

# BYRON, STATION TO STATION

Coleen Owen Britt

## PREFACE

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

To bring comfort and peace to you who have found no solace since the passing of a loved one, this book is being written. To all who have felt the utter despair and hopelessness that so often descends upon us, and to those who in the future shall experience such grief, the truths herein are offered.

The purpose of this book is to present some of the many proofs of the continuity of life. It is believed that the experiences presented will suggest a way by which all may attain an understanding of a divine truth, namely, THERE IS NO DEATH. What we call death is merely a transition to a plane of greater freedom, greater opportunity, and greater joy. As we lay away our heavy burdensome winter clothing when spring arrives, so we cast away the physical body when we progress to a finer condition where we have no use for a body of flesh.

When you have earnestly sought the truth and learned that your loved ones continue to live on a different plane of expression, and that they are happy except for the sorrow caused by your grief over them, then indeed you may expect to find that peace that "passeth all understanding." Then you may begin to live; to enjoy the blessings that are yours to enjoy and to more fully appreciate the opportunities of unfoldment provided for you here.

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Today there is no doubt in my mind. That life continues after so-called death is just as natural a truth as is the fact of birth. We do not entirely understand the procedure of soul progression, nor does the doctor or scientist understand the mystery of life, yet both are undeniable facts. Since life continues after this so-called death it also becomes a natural fact that when the right conditions are existent communication is possible between those on this plane and those on the higher plane of expression.

As I glance over my record of past seances I find statements which show a lack of faith. However, if I were to rewrite my experiences in the light of my present understanding, they would lack the elements of proof

which they reveal as they are. Consequently, my book is to be a record of seances attended, with the expression of my feelings and reactions just as they were at the time.

For over a year and a half Rev. Lula Taber has stayed with us when in the city, holding her seances in our home. During this time I have been her cabinet helper at all of her materialization seances. Due to the privilege of working in very close contact with such a fine medium I feel qualified to write concerning her work.

The first chapter of this book is an article which I wrote some time ago. The article was published in the Psychic Observer in the June twenty-fifth issue, 1941. I use it here as it seems a fitting introduction to the more detailed material which I shall present.

## THE AUTHOR

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### MY SON LIVES

Materialization is scientific phenomena which gives the thinking individual the factual basis for a livable and believable religion. Materialization gives absolute proof of life after what we call death.

Spiritualism, through materialization and direct voice and trumpet seances, is a religion which invites each one of us to see and believe, rather than to believe blindly. Reasonable and believable religious truths are what people today need, but have been unable to find. The truths have been there all of the time but due to superstition and the lack of proper understanding, these truths have not reached the majority of the people. From the experiences of my husband and myself we know the above statement to be fact. We were raised in a church environment, each taking an active part for years. We did so for the same reason that thousands of others did; because we had been taught that it was the proper thing to do. However, also like thousands of others, we did not get the uplift or help that one should get from his religion. Because some conscientious, or ambitious, minister gave beautiful rose-colored pictures of Heaven—if we were good, and dark painful stories of hell—if we were bad, the thought of religion did not seem to impress us definitely. In our hearts we did not believe the Bible as usually presented, and after due investigation we found out that there were many more individuals who felt just

as we did. We felt a need for religion, but religion as we could find it in no way satisfied that need. Religion as it has been, and is, widely preached, is no comfort at the time of the death of our loved ones, at the very time we need its comfort most. It takes us to the grave where we are forced to say farewell in the deepest despair with no hope of ever seeing or hearing the one we love again. How different the change we call death becomes, through Spiritualism. We know that our loved ones are not dead but have only left the physical body, and that they in their spiritual body are now free to advance to unbounded heights, no longer hindered by the ills and pains and the griefs of earth life. Spiritualists not only believe this, they know it is true.

When Byron went over to spirit side of life, at the age of sixteen, I almost went insane. I became an atheist. I searched but could find no source of comfort. A week after his passing his father and I were riding over a quiet road in the Ozarks when to our ears came clearly the sound of the Morse code. We were both startled and my husband stopped the car so that we could be sure as to whether or not we were really hearing something. The code continued for what seemed several minutes, after which we drove on, wondering. Byron was an amateur radio operator and we talked over the fact that the code he was always sending sounded just like what we had heard. However, we soon cast the incident aside as a product of our imagination; yet in my heart I knew it was real. A year later, in despair, I consulted a medium. She was kind and sympathetic, and told me of a materializing medium,

Rev. Lula Taber, of St. Louis, Missouri, who was to be in our city soon. Paul and I talked it over and decided to attend a seance. We were not believers but we were seekers after truth. We knew no one in the group which gathered that evening. We had made no appointment. We had told no one we were going to attend. There were sixteen men and women gathered in a semicircle in front of the medium, who sat behind lightweight black curtains during the seance. Before going behind the curtain she explained briefly about the phenomena. The lights were dimmed to a dull red glow. We all joined in repeating the Lord's prayer and in singing a few songs. In a few minutes a pretty little girl stepped

out from between the curtains and told us that her name was Star Bright, the medium's guide, and that she would do her best to have a good meeting for us.

Numerous spirit folks appeared and talked that night, but when Byron, our son, came to us, said his name, kissed us and said that he was happy, we felt the first mental relief we had experienced since he passed from earth life. Most of my time had been spent in tears and morbid existence;—now I could even sing songs, and that was something I had never been able to do since I last sang them with him. We attended practically all of the seances which Mrs. Taber held. After seeing Byron many times, and hearing him many more times in trumpet seances, I am convinced that the only grief one should experience at the passing of a loved one is loneliness. There should be no sorrow for the one who has passed to spirit side

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for there they can be far happier than they ever could be here. They can do many more things, go many more places, and live a more interesting and satisfying life than we. Byron, and many others, tell us of so many wonderful things that we are anxious to try the experience ourselves.

Byron has played the violin for us many times. At another time he sang me a Mother song unlike any I have ever heard. I do wish that I could have remembered the words. At a later meeting I asked him about repeating it but he said that he had just made up the song as he sung it and that he did not remember just what the words were. Recently he told us of his sweetheart Margaret. She has talked to us now, calling us mother and father. He says that she is blond, dances and sings beautifully, and that they do many interesting things together.

One of Byron's materializations especially impressed us. He came very close, tipped his head over toward us and said, "Put your hand on my head and feel my hair." We both did. It was combed straight back neat and shiny as he has always worn it. His head was firm and the hair felt and looked as natural as yours or mine. He stayed with us several minutes, touched everyone in the room and talked in his naturally pleasing manner.

One should never touch the materialized forms unless they say that you may, but Byron has touched us and asked that we touch him, many

many times. He always acts so happy when he has materialized plainly and completely. When we talked with him concerning the code we had heard months before, he said, "Well Mother, you were convinced but Daddy wasn't."

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I could write for hours about the wonderful comforts and the interesting experiences found through a study of spiritualism. Since meeting Mrs. Taber we have found her to be not only a wonderful medium, but also a lovable lady, and a devoted mother. This article has been written because of our feeling of thankfulness to Rev. Tabor for bringing back our son to us, and for making it possible for us to again find some satisfaction in living.

Byron has told us that in spirit we advance by our own merits. What fairer method could we earth folk desire? What more wonderful fact need one know as an incentive to live one's best?

#### WORDS FROM BEYOND

On the 27th of May, 1940, Rev. Lula Taber came to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to hold a series of materialization and trumpet seances, several of which my husband and myself attended. On the first night Byron appeared in person, announced himself as "Byron", kissed us, touched his face to ours, and talked some. At each seance he appeared more plainly to us and our visits became natural and satisfying. We always disliked to say good-night and it was very difficult to say good-bye the last night of the seances, when the Tabers had to return to their home in St. Louis. To realize that one's child, whom his parents never expected to contact again, is very much alive, very interested in his work, very capable, and very happy in his daily experiences,

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is about the greatest blessing that could come to one. Proof of life hereafter is the one thing that makes life here endurable and at all satisfying. For that reason we do wish that each and every one could have the experience of seeing and visiting with their loved ones in the Spirit world. Heaven is not very appealing when one thinks of it in the

usual light, as for instance, one's sitting on a golden throne for eternity, but when one realizes that those in Spirit live a life similar in many ways to ours but without the pain and grief of a physical body, then our greatest wish is fulfilled. That death, as we call it, is not being put in a grave but is a sort of sleep from which we waken into a much finer existence than this, is the realization that we humans want, and can understand, and can believe, and can work for, tirelessly.

For the materialization the medium sat in one corner of the room, in a common chair, behind light-weight black curtains. Nothing was behind the curtain but the medium, in her black slip, and the chair on which she sat. She had removed her clothing and had given it to one of us to lay away. The floor and walls were of cement, the ceiling of wood. There was no window. I was in the curtained space with her many times so I relate from personal experience. I will mention here that due to some glandular trouble Mrs. Taber weighs about three hundred pounds. I mention this to you as proof that she could not possibly impersonate the average sized person, not to mention the tiny children who appeared at different times.

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Those attending the seance sit in chairs in front of the curtains, usually in a semi-circle and about eight feet distance. There is no "equipment." The only light is a subdued red light, all others being turned out after a short visit by those present. At this time one may ask questions if he so desires. The meeting is begun by repeating the Lord's prayer, then several songs are sung. Usually about five minutes elapse before Mrs. Taber's guide, Star Bright, appears and announces that "my medie" is under control, and that she will do her best to bring everyone's loved ones to them. Soon the Spirit folks enter, usually one at a time, and advance toward the person whom they wish to contact, calling the person's name or else their own names. At first the Spirit friends seem to be in a filmy white covering which obscures their whole body, then they push this covering of ectoplasm back and stand revealed as we remember them. The hair, the features, the hands and oftentimes books, crosses, flowers, or whatever they might be carrying, all become evident. One's desire is to hug the dear one close, but it is injurious to the medium and also to the one doing the touching, at times. If they tell us we may touch them then it is permissible to do so. They can, and often do, touch us, kiss us, and put their arms around us, in a very delightful manner. Their touch is soft like that of a baby's skin, yet very

definitely firm. Their voices are usually clear and typical of the individuals as we remember them. Every one in the room sees each Spirit person as he stands or walks in the circle, and each voice is heard by all. Sometimes the Spirit folks return to behind the curtain before they de-materialize but often they disappear from our sight right where they have been standing.

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Many interesting statements were made by those with whom we visited. Byron made the following ones: "I am happy here." "We can do anything here that you do there only we do not sit down to the table for meals. We take food but I do not know how to explain it to you. There are no toilets here, either." "The Spirit body is much nicer than the physical one." "Yes, I go to classes now. I do not care for Chemistry though. I am specializing in radio." In reply to my question as to whether or not they had vacations, he said, "We can take vacations if we want to but we do not need to because we never get tired. That is, not tired as you think of it, but we do rest. We have beautiful places to rest." Byron says that he is often with us and sees us, but that we just cannot see him. He said that he moved papers once in awhile but that we did not seem to notice. He told me on one occasion that he liked the new shoes which I was wearing. I did have on new shoes but it had rained and I had been in the mud with them so the medium nor anyone else could have told that they were new.

One evening I told Byron that I had applied for a job that day. He replied, "Mother, you didn't, because I was with you all day today." I was certain that I had so I said, "Yes I did, Son." He replied, "No. That must have been some time yesterday." After thinking it over I realized that he was right, because I actually had written and mailed the application the previous evening.

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At a private trumpet seance, that is, just Mrs. Taber and myself, Byron told me that he would play for me later. After awhile a violin began to play "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" and played it all of the way through, very beautifully. When the piece was finished Byron said "What do you think of that, Mother?" Then he told me that he and the son of the family

upstairs had played a duet. Later the Mother told me that her son would be about Byron's age and that he had passed on prematurely. When I told Byron that I was very much surprised to hear him play the violin he said, "Well, I am just learning, really. You know I always did want to play one only I just thought I couldn't." While here he had often expressed a desire to play a violin but always thought it would be very hard to learn. He became interested in the electric Hawaiian guitar, purchased one, and was learning to play it very well. Shortly after he had played the violin for me a lady announced herself to me as Grace Edwards, saying she was Byron's music teacher. She said, "I have never had a more studious and conscientious student than Byron." I asked if Byron still played the guitar and she said "Yes, but he seemed to lose interest in it when he found that he could play the violin."

So many interesting visits were enjoyed by Paul and myself that I cannot here relate them all, so I shall limit my record to the most specific and pertinent incidents. Numerous relatives and friends talked to us. Many of these we recognized, many we have been able to find out about through letters and some we have been unable to place definitely. Many of them talk to

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us only once, many talk again and again. They are all very interesting and have very definite and individual ideas. It is very interesting when they tell us some item by which we can check, and they always seem anxious to do so, in their own unique way. For instance, my grandfather on my Mother's side told me that he had some fingers off of one hand. He said that they had been cut off with a scythe while he was cutting grain. I never saw my grandfather and knew very little about him as he passed on before I was born. I had never heard anyone mention that he did not have all of his fingers so I was curious about the truth of the information. Since that time I have talked with an elderly lady who was a friend of my Mother and she told me that my grandfather did have some fingers missing. She said she did not know how he lost them but it could easily have been as he said because the scythe was used a great deal at that time.

Paul talked with a good friend of his who mentioned his wife by name and talked about affairs, financial and social, in a very comprehensive and positive manner. When Paul asked him if he wanted him to tell any of his folks he said, "Well, you know them. They wouldn't understand so

it would not do any good. I would like to talk to Ruby sometime, though." Ruby is his wife. Her name had not been previously mentioned.

My father came to me through the trumpet for the first time, announcing himself as "John." I could not think of anyone whom I knew as John but the large end of the trumpet continued to bump gently against a

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cameo pin which I was wearing so I was convinced that the message was for me. Finally I thought of my father's name as being John so I said "Is this you, Dad?" He replied at once, "Sure it is." I replied that I had not expected him to call himself John. He then said, "Byron said I should call myself John instead of Grandpa." My father always called himself Grandpa to Byron.

A friend appeared to me in materialization but was not strong enough to talk. She came again in a few days and this time she said, "Frances. Tell Sandy that I am all right." Frances had only been on Spirit side about two months and had never materialized before so did not know just how it was done. She could not have said anything that would have been of more proof to me than the things she did say, however. Sandy is her husband's nickname. She said, too, that she wanted me to have her pink dress. I still have the pink dress and cherish it deeply. You see, she stayed with me when she was sick. She had a very serious operation and she realized she could never be well again. The day she was leaving for her home she came out where I was, carrying a very pretty pink silk night dress. She said, "Coleen, I can never hope to repay you for the many nice things you have done for me, but I do want you to have my pretty pink night dress." Needless to say how thankful I am for that conversation. Frances and I had often talked over the possibility of life after death. She believed in it much more than I at that time, but she did not think that contact could be made with another world any more than I did.

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However, we agreed that if there was any way to return, that whoever went over first would sure come back to the other. Bless her, she certainly made good her promise. Frances' last name is McIntosh. I

mention the name for the benefit of any of her friends who might be reading this book.

Major John S. Morris who has been with us for some time went to several of the seances with very convincing results. One incident I shall tell about here, due to its "Proof" quality. Mr. Morris was not in any way acquainted with Rev. Taber. His name was not mentioned at the seance. At the first seance his mother and his sister appeared and talked with him. Then came a lady who called herself Ann Walker. He talked to her but he could not recall that he had ever known anyone by the name of Ann Walker. She told him she knew him when they went to school. Two days later he attended a trumpet seance and while visiting with his mother he asked her if she knew who Ann was. After a second's hesitation she replied, "They were the family who lived close to us when you were in school. She was red-haired and freckle-faced. Don't you remember that they had so many children that we said it looked like they had a new baby at every change of the moon?" Mr. Morris then remembered that fifty years ago Ann used to play with his younger sister.

## MARGARET

July 8, 1940

Returned yesterday from a trip which my husband and I made to Kansas City. We had received a letter from Mrs. Taber saying that she would be there at this time. While in the city we stayed with friends. None of the family had ever experienced any work of the Spiritualist Church so we attended the services.

