

1931, when, between them, he and my husband wrote thirteen lines in two and a quarter hours. Frank nearly always comes first (except when my husband is going to speak) to tell me who would like to talk to me. On June 17th, 1932, I wondered if Uvani could possibly come and explain something to me. He wrote almost immediately, and since then he has come every day for the last nine years. Lastly there is Abdul Latif, who controls both Mrs. Garrett and Miss Francis. He first came to me on December 18th, 1932.

My training had been good. Infinite pains had been taken over the formation of words, and no slipshod methods were ever allowed. It was all very typical of my husband's efficiency and thoroughness. With the coming of Uvani, however, it became even more methodical. At first it had been sufficient for me, when writing, merely to think of a question or comment in order to receive an answer; but had I continued like this there would have been no record of the conversation which had led up to any particular subject. It therefore became necessary to institute some other system, so that what I had said myself could also be seen.

From this time, the power working my hand was always abruptly suspended for me to make my remarks, which I put down in red pencil to distinguish them from the involuntary writing. It soon became clear that it was Uvani who was the strictest control, for my husband, Frank, and Abdul Latif were more lenient, and would still answer if I only thought what I wanted to say, instead of writing it down as well. Uvani would never speak at all until I had first entered the hour, the day, the month and the year; saying it was most important there should be no laxity in this, in order that complete records might be kept. Now and then I tried to see if I could persuade him to answer if I questioned him unnecessarily, or did not conform to his system, but I found that the pencil would remain motionless until I did as I knew he expected me to do. The only exceptions to this rule were (and still are) when I was very tired; and then at times he would say: "I will not be obdurate. Do as you will"; or words to that effect.

When this writing of mine started I took for granted that it was what is known as 'automatic', but I was wrong about this, for I gradually realized there was nothing purely automatic about it. It is indispensable to give my whole mind to what I am doing in just the same way that I would devote my entire attention to a person who was telling me something of compelling interest. As a matter of fact, this is an apt simile, because although the words are not audible, I seem to hear them with an inner consciousness, and thus this writing is controlled through the medium of my brain and not directly through my hand as in the case of most automatic writing.

It is true that from the time of my husband's death I have had unbounded proof of his continued existence. It is from him that the most perfect evidence and cross-tests have come, and it is he who keeps me most constantly supplied with news of our sons. I know that essentially we have never been separated, that our lives have gone on together; but everything concerning him touches me so deeply that I felt I could not tell anything of our own story. Therefore, except for an occasional

reference to him, or an account of our boys' doings given by him—or by Frank—I wrote this book originally around the two people so well known to many, Abdul Latif and Uvani.

Since then, however, Eileen Garrett has published a very interesting book, *My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship*. She stresses her belief that these two beings, Abdul Latif and Uvani, are, in all probability, part of her own personality, and that it is in reality some faculty, deep seated in herself, which enables her to supply with information those who go to her. It is not surprising that Mrs. Garrett should have this idea about her controls. They come to her only when she is in trance (and therefore unconscious), leaving no after-impression; but it may be sadly disconcerting to many people to read that what was to them convincing proof of the survival of their loved ones is, in Mrs. Garrett's opinion, her own gleaning from their subconscious minds.

It is for this reason that, in addition to recording some of the experiments by which Abdul Latif and Uvani gave me proof of their separate individualities, I am adding some of the evidence about my husband which Uvani gave me through Mrs. Garrett. I am therefore including the greater part of the first two sittings I had with her after his death.

II

MRS. GARRETT says in her book that by the summer of 1929 she realized she was very weary of giving sittings for evidence. She knew that many people derived great comfort from them; but she now felt she wanted scientific investigation of her strange powers and to obtain, if possible, some satisfactory explanation of them. It was no wonder, therefore, that she seemed bored and uninterested when, on December 26th, I went into the little room where she was waiting for me; and I mention this because the difference was marked when Uvani took control.

