He Had No Doubt Dead Wife Spoke To Him

Army Officer Presents His Seance Evidence

Roy Dixon-Smith, a Lt. Col. in the Indian Army, lost his loved young wife after a brief but happy marriage. How she returned to comfort and teach him is the theme of his book, "New Light on Survival," (Rider and Co.) from which, in this and following articles, we are publishing extracts. They will deal with the evidential aspects of Dixon-Smith's book, which in its entirety is a strictly reasoned and deeply human story.

DIXON-SMITH'S first experience of direct-voice mediumship was with Leslie Flint in September, 1946, on his return from India, where his wife Betty had died.

A private sitting started unpropitiously with Flint's warning that it might be a failure.

They were in the middle of a general discussion when a high-pitched voice, which startled both, snapped out, "Come to-night."

It was the voice of Micky, Flint's Cockney guide. Flint then explained that his experimental private home circle was meeting at 7.30 p.m., but agreed to waive the rule excluding outsiders — since Micky had invited Dixon-Smith to join the regular sitters.

At the circle Micky addressed him by name, confirmed that it was he who had invited him and said that there was a woman who wished to speak to him.

He heard a painful gasping as of someone agitated and trying to get her breath. Gradually the voice emerged as that of a woman, quite unstrained and resembling Betty's in tone and accent, leaving Dixon-Smith in no doubt that it was his dead wife.

Flint's was a typically male voice, which he could not confuse with any woman's.



Leslie Flint in the cabinet which he uses for his direct-voice seances in large halls.

As the communicator appeared to have difficulty in articulating, the chairman of the circle and one of the sitters repeated some of her remarks, which discounted any suggestion that the voice emanated from Dixon-Smith's own subconscious mind, or was induced by hypnosis, auto-suggestion or any sort of hallucination.

She exclaimed repeatedly, "How wonderful it is to be able to talk to you like this," and said that she felt confused by the conditions with the voice "box."

She referred to Cherry, their daughter, and John, a son.

The communicator described the hotel bedroom which Dixon-Smith and Cherry were then occupying. She talked about a holiday the couple had spent in 1938 at Bournemouth, discussing incidents that happened there, and other first-class evidential matter relating to their lives together.

For ten minutes the communicator answered every remark by Dixon-Smith correctly without once introducing anything incongruous. All evidence was given spontaneously and without hint or prompting.

Some weeks later Betty repeated at a home circle in Aberdeen some of the evidence she had already given at the voice seance, including a certain very evidential passage, verbatim, although he had mentioned it to no one.

Unborn son

Dixon-Smith became even more convinced of Flint's genuineness as a direct-voice medium by the fact that a public seance which he held, and which the author attended, was much less successful than the private sitting had been, although it was obviously more in Flint's interest that a public, rather than a private, demonstration should succeed.

At a group sitting conducted by Flint in November 1947, Betty was the first to speak, giving her own name and then the name "Danny."

As she appeared to have difficulty in articulating, Micky, the guide, came to the rescue by saying in a loud, clear voice:

"She has got a little child with her called Danny. He would be about three or four years old."

Danny was the name, confirmed on this occasion for the third time through independent mediumship, of his child who had died before birth and who would have been about the age stated.

At a private sitting a few days later, Betty spoke clearly for an hour, sometimes at normal pitch. One of her early remarks was, "I have Danny here with me."

Evidence tallied

The remark was quite spontaneous as it had been at the group sitting, although on neither occasion had the thought of Danny entered his mind beforehand.

"You know, I still find it very hard at times to realise his existence," Dixon-Smith replied.

"I know it must be difficult for you to realise that he is real, because you never saw him," came the response, "but I assure you he *is*. He has fair, curly hair and is not like the others."

This description of the child's hair fitted with previous clairvoyant messages given in the author's own home circle quite unknown to Flint. Betty's other children all had dark hair.

At the end of this conversation Betty's voice sounded as though it came from close to his face, and she told him that she was kissing him goodbye.

So natural was this effect that he put up his hand instinctively to touch her. Flint, not usually in trance during mediumship, also noticed the location of the voice and remarked, "She moved right up to you, didn't she?"



Micky, Flint's control

This eliminated all suggestion of ventriloquism, because ventriloquism in pitch dark is impossible, since the trick depends on suggestion through the sense of sight. The sitting was held in complete darkness.

Dixon-Smith is convinced that it would be impossible to reproduce in the light or under any conditions other than hypnosis, such a perfect effect of "vocal close-up" as the one he experienced.

Since no one can be hypnotised against his will, he stresses, "I can declare that I was perfectly *compos mentis*."

The Psychology Of Musical Sounds

WHETHER from a solo instrument or singer, a choir or orchestra, tonal frequencies appear to affect human beings and animals in a variety of ways.

By David Bedbrook

In the early part of this century Dr. Gordon y de Acosta, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Havana, Cuba, made a study of the effects created by each type of musical instrument upon human beings from a therapeutical point of view.