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During the meeting Rev. Taber had slips of paper passed out to those present. She asked that each one write the name of a departed loved one, ask a question, then sign his name in full. Before collections of the papers Rev. Taber was blindfolded. She stood beside a small table on which was placed a tray containing the papers. Taking one at a time in her hand she repeated, by Spirit assistance, the loved one's name, the answer to the question, and the signer's name. She did not read the question aloud. She gave many other names than those listed on the papers and other items of information not asked for in the questions.

The gentleman friend who was with us does not believe in any other existence, so he decided that she was using some sort of trickery. He also decided that he would do something to catch her, although Paul nor I did not know this until later. If we had we would have been very much displeased as Mrs. Taber is a personal friend and a lovely lady. I might mention here that I suppose there are some people in Spiritualistic work—as there are in every religious denomination—who are trying to fake the public. I also want to mention that Rev. Taber does not fake her work in any sense of the word. On the other hand, she has had to undergo persecution of various kinds because she has dared to present the phenomena of her development to the public,

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many of whom have been, and still are, too shallow in their reasoning to be able to accept anything outside of their tiny circle of information and understanding.

The question that was supposed to catch Mrs. Taber was as follows: "Should we sell the home forty left us by Grandpa Higgins?" A true medium can give out only what is given her from a higher source of course. The answer given to the question was, "This deal seems to be all right if you can manage it." Then she said, "Would you know who Grandpa Higgins is?" Of course there was nothing left for the writer of the question to say only "Yes." She merely replied "All right then." The above experiment proved not one thing, except that the medium could read writing while blindfolded. The writer of the question got out of—as we so often do in life—just what he put into it, nothing. When we left our friend said in a self-satisfied manner that it was evident that she could see under or through the blindfold. I knew this was not true of course, but I had no proof that I knew. In view of this I was very much pleased when we went to the La Salle Hotel to the Tabers' apartment, right after church, for a trumpet seance. After the seance, and before any light had been turned on, Mrs. Taber spoke as if in answer to my prayer. She said, "Mr. X, please give me some article from your pocket. If you can, give me a written card, preferably one on which you do not know the wording."

She likewise took articles from Paul and from a lady who was with us. We sang a song, after which she read the inscriptions on the different papers. The papers were then returned, the lights turned on, and the

correctness of her Spiritual readings ascertained. The words, names and money values, in fact every detail she mentioned, were exactly correct.

Rev. Taber held a special materialization seance for the five of us. We had it at eleven in the morning, on the seventh floor of the hotel. Each of the many Spirit folks who came were very plain, but Byron was perfect. He came to us five or six times, played a violin solo for us, and also played while we sang a song. He kissed us, laid his face against ours, talked so sweetly and plainly and seemed so pleased to be with us. At the very last he sank lovely solo for us. I was so impressed that I could not remember the words. It ended "My Buddy, my Pal, my Mother."

The trumpet seance was fine too. My trumpet was used. It has an illuminated band and it is very interesting to watch it levitate and float about in the air as the different folks talk. A Sister Mary Margaret came to me, saying that she was Byron's voice teacher. She said he was so energetic and fine, and that we should be very proud of him, which of course we are and always have been. One of the times Byron came in he asked me to feel his hair. It felt lovely and looked lovely. It felt perfectly natural and was smooth and soft. In case anyone wonders, the medium's hair is grey and Byron's hair a very dark brown. Hers is parted, and his is not.

We disliked to leave Kansas City as we would have enjoyed the privilege of staying and seeing and visiting Byron every night.

Byron told us, through the trumpet, that he was much interested in Margaret Desmaulins. That she used to be a Court dancer in France. That she sings beautifully and plays the lyre. He says she has beautiful golden hair. She is French and left the earth plane over one hundred years ago, at about twenty years of age. She was struck by lightning and killed. She told him that in order to keep the money where her family and others wanted it she was married off to an old man, with whom she never lived. Finally she and her sister Rosey (or Rosea) were deported. Her only brother, Camille, was guillotined. Anyone so desiring

can look up Camille Desmaulins in history and verify at least a part of the above information.

July 12, 1940

Had a very nice visit with Byron as always. He told us that he had seen a man on another plane who had just come over. He had committed suicide. He was in a bad condition as he was in darkness and saw no light at all, and that he would be so until they could help him from that side. Later Byron told us that he now knew for certain that Paul and I would always love him and that he would love us, forever. He said he had learned that the most important of all things is love, and the next is faith. He remarked that so few people really love others. They pretend to but the feeling is selfish and biased and not really love.

Mr. Morris talked to his sister Mary. She told him that she had a jewel just like the one he gave her years ago. He recalled that he had given her the jewel mentioned but it had been so long ago it had slipped his

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mind. Mr. Morris was also told that he would have cause to go to Chicago soon. Such a trip sounded fantastic. However, this morning he had unexpected word that his sister had arrived from the east and that she wished him to meet her. Tomorrow he is taking the train to Chicago.

Byron asked me to make some fudge. He was always especially fond of fudge. When I asked him why he wanted me to make it he replied that he drew strength from me and the food he liked, strength to materialize and to talk and manifest in other ways. He stated too that while at first he did not care for Chemistry he was now much interested in it as it contains much information about earth contacts.

July 14, 1940

Byron told his father over a month ago that he would receive orders to wear his uniform awhile. Yesterday he received orders to report for three weeks training in the war maneuvers in Minnesota. Byron also mentioned a large number of various colored cards with which Paul was to be concerned for some reason. We do not know what these cards may be.

July 16, 1940

Tonight we attended a trumpet seance with a different medium. One particular incident in the way of proof occurred. We were all seated in a circle. In the center was a small table, on which were placed four trumpets. Each one having a trumpet had moistened the inside of it, as is the custom of some mediums.

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That is, each one was supposed to have done so. In my case I went through the motions but did not wet the trumpet. This was done out of sight of the rest but where they could hear the water running. I took my trumpet back and laid it on the table myself, turned out the light and sat down. In just a few minutes the trumpet guide announced that he was using Mrs. Britt's (my) trumpet. Suddenly he marked, "But you forgot to wet it." At the time I wondered if my trumpet really was the one in the air as one of the other trumpets also had an illuminated band on it. After the trumpet fell at the close of the meeting and the lights were turned on, the other trumpets were as originally placed, but mine was on the floor where it had fallen when levitation of it ceased.

July 27, 1940

Mrs. Taber returned and held a seance tonight. Byron came over to me, placed his hand firmly on the back of my neck and pulled me toward him, gently but definitely. This particular act was a common habit of his when he was kidding me or playing. The familiar touch was marvelously sweet to me. He materialized several times during the evening but did not seem satisfied with the light, which was not as good as usual. He seemed to be wanting to do some particular thing for us, but we do not know what. He asked if we could see the star. Neither of us did, however, for which I am sorry.

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August 29, 1940

For three weeks we have been on a trip to Minnesota, where Paul was taking part in the Army maneuvers. Last night we attended a trumpet seance through Edith, the medium before mentioned. Many interesting things occurred but the most pertinent incident was the fact that

Margaret, Byron's friend about whom he had told us, talked to us for the first time, telling us that she tried to show herself to us at the last meeting with Mrs. Taber. She said that she had carried a five pointed STAR. If you will refer back to the seance of July 27th you will note that Byron asked us about the star at that seance with Rev. Taber. At the next seance which we attended, and with a different medium, Margaret herself told us about the star she had tried to show us. This incident, involving two mediums who had nothing at all in common and who at this time had not even talked with each other, is one of the best test manifestations we have ever had.

We asked Edith's guide Rose Bud what she liked best about our trip to Minnesota. She replied, "Oh, I loved all those beautiful water lilies." We had seen so many beautiful places that for the time being the lilies had slipped my mind. However, we had lived for three weeks by beautiful Fish Trap lake, and the lilies there were gorgeous. I had often picked some and put them in water in the cabin. It was very evidential that she would mention them.

Byron said Margaret and he had been given the mission to meet and help the soldiers who came over there and had no close relatives or friends to help them. Some of them, he said, do not yet realize where they are, and do not realize that they are no longer in the

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physical body, so they continue to fight for a time. Byron introduced us to one of his friends, Michael Lupez, a Castilian Spaniard. He spoke a few words to us and told us how nice he thought Byron's friend, Seniorita Margarita.

September 2, 1940

Tonight Byron said he must have progressed since our last visit as he felt older some way. He said he would like to talk to "Burt". Burt is a friend who thinks a great deal of Byron. His name has never been mentioned previously.

Paul's father said to him, "Paul, who has that picture of you in short pants?" Paul told him insisently that as far as he knew, there was none. Eventually I said that I knew there was one because Paul's older sister had shown it to me when I visited in Kentucky. At the time this is being

written the picture is in Paul's possession as after he wrote about it his sister sent it to him.

September 12, 1940

Last night we had a nice trumpet seance with medium Edith. Just Paul and I sat with her. It is nice to have just a very few at a trumpet seance as then one gets so much personal conversation. The seance lasted nearly two hours. A Major Elmer Brumbaugh came to Paul. He told us that he was with the New Jersey infantry during the World War. (The first World War.) He said he was wounded in the side in the Argonne drive and that he lived about twenty-nine days, then passed to spirit due to complications, including asthmatic pneumonia. He said he was buried

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in a field outside Chateau-Thierry. He said he would like to talk to his sister Emma but that he had no idea where she was, because she was young when he left. The fact that he was able to draw strength from Paul had attracted him, he told us, so he desired to come in from time to time. If the sister should read this please contact me.

Byron and Margaret visited with us. She said, "Mother, Byron and I went to the nicest place the other day. They have the best candy. It was a place where we could dance. We had the most fun." I said to Byron, "Son, tell me how you and Margaret love each other. Is it like brother and sister love?" He replied, "No, no, no. It is an affinity. We love each other very much." I then asked him if there were other planets inhabited and if the people were in the spirit world. His opinion was that there were other inhabited planets but that the spirit folks were on or about their planets just as the spirits of the earth planet stay on or about it. The conversation turned to conditions existing on the earth plane and someone mentioned having seen a beautiful humming bird which measured twenty-seven inches from wing tip to wingtip.

Mr. Morris talked to his mother and she asked him if he still had the cameo pin. He wears a ring made from the cameo pin. The fact that she mentioned it as a pin is evidential as no one would ever imagine that the set in the ring used to be in a pin. The cameo has been a family heirloom for about one hundred years.

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Byron asked me to cook some stew so I am doing so now. He says that they get the best of everything, since in the case of food the essence is nourishment for them. He asked, too, that I wear his class ring. When asked why, he said because it made him feel closer to me. He then told me that he appreciated all the flowers and the nice things we did for him at the time of his passing, but that he did not want us to grieve about him because he was never there at the grave.

Red Feather came long enough to say "Me come, me no stay, me no like trumpet." It so happened that I had forgotten my trumpet. Red Feather being a family guide and helper did not like the idea of not having our trumpet. Red Feather has told us that he is a Mohawk who lived during and after the French and Indian wars, which occurred about 1753 to 1756.

November 12, 1940

A letter from Medium Taber told us that she was to be in Des Moines, Iowa, on Sunday November tenth, so Paul and I decided to drive over to see her and Byron. When we arrived I telephoned Mrs. Taber and she said that we were to come out to the private home where she was staying. They are much interested in Spiritualism so in their lovely new home they have fixed up a very nice seance room where they and their friends may sit. At two o'clock a seance was held at which were present six of their friends, besides Paul and myself. It was a good seance with several receiving rather marvelous results. Byron was so sweet and lovely and talked to us and wanted us to touch him. Margaret

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materialized too, it being the first time she had done so. You will recall that she tried to materialize once before at one of Mrs. Taber's seances, then talked to us through another medium, then at this seance did materialize. This should be food for serious thought for those who question the phenomena. Margaret talked to us for quite a little while, calling us Mother and Father as she always has, then very sweetly said "Will I pass?" What a usual question to be in the mind of a girl when she talks to the parents of the boy she loves ! Later on when Byron played his violin for us she trilled in a sweet soprano voice and the beauty and

harmony of the selection was truly worthy of much praise. Margaret says she loves Paul and me because we are Byron's mother and father.

Naturally, the real thrill for me is when Byron touches me and kisses me, a caress as natural and sweet as any you or I have ever experienced. When I touched his hair it was soft and thick and had electricity in it so that it clung to my fingers, just as your own has had at times. He sang for me a lovely Mother song, then played "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" on his violin. The violin was fully materialized and all could see plainly as his arm moved forward and backward as the bow glided across the strings. He seems much interested in the art of materializing and came out four times during the meeting, and three times at a materialization which was held about two hours later.

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Grandfather John came and talked as always and I am fascinated each time by his long white beard. He usually strokes it with his hand when he first comes out of the cabinet.

My Mother materialized but said I had better not touch her. She said, "I will leave that for Byron." She was very natural and when she stood there talking to me it did not seem possible that she had been gone from the physical body ever since Byron was a ten months old baby. She adored Byron and he says that she stills babies him.

Paul's aunt Minnie materialized. She came out to him saying, "Aunt Minnie" and then talked to him about the other members of the family who are on her side of life. Aunt Minnie is Paul's mother's sister. She has not at any time been mentioned by us, and there is no possible way that the medium could have known that Paul had an Aunt by the name of Minnie. Later, at the trumpet seance when Paul was talking to his niece Amy Jeanne, he asked her just who the Aunt Minnie was who talked to him in materialization. She replied, "I do not know who talked to you then but I have an Aunt Minnie over here who is on my Mother's side. She is very nice." This remark was accurate, as Amy Jeanne's mother is Paul's sister. Let me say here that we have found the spirit folks very reliable in their memory of relatives, and if they do not know they say so. Byron says that he meets lots of folks who say they are relatives of his but that often his mind is on something else and he forgets just what they tell him, so he does not attempt to repeat it to us.

We were interested in a conversation of a lady and her spirit husband. She asked him if the tulips which she set out were going to grow. She did not say anything about where she had set them, however. He said to her, "Oh, I guess they will." He said it as if he did not care whether they did or not. She then said, "Well, don't you want them to grow?" He replied, "Yes, it is all right. I will never go to see them but I guess you will." She told us later that she had planted the tulips in the cemetery. It may be of interest to you to know that as nearly as we can judge the spirit folks are not at all interested in the cemetery. Their time is spent in far more interesting and worthwhile activity. They attach no significance whatever to where their physical bodies may have been placed.

In the evening we went to hear Mr. John J. Carroll, noted medium, of New York City. One of the Spiritualist churches of Des Moines was able to secure his services due to the fact that he was returning from a coast-to-coast trip. There were about two hundred people attended the church service. He gave an interesting and informational lecture in explanation of various phenomena of spiritualism. After this service he held a seance for the purpose of showing us many of the unusual demonstrations of spirit control. About fifty persons remained to this part of the service. We sat in a semicircle about one corner of the room. While we all watched and various folks from the audience helped, a common black muslin one-piece curtain, about five feet by eight feet, was hung across the corner. A common card table was unfolded and placed behind the curtain. On the table was placed a guitar which had an illuminated cross painted on the bottom of it so that

it would be visible in the dark. Also on the table were placed a tambourine, a small metal bell, two aluminum trumpets with illuminated bands, a small music box, a common five-cent tablet, and a large-sized pencil. The medium sat in a chair directly in front of the curtain. Beside him, on his right side, sat two ladies from the audience. The minister of the Des Moines church then took another plain back muslin curtain and pinned it closely about the necks of all three of them, fastening it to the first curtain but leaving their faces in plain sight of the audience. They remained as placed until the seance was over. They held hands at all

times. A great many things happened of which I shall report the most phenomenal. The lights in the hall were turned out but the room was not at all dark as a desk lamp covered with red paper was set on a stand about four feet in front of where the medium and the ladies sat. Every one could see about the room plainly. The lights were turned out only for the levitation of objects to a great distance from the cabinet. The room we were in was large and had a high ceiling. The medium asked a man in the audience to turn out the lights. He did so, and immediately one of the trumpets raised to the ceiling and tapped on it loudly, several times. Its movement could be traced due to the fact that it had an illuminated band on the large end. Soon the guitar floated out over the audience, playing "Abide With Me" in a very pretty manner. At the same time the music box played, the two trumpets levitated, and the medium spoke to us to show that he could talk normally during the demonstrations.

