

BY REQUEST OF UVANI.

A. M. Kaulback

An enlarged version of WHAT LIES BEYOND.



TO

THE HON. SIR CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

As a young Barrister, one-time guardian to Ronald and Bill; later, and until his death in 1964, a Judge of the High Court of Justice.

With all gratitude for his many kindnesses, not least of them being his careful reading of the typescript of my book WHAT LIES BEYOND, of which this is an enlargement. Having known our family well for many years, he wrote:

"I was certainly impressed very much with the mass of detailed information which you received, most of which was subsequently confirmed, and all of which was in keeping with what I know of all concerned, Harry in particular -- in relation to him I think it is excellent. I don't need to tell you what a tremendous admiration I had for him, or what a very real affection I felt, and to assure you that the picture which the book presents to a reader is a very clear one, and I think brings out his characteristic qualities so far as a writing can ever do this. That there should be any effort at all to impose -- or even to exaggerate -- would never for a moment occur to anyone who knew Ronald, Bill or yourself."

## INTRODUCTION

My story does not deal with the after-world as such. It has been written to show that human personalities do survive after death, with clear memories of their lives on earth; and to explain, also, some of the ways in which they may be able, given suitable conditions, to communicate with those they know (and especially with those they love) who are still in this world. It covers the years between 1924 and 1945, starting when I was comparatively young, and ending with the finish of the Second World War. In nothing that I have said in it have I relied on memory, for all my material has been taken from the written records which I made of each experience at the time when it took place. I had four main communicators, who, between them, provided nearly all the evidence I have given in this book: first, my brother Frank Townend, who was killed in Flanders in 1915; next, my husband, Harry, who died in 1929; and, lastly, Uvani and Abdul Latif, both long dead, and familiar to many as having been the controls of the famous trance-medium Eileen Garrett.

Throughout my search I was at pains to ensure, as far as possible, that my own personality and mind were passive, so that these should contribute little or nothing of their own to the proceedings; and it is as proof that I must have been largely successful in this that the word-pictures of my sons are important -- pictures given to me when my boys were far out of normal contact, in Asia and in Africa.

To start with, it may be helpful to give a short description of the relationship which appears to exist between the world we live in and the equally real world of those who have left this plane of life and who are now living elsewhere.

It seems that existence, in its widest sense, consists of various spheres of life, differentiated one from another -- if we disregard the present physical state -- simply by the rates of vibration in these different spheres, the rates becoming ever higher as the level of spiritual perfection rises in each successive sphere.\* It must therefore be clear that, before an individual on a higher plane of consciousness can attempt to put himself into communication with somebody on a lower one, he must first alter his vibrations to correspond with those of the person on the lower plane; or, alternatively, communicate through someone on that lower plane whose mental vibrations have been temporarily raised to his level, or hers.

† As I have already said, I have been given many word-pictures of the doings of my sons during their travels, by people in the next sphere up from ours. These pictures have frequently proved to be correct in all essential particulars except one -- that of Time. In this respect they have been as often ahead of time as behind it, or as correct to it; and those who give me the pictures say themselves that it is impossible for them to tell whether or not what they are seeing coincides with the actual moment of the event seen -- time, as we know it, being a conception peculiar to our physical universe, and even there liable to great distortion in certain circumstances. There is no absolute link in time throughout the Great Universe in which both their and our worlds intermingle. It would appear, from what I have learnt, that only when the individual who sees the occurrence is very close to the "wavelength" of this world can there be any probability of time being correct; and this seems to be understandable, because, to some extent, that individual then enters into our plane of existence. I cannot myself attempt to offer any further

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\* From The Edge of the Etheric, by J. Arthur Findlay:

"The Universe is a gigantic scale of vibrations of which the physical is but a small range. As mind constitutes the highest range of vibrations, so individual consciousness consists of the interaction of mind vibrations with physical vibrations. When we discard our physical body our mind interacts with etheric vibrations through the etheric body."

† see chapters VI, VII, VIII, ~~and~~ IX and X



explanation of this question of time, for I am not qualified to speak on such a subject. I merely give the results of my own experiences, which are so closely connected with it.

It is my hope that not only those who are already satisfied as to the realities of life after death; but those who are open-mindedly interested in the invisible world; and those who, for personal reasons, are anxious to find some way in which contact with it may be made, will all find food for serious thought in the pages that follow.

Finally I should like to quote a short passage from what Uvani has said to me. It is at his instigation, and that of Abdul Latif, that my book has been written, and, in summing up his wishes as to the form it should take, he said: "We are stating no religious views. We are holding up no banner of what is termed Spiritualism, and there are no doctrines which have to be extolled. Purely a statement of fact is what will come from your pen, a search into what lies beyond the little span of man's existence here."

I did publish a book, in 1943, at a time of great difficulty, when the war was at its height. This is an enlargement of that book, written after very much more time for reflection and preparation. In addition, my sons' original comments on the word-pictures -- comments written for my eyes, but which I published, just as they were, in my first book -- were brief for the most part, and left out much of the background. This they have now filled in, at my request, for the sake of my readers, and they have expanded some of the details for the same reason.

## Chapter I

### The beginning of my search.

Early in the first World War I received a telegram:

From H.M. War Office, 31st March, 1915.

Deeply regret to inform you Captain F.W. Townend R.E.

died 3.5 a.m. 29th March. Lord Kitchener expresses

his regrets. Secretary, War Office.

A few days later, I gazed, horror stricken, at a long paragraph in the Morning Post. It was headed "An Officer's Heroism", and read as follows:-

"A motor-ambulance driver, at the front, sends his mother a thrilling account of the fortitude and cheerfulness of an officer under the most distressing conditions. The writer says:- 'After dinner I commenced a letter, but was interrupted by a shell bursting in the vicinity and a man yelling for bandages. Of course I rushed to see if I could be of any use, and found that the shell had burst at the side of the road about forty yards away, right in the midst of a party of Indian engineers who were inspecting the telegraph wires. T.. and I grabbed stretchers from our car and, with some others, rushed for the Indians. I was late in starting and all the Indians were being attended to when I arrived on the scene. However I saw someone in the shell-hole where the men had been hit, and so had escaped notice. In it was a man, the white officer of the Indians, who appeared to have his legs half buried in the debris of the hole. He told us to attend to the others first; he was all right. And then, as we moved him, we saw that he was standing on the stumps of his legs. Both had been shot off at the knees. (I'm telling you this story because of the extraordinary courage the man showed -- such courage as I've never seen before and hardly imagined. It's worthwhile hearing the horror of it to realize we are officered by such men.)

'He was perfectly conscious and calm, and spoke as though he were a medical officer and someone else the victim. He looked at his legs as we moved him on to the stretcher and asked me quietly (he was not in the least



excited, and his handsome face showed no pain), to tie something tight round his legs to stop the bleeding. I did what I could with my handkerchief and another I requisitioned, and we took him to our billet. We had to move hurriedly, of course, as a second shell followed, and we wanted cover in case any more arrived.

'There were two R.A.M.C. men with us, and they attended to the subsequent first-aid. They discovered another horrible wound in his arm, and while they were dressing it he told them he thought he would give up football next year. We then took him to the nearest hospital. He was still conscious and perfectly collected, and laughed quietly and talked, apologising for the trouble he was causing, while on the way to the hospital. And I came back thinking of that tag in some book or other -- I have seen a man. The poor fellow died in hospital.'

The following day the Morning Post said they had learnt that this officer was Captain Francis Whitchurch Townend, R.E. Up to then I had been hoping against hope that perhaps there had been a mistake, and that the telegram I had had referred to a Townsend, or even another Townend; but now I knew for certain that it had been Frank, one of my seven brothers.

His death was a great grief to me. He had been so vividly alive. And my heart was wrenched by what he had said as he looked at his terrible injuries, for he had been a very fine all-round athlete. For years I was haunted by the thought of his death; but suddenly, in 1925, it seemed to be possible that, even though he was in another world, he was yet able to let me know he still lived. It so happened that my husband had to be away from me on military duties, and, as our boys were both at school, I was living in London alone. I had always hated being parted from my <sup>three</sup> ~~family~~, and somehow I found my mind dwelling on what it would mean to me if death separated us. I longed to know what did happen after death -- and that was the beginning of my search.

By an odd coincidence I found the house in which I was living was only a few doors away from the British College of Psychic Science, now no longer in existence. I went to many lectures there, and was present at a large

number of public demonstrations of mediumship, before arranging to have a few private sittings\*. I had three of these at that time, all with trance-mediums\*. The first I cannot clearly remember; but the second was with the well-known Kathleen Barkel. After she had gone into trance, I was startled when the control, White Hawk, asked with interest: "Who is Fanter? There is someone standing beside you who says he is known to you as Fanter." I did not answer this question; but Fanter was our special family name for Frank. Following that came many other details concerning him, all of which were correct; and soon after this I distinctly saw Frank one night in my room, standing at the foot of the bed, straight and strong, just as he had been before he was so hideously wounded. The third sitting was with Eileen Garrett, and was also most impressive; but that ended my initial attempts at psychic research, for my husband was given command of a battalion at Aldershot, and my time was fully taken up with other matters.

It was not until 1928 that I was able to start again, when I attended my first 'Direct Voice' seance\* in London. Susannah Harris, an American of considerable repute, was the medium. There were about fourteen people present, sitting in a circle and all holding hands. The medium, a large woman, sat in a small wicker chair, which would most certainly have creaked had she tried to move in or from it. Moreover her hands were firmly held by the men sitting on either side of her. I remember them distinctly, for we had been fellow guests at dinner beforehand. One was a Harley Street doctor, and the other a stockbroker, and, like myself, they were eager for their first experience of Direct Voice phenomena.

The room was quite dark, and, with the curtains drawn on that very hot summer night, there was no breath of air to be felt. Very soon voices were heard, mostly coming (as it seemed to me) from towards the ceiling and from different parts of the room, speaking in both English and foreign languages. These voices were answered by one or other of the people in the circle; but at first I was not greatly impressed. Those conversations that I could

\* see p. ...



understand seemed very trite; and I was wondering how it was that people knew when they themselves were being addressed, when, suddenly, I found myself in a swirl of cold wind, with two voices speaking from about the height of my knees, on which I could feel breathing.

The medium, who talked quite often herself, now said: "Someone here wants his sister. He says she has seven brothers." After a moment's pause, and as no one else answered, I murmured: "I have six brothers." Upon this one of the voices at my knee said insistently, and as though telephoning from very far away: "It's Frank. Frank. Can't you hear me? I am trying to make you hear. Frank." While he was actually speaking, the second voice (that of the medium's child control) kept on repeating: "I'm doing all I can to help him"; and very soon the man's voice came clearly: "You said you have only six brothers. Have you forgotten me?" And then he talked of things which only he and I could have known, all sorts of details and events, going back to our youth.

My husband, <sup>Harry,</sup> died very suddenly in November of 1929, his death coming quite unexpectedly, for, although he had had a severe heart attack in the spring, we were confident that he was getting well. We were staying with a friend in Scotland when he died, one moment apparently all right and talking to me -- the next lying dead; and, as I sat beside him all through the night, feeling as though I had lived through countless years since it had happened, I thought: "If it is possible for anyone to return, you will come back to me."

Up to this time, the few experiences I had had of psychic matters had been deeply interesting in their results, sufficient to show <sup>Harry</sup> ~~my husband~~ and me that, even if what was given to me as evidence had, somehow, been taken from my own mind, there was, in all three of the mediums I had been to, some remarkable supernormal faculty. In each case there had been the clearest evidence of my brother, Frank. I did not talk about these sittings at all freely, and, apart from <sup>Harry</sup> ~~my husband~~, there were few people who knew anything about them. Two months before he died I arranged, with one of the

societies through which Eileen Garrett worked, to have three sittings with her after our return from a round of visits we were about to make. One day, when talking to ~~my husband~~ <sup>Harry</sup>, I suddenly said: "I would give worlds to know if what I have heard is true. Do you think you could come with me to Mrs. Garrett?" He answered: "yes, I'll go with you. I should like to see for myself what happens." Three days later he was dead, and when I went I was alone.

It was on November 26th, 1929, twelve days after ~~my husband's~~ <sup>his</sup> death, that I had the first of these sittings; and, on my arrival at the London Spiritualist Alliance, it was clear that no one had any idea of what had just taken place. The same applied to Eileen Garrett, and I realized that she had not the least recollection of the one previous time we had met. After all, that had been three years before, and since then hundreds of people must have been to her. She quickly went into trance, and I found that her control, Uvani, was speaking. Quietly and unemotionally he traced the events of the past eight months, giving me, for nearly two hours, the most detailed information from, and about, my husband; and I knew, in very truth, that he had kept his word of fifteen days' back, and that he was there with me.