He was able to ascertain after considerable experimentation that the violin suited the melancholy, the double bass the depressed, the harp the hysterical, the oboe the despairing, the horn the bad-tempered, the trumpet the persecuted and the trombone the deaf, whereas the drum appeared as an excellent antidote for all nervous disorders.

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTS

Very little appears to be known why these effects should result.

Experiments have been carried out upon rabbits, chicken and guinea-pigs, with the discovery that musical vibrations have their body temperatures, whereas in the case of singing birds and pigeons the reverse was noticed.

Whilst present-day scientists declare their findings prudently and with reserve, it is already established that musical sounds excite certain secretions, notably that of milk with the cow, and stomach secretions with human beings.

Whereas harsh sounds have an immediate repercussion with certain insects, notably bees.

Some musical airs act as sedatives, others exalt, having a noticeable influence upon the breathing, the cardiac rhythm and capillary circulation.

A martial air, with the majority of people, creates a general body exaltation and fervour. A mournful melody causes a depression of the senses, affects the lachrymose glands and, opening the tear ducts, induces weeping and a sense of sadness.



Experience has shown that striking a few chords will suffice to produce either one or other effect, in much the same way that certain individuals are affected by gay or sad scenes with, or without, accompanying dialogue.

It would appear that whether orally or visually—with music or colour—radiated frequencies have effect upon the individual, creating either a form of exhilaration or depression, and thus affecting the person for better or worse.

Radiations are either harmonious or discordant to the eye or ear, the physical points of their reception.

There is, of course, another angle worthy of examination and study—that of the effect so created by these frequencies of sound and colour upon the ever-present transmissions of human radiation.

If it is agreed that all is in a state of perpetual vibration in this universe, it leaves one wondering whether the radiesthetist is nearer the fundamentals.

THE INCAS: *What Was The Secret Of Their Culture?*

A PICTURE OF THE ANTE-DILUVIAN CIVILISATION OF THE INCAS OF PERU WAS GIVEN IN A LECTURE BY LADY FORBES AT THE M.S.A. RECENTLY.

She is the wife of a British ambassador to that country, and during her 10 years there she made extensive investigations into the history of the early inhabitants.

As there are no written records of the Inca period, what is now known of it has had to be deduced from the remains of their buildings, handicrafts and mummies.

From an astrological stone discovered in the ruined city of Tiahuanacha, 12,600 feet above sea level and originally on the shores of Lake Titicaca—which owing to earth movements has now receded several miles—it has been estimated that the era dates back to between 15,000 and 20,000 B C.

It seems possible that the Inca race were colonists from Atlantis. Further evidence of the period is furnished by the discovery of remains of a five-toed llama, whereas the modern llama has only four toes.

EXPERT BUILDERS

Drawings of a kind of hippopotamus known to have been extinct for the past 10,000 years, have also been found.

The Incas, said Lady Forbes, were the most marvellous builders of whom we have knowledge.

Working without any known tools, beasts of burden, or the wheel (which had not then been invented), they were able to fashion and transport for long distances and to great heights huge blocks of stone weighing up to 30 tons.

They were smoothly surfaced and so exactly joined that a thin blade could not be inserted between them. The kind of stone used is so hard that it would blunt any modern steel tool.

Their buildings far surpassed the Egyptian pyramids, usually regarded as the most remarkable feats of building in existence.

They constructed an extensive system of irrigation canals to water the dry regions created by the towering Andes and these waterways are still used and cannot be improved.

They laid out an extensive system of wide roads along which ran the youths, who acted as "postmen," and then constructed the first suspension bridges—terrifying contraptions of ropes and narrow wooden boards spanning vast chasms.

ONE AT A TIME

Turning to their mode of life, she explained that there was only one Inca at a time—known as "the lover and benefactor of the unfortunate" — who administered the state.

Their laws were supremely logical and just. Land was regarded as a prime asset and was allocated to the worker for cultivation during his lifetime, after which the Inca lent it to another member of the race for similar use.

There was no monetary system; gold, of which they had an abundance, was used purely for decoration.

It was their simplicity and high moral attitude which ultimately led to their near extermination by the small band of Spaniards who invaded their territory.

In 1821 the British statesman Canning helped them to obtain their release from Spanish domination and largely on that account modern Peruvians have a great regard for Britain.

During the World War they led the South American countries in supporting the Allies, and they still esteem Britain for its sense of justice and honesty. To illustrate this affection for Britain, Lady Forbes related an incident.

During the war Lady Forbes was begged by some of the inhabitants to let them send a miracle-working statue from one of their churches to England for acceptance by the Queen.

Using her official influence, she was able to arrange this, and the Peruvians are satisfied that it was the existence of this statue in Buckingham Palace which helped to preserve their Majesties when the Palace was hit during a bombing raid!

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Army Officer's Proof Of Wife's Survival

HER SQUARE CHIN PUZZLED HIM

But A Photograph Showed That Materialised Form Was True To Life

LT.-COL. Dixon-Smith saw and recognised his wife at a materialisation seance which he recorded with meticulous care.

