffered so much she was afraid there was more of it, perhaps, that it would go on and on.

Correct. She had suffered a great deal in health latterly, also was very troubled about finance.

10. Audrey understands. She knows so much more than we do.

Audrey had been dead for a number of years at the time of these communications. From the spiritistic point of view, she would have known more than M. who had died only three years previously.

11. She was very gentle and kind. She knows the lonely feeling one has at that last crossing, everything slipping away; the feeling that faces of the living are gone for ever. It comes when we wake up in this life, I mean at the beginning. So, though Audrey couldn't appear to Alice just as she is now, she came to her as she was.

Correct. Audrey was a great contrast to her sisters.

12. And because her mind was so restless, not really ready for the sleep in the darkness, Audrey put a dream of old days about her soul. Perhaps you won't believe me, but it can be done.

Alice was terribly troubled at the time of her death.

13. She showed Alice the pictures of the days when she lived in London, her early married days, too.

Alice lived in London before and after marriage.

14. You remember when

(There is a curious lapse in this paragraph. It is written as though Miss Ross were present. E. B. G.)

15. she used to go about and ride and was so proud and pleased with herself. Poor Alice was like a child when she saw the old memories. She wasn't frightened any more. She was delighted—

Correct. Alice rode and was exceedingly proud of herself. A very characteristic remark of Margaret's.

16. happier than she had been for years.

Alice had been very unhappy for a long time.

17. She said that the years didn't seem to matter that were between her and Audrey.

Audrey had died 34 years previously. She and Alice were great friends.

18. Please don't tell her I said she was frightened if she comes and talks to Molly. There might be trouble.

A very evidential request. Alice would have caused "trouble" if she thought she had ever been considered afraid of anything.

19. I haven't spoken to Alice or been very close to her. I am not fit yet to draw near to the newly dead,

Margaret would not have been received kindly by Alice on earth had she done so, for they were always quarrelling.

20. and anyway, I couldn't because she didn't want me.

Correct as regards earth sentiments.

21. Alice has had a much better time than I had after death. It was my own fault, of course. She is now sleeping and will rest for some time in the quiet places. Of course she will have her difficulties to face.

There is no reason to believe that the automatist should have thought that Alice would have a better time than Margaret. Miss Cummins knew nothing about either of them.

22. But the great thing is she won't want to get back to earth and her old life in the desperate way I wanted it.

Alice had said to me lately how she longed to die. (See letter below. E. B. G.) Whereas Margaret always lived an untroubled and somewhat selfish life.

23. Audrey said she was so tired.

Correct during the last days of her life.

And would you believe it, wanting someone to lean on and help her. Tell Molly not to be upset about Alice. It was quite time she was dead. I don't mean that in a nasty way. I mean that we all knew here.

24. that life gave her nothing.

Correct.

25. She wasn't a person who could be old and be happy. Audrey is watching by her in the place of rest. She is quite without pain or fear now, sleeping and dreaming a little after years, at last, at peace.

Correct. Alice could not be old and happy.

26. When she does wake up she is bound to grumble a bit, but she won't be as miserable as I was, I am sure.

This remark could only have come from someone who knew Alice. She found fault with many things.

Give my love to Molly and tell her not to worry or grieve over what is the beginning of real happiness

27. with some set-backs, of course !

This last comment is so entirely like Margaret. She had a habit of adding some rather cynical remark to a sentence and ending with a laugh.

Sitting of November 10th, 1928. (No. 2.) (This and all the following sittings took place in London. Miss Ross sat beside Miss Cummins. There had been no conversation between them concerning these communications or concerning the recent death.—E. B. G.)

Astor is here.

(Miss R.) Will you call my elderly sister who has spoken several times before?

(ASTOR) Yes, I remember her. She is not far off. (Pause.)

MARGARET. Molly, my dear, how strange you should call me to-day. I have some news for you.

(Miss R.) Good. What is it?

(M.) Do you know that I have actually talked with Alice? It really seemed as if we had gone back to years ago. Only, she is different.

28. I had quite a shock when I found that we didn't disagree with each other. She is so much gentler than she was.

To Miss Cummins there would be no need to imagine that they should disagree. Nor that Alice was not of a gentle disposition.

Poor dear. She was so anxious about John. I had no idea she was so fond of him. I think it was the breaking of an old habit that upset her, perhaps.

(Miss R.) What do you mean by that?

29. I mean he was such a habit with her, that she didn't realize what a tremendous difference it makes when you lose your habits.

They had been married many years and were rarely parted, except during the war (1914-18).

30. I felt the same way about my house and my ordered life.

Margaret was terribly methodical.

31. She had such a pain in her chest, I think, before she passed. *Correct.*

32. She wasn't able to tell you.

She could barely speak when I arrived.

33. She said she promised to send you some message through, she thinks. She can't remember now exactly.

Nothing was said to this effect at the end, but I rather recollect a joking remark of the kind some time ago.

I think things will get clearer for her soon. She will try and write a few words to-day. But I had better let Alice speak. Here she is now. She will be rather muddled, remember.

The writing then changed to a big scrawl and became very laboured.

(A.) Mo, Mo, Molly. I am here. I see you. It's all true. I am alive. The pain went at once. I felt suffocating.

34. Then, just after I got that awful choking, I felt things were breaking up all about me. I heard crackling like fire and then dimness.

She died of pneumonia.

35. I saw you bending down with such a white face and you were looking at me, and I wasn't there.

Correct. Curiously enough when Alice's husband and son arrived I had said aloud to Ronald "she isn't there."

36. I wish, Molly, that you had someone with you afterwards.

I was alone until the arrival of John Hawley and Ronald several hours after death had taken place.

37. I saw you in that horrible place,

Alice died in exactly the type of establishment she would have called "horrible."

38. sitting by yourself.

Correct.

40. John isn't much good at settling things.

Strictly speaking, this is incorrect. But it happened to be Alice's exact opinion of her husband! She managed everything and looked upon him as useless.

41. How did you manage the money and paying up things? It was on my mind. I was frightfully worried.

This is what would have worried Alice very much and she would probably have thought that expenses might fall on me.

42. The house not sold and I felt for a long time that I couldn't attend to things.

The first allusion to anything of which Miss C. was cognizant.

I couldn't keep my mind on anything. I got so bothered when I tried.

Probably correct under the existing conditions.

44. And John didn't help. How is he? They tell me we won't want money here. What will John do?

Poor John didn't get much of a chance of trying to help!

(Miss R.) I saw him a short time ago. Don't worry now. All is being settled. I know you were very unhappy latterly.

45. I was a little hard on him.

Correct.

46. He did try his best, I know. I was so glad when you came.

Correct. He did make every effort but could not please his wife. This is the manner in which she would have referred to my brother-in-law.

47. My dear, you have more sense than any of the rest of the family.

Alice had made this very remark to me when I had visited her for a few days the previous summer.

You knew all about here.

(Miss R.) I wanted to tell you a little of what I understood but you didn't encourage me.

A.: I wanted to know and I didn't want to know. Because I was frightened of what might come after. It was easy once I got out of my body.

48. The Mater turned up, and Audrey is splendid. She has helped me all the time.

Exactly Alice's natural manner of speaking.

49. She is like you, she has plenty of sense and doesn't argue about things.

This was certainly Alice's opinion of me. She was particularly contemptuous concerning the other members of the family.

50. How are the boys? Did you write to Kenya?

Alice's second son was in East Africa but not in Kenya. At one time during Alice's lifetime there had been considerable talk of his going there.

(Miss R.) I have written but there has not been time to receive a reply.

A.: You told him everything?

51. I wasn't fair to him. I see it now. I ought to have treated him equally. But I didn't. I don't suppose he will mind now.

Correct. Alice did not arrange her will equally in favour of her two sons.

52. It was playing about with girls I thought so foolish.

Correct. Both that he had many girl friends, and that it was Alice's opinion concerning the matter which chiefly refers to Ronald, however.

Note by Miss Ross.—The writing became fainter. The pencil was then apparently controlled by Margaret.

MARGARET. She found it hard to write at the end. She didn't understand how to manage the words. But she put through the greater part of what she wanted to say.

53. She is troubled about her husband and thinks she ought to have been gentler with him.

Candidly Alice treated her husband very badly. She bullied him dreadfully.

54. She seemed to have been so upset about her money affairs. I felt so sorry.

Correct.

55. If only I had left her the money that went to Charles.

Margaret cut Alice completely out of her will. Charles had no need of extra money.

56. But you know she never tried to smooth things over when I was alive.

Correct.

57. She could have been friends with me.

Correct.

58. But she was always so domineering. I am sorry now.

Correct.

59. Because there were fine things in her. I see that.

Correct.

I suppose I was hard on her too. I think Audrey will do a lot for her.

60. She isn't quite at her ease with the Mater, and even less with me.

This would be probable for Alice quarrelled with both on earth.

61. She hasn't forgotten yet the way I left my money. She feels it would have made a difference in her last days.

She never forgave this on earth.

Do you think, Molly dear, that I behaved badly to her about it?

62. But you know she was impossible with me.

Exactly the way that Margaret referred to Alice in reference to herself.

(Miss R.) She estranged herself from us all. I don't think you were to blame. I should probably have done the same. We are not a united family.

(M.) That is a great relief to my mind. You see, now I feel I can tell you that, when I first met her after her passing.

63. She did remind me of my will, and told me that she had been in such a terrible fix lately, and implied that I was to blame.

This is exactly what Alice would have done! She had a rather unfortunate habit of reminding others of mistakes they might have made. And whenever I saw her she made some bitter allusion to Margaret's will.

When I saw her the second time she was different, gentler and softer, quite changed and she didn't mention that. I think Audrey made her understand better. Also she is beginning to see things in better proportion. It was a good thing to let her speak as she was troubled about the end and the clearing up of things. She was afraid you would have to pay.

(Miss R.) No. Tell her the brothers have taken up matters and that no expenses have come on me. She must not worry about it. . . .

M.: May I tell her that? It will give her peace of mind.

64. She has some idea that it might all be put on you.

This is probably what she would have thought. In life she felt that she could not depend on any of her brothers for help. They all strongly disapproved of her extravagance.

(Miss R. gave further details of a consoling character.)

(M.) Good, I will tell her that, then she won't bother about things. The fact of the matter is, she came out of the world with a dark cloud of years of troubled thought about money. It all accumulated and clung about her. But I think now it will be slowly dissipated.

(Miss R.) Let her come and talk again when she is clearer.

(M.) Yes, she won't be so muddled the next time. All that worrying before her death left her in a very scattered state of mind. But it has been easier for her than for me.

(Miss R.) Why so different for you?

65. (M.) I was so humdrum, perhaps.

Correct.

66. I loved my little house and my own ways.

Correct.

67. And I was really very selfish.

Correct.

68. I never cared much for anyone. One pays for that over here.
Correct.

(Miss R.) But you are better now surely, and have built yourself a house with your thoughts?

(M.) I have got quite clear of that longing for my house and London and the life I led there. Since the longing left me I have come into a world in which I have a home again. And I am sharing it with someone now.

(Miss R.) (chaffingly). Oh! I don't think that sounds quite nice! Who are you sharing it with? A MAN?

(M.) Ah! Perhaps I won't tell you—not yet.

(Miss R.) I feel you are no fit companion for me. I shan't be able to speak to you again!

(M.) Yes, you can imagine the worst!

69. Tell dear Charles that I have dragged the name of Ross into the mud!

It was a joke between us that Charles took life so seriously and was terribly afraid of family scandal.