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The following phenomena occurred in a lighted room. The guitar rose above the curtain at the same time as did the music box, the tambourine, and the two trumpets, all of them being in plain sight at the same time. The tambourine floated about over the curtain and finally came to rest on the head of one of the ladies, where it remained for several minutes. The little bell raised above the curtain and rung vigorously several times. Mr. Carroll asked for individuals to call out names of Spirit folks, saying he would try to have them written on the tablet. Mr. Britt called Byron's name, and then went to the curtain to receive the sheet which we had all heard torn from the tablet. The other sheets had been given out over the curtain, but this one was given to Paul right THROUGH the curtain. It was intact and on it was written "Byron Britt", in pencil. We kept it of course and even now we can scarcely believe that it really did pass through that curtain, yet we, and every one who was there, know that it did.

When the seance was about over Mr. Carroll asked Mae Steinbach to stand in front of the curtain. She did so, and then he asked his guide "Pat" to pick up the articles used in the demonstrations and to hand them over the curtain to Mrs. Steinbach. Very soon the guitar came floating over the curtain, followed by the other articles. At last there was a loud noise and several lesser sounds, then over the curtain came the card table, all folded up.

A message received at this meeting was dear to us. When we first came in the hall we sat down in the back seat. Rev. Taber and Mr. Taber were with us to

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listen to the lecture. After the lecture, with no break in the service, Mr. Carroll began giving messages. Soon he said "I see a name here—the first name begins with B,—and the last name begins with B also. The name is B-y;—I am not sure, but the last name is B-r-i-t-t, Britt. This spirit comes to his father and mother. Are they here?" We were so surprised that we could scarcely answer as we did not know any one present only the Tabers, and we had never heard of the medium before. Mr. Carroll then said, "Byron brings a message of love and clearer understanding."

Note—At the time this book is published we have had Mr. Carroll in our home several times for his demonstration and trumpet work.

November 18, 1940

We went to Edith's trumpet tonight, to have a nice talk with Byron. Naturally we would rather visit with him than do anything else in the world.

We recently had some Spirit photographs taken by Robert Chaney, and tonight the folks told us who they were. Some we recognized, but some we have never seen.

A man came to Mr. Morris, saying he was George Allen and that he used to work with him. Mr. Morris was very pleased because he remembered George very well, having worked in the same store with him, over forty years ago.

After my father had talked to me Byron said "Do you know what he is working at over here?" I said, "No, what is he working at?" His reply amazed me as he said, "He is working on something to make old

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people on the earth be able to keep their balance, or equilibrium. He says he had trouble that way so he wants to help others who are bothered that way." Dad then spoke up, "Yes, what Byron told you is right. I had trouble that way and it worried me a lot." Any person who knew my father in his older years knows that the above condition existed. Dad then continued, "I went to the burial ground. I do not go often but I wanted to tell you that every thing is all right." This remark was very characteristic of Dad because his most continuous question in his last months was about the cemetery, which he called a burial ground, and if I would be sure to see that he was placed beside Mother.

Report of seances with Medium Taber, during  
Dec. 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1940

Rev. Taber and Mr. Taber arrived from St. Louis on the evening of December 12, to spend the above mentioned days in our home. The first of the series of seances was held at a nearby home, some at our house, and others at another friends home. I mention these facts to assure the non-believer that the medium has no "equipment" to set up. The only articles used are a small red light, two black muslin curtains, and for the trumpet seance a simple megaphone-like aluminum tube. The black curtains are to make a background for the materialized spirits so we may see them more plainly. The red light is used because white light destroys ectoplasm.

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Many interesting things happened at these seances, but the most interesting to Paul and me was the recording of a trumpet seance, on a record. Paul had purchased a recorder and we were anxious to try recording the spirit voices. Medium Taber and Paul sat in one room and the other three of us sat in another room and tended the machine. We could not be in the same room of course because the trumpet work is done in the dark, and we needed light to operate the machine.

First on the record is Byron, his voice sounding all excited about what we were doing, and very happy about it all. He said that all was arranged for the record and that he hoped we could get it plainly. I had had a private seance with the medium in the afternoon and had talked over the making of the record. He had been very much interested and said that he would have everything ready. He certainly did a good job of

it as the Spirit folks all talk very plainly and came in with less hesitation than we folks would do under similar circumstances.

Next on the record is Margaret, Byron's sweetheart. She is sweet as always. At a recent materialization she said, "I love you, Mother, because you are so sweet." I said to her, "I love you too; I guess because Byron loves you so much." She replied, "Can't you love me a little just for myself?"

Paul's great grandfather John is on the record nicely, bringing his usual worth while message. Paul's mother spoke softly, telling him to always remember what she had taught him, to be honest, kind, generous and loyal. Then his father, his aunt Mary, his niece Amy Jeanne, his German ancestor who speaks German more fluently than English, Red Feather, an Indian guide; Dr. Joseph

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Brown, guide of Paul; and Earl, a close friend. Dr. Brown gave a lengthy and interesting talk. He is so capable. Red Feather spoke in Indian and then translated it for us. Grandmother sang a song in German and it recorded very well. All of the voices are clear and easy to understand. At one place on the record Byron says, "Well, this is sure station to station I" He played three violin solos: "Long, Long Trail", "Nearer My God to Thee", and "I Love You Truly". The last selection is especially beautiful.

I certainly enjoy sitting alone with Mrs. Taber for a trumpet seance. So many folks come in, talking of more personal and private affairs, giving me points of information concerning my health, and bringing up topics which would never be mentioned in company of others.

Sunday afternoon six of us who are well acquainted, and are friends, held a private trumpet seance. It was just like a visit with friends whom we had not seen for some time;—in fact that is just what it was. We all enjoyed it very much and many "test" answers were given.

This has been only a brief report of the seances of Rev. Taber and of the wonderful manifestations. I shall take this opportunity to say that Lula Taber is a sweet fine lady and that we deeply enjoyed having her in our home. I hope we may have the same pleasure again soon.

I think it would be of interest to note that Rev. Taber gives trumpet reading seances, as well as the usual trumpet seance. For the reading, Dr. Burkett, her guide, gives the reading just as any medium or reader would do, but in a much finer manner than the average medium is able to do.

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January 19, 1941

Tonight Paul and I attended a seance with Edith. Byron is interested in chemicals and science and the "why" and the possibilities of things, just as he ever has been. He mentioned tonight that the infra red rays would cure cancer if used right, and that it is the most highly concentrated of all. No one who was present tonight, with the exception of Paul, knew that I had a Spirit photograph taken. I asked Byron who was on the picture. Without any questions about it, he told me the following: "I am on there but I am not a bit satisfied with the way I look. I wanted to come like I look now but for some reason I didn't." I asked, "Where are you on the picture?" He replied, "In the left hand corner, by you, down low."

All of this is very interesting, I think, because he is on the picture as a boy of about seven years. He looks natural for that age and very similar to some pictures we have. He said the lady was his grandmother." When I asked which one, he said, "Your mother." The picture of my mother being on my spirit photograph had pleased me very much. I had been very sure it was she because the mole showed up plainly. Anyone who knew my mother can recall that she had a prominent mole on the left side of her face, close to her nose and about even with the base of her nose. In the picture it was just that way. My mother's hair, ears and the shape of her face are as I remember her. She went to spirit when Byron was less than a year of age.

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Red Feather was on the picture also and is a very fine looking Indian. I am certainly glad he became interested in us and in our development.

At this trumpet seance a lady was present who was a stranger to the medium, to us, and to all others in the room. Her name was never

spoken. To her came a man, and said, "I am Louis." The trumpet was right in front of her and the remark was repeated but the lady did not answer. The medium then asked her if she knew who Louis was. After a bit, the lady, quite overcome, said "Yes. A girlhood sweetheart." Then they talked for some minutes, he telling her that he loved her just as he did then. Soon after this the lady's former husband talked to her, saying, "He (Louis) is your affinity, or soul mate. He will be your mate here. I never was. I love you but not in the same way he does. I am trying to help you all I can." This was the first time we had ever heard just such a conversation, and to me it seems of a great deal of significance.

## LOVE LEADS ON

February 19, 1941

Paul and I have just returned from Kansas City where we attended the meetings of Rev. Lula Taber, who was working at the church there for a few days.

Sunday afternoon we attended church where we heard Rev. Taber give a very fine lecture. One point of interest was that it is not the bible that proves spiritualism but that it is spiritualism that proves many things which we find in the bible. Folks today, I believe, are very likely to disbelieve a great many things

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found in the bible, because they seem to be miracles. When one understands the physical manifestations of spirit phenomena the miracles become normal results of spirit power and demonstration.

After the lecture Rev. Taber read written questions, blindfolded, and gave many lovely messages, most of them accompanied by names.

The evening meeting of church was favored by having Mollie Bauer, also of St. Louis, act as message bearer for the service. Mollie developed under Mrs. Taber several years ago. As she stands before her audience her guides give her the information for her messages and she is enabled to do her work very rapidly and accurately. There were about one hundred people present and she answered questions for almost all of them. She has the unusual development of being able to

tell anyone how many is in the family. Everyone present acknowledged that she was correct in the numbers she gave to them.

Monday afternoon a small group held a private materialization. Byron was especially fine. We had been singing "There Is No Night There", and I said, "Byron that makes me recall how much you used to love the nights." He replied at once, "Yes, I sure did. The reception was so much better then." Anyone acquainted with amateur radio operator habits will appreciate that remark.

A new guide came to me at this meeting. She said "I am Dew Drop. I am Indian. I come to you with water in your eyes. When your eyes water you will know that I am with you." This to me was quite

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remarkable as at various times when I sit in seances or in concentration my eyes water as if I am crying. I had never known why this was and had wondered about it, though I had never mentioned the fact.

A Major Charlie Stone came to Paul with the message that he would be putting on his uniform before long. Mollie Bauer had told him the same thing in the afternoon, when Mrs. Taber was not present. Byron said that would suit him as he always liked his Dad in uniform.

At this materialization the light was much brighter than usual, but Star Bright did not say to turn it lower. All at once Byron came out of the cabinet as clear as any person would be in medium light. His dark hair stood out and his features were as though carved in alabaster. We all gasped with surprise and pleasure. Afterward Star Bright said, "Wasn't that fine? He just prayed that he could come like that so his father would never doubt again." (Note: Now as I write this I want to state that the above mentioned materialization was the most perfect one I have ever witnessed, and at this time that really means something as I have attended at least one hundred materialization seances.) At a later materialization Pat materialized. Before he came out in sight he said, "Here comes the Irish." Then he laughed his usual throaty laugh and stepped outside the curtain. He was very plain and looked like the picture I had seen of him. Many of you will remember Pat as Medium Edith's guide, who was her sweetheart on the earth plane.

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Medium Taber seances. March 13 to 17, inclusive.

Mrs. Taber arrived the afternoon of March 13th. That evening about thirty-five people attended the seance. On Friday afternoon, evening, and Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday afternoon and evening, we had both materialization and trumpet seances. In all, over one hundred fifty individuals saw and heard the phenomena, many of them several different times, as each meeting was well attended. After one goes once he is anxious to go again and again.

I shall make no attempt to tell all of the marvelous demonstrations and lovely visits which were enjoyed, but I shall tell you the most outstanding. It was my privilege to act as cabinet attendant for Mrs. Taber so I had the chance to see and hear all very closely. I enjoy this work as I am always so anxious that each spirit and each person is able to understand the other. (Note: At all of the following recorded seances I worked with Mrs. Taber at the cabinet. I mention this to assure you that I write from experience.)

One lady, a stranger to me, had an elderly grandmother materialize to her. The little old lady was working so fast and intently with her hands and fingers that I said, "Look at her. She is crocheting)" The sweet little spirit lady said, "No, no, I am knitting. See my lace." Then she held it up high for us to see more plainly. It was a piece about five by seven inches. Later the lady told us that her grandmother, while in the earth body, made beautiful knitted lace.

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As one spirit materialized she asked for a certain gentleman by name. I did not know if there was a man with such a name in the group, so I asked that if there was a Mr. in the group to please come up by the cabinet. He stepped up and the spirit lady spoke to him saying she was his Mother. He did not seem to understand so I tried to tell him in a low voice, what she had said. He did not seem to hear or pay an attention to me so I wondered if he was too nervous to try to talk. Just then the spirit lady said, to me, "He is deaf." I then spoke loudly to him and everything was fine.

Our son Byron always plays the violin for us but we did not know that he played any other instrument. However, in one of the afternoon trumpet seances he said he was going to play, and he at once started in on a trumpet solo, "When Day Is Done." It was truly very wonderful. It was so loud that Mr. Morris who was upstairs could hear it very plainly. Later our landlady, who lives in the apartment opposite to ours, asked me who of our company could play so beautifully on the horn. This was rather difficult to explain as she is an elderly Bohemian lady and knows nothing of the phenomena given us by our Spirit loved ones. If I had told her that our son who left the earth plane over two years ago was playing that trumpet she would have thought I was mentally unbalanced)

Later we decided to make another record of a seance so this time the medium and I sat, and Paul operated the recorder. To my surprise and pleasure Byron was all prepared to make us a musical record, so he played through the whole seance. I was thrilled while listening and so pleased when I learned the record was very good. There are four selections on the record.

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First is "When Day Is Done" played on the trumpet. Second is a cello solo "My Buddy", and it is truly beautiful. Third is "Nearer My God to Thee" played on his violin. Fourth is "It's Three O'clock in the Morning", played on his trumpet. The last selection amused all of us as the time by the clock was approximately three o'clock in the morning, since we were making the records after a late seance.

Dr. Michaelson of Glenwood, Iowa, had an interesting experience. On Sunday afternoon at the materialization seance a girl appeared and said that she was Emily Brant. No one recognized the name so after a time she asked for Dr. Michaelson. He stepped up and talked to her, not knowing who she could be. She told him that he had doctored her and that through his efforts she was permitted to remain on the earth plane quite some time longer than she could have done otherwise. She wished to thank him for his help. He left our home not knowing to whom he had been talking as he did not recall the name at all. On his return he went through his files. At a date about seventeen years back he found that he had treated a Mrs. Brant. He telephoned the home of the gentleman and verified the fact that the name of the deceased wife was Emily, and that she had been treated by Dr. Michaelson. Needless to say, this visit with one on the spirit plane brought a great deal of

satisfaction to the doctor, and a great deal of proof to those who knew later of the verification of the name.

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The spirit folks give us such wonderful messages and so many helpful thoughts. They seem so anxious to impress upon us that there is no death. A gentleman was visiting with his spirit mother and as he questioned her he tried to find out who of us lived on in spirit. In his own mind he was not sure if only the so-called good people had a life after death, or if all of us did. She answered him thus, "Progress is indefinite but LIFE is certain." At this same seance Byron must have realized my lonesomeness because he said "Mother, always remember that I am not away. I am with you; not up in the clouds somewhere, but with you. You just cannot see me, but I can see you." Later I talked with mother about my little brother's body which is in a cemetery in Colorado. She used to worry about his being out there alone. When I asked her if she still worried about him she replied, "No, I never think about that now because he is right here with me." Such truths are very beautiful to me.

Report of seances of March 31, April 1, and April 2nd, 1941

This was a surprise visit so the groups were not so large as they were two weeks ago. However, this meeting was spectacular in many ways. One demonstration was of intense interest to all present. At the close of the seances on the last two nights Star Bright said they were going to try to show how the forms built up from the medium's body. She asked that I hold one side of the curtain open so that the folks present could see plainly into the cabinet, and see the medium in trance, in her chair. After a few seconds the ectoplasm began to form like a tiny white cloud emerging from the

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breast of the medium. The cloud of ectoplasm became larger and larger and gradually took on the form of the physical body. At the very last the final figure formation seemed to instantly take definite form and there before us stood Grandfather John. He said, "Well, well, well, isn't this wonderful? This is Grandfather John." The second night the same demonstration was made, only this time Byron did it, and very well

indeed. He told us later that he wanted to dematerialize back into the body of the medium, slowly, just as he had built up, but that he realized that he did not have the strength to do it well so he had not tried it at all. He said he was going to keep on trying until he could do it as he wanted to. The fact that the medium and the fully developed form were both in view of the group at the same time was a wonderful demonstration of the science and phenomena of Spiritualism. I hope that everyone realized the privilege which he was experiencing.