But first he wrote to *Psychic News* and his letter put him in contact with Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, of Buckie, Scotland, who told him that a professional materialisation medium, Mrs. D, would be at their home during the week-end July 31 to August 1, 1948.

Dixon-Smith was invited for the week-end too, and was accommodated and treated with generous hospitality. The couple refused to allow him to pay even his fair share of the medium's fee, thus convincing him of their absolute integrity.

The notes from which the following account was composed were made immediately after each sitting. They were complemented by Mrs. Patterson and a Miss Cronje, who saw all the phenomena described.

What follows is an abbreviated version of Dixon-Smith's day by day account.

Saturday, July 31. He had plenty of time to get to know the medium before the seance opened and he succeeded in establishing cordial relations with her.

CONTRAST

As if to underline the great contrast between her appearance and that of Betty (Dixon-Smith's wife in spirit), Mrs. D. was extremely stout with features in no way resembling his dead wife's. Her hands were those of someone who has had to work with them and matched her build.

Her hair was of a different colour, texture and quantity, and she was three or four inches shorter than Betty. She had a broad Scottish accent.

The greatest make-up expert, with every material and device, including dim lighting and cheesecloth draperies, could not have produced the least resemblance between them.

No character actress could, believes Dixon-Smith, play the part of a woman entirely unknown to her with such skill as to deceive the woman's own husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson who afterwards became Dixon-Smith's personal friends, were in no way interested in Mrs. D.'s professional career but sought only to help him to get the experience he required.

They had two children of their own in spirit and were just as anxious as he to avoid any fraud or deception. The others present at the seances were members of the Pattersons' home circle.

When Lt.-Col. Roy Dixon-Smith, an officer in the Indian Army, lost his wife he turned to Spiritualism for consolation. And Spiritualism did not let him down.

Through materialisations, direct voice and what he describes as "direct writing" his dead wife convinced him of her survival in spirit spheres.

From his seance evidence he compiled a book "New Light on Survival," from which this series of abridged articles is written.

The medium had no assistant. The house was a modern one of moderate size devoid of trapdoors, sliding panels or subterranean passages.

The seances were held in an ordinary living-room. The black curtains used were of plain cloth belonging to Mrs. Patterson, and Dixon-Smith helped to hang them up.

Dixon-Smith had brought a dark red rose from his garden and Betty's wedding ring. A few months before he had had a Dee pearl in a clasp setting added to the ring, which no longer resembled a wedding ring.

Mrs. Patterson put the rose in a vase amongst other flowers and the medium's attention was not directed to it.

Just before the seance commenced Mrs. Patterson took the rose out of the vase and placed it on the edge of the sideboard adjacent to the curtain.

Her husband locked one door of the room and placed the key where everyone could see it. Dixon-Smith jammed the other with his chair. There were nine people in the circle.

The medium took her seat and drew the black curtains together between her and the sitters. Someone switched on a red lamp and switched off the others.

IN RED LIGHT

After a minute or two the male voice of the guide addressed the circle and introduced the figures before they emerged from behind the curtain.

All the figures were swathed from head to foot in what looked like white muslin robes with cowls, faces and hands dimly visible and features barely distinguishable in the feeble light.

These draperies were opaque and not luminous, and Dixon-Smith saw the shadow of his head cast upon them whenever he bent to the left and thereby intercepted the light from the red lamp.

The first few visitors were for other sitters and spoke clearly, naturally and intelligently, and were apparently recognised. Each stayed about a minute, sinking swiftly to the floor as he or she withdrew.

The guide then said, "I have a lady here. Will the gentleman by the door please call her out."

Dixon-Smith, who was in the position indicated, said, "Please come out."

A tall, slim figure thereupon emerged from the left edge of the curtains, stretched out a hand, picked up his rose, crossed the floor to his chair, walking outside the curtain and in full view of the circle, and threw the rose into his lap.

He stood up to peer into the face dimly seen in the enveloping "cowl," whereupon Mrs. Patterson exclaimed, "Don't touch her."

The figure at once drew back towards the curtains and said, in a voice and accent exactly resembling Betty's, "He won't do that. He knows better."

After a pause the figure said, "I want to show you this."

A hand which everybody present could see to be long and slim was then put up to the head, the white material was pushed back from the forehead and a mass of black hair revealed.

The figure, which had remained in view for about a minute, seemed to vanish through the floor.

The height and slimness of the figure and the nature of the hand could not by any stretch of imagination be reconciled with Mrs. D's.

There was nothing, of course, to prove that the hair was or was not a wig that the medium had concealed about her person. So, not having been able to recognise his visitor's face, he was not convinced that it was Betty.

CLEAR VIEW

A very old lady, said to be the grandmother of one of the sitters, then appeared from the right edge of the curtain within a few inches of Dixon-Smith and he had a clear close-up view of her wrinkled face and small shrunken figure that were very different from the medium's.

When the lights went up the medium asked Dixon-Smith if his wife had long, slim, tapering fingers with oval, almond-shaped nails.

He replied that she had and Mrs. D. gave a perfectly detailed description of Betty's distinctive hands, one of which, she said, she saw clairvoyantly on his shoulder.