She barely said a word before going into trance, and then I heard the grave calm voice of Uvani:

"I give you greeting, friend. Peace be upon you, in your life, and in your work, and in your house.

"I am in a Scottish-Celtic atmosphere. There are two ladies and two gentlemen. One gentleman is youngish, so it seems—middle-aged. The other is somewhat older. A brother is also there."

From this I knew that Uvani was on the right track. From October 23rd we had been staying in Scotland with a friend and his daughter, and my husband's death took place on the night of November 14th, just twelve days before this sitting. The following day one of my brothers came to me there. Our host was several years older than my husband, who was fifty-one.

I sat absolutely silent while Uvani continued without a break. He told me he now saw two ladies, and the description he gave of the first was a very good one of my husband's mother. He gave details of the

illness from which she died, and he spoke of two names connected with her which conveyed nothing to me. I put them down, however, and years afterwards I found that these two names, Sarah and Elizabeth, were the names of her great-grandmother and grandmother.

The second description applied in some particulars to my own mother. Uvani said : "There are names, Isabella and Margaret. Belle or Bella is heard. Margaret is connected with your mother's side. There is a name Macdonald connected with her."

All these names struck a familiar note, for my mother's name was Margaret, and Isabella, known to me as Aunt Belle, was a sister-in-law of hers whom I learnt nine years afterwards had died in December, 1929. My mother's own sister, who had died before my birth, had married a man called Macdonald. He also had been dead for many years.

Uvani now continued to talk about Margaret, without saying anything about her being my mother :

"She says you have been having a change of residence. She is taking me back now to last spring. Since then you have been in trouble, very much up against difficulties—not financial—but with regard to health and shock and affairs to get in order. Probably changes are involved."

This was all true. My husband's illness had started with an attack of angina the previous spring. We had been very much troubled, and had been moving about since then. Changes were involved, for my husband had commanded the first battalion of his regiment and my sons and I were leaving the official house as soon as possible.

Uvani next spoke of Margaret, seeing the following incidents :

"You will be going abroad soon, very soon, for the festive season. It is possible it may be in the spring, but you are certainly going, and I am sure it will be very soon. She sees a house with a beautiful outlook in country. You are going to look over houses and beautiful gardens."

I had not the slightest intention of going abroad, so this idea seemed quite fantastic to me. It so happened that we did, however, for a week later we received an urgent invitation from some friends in Madeira who had just heard the news of my husband's sudden death. We had made no other plans and the boys were anxious to go, so, as I thought it would be less sad for them to get right away, Christmas found us in Madeira. What had been said above about houses and gardens was strangely right. Our friends had a town house with a lovely garden, and another house in the mountains, which was surrounded by the most beautiful grounds consisting of acres of flowers. In the grounds of this mountain home was the large house in which they lived during the summer months, but there was also another which at one time had been the family abode. I was taken to see these gardens and shown over the houses, and it was not until this happened that what I had been told came back to me.

"Now there is the feeling that you have to look for something or someone, and there are very sad thoughts, as if someone was going out of your life. Going away and yet not going away. She says : 'Who would have thought the end was so near?' . . . David. There is a name like that. She was very fond of him."

This name in itself meant nothing to me, but I called my husband 'Dady' when speaking to him, not about him.

Uvani then said : "I cannot get everything clear now. There is a confusion" ; but, having said this, things immediately became very clear indeed, for he went straight on, and the evidence which he now gave was the most amazingly accurate description of Harry—my husband.

"Now there is a gentleman trying to come through. He is standing behind the lady and he wants to laugh and be happy. He is very charming, with deep sympathies, but very reserved, and he could not always express himself. He felt things very intensely, and could not say all that he had in his heart. He was sometimes bluff and brusque, and always to the point. He seemed to be always doing something ; a very vital personality. He had not good health, but was not confined to a couch. He never spared himself and was very conscientious. He was not always easy to get on with, but had great charm, and when one knew him he was very attractive. He was diffident and would say odd and queer things in a manner that was entirely his own. He had very great depth of character and his vitality is very deeply marked.