We again made some very interesting records. On one record Byron played "Beautiful Dreamer" on his cello. He also sang "Mother" to me. I especially appreciated this as he used to sing it to me when he was in the physical.

As we continue in this work we have many private conversations and so much good medical advise. Some of the doctors on spirit side are wonderfully developed. If the folks treated would only have faith and do as they are told, I feel that we would be amazed at the cures that would be brought about.

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Dr. Charlie Morris came to Mr. Morris recently. It was a lovely surprise as Charlie passed to spirit side when he was three years old, which is over sixty years ago. He told us that he gives lectures through various mediums, among those mentioned was Etta Bledsoe, who recently passed to spirit. He gave us a lovely message which we were able to record plainly. You will find this message in the chapter on recorded seances.

Seances with Medium Taber, May 22-25,inclusive, 1941

We had a series of very fine meetings. I shall try to record the outstanding incidents but there are always so many wonderful things happen that cannot be explained by the written word, it seems.

The seances were held in our home here in Omaha, and at three different homes in Lincoln, Nebraska. I was privileged to be cabinet attendant at all of these materializations. I am always happy to help. Being near the curtain I can always see and hear all that is said and done by the spirit friends, at a closer range than is possible for those sitting in the circle. I am thankful for this as I feel that it makes my

reports absolutely accurate, as each incident I mention is a personal experience.

At one of the seances in our home the medium was sitting in trance in a corner in which was a door. It had not been latched well and so came open and was letting in some light. Ordinarily no one is allowed behind the curtain when Mrs. Taber is in trance so I asked Star Bright what I should do. She said that I had better shut it. I went behind the curtain and fastened the

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door. While there I could see the medium in deep trance, and beside her was a materialized form. I was sorry for the interruption of the meeting but was thankful for the experience of seeing and being behind the curtain with Lula in trance.

One lady said, "I do not believe it was my husband who came to me before because I have never heard him sing the song which he then sang." The medium did not hear the conversation. A bit later at materialization a man materialized to this lady and asked for her by name. He had a very dark heavy mustache and the lady at once said, "Oh! It is you." He replied, "Of course it is. I heard what you said but now you know it is true." That mustache was very definite proof to her, and she says that she will never doubt again.

Byron played his trumpet, violin, and cello very beautifully at several of the meetings. Those attending are always appreciative of his playing as they all know that the instruments are not in the room, and that therefore they must be materialized, and also because the music is sweet to hear. One conversation with Byron was of interest to all who heard, and I believe will be to all who read. A friend of ours had several bouquets of flowers and so she asked me if we couldn't take them out to the cemetery the next morning. The medium was not present at the time of the conversation and nothing was said to her concerning the matter. When she came in we at once started the trumpet seance. Byron spoke to Mrs. Temple, and then she said, "Byron, what do you think of the trip we planned

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for in the morning?" He replied, "Oh it's all right I guess." She then said, "Do you know what I am talking about?" He said, "Sure. You mean about the flowers." She then told him he was right and also asked, "Don't you want us to?" His answer was, "I do not care, only why do something to make Mother feel badly? Why not let Mother take the flowers home. I will be there and we can all enjoy them."—That, to me, and I know to others, was a very lovely and beautiful answer.

I have often been told that there was some one like a Hindu standing near me. At last I know who it is for Romania materialized to me, saying he was a guide to me. He gave a fine message and then paraphrased the Lord's prayer. He said he was a Buddhist priest while on this plane. I am happy to have him for a helper.

Etta Bledsoe materialized to the group at two different times, giving us some of her characteristic inspirational messages. She has only recently passed to spirit side. She was a fine medium while here. We appreciated her appearing to us.

One spirit lady materialized with long hair which hung far below her waist. She took first one side and then the other and put it in a roll on the top of her head. I did not know the lady to whom she came, but she remarked, "Yes, that is just the way she did it." I am always so glad when the loved ones come to the friends and relatives who are so anxious to see them. The spirit ones are so happy to bring the message dear to the hearts of all of us, that is, that they are not dead,

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but even more alive than we. I have repeatedly heard the remark, "Spiritualism has completely changed my outlook on life, and death." To hear intelligent thinking men and women make this statement is a source of great satisfaction to me, and to others who are also very anxious to see the cause of Spiritualism grow.

Report of seances held July 17, 1941 July 21, 1941, inclusive.

Two of the above mentioned days were enjoyed in homes in Lincoln, Nebraska. The meetings of the other three days were all held in our home in Omaha, Nebraska.

At all but one of the materialization seances the ectoplasm demonstration was given. Byron, Star Bright, and Grandfather John made the demonstrations. Byron succeeded this time in de-materializing slowly and we could see the ectoplasm return to the body of the medium. Everyone is always so interested in the demonstration. The more often I see it the more marvelous it seems to me, and more anxious am I to tell others of the truth of super-normal phenomena.

In Lincoln we had the pleasure of hearing Jenny Lind sing beautifully. She materialized for a music teacher who certainly appreciated her. We tried to sing with her but she was out of our class when it came to reaching the high notes. I wish Medium Taber could have heard her. The solo was sung through without hesitation. It was a wonderful proof to those who had not yet had proof, because anyone who knew anything of the medium knew that she could not sing in

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any such manner as that solo was sung. Byron gave wonderful demonstrations on his violin, cello, and trumpet at nearly all of the meetings. Mrs. Taber seems to be a perfect medium for his manifestations. She has learned to love him and she says she often talks with him when she is other places than here with us. Recently in Guthrie, Oklahoma, he played and told the group that he was doing so because the medium was a good friend of his mother's. Of course we like to have him do these things because we know that all who learn to know him will also learn to love him. This fact not only makes us happy but will also help him in his development.

In Lincoln, Professor J. Langwothy Taylor materialized to a fellow teacher. He gave a nice message to all Nebraska University students, of which there were several present besides Mr. Britt and myself. We were not acquainted with him personally but enjoyed his greeting. We were told later that he had just been over on spirit side for approximately two weeks. His friends said that he was well informed on the subject of spiritualism and so knew the beauties and comforts of its truths.

After we returned from Lincoln, at the first materialization Star Bright spoke to me, saying, "Coleen, do you know what that music teacher said about me?" I had no idea of course, since I did not know the teacher and she had expressed no opinion to me. The teacher did not know the medium well either and I knew that they had not talked after

the seance as someone called for the teacher and she left at once. My answer to

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Star Bright was, "No. What did she say?" She replied, "She said Star Bright is a cute little thing but her language is abdominal—I mean abominable." Star Bright then went on to tell us that she could talk good English but that she spoke as she did because it made her audience laugh and feel jolly, and that in turn made a good vibration for the meeting. "So," she remarked, "I shall just go on doing as I please." Later I questioned the teacher and she told me she had made just that remark to her friend.

At one of the seances Byron played "The Rosary" on his violin. It was truly beautiful. All present exclaimed about its beauty so I know that it was appreciated by others besides his Mom and Dad. One present who is well versed on the subject of rhythm and pitch, remarked about the fact that the manifestations were correct in that regard in Byron's music. If the ones present were singing right or wrong, or if they were singing at all, made no difference. If Byron finds he cannot do a certain piece when he has started, he stops, but he does not hit "blue" notes.

Many of the spirits do a great deal of touching, caressing, kissing or patting the face or arms of those to whom they come. One of the outstanding things along that line occurred the other evening at the home of a Doctor friend. Byron walked over to Dr. Temple's chair and said "Let's shake hands." The Doctor held out his hand and Byron put his in it, and at once the Doctor exclaimed, "My goodness! He squeezed my hand hard." That is the first time I have witnessed a real handshake by a spirit.

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A lady at whose home the medium used to stay, did not see fit to call or come see Lula while she was here this time. Due to that fact, Lula said she was not going to stop at her house as she left town, as she had done several times. She said that if Mrs. X did not want to see her she did not know of any reason why she should put herself out to stop. Just before she left we went into the seance room and had a visit with Byron

through the trumpet. After a short while he said, "I want to say something to Lula." Mrs. Taber said, "Yes, Byron, what is it?" He replied, "I want you to go see Mrs. X as you leave town. There is no use in making anyone angry if one can help it. Anyway, Lula, Mrs. X will think my mother is to blame if you do not stop, and you know that mother is not to blame." He evidently was near when we had talked about the above topic. He did not agree so he brought up the subject. He was no doubt exactly correct, and both Lula and I were glad that he had given his opinion. She said she would do as he wished and that she would tell Mrs. X why she had stopped to see her.

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### CHESTERFIELD

There's a beautiful spot in God's wonderful world;  
HIS presence we all may feel,  
If we pause for a time by the Garden of Prayer  
'Neath the Chimes of Chesterfield.

There are comforting words each heart may hear  
By his own loved ones revealed,  
As he talks and sings with his spirit friends  
'Neath the Chimes of Chesterfield.

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### CAMP CHESTERFIELD, INDIANA, 1941

Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp is a beautiful place. The grounds are like a lovely restful picture. As one walks in the cool shade of the majestic maples, the sturdy oaks, and the friendly evergreens, he becomes aware of his nearness and his atonement with Nature. The chimes in the Chapel harmonize with the natural charms and bring the needed uplift to cheer the soul of man. Here it is so easy and so wonderful to cast off the troubles and woes of the world and become conscious of the realm of spirit, realizing that continuous life is the heritage of every man.

A great majority of spiritualists have been brought to the realization of the truth of spirit phenomena by the loss of loved ones, which loss has

caused so many tortured souls to seek further rather than accept the cemetery as the end of life's way.

For this reason most of the folks who attend Chesterfield meet on a common ground. Because of this, sympathy, kindness, tolerance, love, helpfulness and friendliness are the outstanding characteristics of the men and women, young and old, who gather in this hallowed place year after year. From all parts of the United States they come, to enjoy a reunion with the loved ones.

Just inside the arch of the entrance to Chesterfield Camp stand the two Camp hotels, the Lily and the Sunflower. Man-made beauty spots of the Camp are the Amerindian, a fine statute of the American Indian designed

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according to spirit direction; the Stone Pulpit where the grove message services and lectures are held; and the Garden of Prayer, a truly beautiful spot symbolic of the Garden of Gethsemane where Christ went to commune with the spirit through prayer. Inside the quiet, restful room in the hillside are dainty statues and vases of roses artistically arranged about the altar. Seats are found before the altar for those who wish to tarry there for meditation.

The activities of a day at Chesterfield conform to a general plan, as follows: 10:30 a. m., Class work, given in the Chapel; 2:30 p. m., Lecture and message service in the auditorium; 6:30 p. m., Grove meeting at the Stone Pulpit; 8:00 p. m., seances at the homes of the various mediums who are serving the Camp. At 8:00 am. there are always powwows one may attend. Any visitor to Chesterfield should be sure to attend one or more of these interesting phenomenal meetings. At 4:00 o'clock every day Robert Chaney holds a healing service at the Chapel. Mr. Chaney is a nice person whose talks and personality are inspirational. Mr. Chaney is a spirit photographer and produces some remarkable pictures.

We arrived at Chesterfield on August 3rd, 1941. This was designated as Etta Bledsoe Sunday due to the fact that she had promised to give a lecture through the mediumship of James Laughton. Her talk to the audience was very interesting and her use of James as a medium was a

marvelous example of spirit power and spirit ability. There were over 1,800 people present to hear Etta Bledsoe lecture. To sit with hundreds

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of other listeners and hear the beautiful melody of Chesterfield's pipe organ invade this lovely place seemed a fitting prelude to the privilege of hearing the message of love and understanding from Etta Bledsoe on the spirit side of life. Many present had known and loved Etta Bledsoe while she was here. I had not, but I had seen and heard her in my own home through the mediumship of Rev. Taber. We appreciated her coming to our home and hope she will do so again soon.

The program for our group during the week we spent at Chesterfield was approximately as I shall record. The seances I shall mention were attended by two or more of us on each occasion. We attended all work mentioned above, under program for the day. Mr. Bias' class work was very interesting and well presented. It was entirely of an informative and educational nature. If such work was available to all, the truth of spiritualism could progress much faster than is possible under present conditions.

Monday, August 4th, 1941. Materialization Medium Lula Taber.

There were over twenty persons present at this meeting, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pressing, publishers of *Psychic Observer*. They were interested in seeing Byron's violin and in hearing his music so we were very pleased when he materialized and played. When he had finished he held his violin out at arms length and asked the Pressings if they could see it well. Mrs. Pressing then stepped up to the cabinet and talked with him. The following is an excerpt

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from the November tenth issue of *Psychic Observer* wherein Grace P. Schafer, feature writer for the *Observer*, wrote an article on "The Mediumship of Rev. Lula Taber." Quote,— "What I like about Mrs. Taber's materializations is: there is no question about the spirits who come through. When they make an entree they announce their full names and the names of the ones they have come to visit. I was deeply

impressed by the spirit who announced his name, 'Byron Britt.' He called for his parents. They asked him if he could play something on the violin for them. Before our eyes we saw the form of a violin and bow assemble. As the bow was drawn across the gauzelike strings, we heard music .... violin music ... . only sweeter .... more heavenly than an earthly instrument could produce. The selection played was 'Sweet Mystery of Life.' How appropriate!"

An interesting incident was when a soldier materialized to Mr. Morris, gave a military salute, and said, "Major, I salute you. I am Harry Atkins. I served under you." Mr. Morris saluted in return, saying, "I remember you well." Later he told us that Mr. Atkins had been killed in France during the First World War.

At this same seance Mr. J. Langworthy Taylor, Professor-Emeritus of the University of Nebraska, materialized and talked with Altinas Tullis, Instructor in Chorus at the University of Nebraska. He said, "Tell all the world we do not die. There is no death, only life. I want everyone to know that I am learning all about this thing called spirit return and it's true, true, TRUE."

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When the Pressings heard Mr. Taylor give his name they were surprised and pleased, saying that they had traveled abroad together some years ago. They, too, had an interesting visit with their old friend.

Tuesday, 8:00 am.

All of us attended a powwow held by Medium Maude Fox and her sister, Mrs. Smith. This type of seance is given over almost entirely to the Indians. It is a fascinating demonstration of power from the spirit side of life. The Indians sing and dance and give war calls. Usually an Indian guide or helper comes to each one who is present and the spirit artists draw his picture on a sheet of paper. The sheet is then placed in the large end of the trumpet by the spirits and delivered to the correct person by the trumpet. Sheets of white paper and crayons are placed on the table at the beginning of the seance. The meeting is in total darkness so everyone is surprised to find a really nice picture on his sheet of paper. Each of us has ours framed.

We attended another of these powwows on Friday morning, finding that unlike other seances, the more people there are present the better the demonstrations. We could hear several Indians talking over which colors to use on certain pictures. The colors they say they are using are the ones found on the finished picture. For instance, Red Maple said, "Make me red. Make me all red. I Red Maple." When the lights were turned on I found that his picture was all red. Other touches of color had been used but for the most part the artist had used red, and with very fine results, too.

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Tuesday, 8 P. M., we attended Mr. James Laughton's trumpet circle. He is a marvelous medium and we had a wonderful evening. Byron loves to talk and demonstrate through him. Mr. Laughton does not trance for his trumpet work though he does for independent voice.

