

**THE BUGLE: REVEILLE IN THE  
LIFE BEYOND; A BIT OF  
COMFORT TO SOLDIERS'  
MOTHERS, WIVES AND FRIENDS**

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The Bugle: Reveille in the Life Beyond; A Bit of Comfort to Soldiers' Mothers, Wives and Friends by Kendall Lincoln Achorn & Betsy B. Hicks

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**KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN & BETSY B. HICKS**

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**THE BUGLE**  

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**KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN**

**THE BUGLE:**  
**REVELLE IN THE LIFE BEYOND**

*A Bit of Comfort to Soldiers' Mothers,  
Wives and Friends*

BY  
**KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN**

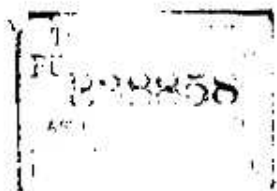
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## INTRODUCTION

Kendall Lincoln Achorn, the author of this little book, succumbed to injuries received in an automobile accident, August, 1916.

For several months previous to his leaving our life, I, the person referred to as the "Lustrous Lady" and "Miss Secretary," had been receiving messages purporting to come from unseen friends, first through the medium of an Ouija Board and later by means of automatic writing.

When it was suggested that I try automatic writing, the *modus operandi* had to be explained to me, as I had no idea what automatic writing was.

Most of the early communications were satisfying and intelligible to the recipient, although I had very little idea what people expected. I had not often heard such matters discussed, and had read very little along



those lines. Whatever I have succeeded in doing has been done at odd moments. I have never experienced the semi-conscious or trance state, and have no difficulty in writing while several persons are talking in the same room.

I confess that when I found that I could write in this way, I did it because it afforded pleasure to my friends to receive messages from the unseen world. I had no thought of making it a matter of research and investigation.

Kendall Achorn and I had been friends during our college days. As I think back, I realise there were many classmates I knew better than I did him and some not so well. We were often invited to the same social affairs, and those occasions and the intervals between classes were the only times I remember having any conversation with him. As he possessed a mentality above the average student, I think his classroom achievements stand out most clearly in my memory.

After college days were over, he was not forgotten; as I frequently heard of him through common friends, and read with

much interest his articles, which appeared from time to time in scientific magazines.

Not long after he left our life, I was sitting alone in the twilight with a pencil and pad at hand, when I wrote automatically, "Hugh is my friend. Give him my love. L. Achorn." I understood for whom the message was intended but was surprised at the signature.

From that time L. Achorn, as most of the writings are signed, became a frequent communicator. With experience, the messages grew longer and contained much which later proved to be evidential to his parents. The first letter was addressed to "Hugh" and was a beautiful tribute to the friendship the two men enjoyed. This was followed by several short articles of a scientific nature.

During this period of possibly a year, I was becoming more and more convinced that the writings were from the source from which they purported to be. With the conviction, came the conclusion that I must tell L. Achorn's mother of my experience. I had not met her, but had had some corre-

spondence with her, so I wrote enclosing some of the writings; and promptly received a reply, saying that while she had never been specially interested in communications from the world beyond, the material I had sent was "too direct and too evidential to be disregarded."

Very soon she came on a visit. By numerous references to the events of his life of which I had no possible knowledge, and by dominant traits of character, and various idiosyncrasies being vividly expressed, L. Achorn established his identity.

After the mother's visit, he wrote her many letters; often referring to friends in Boston, people of whom I had never heard; to matters of business; and to the little affairs of every day life that happened to be absorbing her attention at that particular time.

I began to experience pride in L. Achorn, and eagerly awaited the reply to the letter in which his mother would verify what had been written. She found some references obscure; but on the whole the letters were plain and characteristic of her son. The