From that time on I made an intensive study of psychic matters, experimenting with the finest mediums I could find; but (and this is an important point), I kept all my investigations secret. I told no one when or where I had an appointment; I never spoke either to the mediums or to anyone connected with them about myself or my affairs; and I very rarely gave any information to anybody at all, not even to my sons, with regard to what was told me. I kept complete records of all that took place, the evidence which poured through to me from ~~my husband~~ <sup>Harry</sup> being utterly amazing. There was little which had happened in our lives which was not mentioned; and, in refutation of the theory that all this must have been a matter of telepathy, much was spoken of which had not yet happened. To take only one example: several years before <sup>my elder son</sup> Ronald knew that he would be an explorer (he was working at the time for the Foreign Office), I was told that he would be



one, although I kept all mention of this to myself.

There may be some who will read this book who have only the haziest idea of what happens at a sitting. When appointments are arranged with mediums through the various Psychic Societies, the general procedure is always much the same. The mediums do not live on the premises, but attend at the allotted times. They go straight to the rooms in which they work, and they do not know with whom their appointments will be. The "sitter" comes in unannounced, and the name is not mentioned. Both sitter and medium sit quietly for a few minutes, and then the latter, if a trance medium, slips into unconsciousness. As a rule there is nothing strange or alarming about this trance. The medium is almost always quite normal and natural, and, to the sitter, it is just as if she, or he, were going to sleep. Suddenly she rouses and starts to talk, but with a voice and personality quite different to her own. The depth of trance varies considerably, some going into a very deep sleep, from which it takes a long time to awake when all is over, while others go off lightly and very rapidly, coming to again with the same ease. My own experiences have been almost wholly with trance mediums, and I have found in practically every case -- and they have been many -- that the mediums have never asked any questions, nor sought any information from me at any time.

I feel that the easiest way towards understanding communication between this world and the next is, first, to try and forget any orthodox ideas that one may have concerning it. Think of yourself, in the simplest case\*, as having suddenly arrived in that other world to find yourself very much as you were when you died, physical body excepted. Your feelings are the same, your memory intact, and you may be yearning to return to someone you love. Presently you find that this can be done with the help of a

\* Some people refuse to accept that they are dead for quite a long time, because the next world is so completely different to what they had confidently expected. They think they are sick; suffering from a lapse of memory -- all sorts of things -- until they finally realize what has happened.

human telephone, called a medium, and that messages can be given by you to an operator (or control), and transmitted by him or her through this medium. In other words, it is very much as it would be on earth if someone who had never used a telephone asked you to ring up a friend for him, telling you what he would like said. You could not send his message without the proper apparatus, in good working order, and that is just what a medium is. So there should be no sinister meaning in the term, which refers, in the psychic sense, to nothing more alarming than an instrument for communication between one person who has died and another who is still on earth.

In this chapter I am not going to speak in any detail of the results of my first two years' serious work, but will quickly pass on to the time when I myself developed psychically and became my own intermediary.

Uvani always spoke of my husband as 'your lord', and it was during my tenth visit to him that he quietly remarked: "Your lord says this: 'The next time I come I won't have an interpreter. I am coming to talk myself. I hate being explained away by a third person.'" Uvani then said, meditatively: "He has done many strange things in his life, but this will be one of the queerest. He never thought he would be pulling strings on the other side." I asked: "Uvani, will he be able to talk to me himself?", and he replied: "He says he will, Madame, and he is a man of great determination, great force of character. What he says he will do he will do."

This was five months after ~~my husband's~~ <sup>Harry's</sup> death, and was the beginning of one of the most wonderful periods of my life. During the next eighteen months, in all the sittings I had, Uvani came three times only, on each occasion staying not more than a few minutes, and it was ~~my husband~~ <sup>Harry</sup> alone who now spoke to me. That it was he in person I could not doubt. The way he talked, his expressions, the very words he used were his.

The first series of communications given through Uvani had been remarkable in their continuity, very accurate, and, to me, outstanding; but they were, in a sense, relayed, and now ~~my husband~~ <sup>Harry</sup> and I could talk directly to one another. In Eileen Garrett we had found a perfect instrument. Not only did ~~my husband~~ <sup>he</sup> evince the clearest memory of all we had done together; but



more and more was it clear that he knew all manner of things to do with the boys and me, in our daily lives; our sons being then both up at Cambridge. His care for us was just as it had been; but his understanding was far greater, and many things, which would have bothered him greatly once, now seemed trivial. It was what lay beneath, and not the outward appearance, that mattered. My big wish, in the earlier sittings, had been to keep any worries from him; but I soon found that, if ever I was troubled about anything, he knew of it already, without my telling him. If there were business affairs to be dealt with, he would speak of them without being asked; if there were an interview to be faced, which might have been difficult for me to deal with, he would know: and, as the weeks and months went by, I began to realize that now I seemed to know in myself what to do; that all fear was lifted from me; and that I was no longer in any doubt about how to manage, financially or otherwise.

During this period I went many times to seven other mediums -- Charles Glover Botham, Annie Brittain, Mrs. Clegg, Mrs. Mason, Estelle Roberts, Mrs. Dowden (the well-known medium for automatic writing)\*, and Frances Campbell, who was a clairvoyante\* -- and I received extremely fine evidence from all of them. None of these, however, could we use in the same easy way we could Eileen Garrett, and she was leaving, to live in America, in the autumn of 1931. The day she left we had our last talk through her for a very long time; and, while I was wondering how we should be able to speak again directly to one another, <sup>Harry</sup>~~my husband~~ said: "We'll have a try with the pencil." Accordingly, after Eileen Garrett left, I did try, on many occasions during the next three weeks, to see if involuntary writing would come; but it was not until November 12th that I had any success. That afternoon I sat down, as usual, with pencil and paper. I waited for twenty minutes or so while nothing happened; and then, slowly and feebly, my hand began to move. There was an attempt at a word, which I could not read; some small circles were made, the pencil going over the lines again and

\* see p. ....

again; then my name written several times, quite legibly; and, finally, a short sentence from <sup>Harry</sup>~~my husband~~.

At this first success, each letter was made with the utmost difficulty, so that altogether I must have sat for about two hours, absorbed in what was taking place. The following day there was some improvement, and this continued for the first week, sentences being formed quite distinctly and with each word separate; but progress, on the whole, was slow, and, on November 20th, I paid a visit to Mrs. Dowden, feeling that perhaps her great power might, in some measure, communicate itself to me. I sat beside her, and occasionally she put her hand on mine. There was the same slow, careful forming of letters as before; but, while I was with her, only a little was written through me, to my great disappointment. However, some force had undoubtedly come to me from her, for that night at home there was a great improvement, almost a whole page of foolscap being filled with closely-packed writing.

After that I continued to work on my own, and a period of training began, which lasted until December 2nd; that is, for a fortnight. During this time hours were spent in laboriously shaping letters, like a child learning to write. Pot-hooks and hangers, straight lines and curves, all were practised and perfected until, little by little, they became easier to manage. Even after this training, though, some days were completely blank, without the least movement of the pencil; and at no time (after November 20th) were more than eight lines of foolscap filled until December 26th, when the writing became very tiny, as though to conserve energy, and considerably more was accomplished. On February 3rd, 1932, for instance, four hundred and sixty words were written in twenty-three and a half lines, an average of rather more than nineteen and a half words to the line. On February 14th, three months after I had started, once again a whole sheet of foolscap was written, and from that day on there was no more difficulty, the writing beginning at once and continuing with ease. I realized also that the effort needed was becoming less and less. The writing was still



very small, but it gradually became larger until, by February 29th, it was normal in size. It has remained so ever since. Besides my husband, Frank started to write through me at the end of December 1931; Uvani in June, 1932, and Abdul Latif in December of the same year. Apart from these four, it is only rarely that anyone else ever does or has done.

My training had been good. Great pains had been taken over the formation of words, and nothing slipshod was ever allowed. It was typical of <sup>Harry's</sup> ~~my husband's~~ efficiency and thoroughness. This applied to the actual writing. With the coming of Uvani, however, the procedure itself was re-organized, and this now became extremely methodical. At first it had been enough for me, when writing, merely to think of a question or comment in order to receive an answer; but, had I continued in this way, there would have been no record of the conversation which had led up to the introduction of any particular subject. Uvani insisted that what I said, or thought, myself should also be written down; and, from then on, the power working my hand would be abruptly suspended for me to put down my remarks, which I wrote 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 all more lenient, and would still sometimes answer if I only thought of what I wanted to say. Uvani would not write at all until I had first entered the hour, the day, the month and the year, saying it was most important that 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 the system; but I found that the pencil would not move until I did as he expected me to do. The only exception to this rule was, and still is, 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 it for granted that it was



what is known as "automatic"; but I think I was wrong about this, for after a while I came to realize that there was nothing purely automatic about it. It is essential for me to give my whole mind to what I am doing, just as I would devote my entire attention to a person who was telling me something of compelling interest. And this is an apt simile, because, although the words written are in no way audible to me in the usual sense, I do seem almost to hear them with an inner consciousness, so that the writing appears to me to be controlled through my brain, and not directly through my hand. as is the case in most, if not all, truly automatic writing. In spite of what I have just said about the writing coming through my brain, my hand does seem to work of its own volition, without the conscious muscular effort needed for normal writing, and, when my communicator stops, this writing power is abruptly cut off. I do not mean to say that I cannot write when this happens -- of course I can -- but then it is with a totally different and much heavier feeling, and with myself consciously thinking of the words I write, instead of subconsciously hearing them. I find this a very difficult thing to explain, though, and I do hope I have not made matters more obscure by trying to make them clearer.

Ever since <sup>Harry's</sup> ~~my husband's~~ death I have had unbounded proof of his continued existence. It is from him that the most perfect evidence of survival and the finest 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, and that our lives have gone on together; but everything concerning him touched me so deeply that I felt I could not lay bare any details of our story, his and mine. I do not think I should ever have written a book at all had it not been that Eileen Garrett herself published one <sup>\*</sup> a few years after I began my search. In this she stressed her belief that Abdul Iatif and Uvani were merely aspects of her own personality, and that it was some deep-seated faculty in herself that enabled her to give information to those who went to her. It is not

\* "My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship" (Rider).

surprising that she should have had this idea about her controls, for they came to her only when she was in trance and unconscious, leaving no after-impression on her mind when she came to.

After the publication of her book, Uvani and Abdul Latif did not cease to bring home to me the concern they felt for those people who had been to her for comfort, and whose faith must have been shattered when, after being filled with happiness in the belief that they had been in communication with those in the next life, they then found that she herself was sure that it was nothing but her own gleaning from their subconscious minds. Over and over again, referring to this, the two controls asked me, through my writing, to make public what I had been given, with the experiments and cross-tests they had carried out, as proof that they were indeed individuals, unconnected with Eileen Garrett apart from their use of her as an instrument. Here is an example of what was written on only one occasion:

"Having had your heart made whole, the aching wound healed, we are begging that, out of all compassion, you help us to heal others. It is what comes from our hearts to say. During these many years we have shown we do indeed live, that we are with you. Give us of your help to show others the same, to teach them that we are not figments of imagination. We are men who, having lived and suffered ourselves on earth, have returned to aid humanity as best we can; and that those who now doubt should know the truth is the constant prayer of Abdul Latif and Uvani."

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



## Chapter Two

*two sittings*

The first ~~sitting~~ with Eileen Garrett after my husband's death.

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

She hardly 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 there 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 saw two ladies, and the description he gave of the first was an excellent one of my husband's mother. He gave details of the ill-

ness from which she died, and he spoke of two names connected with her, which conveyed nothing to me at the time. Years afterwards I found that these two names, Sarah and Elizabeth, were those of her great-grandmother and grandmother. The second description could well have applied to my own mother, although it was not so accurate as the first.

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 familiar notes, for my mother was Margaret, and Isabella (known to me as Aunt Belle) was a sister-in-law of hers, whom I had not seen or heard of for years. Nine years later I learnt that she was still alive at this time, and that she died in December, 1929. My mother's sister, who died before I was born, had married a man called Macdonald. He too had been dead for many years.

Uvani continued to talk about Margaret, without saying anything about her being my mother, and to pass on to me what she was saying: "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 a serious attack of angina the previous spring. We had been very much troubled, and had been moving about since then. Changes were involved now, for ~~my~~ <sup>HARRY been Commanding</sup> husband had ~~commanded~~ the first battalion of his regiment, and my sons and I were having to leave the official house as soon as possible.

"You will be going abroad soon, very soon, for the festive season. It is possible it may be in the spring, but you are <sup>S</sup>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 least intention of going abroad, and this seemed quite fantastic to me. It happened that we did, however, for a week later we received a pressing 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, we accepted, and Christmas did find us abroad. What Uvani had said about houses and gardens was quite correct. Our friends had a town house, with a lovely garden, and another in the mountains, surrounded by acres of the most beautiful grounds, full of flowers and shrubs; and in these grounds was a third house, which, at one time, had been the family home. I was taken to see all these gardens and houses; and it was not until this actually happened that I remembered what I had been told.

"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."

"David", in itself, meant nothing to me; but I did call my husband "Dady", when speaking to, and not about, him.

Uvani then said: "I cannot get everything clear now. There is a confusion.": but, this having been said, 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."