"He had a collection of books, and a great liking for mechanical things. It seems to me—Uvani—that he had also a great liking for flying."

This was correct. I remembered that in Catterick, 1915, he had done some flying, and though he then had only one arm, having lost it in the Great War, he had taken charge of the machine himself. In the summer of 1928, when doing a military course at Netheravon, he had also done some flying.

"He held himself extremely well and had a very good carriage. Would you know him in uniform ? He did not pass out in uniform, but it seems as if he might have been abroad in it, and that uniform is connected with him as a younger man. He is showing something about his head. An odd kind of cap. It is called a forage cap, and this seems to have been used on special occasions."

This was all clearly evidential. Harry had a few months before his death reintroduced a forage cap for the officers to wear when going out in mess-dress. When the specimen cap arrived from the makers he took me immediately into his study to look at it with him, and we were both very pleased with the appearance of it.

"He passed out rather suddenly. Yes, there is a strong impression now that it was very quickly. And again an impression of very mechanical tastes. He was always doing something with—it looks like models—or little things requiring adjustment. Inventive side might come into his life but was not part or parcel of it."

It was true that he was always doing things requiring adjustment, and was wonderfully clever with his one hand. Also, he had quite recently invented a special strap with which he could, with one hand, fasten boxes at the back of our car.

"I have an impression now that he was a soldier, but he was always tinkering with machinery and tools. Always terribly busy with himself. He had the jolliest manner sometimes, but one had to be with him to know him well. Now I will describe his looks.

"Narrow side face ; appeared broader when seen full face. Eyes seem deeply set ; they are blue, dark lashes. Clear skin, not much

colour. Straight nose broadening at base. No, it is not straight : I can see more clearly now. I can see his face is thin and long ; a very determined chin—an obstinate chin—he says this himself. Mouth well marked ; a very decisive way of setting it ; not wide but generous ; takes on a cold look when set, but quite different when smiling. Very good forehead. Hair fair and seems to be going slightly thin. There is a glint in hair ; he strokes down a lock on top of head which won't lie straight."

I think most people who knew him would recognize Harry from this description. It was very characteristic of him to show himself stroking down a lock of hair, for he always did this when he went out in the wind without a hat.

"Well-modulated voice. He looks young, has very young manners. He went out very quickly. Again I have impression of terrible reserve at times, at other times not so. Sinewy look, very athletic. He is now showing quantities of pictures connected with Army and as a boy. Heaps of pictures of himself."

The details are true about himself. With regard to the pictures, two days before this sitting, on November 24th, I had found a large number of photos of Harry, just as described, and had been looking at them. At different times as a boy and when he was a cadet at the R.M.C., Kingston, he had had a great many taken. And these I had were copies which, in our young days, he had passed over to me.

"He went straight into Army as a profession. Shows many pictures in and out of uniform, but again I have a strong impression he was not wearing uniform when he passed over. Helmet ! There is a photo of him with a big moustache. He is stroking his moustache. I have a strong impression it was big, then small and neat ; then he grew it bigger again. He clearly shows himself arranging his moustache."

Again this is all true. I had many pictures of him taken during our married life, and as he was on sick leave he had not been wearing uniform for some time before his death. The photo mentioned by Uvani showed him in uniform, holding his helmet, and it was taken in the days when he had a big moustache. The sequence given by Uvani about Harry's moustache is correct, for at different times he had worn it in these ways. Only a few days before he died he had asked me if I preferred it small or a little bigger than before, so it seemed quite natural that he should use this point as an additional proof of his identity.

"Again strong impression of passing out very suddenly. Shown as if unable to breathe, as if heart trouble. It is harder for me to see so clearly when they have only passed over a very short time—for those who love them it is easier to contact.

"It came as a shock, great shock. Big weight in chest ; heart trouble lapsing into coma ; did not recover. When first he fell ill did not anticipate death."