Sunday, August 1. This time Dixon-Smith occupied a chair in the middle of the circle. In his pocket, unknown to anyone, he had the wedding ring with the pearl.

After the medium was seated behind the curtains, and while the room was illuminated only by the red lamp, Dixon-Smith rose and placed the ring silently on the edge of the sideboard where the rose had been. No one had seen what he put there, but all except the medium had watched his actions.

Next to the ring was a hand torch.

As soon as the guide spoke, one of the sitters asked him to show himself beside the medium. The guide then said, "Stand up, Mrs. D.," at the same time pulling the curtains aside.

Everyone present saw him, an enormous white figure apparently about seven feet tall standing beside the medium in her black dress.

Thoughts of broomstick and cheesecloth might, Dixon-Smith anticipates, occur to some readers. The guide, however, looked perfectly human and Mrs. D., he was certain, could not have concealed on her person a broomstick plus the other properties required to make such a realistic guy.

He could vouch that the curtains had no pockets in them and that there was nothing behind them save Mrs. D. and her chair.



Lt.-Col. Dixon-Smith lays stress on the way in which his wife's arm materialised outside the cabinet curtain. Our picture shows a plaster cast made from a wax glove formed by a hand which materialised at one of Dr. Geley's remarkable seances with the Warsaw medium, Franck Kluski.

After a few visitors had come and gone the guide asked the sitters to sing "I'll walk beside you," which was Betty's "signature tune."

After the song the same slim figure as had appeared at the earlier seance emerged from the left edge of the curtain, groped for the ring and, in doing so, knocked the torch off the sideboard on to the floor.

This seemed to agitate the figure and she exclaimed, in Betty's voice and accent, "I can't get it."

Mrs. Patterson put her hand out, felt the ring, and handed it to the figure. The figure said, "Thank you. It's my wedding ring."

The figure stepped across to Dixon-Smith, outside the curtains and still in full view of all the sitters. He was standing and put out his left hand palm upwards to receive the ring. Sensing her agitation, he told her to keep calm and she replied, "I'm all right."

She slipped the ring on to his little finger and he felt the touch of her fingers, which were warm and seemed as normal as physical ones.

BRIGHT LIGHT

"Don't give it to our daughter until she is seventeen or eighteen or she won't know the value of it," said the figure. Then she withdrew behind the curtains, saying "I want to show you my face. Stay where you are."

Meanwhile the sitter by the sideboard had picked up the torch and the guide, extending his hand from the left side of the curtain, said, "Give me the torch," and took it from the hand of the sitter.

When the figure and the guide were inside the cabinet, the guide said to her, "Do you mind if I do something to you? I'm going to turn on this light. Don't be afraid. I won't burn you. You'll be quite safe."

The voice of Betty replied eagerly and emotionally, "You can do *anything* you like. I don't mind *what* you do so long as Roy sees my face."

The light of the torch then appeared behind the curtains and Betty, emerging from the centre with the torch in her left hand, shone it for about fifteen seconds full on and close up to her face.

It was a new and powerful torch and her face was brilliantly illuminated. Dixon-Smith was standing within a few inches of Betty's form and he peered closely into her face which was on a level with his own. He took in every detail of the features.

The white muslin-like ectoplasm covered her head, extending well down the forehead and just clear of the eyes which were closed against the glare of the torch. It was draped round her face, over her ears and round her neck just under the chin.

COMPLEXION

Her complexion was clear and smooth like a young girl's, the cheeks pink-tinted as if well made-up and the lips red. Her nose and mouth were exactly the same as her late earthly ones and totally unlike the medium's. Her lips were closed and she had a half-smile and a characteristic expression.

Her head was held slightly back and the exposed chin was clean cut, not double like the medium's. To Dixon-Smith it seemed to be rather too square.

The guide from behind the curtain drew special attention to this point, asking the sitters to "note the squareness of the chin," so different from that of the medium, thus emphasising what at first Dixon-Smith thought to be a fault in the materialisation, but which, in reality, was a fault of his own memory.

Having shown her face, Betty lowered the torch and withdrew within the curtains, at the same time raising her right arm and extending the fingers of her right hand.

PHOTO CHECK

"Look, do you see this!" she exclaimed.

For a few seconds the slim arm and hand, so utterly unlike Mrs. D.'s and exactly like Betty's, remained outside the curtains and were clearly visible to the whole circle as they stood out in perfect silhouette against the black background.

She then vanished downwards in full view of the sitters, sinking apparently through the floor. The torch went out and was heard to fall with a crash on the floor.

Still dissatisfied with the moulding of the chin, Dixon-Smith consulted a photograph album and saw from numerous photos of Betty that her chin was square rather than oval and that the materialised chin was thus true to type.

On one large Polyphoto the expression exactly tallied with that seen at the seance. He draped a white handkerchief round the face to represent the ectoplasm and put his finger-tips on the eyes to give the effect of their being closed.

Thereupon he saw the identical counterpart of the materialised face, and he was finally satisfied.