An outstanding feature of his trumpet work is that one not only hears the voice of those to whom he talks but can also hear the voices of other spirits as they converse among themselves. For example I record the following. The son Robert of the folks sitting next to us, came and talked to them. After that Byron talked to us, and just after he said good-night to us we heard him say "Oh you are Robert, aren't you." As I talked to my mother we could still hear bits of the conversation of the two boys. Soon Byron said, "Grandma Owen, come over here; I want you to meet Robert." As the meeting continued we could hear them talking a little distance away. Later Byron gave a very realistic demonstration of short wave sending of code. As he did so, he said "Testing, testing, calling Mother. This is station H-E-A-V-E-N-Byron. Signing off." The code was rapped on the trumpet and the whole demonstration was natural and very fine. Those who read this please remember that we had never met the medium before and had had no conversation before the seance. There were twenty-one in the room. No one knew that we had a son Byron, and certainly no one could have known that he was an amateur operator. Some Indians usually come in at Mr. Laughton's trumpet.

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They give unique demonstrations of riding up on their ponies. One can hear the sound of the hoofs away in the distance as they come, and as

they leave, and on several occasions the ponies would snort in a perfectly natural earth manner. While all of this is going on the medium sits and talks and enjoys the phenomena with the rest of those present. Our second seance with Mr. Laughton was just as remarkable as the first. As my lady friend and I met at the door on our way to the second of Mr. Laughton's seances, she handed me a copper Indian, as a souvenir. I took it out of its box and since it was so pretty I set it on a vacant chair beside me, saying, "Well, we will let him attend the seance too." Later, in the meeting, Red Feather came to me. I heard the trumpet gently bumping against my copper Indian and then Red Feather spoke, "I believe I can pick this Indian up."

No sooner said than done and then he asked me to hold out my hand. I did so and found that my Indian was hanging from the end of the trumpet. He held the copper Indian there some time while I felt all around the end of the trumpet. I tried to take the Indian in my hand but found that it was held securely to the end of the trumpet. Red Feather said, "Wait a minute. I want to take this over to the little girl so she can feel it." In a few seconds the girl over on the other side of the circle said, "Oh! He brought it to me." After awhile Red Feather brought it back to me and placed it in my hand. Mr. Laughton has partial materialization in his seances. Each of our group had a demonstration of this and it was an experience which we shall never forget. It is a difficult

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phenomena to explain to those who have not experienced the thrill of it. In the total darkness while Byron was talking to his Dad, he asked him to hold out his hand. Paul did so and Byron gasped it accurately and firmly and waved it about. Right after this Byron took my hand gently in his own, raised it to his lips and kissed it very fervently, yet very definitely. The kiss was slightly damp and warm and the caress was one of the most delightful and satisfying Spirit manifestations I have experienced. The others had experiences which were similar but I shall not attempt to tell of those since one must actually be the receiver to be able to speak positively concerning such demonstrations.

On Wednesday at eight in the morning we attended a powwow held by Medium Mary Langley Beatte. There was a group of about twenty people. On a table in the center of the room was a pile of slates. We were invited to examine the slates just before the seance started in order to satisfy ourselves that they had no writing on them. The slates

were double, and about eight by ten inches. There was also a guitar on the floor beside the table. The seance was conducted as usual, with the group sitting in a circle, and the room in darkness. Mrs. Beatte sat in the circle also. About two feet behind the medium was her cabinet wherein she sits for regular materialization seances, but during the powwow she was not in it. You might say "How do you know that she was not in it?" My reason would be that on numerous occasions during the seance different folks, including ourselves, spoke

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to her and she at once answered, always from the same location. She was not in trance at any time. The seance was held in total darkness. As the seance continued a great many Indians materialized, coming from out the cabinet. They showed their feathers shiny and bright, and the stripes in their blankets and each article of dress was plainly visible. Their feathers were not as plain as the features of those who materialize in an ordinary materialization, but the clothing was very vivid. One Indian came over into the circle and gave a healing treatment to a lady. He knelt down so he could treat her from head to foot. The Indian calls, songs and dances are very fascinating and very pretty.

I was especially pleased at this seance because my Dr. Summer was the first to speak. He told me that he had been given the honor of opening the meeting. For me, of course, this was a real thrill. As the meeting proceeded the slates were brought to us and placed on our laps or in our hands. They were given to us by some of our spirit visitors. The medium told us to hold our slates by both hands, one on each side of the slate. This I did, and at no time was the slate out of my hand or opened up. Later the trumpet came near each slate and the scratching of writing could be heard for just a few seconds. I expected the writing to be on the outside of the slate but when the lights were put on I found the inside of my slate was where the writing occurred. My message was signed "Byron" and said, "If you only knew how I like to come in! Anyway, I am so happy to bring you this message.

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I am interested in all of your earth problems and I do linger close and impress you a lot." Paul's message was from his father and read as

follows, "Greetings from us all. I am progressing nicely and come close to you every day. Joseph Britt." Mr. Morris' slate contained the following, "My darling boy I am so happy to come like this and will help in every way I can. All is well. Mother Jennie." Mrs. also had a nice message, as did everyone in the room. Everyone kept his slate if he cared to, which I believe everyone did. To you who doubt, I want to say that the appointment for this seance was made by one of our group, for four people, but only one name given. The names of the sitters were not mentioned before the seance at any time. Just before the close of this interesting seance the guitar was levitated high in the room and a tune played on it for us.

Thursday at eight in the morning we attended an apport seance. This seance was conducted much in the same manner as the powwow mentioned. Rev. John Bunker of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, is a very fine apport medium. His meetings demonstrate a very high type of mediumship. The messages and teachings of his services are inspirational, spiritual and educational. Mr. Bunker is in complete trance during his apport seances which usually last for two hours or more. Thistle is an interesting and efficient trumpet control, and she has an amazing memory. She is a personality one does not forget. Apport phenomena is fascinating to all who come in contact with it. Mr. Bunker said that he believed the Indians give the

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needed strength for the work, although the loved ones are present and take an active part. All present do not always receive apports but everyone did at the three seances we attended. The groups averaged from twelve to twenty persons. At the start of the meeting loved ones come to those present and tell them who is going to try to bring the apport to each individual. The first day Byron went for Paul's apport and Mother went for mine. The second day Margaret went for my gift, Paul's father for his. The third day Byron went in search of something he thought I would like, and Paul's Mother told him she was going to bring him something to wear.

To Paul, Byron brought a piece of beautiful crystal, his father brought an arrow head about two inches long, and his mother brought him a very pretty Mexican opal suitable for a set in a ring. To me Mother brought two tiny white shells which she said she found beside the ocean to the west and that she wanted me to have them made into earrings. They

are almost identical and are very dainty. Margaret brought me some crystal from a cave, similar to that which Byron brought to Paul. Byron placed in my hand a tiny arrow similar to the ones for which we had spent hours searching and were never able to find. The arrow is about a half inch in length, very thin and nearly perfect. It is needless to say that we prize these apports highly. When Byron told us that he secured the crystal from a cave in Switzerland it made me realize anew how interesting and wonderful the other side of life must be. I feel sure that the experience which we in our shortsightedness look upon as death, is in reality far more enjoyable and satisfying than any activities in which we take part here.

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At the seance mentioned above Mrs. Tullis received an arrow head, a blue sapphire and two shells which are entirely different than those which were given to me. Among other things Mr. Morris was given an ancient coin. His brother Charlie brought it to him, telling him that it was a Hindu coin at least two thousand years old. The stones above mentioned have been shown to a jeweler, Mr. Stastny, of Lincoln, Nebraska, and he told us the same as we had been told at the seance in regard as to what kind of stones they are. We did not doubt what we had been told but for the sake of the record we wished to verify our information by a good jeweler.

I do not pretend to be an authority on the phenomena of apport work but I do want to tell you what Mr. Bunker told us. He received what information he has through spirit communication and personal experience. Mr. Bunker says that he feels sure that the apports come through his solar plexis region. The articles are changed into a gaseous state so they can be transported through solids, and through the air at a great rate of speed. When Mr. Bunker was developing his mediumship all the apports which came were flowers. Since then he has had a great variety of objects. The largest apport ever brought was a tomahawk of stone, about five inches in length. Mr. Bunker was ill for two days after this experience. Most of the apported articles are small. Some of the apports are articles found just as we receive them but

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others are manufactured by the spirit chemists. Mr. Bunker told us that he had asked that he might have an apport for himself and that one day he was shocked by a force similar to the force coming from a nearby explosion. He stopped suddenly, saw a cloudy mass in front of him about the location of his solar plexis, then an arrowhead fell on the floor at his feet. This happened in the light and when he was not in trance.

Thistle told us that they never apport articles of any intrinsic value because if they did people would forget the spiritual side of the work, and that is the part in which she and the other workers are most interested.

Thursday we attended a trumpet seance by Rev. Clifford Bias. Mr. Bias is a fine young minister of about twenty-five years of age. This winter he is to work at the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, New York. His control Sylvia is very efficient in taking charge of the seance while her medium is in trance. We had a pleasant surprise at this meeting as Byron played for us on his mandolin. We had never heard him play on this instrument before and the sweetness of the music was appreciated by all who were present. One of the characteristics of Mr. Bias' seances is that at nearly every one Sylvia brings a lovely sweet perfume which permeates the whole room. She names the different scents joy or Faith, or some similar name. My Dr. Summer came with an encouraging message and said that he would show me what would lead me. As he said this a perfect illuminated cross formed in the large end of the trumpet. I was glad that each one could see the cross and thus more keenly appreciate the power and love being manifested to us from the spirit plane.

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Friday at one o'clock we attended another powwow held by the mediums Maude Fox and Loretta Smith. Greatly to my surprise and satisfaction my guide Romania came to me, and the Indian artists drew his picture for me to keep. I like the Indians very much but since it is unusual for others than Indians to come in at the powwows I appreciated the fact that Romania could and would come to me. I had been told that I should not worry about it if my guides did not come to me at Chesterfield as it would be a new vibration for them and for me. Consequently I had made up my mind that I would be happy about whoever was kind enough to contact me. At the same time, however, my constant prayer was that I could have nice visits with Byron. Now after the lovely week of reunion with those who have progressed further

along life's pathway than I, my appreciation of good mediumship is even greater than before.

At every seance which I attended on the grounds of Chesterfield, Byron and my guide, Dr. Summer, both came and talked with me. Red Feather came often to both Paul and me, and Romania materialized and visited me several times. Paul's Dr. Brown was also in at every seance. Dr. Brown and Dr. Summer work together with Paul and me and they often come to us at near the same time. It amused us at one of the Laughton seances when Dr. Brown spoke to me and gave me a message for Paul, who was absent. Then Dr. Brown spoke, saying, "Dr. Summer is here too." In sort of an aside, he continued

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plainly, "You may go in now Dr. Summer." Dr. Summer replied, in rather a competitive manner, "Well, that's mighty white of you, Brown . "

We attended seances of the mediums mentioned, other than I have recorded specifically. In this report I have attempted to mention only the most pertinent incidents which I hope will be of interest to all.

The auditorium services, ordinarily consisting of a lecture, selected musical numbers, message hour, and several inspirational pipe-organ solos, are always very fine. There are many excellent message bearers working from the platform. The most satisfying of those whom we had the pleasure of hearing were, Clifford Bias, Mary Beatte, John Bunker, Maude Fox, Clara Knost, James Laughton, Lula Taber, Mabel Riffle, Mamie Schultz, Loretta Smith, Oscar Thronsen, Edith Stillwell, Nellie Curry and Robert Chaney. These messages bring much comfort to those who receive them. The mediums give the first and last names of the person to whom the messages come, and the full name of the spirit giving the message, the names of various members of the family, and many other interesting items pertaining to health, business or other topics of interest. Part of the mediums work blindfolded, though most of them do not. Some read sealed questions. Many of the mediums just stand before their audience and give remarkable evidence as it is received by them from spirit. The management of Chesterfield tries to have every known phase of mediumship demonstrated on the grounds.

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Every afternoon there was a service at the Stone Pulpit, similar to the one held in the auditorium. This service is always held one hour before sun-down. The pulpit is made of natural rock and stands in a beautiful clearing under huge trees. Seats are placed in a semicircle around the pulpit. Because of the natural setting this service is of great inspirational value to most people. It makes one happy at any time to receive words from a loved one, but it is especially pleasant to be a part of this wonderful hour at the close of the day.

Mary Langley Beatte gave a wonderful demonstration of precipitated writing, on plain white cards, in the full light of day. Mr. Clark assisted her by passing the cards around through the audience so that all might see for themselves that no writing was on the cards at the time the demonstration started. The cards were of the dime store variety often used in recipe files. Mary Beatte carried a bouquet of petunias in her hand and when Mr. Clark came to the platform with the cards she took them and placed the petunias at random between the cards. She then put rubber bands around the cards, which she had divided into two packages. Two people from the audience were asked to come to the platform and sit in the two chairs which were placed side by side, facing the auditorium. A lady and then a gentleman went up from the audience. She gave each one a package of the cards, asking that they be held in the right hand and allowed to rest on the left shoulder of the one holding them. Mrs. Beatte stood behind the chairs with her hands resting

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lightly on each pack of cards. After a short time the scratching of writing could be heard. We waited, attentively, for six or eight minutes before the two who had gone up from the audience said that they no longer heard any sound of writing. Mary Beatte then took the cards, and starting at the top, read the name appearing on the card. In answer to his name each person went up and claimed his card. I read the messages on quite a number of the cards and no two were even similar, either in writing or in the content of the message. Some were written in blue, some red, or another color taken from the variegated bouquet of petunias.

Mary Beatte told us that her spirit helpers had told her how to secure the writing by this method, the flowers being the source of the chemicals

used in this fascinating demonstration by our spirit loved ones. Mr. Morris, Mrs. Tullis and myself were present at this demonstration. Mrs. Tullis received no message. Mr. Morris had one written in blue which said, "John Morris—Dear ones of earth how nice it is to come and tell you we are together and watching over you. Sister Mary." I received no card personally, but one was addressed to Paul. Paul had intended coming to the meeting but at the last minute he had to go on an errand for Lula. I went up and received the card which amazed me when I read it. The card said, "Paul—We are all having a glorious experience and am so glad to SEND a card to you. Go on. All is well. Dr. Brown." The medium could not possibly have known that Paul was not going to be able to be present at the seance as he did not know it himself until the

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last minute. I thought it was so very thoughtful that since I had been privileged to see and hear the demonstration that Paul could have a message sent to him. True mediumship is a beautiful development. Mr. Morris, Mr. Britt, Mrs. Tullis and myself spent another wonderful week at Chesterfield during August, 1942. The contacts were even more satisfying than the previous summer, if possible.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

Seances October 1 to 9, 1941, inclusive.

Medium Lula Taber.

As I think back over the wonderful meetings that have taken place I realize that Mr. Britt and I have been especially privileged to have been able to hold these meetings in our own home. We enjoy the seances, and the medium, so much that we are never ready for her to leave our home.

The second day Rev. Tabor was here she completely lost her voice and did not regain it until the day before she left. To those who wonder about the source of the voices this incident should be a complete proof that the medium is not doing the talking. She could only whisper, and weakly at that, yet it did not affect the voices of our spirit friends. They talked to us just as plainly as ever. The following day Lula developed a bad cough. During the time she was sitting in trance the cough became

a nuisance due to the fact that it caused her to strangle and come out of the trance condition for a time. When this occurred, we had to

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sing until Lula went into trance again and Star Bright could go on with her work. After a few seances where the coughing interfered Star Bright became out of patience. When Lula came out of trance Star Bright kept right on talking to her so we all could hear. She told her that if she could not do something to help her cough she had better go home because she was not doing good. Lula laughed while Star Bright talked and then said, "Well, I guess that's right."