Uvani stopped for a second or two and then said very softly : "Madame, is this your lord ? He is saying now : 'Who would have thought this was going to happen in the midst of all our happiness and joy ?' Went on journey in spring. He says again : 'In France this year, who would have thought this would happen ?' "

We went to Osborne in the spring, and we were in France for some weeks, until not quite two months before his death.

At this point I did ask a question. I said : "Uvani, is he happy ?"

"He is not happy. There is some kind of poignancy. No, no, no, Madame, how can he be happy ? He is taking this change philosophically, but he is too devoted to be happy. He did not want to go over. A man of precision and activity, he is worried about things which did not come into your affairs. He worried without saying much. He was very dutiful, tried to shield you.

"He says : 'How can I go away and forget you ? Don't think of me as being unhappy for myself, but with those heaps of plans—to go on the very morning of those things !' " Uvani explained further : "He went just when you had planned everything. He says : 'She must not think I forget. I will be philosophical, but I wanted to stay.' "

"At present you, and only you, are necessary to him. He had great depth of character. He passed over in a state of unconsciousness, with you beside him. He couldn't take any notice of you and you didn't know he was over. The last thing he knew of, and realized, was your hand on his shoulder, even though he couldn't say a word. He knew you were there, even through the coma.

"After his soul left his body he came back very quickly. When you were rubbing his hand his soul had gone, but he knew you were doing it. He saw himself in his coffin, standing beside you looking down on himself. He held your arm and looked at the flowers you had put in the coffin. He says : 'I held them and looked at them with you before the end.' He says you bent over his forehead and kissed him and, when you did, you thought it was really only the husk of him and that you felt it was not really him."

All the facts, as told me about myself, are correct. When he was in his coffin I took two roses, from the flowers I had put in his room, and placed them beside him. Uvani gave the exact words I had said to Ronald and Billy as they stood beside me looking down at him.

"He wanted you to know all this, and that he didn't suffer. He saw you taking off a ring and putting it on again."

When I was rubbing his feet, at the same time as the doctor was doing all he could for him, I thought my wedding ring might hurt him. I placed it on the table, and when the doctor told me he could do nothing more I found myself in a dazed sort of way putting it on again.

"You were with him through the night ; you touched his eyes and head and, then, you went out of the room. Life cut at once. He passed out very quickly and then, immediately, came back. He says : 'It didn't feel so badly, and you got through it because you couldn't believe it was happening.' "

This also is true concerning me.

Uvani now said : "There is an impression of standing somewhere, but no impression of a grave—and yet some place—somewhere, something to do with his body. He speaks of gardens of remembrance, but no grave, no grave. Thinking of some kind of memories, but no grave-stone. Everything seems beautiful with it. Nothing of him remains.

There seems to be a scattering away, and flowers. Beautiful is the ending."

Harry hated graves and, as he had wished, his body was cremated. It was dark and wet, and on a lonely moor in Scotland his ashes were scattered, with some flowers, immediately after the cremation.

"There are flowers in the house, bunches of flowers, and some near a photo. He sees you in his sanctuary and he smiles. He particularly wants you to know these little things."

When I went back to the Aldershot house without him, I felt I had to stay in his study. It gave me the feeling of being nearer him. Usually he worked there alone. He called his study his sanctum.

"His marriage meant a great deal to him ; such a depth of feeling it gives him. It was not just an event in his life. He says he will find plenty to do, but he was so happy before he went. He had sometimes been unhappy, had been morbid and depressed. In October everything was looking so good ; you and he had been making plans and he is homesick for you, but you can help him in your home."

In October we made plans for a round of visits, and also arranged what we would do later on. We left home for the start of these visits on October 14th.

"He says : 'You know what I used to say. I did not really believe we could contact from the spirit world.'

"He wants you not to think you are suffering from any hallucination. He is going to be very careful what he does, and he believes he is going to get over apparently insurmountable difficulties.