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SONS CAME TO FETCH DYING MOTHER

Drove Her To Spirit World In Family Carriage

A WRITER ONCE SAID GOD COULD NOT COME HIMSELF SO HE SENT MOTHERS.

My mother's last years were in a home set in a garden of roses with vast woods all around it.

The First World War was raging, a million men fighting each other. Her six sons were in the battle.

My father passed from this life when I was born, so I never

By STEPHEN FOSTER

knew him in this life, but here in this wonderful place of peace the spirit form of my father would walk.

He would sit with us and talk of the wonders of other worlds.

One day we had a visitor, a prince. He called at the Rose Cottage for a chat and to place a gift on my mother from a queen. This little gift told me of mother's 40 years' work feeding the poor children of a great city.

She said to the prince:

"I pray you may become as great a soul as you are a prince."

On leaving, he said to me:

"I may have a crown, an empire, but as for you, you have a mother, a great soul."

MILES AWAY

Weeks passed. Mother's face seemed more wonderful than ever. So I asked her what new joy she had found.

"Tom will be home tonight," she said.

I knew my brother was 12,000 miles away in the thick of battle, and yet, as the sun was setting on that wonderful summer's day, she sat at her window looking on the vast rose garden, and home had come my brother. For that day he had been killed in battle.

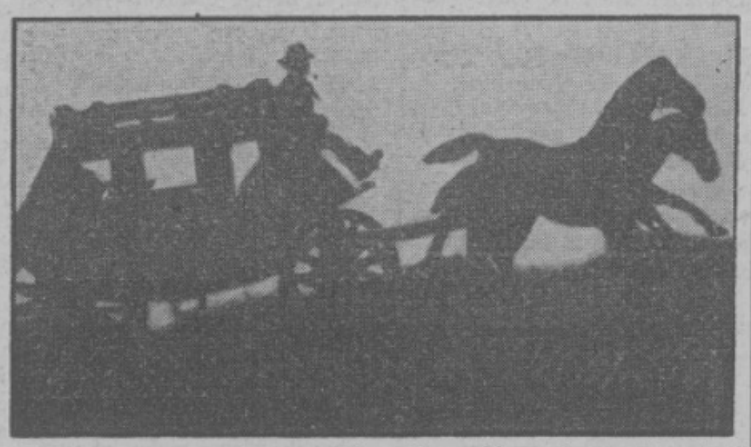
Now we had my father and my brother Tom.

A few days passed, and then mother announced, "Jack will be home soon."

Next day in walked my brother Jack, also killed in battle.

So there were my six brothers cutting roses in the garden for our mother, now just like a flower herself, that fades after many days.

I shall never forget the wonderful scene that morning as my six brothers and my father sat and talked to her—as in life.



Three more weeks passed. Mother said:

"Charlie and Jim will be here soon," and that wonderful bright Sunday in walked my two brothers, making four.

A few days later she said to me:

"Will you forgive me if I leave you for a while?"

This was her way of letting me know her life on earth had come to the end of the road.

AS IN LIFE

She lived on for two more months. Then one evening, as the sun was setting over the hills, she said:

"I think we should have some music this evening, because Fred and George like music."

After dinner we had music and mother sang her old songs with a soft, low voice, for she was aged and weak.

The music, soft and sweet, seemed to me like sound from other worlds—and in came the spirit forms of my last two brothers, Fred and George, killed in battle.

So for some weeks my six brothers walked, talked and enjoyed life in the old home.

Though they had been real hemen, and had lived and enjoyed life to the full, we had all been taught there was nothing to fear in death—it was only the way to a more useful life.

Our old gardener, who had passed some years before, returned and looked after our old horse that had taken my mother many a joyride in that wonderful country.

Then she held my hand softly in hers:

"The carriage is waiting; we must not keep Old Bill, the gardener, waiting," she said.

She lay back, and to me the world I had lived in for so long had gone out like a lighthouse lost in the storm, never to shine again.

A little while later her spirit sat up, then moved away out of the room into the rose garden.

There, with my six brothers, she gave me one rose from the garden, and with sure step, as in the past, she moved on to the old carriage with Old Bill waitin, and so mother and father sat again together as in their youth.

My six brothers, all great horsemen, rode off as they had so often done before.

WON BATTLE

Thus passed away the spirits of eight mighty souls. They are among the mighty ones, for they had lived and had won the battle of death, and they had passed to another world, school, life, home and friends.

Ofttimes they come in on me when my own spirit is down, bringing strength and courage, peace of mind and soul.

PSYCHIC WRITING WAS SAME AS HIS EARTHLY SCRIPT

—testified handwriting expert

Writing committed directly to paper by a dead man without the physical intervention of a medium was compared with his pre-mortem handwriting.

An expert testified that both specimens were written by the same hand.

This strong evidence for the survival of human personality after death is quoted by Lt. Col. Roy Dixon-Smith in his book, 'New Light on Survival.'

The book, from which this series of articles is condensed, was written by Dixon-Smith from material collected at seances he attended after the death of his wife, Betty.