He had a small but fine collection of Special Editions; and I remembered that in Catterick, in 1915, he had done some flying, and, though he then had only one arm, having recently lost the other in the Great War, he had piloted the plane 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 about his head. An odd kind of cap. It is called a forage cap, and this seems to have been used on special occasions."

Harry was an officer in the regular army and had, of course, worn uniform since he was a cadet in his teens, and abroad -- in Canada, South Africa, India, France and Burma. A few months before his death he had reintroduced a forage cap for the officers of his battalion to wear when going out in mess-dress. When the specimen cap arrived from the makers he had taken me into his study to look at it with him, and we were both very pleased with its appearance.

"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 needing adjustment, and was wonderfully clever with his one hand. And he had quite recently



invented a special strap with which he could, with his 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 this as an excellent description of Harry. Everything in it was correct. His nose had been broken in his youth, boxing, and was a little crooked. It was most characteristic of him to be stroking down that 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."

These further details about him are correct. With regard to the pictures: two days before this sitting, I had found a large number of photographs of Harry, and had been looking at them. He had had a great many taken at different times as a boy, and when he was a cadet at the Canadian Royal Military ~~Academy~~ <sup>College</sup>, in Kingston, Ontario; and those I had



been looking at, he had given to me in our young days.

"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."

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 photograph mentioned by Uvani showed him in uniform, holding his helmet. It had been taken in the days when he had had a big moustache. And the sequence given about Harry's moustache is quite right too, for, at different times, he had worn it in just these ways. Only a few days before he died he had asked me if I preferred it small, or a little larger than it was; so it was 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 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, after that, 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!' He went just when you had planned everything. He says: 'She must not think I forget. I will be ~~philosophical~~<sup>i</sup>, 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 you felt it was not really him."

All this, about myself, is 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 <sup>my Two Sons</sup> Ronald and Bill, as they stood by my side, looking 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, while the doctor was doing all he could for him, I thought my wedding ring might be hurting him. I placed it on the table; and, when the doctor told me he could do nothing more, I found myself putting it on again, in a dazed sort of way.



"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 is true, concerning me.*

Uvani now went on: "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 gravestone. 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 his ashes were scattered on a lonely moor in Scotland, 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 from Scotland to the house at Farnborough, without him, I felt I had to stay in his study, which he called his sanctum. It gave me a feeling of being nearer to him. There were always flowers in the study, and I kept a bunch by his photograph.*

"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; but 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 had made plans for a round of visits, and arranged what we would do after them. 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 in 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."

There were quantities of letters from all sorts of people after Harry died, full of recollections of him, and I kept them in a drawer in the writing desk. The lady was a friend, who came to stay with me when I returned home from Scotland, and who left on the morning of this sitting. She had cut some obituary 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 had been staying was in the west of Scotland, and we had intended to go eastwards on the morning of November 15th, the very day after his death. Our first stop was to have been Ilkley, in Yorkshire.

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

I had sent some of the letters to Ron and Bill, for them to read.

"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, from Farnborough, on October 16th, we had stopped in Cambridge to see the boys, and we had left on the following day. This was the last time Harry saw them, of course. <sup>the younger,</sup> Bill was eighteen then, though, not sixteen.

"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 actually somewhat oval. It was a little gold locket containing his mother's miniature, and it opened like a tiny watch. Harry carried it always on the end of his watch-chain. When Uvani said that there was a ring in a drawer, I suddenly wondered what had happened to Harry's signet ring. When I went home I found it in his dressing table drawer.

You must realize that, during the whole of this sitting, Uvani was talking almost without a pause, while I sat with notebook and pencil, writing down, as best I could, everything that he said. I used a system called Speed-writing, which was a very great help (I had never learnt shorthand); but, even with this, I found I had to leave out a lot of the small connecting words -- like 'the', 'his', 'it', 'a', and so on -- simply in order to keep up. This did not occur at the start of the sitting, when Uvani was speaking more slowly; but it becomes noticeable as the time went on, with the result that he might seem suddenly to have lost command of his English. This is not at all so, for he spoke, and speaks, most fluently; but, in transcribing my pencil record later, I did not like to insert words, however small, which I could not swear had been spoken by him. The sense, at least, was never altered by the absence of the words I had left out, and every word I did write was the one Uvani had used.

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

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

Then came a couple of evidential points put in the form of questions. Uvani did not wait for these to be answered, nor did I try to reply to them.

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

He was, for he could do almost everything with his one arm, and this was particularly noticeable with a car. He was a good driver of any car with a right-hand gear-change.

"Mark on leg. Can you remember?"

He had a scar on his leg from a very bad scald he had received as a 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." (Here Uvani gave me some intimate details, ending up with: "No, no, no, he is not worried one little bit about his boys.") He continued: "I think the boys are in different environments, but somehow together."

This was quite right, for they were both up at Pembroke College, Cambridge; but, while Ronald was living in college, Bill was in rooms in the town.



"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."

On the day he died, Harry was very busy in our host's study, planning the route for our trip to Ilkley, and working out 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 Farnborough. Before we went there it had been very much neglected, and I often took him into it to show him what I hoped might be an improvement; but very few of the things I planted there ever 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, which I was extremely fond of. He had died seven years before this. I was given many details about this little dog through different mediums, at various times after this.

"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 had always carried a box of amyl nitrite capsules with me, in case he should have a return of the angina.

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

"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."

On October 16th, on our way up to Scotland, Harry had left his collection of stamps in London, to be sold by Glendining's, the auctioneers. The catalogue of the auction, at which his stamps were to be sold, arrived on November 11th, and Harry spent some time looking through it, while we were waiting to listen-in to the Armistice Service. Four days after this sitting, on November 30th, a cheque arrived from Glendining's for £42.1.0d. Harry had expected much more than that. Before Uvani spoke of this, 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 France. No one but he ever drove it, and I did not see it again after his death. It was returned from Scotland to the agents, who re-sold it.

"He sees you going over books."

I had been sorting out his papers, which were in folio covers, and going over his dividend and account books; though with difficulty, as he had always dealt with these things himself.

"Someone called Frank is here."

My brother was called Frank.

"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, whose pipe Harry used to describe, laughingly, as 'dreadful'.

"He has been missing the music in the house."

He was always very fond of music, and had a large number of gramophone records, which were often played.

"He says: 'Ellie 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.'"

'Ellie' is clearly a mishearing of 'Allie', the name I am usually called, instead of Alice.

And then there was silence. I had been choked with tears for the greater part of the time when Uvani was talking; but I had not had to speak, apart from that one time, and I think I succeeded in keeping all knowledge of what I was feeling away from him, and, I hope, from Eileen Garrett, when she returned to consciousness a few moments later. There was still a break in my heart ~~at our separation~~; but I went away sure and happy in my conviction that Harry still lived and could keep in touch with me.



The next time I went to Eileen Garrett was on December 9th; and, from beginning to end of the sitting (as on November 26th), I did not speak at all. When Uvani took control he went straight to the point:

"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.'

Uvani continued: "I don't know if he means this [Lily] 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 he here in life, on the type of people through whom it was necessary to establish communication. He now says:

'I find myself literally coming to a 'phone box in order to speak to you, and the 'phone boxes have been changed. There have been two, but I am still able to get in touch with you. You asked me about my happiness. Let me tell you this: there is a feeling of something else which produces happiness, a sureness within myself on two points. First, that you and I have found each other as we never had before, and that there is nothing in your heart but love and understanding, and complete forgetfulness of the things that might have been disagreeable to remember. The second is the sureness of my need for you and your need for me, and that this isn't the end. That I can see and enjoy life with you, and that we pick up the



threads together again -- only under such immensely different circumstances. The chief difference is that I sit in one country thinking of you, instead of sitting by your side talking to you; for this is a country to me, where, thank Heaven, my old heart isn't going to make me bad-tempered or stand in the way of doing things again. With the help that you give me I look forward to the time when I shall be able to make myself felt, heard, realized, accepted."

The sentence about his heart is in the exact words that Harry would have used in life; and I was certain that, with the precautions taken, Eileen Garrett could not have known that I had had a sitting with Charles Glover Botham, whose control was a child called Lily.

"Now," Uvani went on, "your mother is here. I have an impression of her, but she will wait. No one can come between you and him now. I am going to give you an impression of this, your husband.

"In the fifties. It might be about forty-five, but I have a strong impression of the fifties. I feel this -- somewhere in the early fifties, though he seems very jolly and boyish. He is a very fine-looking man. He holds himself so well, and there is a very fresh out-of-doors feeling about him. He loved the open. I see him in tweeds, which he seemed to like very much. You have a picture of him dressed like this."

I came across this picture a week later. It is true that he loved being in the open, and, as I have said, he died when he was fifty-one.

"He has a very clear complexion. Very fine forehead. Humorous look about the mouth. Very critical. Very exacting. Very just. He didn't waste many words. Very quick in making decisions. This is what he was usually, and yet, at times, he could be very different from this. His feet were very firmly set on earth, and without being a materialist he yet was one, though he had a deep, innate religious sense. He believed in dispensing just dues to everyone.

"He had a great diffidence and reserve, and, though very much liked by people whom he met, and very charming, he was not easy to know. To be



his friend meant something. A very pleasant speaking voice. He was not a man who said much about himself, or when anything was wrong. He had very good shoulders. He seems to have been very robust at one time, but he shows himself sagging a little bit about the shoulders. For one moment he showed himself standing very well, then let his shoulder drop."

An excellent description of Harry. Letting his shoulder drop showed the effect of the total loss of his left arm, resulting in his right shoulder being lower than his left.

"I see him abroad -- India -- uniform. He might have been retired. I do not know if he was a professional soldier. He looks rather tired about the eyes. They seem to be eyes that look far away into space. He used glasses, though not all the time. Very firm mouth. Very good chin. A firm way of shutting mouth. He is very close to us now. He wants me to say it is a recent passing over. I am hearing something about the 14th."

He died on November 14th.

"He has made very rapid strides to throw off the conditions which assail those who have very recently passed over. When a personality has not been long over it is sometimes difficult to give anything but a hazy condition; but this man isn't vague at all. He isn't pulled, in the least, between two states of living. He attributes this to his end. He says it was clean, wholesome and decent. He says: 'After all, why not? Those people abroad know what they are about.'"

Uvani continued: "He had evidently watched a process of burial. He did not like the process, or the way it was conducted, but he says: 'I think the intrinsic, the hygienic idea underlying was helpful and right.' He could understand why they gave these human remains a quick and speedy exit, because, so long as there is a disintegration going on in the thing you once knew as yours, it must, of necessity, contain the essence of one's self, or the 'ego' in it. There must be some kind of sympathy with it. That is why he brought in the Indian business. Though he did not like

their way, he quite agrees that every human being should go the way he did -- into the elements, a quick, speedy and clean exit, leaving the world cleaner by the manner of their going."

The "process of burial" refers to the ceremony at a Burning Ghat in India. Harry had laid great emphasis on the fact that he wanted to be cremated, and I could clearly recognize his views in the above, interpreted to the best of his ability by Uvani.

"He says: 'I find already, in my short intercourse with you, that I can give you such a lot by not going straight to the point, but by working round the point.' He has been very close to you. He got your message that you were seeking a quick appointment with him. He says: 'What did you think of my efforts a few days ago? I don't think I acquitted myself too badly. Two different channels. Perhaps there will be a third. You have got it in your mind.' I have to let you know he can get through the third channel. He will! He wants, in these first days, to give you such absolute knowledge of his presence that you won't, at any later period, doubt he was here. Now he gives a little chuckle. He wasn't such an enthusiastic fellow while he was here with you as to leave your ground completely unshaken where matters such as these are concerned. With the best intentions in the world he always sent a blast of cold wind over your idealism; but only in one particular direction. I believe that he means in a psychic direction. He says: 'I wanted to continue to live, but I couldn't be sure of it.'"

The "efforts of a few days ago" refers to the sitting with Charles Glover Botham. The third channel Harry spoke of, as being in my mind, was Annie Brittain. I had been thinking that I should like to try her. A few days after this sitting of December 9th, I found I had made a mistake over my next appointment with Eileen Garrett, and had arrived too late for it. At my request, the London Spiritualist Alliance rang up Mrs. Brittain, and she came round at once. No name had been mentioned; she had never seen me before and did not know who I was; but the sitting proved to be excellent, and full of clear, evidential facts.



"He had a sense of humour; an odd way of expressing himself; a philosophy all his own. He did not like to be rushed into anything; he liked to do it in his own good time. He says he often got into trouble with men with 'red braid', because he wanted to see two sides of a counter-attack."

Here Uvani was clearly trying to convey the idea of Staff Officers with the red tabs they used to wear, and to make some military matter clear, without quite being able to do so.

"He goes on to say: 'I am anxious to let you into my vision, so that you can see this country through my eyes.' He tells you: 'I find myself in a country as real, believe me, as any I have ever passed through. Lights and shades, which you would so enjoy, are exquisite. Sunlight and shadows, and solar and planetary system -- everything larger, beautiful, more intense. Colour, for instance, is a thing indescribable, and I think the right way of explaining it to you is to tell you one feels everything inside one, as it were. One is more awake, therefore, and everything more forceful.