I wish he could see me with my new friend.

(Miss R.) Perhaps he will some day.

70. He will have a rather unpleasant time at first.

Charles was, in her opinion, extremely mean and selfish.

(Miss R.) Tell Alice what I have told you and come another day.

(M.) Yes, I will, most certainly.

Sitting of November 11th, 1928. (No. 3).

Astor is here.

(Miss R.) Will you ask my sister to come and speak?

(ASTOR) Yes. I will call her. She is quite near. Her new body is now almost formed. When it is complete she can face the new world and this life. Wait. (Pause.)

(Miss R. was thinking of Margaret and expecting her.)

(ALICE) Funny old man called me.

71. Who is your grey-bearded admirer, Molly?

This is exactly the chaffing manner she often adopted.

(Miss R.) You probably mean Astor, the guide of this woman whose hand and brain you are using to write with. . . . (further explanations followed).

(A.) I am still not quite myself. My mind is in tatters, but I feel so awfully well.

72. Not for all Charles's thousands would I exchange with him now.

This is again the somewhat exaggerated manner in which Alice referred to Charles's wealth on earth.

(Miss R.) I hope not. I hope you are free from that pain and worry now.

73. (A.) Yes. It was a great help, though, to feel you were there

It was the mental pain about money that was worst.

The inference throughout seems to be that I was alone at the time of my sister's death. But the natural assumption on the part of Miss C. would surely be that others were present.

74. My men were no good. When you are in a bad way always turn to women.

A correct reproduction of Alice's sentiments in this respect.

(Miss R.) Oh! there are lots of nice men. You used to like them in your young days.

75. (A.) They were nice to flirt with but not any use otherwise.

Alice had been a great "flirt" in her time. This is a word she frequently used in connection with herself.

I have seen the Mater. She sends her love to Molly.

76. How she does adore you still. She talks about how you used to look, about the riding and what a fine, tall girl you were. She did so hope you would marry

My mother was devoted to me. This is exactly Alice's manner of expression and the type of conversation that might emanate from my mother.

77. before you all left the old home. She said if you didn't marry before you were twenty-one you never would.

After my mother's death the house was kept going until I was twenty-one.

78. We made up that old quarrel. I suppose I was silly about it.

A direct allusion to the misunderstanding to which I have already referred.

79. But you know, you were very spoilt in those days.

Correct.

80. And why shouldn't the eldest have the horse to ride?

The incident that led to the quarrel was a dispute between my mother and Alice concerning my ability to ride the horse which had hitherto been kept for her, though she was, by then, married.

(Miss R.) It's not worth bothering about all those old things.

(A.) No, only I remember all the early things now.

81. Silly old Margaret has been round too.

Exactly the contemptuous off-hand manner in which she spoke of her.

82. You know I never could stand her.

Alice frequently summed up Margaret with the words: "Oh I never could stand her."

But you would have laughed to see us together. We were so polite. She was trying so hard to avoid giving offence. Do you mind my talking in this stupid way?

(Miss R.) No. Go ahead.

83. (A.) I enjoy so much telling you about the family.

It was her favourite topic whenever we met.

84. I put Margaret in her place all right. She told me how sorry she was about her will and the money she didn't leave to me.

Alice was always trying to put everyone in their place ! And again the reference to the will which always rankled on earth.

85. I told her that being sorry didn't make up for thoughtlessness.

Exactly the snappy kind of reply Alice would make.

86. That there was more thought in your little finger than in her whole body.

Alice had a good opinion of me latterly. This is a very typical reply.

87. Do you know, she took it quite quietly, and would you believe it, kissed me ! My word, I was never so taken aback in my life. I couldn't say anything more to her then.

This seems to carry out the theory of treating Alice as a child.

88. I had to thank her for being good to Ronald anyway.

Correct. Margaret had left Ronald a handsome legacy.

(Miss R.) Well, you and she were never very united. But why bother about all that now ?

(A.) No, I won't talk of it again. It was just that memories hung about.

89. And in those last months I used to keep saying to myself, "if only this or that had happened."

Correct. Alice continuously used these very words to me when I stayed with her a few months before her death.

I didn't believe I should go so frightfully quickly.

90. I am afraid, Molly, I gave you bad advice sometimes. I told you not to hesitate to run an overdraft. That it would be all right. It's a great mistake, I see now.

(Miss R.) I don't recollect your telling me this.

91. (A.) I seem to remember telling you not to be dictated to by Charles. That your money was your own and if you liked to sell out or have an overdraft, not to mind him.

Quite correct and word for word what she did say. But at the first moment of writing I did not recollect it.

(Miss R.) Yes, you are right. I do remember your saying this now. A long time ago.

(A.) Be careful. Don't get into the muddle I had to face.

92. Don't take on a house and garden and have to do it all yourself in your old age as I did.

Correct. Alice bought a small house soon after the last war, added to it and spent too much money on it and the garden.

(Miss R.) I don't think I am likely to. Don't worry about that. Whom have you met lately ?

(A.) First Audrey. You heard about her, she has been awfully sweet and good. Then the Mater and Pater. You hardly knew him. He was very glad to see me.

93. I was rather a favourite of his, you know.

Correct. A fact of which she was very proud.

He told me all about the early days when he and Mater started.

94. How difficult it was at the beginning. Then how he went ahead.

Correct.

95. He was quite worried after his death at the thought of these numbskull Rosses, as he called them, being in charge of the Mater's affairs. He said she would never have lost all those thousands if he had been there.

I was amazed at this remark, though the information was known to me. After my father's death, my mother's money affairs were managed by a relative. A considerable sum of money was lost through speculation "Numbskull" is a word which my brother-in-law tells me Alice occasionally made use of herself. (I have never heard Miss Cummins use it.—E. B. G.)

96. He said twenty. He seemed to know all about it.

I was just going to ask if she knew how much when the reply was written. I understand that £20,000 was involved.

97. He told me he had tried hard to get in touch and had influenced the Mater's mind at last, to make a row.

Correct, in so far as my mother eventually made enquiries. This led to a break between the two branches of the Ross family. Alice had seen nothing of them since and always referred to these connections with contempt.

So we can influence from this side. Tell me, have you heard from John Hawley?

(Miss R.) I have seen him lately and also heard from him.

Would he believe you if I sent him my love? Would you tell him I miss him so much?

98. That I am sorry if I was difficult in those last years.

Alice was extremely difficult in those days.

99. Tell him I see more and more how patient and good he was to me. I feel so sorry now because I know I spoke harshly to him sometimes.

Correct. He was most patient with her. "Harshly" is a very mild way of putting it!

I want him to feel that deep down he was the only person in the world for me.

100. I never let him know.

Correct. She certainly did not!

But it is afterwards one realises and feels sorry.

(Miss R.) When I came to see you that last time, do you know that he came up?

101. I thought he was there. But a mist was hanging about everything. I suppose I really was what is called dead. Anyway I had a sort of misty sense that he was there. I shouldn't have parted with him as I did.

I deliberately inferred that my brother-in-law arrived before my

sister's death. She had been dead sixteen hours or so before he could get there.

(Miss R.) How did you part? What do you mean?

102. I think, if he had been there with me I mightn't have died.

This shows definite knowledge of the fact that John was not present at the time; it would be contrary to the ordinary course of events from the automatist's point of view.

But perhaps it is all for the best. It is in this way. That I feel perfectly well now. No pain. Tell him I am just resting. People come and see me and I talk. Then I doze and dream. I saw Ronald in one dream.

103. I wish he would settle down. Any hope of a real engagement? *Alice was very anxious that her son should marry.*

(Miss R.) I don't know. . . . Give my love to the Mater.

(A.) Yes, she hasn't really changed. I will give your love to her. I would like to speak another time, My love, my dear Molly,

104. and don't let Charles bully you.

A very typical parting remark and the actual words she had used to me.

(The writing then changed to the ordinary quick style.)

MARGARET.

(Miss R.) Do you know who has been writing?

105. (M.) Yes, she has quite blossomed out.

Margaret frequently spoke of people "blossoming out."

She is rather amusing over here. The poor thing arrived here with the sort of earth ideas about things and people in her mind.

106. She anticipated hostility and was quite sarcastic at first.

Alice was always on the defensive and was horribly sarcastic at times.

But as everybody treated her as a small child to be petted but not paid attention to

107. when she made cutting remarks, she was very much astonished.

Correct. She was very cutting.

(Miss R.) I was very much amused to hear you and Alice had met. She told me something about it.

108. (M.) There was rather a fusilade

Exactly what one would have anticipated.

109. I expected it, so I was prepared.

Also knowing Alice, Margaret would have been prepared, and the word "fusilade" was often used by Margaret when on earth in describing similar experiences.

(Miss R.) I am glad you are all becoming friends, though.

(M.) It will take time. I bruised myself here for a time, she will do the same.

110. But when she realises that life has no grudge against her, and people are kind, she will change. I must go back now. . . .

One of Alice's many peculiarities was to think that life had a grudge against her.

Sitting of November 12th, 1928. (No. 4.)

Astor is here

(MISS R.) I would like to speak to my sister.

(ASTOR) Which one of them?

(MISS R.) Whichever wants to speak most.

(ASTOR) They both like to speak. They are curious spirits. They seem to want very much to talk to you about each other and their affairs. It makes them happy.

MARGARET. I came first to-day.

111. You mustn't mind too much what Alice says to you.

This is the very patronizing attitude often adopted by Margaret when speaking of Alice.

She is still very much in the cloud of her memories. She feels, however, that things are not so bad here now.

112. At first she found fault with so many different aspects of life in this place between the worlds.

She found fault with most things and grumbled very much on earth latterly.

There is a kind of intermediate state you know. If only human beings would talk to their people when they are in that state it would give such comfort. . . . I had a difficult time but it is over now. You did help me.

113. I was so relieved to see your face and hear your voice when I was longing for my home and London.

Refers to the communications written through Miss Cummins soon after the death of Margaret.

(MISS R.) Oh! What about that house you are sharing with someone?

(M.) You would laugh at me if I explained. We have to go through certain essential experiences, and if we miss them in the earth-life we may have to face them here.

114. I have actually to share a house—not a bed—with a man (laughter). Quite true.

This again is so exactly the type of vulgar joke Margaret would have made and the way she would have made it.

(MISS R.) You are pulling my leg.

(M.) No, I am not. I don't mean anything improper. I merely mean I have to put up with a companion of another type of mind. Here we talk of men and women, but we really mean male and female minds. I have to put up with the masculine type of mentality in my home. Heavens! It is trying sometimes!

115. You know how I liked to have everything arranged and in order.

Correct.

Well, everything gets disarranged in this case. I never know what I shall find out of place when next I return to my home.

(Miss R.) And the man is untidy?

(M.) He has an untidy mind. You know we make our homes out of our memories. I like a nice little house. He wants a house that is quite unlike anything that was ever built or imagined. You can't imagine all his absurd, impossible ideas. How would you like to come home to your cosy little sitting room and find that it had been turned into a great hall; that it has curious lights in it, and no ordinary furniture.

(Miss R.) I shouldn't like it. Has *he* to learn to be tidy, then?

(M.) It seems that he was very selfish too, when he was alive, but he was extravagant, spent his money and other people's making what he calls "beautiful surroundings"! I call a thing beautiful when it is tidy and homely and just like it used to be on earth. He always wants it changed.

116. I hate change.

Very correct.

Miss R.: That is very interesting.