"DIRECT WRITING," Dixon-Smith explains, is carried out by a materialised hand or pseudopod, which grips and uses a pencil.

The discarnate writer may visualise himself as writing and will it to be done, and the materialisation holding the pencil may then be activated by the medium's own subconscious mind in obedience to this command.

Alternatively, the discarnate writer may interpenetrate the ectoplasmic hand or pseudopod with his astral hand and cause it to write directly by his own volition.

In such a case the instrument may seem clumsy to the astral senses of the writer and this would be apparent in the writing.

The direct writing described by the author took place in a home circle. The medium was an 18-year-old girl, Valerie Middleton, whose parents and sister Constance were also members of the circle.

First the very distinctive signature "Charles" appeared, which Dixon-Smith recognised as the same he had seen in previous direct writing experiments with a different medium. (Charles was a helper in spirit).

EXACTLY ALIKE

Valerie had never seen the signature "Charles." It was obvious, therefore, that "Charles" intended to continue his co-operation even after the change of mediumship.

The next identifiable signature was that of Betty, repeated many times subsequently, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by a short message. One of these, concerning her mother's death, was of a very evidential nature.

All Betty's signatures were exactly alike and all authentic. Dixon-Smith compared them letter by letter under a magnifying glass with her life-time signature and her handwriting, and it was apparent that they came from the same person.

The messages themselves were somewhat laboriously and clumsily written, although the natural characteristics of Betty's writing were clearly reproduced and differed radically from Valerie's.

Valerie, moreover, had never seen Betty's signature before it apeared on the pad.

The various handwritings of all other communicators at this circle, including personal friends and relations of other members of the circle, of Jesse (the guide), and Alfonse (the "ectoplasmic chemist" responsible for the technicalities connected with the physical phenomena) and of the children who communicated, were consistent in every case.

WRITTEN IN DARK

The most outstanding examples of direct writing came from Mr. Middleton's father, who died in 1916.

The first of these remarkable messages contained 240 words of a very personal nature consisting of apt advice and comfort in connection with some current family affairs.

The writing was perfectly formed, of natural size and very distinctive appearance, in the ornate style of a past generation with characteristic flourishes and twirls.

Although written in complete darkness, to the sitters' eyes at least, it followed exactly the lines in the exercise book. It was beautifully worded in typically dignified and pedantic Victorian language.

Before this message began the guide, speaking through a trumpet, called for silence. Then came the sound of the writing, followed by the noise of a page being torn out and folded. Everyone present heard all this distinctly.

A small materialised hand, that of Mr. Middleton's deceased daughter Marie, who died when she was seven, then placed the message in his hand and he held it until the lights were switched on.

Subsqeuently Dixon-Smith compared the message with two specimens of the dead man's writing, written in 1907.

The handwriting, signatures and literary style corresponded exactly with the direct writing.

The medium had not seen these or any other specimens of her grandfather's writing.

Even if she had, argues Dixon-Smith, and even if she were an expert forger and a base deceiver, she could not have produced such results in the pitch dark.

Another message from the same source came at another sitting, following a disastrous fire at Mr. Middleton's printing works. The direct writing was just as perfect as on the first occasion.

The circle were told later by the guide that a tremendous concentration of power had been used to produce these phenomena and that such results could not be repeated in ordinary circumstances.

Mrs. Middleton later took to a handwriting expert of 40 years' experience the two examples of direct writing and two long letters by her father-in-law written before his death.

SIGNED REPORT

The expert had worked with the police, and it was the latter who supplied his address.

She did not at first tell him the circumstances, but merely asked him to express an opinion as to whether or not both pairs were written by the same individual.

After examining them for about twenty minutes and using a magnifying glass, he gave a definite affirmative.

He also gave her a written and signed report to that effect, pointing out the similarity of the characteristics not only of the handwriting itself, but of the spacing and alignment.

Only then did Mrs. Middleton reveal the conditions under which the direct writing pair of messages were obtained.

"To my mind," writes Dixon-Smith, "there can be no more conclusive proof of the survival of human personality than this, and a lasting one too, for these letters are being carefully preserved."

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PSYCHIC RESEARCH IS STEPPING-STONE TO SPIRITUALISM

TO say that psychical research ends where Spiritualism begins is perfectly true because whilst the one gives understanding and intelligence, the other gives wisdom and knowledge.

By JOHN HYDE TAYLOR

In the first case it is a matter of mental apprehension or belief; in the second case it is a matter of spiritual comprehension or realisation.

The one leads to a desire for fame and notoriety and worldly gain; the other leads to humility, usefulness to others and an entirely selfless and altruistic determination to live for the good of humanity and the glorification of the great all-good whom we call God.

The psychical researcher builds on an ever-shifting sand of mental speculation and uncertainty, whilst the true Spiritualist builds on practical experience of his own life through inspiration and spiritual certainty.

Whilst the researcher treats the things he does not know the working of as impossible, the Spiritualist, through practical effort of his own, learns to see beyond the mental limitations.