At this same time I also had a very bad cold and could not sing without becoming very hoarse. Star Bright does not usually come out of the cabinet while the seance is in progress so I was much surprised when she came out and said, "Coleen, I brought you something." I looked down at her and to the amusement of all she handed me an inhaler. The inhaler was one which we had been using that day and it had been placed on the buffet before the seance began. Star Bright said that Dr. Burkett had told her to give it to me. The incident was so interesting to all of us that before the seance began the following evening I purposely asked Lula to place the inhaler on the buffet behind the curtain. During the seance I asked Star Bright if she could bring the inhaler out to me as she had done before, as I wished the folks present to see her carry it out. In a few seconds here she came, not only with the inhaler, but also carrying a bottle of pills much larger than the inhaler, both articles wrapped in two kleenex. Lula had just put the items all down together so Star Bright brought them all out. Star Bright is a darling and can be appreciated best after one has

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known her a long time. I have seen and talked to her in over one hundred seances and never has there been any difference in her appearance, in her voice, or in her personality. On another evening two sisters in their teens were present. They seemed so happy about the contacts they had experienced and since they had never attended a seance before I thought they would enjoy seeing Star Bright again. Behind the curtain I had a whatnot shelf in the corner, on which were

about a dozen articles. Remembering a little dancing doll which was on the shelf, I asked Star Bright if she could bring the little doll out to one of the girls. She did so, handing the doll carefully to one of the sisters. When the girl thanked her, Star Bright replied, true to form, "You is welcome much." I am sure the girl will treasure the doll as a keepsake of her first seance.

The incident with the girls makes me think of an activity at Chesterfield which interested me a great deal, and which I thought was fine. The children of the mediums serving the Camp have their own lyceum while Camp is in session. They assemble at the Chapel each morning and are there taught the fundamentals of spiritualism. They are taken to the Garden of Prayer and taught the value of prayer and communion. They attend the seances and there visit with relatives and friends and receive valuable teachings from their guides and helpers. Such wonderful teachings for children is an excellent asset to their education. Children brought up in such an atmosphere will never have the fear of death that you or I experienced, for they will know that there is no death. They will

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know from their own mother's teaching that the phenomena at which we marvel is natural and beautiful. They will understand how to receive the best and give the most, when attending seances. This training of the children at the Spiritualist camps would prove to me, even when nothing else could, that the mediums are sincere. A few mothers might teach a child to believe in something which she knew was false, but no one could make me believe that thousands of parents all over this United States would do so.

At the last group of seances some unusual things occurred. Perhaps I should say things which were new to me, rather than that they were unusual. One evening a little white dog trotted into the room from behind the curtain, barked several times, run about wagging its tail for a few seconds and then ran back behind the curtain. The dog was long haired, about a foot high, and had a tail which curled up over its back. We did not know to whom the little dog came. If Star Bright did she did not tell us.

An Indian healer materialized with a black snake. He said his name was Chief Black Snake. The Chief held the snake in his hands. It measured at least four feet in length and was about the size of a broom handle in

circumference, though I would judge a little bit larger. The snake's eyes were plainly visible to me as was also the forked tongue, which moved rapidly in the usual snake fashion. The Chief said he wanted to touch the snake's head to my face, so of course I let him do so. I am not a lover of reptiles in general but I knew that Star Bright and Dr. Burkett would

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not have let the snake be brought into the seance if it had been other than a helpful vibration. The Chief gave a healing message as he gently held the snake against my cheek. He touched at least two others with his black snake before he and the snake dematerialized. When Rev. Taber was out of trance I told her of what had happened and she was not sure if she liked such a demonstration. I assured her that Star Bright had told us definitely that the Chief used the snake for his healing work and that it was all a very good influence. Rev. Taber had never known of the materialization of a snake in her, or any other's materialization.

Little Bright Eyes, guide of Mr. Morris, materialized for the first time. She has never spoken English but she sings Indian songs to us. In this seance she danced and sang at the same time. She materializes only about eighteen inches in height and seems to dance continuously.

Byron has often played his cello but has never materialized it until this evening. The instrument was taller than he and he said it had been quite a job to bring it out where we could see it and so he was not going to attempt to play it too. The cello was very plain and one could see the strings and every detail of it as Byron stood there holding it upright. Just before the cello was materialized we plainly heard the sound of the sending of code. Later Byron told us that what we had heard was he sending a code message for help in materializing the cello. What a little we know concerning the forces of nature !

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Paul or I have never attended a materialization seance that Byron did not appear. That is, we never had until the other evening when Lu and I were both about sick. At the close of the meeting I asked Star Bright to tell him that we missed him. She said, "I will. But Byron has been

helping me." Byron then spoke from behind the curtain and told us that since the medium and I were neither one "giving" as much as we usually did he was helping Star Bright with the work. He said that he did not know how to help Star Bright build up the ectoplasm but that he could help with the medium so that was what he had been doing. Byron stated further that in the work he was helping with he could not leave the medium so it was impossible for him to materialize. The wonderful and amazing things which they tell us are ever a source of interest and satisfaction to me and to the many others who are seeking a knowledge of the ways of a life into which we all shall so soon enter. That side of life is going to be a marvelous experience and I am ready any day to take that step of progression. Each day while here I want to search into the truths of psychic research and so be better able to help others who grieve as I did in hopeless maddening despair.

The other evening I had the thrill of seeing a tiny baby materialize. The mother also materialized and carried the infant into our view. We were told by this spirit mother's friend that the mother and babe passed to spirit about a year ago, when the baby was only a few days old. While the mother and babe were materialized, Star Bright asked the other lady and myself

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to hold hands securely, across in front of the cabinet. We did so and at once the spirit mother laid her tiny child in our arms and then stepped back, apparently entirely away from it. Of course there was a connection but we did not see it. After a bit the baby cried lustily and the mother reached out and carefully picked it up, cuddling it close in her arms. The baby had a sweet face and had dark hair all over its tiny little head. This demonstration seemed a lovely one to me. It was a fascinating picture of devotion from life's finer side.

While I attend the cabinet I do not really expect anyone to materialize to me; only Byron, of course. Seeing him is a satisfying bit of heaven. If others do come I am very happy, however. But since I was not expecting anyone I did not pay personal attention when a lady stepped in and said "Frances". No one in the circle claimed a friend by the name of Frances, so I turned to speak to her, then realized she was coming to me. Before I could speak she said, "McIntosh. Frances McIntosh. Oh I I thought I would surprise you, Coleen." She certainly had, very

pleasantly, because I had not had the chance to visit with her for nearly three months.

On October 17 and 18, 1941, Medium John Dill held trumpet seances in our home. There were about fourteen of us in the circle each evening. Mr. Dill always sits in the center of his circle and during the seance holds the hands of another person of the group who wishes to sit with him. I sat with him one of the evenings so if anyone thinks he is personally responsible for the moving of any object, during the seance,

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I can assure you that he is not. In the center of the circle, on a small table, four trumpets were placed. Also on the table was a linen scarf about ten by thirty-six inches, a tiny bell, and a glass of water with several petunias in it. In Mr. Dill's seances everyone holds the hand of the one next to him, all during the seance. This is for two reasons, the first being to make the contact stronger, and the second so that those sitting will know positively that no person on this side of life moved any object in the room. During the seance the flowers were carried about and handed to various ones. Byron brought me one and wove it in and out of my hair securely. He then took the linen scarf over to his Dad to demonstrate levitation of objects to him. The water from the glass was sprinkled about and fell on different ones. All of the four trumpets were in the air at the same time. I know this is true because while one was over at the far side of the circle being used in a conversation, two were by me, one of which was tapping me on the shoulder and the other on the top of the head. The fourth, which could easily be traced by its lighted band, was high up in the room tapping on the light fixtures. After the meeting we found the glass of water sitting on the floor. None had been spilled on the floor. The table was upside down and at the opposite side of the circle than it was at the beginning of the meeting. We had not heard them move it, and no one had been touched, so accurate is spirit control when well developed. On Saturday night when the flowers were taken about each person remarked about the strength of the materialized hand which very definitely but carefully patted him on the arm or face, or worked the stems intricately between the fingers or into his hair.

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Byron sang three songs to me, "Mother", "Long, Long Trail" and one of which I do not know the name but it was about when we meet again. He said that next time he would sing for his Dad.

Mr. Dill was asked how long it took him to develop his mediumship and he told us that he sat for development for four years and a half before he got any kind of a voice; and eighteen months more before he could really hold a seance.

Medium Lula Taber seances, November 11-17, inclusive, 1941.

Materializations were enjoyed each evening in our home with the exception of Friday and Saturday nights. The seances on those evenings were held at the home of families living in Lincoln. Many new folks attended, a large percent of them being business people. I am always so glad when new individuals find the comfort and truth brought by the phenomena of physical mediumship.

We had pleasant and helpful visits with Byron. We are so proud of him for the progress which he has made over there. We made a record on which he played his cello and his violin. He played "Nearer My God to Thee", "Beautiful Dreamer" and "Home Sweet Home".

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One evening a Sister materialized, carrying a tiny baby in her arms. It was smaller than the one we saw before, and it cried differently. Sister Margaret did not say anything but held the baby out for us to see and then she laid it carefully down in the arms of a lady and gentleman who were standing in front of the cabinet. Sister Margaret often comes to Paul. Star Bright told us later that Byron had seen Sister Margaret with the baby and had asked her to come into the circle with it so we could all see it. The baby did not have any connection with anyone present but was an infant for which Sister Margaret was caring.

A sweet little old lady materialized and said she was Grandmother Morris. She was working with her hands, very rapidly and intently. I asked her if she was knitting and she said, "No. I am weaving." When asked what she was making she said it was a mantle for John's shoulders. Some lady asked what she was making it out of to which Grandmother replied, "I am weaving it out of ectoplasm."

We had the novelty of hearing folks talk fluently with the spirit friends in Bohemian, Holland Dutch, German and Austrian. I do not understand any of these languages but I enjoyed the enthusiasm shown in the conversations.

There were so many individuals present who had never before attended a seance that we did not have as many spectacular things occur as we do sometimes, but every seance was fine. It seems that when there are a large percent of new sitters present it takes more strength from the more developed ones in the circle, and from the more experienced spirit forces, to enable the new spirits to manifest in the best possible manner.

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In our study of the work we often ask peculiar questions. For instance, the other evening Paul asked Byron if he could step on his toe. Byron said, "Well, I do not know. I have never tried that." He then returned to the cabinet, came out again almost instantly, walking over to Paul. He then stepped definitely on Paul's foot, saying, "Did it hurt?" Of course it did not hurt but Paul said that it was just as if you or I had stepped on his foot.

In one group was a man who evidently had contemplated suicide. The spirit friends asked him to please not do so, as it would mean that he might have to remain earth bound for as much as twenty years. Byron explained earth bound to us as being similar to one here being placed in a sound-proof room alone, where he could look out at others but could not get to them, nor could they hear him speak. One would not knowingly wish to bring such a condition upon himself.

Mr. Latta, a spiritualist friend of ours who passed to the other side of life, but whose body was still in the funeral parlor waiting the service, materialized to us. Rev. Taber had never seen the man unless it was before I knew her. When he came in he said, "I am Dale. Tell them I am satisfied." We were happy to have him come at this time and show in so fine a manner that truly there is no death. Dale's service was given by Rev. Taber. I had never attended a funeral conducted by a Spiritualist minister, but now I am sure I wish mine to be so arranged. Lula's message was beautiful.

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November 25th Paul and I drove to Kansas City to see Rev. Taber and enjoy some seances. In the afternoon we had a seance with just members of the family attending. This seance was held in a room of one of the relatives homes. Lula had never been there previously, nor had Paul or I until that morning. We darkened a room up on the third floor and as soon as Lula arrived we began the meeting. This should satisfy the curious as to the absence of any sort of equipment.

At night we enjoyed a seance at Lula's hotel room. It so happened that a girls' orchestra from St. Louis was playing in Kansas City, and when they learned that Rev. Taber was in town they wanted a meeting. They did not finish work until about three in the morning so that was the hour decided upon. The girls, being musicians, especially enjoyed Byron's violin music. One of the girls played her clarinet at the materialization and her spirit friend came out and sang with her music. At about sun-up the five girls and Paul and I had a trumpet seance. It was so light in the room that one could see the trumpet floating about, while Lula and one of the girls sat in the center of our group holding hands, as is the custom.

One is always happy to see new faces at the seances but the wonderful results are experienced when a group of true believers in the phenomena of spiritualism are together. Under such conditions, the spirit friends are accustomed to their work and so can materialize more plainly, and talk for a longer time. When a group makes good conditions and have sat together several times at least, the veil between this plane and the spirit plane seems to vanish and one can enjoy a blessed

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re-union with those he loves and those who love him. The pain comes when the loved ones must leave this vibration in which we are able to see and hear them, and many find themselves wishing that they too could walk right out into that finer condition of progression.

Seances. Rev. Taber, Medium  
January 20-24, inclusive, 1942

We were glad to know that the interest was such that the meetings were well attended by a fine group of people. On the night of the twentieth

Rev. Taber held two materialization seances and one trumpet. Wednesday was well attended also.. Thursday night was given over to a group of ten business men. Friday night we went to Wymore and a seance was held in the home of a doctor there. Saturday night we were at the Bricka home, followed by a trumpet group at the home of Dr. Claude Temple, Lincoln, Nebraska.

It was my pleasure and privilege to act as a cabinet attendant at each of these gatherings. This time Byron played on his Hawaiian guitar and by the last seance he was playing it very well. It is a source of satisfaction to see him doing all the things he loves. The night of the meeting at Bricka's he had been playing on his violin, cello and guitar. At one time a lady remarked that some parts of the music sounded like the playing of a comb which was covered with tissue paper. The lady was very nice about it, but Star Bright resented it, and said, "All right now, that is the second time I have heard some one say that, so I am going to make you see that it is wrong." She then insisted

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that some one produce a comb and some papers and then stand close to the cabinet, and play on it while Byron played on the violin. When the two were played together they did not sound alike at all. The demonstration was interesting and convincing so everyone was glad of the incident. The same evening Star Bright said, "Co-een, sing that somewhere in old Wyoming song." When I started it Byron began singing also but he sang the words this way, "Somewhere in old Nebraska lives the Mom I love. We used to stroll in the gloaming, under the stars above. I am so glad I can see her. I am so glad I can be right here in old Nebraska with the Mom who lives for me."

So many wonderful things occur in the seances that I cannot hope to present them to you in their deserving manner, however, I do hope that the kind spirit who encourages me to write shall find it possible to impress me strongly enough that I may be able to bring to others a great part of the fine teachings of our spirit friends. With that desire in mind this book is being written. It is my hope also that not many will be found who need proof of survival, but to you who do, let me say, honestly seek that proof and you shall find it. When you finish reading this book please do not lay it down and say, "That book couldn't possibly be true." Rather say, "If she wrote such a book as that she must believe what she says in it. I intend to investigate for myself. If the information presented is

true, the people of this country, and every other country, should know about it."

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Ellen had a sweet little babe brought in to her, and laid in her arms as she and I held hands in front of the cabinet. We were too excited to ask who it was brought the baby but she was very careful of it and after laying it in Ellen's arms she withdrew her hands so that she was not supporting it at all. When the little one cried she took it up again and comforted it, just as you or I would do. The story of this babe is unusual, I think. Ellen is not married. A little over a month ago this baby was born to a young couple who are friends of Ellen. The couple were not getting along very well and did not want the baby, so they gave it to Ellen. Ellen and her fiance had decided to get married and adopt the child. Then quite suddenly the baby passed to the spirit side of life. At the time of this materialization I knew the story of the plans but I did not know that the baby had gone on to its spirit world progression. I am positive that Rev. Taber did not know this either. I cannot record any of the conversation but I can assure you that Ellen was deeply touched and very much pleased. She said later that she could feel the baby's tiny little backbone as it lay in her arms. If you care to contact me I shall be glad to give you Ellen's full name and address.

Mr. Morris' sister Mary came to him in such a happy mood, and told him how glad she was that she could walk good now. At an early age some illness left her so that she could not walk normally. I thought that she might like to show us just how well she could walk, so I said, "We will walk out and we would like you to walk with us." She said, "Oh, yes! I want to." The result was that she walked out very gracefully at least five or six feet from the cabinet. She then completely dematerialized far out from the medium.

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A gentleman, a stranger to me, was at the cabinet. After he had visited with several relatives or friends, Byron materialized and played his violin. When he finished he said, "Ben asked me to do that." I inquired who "Ben" might be. The gentleman replied at once, "That is my brother."