(M.) No, it isn't interesting. It is just irritating.

(Miss R.) I mean it is interesting to hear what you say. Will you let Alice come now? and we will talk another time.

Note by Miss Ross—The writing changed. The pencil tapped the paper in an agitated manner. It was necessary to tell the communicator not to get so upset. At last the writing started. Nevertheless the impatience shown in getting going was somewhat evidential of the entity purporting to communicate. Alice was very easily annoyed. The mere fact that she was trying to handle something she couldn't manipulate with facility would aggravate her. She always assumed that she could do everything.

ALICE: I GET SO IMPATIENT. (*Written large.*)

Molly, you are good to let me see you again. I went away so happy when I spoke two weeks ago to you. It is two weeks, isn't it?

(Miss R.) No, it is barely 24 hours.

(A.) But so much has happened. You are joking.

(Miss R.) No it's true. Yesterday you spoke to me.

(A.) I have had such a strange experience. I had been resting in a darkened room, at least it seemed like that. Then Audrey came and she took me out into a warm golden light

117. and I said: "Why, I have got to the South of France after all!" I was sure it was France or Italy. I saw great stretches of golden sand, a hard blue sky. And though I saw no sun, there was this wonderful light over everything. I held on to Audrey. I was quite frightened. It seemed too good to be true

An astonishingly interesting remark. She simply longed to get

away from England and on two or three occasions said: "If only I could get away to the South of France."¹

(Miss R.) Poor you. You did long to get away.

(A.) I was hungry for it. Audrey made me lie down on the side of a hill, and I lay there. Lazily looking at the blue sea, and drinking in that warm comfortable light. For the first time in years I was really happy. Not a worry on my mind. Then I saw a stranger approaching—a man. He said he was closely related to me. I think he must have been trying to comfort me or perhaps it was a joke

118. for he said he was my brother. What did he mean? I haven't any brother here

Quite astonishing. At a sitting years ago with another medium, Mrs. Cooper, it was stated that this brother was in the "Beyond."

119. If I had, I would fly from him.

That was exactly Alice's attitude towards her brothers. She had no use for them and they thoroughly disapproved of her.

(Miss R.) Well, you know, I remember the Mater telling me that there was another baby before you. Though it was stillborn, I understand that, as it had life once, it would go on. The Mater told me it was a boy.

(A.) Oh! I understand now. Audrey left me with him and didn't explain. He said he was living quite close to Margaret, that she didn't know he was her brother. He explained that he had charge of some man, who came over to this life, not so very long ago, and his punishment was to live with her. Her punishment was to live with him.

(Miss R.) My hat!

120. (A.) Did you know there was a kind of twist in poor Margaret's soul and so she had to get it straightened out by living with her opposite.

As a family we often referred to Margaret as being "an eccentric old thing."

121. He said Margaret really rather enjoyed it. It stirred stagnant depths that had never been stirred in her life.

Curiously enough, in a sense, she would have seen the funny side of it. I won't have that kind of experience, he said.

122. I was a married woman.

Alice was rather proud of this fact in life.

I don't think it will come to you either, as

123. you haven't grown inwards like a bad corn.

A typical remark.

¹ Quotation from a letter written by Alice to Mary Ross, dated January 30, 1928.

... "I have been pretty ill for the last three weeks. Bronchitis, also muscular rheumatism in my right arm, shoulder, neck and eyes. Out to-day for the first time. Both my doctor and nurse say I must winter abroad in future! How it is to be done, I don't know. Perhaps I shall have passed on before then, anyway. I hope so!"

124. You don't have sex business over here. It is something different. Margaret has to learn to live with other people.
She always spoke in this downright manner.

Note by Miss Ross.—Here I asked certain questions as to how my sister succeeded in getting through so much money. Some exceedingly probable explanation was given. It was on the lines that John Hawley had half-suspected.

125. (A.) I feel rather bad about it. Will John be able to get on all right?

Alice's husband had a hard struggle.

(Miss R.) I think when the house is sold he will be very comfortable. I am sorry to have brought these memories back to you.

(A.) No, it was on my mind. These memories don't worry me because I'm out of it.

126. And I've gone abroad after all!

The triumphant cry, so characteristic of Alice, when her plans succeeded. (See letter quoted above.)

(Miss R.) . . . I was so glad that you sent for me at the end. But I fear you must have thought me very unsympathetic. The doctor and nurses all said you were not to talk. So I didn't say much.

127. My dear, you were the only one of the whole family I could depend on. You tried to cheer me up. I knew you were trying.

In Alice's estimation this would be correct. And again it seems to be written as though she were quite aware that no one else was present.

128. I hadn't the strength to answer, but I did see you and hear you.

Correct.

129. It was so queer to be so helpless

Correct. Alice was quite helpless when I got to her.

130. I couldn't talk. I had so many things to say to you that weren't said and don't seem to matter now. . . .

Correct. She could barely speak.

(Miss R.) Well. You go back to your South of France. That must have done you good.

(A.) It did make up for much.

131. Perhaps I am better off than Charles now!

Charles's affluence always rankled.

Note by Miss Ross.—There was a spontaneous reference to money difficulties. After an explanation of what had occurred Alice wrote:

132. My affairs and what I did with my money only concern me.
Alice had actually made this very remark to me in the same words.
 Molly dear, I would tell you,

133. But I feel so furious with Charles still. I don't want to risk his ever knowing. . .

Alice was absolutely furious with Charles and often said so. She had begged him to help her financially. He refused and wrote her very unpleasant letters on the matter.

(Miss R.) I shouldn't tell him.

(A.) No, but he might hear.

134. He is an odious man.

The very words that Alice often applied to Charles and hardly likely to be written consciously or subconsciously by Miss Cummins.

(Miss R.) We must stop now.

(A.) Send my love to John. Give him that message I sent two weeks ago, or was it two hours ago? . . .

Sitting of November 19th, 1928 (No. 5).

(ASTOR) This lady is very excited.

Note by Miss Ross.—The pencil rushed across the paper and there appeared to be a tussle at the writing of the last word. Astor seemed to be experiencing difficulty in keeping back the communicator until he had "opened the door." It appeared that "Astor's" *thoughts* have been registered by the automatist. He seemed to be addressing some invisible entity. The mental force he had to assert apparently impressed itself on the brain of Miss Cummins. This occurs once again in these writings.

135. Please, madam, have patience. You must wait until you are called.

(Miss R.) What is the excitement, Astor?

136. (ASTOR) A lady who had something of your stature and imposing appearance in life. . . .

Alice and I were certainly similar in build.

(Miss R.) Let her speak, Astor.

137. (A.) Ronald. I saw Ronald.

Ronald had been to tea with me that afternoon. Miss Cummins happened to meet him.

138. This butler was very rude. At least I don't know what to call him.

Alice had constant trouble with her servants. The fact that she refers to Astor as the "butler" and the apparent altercation with him on the threshold seem very evidential as regards the survival of her personality.

I wanted to tell you that I saw Ronald with you to-day.

139. I saw him in her light.

(Miss C's. "psychic" light. E.B.G.).

140. I was so pleased to hear him say I had sound sense. . . .

Correct. This remark was made before Miss Cummins came into the room.

(Miss R.) What have you been doing lately?

(A.) I was taken to a land like the earth in some ways but very different in others. For instance, you see rocks, trees, houses about you, but if you choose to close your outward eyes and use another part of you that can perceive, you see right through these rocks, trees, houses, and solid earth. They tell me here that even while you are on earth, if you practised from childhood closing the outer eyes and willing hard to see with the eyes of your inner body, everything also would become transparent to you. And you would see other strange things.

(Miss R.) That's interesting. How is Margaret getting on?

141. Oh! I've no patience with her.

Alice often used these very words in reference to Margaret.

(Miss R.) Oh well, be kind to her. She spoke very nicely of you when she came here the other day.

142. But, my dear, she is so stupid still.

Alice always complained of Margaret's stupidity.

143. She is just planted there in her wretched house, trying to pretend she is living just as she did on earth, which is such nonsense. It is just as if I had pretended all my life I was a baby in a nursery and kept on sucking a bottle. Margaret is still sucking her baby bottle, and she whines for her baby comforter.

All this is a most characteristic speech of Alice's in reference to her sister, for whom she had a profound contempt.

144. Why, I am already far ahead of her, though I have been here such a short time.

Another touch of superiority so reminiscent of Alice.

145. Thank heavens, I shall never have to clean up that house again. Never have to cook another meal.

Alice did a good deal of house-work latterly and some of the cooking.

146. It's wonderful to be free of all that.

She hated having to do it.

147. I wish you had told me more about this life in detail. If you had, I should not have been half so miserable.

I had told her very little of what is reputed to be the life to which we pass.

(Miss R.) I didn't like to push it. I was afraid you wouldn't like it.

148. (A.) You ought to have shoved it, not pushed it, under my nose.

Very typical of Alice's style of speech.

149. I wouldn't have bothered so much about dinners and overdrafts perhaps then.

Alice was always fussing about meals and terribly worried about her overdraft.

(Miss R.) I did try to give you hints and tell you that it wasn't

worth while to bother so much about things being out of place and so on.

150. (A.) Yes, say I told you so now.

Alice had the habit of formulating this kind of reproach in the course of similar conversation.

(Miss R.) No, I don't mean that. But I did try to tell you that it wasn't worth it—so bad for your nerves—to bother so much about how things were done.

A.: It is true. You were right.

151. I couldn't bear leaving things looking untidy.

Correct.

(Miss R.) Never mind now. Do you remember anything you were fond of?

152. (A.) Do you mean the dog? I want to know if John is going to take care of the poor thing.

Her mind at once went to her pet, though, of course, Miss Cummins knew of its existence.

(Miss R.) Of course, he is.

(A.) Poor darling. I was so fond of h—n.

Here the script shows a difficulty in getting through the sex of the dog. One usually thinks of a dog in the masculine. This dog of which Alice was so fond was a female. The pencil made a few marks on the paper as though cognisant of some obstruction. Miss Ross then suggested that the communicator should try to write its name. The pencil tapped impatiently on the paper and then attempted to write "Patsey, Pitri-e—." Another favourite dog which had died some time previously, was called "Patricia," or "Pat" and variations. Miss Ross was thinking of the name of the living dog. Suddenly the word STUPID was written and the pencil literally stamped angrily on the paper. Then it was flung violently down. To Miss Ross all this was very evidential of the impatient temper of her sister Alice. She managed to quiet things down with a few words of explanation as to the difficulties which sometimes occur in communication and the conversation then continued.—E.B.G.

153. I am sorry. This hand refuses to write. Tell it to write it. Put yours on.

No better result was achieved. An attempt to write further names only ended in a faint scrawl looking like "Rango" and then "Tricksey."

154. I used to kiss it.

Correct.

155. I want someone to see her coat is kept clean.

Alice was most particular about the dog's coat.

(There seems to have been only a little difficulty in getting the right gender through on this occasion.—E.B.G.)

156. I know you didn't like what you called lap dogs.

Correct.

(Miss R.) Yours was not that sort of pet.

157. (A.) I remember hearing you once about mine. Not a Pekinese, but a pet dog.

Correct. I had told my sister that summer that I disliked pet dogs.

I wonder if my papers have been torn up. I hope so. I would like them all burnt.

158. I hope John isn't short of money.

Alice would probably have been anxious in this matter.

159. Will you go over at Christmas and see him? He may be alone.

From her earthly memories she would anticipate this.