"The thing that pleases me is that my new bodily formation, whilst containing none of the limitations of the old crock, is as real to me on the emotional side. For that I am thankful. To be real; still to speak, realize and understand; still to be appreciative in the old way as well as the new; to find the change is more external than internal -- all pleases me; for, although I was not exactly a creature of habit, I hated to be pushed into anything without time for preparation. And, although my exit off this old planet of yours was speeded up, I cannot say that the functioning properties have altered very much. I tell you this with joy, because, when we meet, I want to be as I was, and to feel that you and I will be (if not in formation, at any rate in personality) still you and I a million years hence. Don't think I am any longer unhappy. You have made it possible for me to take, and really to enjoy, life through your eyes; whilst I, in my turn, hope that no preconceived notion will hinder you from seeing life with me through my eyes."

Harry sometimes spoke of himself as an old crock when referring to his

missing arm or to his illness.

Uvani now asked one of those questions which he never waited to have answered. "Did he ever have to go away and leave you with a baby, a child? You couldn't go with him. He went on Service. He said it was better for you to remain at home on account of the boy, or baby. Now he says this: 'I look on this separation as meaning no more than that -- in many ways less -- because duties, station, life, society, not to mention all the mundane things that go to make up the complement of so-called living, often took away a fellow's thoughts during their daytime expression. But now there is nothing that intrudes itself between you and me. I am as ambitious now as I was then to make a home for you and my sons. I still have the same ambition, and am eagerly looking forward, not to leave, or the day when we pack up together, but to the day when you do the packing and make the crossing.'

"Madame, your husband doesn't just say only 'I love you, I want you'; but he is expressing his personality. He has so much he must say. That is the message, and that is the state of mind he is in."

Leaving me with a baby refers to 1912, when Harry rejoined his regiment in India, and I remained behind with both a baby and a little boy, Bill aged 11 months, and Ronald aged 2 years and 6 months. The children, the nurse and I followed Harry six months later, in a troopship.

"He says now: 'You had a letter from a boy very recently. Things are going very well. Dear, dear old Ron. I only wish to Heaven I was there for one moment to enjoy them (Bless them!), and not to take them for granted; because, as I sit and look at myself now, I think I did take you all too much for granted.'"

Next there came a talk, with a chain of evidential links, about Harry's soldier servant, and directly after that was mentioned the Christian name of Harry's second-in-command. Harry always called him by this name.

"Now he is saying: 'Billy. Dear old Billy. My heart seems to have gone out a thousandfold.' It seems to me as if his heart went out to Ron and Billy, as if they meant a great deal to him. He has seen someone close to you called Geoffrey, but he doesn't contact; only has seen him. Also



he knows he has been helpful to you in a good many ways."

Quite correct. A subaltern, whom we always called by his first name, Geoffrey, had come to see me directly I returned home from Scotland after Harry's death, and he had done his best to help me.

"Now he goes on: 'I don't want to dwell on the past: the past is finished with. Have you thanked all the friends for the sorry mess-up?' (Uvani: "He means over the passing-out.") 'I wish it were possible to convey my thanks to them, but I fear they would think you not so well balanced as you might be, and I can imagine their raised eyebrows!' But it was a real port in a storm, one in which I shared. Not that it was what I wanted at the time. It was sudden and unexpected, going as I did. Are things fairly straight? There are a good many things to be recognized and put in order, but it is not so bad.'"

Harry was referring to the kindness of those friends of ours in Scotland, in whose house he died.

"Aldershot. A very vivid memory for him. Did you drive there? Can you remember it?"

Harry's battalion was stationed at Farnborough, some three miles from Aldershot, and in the Aldershot Command. We had driven from there to go on this round of visits, and we had constantly driven to and from it previously.

"Is one of his sons in the Army? He hopes they both go in, but he says: 'I feel that a little later on, mark my words, the younger one is going to fidget a bit about it. It is already in the wind.'" Then Uvani paused, and continued: "No, not the younger, but the elder one. It is in the wind that he may want to do something else." Again he repeated what he was hearing Harry saying: "'I think he is going to be a handful! Not really, but it is difficult to know what is the best thing to do. But, knowing you have always been able to manage them infinitely better than I did, you will continue to manage all right.'"

Uvani so often spoke in this sort of way, describing or explaining something in his own words, and then, suddenly, transmitting some phrases

apparently exactly as they reached him. Sometimes, as in the case of the last sentence above, it was precisely as Harry would have spoken to me himself.

"They are very soon going to be with you. He is so glad you will all be together."

They both came home for the vacation on December 11th.

"Now strong Scottish conditions are coming. David -- he tried to say that before."

Again, I thought that this was surely an attempt to make clear my private name for him, Dady -- a name which originated in <sup>one</sup> of Bill's very earliest letters home from school, starting "Dere Dady and Mumy".

"Paton. You had some conversation with him. Something to do with him. He says: 'I was there at the time, trying to make you realize I was there.' Ordinarily he would have made this arrangement himself. It was something connected with the car. There was something suggestive of papers about it. He was very happy you saw about it."

On November 19th I had had to go To Mann Egerton's to see about the disposal of Harry's Sunbeam car. The manager telephoned to say that he was very sorry he had to be away at that time himself, but that he would arrange for someone else, who knew all about the car, to see me. The name Paton meant nothing to me at all; but, at the beginning of 1931, I confirmed it when I came across a letter to Harry from Mann Egerton's. This said that Mr. Paton was looking into some matter for him, and was going closely into it. I had not known of this letter before.

"Margaret, connected with your mother's side, is here. He says: 'I feel very selfish. I stood in the way of her.'"

My mother's name.

Uvani, still repeating what he was hearing from Harry, went on: "'I am happy to follow our daily life. Remember this, it is still ours, and even though what I thought was an unkind fate lifted me literally from the driving wheel, it does not mean I have gone from your side.'"

This should have been, of course, "almost literally", but it is very



nearly true, in that all our plans had been made to leave Scotland and drive to Yorkshire on the morning of November 15th. The car was ready and everything packed, when Harry died, just after getting into bed the night before. No one ever drove his car but himself.

"He now says: 'I have found here more strength, tolerance, humility and greater understanding. God keep you until we meet again -- a meeting I am already getting ready for; and I must not come with empty hands. Never think, for one moment, you are keeping me back; I am taking you along. This week's end marks a milestone. Does it seem possible you and I have been away from each other so long -- and yet so short a time? I shall be with you then, much more understanding and alert. On this date you will not be taking my hand in farewell. I shall be coming to you and will be taking yours, and I will give you some definite sign during the day of my presence with you.'"

I had not realized (for I had been counting the time since Harry left me from the day of the week on which it happened -- a Thursday) that December 14th, the following Saturday, was just a month from the day he died.

Then Uvani said, very quietly: "He has gone, Madame."

Chapter Three  
Uvani and Abdul Latif

It will be easier to visualize Uvani and Abdul Latif -- to put them in the order in which they came to me -- if I give brief outlines of their lives, and try to give some idea of their personalities, through what they have said or written themselves.

The summary of Uvani's life was necessarily given to me by him alone, for he is not known to history; and I produce it here as he told it to me. Abdul Latif, on the other hand, was widely known when on earth, and he has been a familiar figure to scholars of his period ever since. The outline of his life, therefore, was not hard to obtain from reference books, with a little patience and effort, and ~~that~~ can be dated with accuracy.



Uvani, when writing through me, often digressed to give me details of his past life. His real name was Yusuf ibn Hafiq ibn Ali, and he was a member of a well-known family of Basrah, interested in the growing, marketing and export of fruit and grain. As a soldier he had been killed in the early part of the nineteenth century, aged about forty-eight, when fighting against the Turks. His father, Hafiq, had been born in Persia, and his mother came from Libya. It was she who gave him the nickname "powani" -- Son of Happiness" -- which remained with him from then on, though she died while he was still a young man.

He said he was born in what he described as a small place, Ahwaz, in the Arabistan province of Persia. After living there for some years, his family had moved to Basrah. It was from there that they exported dates and melons, and they also sold quantities of these, together with prickly pears, in the local market. Barley and millet were other things they dealt in, and they were, he told me, very well off.

He once perplexed me by saying that his father was a Persian, though Uvani himself always described himself as an Arab; but he explained that, although his father had indeed been born in Persia, it was in a province principally occupied by Arabs, and it was with the Arabs that Uvani engaged in frequent skirmishes with the Turks. As he put it: "I was a soldier and was killed in warfare. Between the Turks and the Arabs there were constant feuds, needing little to spark off fire and consequent war to a finish. Many times have I fought against them, and they were, like ourselves, intrepid fighters and mighty horsemen. How vast the store-house which fills the bygone days! I feel the years intervening are those which have made short history, for, when within your sphere, I view them as a flash, the earth life becoming again that which was long. Just at times I look back through the years, reverting to that which is past."

I asked him if he was deliberately remaining where he was, and he replied: "I have been to the higher states and, when there, I am perhaps removed from what I was and am; but I steadfastly continue in this state

wherein dwells your lord. It is permitted to those who wish to dwell here to visit the spheres so far away at times. For souls steeped in ignorance the time is lengthy, but, like all things, the end will be reached."

At this point I said: "All things except eternity?"

"And that does not appear eternal, for we move, stage by stage, evolving and changing. As the soul goes from one state to the next, and ever higher, much purification of the spirit takes place, and the ties of earth are lessened. We only leave for those high spheres when we long to go. We can see them, and we can have foretaste, but until we desire to depart we remain nearer the earth. Your lord has no desire to depart. He wishes only to be as near you as is in his power. He is a very man, resolute, determined, and withal the man you love, strong exceeding and very tender."

Then he went on to say something else, which touched me:

"Now you will understand how the gentleness that has become a part of me has helped to further Uvani. I feel where I was hard, now have I the warmth of understanding. I feel so sweet a glow, as if one who was frozen had been melted by the rays of warm sunlight. It was not possible with me, during the days I spent on earth, that I should learn the lesson, as did so strong a man as is your lord. He was filled with love permeating his being. Though he too has learned, since coming here, the full completeness of love, yet had he it within him, deep and yearning."

Usually aloof and imperturbable when in control of Eileen Garrett, Uvani sometimes showed another aspect of himself, and he told me of some few times when he did become ruffled. Once was when a woman, who was evidently unaware, on this her first sitting with a medium, that no details at all should be given either to the medium or her control, told him of her desperate anxiety to get in touch with her husband. Uvani said he was patiently doing his best for her, when she suddenly jumped up, declaring she had forgotten a hair appointment, and dashed out of the room, leaving everything in mid-air and the sitting unfinished!



Another time his feelings were not so much those of annoyance as of perplexity. A man, who had recently died, had asked Uvani several times to pass on messages to me for his wife, who was a friend of mine. He then asked permission to speak to her directly. Uvani was reluctant, but ultimately gave his consent, and my friend told me afterwards that this talk was almost entirely concerned with her remarriage. This had evidently filled Uvani with chagrin, for he said to me later: "Why does a man profess to be so interested in his woman when he encourages her over his dead body to marry again?" He thought for a moment, and then added grimly: "A great display of affection ending up in a dish of camel's milk. In India they did burn the widows in my time." And it seemed to me he spoke with some regret! So he still sometimes showed himself to be the unregenerate Uvani, and he often amused me by the opinions he expressed over modern behaviour and customs, so different from those he had known in his own earth life.

Almost nine months after Harry had first taken direct control of Eileen Garrett, there was a departure from the usual order, and I was surprised to find, at the start of the sitting, that Uvani had come to talk to me. The reason for this soon became clear. For some time Eileen Garrett had been perturbed by hearing that people who had come to her for sittings had complained later that Uvani had stayed for only a few minutes, and then, saying that he had nothing to give them, had gone away. Such a speedy departure had occurred on the very morning of the day on which I was having my sitting, and, just before going into trance, Mrs. Garrett had ruefully told me about it -- and all the more sadly as she charged no fee for no results.

Uvani gave me his customary greeting, and then continued: "Your lord says Uvani may come for one moment to speak. Abdul Latif, honoured be his name, would come and make your acquaintance; but next time, not to-day.

"Madame, she whom I work through says that I am not an intelligence. I have so many times heard her say: 'If you are you, why do you leave me with my wallet empty?' Now, Madame, how can I help it? I cannot pad.

If I permit the groundwork of even unconscious deceitfulness to creep in, I will not have the instrument as she is now -- and I do think she is second to none in the whole world -- consistent, logical, conclusive. Uvani has been able to stay with his instrument seven years. He has been told to make great effort. They said: 'You will have difficulty. Be strong, be drastic!' She does go through a great trial, greater than I knew a woman could bear. That is all part of her development. I am not paid, my instrument is not paid to talk, but to give results. She said: 'We will not charge if we do not give results.' My heart rejoiced, because that is the easiest way of establishing integrity. But some come to me to give them forecasts, to speak of their financial affairs. They regard me as a necromancer of sorts. I am not permitted to do this work, therefore I withdraw. There are several people who wish to work through this source: greater controls wish to come. The time must come when she must go forth and do other work. She must believe in the sanity and the intelligence of people who work through her.