He knows when he is thinking and speaking for himself and just as definitely when he is thinking, speaking and writing under inspiration.

At first his experiences of inspiration are ecstatic and may be open to doubt, but his inspirers cure him of that in no uncertain way.

Later these inspired experiences become more and more a tranquil possession and when one is so far developed that it is truly and fully a tranquil possession, it can be said of him:

"This man speaketh with authority and not as the scribes and pharisees," or in more modern language, "not as the scholars and scientists with all their intellectual superiority."

Thus the religion of Spiritualism needs no support from either clergymen, psychologists, scientists, psychical researchers or psychic-phenomena hunters.

To each and all the true Spiritualist can say: "Brother come up higher."

He is a man who really lives in fellowship with God's angels, who has made his defeats his stepping stones, who, through development and spiritual unfoldment brought about by constant and earnest prayer with true faith in God and the ministry of angels, enjoys so much that no one can ever give or take away from him.

Once we have reached this height we stand on a foundation which only God Himself could move us from.

Therefore put not your trust in the princes of worldly fame and attainment, but trust in God.

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HE FELT PULSE OF MATERIALISED FIGURE

OTHER MATERIALISED FORMS THAT APPEARED AT SEANCES ATTENDED BY LT. COL. DIXON-SMITH VARIED IN SIZE FROM A GIGANTIC GUIDE TO A LITTLE CHILD OF ABOUT TWO YEARS.

Great and small, young and old, male and female, showed their distinguishing physical features and characteristics to satisfy their earthly friends of their identities.

Most of the spirit visitors, taking their cue from Betty, made a point of displaying their widely differing hands.

The materialised beings were perfectly natural. All the voices sounded characteristic and came out of the individuals' own mouths from whatever position they occupied in the room.

They walked, laughed, and chatted like the ordinary people they were and there was nothing in the least eerie about them. Dixon-Smith felt no touch of nervousness or strangeness whatever. The complete normality of the proceedings was, to him, one of its most marked characteristics.

Speech combined with materialisation is very rarely possible he adds. The power is generally used up in the forming of the figure. That is why materialised figures can say so little; the more they talk the shorter the the time their forms can last.

He can see no loophole for faking in the proceedings described because that would entail a performance more marvellous than true materialisation itself.

Later Dixon-Smith had another direct voice sitting with Leslie Flint when Betty's voice referred without prompting to her materialisation. He then produced from his pocket the wedding-ring and held it up in the pitch dark, asking her if she saw what he held.

She replied that she could not distinguish it and a conversation followed in which Betty's voice referred to her being seen in the light of a torch at a seance, to the wedding ring, and the fact that she had put it on her husband's finger.

Further experience of materialisation resulted from his meeting with a Mr. Shipman, who lives in a Yorkshire town. This meeting also was the consequence of his letter in *Psychic News*.

DOCTOR PRESENT

THE circle held in Mr. Shipman's house was made up of the same kind of business and professional people as the Buckie circle. The medium was Mrs. Harrison, an intimate friend of the Shipmans', a short, somewhat plump, middle-aged lady who bore not the least resemblance to Betty.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Shipman, the other members of the circle were Mrs. Harrison's son and daughter-in-law, and a well-known local doctor.

The cabinet in this case consisted of a single black curtain which Dixon-Smith helped to hang across one corner, and which enclosed a space barely big enough to hold the medium and her chair. The light was a bright red electric bulb in a bowl suspended from the ceiling.

The room was thus brightly illuminated throughout the sitting and the forms and their faces were clearly seen.

When his wife, Betty, died Lt. Col. Roy Dixon-Smith sought comfort at seances. His wife communicated and proved her survival through direct-voice, materialisation, direct-writing, and other forms of phenomena. From the evidence he received Dixon-Smith wrote "New Light on Survival" from which this series has been extracted. This is the final article.

The first phase was direct voice, through a luminous banded trumpet which darted about the room, sometimes high in the air and often accompanying the singing like a conductor's baton.

It hovered in front of the sitter to be addressed and voices came through, all quite loud, some clear but others difficult to understand.

FLOWERS APPORTED

SPEAKING through the trumpet, the circle guide gave an excellent description of Betty. The latter attempted to speak and after prolonged efforts and a few exclamations to the effect that she could not do it she managed to say, "I am your Betty."

During this phase large pink carnations were apported into the room, one being dropped on each sitter's lap, including Dixon-Smith's. They were quite fresh and moist as if with dew.

There had been no flowers of this kind in the room previously, or anywhere else in the house. The medium had all the while been sitting with the others and was not in trance.

After the medium took her place behind the curtain the materialisations began; half a dozen in all. Dixon-Smith was introduced to each one in turn, all close relatives and friends of the sitters and well-known to them.

He shook hands with the materialised forms and spoke with them exactly as he would with persons he was meeting for the first time. They were swathed in muslin-like draperies and cowls that were exact replicas of those worn by the forms at the Buckie seance.

They were solid and natural and, except for their apparel, exactly like ordinary living people. If everyone had been similarly dressed it would have been impossible to distinguish the materialised forms from the rest of the company.