(Miss R.) As a matter of fact, friends have invited him to stay with them.

I hope he will take my dog with him.

160. He couldn't be left alone in an empty house.

The dog is implied. This is of interest as John was living alone at the time of Alice's death. The dog being with him.

161. My advice to John is to sell the house and go and enjoy himself somewhere. It is a white elephant for him. . . .

A very characteristic remark and precisely what Alice wanted to do herself.

(Miss R.) Well, go to old Margaret and tell her to get a move on. Dig her out of that house. It must be such a funny menage!

162. Yes, I pity her companion.

A typical remark and very reminiscent of Alice.

Sitting of March 26th, 1929. (No. 6.)

ASTOR: Others are near to-day.

Yes, wait a little.

Note by Miss Ross.—Another violent wrestle with the pencil took place at this juncture, the last remark being apparently addressed to the communicator as before. This seems to denote the powerlessness of Astor to keep a very determined individual at bay and converse with her without his forcible "thought-effort" appearing on the paper.

(ASTOR) I have to check those who rush in.

Note by Miss Ross.—The writing changed to the same broken and uneven calligraphy of four months previously.

ALICE: I wondered why I didn't hear from you, my dear. . . . I did want to talk so much to you.

163. I know you will be on my side. And perhaps you would speak to Margaret and make her see my point.

Alice had the habit of trying to get people "on her side" and endeavouring to make them see her "point."

164. She is just as mulish as ever.

Alice frequently used this word in reference to Margaret.

But of course you don't know what it's all about.

(Miss R.) No. What's the trouble?

(A.) So tiresome. I forget so quickly that you can't run down to me. The Mater has been very good to me.

165. Just her old self, when you were young and you didn't know her.

I was aged twelve when Alice married.

She helped such a lot, showed me how to live here, and because

166. I plunged rather heavily and got into difficulties,

Most evidential. Alice always "plunged" recklessly into things and invariably got into difficulties.

which are hard to explain as life here is so different, she settled we should live together all the time. Audrey was away too. She has other ties and affections now.

167. Of course you can imagine what happened.

Exactly Alice's manner of speech on this kind of occasion.

168. Margaret became ill-used at once. She told me I was too much for her, for the Mater.

Just what Margaret would do, and the way in which Alice would have related the incident.

169. You know what she's like. She's just the same. Wants everything to be run in her way, by rules and regulations.

The exact manner in which Alice often summed up Margaret.

170. I told her *she* was the real trouble. That her nagging about this and that was bad for the Mater.

All most characteristic of Alice and her attitude towards Margaret. Also the use of the word "nagging."

171. Anyhow we had a row.

They always did! And exactly the words in which Alice would have described the affair.

And don't you think that when I have been separated for such years from the Mater

172. and when I am the eldest, I ought to have first claim, not Margaret.

A point Alice often made when she wished to subdue the younger members of the family.

(Miss R.) Well, I don't think it much matters. I suppose we've got to progress. . . .

173. Progress? Rubbish. . . .

Alice's exact manner in sweeping aside a remark when she considered that she knew better than anyone else.

(Miss R.) Oh! Well, you know best!

174. (A.) Of course I know best.

She always assumed she did and said so.

175. But you see my point, don't you? You have common sense.

Exactly Alice's manner of speech.

(Miss R.) Well, I don't see why you have to live together. . . .

(A.) It's not a question of having to live together. I don't want to live alone. And the Mater has been such a dear to me and has looked after me and

176. has listened to all I had to tell her about Charles.

It is most characteristic that Alice should recount the old grievances against Charles.

177. She saw at once how badly he had behaved to me, though she didn't say much. She said whatever he'd done or hadn't done she'd make it up to me. We were so happy.

Exactly Alice's way of assuming that everyone immediately agreed with her.

178. She pretended I was her eldest daughter again just when I was a girl and showed how proud she was of me.

My mother spoilt Alice very much. She adored her in her young days and was immensely proud of her.

179. Then Margaret comes along with her silly jealousy and makes a scene.

Exactly what Margaret probably would do and it is certainly the manner in which Alice would describe it.

180. Now I want you to call Margaret and give her a good talking to. Will you please make her understand that I have had a bad time, and if only she would leave me and the Mater alone, I shall be perfectly happy. She might let me have a little happiness now. Will you?

Alice was very dictatorial and spoke in this way. She certainly tried to monopolize my mother in her young days—and succeeded.

(Miss R.) I will do what I can if you get her to come.

(A.) Yes, I will call her. My dear, you are good. I know you will make her see.

181. Tell her not to make mischief between the Mater and me.

Alice had a habit of accusing people of making mischief.

(Slight pause.)

182. MARGARET ROSS: I wonder what you have been hearing about me?

Margaret was often suspicious that people might be talking about her.

(Miss R.) Oh, nothing much. I have been wanting to talk to you but was prevented.

(M.) I know you have been talking to Alice.

183. She is just the same. She hasn't changed a bit. You remember how she used to carry all before her, sweep everything aside to suit herself; behave as though she were the only person in the house to be attended to. Of course you were so young when we were together in the house, you can't remember how spoilt and impossible she was. Well, she has simply taken possession of the Mater. She behaves as if she were mistress of everything. She tries to prevent my seeing her. She won't let me tell the Mater about my own little difficulties. She simply comes in and tries to turn me out. She is my mother just as much as hers. You will agree with me, I know. You understand Alice.

This is the injured manner in which Margaret used to speak of Alice discussing their girlhood, and it is certainly true of Alice in her young days. She was most dictatorial and "bossed" her younger brothers and sisters, a fact which they strongly resented.

184. We agreed she was terribly dominating.

Correct. Several times in the past we had agreed on this point in discussing Alice.

185. And when she is coming out in the old colours again I think it is high time she was put in her place.

The reference to "coming out in the old colours again" is very reminiscent of Margaret in alluding to Alice.

186. She tries to put the Mater against Charles.

This, I fear, is what Alice would do.

I don't hold any brief for him, but I think it is most unfair. She's sucking up the Mater's whole life at present.

(Miss R.) Well, why worry about it all so much? Are you still living in the same house, in the same way?

187. (M.) Yes, and as I told you I have my worries connected with it. I have to bear with the company of someone who upsets my arrangements so often. Well, the Mater used to help me about that. I went to her for advice. Now Alice always cuts in.

Margaret's injured attitude of mind seems clearly indicated in these sentences.

188. Says it's absurd that I can't get on with this man.

This is exactly the remark Alice would have made.

189. Says she could always get on perfectly with men.

Correct as far as Alice's own opinion about herself went!

That she and her husband never had any quarrels. I said that was quite untrue. You know it's untrue, don't you?

190. Why should she lord it over me with her self-righteousness and try to keep the Mater from me?

"Lord it" is an expression which Margaret frequently used in connection with Alice.

(Miss R.) It all seems very petty. Why don't you change your tactics? What does it all matter?

(M.) How would you like to be cut off from the Mater when you found her here after years? You know you would make trouble yourself if you were stopped from being with her.

191. Did you ever realize what a god-send John Hawley was?

It had not occurred to me before to look on my brother-in-law as a god-send in the sense inferred!

192. If Alice had been in the house in that last time of the Mater's life, when you were of an age to be a rival to her, there would have been terrible trouble.

Correct. Whatever Alice thought of me latterly, she was dreadfully jealous of me when I was a child.

(Miss R.) Well, if I were you, I'd separate, find new friends. It all sounds very trivial.

193. (M.) I don't like giving in. It's just as if I were owning up to Alice being right. And she isn't. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to make my own life quite away from the Mater. But I don't see why, because of that, Alice should be given her own way. It is so bad for her.

All this shows the characteristically silly and peevish view of life which Margaret took in her attitude towards Alice.

(
Note by Miss Ross.—Here I suggested that they all tried to get on better together. Adding that if Margaret did this, she would perhaps gravitate to happier conditions according to communications received concerning the future state.

(M.) Do you know, Molly, you have changed a great deal. I am surprised at what you say. I will think it over. I think now that it was just suddenly remembering the old days when we were both in the house with the Mater, and you were a baby, started us off. I suppose we had made a habit of disagreeing, and the old habit started again. I will be friendly now to her before she speaks again. I will say something nice to her.

194. Is there any hope of John coming here soon? He would be a great occupation for Alice.

This is a quaint way of putting it, but very much in the manner of Margaret.

(Miss R.) I doubt if he will find the occupation so sweet! All the same, you get away from those petty quarrels and try to find some new friends.

(M.) If you will wait a moment. Break off and then resume; I'll try to say a few nice words to Alice, then she can speak to you again. You have made me happier about it. You see my points. Perhaps I shall do better than she, after all. She is so silly. You know,

195. she boasted to the Mater that she had managed to get married and that I hadn't, and had done nothing with my life.

This is most astonishingly like Alice, both the reference to getting

married and the taunt that Margaret had done nothing with her life. She had frequently remarked this to me in connection with Margaret.

But I will try and forget what she has said.

(Miss R.) Try and make new friends.

(M.) That is a good plan, I think. I have been a lonely person.

196. I used to envy you your friendships, especially with the M.'s. *I always had a feeling that she did.*

I shall see what can be arranged.

(Miss R.) Fetch Alice now.

(M.) Wait a moment and she will come.

Note by Miss Ross.—Half a minute elapsed. Then the impatient tapping of the pencil began again. Each word divided as before.

197. ALICE (written large): *I thought* you would do it, Molly! She has apologized to me. At least, not exactly, but I could see that after you had talked to her she saw how much she was in the wrong. I knew you would see how right I was, and would tell Margaret so.

I recognize the jubilant ring in Alice's opening sentence. Her accent would have been on the word "thought." When she had gained her point she always said she knew that she was right.

I shall get real peace and happiness now if Margaret really does leave the Mater to me. It is all I want. I ask for very little.

(Miss R.) I suppose we ought to forget the past.

(A.) I quite agree. That is absolutely right. But it is my duty to protect the Mater against Margaret's humours.

(Miss R.) Well, tell me what you have been doing.

(A.) I have been resting a great deal. I was greatly shaken by my passing and perhaps it affected my outlook for a while. My new body has been growing and changing. You would be surprised if you saw it.

198. I have grown so much younger. It gives me pleasure to look and feel as if I were in the twenties again.

Alice was particularly vain as regards her personal appearance, especially when in the twenties.

Tell John he will come to that after his death when he comes here. Tell him he will be quite as good-looking as he was when we were first married.

199. I didn't tell him so, but I used to be very proud of his appearance when he was first married to me. Perhaps I shall be again.

Correct. She did not tell him so if she really ever thought it. But, strictly speaking, I should not have called him good-looking.

(Miss R.) I hope you aren't worrying over earth things now.

(A.) No, I am not worrying about things there any more.

200. I am afraid Ronald has had a disappointing time. Everything has gone wrong for him except what he has done himself.

Correct.

201. He has been abominably treated by girls who weren't good enough for him.

Correct. And the exact manner in which she managed to gasp out a few words in reference to his broken engagement the last time I saw her in the nursing home.

I hope he won't be lonely. Perhaps he is better off as a bachelor.

202. I should have liked a really good marriage for him.

Correct. She was certainly ambitious in this respect.

Note by Miss Ross.—I then asked some questions regarding the manner in which Alice had got through her money latterly. In reply, she infers that she speculated without her husband's knowledge and lost a considerable sum.

(A.) It was dreadful.

203. But I did so want to get back my old position. . . .

Alice was always regretting her loss of position and speaking of the time when she had a fair-sized house to keep up.

