

**LETTERS FROM
HARRY AND HELEN,
PP. 1-266**

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Letters from Harry and Helen, pp. 1-266 by Mary Blount White

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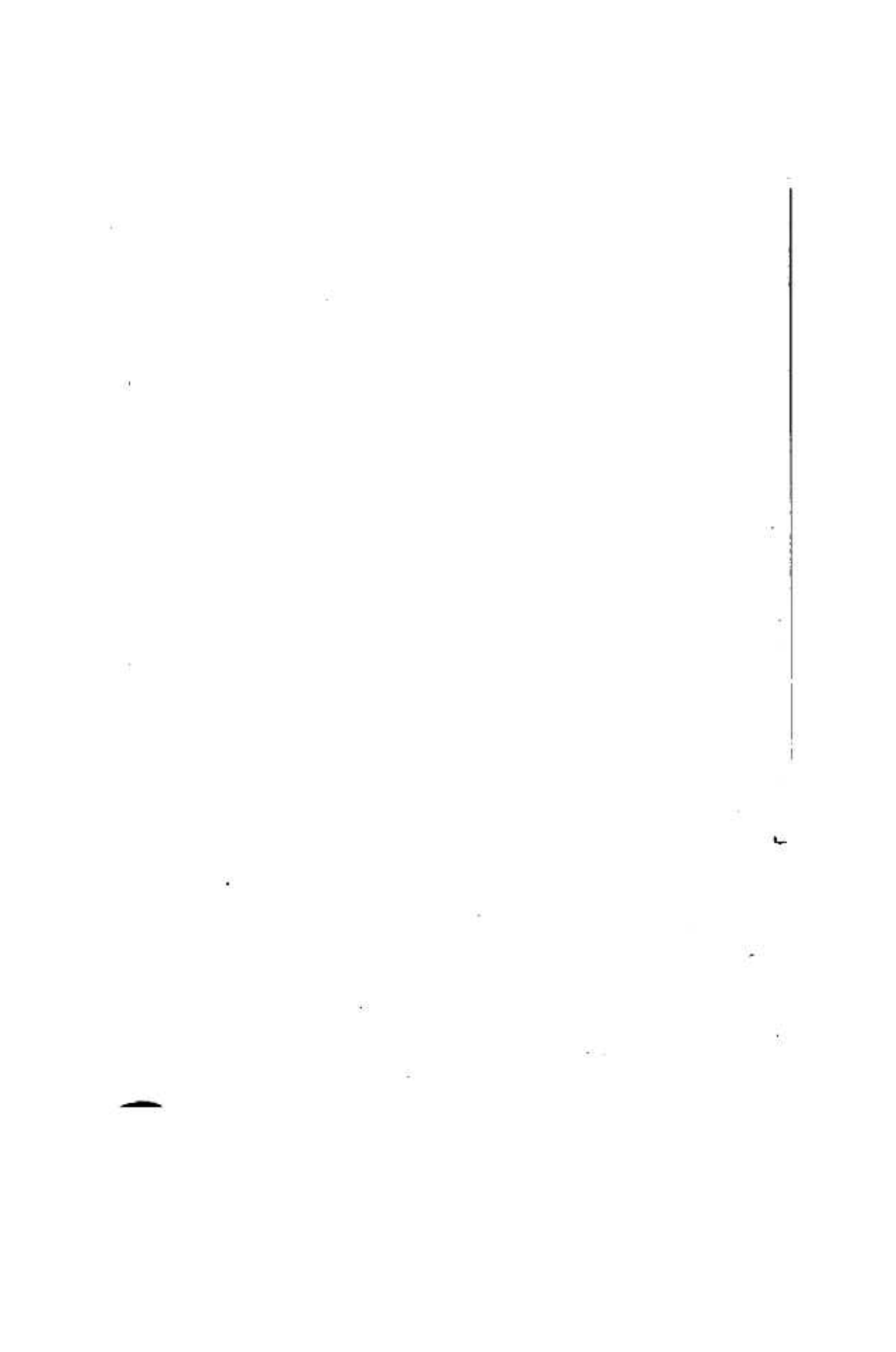
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MARY BLOUNT WHITE

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WRITTEN DOWN
BY
MARY (BLOUNT) WHITE



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PREFATORY NOTE

Wm
I have been asked to tell how I first came to know I could write automatically. It was soon after my sister's death when my mother's thoughts were turned to the possibility or probability of conscious existence after death, and she was seeking light on the subject, that I heard, for the first time, about the Ouija Board, and secured one out of curiosity. The results were rather startling, and interested us both. I found that I had more power to move the pointer than any one in the house.

We received messages from Helen, and none of the nonsensical stuff often called out by the ordinary users of the board, who ask foolish questions and make a game of it. It was a serious matter to my mother. Finally, after several weeks of occasional sittings, and spelling out of messages, it suddenly occurred to me one evening that I had heard of people getting messages through the hand and I be-

came eager to see what I could do. I asked Papa for a pencil and the moment it touched the paper I felt as if I held a galvanic battery in my hand.

After a few written words I felt my arm quiver from the shoulder down and I said, "Why I could write a lot," and securing a pad, wrote many pages, getting a letter from a brother of my mother who had met Helen, and explained to her that she had died, and was not having a bad dream, as she had supposed. He said that a feeling of bitterness toward my father had held him back, and that when he had taken Helen on his knee, and dried her tears of distress, and explained to her about her present state, the hard spot had melted from his heart, and he was able to "go on." He said that he had not known whose child it was he had been sent to help until he had her in his arms.

All this talk was Greek to me. I scarcely knew this Uncle who died when I was small, and I had never heard of "going on"; in fact a more ignorant person than I was on such topics could hardly have been found.

I was not only ignorant but indifferent.

To please my mother, who seemed greatly comforted by letters from Helen, I continued to write automatically upon various occasions for about three years. I had a mild curiosity but no deep feeling and no personal pleasure, and finally was greatly bored by friends begging me to try to get some messages from their lost relatives. I hated the idea of being called a "medium" and, the keenness of my mother's grief having become softened by time and lightened by these letters, I abandoned the writing altogether, and for more than twenty years had received nothing—although I had sat once or twice during that time with no results. Consequently, believing I had lost my former power, it was rather startling to feel the old quiver along my arm again and the impulse to sit for Helen.

In the later years Helen had been almost daily in my thoughts, though I never expected to hear from her again. I was sitting alone one day in the practice room of a private conservatory of music in New York City, waiting for an aunt who was late for her