"He sees you going to a drawer, where there are letters, and standing by an escritoire. There is a lady in the room while you are reading them. Also there are cuttings from newspapers. There are references in letters to his earlier life ; letters from military and non-military people—a great number wrote."

All this is correct. There were quantities of letters from all sorts of people after Harry died, and I had put them in a drawer. The lady was a Mrs. —, who came to stay with me when I returned home and who left on the morning of the day of this sitting. She had cut some notices out of the papers.

"He speaks again of October, and everything that happened—all knocked on the head. Strong impression of a car and going east coast, or eastwards, but he passed out directly before."

The place where we were staying was in the west of Scotland, and we were intending to go eastwards on the morning of November 15th. This proved to be the day after his death. Our first stop was going to be Ilkley in Yorkshire.

"Sees you again with some of the letters—not all—and without much heart to go through them."

Again this is correct, for I sent some of the letters to Ronald and Billy.

"He says he has come in contact with his mother from time to time. He was taken away to repose, but he couldn't rest. He felt the need of being with you all the time—he was so sick about it all. How could he be in repose when it happened like this ?

"There is a great impression of being so glad that he had seen the boy,

or boys. He had visited them at some educational establishment. There is an impression of a boy—possibly sixteen."

On our way north, on October 16th, we stopped at Cambridge to see the boys, and left the following day. This was, of course, the last time Harry saw them. Bill was eighteen then.

"His watch. It has a chain, and a little round thing at the end which is not quite flat, somewhat raised. I have a feeling of wanting to open it. In drawer there is a ring."

The round thing was accurately described (except that it is somewhat oval), for it was the little gold locket containing his mother's miniature, and it opens like a tiny watch. Harry had it always on the end of his watch-chain. When Uvani said that a ring was in a drawer I suddenly wondered what had happened to Harry's signet ring. I found it in a drawer in the leather case in which he kept all such things.

It has to be realized that Uvani was talking almost without any pause. He now said :

"He has a new body. He is touching upper part of left arm."

When his arm was shattered in the Great War, it was amputated near his shoulder.

Then came some evidential points put in the form of questions, but Uvani didn't wait to be answered. He asked :

"Was he very dexterous with right arm and car ?"

He was, for he could do almost everything with one arm, and this was specially noticeable with a car. He could drive any car with a right-hand change.

"Mark on leg ! Can you remember ?"

He had a scar from a very bad scald which he had received as a very young child.

"He came, your lord, near you at night. You were crying and could not sleep. He came and drew his hand across your hair, backwards and forwards. You had been hardly able to bear the pain, and he came to you. You knew all about this."

This happened the night after Harry died. I had gone to bed in the dressing-room opening out of the room in which his body was lying. I had just put out the light, and was feeling broken-hearted, when suddenly I knew he was coming across the room to me. He stood beside me, and I could feel his hand on my hair stroking it for about thirty seconds. Then I went to sleep.

"He wants you to know you were very right about the boys." (Uvani gave me some intimate details, ending up with : "No, no, no, he is not worried one little bit about his boys") ; after which he went on : "I think the boys are in different environments, but somehow together."

This was correct, for they were both at Pembroke College, but Ronald lived in College, and Billy in rooms outside.

"I see him, your lord, in a study. He was planning something and writing down little things. Reference books around him. It is worrying him that you didn't finish your plans."

This had taken place on the day of his death in our host's study. Harry was very busy planning the route for our motor-trip to Ilkley, and arranging the rest of our journey home from there.

"He says : 'You look up sometimes and you nearly see me. Soon you will see me more clearly.'

"He says : 'There is a garden and you are leaving it.' "

Harry always used to laugh at me about the garden belonging to our house at Aldershot. Before we went there it had been very much neglected, and I often took him out to see what I hoped might be an improvement ; but most of the things planted there never came up to my expectations.

"There is a dog which passed over. He says : 'Life once given doesn't die.' You were much more devoted to it than he."

The only dog I ever had of my own was a tiny Yorkshire terrier and I was extremely fond of him. He had died seven years before this. Many details about this little dog were given through different channels.