(Miss R.) Well, don't let Margaret know you notice any change in her. Be nice to her.

(A.) Yes, you can be quite sure I shall be nice to her if she is nice to me.

204. I was always ready to meet her more than half-way and I will be again.

This was Alice's own attitude of mind towards Margaret.

(Miss R.) I am quite aware that I don't practise it here! It takes a bit of doing. Perhaps Charles and I will have to live together!

205. (A.) HOW HEAVENLY! (written large).

An expression often used by Alice in jest.

206. I do long to show Charles round here. The very thought of his being here gives me the most intense pleasure. If he only knew how I longed to see him and be able to tell him that all the millions in the world can't change anything a jot here.

This is all most strikingly like Alice's style of conversation and thought when alluding to Charles. She always grudged him his income and complained of his meanness.

(Miss R.) It will be a strange meeting between you. . .

207. (A.) Yes, I shall be blissfully happy when he comes. What a picture he will make. Just imagine him finding out that money is not of the least importance.

All this is very evidential as regards survival of personality. I can imagine Alice chuckling with delight at the disillusionment of Charles.

(Miss R.) Well, I don't want to preach, but all these petty quarrels do seem rather childish; much better try to agree.

(A.) You see further than I do. But I just forgot myself. I expect I shall, in time, be able to check myself.

(Miss R.) Give my love to the others.

Sitting of March 28th, 1929. (No. 7.)

ASTOR waits.

(MISS R.) I would like to speak again to my two weird sisters.

208. (ASTOR) They have, during their life on earth, impregnated their ever-growing etheric double with the spirit of antagonism for each other. My friend, you sow the seeds of another potential existence here. You need not be too troubled about them. Slowly this warp in their being will be straightened out. But at the moment, when they meet, they respond to old, deep antagonisms. I will summon them.

(If we admit survival, this seems an interesting and possible explanation of a certain phase of existence through which some apparently have to pass.—É. B. G.)

MARGARET: I am glad to see you again, Molly.

209. I went and told the Mater she was not going to see so much of me in future. She asked why.

This is exactly the injured, tactless thing she would have done.

210. I said, Because Alice was jealous of me. She said it was a mistake to think of Alice being jealous. That even if she were, if I refused to see it, and thought hard the idea that she was glad I was there, and welcomed me, that she would get into that state of mind, as of course thought is stronger here.

Margaret often referred to Alice's jealous disposition.

211. Well, I said I didn't care, and I didn't see why I should put myself out to that extent. Why should I try to imagine Alice to be somebody else?

This line of argument is very typical of Margaret's attitude of mind towards Alice.

212. We all know her. I wasn't going to invent a falsehood and imagine Alice as being without jealousy and a pleasant, attractive person. The Mater said the people one lives with can be the creation of our own minds; that I could make Alice a really lovable person by thinking her so all the time.

Margaret frequently said "we all know her" when speaking of Alice.

213. Such nonsense really.

A phrase frequently used by Margaret.

214. Anyhow, I said I preferred to avoid her and live by myself.

I have often heard Margaret say she preferred to avoid Alice.

(MISS R.) Well, I think that a very good idea of the Mater's. You try it.

(M.) You suggested I should go and live my own life away from them, which of course had always been my inclination.

215. I only started seeing a lot of the Mater when Alice came, just to protect the Mater and show Alice she wasn't the only one.

This is typical of the dog-in-the-manger attitude curiously characteristic of Margaret.

I am not going to be antagonistic; I shall simply leave the two of them alone for the present.

(Miss R.) Well, I think the Mater's plan a very good one. You try it.

(M.) But I won't pretend Alice is anything she isn't. It would upset my arrangements far too much to try and change Alice.

(Miss R.) Well, what about the Pater? Can't he cope with the situation?

216. He seems only to be amused at what's happened. He isn't interested in either of us. His whole mind is fixed on some work he has here. He always was that way. Didn't bother about people.

Correct. Verified later. (See visit to Miss Hamilton described below.—E.B.G.)

(Miss R.) He's most sensible. It's a pity you don't follow his example and get some work. You'd be far happier. To me, you and Alice are just like a couple of silly children and want slapping.

(M.) Really, Molly! You disappoint me very much. It would interfere with my life. I have everything arranged exactly as I wish it, and I will keep to it and not bother about the others.

(Miss R.) If you got something to do, you could do it methodically also. It all seems very silly to me.

217. (M.) I don't think, Molly, you were so perfect that you can talk like this now.

A manner in which Margaret did reprove me at times!

I have plenty to do looking after my house.

218. However, we won't quarrel over it.

Margaret often finished up a sentence with this remark.

219. I only like peace. I never wanted to have rows with anyone.

An assertion Margaret often made in life.

If I had some work to do, I should have to mix with other people, and perhaps be under their direction.

220. No, I prefer to direct myself!

A very typical example of the manner in which Margaret often ended up with a laugh.

(Miss R.) Well. Try to think kinder thoughts about Alice. Perhaps that would help the situation.

221. (M.) Thank you. I will leave the task of reforming Alice to you when you come here! (Laughter.)

This, again, is the exact way Margaret had of turning the tables on one and ending with a laugh.

I will tell you what I have planned since thinking things over. You were so nice when last we spoke. When you come here, which I wish could be soon, you must come and live with me. And the Mater and Alice can live by themselves together.

(Miss R.) (rather alarmed!) Oh, I shall have to think that over!

(M.) Good, I am so glad. We will manage very nicely together. You can have all your friends at my place. That is something now to think about. I shall have a home ready for you, much pleasanter

than the other one. It will be rather good for the others, too, to see us together.

222. That was another thing Alice said, that I could not live with anyone. I will show her I can.

Correct. Alice said this on earth. It is the type of remark she would certainly throw at Margaret if they met elsewhere.

223. You know, I was always fond of you.

Correct. Margaret was, I think, fond of me in her odd way, though we had no tastes in common and seldom met.

224. Though you did have curious habits.

This is very evidential. Margaret always said I was erratic. Chiefly because I preferred to lead a rather unconventional life, from the prevailing views of those days.

Well, don't tell the others that you and I have arranged to live together here. Alice would try and separate us, probably. . . .

Note by Miss Ross.—There were other remarks of no particular interest. So I asked for Alice to come.

ALICE.

(Miss R.) I wanted to say a few words to you. What has been happening?

(A.) Everything is quite all right since Margaret left.

225. I am so pleased to have the Mater to myself now.

In her young days, Alice always tried to achieve this.

(Miss R.) Is the Mater pleased?

(A.) Well, she is very glad to have me.

226. We are enjoying ourselves going over old times together.

Alice loved doing this and I confess I was very bored in discussing my relatives.

227. She is showing me round and bringing me to see her friends. *Exactly the life Alice would choose.*

228. We used to go visiting together in the carriage.

Correct.

Well, though there aren't carriages here, we are going out together in the same way now.

229. It is so nice to be made much of again, and the Mater has done a great deal for me. She has made me forget all that last pain and trouble.

My mother spoilt Alice terribly in her youth.

(Miss R.) And how is Margaret?

230. (A.) Oh! She has gone away in her usual sulk, so that is all right.

Most characteristic of Margaret and exactly the word Alice often applied to her.

Of course, the Mater wanted me to see her good points,

231. or at least pretend she had some.

Exactly Alice's cutting tongue.

232. But I said it was much better for me to ignore her.

What in effect she frequently did say in reference to Margaret when on earth.

(Miss R.) If you would think better of her, perhaps you would get on better.

233. (A.) So long as I don't see her, I won't give her a thought. *Alice expressed similar sentiments to me concerning Margaret.*

234. I can't change my opinion of Margaret.

Correct. She never would.

235. I shall always remember her will.

This exactly expresses Alice's feeling on the matter and illustrates how that episode rankled and appears still to do so.

(Miss R.) Oh, if you are going to rake up all that again, it's fatal.

(A.) No, I won't rake anything up. I have forgiven her that.

236. But somehow, she always rouses me to say things when she's there, and before I know where I am, I've said things that annoy her, though they are quite harmless.

Correct. Alice was very quick-tempered and snapped out replies the moment they came into her head.

(Miss R.) It all sounds very silly to me here. As I told her, you are like a couple of children who want smacking!

(A.) Oh, she just wants a good shake

237. and a husband of the firm kind to make her understand how to live.

Alice often remarked that certain women wanted "firm husbands." Otherwise she will just stick where she is,

238. but I shall go ahead.

The same conviction that she was more intelligent than others and would make headway.

239. I am quite certain I shall soon have made my way here, and will be somebody who counts again. . . .

Again the conceited, ambitious touch. It rankled very much that she had very little position latterly.

Note by Miss Ross.—Here I made a further reference to the quarrels between the sisters, and Alice continued:

(A.) Father was called in to settle things.

240. But you know, the Governor always hated what he called fusses and nothing came of it. I asked him to speak to Margaret and Margaret asked him to speak to me. And he replied that he would speak to neither of us, and went away.

Correct. Verified later. (See visit to Miss Hamilton, described below. E.B.G.).

(Miss R.) Wise man! I hope the Mater will be all right.

241. Oh! The Mater is going to look to me for everything.

Again the confident, possessive spirit so characteristic of Alice. Before her marriage she ran the house, my mother and everything. She was, in fact, "boss" and very unpopular with her younger brother and sisters in consequence.

(Miss R.) Well, I hope she'll be happy, that's all.

(A.) Yes, of course she will.

242. She was always devoted to me.

Correct.

243. It was the fault of other people that she did things that weren't quite fair to me.

Alice would never acknowledge that she was in the wrong.

244. Of course, she is happy when I'm with her.

Another example of Alice's triumphant conviction concerning her personal charms.

(Miss R.) I would very much like to speak to her if she would come.

(A.) Yes. I know she would.

(Miss R.) Cheer up and try to think more kindly of old Margaret.

245. (A.) Oh! I'm feeling so well and so happy I shan't bother about Margaret. Goodbye.

This remark is so exactly like Alice. She would never bother about her sister or any one else when she was in a happy frame of mind.

(Miss R.) Well, call the Mater now. Goodbye.

Pause.—The handwriting changed.

(MATER) My dear Molly. Your own Mater is here and so happy at seeing you. You were always a good child and my best memories of life are of you. I think of your pretty brown eyes and dark hair, and what a dear baby you were.

(Miss R.) I want to know something about this fuss between Alice and Margaret. Do you know anything about it? What's the trouble?

(MATER) Oh yes, I was very upset about it. It reminded me of the old days when they quarrelled and I could do nothing with them. I remember, when quite small children, I came on them each holding a doll's arm and tugging at it and screaming. The doll, of course, parted company and they both sat down suddenly. The two of them were pulling away at that old doll again here when they once got accustomed to seeing each other.

246. You know, I didn't see much of Margaret till Alice came. Then she used to visit us a great deal. At first I was very pleased. Then I saw it was partly not to let Alice be the one and only. So silly, really.

Curious how this runs through these communications. It is evidential. Margaret was not at all fond of my mother, but it would be very like her to try and upset arrangements under the circumstances as described.

(MISS R.) They have both been pouring out their woes to me.

(MATER) I think you had an excellent effect upon them. They were quite quiet since they spoke to you. I don't know what you said. But it put an end to the storm. At present I must be a good deal with Alice, because she has been going through a critical first period here.

247. But Margaret doesn't or won't understand that; later on Alice will make her own life. It is her temperament. But she does need her mother just at present. And I want to give with both hands to take away the deep unhappiness I can see was hers on earth.