Chief Blacksnake visited us again with his snake. He comes to a young man who is developing the healing phase. Through this man was given a healing to anyone in the group who wished it. The young man was asked to stand with his back to the cabinet and hold the hands of anyone who was being treated. Chief Blacksnake stood with his hands on the shoulder of the man through whom he was working.

At the men's meeting there were several students of various subjects. A spirit teacher came to one, speaking in Hebrew. I am not familiar with Hebrew but Star Bright said that was the language and some of those present agreed that it was. At the same seance an Egyptian woman with her face half covered as is their custom, came in and gave a beautiful message. I have often wished that the wonderful lessons given us at the seances could be recorded, word for word. The words used, and the method of delivery, would challenge any lecturer or teacher I have ever heard.

A little old lady of about eighty years was called to the cabinet and a gentleman appeared to her and gave his full name. She could not think who it might be.

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Star Bright then remarked, "He used to be your sweetie." The dear old lady said, "Oh, my goodness, yes. That was so long ago." Then they had a visit about the time they went to his brother's wedding.

At the Wymore meeting a spirit lady announced "I am Sissy." No one seemed able to place her. She then said, "They called me Sissy." Still no one spoke up, so "Sissy" was not able to make the contact which she was so anxious about. After the seance we were sitting about and some one surprised us by proclaiming, "Oh I Now I know who Sissy is." A conversation followed concerning Sissy, who was not a sister of any one there but who had always been known by the nickname of Sissy. The person to whom she came was naturally quite disappointed.

At the above meeting a girl started to sing in the Bohemian language. At once a spirit relative or friend began to sing with her, also in Bohemian. They sang that song all the way through, and then another. I was interested in noting that the spirit friend was often ahead of the girl, in the pronunciation of the words. By this, I mean to the extent that any one listening could not possibly think that the lady in spirit was at all

dependent upon the girl for the words of the song. She knew the songs herself and was enjoying the singing of them. This meant more to the girl to whom she came than a lot of things she might have said.

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Seances. Medium Taber. February 24-28, inclusive, 1942

Each group of seances with which I have the privilege of helping make me ever more thankful that it has been my pleasure to meet, and learn to love, Rev. Lula Taber. Lula not only preaches and teaches her religion, she lives it. I wish each of you might be able to know her personally.

Due to certain tests and physical check ups which the spirit chemists were giving to Paul and me this time we did not have so many contacts as usual. During these tests Byron could not play his music and do other things which he so often does. We understood and enjoyed everything just as it was. I mention it to you so you will not wonder that I do not report as many personal incidents as usual.

The evening we were in Lincoln Etta Bledsoe materialized and gave a characteristic message. Mrs. Bledsoe has a peculiar type of delivery and a voice a little different than the average person. Any one having heard her speak would certainly recognize her voice wherever he heard it again. Her voice at this seance was identical with that of her lecture given through James Laughton at Chesterfield last year. Her messages are inspirational and welcome always. She materialized to Mr. Morris telling him that she came to give a message for Charlie Morris who could not be present. This is an interesting incident because we have been told by several people that Charlie Morris used to manifest through the mediumship of Etta Bledsoe.

Mr. Morris' little Bright Eyes came out and danced as usual, then dematerialized, but we found out a little later that she was still very much about. We heard a squeaking noise and I noticed that the cabinet curtain

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was bobbing up and down. I had never before seen this happen, so I wondered if some one could be pulling on it. Just then Star Bright spoke up and said, "Oh, that is Bright Eyes. She has been annoying me all evening." At that Bright Eyes gave a little harder pull and laughed sweetly. She played around with the curtain some after that but never enough to bother.

I had mentioned to Byron that I liked the song "Blue Birds Over the White Cliffs of Dover." Lula did not know either the words or the tune but she liked it too, and I had been trying to tell her the words, but I never did get parts of the tune correct. I was not surprised when Byron played the tune on his violin, and it was very pretty. The thing that I wish to impress upon you, however, is that Byron played the song through correctly even though I could not sing it right and Lula could not sing it at all. It will interest music lovers to know that Byron sometimes plays the tune of a piece as it is sung, and sometimes he plays only the accompaniment.

Dr. Temple, Lincoln, Nebraska, asked Byron to let him hold his hand. Byron did so. Later Star Bright let him hold hers. Dr. Temple stated that there was certainly no similarity in the two hands, and that neither hand felt anything like that of the medium. He said Byron squeezed his hand very hard.

The impromptu music and songs heard at seances always fascinate me. One girl came out the other evening playing castinets and keeping perfect time. Just before the seance was over Byron sang, "Hail, hail the gang's all here, Here we are together, No matter what the weather; Hail, hail the gang's all here, So we will remain forever."

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March 24-28, inclusive, 1942

Rev. Taber has returned to her home in St. Louis, and as usual, I am lonely. I miss her pleasant self, I miss the spiritual uplift of her mediumship, I miss our visits with Byron, and those with other friends and relatives on the spirit plane.

Three years ago today Byron progressed to the higher expression of life, leaving his father and me without hope, without faith, and without courage. My heart and soul were filled with resentment and despair. As

time went on my mental attitude became one of inactive depression, and my physical condition was anything but good. Then, less than two years ago, we attended our first seance. Since that time we have been studying the work and have tried to follow the teachings given us by our relatives and friends and by our esteemed helpers and guides. Our mental and spiritual outlook is greatly improved and the condition of our physical bodies is better than it has been for several years.

I feel sure that any one who has known us over a period of years would say in all truth and sincerity that if a study of psychic science can do for people what it has done for us, it certainly must be a very worth while subject. That is why I am writing this book, to help you to realize that the philosophy and science of the religion of spiritualism is wonderful. That is why I am happy to devote all of the time and energy I have to help others learn and understand. That is why I hope

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to see the day when a "dark room" is not a curiosity, but as much a part of daily life and enjoyment as is any other room in the house. That time will come, just as surely as did the telephone, the electric light, the airplane, or the wireless.

At one trumpet seance there had been several conversations concerning war conditions. When Byron came in I asked him what he thought of the situation. He replied, "Well, Mom, I'm just not talking." When I asked him why, he explained that he was working with someone on war plans and, he said, "Mom, I just do not want to take any chances on messing it up." That is certainly characteristic Byron logic, for which I have always had great respect ever since he was a little lad.

Some folks just can't realize that when a medium says, "You must not touch the forms unless they tell you that you may," she means it, and has good reasons for her request. It requires less effort to let one's curiosity get the best of them and try just a little touch, than it does to try and find out all the reasons why the request was made. Recently someone brought up the question as to whether or not the touching of the clothing of the spirits was the same as touching them. They were told from spirit that it was, since everything materialized was ectoplasm. Byron then spoke up and said, "Mom, I want to tell you something. Ever since that lady felt of my robe, I have not been able to play my violin or

my guitar. I did not want to tell this but I did want you to know why I had not been able to play lately. I felt badly about it because

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I was the only one who had been able to do the music demonstrations for Lula, and I like to do them." It has now been two months since he has been able to play at all well, as any regular attendant at the seances can tell you. I had missed his lovely music but had not questioned because I thought that possibly some work he had taken up had prevented his playing for a time. I feel very sorry about the incident and I do hope that he will soon be able to play again. The lady who touched his robe was standing beside me when she took hold of it. She did not think it would hurt anything and she just wanted to feel the texture of the ectoplasm. When I noticed, I pushed her hand away, but it was too late and Byron quit playing instantly, and Star Bright asked the lady to sit down. The lady is very sorry but that does not bring back the music that Byron loves to play, and that we love to hear.

Mr. Morris' mother was talking with him in trumpet and he inquired, "How do you like Ann's baby?" She replied, "I love them all—and the littlest one I am blessing before it arrives." This was interesting as he had just received a letter telling him of the new baby expected soon. The baby he asked about is two years old, and there is one in spirit. These relatives live far away and the medium knew nothing of any of them.

When Mr. Morris' sister came he asked her to kiss him. She said, "No, not this time, because I think Mother is going to." Later his mother materialized and did kiss him. I mention this incident to show you an example of how well a materialization seance is planned from spirit side.

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Little Bright Eyes had a good time all during this seance. Jack was sitting near the corner of the cabinet and four or five different times she came out of the corner opening between the curtain and the wall, while others were materialized in the front of the cabinet.

About a week previous to Lula's arrival we had a trumpet group with another medium. One of the ladies who had attended this seance was present at Lula's trumpet tonight. In the course of the conversation the man in spirit made reference to the conversation he had had with her a few days ago. I personally remembered the part of the conversation which he mentioned to her, so I shared with her the joy of one more proof of comprehensive spirit intelligence.

Dr. Temple's father materialized to his daughter-in-law. She said to him, "Where is mother? You never went anywhere without mother." He turned to the side and in a second a lady materialized beside him. He laid his arm up over her shoulder and said proudly, "Here she is," then he kissed her audibly.

Rev. Taber was certainly surprised at one trumpet seance. Mr. Chris was visiting with a spirit friend and when they finished a man spoke to him, saying, "This is Ned." Lula, recognizing the voice as that of a lecturer who often came through to her classes, said surprisedly, "Why Ned, do you know this man?" Much to the surprise of Lulu, Ned replied, "Well, I ought to, he's my brother." What a wonderful world is this.

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Medium Taber. Seances  
April 28-May 3rd, inclusive, 1942

Seances on April 28, 29 and 30 were held in Des Moines, Iowa. May 1, 2, and 3, they were held at the Wellington Hotel, Omaha, Nebraska. I went with Rev. Taber to Omaha as I love to be with her, and because she likes to have me tend the cabinet for her. My home is now Des Moines, however, as Captain Britt is stationed at Ft. Des Moines. The Omaha meetings were especially enjoyed by me as it was nice to greet again so many fine, interesting acquaintances and friends.

The most fascinating thing about the meetings held here in Des Moines was that I saw a deaf and dumb girl talk to the spirit folks. When the materialized friends appeared to the girl they did not speak so you or I could hear, but they used their lips and formed the words. She watched closely and let them know that she understood by nodding her head. She seemed to receive a great deal of satisfaction from her visits and I was very happy for her. I had heard of the girl who was deaf and dumb attending seances, but when I actually saw her talking with her spirit

helpers I was deeply impressed. I might say that if any of you people who read this do not believe what I have told you I will be glad to put you in touch with the girl's mother.

At a private group Paul and I were glad to hear a sweet familiar voice announce that the one speaking was "Maxine". This young lady passed to spirit side about two weeks previous to this contact. She was so

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glad to talk and was perfectly satisfied that she had left this land of grief and pain. She had been ill for a long while and she now seemed so pleased that, as she characteristically expressed it, she could "go places and do things." She had given birth some time previous to a premature baby and she informed us that she had named him Dan, in honor of her Dad. She expressed a hope that her husband would find a nice girl to make him a home so that he could have some happiness while he was on the earth plane. Paul had arranged a seance for Maxine's benefit at one time during her illness, and she was impressed and comforted by what she had seen and heard. She had written and told us that she would sure come back to us if she could learn how. Later in the above mentioned seance Maxine materialized, and then Byron said from behind the curtain, "Mom, she's been wanting to do that ever since she has been over here." Maxine and Byron are first cousins and I am glad they can be together. They each have a keen sense of humor and I am sure they shall have enjoyable times. I will state here that Lula knew nothing of Maxine's passing so she was much more surprised when Maxine came in than Paul or I were.

I asked Byron for the information which one should be given before he is allowed to attend a seance. Byron knew I wished to put this in my book, and the following is what he gave me

1. Attend with an open mind.
2. Trust yourself.
3. Remember that you are not seeing dead people.
4. Relax.

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5. Apply the Golden Rule-both in regard to the medium and to the spirit friends.
6. Hold a thought of cooperation so that the vibrations may be as near perfect attunement as is possible.
7. Do not touch ectoplasm, unless told by spirit that you may.
8. Seek and ye shall find.

Mr. Austin of Palo Alto, California, wrote me several times about trying to contact his wife, Eva, when Rev. Taber was present. Mr. Austin is a stranger to both Lula and myself. He wrote me after having read an article which I had written. Finally, after months, Eva Austin came to us. She talked very well and deliberately as though she had planned ahead exactly what she would say to us, so it would mean the most to her husband, I think that she must have chosen this particular time to come in because she knew I would have a pencil and paper handy as I was expecting Byron to give me some information for which I had asked. At any rate, she mentioned their son, Donald. She told Mr. Austin that she had tried to contact him through message mediums but had found it hard to do. Lastly she said, quote, "I am happy as long as I can take care of my two boys, the old one and the young one. I suffered but now I want to forget it. Just tell him that I love him and that I am happy."

Note: At this time I have received a fine letter from Mr. Austin in which he says that the message is fine and true to fact. No one knows better than he that we knew nothing of his family. We are so glad that the message brought him comfort.

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A gentlemen in Omaha brought a lovely bouquet of fourteen red roses for the seance room. That evening I placed several of them on a chair, behind the seance curtain. With them I placed several roses of the same color but with shorter stems, which had been given by another gentleman at a previous seance. During the meeting, the spirit wife of the man who brought the roses, carried a rose out of the cabinet and handed it to him. A while later the tiny guide of the gentleman who had brought the short stemmed roses handed him one of them. Star Bright then told us that the little guide had insisted on having the short one as those were the ones she liked the best, because "her man" had brought them. Mr. Morris' mother brought out a long stemmed rose and asked him to present it to Rev. Taber with regards from Ned. If you will refer back to the record of a month ago you will find where I told you of Ned. He, Ned, is the brother of the gentleman who brought the long stemmed

roses. Toward the end of the seance Byron brought me a rose, saying, "Mom, I just couldn't stand to see the others have a rose and you not have one." The rose is now pressed and among my souvenirs.

A lady whom I had never seen or heard about previously, attended materialization one evening. A Catholic Sister came to her and gave the name Camille. I thought nothing about it until after the meeting the lady said to me, "Do you remember a Sister talking with me?" I told her that I did. "Well," she said, "you

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might be interested to know that when I was a child in the old country my people put me in a convent to go to school. That sister, Camille, was one of my teachers while I was there." Needless to say, I was interested and thrilled, and I asked her permission to mention the incident and her name, in my book. She kindly gave it to me. Her name is Lilliam Galley, Omaha, Nebraska.

We were certainly pleased when Byron played a piece all the way through on his violin, and one on his guitar. He was happy about it, too. I do hope that he can overcome the difficulties caused by the touching of his robe, and so be able to demonstrate his guitar at Chesterfield this year.

The last evening there were twenty-two of us in the hotel room. To secure the total darkness, except for the red light, all doors and windows must be covered tightly. Ordinarily a room with that many people in it for over two hours would become suffocatingly close. For some reason that condition did not seem to affect anyone. It was warm of course, but the air was not noticeably bad. After due observation at a number of seances I am convinced of the fact that the spirit chemists take care of that situation for us. I have sat in seances in mid-summer heat when all at once there would be a very decided lowering of the temperature. The seance on the night mentioned above as the last evening was very good. Each person was contacted by more than one loved one, there was music by several spirit folks, and at the close the ectoplasm demonstration was given.

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At the trumpet seance following the above materialization a gentleman was present who some time before had asked me to give him a reading. I had told him that as yet I did not feel qualified to do so. However, this particular evening, a month or more later, I seemed to be so strongly impressed to give him a certain message that kept coming into my mind that I decided to do so. Due to the fact that I saw no fit time to give him this message in private, I sat down and wrote it out, and handed it to him just before the trumpet seance began. No one but myself knew what I had told him or even that I had told or written him anything. Imagine the surprise, especially to him and to me, when his spirit wife spoke to him and said, "I think just like Mrs. Britt does."

## RECORDS WE HAVE MADE

In previous chapters I have referred to the recordings we have made of the trumpet seances at various times. We obtain so much pleasure and satisfaction in playing these records over, time after time, that I have decided that you too would be interested in the teachings which they contain. In view of that fact I am going to copy, word for word, portions of these records. In so doing I shall be able to give you the exact messages given to us. For the most part I shall omit any bits of conversation which might have been intermingled, and bring you purely spirit thought expressed in the manner characteristic of the spirit who is manifesting. We found that one does not make perfect records without a great deal of practice. If I omit a

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word or line here and there in copying from the record, please consider the fact that it is sometimes hard to understand the words even on commercial records. Rather than fill in I have omitted that which I am not sure is the exact wording.