"There is an impression of very difficult breathing. Had you things you carried about for this, to help him at these times ? He says : 'No more need of the box,' and smiles. There are no more spasms."

From the end of July I always carried about a box of amylnitrite, in capsules, in case he should have a return of the pain.

"He now says that he feels a great knowledge of being able to see things from two points of view. He has a great vision and seeing, and a great feeling of awareness, and of being able to see how people are. No pain. There is a distinct impression now of a great lethargy which came after he had pain ; and of a pain in his shoulders ; both of which are now gone."

Exhaustion was a marked feature after the attacks of pain, and following the second attack on the night of November 8th he had very severe pain in his shoulders. I held a hot-water bottle in place there to ease this.

"I see him now going to a drawer and showing collections of little pictures in books ; perhaps medals. There is a feeling of being disappointed. Philatelic enterprise. He was doing something about this 9th or 11th November. The pictures are coloured paper, mauve, pink, blue, with little heads and figures on them. No proceeds as yet ; going to be disappointing."

As Uvani patiently passed on this information to me I thought how remarkable it was. On October 16th, on our way through London, before we proceeded north, Harry left his collection of stamps to be sold at Glendining's, the auctioneers. The catalogue of the auction at which his stamps were to be sold arrived on November 11th, saying the sale would be on November 15th. When this evidence was given my mind went back to this, because at the same time as Harry was looking at this catalogue we were waiting to listen-in to the Armistice Service. Four days after this sitting on December 30th a cheque arrived from Glendining's for £42 1s. Harry had expected much more. Before this was mentioned by Uvani, however, I had completely forgotten about these stamps.

"Had you thought of getting another car ? He is glad his has gone back."

Harry had bought a Sunbeam car a few weeks before he died, just after our return from Brittany. No one but Harry ever drove this, and I never saw it again after he died. It was returned from Scotland to Mann Egerton's in London, and they sold it again.

"He sees you going over books."

I had been sorting out his papers, which were in folio covers, and going over books concerning dividends and accounts.

"Someone called Frank is here."

My brother Frank was killed in the Great War in 1915.

"Your lord feels you have the burdens he carried. He says : 'I am a reality. I have been at pains to let you know.'

"It amuses him to see someone sitting in a chair who is connected with the person who smoked the 'dreadful pipe'. Someone belonging to the 'dreadful pipe' person staying in the house."

The friend who had just left me was the wife of the man about whom Harry used, laughingly, to say this.

"He has been missing the music in the house. He says : 'Ellie [Allie] dear, au revoir. I will come again, and I will have my data complete. Thank you for being so brave. I never knew you had it in you. The boys are all right. Bless you, and all the love in the world. I never knew, until I left you, how much I cared.' "

And then there was silence. I had been choked with tears for the greater part of the time when Uvani was speaking, but I hoped I was keeping all knowledge of what I was feeling away from him, and I certainly showed no signs of emotion when Mrs. Garrett returned to consciousness. There was still a break in my heart, but I went away sure in my conviction that Harry still lived.

III

THE next time I went to Eileen Garrett was on December 9th, and Uvani went straight to the point. During this sitting I said nothing at all.

"Madame, you have lost a husband. Well, before letting me give you any description of him to convey identity, he asks me to say this—to give you his message. I have not seen him to describe yet. I only know that what is coming is from a very beloved personality, and a very vivid and emphatic one. This is the message :

"I have now achieved a state of happiness which you have asked for and hoped for me. This state which has come has ecstatically grown stronger since I have had the realization that I can contact with you mentally, and I hope soon the contact will be made simply between our two selves. I have special reasons for giving you this message before being recognized by the control. One reason for this is that I wished to refer to the fact that I have been in touch with you less than five days ago through the instrumentality of one 'Lily'. This has made me more confident."

"I don't know if he means this as a symbol. He gives me a strong impression that the fastidiousness—you might call it the intellectual fastidiousness that he had—would have made him sit in judgment, were