Correct.

(MISS R.) She made it, to a great extent, herself.

(MATER) Poor child. That makes it all the harder.

(MISS R.) I wanted to know if you were happy with this new ménage of yours. She seems to have monopolized you.

(MATER) I am happy because I know I am able, in this way, to help her to happiness. I don't mind her taking control of everything. I won't restrain her now. I will let her give her own nature full play. Later she will begin to learn, and will change. At present what is essential is that she should be content

248. after her long discontent, as it would be fatal if she became warped or embittered.

Correct. Latterly she was very discontented at her lot in life.

(MISS R.) I told Margaret to try and get something to do.

(MATER) Yes, but Margaret, my dear, is not likely to respond to your suggestion. She is, as a matter of fact, much harder to help than Alice, because she hates change, and she is naturally indolent. It is worth doing. Alice has some very fine things in her, but the poor girl is so foolish.

After some further conversation, the sitting ended.

Extract from sitting of May 15th, 1929. (No. 8.)

Astor comes.

(MISS R.) Will you call. . . . (Miss Ross asked for another communicator).

(ASTOR) Not the brawling ladies?

(MISS R.) Do you mean my quaint sisters? Are they wanting to speak?

(ASTOR) They have come on two or three occasions about some personal matter. They desire to appeal to you.

(MISS R.) Are they still fighting then, Astor?

(ASTOR) Some earthly affair. They each declare that you would agree with their version of it.

(MISS R.) I probably should! But I wish they would get on with their own affairs.

(ASTOR) You must understand that all earth souls evolve according to their natures. These two are not in any distress.

(MISS R.) Well, you had better tell them that they had better wait till I come over to them. I don't see how I can successfully cope with the situation from here!

(ASTOR) Probably they will be quite happy without your verdict.

(MISS R.) I don't doubt it! But can't you tell them not to go on fighting like this? It seems trivial. Only you will have to be very tactful!

(ASTOR) I realize that if I addressed them on what they regard as a family matter, they would unite against me and hail my remarks as a gross impertinence.

(MISS R.) Do you know what the trouble is about this time?

(ASTOR) Some earth memory is in dispute. Something you have not yet discussed with them. . . . They may wait.

(Owing to pressure of other work, six months elapsed before Miss Ross was able to obtain another sitting with Miss Cummins.

The latter had, also, been in Ireland for the last three months. E.B.G.).

Sitting of September 29th, 1929. (No. 9.)

ASTOR: I am permitted to speak? . . .

(MISS R.) First, I want to talk to those two strange sisters of mine, whom you described as the "brawling ladies" some time ago.

(ASTOR) Yes, I like them. They are both pagans anyway. I will seek them. Wait.

(Pause and change of writing.)

MARGARET: Ah, Molly, I am glad to speak to you. I knew you would rather talk to me than to Alice. How nice of you to call me first.

Neither was specified.

(MISS R.) How are you getting on?

(M.) First of all, the fact of my writing in this way has enabled me to see you more often. I was with you several times this summer. I am glad you were with Alice's poor husband. . . .

249. You can be very sympathetic. He never met with that in his married life anyway.

Correct. Certainly as regards latter years.

250. When I was alive I had a great friend and I was devoted to her. I won't tell you who it is, it hurts me too much to mention her name. She said horrid things about me and was very unkind. . . .

Her treating me like that gave me a great shock and those last months and years were very lonely for me. Do you know that I was much happier really when I was incurably ill and you visited me than in the year previously when I seemed fairly well.

All this is entirely correct as regards the friend.

(Miss R.) I think I know who you mean. Tell me, how are you getting on?

(M.) Things are getting brighter for me.

251. Alice taunted me about not having friends here, so I thought I would show her that I had my own circle. So, though I didn't like doing it at all, I looked up strangers. I tried to make the acquaintance of quite unprepossessing people. The result is, I have made my circle now, but it wouldn't have been made if it hadn't been for Stephen. You don't know him. He is the man I loathed so much, who had to live with me here. Well, he isn't so bad after all, though he does upset me still; he is so unmethodical and untidy. Anyway, he quite understood my point of view about Alice, and agreed that I must show her that I can manage very well for myself, and lead a happy, successful life. So first he brought in his friends. Some were dreadful people, and I would have had nothing to do with them if it hadn't been for the thought of Alice. But the funny thing was, that after I had got to know them, they didn't seem so dreadful after all. Do you know, Molly, I believe I made a great mistake in life.

Very characteristic of Alice to taunt Margaret as described.

252. I shut myself away from people too much. I am afraid I was rather self-centred.

Correct.

I have only just been getting to know how kind people can be, and though Stephen and I have rows sometimes still, I am beginning to see that he means very well and isn't out to deceive me or do me.

(Miss R.) You used to have two great friends here. . . . Have you not met them?

(M.) No, I have not met either of them. I think perhaps it is my own fault. I thought too much about the earth. After a while Stephen leaves me. But later I shall see you and that will be a joy. Have you thought about my offer?

(Miss R.) Oh yes! But we shall have to see what the conditions are when I come over. This is only a short talk and I want to say a few words to Alice.

(M.) May I say that I think you are very foolish to talk to Alice? She will only weary you with her temper, but of course, if you want to have a row with her, you can.

253. But you can't say I haven't warned you.

A common remark of Margaret's.

I could tell you a great deal about travel here if you talk to me. Most interesting. The worlds you can visit, the states you can enter. . . .

(Miss R.) Well, let Alice come now

(Pause. The writing changed to the untidy broken style.)

ALICE HAWLEY, STUPID. This hand is idiotic.

(Miss R.) No. It is just hard for you to get used to it. Tell me how you are?

(A.) I am so much better; so much happier in spite of Margaret.

254. I put her in her place after some rows and after that I went ahead as I told you I should. I am a great success here.

The reference to the "idiotic" hand, "rows" and "putting her in her place" were words frequently made use of, and the "conceit" reappears.

255. At last I feel I am being appreciated.

She had a grudge, on earth, that she was not.

256. Molly dear, I can't tell you how wonderful it is not to have to be cook, housekeeper, charwoman and nurse to John, all combined. Don't tell him I said that.

Exactly the way she spoke latterly when things were very bad in her domestic affairs and correct as regards her responsibilities.

257. I know he did his best.

A contemptuous way in which she did speak of her poor husband.

(Miss R.) He was very good really.

(A.) Yes, I shall leave the Mater of course when he comes and we shall make our real home together. Of course, the Mater will be sorry to lose me, but I must put John first.

(Miss R.) Oh, I don't think you need bother!

(A.) Oh, I feel it is my duty.

258. He could never look after himself here.

The type of sweeping assertion she used to make and the quite erroneous idea she had of her husband.

(Miss R.) He seems to be able to look after himself now at any rate! I don't think you need bother.

(A.) No, Molly, I am not going to be separated from him. Please understand that.

(Miss R.) Well, I must say you didn't make much of him when you were here.

(A.) I know I didn't. I have grown to want John again.

259. It was the reverse on earth.

Correct.

260. I used to long, sometimes, to get right away from him. But now I think of those first six months of marriage only—how good they were—and the days when we were engaged.

261. You know he did admire me, Molly.

Correct. And the old conceit again.

(Miss R.) I want to ask you something. Do you remember who I mean by Pat?

262. Are you talking of a dog or a human being? I am looking out for my dog here. He hasn't come yet. Is he still living?

I purposely gave no indication as to whom or what I referred. A dog was immediately thought of. Her pet dog was still alive.

263. I am muddled.

(Again the confusion when the matter of the dog comes into play, —E. B. G.)

(A few letters were written and scratched out.)

264. CAN'T YOU WRITE IT, YOU STUPID WOMAN!

Written large and sprawling across the paper. Apparently she was addressing Miss Cummins. Miss R. stated: The hand then waved about excitedly in the air. Miss C. is not interested in dogs and speaks always of them in the masculine gender—hence difficulty that arose.—E. B. G.

(Miss R.) All right. But you mustn't get so agitated. You are thinking of a female dog that still lives with John?

265. (A.) YES. BUT THIS FOOL WON'T EVEN LET ME WRITE PROPERLY.

Another exhibition of Alice's impatience.

266. I kissed it so often.

Correct.

267. The dear thing.

Correct term of addressing the dog.

(Miss R.) Yes, you were very fond of it. I wondered if you had any pets?

(A.) No, but some have their pets. . . .

(Miss R.) Will you do something for John?

268. It depends on what that is.

A familiar reply!

(Miss R.) He was very devoted to a dog called Pat. We wondered, if they survive, if he would have her again?

269. Of course, they survive. After all, some of them are much more sensible than human beings.

Another exhibition of the assumption that she knew everything and of her opinion of mankind.

(Miss R.) Will you look for her?

(A.) I shall look for Pat. When you said that, I thought of a woman and a dog. A girl I knew years ago, and of John's Pat.

(Miss R.) A white bull-terrier is the dog I mean.

(A.) Yes, it comes back to me. I forget so much about the earth. I shall certainly look for Pat. They tell me that if you cared enough, you usually found the one you cared for over here.

(Some further conversation concluded this, the last, sitting.)

Considerable interest attaches to the first sitting of this series owing to the fact that Miss Ross was not within three or four hundred miles of the automatist at the time this communication was made.

She was also unaware as to the hour or day when Miss Cummins would endeavour to make contact with her sister Margaret. Moreover, the conscious mind of Miss Ross was completely absorbed in business affairs during the first forty-eight hours or more after the death of Alice.

It is interesting to note that though the automatist was obviously aware that Margaret had previously purported to communicate through her, she did not represent her as rushing to the side of her dead sister, welcoming her to the new and happy life that one is led to anticipate awaits us. On the contrary, she introduces two new characters who had never before written through her and states that "Audrey" and the "Mater" went to Alice; that the mother "held back" as it were, on account of an earthly dispute of many years ago (see p. 94) entirely unknown to Miss Cummins. This would also be contrary to the orthodox idea of Christian ethics in the Beyond. It is unfortunate that, in sending her message to Ireland, Miss Ross should have suggested that her sister Audrey should be asked to go to Alice. For it is obvious that by so doing she may have represented to the subconscious mind of the automatist that she, Audrey, would be the person around whom she could develop some kind of past connection with the hypothetical new-comer. It has been seen, however, that as time passed the favourite sister drops out of the drama in the Beyond and the stage is held almost entirely by Alice and Margaret.

In addition to this we have various statements unknown to Miss Cummins connected with Audrey; that she was "gentle and kind"; that it was she, and not her mother or Margaret whom Alice would want to see. Correct details were communicated concerning Alice's "restless mind" and early married days, "when she used to go about and ride and was so proud and pleased with herself." (p. 94). Also, we have the hint that there might be "trouble" (p. 94) and that Alice would "be bound to grumble a bit" on waking. (p. 95). These and similar remarks, certainly seem to denote an intelligence at the back of Miss Cummins who had vivid recollections of the earthly peculiarities of another woman who had just died. And there is no question of the automatist, in this first sitting, being able to draw on the mind of the sitter. For again the sitter was "absent."

Miss Ross's father died in 1886. At this juncture it was difficult for her to find anyone contemporary with Alice and Margaret who could recollect their childhood and, perhaps, the disposition of their father who died when Mary Ross was six years old. However, Miss Ross remembered that the eldest member of a family of cousins might be the best person to whom to apply. Though she rarely saw them, she decided to visit them, taking me with her. During the course of conversation Miss Ross led up to the subject of her sisters and their youth, asking Miss Hamilton if she remembered how they quarrelled.