"Tell her, Madame, this: I have never been guilty of rudeness. When that has been laid at my door, it is because I have been asked for lucky numbers, lucky colours. It is no part of my plan. I am not permitted to come for these things. We are carrying a light to the top of the mountains. We are but the humble ones beating at the door; but we could not open the door to big things if we did not start aright. If I gave [what they wanted]\* to people it would be much easier; but I dare not give that which I do not see. Never do I send anyone away except for a good cause. They would not honour me if they got necromancy. I have been the means of giving help to many. I would demean my honesty, her honesty, if I were to do other than I do. My instrument will never reach the backwater. She is a pathmaker, and

\* In one or two places I have inserted words or phrases in square brackets (to show that they are mine) into something that has been said by one of my communicators. This is because it may not seem quite clear in cold print, although, when it was written, I knew exactly what was meant.



At another time he wrote the following through my hand:

"Uvani will talk, Madame, should you so desire. I can still vividly recall those days after quitting the earth plane, my mind a strange mixture of ideas, and having few good deeds wherewith I could feel contented at the use I had made of my time.

"I had led an idle life, sitting ever in the sunshine, and happy in possessing sufficient for bodily comforts. I loved many times, or thought I did, and it was an existence which seemed to me fair and satisfying. I was a soldier and was killed in warfare, being, as was your lord, suddenly hurled from one sphere to the other. It took a long time for me to be made anew, for, with all the strangeness of my surroundings and the different world from that which I had dimly thought I would find, I yet had no desire to be other than I was. I saw with reluctance that my life had been lacking in a multitude of ways; but it was not with softened heart that I viewed the seeing. I was indignant, vexed that, like a moving scene, over and over again did it go before me. I saw, and saw so many times, the same scenes vividly portrayed; here one whom I had treated with cruelty; there one shamefully, with no possible justification, taken and abused; another to whom I had been harsh -- and all through was the vision of an insolent, intolerant Arab, taking his pleasures regardless of any who came his way. These visions came ever before me, and I was sick of the beholdings. Still there was no wish to be other than I was. I was troubled by none saying: 'You shall do this. You shall do that. Come here and alter that which thou art doing.' I went my way and asked nought of any whom I met.

"I continued for many years in this wise. Perchance I suffered, for the seeing of these visions abated not, and I longed to be rid of them. At last on a day there came to me, when I was sitting remote from others, one who had wondrous strength of countenance, and the bearing of a man. His face was kind, and he spoke to me and talked of many things. He knew my life. He spake truly of deeds that had been done. He said that there was much in Uvani of courage and of fortitude in what he had done, and in the

manner of his death. There were no words spoken of admonition or reproach, and my heart revived as does the parched earth soften with the precious rain.

"I talked to this man and told him that, though nothing was wrong, yet was my soul strangely sick, in that such visioning was always with me. I told him more than I had ever before told all in the world put together, and to all he listened, saying little; yet did I find that, as I spoke, all sorrows slipped from me, and I knew peace such as had not been mine those many years. I had no feelings then within me of coldness or contempt, only had I a great wish that I might do aught that would pleasure and satisfy the one who was with me; and I said to him: 'It is many years since I have worked. Is there in this land such work as I could do with regard to helping, and in being able to fill my thoughts in other ways?' He said: 'There is much work to be done, and gladly will I tell you of some to be performed.'

"Then did I perceive a poor, unhappy soul wallowing in misery, for he was tormented by the visions of his past; and, as I looked at him, the one who had spoken said: 'I would be happy if you would give aid to this one who suffers.'

"I knew not how to do it; but I had a stir of pity in my heart, and I said: 'Friend, tell me why you are suffering and in fear.' For a time he could not answer, and I waited. Presently, like a dog which has been whipped and is afraid of further punishment, he crept near, and slowly did he find words with which to formulate his thoughts. Falteringly he told me of deeds which he had done. Dark and terrible had they been. I was sorry for this man, and remembered the pictures never ceasing, which had haunted me. Therefore I gave him what sympathy lay within me and he, like me, was strengthened and helped. I never had the visionings in the same way again, and from that time had I desire for serving others.

"When I had listened to the burdened heart of him who suffered, I led him away, and presently one who loved him found him, and joy was in their reunion. He went from me, and I, who had peace in my being, returned from



whence I had come. There I saw the one who had bid me, if I would, to give help unto others. He said: 'You have given strength and hope to that poor man, and there are many others. I go to seek them, and would be happy for such aid as you can give.'

"I felt I would do this work for ever more if he so willed, and I followed as he led. Many, many were the paths he followed, and at times we would be in places that were grimly dark and desolate. We worked side by side. There were those who could not listen and who felt nought of our presence, bound still as they were, tied to earth. We continued -- the one who took me with him and I -- to go about this work, and many were the souls he brought to perfect understanding and the light. In many spheres we went. We went amongst those unable to bear the light, owing to the abysmal depth of their consciousness. That is as it happens. According to the quality and understanding of the mind and thoughts, so are a person's actions regulated. When the time comes for the shedding of the body, so does the soul wrap itself in the ideas best known to it; and should those ideas be bad and selfish ones, so is the time before enlightenment a long one. That is how things are. Only the soul knows its own bitterness. Many layers of selfishness and sloth must be removed. Then, when realization is obtained and awakening ensues, bitter indeed is the plight of this soul. For a time, according to the merits and demerits of his life, so does he continue thus; then, like a fruit ripened by sunshine, does sweetness take the place of bitterness, and once more there is rejoicing.

"I had not led what would, for my time and race, be termed an evil life, (I was an Arab, and our customs differed from those of yours); but I was very hard, very unyielding, and knew not what pity or forgiveness meant. I was the same after passing through death's gateway. No gentle feeling came close, or any tender thoughts of others. There was no love burning out the dross. I was the same Uvani, Arab, and as such I continued. Therefore, as I have related, for many years I saw the visioning of my life, at first unmoved, and later discomfited, and then wearied to my inmost being by the incessant seeing of the life that I had made.

"Sometimes it so happens that chords of memory are struck in Uvani's mind. He remembers many things. The golden sand, hot in the noonday sun; the beat of a horse's hooves in swift flight; the feel of a swift Arabian horse between his knees. Many are the memories; the love that coursed through his hot veins; the lazy sitting by the tents, drowsing in the heat. His mind reverts to those days, far back in reality and yet short when viewed from here. He sees himself lying without toil, just idling away the moments; content to be alive, yet making of his life no purpose.

"Then the picture changes, Uvani now riding a steed which gives him the keenest joy of mastery, knowing that it will obey his slightest touch: the wild rush through the desert, the meeting of steel with steel -- and then my memory recalls the time when steel responded not, and the sharp rapier bit into the flesh."

I asked: "Was that when your earth life came to an end?"

"Even so. One swift thrust hardly felt, so sharp, so quick the blow; but with it could I feel the sinking into the darkness, the blur before my eyes. As I fell I lay, bleeding my life away."

"Uvani, what did you next know?"

"When next aught was apparent to me, the murmur of voices seemingly quite near; but, when I perceived, I was alone. There was none near me, which pleased me, for I did not desire that any should come near me. I wondered where was my steed, where my fellow men. I looked for the wound, saying: 'Surely I have not dreamt? What then has befallen me?' And thus I remained."

"For how long?"

"It seemed to me that the time was very long. And still I wondered, saying: 'Surely I am now dreaming and will soon awake.' Presently I saw two who drew near, and one, perceiving me, said: 'You are more truly alive now than when you were on earth.' To which I rejoined: 'What part of the earth is this to which I have been brought?' He then replied: 'The earth life which was yours is over. Now will you truly live.'

"And then I knew, but, knowing, refused comfort, seeking ever to remain



alone. It was not only the loss of the body, but the whole of earth's values; those, dropping away, left the soul with a strange and naked feeling. If much character has been formed (I speak now as I myself found it) it is not long before the soul is readjusted; but even then, unless love has had its part, there is very great loneliness. The latter I experienced. I left none who mattered when I went, and saw nothing of those on the earth world. Until I had passed numbers of years on this side it did not occur to me to seek or find a way; but presently the time arrived, and I found, with practice, I could come near. I found my instrument and have been able to work with fullness for many. I have told you how this came about. I can also work through your instrumentality in an entirely different way, and for this privilege I am very grateful. Will you attend your lord who waits?"

Whenever Uvani spoke to me about Abdul Latif, it was always with the greatest respect -- "Abdul Latif, honoured be his name", or some such expression -- for he undoubtedly regarded him as being far more exalted than he was himself. I knew he was supposed to have lived a very long time ago, and to have been a distinguished personality; but that was about all until I did a little elementary research on him.

Abdul Latif was born in Baghdad in 1161 A.D., in the last century of the Abbasid Caliphate, and he died in 1231<sup>\*</sup>, at the age of 70, some 27 years before that city was totally destroyed by the Mongol Hulagu, grandson of Chengiz Khan; and the last of the Abbasid Caliphs, Musta'sin, was tortured and led out to execution. A reasonable transliteration of his full name from the Arabic is Mowaffik ed Din abu Mohammed al Latif ibn Yussuf ibn Mohammed Ali ben Said, meaning Mowaffik the Pious, father of Mohammed the Persuasive, son of Yussuf, son of Mohammed Ali, son of Said. He was also known as Abd al Latif, The Persuasive Slave of God, or Abdul Latif, which is the form used in this book.

As a young man he travelled to Egypt, which was then part of the Abbasid Caliphate, and he made that country his base for the rest of his

\* Dates taken from Chambers' Encyclopaedia.

life. His main interests were medicine, philosophy and geography, and he wrote copiously on all three subjects, as well as on a number of others. Some sources state that he wrote as many as 165 books and treatises in all. One of his books (MS Pococke 250) is in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, written in his own beautiful Arabic characters, the parchment yellow with the age of more than seven centuries, but the writing still clear, without a single alteration or correction. This book is called Al Mokhtasir, The Compendium, and it deals with Abdul Latif's travels in Egypt, and the conditions there, in 1200 A.D. It is one of the main sources into which historians have delved for very many years, seeking information about that troubled period.

Long before I knew anything of Abdul Latif as an historic person, I asked him, when he was writing through me, to tell me something of his own life on earth. He answered:

"I am only too happy to tell you what I can. You ask what were the really favourite pursuits during my life. It is hard to say, for so many things afforded me deep interest. I was a traveller, and always full of desire to penetrate all the corners of the earth; or, if unable to do so myself, to ascertain everything possible; and every map was scrutinized by me. All things geographical, therefore, interested me.

"I was a philosopher, my mind seeing things with clarity, the reason for them becoming plain. Life was therefore not so complex. Medicine was my chief occupation, for I delighted in it, to alleviate suffering, to trace disease. I was considered advanced, my views being unorthodox, for I grasped early the knowledge that, to understand the intricacies of the body, I must dissect dead ones. Then was music also a great joy. I steeped my soul [in that] and never wearied when I could be refreshed in this way. There were many different delights. Astronomy I studied also, seeking to understand the signs. It is, I suppose, largely owing to my diversity of interests that I decided to work again upon this planet. I saw much in my life of the ways of the people amongst whom I dwelt. I gathered their stories from their



diseased bodies and still more distressed minds. I was in sympathy with them, and after receiving, in sphere beyond, much enlightenment, my sympathies became even more acute. It is only a comparatively short time since I made myself known [in this world], but, during the period of my return, I have been able to give help to many. This is but a brief sketch. We will enlarge upon it at some other time."

With every medium through whom Abdul Latif spoke to me, he had much to say about our sons, Ronald and Bill; and once, when he was speaking through Eileen Garrett, he remarked that, like Ronald, he had done much in the way of doctoring the people he had come across in his travels. I had never said a word, either to her or to him, about this; but it is a fact that Ronald was always being called upon to act as doctor and, on his second journey into Tibet (on which he was engaged at this time), he had taken a very large quantity of medical supplies with him, all of which were exhausted before he returned. Abdul Latif went on to say how great was the interest that he, and Uvani, took in both boys:

"But whereas it is to Billy that Uvani draws so near, it is especially in Ronald that I find the enthusiastic zests. I know that, with him, as was the case with me, around every corner is a new adventure; that every river beckons. Of Billy, Uvani says: 'Like unto his father is this boy, stalwart, firm of purpose and in speech; and in every respect a soldier, and one after my own heart. I too, in my earth life, was a soldier, and in this boy do I feel memory reborn.'"

