



Maurice Flynn

In 2004, Para.Science interviewed a gentleman in Liverpool about various experiences that had happened to him over his life. Part of the discussion involved a man called Maurice Flynn, and we are intrigued enough about this man to ask if anyone has any memories or stories that have been passed down concerning him.

The story can best be told by our interviewee:

“Mum used to have a friend, what today they would call “gay”, but in those days they got called all kinds, but nobody ever called Maurice it, because he was a most intriguing bloke. He had translucent skin, if you know what I mean by that, most curious skin, almost as though it wasn't there. He lived forever, which again sounds strange. People in their 90's had known him since they were children, and he had never changed. Older ladies in their 70's and 80's said he had been around for as long as they could remember. As somebody said one time, they think he was the Wandering Jew because he just never changed, never grew old. This is the point, you just never think, all the time I knew him, he never put a second on him. He always looked the same. I knew him from when I was a tiny boy, in 1934/35.”

“Maurice was brought up in the Scotland Road area by an old granny. He was a lovely bloke. He used to appear at theatres like the Empire, when there were musicals on, the dancing girls were actually men like Maurice who dressed up. He was also a Maitre d' in various hotels, including the Adelphi. He had travelled the country. He was a tall, elegant man, and a marvellous dancer. He was a very accomplished bloke, spoke beautifully, you wouldn't have thought he'd been dragged up like myself in Great Ormond Street. He was always in immaculate dress - in those days, if you were dressed like that you had to have money because poor people didn't dress in tails and that going to work like he did.”

“He used to tell fortunes, ladies would have parties where they would pay half a crown each, and Maurice would go round to the house and do readings for 10 or 12 people. He often came up with very accurate predictions, and stuff that had happened to people in the past. He used to call into my mother's house on his way to a reading, and on his way back. Sometimes he might have seen something disastrous in someone's future, but he wouldn't tell them, he only told them pleasant things. He didn't use cards, he used to hold their hand. He didn't have a phone, so he used to give people my mother's phone number, and if anyone phoned for him she would send some of the local kids round to his house to fetch him. He was absolutely unbelievable in some of the things he came up with. He'd go back, and he could go forwards and tell them about the future. In most cases he was spot on, the things he told my mum. She was a very sensible person, not swayed by anything like that, she took it as it was. Of course with a lot of the ladies it was a case of (sound of astonished gasp!).”

“One particular case that he came up with, a young fellow who lived just around the corner, and he joined the Navy and went down to Portsmouth. His mum decided to have a “Maurice night”, they used to get 8 or 10 ladies in, and they'd all put a few bob in the kitty to pay for Maurice. This night, Maurice had come in to speak to my mum before he went round, he used to come in and she'd give him a whisky - she was friendly with him, he was a really nice guy. “I'm going round to Mrs A's” he said. This was about 7 o'clock, and he goes round to Mrs A's. At 10 o'clock, he comes back. Normally, he was white as a sheet, this time he was grey. He said “can you give us a drink, J, give us a drink”. She said sit down, he was really upset. I was doing Mrs A, he said, and I just couldn't tell her what was coming up. Young D's been killed. What had happened was, he'd picked this up, but at the same time, the lad had come

out of Portsmouth dockyard, there's a big bend there, with a big wall. One of his mates had been given weekend leave, and he had a motorbike, so he said to D "do you want to come, I'll give you a lift up on the back of the bike". So of course, they get on the bike, come out of the gate, and as the guard on the gate said, he made no attempt to take the bend, he just went straight into the wall. The next morning, when Uncle B came in, he said to my mum and dad, "Hey J, will you come with me to Mrs A's". She said I know why you're going. He said what do you mean, you know why I'm going? She said "young D's been killed, hasn't he?" "You couldn't know that" he said, "we've only just got it through on the phone from the dockyard at 8 o'clock". He'd come out of the gate, straight into the wall."

Obviously, we have no other corroborating evidence that would prove or disprove Maurice's apparent psychical abilities, but we are intrigued by the accounts of him not appearing to age. Again, this is all hearsay, but our interviewee has given no doubt over a number of interviews that he recalls the facts as clearly as when the events happened, even though it was some considerable time ago. Other witnesses at the time appear to have been struck by the apparent lack of aging displayed by Maurice, as is apparent in the "wandering jew" nickname he was given.

We have thus far been unable to find out any more information about Maurice, and anyone who did come into contact with him in the period between the wars will obviously now be advancing in years themselves. But maybe he is still around, and someone has seen him more recently? Or maybe someone reading this is related to him, and can put to rest the myth surrounding him?

If you can help, please get in touch. Thanks!