Miss Hamilton replied that she often stayed with the Rosses when she was about ten years old or so. Alice and Margaret Ross were

a few years older than Miss Hamilton, who well remembered how they fought over everything. "Alice was so masterful," she said, "and quite monopolized your mother. She simply ruled everyone. I remember she even called your father an old fool once!"

"And do you remember him? What was he like?" asked Miss Ross.

"Oh, he was very quiet. Never said much to any of them. He was awfully gentle and kind. I often think it would have been better if he had taken a hand in the management of the children. But he wouldn't."

"I suppose then he didn't much like making fusses over things?" asked Miss Ross.

"Oh, he couldn't bear them," Miss Hamilton replied.

Miss Ross also asked if Miss Hamilton remembered any quarrel between Alice and Margaret over a doll. But the reply was in the negative. If the scene described by Mrs. Ross, the mother, in her communication of March 28th (page 123) really occurred, (and from the disposition of those concerned, one can quite believe in its truth), it is probable that it took place when Alice and Margaret were about seven and five years old respectively, and presumably the only witness was their mother. This very interesting incident, therefore, is now quite impossible to verify.

Miss Hamilton's remarks are of interest as she bears out the statement that Miss Ross's father couldn't stand "fusses." Moreover, his decision to speak "to neither of them" when appealed to (p 122) would seem to identify him with the characteristics of Miss Ross's father as known to Miss Hamilton. For even in the present ménage, as depicted in the Ross scripts, he apparently refuses to intervene in the quarrels of his troublesome daughters. Likewise, one might assume that anyone who would call her father a fool might quite well apply the same epithet to the then entranced Miss Cummins (p. 128).

It would seem difficult to attribute the production of the Ross scripts to the "subconscious activity" of Miss Cummins. Her mind contained no reminiscences or associations upon which it could draw in order successfully to dramatize these very original ladies. The language employed is purely colloquial and there is no attempt to emulate the style of any particular author known to us. But there is the precise building up of curious and mundane personalities which were characteristic of certain deceased persons unknown to the automatist, but definitely claimed to be recognized by their surviving relatives.

Telepathy from persons unknown to Miss Cummins may be postulated to account for the production of the facts concerning the *dramatis personæ* of the scripts. For, apart from Miss Ross herself, undoubtedly persons still exist who recollect certain happenings in the lives of the Ross sisters and their relatives. (Miss Hamilton for one.) But, on carefully examining the data given, it seems hardly

reasonable to suggest that the theory of telepathy conclusively explains the reproductions of certain peculiarities of speech and the petty antagonisms of two very unimportant individuals.

However, readers may consider that the whole of this somewhat astonishing feat on the part of Miss Cummins in reconstructing the characteristics and past quarrels of the Ross sisters has come from the mind of Mary Ross even if not present—as on the occasion of the first sitting. This feat might be called an example of “telepathic extraction” from a mind or minds quite unconscious of the fact that they are being ransacked for the material. But telepathic extraction does not explain the account given of the revived conflict of the sisters in a future life, as it was conducted by the participants in the characteristic language they used on earth. Neither of them wrote out of character. Surely if the Ross sisters no longer existed, no telepathic extraction from living human minds would enable the medium to continue their past feuds—revealing their very same personalities—just as they had been on earth. So it would seem that the Ross sisters did not perish at death, and, as a critic to whom I sent this typescript, remarked: “Their persisting habits of mind and the hints of their eventual way of progress at least makes excellent sense if one wants a rational psychology in Heaven.”

Readers would do well to study the Cleophas volumes and other works psychically communicated through Miss Cummins (see preface), in conjunction with the writings purporting to emanate from the late sisters of Miss Mary Ross and others published in this book. The contrast in style is somewhat startling when it is realized that the method of production is precisely the same. All these scripts were produced by the same automatist but all are entirely dissimilar in construction, in phraseology and in content. Neither do they nor the Ross sisters bear any resemblance whatsoever to the normal style of writing or the diction of Geraldine Cummins.

On the other hand, it may be postulated that every life lived, every deed once committed or thought, however trivial, passes into history, and, according to Theosophists, is subjectively recorded on “The Akashic Records.” The unimportant doings of the Ross family may be said to have passed into what may be called history. And it may be conjectured that their quarrels and arguments are now subjectively imprinted on this Great Memory.

The information contained in the Cleophas scripts seems to suggest that Miss Cummins might possess an innate faculty for tapping such records (both historical and legendary) and of reproducing therefrom the most minute details concerning St. Paul, his contemporaries and successors.

The Ross Case may be considered also to come within the scope of this faculty and may include, therefore, not only the Ross family but many other deceased persons who have purported to communicate through the same channel.

At the same time, unless the survival of human consciousness after bodily death is admitted to be sufficiently proved, we have to postulate yet another supernatural feat on the part of Miss Cummins and other gifted psychics. Miss Cummins must also be possessed of the capacity for choosing from this Universal Memory the characteristic speech of strangers who purport to communicate through her. Alternatively, a discarnate intelligence must convey the information to the brain of the medium, otherwise it would seem difficult to account for the reproduction of personality. There appears to be strong evidence that this is so, in that the material given tells its own story—*is the expression of a directive intelligence.*

It may be of interest to observe that, in so far as her conscious powers go, Miss Cummins recently deplored her utter inability to draw from her imagination such delightful characters as the Ross sisters. I do not know whether the Ross scripts will be pronounced as substantially refuting the many possible objections to the theory of survival, but, in my opinion, they do at least take us one step nearer to disproving an alternative to the survival hypothesis.

In a short article published in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (January 1932) Sir Oliver Lodge remarks that he considers that we have established the existence of a spiritual world. "To establish personal identity in connection with such a world is a more difficult problem."

It would seem that the alleged communicators of the Ross and other scripts recorded in this volume fulfil the conditions required to establish their personal identity in an existence beyond the limits of earth-life.

Case XII

THE PROBLEM OF A STRANGE VERIDICAL DREAM

THE following account of a veridical dream, in which Geraldine Cummins was the principal participator, is included here. It may not in a sense appear to prove survival; nevertheless it seems of interest in that respect.

If any reader is sufficiently intrigued and wishes personally to verify the statements made by *Eileen* and *Miss X*, these are ready to testify privately to the facts. It is not possible to give their names, so pseudonyms are employed.

In 1927 Miss Cummins and I became acquainted with two great friends whom I will call *Eileen* and *Ann*. These two were introduced to us by a *Miss X*, whom I had known for a number of years. *Eileen* and she shared a flat together. At the end of December 1931, *Ann*

became very ill, though she had hitherto apparently enjoyed normal health. An operation was performed early in January 1932, from which she recovered. In the meantime, Miss Cummins was herself slowly getting over a very serious operation. In the following April she met *Ann* once only, and told me later how she envied her being able to act in a play, while she (Miss Cummins) felt unfit to do anything.

Before she went to Ireland for the summer, towards the end of May, the last Miss Cummins heard of *Ann* was that she had developed a bad cough. Miss X. told me later that *Ann's* condition had suddenly become very serious and that there seemed to be no hope of her recovery. I was careful to avoid writing of this to Miss Cummins, as she was ordered as much peace of mind as possible, and she had considerable regard for *Ann*. *Ann* died in a nursing home on August 2nd. The only mention I made of her to Miss Cummins, between that date and the date of the latter's departure for Ireland (May 24th), was in a letter in which I mentioned rather casually that Miss X. had been to see me and had stated that *Ann's* condition seemed rather serious. I was careful, however, not to imply that her death was, as I then understood, inevitable.

In a postscript to a letter to me, written on the morning of August 4th, Miss Cummins wrote: "Any news of *Ann*? I had a very sad and vivid dream of her last Tuesday night" (Tuesday morning is meant and is indicated elsewhere in this report). As Miss Cummins and I were, at that time, very much occupied in correcting the proofs of *The Road to Immortality*, she omitted to comment further on the dream in her letter to me. I was in London at that time. However, on August 3rd, she noted the details of the dream which were as follows:

Tuesday, August 2nd. I dreamt in the small hours of the morning that I saw *Ann* in a dim room. She was dressed in the clothes in which I had last seen her in London in the spring—a white silk blouse and dark skirt. Her face was ghastly pale and she looked terribly ill. She greeted me brightly and at first I was very glad to see her, but felt so sorry she looked so ill. Then she came quite close to me until it seemed as if her forehead was about to touch mine. I shrank away in frantic terror, feeling that at all costs I mustn't let her touch me. She smiled cheerily then and made a joke which I can't remember. But I distinctly recalled her saying, "I'm quite all right." After that she disappeared and then I saw *Eileen* in another room in the same house. I went down the stair to it. I told *Eileen* that *Ann* had said she was "quite all right" so I supposed it meant she was going to get well again, that she seemed quite sure of it anyway. In fact, at that moment, I felt quite happy about her. But *Eileen* replied, "No, it's hopeless" and became very upset, completely breaking

down and weeping bitterly. I was awfully distressed then, feeling there was nothing I could say. And soon after, I woke up. I was so saddened at *Eileen's* distress I lit the lamp and read for a while. I didn't note the time, but there was a glimmer of light coming through the curtain. So it was some time in the early morning.

Later I hoped the dream might mean that *Ann* had taken a turn for the better and that she was going to get well after all.

This statement was enclosed in a letter to me written on the evening of August 4th, together with the following further details concerning the dream:

You will note in the letter I sent you that I said I had a sad and vivid dream about *Ann*. I made a note of it as you will see, which I didn't enclose with the proofs as I was in a hurry to get to the post-office in case there was a letter from you by the second post with further corrections. I got quite a turn when I opened your letter in the post office and read that poor *Ann* had died early on Tuesday morning. I am most terribly sorry, for though I only knew her slightly, I had a real affection for her, she was such a delightful person.

Do you think my dream was after her passing, or was it when she was unconscious? The strange thing about the dream I had was that I was quite certain she was alive. I made a note of it because I thought that if you wrote and told me that she had taken a turn for the better and was going to get well, there would be some truth in the remark she made in the dream that she was "quite all right," and the impression she conveyed that she was going to be quite well again. What upset me most in the dream was *Eileen's* despair.

Also, I don't understand why I was so terrified lest *Ann* should touch me. There was some mark on her forehead, almost like a slight cut or breaking of the skin. Otherwise, she looked as I saw her last, except that she was so ghastly pale and looked so ill, yet at the same time she was so cheery, and in this respect such a contrast to *Eileen*. *Ann* gave me such a feeling of happiness after my terror had passed.

On receipt of this letter, I wrote to Miss X. asking her to answer the following questions. Question and answer are given herewith.

1. What was the actual time at which death occurred?

Answer.—To the best of our knowledge *Ann* passed on between 9 and 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning.

2. At what hour did she become quite unconscious?

Answer.—Was never quite unconscious. Came out of the morphia occasionally. Presumably sank from 5 a.m.

3. Is there any room in the home (i.e. the nursing home in which *Ann* died) or elsewhere connected with *Eileen*, with a step leading down to it?

Answer.—The matron's room, where *Eileen* used to interview the Doctor or Matron, has a step down to it.

4. Has *Eileen* said to you and to others—if so, when—"No, it's hopeless"?

Answer.—A much used phrase since January.

5. Can you explain the mark on the forehead? I mean, Did *Ann* have an accident at any time which left a scar for a period?