Abdul Latif is now chiefly concerned in the giving of healing advice to those who go to him. On Eileen Garrett's departure to the United States, he took Nina Francis as his medium for this purpose, in order to continue his work in England; and, until her death some years ago, he continued to do much in this way through her. Miss Francis's regular control, <sup>L</sup>u<sup>g</sup>io, had been an Italian abbot in his earth life, and always spoke in a delightfully intellectual and cultured manner. He too gave me the clearest information whenever I talked to him; but, after a while, he rarely came for more than

a few minutes during my Francis sittings, giving way, with great courtesy, to Uvani and Abdul Latif, both of whom he allowed to control his medium. It was, of course, on account of the generous way in which different mediums were put at their disposal by other controls, that Abdul Latif and Uvani were able to carry out so many cross-tests with me, as I have described later in this book.

Through Miss Francis, Abdul Latif talked to me about the large amount of work done by Uvani among the "Unhappy Ones" -- those people who, for one reason or another, had not realized they were dead, so far as the physical world was concerned -- which Uvani himself had already written about to me, in brief. He had a good deal to say about them, and about the manner in which wrong-doing is punished.

"If people wish to do wrong, to gain experience of any kind, let them do as they wish, remembering that nothing can be done without some effect, either for good or evil. As one has acted, so does one receive back the results of those actions, like a boomerang.

"So many people have wrong ideas about suicides; but God allows for circumstances. According to how the soul is tried, so is the soul helped. No punishment is given by others.

"There is no darkness on this side of life in reality. Remorse is what makes the dark state in which many seem to be living. Those who have, during their earth existence, gloried in cruelty, may for thousands of years remain in the condition of gloom, seeing over and over again these actions of theirs, and the terrible effect they have had on others. Time would seem endless to them; but all their punishment is mental, and given to them by no one but themselves. When, having paid in full through their remorse, their anguish, their intense desire to remedy what they have done, they send out a cry for help, there are ever those watching, ready to help. But understand fully this great truth: no one has punished them but themselves."

I once asked Abdul Latif if he would make clear to me the reason for



the differences that showed in his character, when he spoke through his different mediums -- this, because I had read considerable, and doubtful, comment about it in various psychic publications. I told him that, whether he came through Eileen Garrett or Nina Francis, I could always recognize him as being the same person; but while, through me, he displayed the same personality that he did when he spoke through Eileen Garrett, through Miss Francis it was a quite different side of him which appeared. He replied, through my hand, that he would endeavour to put into words what happened:

"You do, indeed, get me through both these mediums. You find that, when I arrange with you something to be done, it takes place. So far as your experience goes it is the keen, forceful, fiery Abdul Latif, diagnosing with precision, whom you meet with Uvani's <sup>\*</sup>instrument ; one who appears to be doing his work and attending to business in the same manner as you would find when a doctor is consulted in his own room, where he interviews patients. You find, one after another, items of information are given you on all manner of subjects, yourself, your health -- each symptom known and discussed. Upon everything concerning you does Abdul evince knowledge, and, at times, will he give much about other people who are not related. All these things happen through this source with him. You feel a dynamic force emanating.

"You are aware that there is much controversy always arising over this vexed subject of Abdul Latif's control of two mediums. You have, therefore, quietly observed what occurs in your own case, and, for several years, pursued your investigations, giving no details to anyone as to which controls came to you, or what details were forthcoming -- that fact, that Abdul Latif controlled you, being kept silent. You knew therefore that no one could be aware of what you were doing. From the time Abdul Latif controlled you he had no opportunity of speaking [to you] through Eileen Garrett, and had, in fact, done so on only one occasion; but, through your own mediumship, he came to speak constantly, to acquaint you with details of what he had said [through

\* Eileen Garrett

other sources] and what he was doing. To your own satisfaction it was constantly proved that it was Abdul Latif. He knew and could carry out cross-tests. Now we come to your summing up of what you know is the case.

"[With Nina Francis] Abdul Latif is not so decisively the person you meet through the mediumship of Eileen Garrett -- true; for it is through her [Eileen Garrett] that the earth personality is more vividly displayed than is possible with any other living medium. Myself, I think it has never been possible through any other to the same extent. You have found this to be amazingly the case with your own husband. You have seen that, with Uvani, the characteristic side of the Arab is uppermost.

"Now, I find, when I assume control of Nina Francis, who is a very gentle type of medium, that I have a much more ruminative, philosophical side appearing. One might liken it to the feeling of a surgeon who, having been busily employed with his work, sinks into a comfortable chair and prepares to enjoy a chat with a friend well-known to him. With you have I shown, all through these talks [through Nina Francis], that though, perhaps, I am not touching on evidential points in the same way, I none the less allude to all manner of incidents, past, present and to come, in all your lives. You know it is the same old friend."

I answered: "Yes, Abdul, I do."

"Then state as you have found. Place it on record. Make these people see that as, in life, one feels differently concerning one's moods, according to the effect made upon one by those with whom one has to come in contact; still more so does one evince a different side where the medium in trance is of a very different calibre to another also used. If you will give what you, yourself, have discovered to be a fact, people will be benefited, for it is not good they should doubt my authenticity."

As a finishing touch, Abdul Latif swiftly wrote: "Add, to this that I have said: love, unselfish love, is what counts far more than all else, and to those who deeply love, Paradise indeed awaits them."



## Chapter IV

Direct Control by Harry; and extracts from conversations with him.

On May 6th, 1930, I went to my sitting with Eileen Garrett, tense with anticipation. It was exactly a week since Uvani had told me that Harry would take control of the medium himself at the next sitting, and, as she was going into trance, I waited, wondering, longing, hoping. She was much longer than usual in going off; but then, when trance was at last established, instead of Uvani's voice there came a little murmur, followed by silence, and then another small, inarticulate sound. I said, very softly: "Is that you, darling?"; and a voice replied in a whisper, with difficulty and very slowly: "Well, I'm here. That's a hard thing over."

But, having once got through, Harry started to manipulate his instrument with ever greater skill. Before long he was able to talk to me with all the ease and precision of Uvani or Abdul Latif; and from then on, both in this and in all the many other direct control sittings we had later, every word he said was characteristic of him, and it was made clear, in a thousand ways, that it was Harry himself talking to me. He spoke often of the boys, recalling all manner of incidents throughout their lives, from the time they were babies; things they had done; things we had all done together; and ever and always showing complete understanding of everything about them in their present lives. Sometimes he would mention pranks they were getting up to at Cambridge; but he never worried about these, and he kept me from worrying too, as I am sure I should have done otherwise.

I never used anything said by Harry, directly to influence either boy, although sometimes I did so indirectly. Once, without any preliminary remark from me, or question from himself, he said, quietly: "Now about Ron. I don't like the idea of it, honestly I don't. I am speaking now

as I feel, near to earthly things, and taking the view I should have taken then. He might be happy doing it, but I feel it would be far better to go on for the extra year."

I knew at once what he meant: Ronald, in his second year at Cambridge, was thinking of possibly accepting an offer which had been made to him to go to South Africa.

I replied: "He thought he might be wasting money if he went on for another year."

"Well, the money would be wasted if he didn't, wouldn't it, and a year makes a lot of difference at his age. It's hard to know what to do for the best; but I do think he shouldn't do anything in a hurry and should carry on. The experience he would gain out there would not mean so much to him as remaining on for another year where he is."

What he said was absolutely right, and the upshot was that I went to see the boys' guardian about it and ask his opinion. He knew nothing at all of my having found Harry again (and would probably have heartily disapproved if he had known); but he fully agreed that it would be inadvisable for Ronald to leave Cambridge, and he suggested that he, his wife and I should run down there in his car, when he could discuss the whole matter with my son. This we did, and with infinite tact he told him that he felt quite certain his father would have wanted him to finish his time at the University before striking out for himself. All was well, and Ronald said at once that he would give up the African idea and stay on at Pembroke for his third year.

For the next eighteen months, until our medium went to America, Harry and I had perfect talks. His control of her was complete, and, after the first two or three sittings, he had no more difficulties. I never ceased to marvel at the amount he knew -- past, present and to come. Billy was shortly taking me with him to Majorca for a few weeks, and our plans had not been mentioned to Harry, for I invariably waited to see what would first



come from him. I found that he knew all about our trip, where we planned to go, and all the details about getting there. He also said he wondered if Bill would be visiting some of the other islands. "I think," he told me, "you will find there are four; Minorca and also Ibiza, and there is Formentera. Will you ask Bill if I am right? I saw him looking at the map." I had no idea, myself, of the names of the last two islands, and when I asked Bill, I found that he could not remember either, although he had been looking at the map a short time before, as Harry had said. The names of both the islands were quite correct, of course.

During our last talk through Eileen Garrett, before she left England, Harry said: "I know how you are feeling about this, but you can get my thoughts. I know and feel your love. All this time we've talked through her we've got very close to one another. Everything about which we had troubles or misunderstandings we have cleared out of our lives. Remember, when it comes to next month,\* I shall be thinking of all those days which mattered so much before I went; and those days after. Those days that I can hardly bear to think of, away from you. I am glad we had such a happy time before I went. I left you as I would have done had I been going on any other journey, without any fuss -- only I took my last ticket, and this time not a return ticket.

"If I have been sad about it all, I do think now that it was best to have happened then. I put up with my arm; but I couldn't have borne being an invalid for weary, miserable years. As it was, I died more or less in harness, still needed; and the regiment still had my help, though I was beginning to think I had had enough; that the time had come to put away red tape; that I was weary.

"Now I'll have to go; but remember, too, that even if we should never

\* This sitting took place on October 19th, 1931. The second anniversary of Harry's death fell on November 14th.

speak to one another again in this way, no one can ever take away the nearness of all we have been and are to one another. It wouldn't matter if we never spoke another word.

"Allie, my own beloved, my darling wife, I know everything, just what my going has meant to you. I love you with all my heart, my soul.

"Give Ron my love -- and a slap on the back. My love to Bill."

Then there was silence, and I sat silent too. But it was only a few

weeks after this that we were able to talk to each other in writing.

The remainder of this chapter consists of extracts from the many conversations I had with my husband during the next few years, all of them, unless otherwise stated, coming through my own writing. I stress that they are extracts from conversations, and not lectures, and hence that they are not so cohesive as they would have been in the latter case.

much more quickly; even's mind is so much more acute, so much more

penetrating. Therefore, as you know, one little thought brings me to you, and I am never really separated from you, yet I can keep a grip on other matters at the same time. I have work to do, many people to help and much to arrange, going about in all directions; but it is done without effort, not as is the case on earth.

"I don't know what little odds and ends of things you are doing, nor do I always know your thoughts; but I am sensitized to a great extent where you are concerned, and there is nothing that really affects you that I don't know. Also, your thoughts sent out to me are with me at once".

Harry explained that the work he was engaged in was of the same kind as Uvani's, making (or trying to make) contact with those who did not realize what had happened to them.

"I see them vaguely wandering, full of indecision and perplexity. To some enlightenment comes at once. To others, who are very set, one sees a long period before them during which they simply feel they are still on earth. Of course in the latter case they are always confused."



I asked, what did these people think or feel about the ones they had left behind on earth.

"All sorts of thoughts drift through their minds, but usually, with this type of person, it is selfishness which keeps them back; therefore it is their own concerns which chiefly engross them."

I said: "I have just finished reading the opinion of a writer that, after one has established proofs of identity, one ought not to try to have any more contact with those one loves. His idea is that this would hold them back from further development."

Harry answered: "Don't you think the people who say these things are those to whom a wealth of love is not known? Also I should imagine they have never had a great wealth of evidence. However, to everyone his own opinion."

He wrote through me of the many direct talks he had had with me through Eileen Garrett, and I told him I had destroyed some of the records because I could not contemplate anyone else seeing them.

He replied: "What you have destroyed was of a side no one but you knows. What you have left is purely evidential. It breathes me. There was a lot said about the boys that would have made them marvel; but even that was mainly for you alone. I am kept alive in my boys' memories. Most fathers would have become nebulous by now."

At another time he wrote: "There isn't much more difficulty in talking to you now than there will be when you actually come over to me. You are happy now, but then you will have a radiant feeling of joy. There will be joy in being so near those who love you and whom you love. You keenly realise the limitations of earthly minds, or, to put it another way, minds which are hampered by earthly bodies. People are tongue-tied, unable to express what they are really thinking about. I know, as you delight in the talks we are able to have here, so will you take greater joy in those you

can have when you are really on our side. Here there are no limitations."

"Sometimes," I said, "it is hard to understand exactly how this is."

"Not really. Not when you remember the manner in which things are done on earth. You talk to someone, seemingly engrossed, yet at the back of your mind are numberless thoughts about other matters, some constructive, some quite idle. Think of the intensified perceptions we have here, and the rapidity with which our bodies<sup>\*</sup> and thoughts travel. There is also enormous power of thought, and we can construct, without actually doing this ourselves in a material way. You do understand. When you are taking down a 'picture' about the boys, if someone comes in and disturbs you, you give attention from a small part of your mind, but immediately carry on with what you were doing, and don't feel as though any interruption had taken place. That, in a small way, shows you what happens here.