In making these records we placed the microphone in the seance room and the recorder out in another room so one could see to operate it. At times the record would become filled right in the middle of a violin solo or a fine lecture and then of course we would have to lose part of it. A portable Record-O-fone machine was used for cutting the records as it was relatively inexpensive and met our desires for a devise that would both record and reproduce at a later time the auditory manifestations occurring in the seance room.

Dr. Burkett is Rev. Taber's guide who always takes charge of the trumpet work. We have heard him give many fine talks so we were glad when we were able to record one of them. Here you may read it in full:

"With a great desire of performing and perfecting life's greatest lessons, I would bring an expression of cooperation. There can be little accomplished where there is discord, where there is lack of harmony, where there is lack of God. Every individual reaching out with a desire of accomplishing and promoting the works of the creative force must obey God's laws. God's laws are: love one another; you must not cheat; you shall not lie; thou shall not commit adultery, love thy neighbor as thyself; honor thy father and mother, likewise feeling love for your fellowman, and yourself. Give to others that you would have them give to you,

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and that is the love of humanity. You are all made in the image and likeness of God which is good. You are placed in a beautiful universe with plenty of everything for your needs. It is yours to desire and take and by your faith or desire you may either have the better things of the earthly progression or you may sever your supply and lament, and there will be gnashing of teeth and a desire and a disruption of cooperation. God bless you. Dr. John Burkett."

Mr. John Morris has a brother Charlie who passed to the higher progression at about the age of three. The following is one of his many messages of love:

"John—This is Charlie Morris. I am certainly glad to speak with you today. I know that it has been really all my life away from you but I have been with you through the astrological world." John here said, "Do you realize it has been sixty-three years since I have seen you?" "Yes, I know that it has although I have not kept count of the years my entire progression has been on the astrological side of life. I have been with you through many of your trials although I was not exactly capable of taking complete care of you I have ever asked that I might be of assistance to you; that I might direct you in the things that would be for your benefit, great or small. There is a blood tie one holds there in the physical which you never really get away from over here. I am most grateful for having had the parents that I had, and have. I am very proud of my family connections. I have nothing to be at all embarrassed of and at any time anyone can ask me, when I

appear to give a lecture, I am always glad that I can say, there is not one that I am embarrassed over. I am proud to have had a lineage that is very reputable, one that is above reproach and one that carries with it honor and respect.

It has given me great happiness when I have seen you come through with honors and with credits. I shall ever stand by you and when the day comes that you enter into the etherical progression I shall be one of the first to grasp your hand. Make the most of your progression there. Go forward and do as you have in the past, the best you can, and the best will come back to you.

I shall be speaking with you in the very near future but before I conclude I want to say, God bless our mother; God bless our sisters; and brothers also. Peace be with you. May those who are your friends ever realize that your friendship is above the average and may they in turn realize that everything that comes your way goes one hundred per cent in return. God bless you, brother, I love you. Just for the present, adios."

The following is one of the many inspirational messages given by Dr. Brown. "Paul, I bring you a very promising condition and I am assuring you that I will do everything I can to assist you and the good wife in your progression. All is not gold that glitters, that is true, but one who applies himself sincerely will find glories of universal power manifesting and demonstrating through, and to, them. I have found through experience here and the knowledge gained while there that

one must accept things as they come, knowing full well that it is the bitter cup that one always remembers. Therefore, it is a lesson well learned that is never forgotten.

The power of God is demonstrating and manifesting in and about you, your home, and your affairs. I, Joseph Brown, stand ever ready to assist you and yours. I have been with you the greater part of your earth progression and I intend to stand by you and go with you the rest of the way. Ever rest assured that your success is my pleasure, and your

disappointments my job to assist you to overcome them that they may become blessings to you. I bless you most sincerely. Good night."

Paul—"Thank you, Dr. Brown. That was fine."

Byron then spoke up and said, "He is pretty fine too, Dad. He has been fine to me since I have been here. He is one of the instructors here. He is a chemist."

On one record our very able helper, Red Feather, gave us this bit of good advise. "No get discouraged. That no help you or no body else. But when keep trying and smile, every body smile too. Bless heap. Goodbye." Red Feather was speaking to me when he made the above remarks, and they were very timely as at the time the record was made I was a very discouraged person.

"Now as you come to the close of your contact, Coleen—may you find it in your soul to be always beautiful, loving and true. May you find that forgiving others makes you big, and makes you under

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standing of the weaknesses of the material, and gives to you ever that thought of being your brother's keeper. Realize and know that you must not hold hatred or resentment in your soul for as each condition is desired, so shall your thoughts be accordingly. Be merciful to those who are failing in doing the better things of life, and be understanding to those who need understanding. Help the fellow up who is down and be ever the thoughtful considerate disciple, as such you were chosen by God.—Dr. Burkett."

The following conversation is a rather personal one between my mother and me, but I shall use it here to demonstrate how the tie of love endures far beyond that change we call death. I am unable to understand the first of this record so please bear in mind that I have not copied the beginning message. "I just told Byron the other day, she is mother to you, but she is baby to me. He is such a sweet boy, so understanding, so old for his years that he spent there in the physical. It seems to me, Coleen, that you would have realized that he was too smart, that he was too old, to go on there. He was just too brilliant to stay there a great number of years." At this point I remarked, "He said once that he guessed he had done about all there was to do." Mother

then continued, "Yes, that is true. Just know that he is getting what you could not give him there. You did all you could when you had the opportunity and now the 'things you couldn't do, are given to him here. Remember, if you grieve for him and are sorrowful, you are not being appreciative of the wonderful

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opportunity he is having here.—Well dear, just know I love you, and in loving you I shall ever demonstrate it in helping, and doing for Byron all that I can; though of course he is very capable."

Red Feather came in to Paul with the following greeting: "Muchum bless. Greetum you today. All things look very very good. You got a much do but can do. Nothing impossible but thinking make it so. Me blessing every day. Blessum tepee. Bless every body come in, heap. Bless every body go out.—Me Red Feather."

Byron sings very well through the trumpet and the following is one of the many songs he sang to us in which he changed the words appropriately.

"I know you've been lonely, I know you've been blue. I know you loved someone, Mom, as I love you. Can't you see I'm learning the mistakes I made? Can't you see I love you and

Can't you see that I'm going wherever you be. Just know that By loves you and is true to thee. If you knew how I love you then you know why I'm so true. I am never lonely. I'm happy with you."

Sitting alone with the medium one morning my doctor gave me this poem. A few words I cannot understand but it contains many inspirational thoughts.

"Dr. Summer speaking.

We find joy in coming together, for things worth while. We find that life is worth the living, if we can smile. We find the day is worth the good, if we live well;

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We find the glories of God are ever for you to tell.

We find each day is a blessing sent with—too,

To give us the opportunity to make each old thing new. We find there is joy in the memory of the day that has passed away

We find there is joy in saying the things, that God would have us say.

Each morning I am blessing you. Dr. Summer."

"Paul, this is Dr. Brown—We find in every life some rain must fall, we find some days are dark and dreary. But without the trials and tribulations how would one have happiness and good. We must have the contrast to find out the Lord's great and merciful works have been received and duly understood, for he has shown all how to go forward and how to get out of life the best. One can do that only when he puts himself secondary, that is, material pleasure; and thinks of the soul first. For what would it mean to any man that he would lose his opportunity of advancement only through carelessness?

I want to ever give you words of encouragement for man needs that all through his earth progression. He needs to know that there are opportunities ahead of him, or that there are stumbling blocks and thus prepare himself to get over them. Man's days are few and numbered. By that expression it would mean that as he goes forward he is numbering his own days, by obeying or disobeying the laws of Nature, which is God. If you tear down a house you can no longer live in it, and if you ruin the physical body it can no longer

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house the soul. So that law is immutable and I am sure that as you go forward you find it so. Peace I bring you. Peace I leave with you. Where thou goest we go, your people are our people, our God is your God."

Byron was an inspiration to me when I first cuddled his tiny being in my arms. He was more of an inspiration to me when in early boyhood his trend of thought and action was ever for the worthy attributes of living. As he developed into young manhood we were ever proud that our son was capable of such depth of thought and sincerity of purpose as was constantly exhibited by him. Now, from spirit side, he comes to inspire

us anew. Through his love, his help, and his manifestations from the other side of life he has brought us an unexpected peace of mind.

I have no fear of what is called death. Rather do I anticipate it as one of my most interesting experiences. Spiritualism has shown to me that the spirit plane is finer and more desirable than the earth plane. It is a realm of thought and action much more compatible to progression than is this, where we find our lives so dominated by material obligations. In spirit we shall not be body-less but shall be able to function consciously through our ethereal body which is a counterpart of the one of which we are now conscious. Our soul, the real you, or I, does not change.

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Call spiritualism a religion, a science, or what you will, I have heard many intelligent men and women assert that an understanding of psychic phenomena has made them better men and women, morally, physically and mentally. I personally know individuals who have been saved from a nervous breakdown, a life of drunken dissipation, and even suicide, by the continuity of life being proven to them by materialization. So thankful am I to those who led me into a study of spiritualism, both to those on the spirit plane and those on the earth plane, that my greatest desire in life has become to show its value to others. The spirit world has become very real to me. It is the home of many whom I love dearly, and it will be my home sooner or later.

My mother has told me that it is selfish to grieve for those who precede us into the higher expression. When someone we love has a beautiful home here, many successes, and the things which they desire, we rejoice. When a loved one advances into the spirit plane where he will have a much greater chance to progress than here, why then should we grieve? We shall be lonely, certainly, but even that loneliness will be less acute if we are unselfish enough to think of others rather than so much of ourselves. To you who grieve in despair thinking the loss of the physical body is the death of the soul, I say, seek earnestly for proof of the continuity of life and when you may least expect it you will find it proven to you. To you who today find life satisfying and amusing, I say, study psychic science. Tomorrow it may be your loved one who shall go on a step ahead of you, leaving you overwhelmed with sorrow and with your faith shattered. Contact with spiritual laws given by the spirits themselves can save you this shock if you

will give them the opportunity of reaching you. I made that remark to a man with whom I was talking recently, and he said, "Well, they know where I am so why don't they talk to me. Why does there have to be a medium?" We all know that long before the invention of the radio there were sound waves carrying music vibrations but until we had the instrument we did not hear those vibrations. So is the medium an instrument through which spirit vibrations are made manifest to us. If we refuse to comply with the laws of radio reception, and we will not turn the switch, we get no music. If we refuse to comply with the laws of psychic demonstration, we get no demonstration. Then again, some one may say, "I found a medium who was a fake so I am through with mediums." To the dislike of all conscientious spiritualists it is possible to find fakes in this work the same as in other work. However, if you had a radio that was no good, would you be so narrow minded as to refuse to listen to a radio that was good?

At times psychic demonstrations are heard or seen unexpectedly, in the absence of a developed medium. Byron tells us that this occurs because of the fact that at times there is a concentration of forces, as at the time of someone's passing out of the body; when one is in great danger, or in deep despair. Due to this concentration the spirit manifestations become evident to those about.

Sitting for psychic development means much more than just sitting. Development requires your cooperation with the spirit assistants who are working with you. One must retain an attitude of open-minded

ness and a relaxed condition, yet hold to a state of concentration so that your own vibrations will be "stepped up" to make contact with the "stepped down" spirit vibrations.

My definition of religion is as follows: Religion is infinite force present in man which causes him to strive day by day to draw nearer a state of perfection, which is God. Modern spiritualism is an up-to-date scientific study which embraces all truth, gathering that truth from all systems of philosophy and all religions. To me, spiritualism is religion. Spiritualism

is not concerned with creeds so in place of stifling thought it urges men to think. Modern spiritualism is based on the primary fact of spirit return. The fact of human survival is being demonstrated daily to thousands of people. Do not permit anyone to tell you that it is not true.

Some time ago I asked Byron if he would give me the closing thoughts for the book. He assured me that he would. I give it to you just as he gave it to me. I am very thankful for so fine a sermon from my son, and I am glad and anxious for many others to read it and profit by its teachings.

"In a world gone mad with the desire to create destruction of both material and spiritual buildings there must be a rock of such great strength that nothing created by man can destroy. This rock is the belief in God, and in the world he has created for all the terrified and crucified when they are privileged to leave the place called earth. Therefore, let nothing take from

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you the right to build your house against this rock. It is yours for the asking and all you need for a foundation is unshaken belief and the will to make your belief known to all with whom you come in contact. Do not be afraid of persecution. Was Jesus afraid? Do not be afraid of ridicule. Was He afraid to stand before those who stoned and belittled him. God is good and God is the all-wise power. Ask His guidance and His strength and it will not be refused you."

Signed, "Byron"

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## BIOGRAPHY OF BYRON OWEN BRITT

Written April 1, 1939

Byron Owen Britt was born June 23rd, 1922, at Farnam, Nebraska. He lived with his parents in various Nebraska towns where his father was superintendent of schools. Byron graduated from grade school at Harrison, Nebraska, and was valedictorian for his class, and salutatorian for Sioux County.

At an early age Byron became interested in radio and a great deal of his after school hours were devoted to study along that line. Through his untiring efforts he successfully passed the examination required by the Federal Communications Commission of Washington, D. C., and last October secured his license and became Radio Operator W9JWR. He had pleasure which few of his age have experienced,--that of sitting in his own room visiting with men in various parts of the United States, Canada, and in foreign countries. When he talked to a radio pal in Sydney, Australia, he remarked that one visit like that was worth all of the time he had spent in study. Just three weeks ago Byron had the pleasure of becoming the youngest charter member of western Nebraska's newly organized Amateur Radio Operators Club.

Recently Byron's love of good music found expression in the study and playing of the Electric Guitar. In regard to the guitar he said, "I really plan to be an expert radio and television engineer, but I think every man should have a useful hobby."

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Byron's vacations were usually spent in travel, with his parents. His travels took him to the Grand Canyon of Colorado, Yellowstone National Park, Sequoia National Park, California, Catalina Island, Chicago World's Fair, old New Orleans, the Gulf Coast, and many other interesting places. He let us know recently that he believed every citizen should visit Washington, D. C., so his plans for the summer were to see that city, and then attend the New York World's Fair. His Father gave him a copy of the World's Fair issue of the New York Times. After perusing it he remarked, "Well, Mom, you and Dad can see all of the Fair but I'm going to spend my time in the Hall of Science."

Byron's favorite sport was target practice, in which he was efficient. He enjoyed a gun from the standpoint of skill and was never known to shoot a bird or an animal. His disposition was very serious, but it was also very happy. He often expressed wonder at why any boy would waste his time smoking and loafing when the world was so full of worthwhile interesting things. One of Byron's friend's mother said to me, "To hear Byron talk is refreshing, just like reading a chapter in a well written book."

Byron enjoyed well informed men friends in preference to those of his age. He always lived in the future, and wished each day could be longer

so there would be more time to enjoy. A few days ago one of his High School teachers wrote him a letter in which he said, quote, "Byron, with your keen mind, your acquired knowledge and your broad experience, the world is yours."

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During his short stay here Byron really knew and lived life at its best. He never showed much interest in religion. He had listened to sermons from the time he was a little fellow, but as he grew older and learned to think for himself he decided the ministers themselves did not really believe all the things they said from the pulpit. He felt there was a world of truth somewhere, and he wanted to dig down and find it. He believed that sound waves would eventually be controlled to the extent that vibrations which are not recognized now, would be interpreted by man, and thus open the door to understanding.

Byron became ill with influenza about three weeks ago. After a relapse he was unable to recover. He passed peacefully away at 2:45 Thursday morning, March 30th, 1939, at his home in Alliance, Nebraska. His age was sixteen years, nine months, and seven days. At the time of his passing he was a Sophomore in Alliance High School. He was a member of the Sons of the Legionnaires and of the American Radio Association.

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