Answer.—She had a scar on the forehead which she always covered.

At the suggestion of the Hon. Editor of the *Journal* of the S.P.R.¹, I ascertained that knowledge of the existence of the scar was confined to a few friends and (presumably) relatives. The scar which was very slight had been inflicted in the following circumstances: As a small child of three or four, *Ann* was driving with her father, who was then Commissioner of Police in Ireland. A stone had been thrown at him but, missing him, hit *Ann* instead.

Extracts from two further letters from Miss Cummins to me subsequent to the one written on August 4th are of interest:

1. It is certainly remarkable about the scar on the forehead for I had no knowledge of it and was impressed by the sight of it on *Ann*'s forehead in the dream.

2. One point more re dream. When I saw the scar on *Ann*'s forehead during the dream, I thought it must be caused by the illness from which she was suffering, for she certainly had nothing, no mark, when I knew her. That was my dream-thought and waking-thought and so I was surprised to read in your first (letter) re dream, that you had heard nothing about a mark or scar. For it had made such a definite impression on my visual sense in the dream.

If the accumulation of knowledge in the subconscious mind consists of facts which have once been acquired and forgotten, Miss Cummins may, of course, have heard of the scar and have failed consciously to recollect its existence, but it could have reappeared in this dream. This seems hardly likely, however, for we saw very little of *Ann*, who, an actress by profession, was careful to conceal this slight blemish from the knowledge of acquaintances.

The fact that Miss Cummins hoped for *Ann*'s recovery and was unaware that this was impossible, might also be attributed to her

¹ A report of this dream appeared in issue for January 1933.

subconsciousness—seeing that she heard *Ann* say she was “quite all right” and appeared in familiar clothes. But this hypothesis must also then apply to the vision of *Eileen* and her despair, for which Miss Cummins was entirely unprepared. Moreover, she had never visited the nursing home wherein *Ann* died and knew nothing of the room with the step leading down to it.

This dream may be considered to be the outcome of combined telepathic transmission between *Eileen* and Miss *X.* to Miss Cummins or to clairvoyance on the part of the latter. But telepathy would hardly be said to account for the impression of happiness experienced by the dreamer, for none concerned would have conveyed a feeling of joy under the circumstances.

What, then, is the explanation of this incident? *Ann* may not have entirely escaped from her body at the time of the dream and *Eileen* was not, in the physical sense, in the home on the night of *Ann's* death. But might not one speculate that, in her dream-body and her troubled mind during sleep, she was back in the room in the nursing home waiting, as she had so often waited, for news of *Ann*? Miss Cummins, in her sleep, was perhaps also drawn to the same vicinity by *Ann's* thought and by her anxious desire to convey a message of consolation to her great friend, to whom she was unable to appear herself. In life *Ann* had been an enthusiastic admirer of Geraldine Cummins's psychic books and was fully aware of her psychic powers in general.

It would seem, therefore, that this dream may have been something more than a dream—that it was, perhaps, on the lines of an “out-of-the-body” experience on the part of Miss Cummins. For not only was she shown two distinct visions apparently in the same house, but she also experienced three opposite emotions—intense grief, intense joy and frantic terror. Further, conversations were actually carried on, of which Miss Cummins, on waking, only recollected fragments. The scar was probably shown for purposes of complete identification.

Thinking it might be of interest to get a possible explanation of this dream from “the other side,” on August 7th, 1932, I wrote to Miss Cummins, making the following suggestion:

DEAR G.

Your letter re the dream is very interesting, but I, also, cannot understand why you should have felt that terror when *Ann* seemed to come near you.

Why don't you, if you feel like it and it is not too tiring in addition to all your other work just now, ask F. W. H. Myers if he can give an explanation of that feeling and the dream?

You might say that, in view of his interest in such matters when on earth, could he explain the sensation you had. Explain

the dream and tell him you heard two days later that the friend of whom you had dreamed had died during the night or the next morning. . . .

Yours ever,
E. B. G.

The following is the reply:

Tuesday, August 8th, 1932.

Astor is here.

FREDERIC MYERS: Good evening. (Request explained) . . . There is a very simple explanation for your terror. You were in your double or sleep-body when you saw your friend. Clearly she was dead at the time of her appearance. Your terror was due to a warning sent from your deeper mind that on no account must you touch this soul because she belonged now to the so-called dead and you to the so-called living. There is a gulf fixed. The beings in two worlds may converse with one another but may not make contact. It is a law of life and may not be broken with impunity.

Her body which is the double or sleep-body that accompanied her physical shape on earth is, from the moment of death, gradually altering its time-rhythm. It will, when the alteration is completed and the husk cast away, be the etheric body she will inhabit on the new plane of existence. Your double or sleep-body would have been injured if contact had been made between you through touch during this transition period. . . .

If she was unconscious she was already, according to my sense of the word, dead, in that though not wholly established in her unifying body, she could sufficiently control it so as to make it appear to you as you had last seen it in the costume at any rate which she had worn at that time.

It is clear, however, that she had realized death was a mere incident and in saying she was "quite all right" voiced that amazing and immense relief we all feel in that marvellous moment when we know we are dead and long to let those dear to us know that all is well with us and that we are alive, intact and filled with the eager spirit of life. You mentioned that she made you feel happy once the terror had passed. That also is natural, for she would probably after the misery of illness find great happiness in the feeling of exhilaration and new life. Also, if she had been unconscious for a little while, she would have had time to realize that death was her friend and her deliverer.

A few words of explanation are, perhaps, necessary concerning the allusion to "time-rhythm" in the Myers script. In *Beyond Human Personality* in a chapter called "The Immediate Life after Death" (p. 33), Myers states that:

Death means the passing merely from one speed to another, the adjusting of the soul to a more intense vibration, to a livelier quicker state of manifestation.

In *The Road to Immortality*, in a chapter called "The Incident of Death" (p. 79), the same entity, again writing through Geraldine Cummins, deals more fully with the subject, and incidentally explains why the average person is unable to see those who have passed over. He says:

The secret of death is to be found in the rate of speed at which the outer shell vibrates. For instance, a human being is primarily aware of the visible world about him because his body is travelling at its particular rate of speed. Alter the timing of your physical form, and the earth, men, women and all material objects, will vanish for you as you vanish for them. Death, therefore, means merely a change of speed. For the purpose of this change, a temporary dislocation is necessary, for the soul must pass from one body, travelling at a certain vibration, to another, travelling at a different rate of time.

The above idea may be illustrated by the analogy of a wheel: spin it round at a great rate, and the spokes become invisible to the human eye.

POSTSCRIPT

A NEW DEFINITION OF DEATH

THOSE who so far know little of the possibilities of conversing with the so-called dead may not accept the source of the passages that end this book.

Before deciding to include Case II in it, I felt we should ask the consent of the person most concerned, i.e. "Hilda." Accordingly, in January 1944, while this book was being put together, I wrote to Geraldine Cummins in Ireland, asking her if she would have a short sitting with my sister-in-law for the purpose of getting her permission to publish the account she had given of her vision or dream concerning her son Nigel, etc. The sceptic may merely consider the reply an example of "wishful thinking," as the desire to gain consent would have been in both our minds. Even though I was not present at the time, telepathy might be claimed to supply the answer. However, the reply was not of the kind one would have expected but is entirely in keeping with the charming, thoughtful and unselfish character of the communicator and of her desire always to help others especially those who were in any way suffering. Here is her reply:

February 5th, 1944.

Yes, but on one condition. You must add a postscript to it. It is as follows: All my life, whenever I thought of death, I felt lonely and frightened. I had many fears, but the greatest of them all was death. I was afraid to sleep in a room by myself because I might wake up in the night and find that I was dying and be all alone to face that unknown and dreadful experience. I couldn't speak of this to anyone because the thought of it was so terrible to me.

Well, when I did die, I found that the most foolish mistake in my life was my long, long terror of death. Year after year I was afraid of it when I needn't have been in the least afraid. I had much illness and suffered a great deal from worries, fears, anxieties and bodily pain in my life. But at the moment of death there was no pain. When I knew I was dying, I was just able to say: "Take care of little Tough." He was my darling baby grandson. But I wasn't unhappy or frightened or lonely; for I saw my father, my sisters, my brother, whom I had thought of as dead—and by dead, I meant asleep till Judgment Day. But they weren't asleep, they were quite close to me. I could see them through a pale mist. So if anyone talks to you about the loneliness of death, tell them it is all nonsense. I was never less alone than in those few minutes—I suppose they were minutes, I wasn't in a state to take the time when I was dying. I was quite helpless. I couldn't move hand or foot, but I wasn't in the least afraid. So my message to the world is that, for me, one of the happiest moments of my earth-life, was the moment of death. Of course, it was much longer than a moment, but the wonderful freedom from pain, the feeling of peace and security when I saw my loved dead alive, smiling, waiting for me, drove away loneliness, fear and, for a while, all the grief of separation from my two boys.

Other people may die differently—I don't know. I can only tell you that the word "death," judging from my experience, should have its definition altered in the dictionary to "the first human experience of a peace that passes understanding."

Astor says time is up—one word more. My dear Bea, don't print this if you don't like it. But I do want people to know that whatever they are afraid of, they needn't be afraid of death. And say I approve of her printing anything she thinks will help people to believe that we are alive. (This last sentence is apparently addressed to Geraldine Cummins.)

I was not aware of my sister-in-law's fear of death to this extent. But she hated to discuss it. When I told her of various communications received and of my interest in proving survival, I felt that she only half-believed. She seemed apathetic. Though I often told her of the writings I had received through Geraldine Cummins purporting to

come from members of her own family, she did not really appear to believe in them, though she would sometimes argue about the evidence, but never very whole-heartedly. In fact, I felt that she wasn't interested and was rather inclined to think it wrong, but humoured me, as it were, and was tolerant. I had to choose my moments for speaking about any messages to her. Yet curiously she quite accepted *The Childhood of Jesus* (the book is dedicated to her) as being probably a true story as far as it was possible to consider it so, and she knew it to be psychically written. She loved the simplicity of the little book from the first moment that she read it in typescript. But then she had a simple mind where Christ was concerned, and complete faith in Him.

It is true that she was in constant pain during her last years and often terribly worried and anxious; that she hated sleeping alone, and her death occurred three hours after becoming unconscious as the result of a sudden stroke. Her last words were: "Take care of the little Tough"—a nickname given the baby grandson by his grandfather. Unfortunately I had told Geraldine Cummins of this remark, when she came to London for a few days in 1943. Until then I had told her nothing of Hilda's last moments on earth in case I should spoil further evidence. But Geraldine so much wanted to know some details as she is very devoted to her, so I departed from my otherwise rigid rule of telling her nothing in case more was written of which she would have no knowledge. However, Hilda's last words are not of importance to readers. The important point is to carry out the instructions given and try to calm and reassure those who are afraid of death.

In discussing this message by post with Geraldine Cummins, I think I cannot do better than quote her words concerning my sister-in-law. She puts the matter so well. She writes:

... I feel that Hilda's description of death—particularly her lovely and original definition of death for the dictionary—would be an excellent end to these cases, sounding, as it does, the note of optimism from one who, in certain moods, was the complete pessimist. Though always there was in her that gallant streak of faith that shone through in brilliant moments of gaiety; that made her bear pain with Spartan resolution, and gave her indescribable charm.

From whatever source the "postscript" comes, we cannot but record it in the hope that it may bring consolation and assurance to many in the hour of death, and who have yet to be convinced of survival.