"The more I see of things, both as they are in the state in which I now am, and in connection with you, the more I see how very like our old earth world this is. I come to you finding I can express myself according to the type of mind I work through -- bits of my mind more awakened than others. This happens with all on earth. As their listener is, so do they give out, or retain, what they are interested in or have in their minds. Very often one particular vein won't be tapped at all, which, with someone else, would be uppermost. That is what I find.

"There is beauty here such as is hard to describe -- so wonderfully vivid, so palpitating with life -- which seems to fill one's soul with ecstasy. Also there is this: when one sees beautiful sights on earth -- and there are many -- one's thoughts are very often full of problems, one thing and another blotting out the radiance. Here there is nothing of that kind for me now. At first I saw the loveliness veiled, with no sunshine causing it to glow, and the beauty didn't really exist for me. But then my soul was hungering for you, and I hadn't the glorious feeling that, though in different spheres, the essential part of us was together, never to know separation again."

\* This, of course, refers to the 'Etheric Body'.



I said I supposed it must be very difficult for him to put into words, comprehensible to me, just what his world was like, and he replied:

"Even in that respect you have a good idea as to what happens. Thought is what governs our actions here, more powerfully than with you, but thought underlies everything in your world too. You are more circumscribed, that's all. And love transcends everything. It's force is mightier than all else."

Then I said: "Tell me how much we are responsible for having lack of love. What would happen to people with little sympathy or capacity for love? Would they have to suffer on that account?"

"Nothing will be expected of them which their development cannot give. For many reasons those who are undeveloped would not be expected to give out what would be forthcoming from others; but were those with knowledge and understanding to be devoid of kindness to those suffering any sort of affliction (or who, by stress of circumstances, are in a much lower state), their sufferings, over occasioning these people further pain, would be great. If development is retarded, learning comes bit by bit. Punishment will not be inflicted; but later the undeveloped ones will see with great sorrow how much their actions hurt others, and then they will try to make amends.

"There are so many things one sees. It is an extraordinary feeling, this one of excessive clarity. You know what it is like when you are asleep in a dark room, and you awake and turn on a bright light. It hurts at first, doesn't it? Then, with that clearness of vision, comes infinite tolerance and patience, though, with it all, one <sup>d</sup>oesn't find one's own characteristics submerged. When talking through a medium it feels practically as though one was just the same.

"It's all intensified over here. Thoughts create in your world, and, once created, others reap the benefit. Here, according to one's own thoughts, the actions which went to the making of one's character, one is able to give expression to what one wants formed. Whatever you want you can have, but there are many who are unable to formulate anything constructive. They see all darkly until such time as their consciousness, their awareness, is

awakened. It is easy for some people to write a book, to make scenes and people come to life. Their thoughts are clear and find expression; while with others it is difficult. It happens, of course, with many here, that they find everything they want awaiting them. They have paved the way."

I told him I knew that that was what had happened with him, and Harry said: "I found a great deal, and all of it wasted on me just because you weren't with me. Then I realised you were, that I could get to you, and presently I saw that our souls were practically one and the same. So I am content. I look after you and after our boys. I know you are mine, and I am happy. It's all very simple, isn't it? Even with regard to Abdul Latif and Uvani -- two distinct, very emphatic personalities, always doing all possible to help.

"I think there has been nothing quite like this work of ours before. It is a fact that we simply have never been separated. Because of my great love I never really left you. As I came looking for you you reached out to me, and, having established our contact, I found it possible to keep you in touch with our boys."

I said: "There is a question I want to ask. Have you found out any more about God?"

"I don't know any more than I did when I told you there is a great controlling force, a great sea of energy directing the universe, a tremendous activity which goes on. That this force is directed by a wonderful mind is certain.

"The Great Power doesn't compel us to act. We are given free-will, but our general path is chosen for us. Then we can get from point to point as we wish. There is no destiny which makes a man's fate certain. If he gets away from his track he may roam about doing what he wants. Sooner or later he has to get on to his right road."

Through Eileen Garrett, Harry spoke in a rather similar vein:

"This is what I have found. It is only what is in yourself that counts. Do good, be good, think the best, live the best. You can't go wrong then.



To be as good as you can be, to have tolerance, uprightness of living; the real man doesn't have to reflect on the moral code: he knows he must live it for the good of the community."

And then he said: "I do believe in a true and just God, the God in us."

In 1936, Eileen Garrett paid another visit to England, and we were able to talk through her again for the first time in more than two and a half years. Harry controlled throughout, and began in a very low voice, as if he had to get used to speaking through her all over again.

"This is like returning to something that was once very familiar. I particularly asked not to be escorted, as perhaps you knew I would do. It seems strange to talk to you again in this way, and yet so good. You do know, don't you, beyond all possible shadow of doubt, that there is hardly a moment in which we are not able to have this beautiful communion of nearness. Your life goes evenly, helped by the knowledge that in thought and word, in all your experiences, there has been no cessation of my being with you, the only difference being that my love is growing greater and greater. And that side of me that I know you always loved so deeply has always gone on, only with all its terseness and hardness gone; and here we are, bound to one another so that there hardly seems a moment in which you are not part of my life.

"In speaking like this, I only tell you what you already know so well -- but would hear again through this instrument of Uvani's -- that a very close tie binds us through and through. I see all the things which, in life, I wanted to see in you, have come to pass -- only without any trouble. Always I knew I had your love, always I knew I had your respect; and I think most people knew that, non-indulgent as I very often was to the rest of the world, I adored my wife.

"I have changed my outlook too -- you aren't the only one who has -- and where things would have troubled me they do so no longer. Most of all I have your love, and I have clear seeing, where once everything was wrapped in mystery. I would feel afraid of eventualities, where now I see straight before me. I see that, sometimes, what comes to pass has to be gone through; but I also see the outcome. We can give guidance,

protection and help to those we love, and yet often they will take a turning which can't fail to land them in difficulties. Then, thank God, comes the clearest sight, and we don't feel anxious as to the ultimate outcome. Troubles, too, arising out of no fault of our own, can be overcome and strength is given.

"We can talk intimately and closely, you and I, beloved; and at every turn you know it is I. My soul is steeped in happiness. There is no more sadness, and I can see the glory of all that surrounds me. Some day, perhaps, you will write our story -- our story without end."

I have tried to do this; but what I have put into this book is only a small sample from the great store that has come my way through these many years.

As I have said in the Introduction, and as can be seen in later chapters, time was nothing if not capricious through my own mediumship, and I asked Harry about this, again through Eileen Garrett. He told me: "Time isn't; well, your time isn't."

I said: "But you could always tell me everything exactly right as to time after you went."

"For the simple reason that I was still thinking" -- and here came a little stammer, so familiar to me in his lifetime; and so slight that probably few people noticed it. -- "in, in, within your own orbit, and you know how punctilious I always was about time. Now I'm like a fellow gone away to vegetate. Time passes with us in different measurements, and the only way I can measure it for you is by a rough estimate of your days and nights. And even that's only because I'm so near you.

"I can imagine someone with no proximity at all to this old earth-world, never knowing whether a year or a month had passed. It's all a matter of adjusting oneself. One has to do that even coming back to England from India. For a man without any great ties, time would depend here upon what he was doing. If he were leading a quiet, happy life in the sunlight it would seem very quick; if he were in the gloom, very



long. Without you I would have wandered around and explored new territory."

I asked if everyone, after death, had to see in clear detail all they have done on earth.

"Yes, that happens always. You don't get out of that. The fight is over that goes on in your world, the driving force for existence; but there is still ambition here, and there is laziness and retrogression, and for some people the hell can be a pretty vile one. You've more power of vision over here.

"Keeping so near to you has done this. A man who cared as much as I cared, suddenly cut off as I was, might have wrapped himself in gloom and been wretched; but, as it is, I know I can come back and be with you. I love you, I love our boys. I talk far more easily than I ever did in life. There are no misunderstandings, and our souls speak. Sometimes you wondered whether all this could be true, whether there could be any other explanation, and that is why I was anxious by every means in my power to make you know it was I. That is why I wanted to speak myself, to get control of what was happening.

"There is one thing you know I am not very likely to do, and that is to come back and spout religion. That would only have happened if I had been full of it in this world. Religion is free. You also know that, don't you? It doesn't matter whether you are Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Hottentot, or if you simply worship in the wilds -- no matter. From all I can find here, people do not make an image of God at all. They give you an idea of a great control of right thinking, a source of right-directed power; but they don't give it a personal direction. We feel, on earth, that we must have Him in shape and formation; but here, in my state, people don't think that matters. There is no picture of a personality, but just a great driving force for good. Help is often given through the ones who love you, and their individuality is always maintained."

Another time I asked: "Dearest, does God seem nearer to you where you are now, and do you see things more plainly?"

"Yes, for this reason: everything is so beautiful; and also there is the sense of some wonderfully ordained system attached to everyone and



everything; some great power at work, and we call it God. But, my love, I am very little wiser than you. I can see a bit, but not very much further."

Some years later, when Harry was writing through me, I asked: "Does prayer always reach God -- the Godhead?"

"It depends. If someone, with all his heart, sends out a real prayer for help, it always reaches its mark, though the actual help is constantly given by others, who are much nearer the earth. God does hear. Remember, powers are unlimited. Even we are able to catch your every unspoken call to us, answering you immediately."

I then asked if he knew how far Abdul Latif had gone in his development.

"A great distance where other spheres are concerned. He has travelled far, getting very near the ultimate goal, but, as it were, with an extended vision. He has no desire to leave the field of activity.

"Uvani doesn't feel the desire either, to press on. He, too, has seen other stages, looking at them from afar, but he is going to remain as he is. That doesn't mean he isn't being perfected; but, for the time being, his wish is to remain here. It is my desire also.

"It's very beautiful, and with a life very similar to ours on earth, though with different values, of course. There being no money, no competition, makes an enormous difference; here character counting most, and the way one developed during one's earthly education. As one did or did not do one's best, so does one have much or little, and many people, who had untold riches during their material lives, are quite impoverished here. They have to learn what unselfishness and understanding mean before they can get what they want. They are far too occupied with seeing all their past life recurring over and over again, to be able to shape constructive thoughts. They are wrapped up still in themselves. I am sometimes astounded at the way in which people are befogged. I am with Uvani very often, when he goes his rounds amongst them. Sooner or later, though, some little glimmer of longing comes to them, and, directly they



have a wish to learn, to get away from the conditions they are in, so does  
someone answer the call."

## Chapter V

I never had the slightest doubt that the "Harry" and the "Frank" who wrote through me were in fact my husband and my brother; but, illogically, I needed reassurance about Uvani, when he started to write through me. Was he the same person whom I knew through Mrs. Garrett, or was he simply a projection of my own subconscious, conjured up by wishful thinking? It is true that there was the same turn of speech and the same formality about him -- though the latter was less apparent through me than when he talked through his trance medium -- but I wanted proof, from sources other than my own writing, that it was truly he who wrote by my hand. And this applied not only to him, but to Abdul Latif as well, when he began to write through me some six months later. Moreover such a proof would serve a double purpose. It would not only satisfy me personally, but, far more important, it would go very far towards showing, once and for all, that Uvani and Abdul Latif were the individual personalities they claimed to be, and in no way a part of Eileen Garrett.

I began my cross-tests in August, 1932, by which time Uvani had been writing through me every day for almost two months, and Abdul Latif had not yet started, nor would until that December. I have excluded from my account of these experiments almost everything not having a bearing on the tests themselves. We (that is, Uvani, Abdul Latif and I) used five mediums in this work, whom I give in the order in which we first went to them. We began with Grace Cooke, who was mainly controlled by a North American Indian called White Eagle; but also, from time to time, by an eager, impetuous young girl called Lalla. And here I should like to say how impossible it is to pay sufficient tribute to the exquisite work of White Eagle. I use the word 'exquisite' advisedly, for there is no other which so well describes the intricate network of evidence and information which he gave me through all the years I knew him; and I very soon realized, when with him, that I was in the presence of a great being, possessed of deep knowledge and understanding.



Second was Kathleen Barkel, whom I have mentioned earlier, with her American Indian control, White Hawk. We had only the one cross-test with White Hawk; but I talked with him many times through his medium, and I was always impressed at what he saw and knew of us. There is much gaiety in him, but a strange profundity as well, which shows itself in the teaching he often gives.

Third came Nina Francis and her control, Luccio, both of whom have also been mentioned in a previous chapter. The first time I met Luccio was in 1930, when he traced the whole of my life as a child, and described many little events about which no one but I could conceivably have known. It was two years before we talked again, but it might have been no later than the very next day, for he started off just where he had stopped the time before.

Fourth were the Misses Moore, two sisters extremely well-known as direct voice mediums. They worked together, sitting side by side, and often speaking at the same time as their controls, of whom there were two, as far as my own experience went. Their principal control was Scottish, as were the two sisters themselves, and he was called Andrew. He was earnest, helpful and most painstaking. The Misses Moore were greatly in demand, and it was difficult to obtain sittings with them; but I did manage to have several (although only one cross-test), all of which were excellent.

And finally, when she returned from America in the summer of 1933, we used Eileen Garrett.