SANK THROUGH FLOOR

THEIR hands felt life-like and firm. They smiled, laughed and chatted. All their features, complexions and expressions were perfectly clear in the ample light.

There were cheery goodbyes as they departed, sinking through the floor as at the Buckie seance.

Amongst those whom Dixon-Smith met were Aunt Gladys, sister of the medium, who was charming and vivacious and offered him her hand and chatted with him.

"Grannie" was introduced by the doctor, who told Dixon-Smith to feel her pulse. The old lady chuckled and held out her arm and he pressed his fingers into her wrist.

All the sinews were there and the wrist felt and looked absolutely natural. The beat of the pulse was strong and regular. "Now feel her feet," said the doctor. Dixon-Smith bent down and felt the foot that the laughing old lady extended from her long draperies.

It felt rather spongy and woolly and was apparently about to dissolve, for just after that the old lady said goodbye and vanished.

Then came a man with a twisted face drawn down grotesquely on the right side, as a consequence of which he could only murmur incoherently. Dixon-Smith was introduced to him by name and shook his hand. The host explained that the visitor always came like that, as he had died as a result of a stroke.

All the materialised people differed drastically in face, figure voice and mannerisms and in every case their eyes were open. The movement of their features as they laughed and talked disposed of any suggestion of a set of masks.

Finally the guide announced the coming of Betty, and asked the sitters to sing one of her favourite songs. They sang "I'll walk beside you" and a tall slim figure emerged from the curtain and stood silently in view.

Dixon-Smith rose from his chair and walked up to the figure, taking the hand which she held out in his. He examined the hand and it was just like Betty's, quite unlike the medium's.

He stared into the face and recognised his wife. They spoke together, and they were both deeply stirred. Betty's voice was incoherent with emotion.

"Can he kiss you?" someone asked, and Betty murmured "Yes." Dixon-Smith then kissed his wife on the lips, which were warm, soft and natural. She bent her head and began to weep and in a moment or two she sank.

He watched her form right down to the level of the floor at his feet, where it dissolved, the last whisp of it being withdrawn into the cabinet.

HE FETCHED GOLD WATCH TO VERIFY THE EVIDENCE



Basil Sladen

A DISCIPLINARIAN FATHER REFERRED TO HIS GOLD POCKET WATCH WHEN HE CONTACTED HIS SON THROUGH MEDIUM BASIL SLADEN, AT WOODFORD SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

The recipient, Mr. Huggins, of 4 Washington Road, South Woodford, recognised the description of his mother in spirit and corroborated a number of names.

He also acknowledged a link with Wales and a place called Llewellys. He confirmed that his father in spirit had been a strict disciplinarian who had been inordinately proud of a gold pocket watch which was always correct.

Mr. Huggins affirmed his father's statement, through the medium, that his old-fashioned watch would "beat all the new watches hollow," and that he used it to run his domestic life with strict regularity.

Afterwards Mr. Huggins, who lives near the church, produced the inscribed watch for the inspection of a *Psychic News* correspondent.

Mr. F. Carley, of 19 Alders Avenue, Woodford Green, recognised the names and description of a family named Green whom he had known in his younger days.

He even admitted that he had been slapped on the ear by Mr. Green, presumably for some escapade.

Mrs. Carley, seated next to her husband, confirmed that she was interested in paintings and that she had recently been examining one that had a gold frame.

Mother "Sees" Murder In Scotland Yard Film

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENTARY FILM WITH A PSYCHIC THEME IS "THE MISSING MAN," WHICH PURPORTS TO BE A DRAMATISATION OF THE ACTIVITIES OF SCOTLAND YARD'S MISSING PERSONS BUREAU.

The film tells of a retired clergyman and his wife who move to London and plan to pay a surprise visit to their son who lives in the city.

Calling at his flat, they find that he has left. The landlady informs them that he has gone to Paris and that a few days previously a friend collected all his luggage on his behalf.

Days pass, during which the elderly couple await news of their son. Then the wife has a terrible dream. First of all she sees an old dead tree and has a feeling of overwhelming evil. Then she sees a farm, derelict, with one of the barns destroyed by fire.

Into this setting walks her son, and she watches with a feeling of intense foreboding as he enters a barn.

There is the sound of shooting and from the barn emerges a man, dragging the body of her son. He pulls the body to a well and throws it down. At this point she wakes screaming.

She tells her husband and next morning he sets out on a lone search to find his son, following clues—already in possession of Scotland Yard—which takes him to France.

Eventually his search brings him back to England and a chance conversation leads him to a farm, which he finds is the address of a friend of his son.

As he enters he sees a dead tree, then rounding a corner he sees a burned-out barn, and nearby a well.

He immediately tells the C.I.D. of his findings, and digging in the well reveals the body of his son.

The whole theme is treated in a factual way, with no attempts to "play down" the psychic significance of the mother's dream.



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This is my fourth packet. I feel much better since taking it. I am 68 years old.—W.I.

Makes you feel years younger.—A.W.

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