I had made an appointment with Grace Cooke for August 12th, 1932, and I was thinking about this, and whether such a thing as a cross-test would be feasible, for, up till then, and except for my own writing, Uvani had never come to me through any medium but his own. I took my pencil, and, as soon as it started to write, Frank came, simply saying:

"Frank is here, Allie. I will see if Uvani will come. Wait for me."

There was a pause. Frank did not return, but Uvani himself came and wrote:

"Uvani is here. It is I, Madame. Frank told me you were awaiting me. I think you would talk to me, and I will gladly tell you all I can."

I told him what I was wondering: whether it could be some other personality

who came through me than the Uvani who had done so much for us through Eileen Garrett; and whether it might be impossible for him to speak to me, or give a message, through a medium who was strange to him. To this he replied:

"Madame, have no such fears again. It is the Uvani through whom your lord first spoke who comes, and who finds himself honoured in the coming. I do not expect yet to do [with you] what is done with my machine -- it can never be the same sort of work -- but I know, when the line of communication is perfected, strange and wonderful will be the evidence. Listen, Madame: through you is my work done in a manner entirely opposite. I can feel your thoughts. I have [with you] to work through a very sensitive, highly-strung nature, reacting to every impression, even though the self-control is there. I have to treat differently with you, inasmuch as you feel acutely all that transpires. With my instrument I have a peerless article on which I form all notes. Her sensibilities are far removed, and I accordingly have your method reversed; but, Madame, this gives me great interest. I have been, and am, very grateful to your lord and Frank, your brother, for permitting me this privilege. I perchance seem more gentle, for I am, with you, touching softer strings. I am content that you should rest satisfied, knowing me as the Uvani whom you trust."

I asked if it would be possible to fix a cross-test through White Eagle, and he replied:

"I will do this. I will appear and say: 'White Eagle -- Uvani to greet Madame, and to say he has news to impart relating to the instrument through whom he works; that he is pleased at all that is being done, and is content.' It will refer, as you know, Madame, to yourself. I will now take my leave. Uvani."

During the course of the sitting with Mrs. Cooke, which I had on the following day, White Eagle talked for some time, showing, as he always did, the most complete knowledge of what had been happening to me since I last visited him. Presently he remarked:

"Uvani is here and says this: that he has great respect for you and your

\* Eileen Garrett



master; that he is very glad to come and help you. He is grateful to you that you have let him come and talk to you, for many happy talks have you had, you and he alone, not through a medium. He is a very old friend of yours. Why does he speak of your master?"

He thought intently for a moment, and then said:

"Now he says: 'Lord, if you will -- it is all the same -- but lord if you will.' He will continue to help you, and may the Great One bless you. He has already intimated to you that he is very pleased, very happy about his medium. Do you know Abdul Latif? He was with Uvani at the beginning, when first you came here."

That same evening Uvani wrote through me:

"I am here -- Uvani -- and am wishful to tell you that I succeeded in my desire to give news to White Eagle, though, in the transmitting, some of that I sought to say was diverted from the path. Yet is White Eagle excellent in his work, and one who can do work for you on the right vibration. I meant you when I spoke of my medium. I will now give you farewell, and may you have all happiness ever in your midst."

One day, at the beginning of that September, when I was talking to Uvani through my writing, I developed an excruciating headache. Wondering what the answer would be, I said:

"Uvani, my head aches very badly. Can you do something for it?"

He replied: "I infinitely regret I have no healing power, Madame, but I will ask Abdul Latif." He left me, but returned a few moments later. Once again my pencil wrote, and I received a message from Abdul Latif to the effect that if I would drink a little cold water and stand by the open window, breathing deeply, before lying back in my chair for a short time, the headache would go. I did this and, in a few minutes, I was perfectly well again. I mention this small incident for a reason that will make itself clear in the next sitting I describe.

The second cross-test I arranged with Uvani was to be through Kathleen

Barkel, and, on September 25th, 1932, he wrote:

"I will to-morrow, through White Hawk, say these words: 'Will you tell Madame, Uvani is here; that he sends all greetings to her and her loved ones, and that, before long, many will be the sayings that will surround his medium.'"

I said: "Do you think you will be able to do this through White Hawk?"

"Yes. I know the control and can convey messages through him. I will do this, and you shall make test of this that I have said. The words will again, as you know, have reference to yourself and to none other. White Hawk will not know whom I mean. For the present all shall be kept a secret thing. I will now leave you. May all blessings be with you and all you so much love."

The next day there was a long and excellent sitting, White Hawk giving me much clear evidence. It was some little while before he gave me Uvani's message, but it came at last:

"Uvani is here. You remember he promised to help and to teach you, and always he makes it possible to reach you during some part of the day. Why does he call you Madame? 'Tell Madame that I, Uvani, give her greetings, and I remember always with affection her many kindnesses.' You have been friends for many years, even before you knew. Uvani says I must bring you salaams of Abdul Latif. You remember he spoke to you. Also he helped you when you were not well of body. He surrounded you with health-giving aura. Uvani has been trying to develop you in some way. I don't know whether he has been trying to use your hand, but develop somehow. Frank: why do I feel that he sometimes draws near your mind and impresses it?"

I did not answer, but waited for White Hawk. Then he laughed, and evidently the next words were those he was hearing from Frank. "'Guard the door' would be more correct, White Hawk!"

It is, in fact, almost always Frank who introduces anyone who wishes to write through me. It has never happened in my case, but many automatic writers have found that they have temporarily become the instruments of strange and undesirable entities. Frank may well, therefore, be termed the 'guardian of the door' so far as I am concerned.

Notes



White Hawk stopped speaking, listened for a while very quietly, and then repeated slowly:

"Uvani says: "Madame, we are but the string on which the pearls of experience are threaded. When all experiences are gone through, one comes to the clasp, which is composed of the great pearl of wisdom; and when the string is completed it shall adorn thy neck, that others may gaze thereon; and in the sheen of the pearl they will gather wisdom also."

That evening Uvani wrote:

"I would speak to you concerning the talk this day through White Hawk. I said more than at one time I had intended saying, for it seemed to me the hour was a good one, and that I would give you direct proof that it is Uvani who controls, and who writes through you. Therefore did I vary that which I had told you should be said, and, in the altering, told much of what has been done. I did not, in so many words, speak of that which is to happen; but you knew that I was telling all I could in order that you should understand. I had with me Abdul Latif. He is always interested, for he has a regard for you."

From the time of Uvani's first experiment, through White Eagle, he continued to make cross-tests during the ten months that still remained before Eileen Garrett came back from the United States; and Abdul Latif began his own tests in January, 1933. We made fourteen tests in all during this period -- seven through Nina Francis, five through Grace Cooke, and one each through Kathleen Barkel and the Misses Moore -- and, although some were more completely successful than others, not one of them was a failure. After Eileen Garrett's return we made a number of further cross-tests, both with her and with other mediums; and all the experiments we made, from first to last, were planned either by Uvani or Abdul Latif, separately, or by both, working in conjunction.

I had arranged a sitting with Nina Francis for the afternoon of November 1st, 1932. The previous evening there was written: "Frank is here. I will ask Uvani to write himself. Will you wait for him to come?" And, a moment later:

"Uvani is here, Madame. We will arrange what shall be done through the guide Luccio. I shall again acquaint you with the fact that it is I, Uvani, whom he will know by sight and by repute, who comes through your hand, and you

will, in these ways, receive certain knowledge coming from outer sources<sup>\*</sup>. We are making headway and shall do much. I will now give you farewell. May the Great God have you and those you love ever in his keeping. I am, Uvani."

The sitting with Nina Francis was long and very good. Towards the end of it Luccio was engrossed in talking to me, on his own, of things and ideas which were of particular interest to him, and I thought it might quite well not be possible for Uvani to squeeze in, as it were, and give me a message. I broke in, therefore, and asked if Uvani was anywhere near him. He replied, shortly, "No"; but then, after appearing to listen for a minute, he said:

"There is this message. You and Uvani linked up together years ago, and made a promise to each other that you would try and fulfil the great work. He will continue that which he has promised. He has been much with your man. His love and his strength are with you, have helped you, and will continue to help you. You are a very gracious lady to him, and he will always remember."

When I returned home that evening, Frank wrote first, as usual:

"Frank is here, Allie. I couldn't get a look in. These controls always become very interested now in talking to you themselves, therefore it isn't so easy. You see, if they are only intent on giving evidence it is easy enough; but they drop the link when they talk about abstract things."

I said: "You didn't mind?"

"No, because I can say everything far more clearly here. It is only that you would have known I was there that I should have had interest in going. Otherwise I prefer controlling you myself. Uvani is here. F.W.T."

Then, immediately: "Uvani is here, Madame. I give you greetings for the second time within a short space of time. I did not manage to do all I could have wished through the guide Luccio. He was intent on talk, and it would have been an intrusion for me to press forward; yet was I there waiting, Madame. I stood on one side until such time as the link was formed, and, as I said should happen, told Luccio that Uvani would keep his promise that the work he intended doing should be performed. I wrapped up again what I desired given, in a cloak,

<sup>\*</sup> i.e. from sources outside of myself. In these days when there is so much talk about 'outer space', I should not wish for any misunderstanding!



in order that it might not be known, the work that I do through you. Now we write no more. Your lord awaits. I give you farewell, Madame. May all happiness be yours, your lord's and your sons'. Uvani."

On November 8th, 1932, Uvani wrote: "I am here, Madame, Uvani; but only for a short period shall I write. Merely do we talk for a space of minutes."

I said: "Uvani, I have just been reading over again the wonderful evidence that came through you about my husband."

"I well remember the time your lord first came to me, and the clarity with which his evidence was given. From that time was a bond forged between the heart of Uvani and the hearts of you who are as one soul, never to be broken. I spoke not of this until I drew very near as the writing control of Madame; but always I knew the strong affection that came from both your lord and you, and my own heart responded. Therefore I was glad to come and help you when this mediumship, which is yours, developed, and you, in time of difficulty, thought of me."

"Uvani, I am going to White Eagle to-morrow. Will you speak to me there?"

"Yes, I will there, once again, endeavour to give White Eagle a message for deliverance to you. Your lord awaits you, Madame. I will take my leave. May the Great God guard and bless you, and those you love. I am, Uvani."

During his talk with me, just after that, Harry said that he would also be at the sitting, and that he would try and take Frank as well.

The following day, after Grace Cooke had gone into trance, White Eagle controlled first, showing full understanding of all that had been happening to me in the way of mediumship, about which no one still on earth knew anything at all, apart from myself, and, to a very much lesser degree, Ronald and Bill. Then White Eagle left, and control was immediately taken by Harry, the best he ever had through Grace Cooke. In the course of his talk, he suddenly said that Uvani was coming to speak. I asked if he was already there, and Harry said that he was not there yet, but that he was certainly coming. A little later he slipped away, and his place was taken by Lalla, who showed at once that she too knew all about my writing. Then she said:

"Do you know Uvani? He is an Arab man. He calls you 'Madame'. He says this: 'Your lord and master has invited me to talk to you' -- but, of course, that is not unusual, is it? He says: 'Just looking in, to bring my hearty blessings. Always keep my eye upon you. We shall always remain good friends.' That is not all. He wrote you a message a little while ago. He told you he would come to-day. Uvani is very commanding. He talks a lot, doesn't he? He found your lord for you, he says. He salaams to you, and is most gracious and polite. He says: 'To you, at your service, Madame.'"

Italics

What Lalla said about Uvani having found Harry for me had direct reference to what he and I had been talking about the previous day, for it was the record of that superb sitting with Eileen Garrett, the first after Harry's death, that I had been re-reading.

That evening was written: "Frank is here, Allie. Uvani also. Will you write for him? No, I couldn't come; but I knew you were getting wonderful proof all through that sitting, and that you would know we were doing what had been arranged. F.W.T."

"Uvani is here, Madame. I am so happy that we were able to do all that we had said we should do to-day. I do not mind the guide White Eagle knowing of the work done by Uvani through you, Madame. He has seen much of the work performed, and is with us at times himself. Now I will leave you. Uvani."

In November, 1932, Ronald was chosen by Frank Kingdon Ward, the famous botanist and explorer, to go with him on an expedition to S.E. Tibet. His duties were to make a route map of the journey, and to collect insects and small mammals for the British Museum of Natural History, while Kingdon Ward dealt with the plants and seeds. From then until the middle of January Ronald was busy all day, and almost every day, in the Royal Geographical Society, working on maps, plane-tables, theodolites and so on; and, for my part, I kept very silent about his journey, saying little about it to anyone, and nothing

\* Lalla is a light-hearted girl, and this second part of Uvani's message has clearly suffered a sea-change in the transmission. Uvani's own words would have been rather more stately.



at all to anybody who was even remotely connected with psychic work. On account of the tests I was engaged in, I wanted as little as possible to become known about any of my family.

On January 11th, 1933, Uvani wrote:

"I am here, Madame. I give you greeting. May joy and happiness be yours, your lord's and your sons'. When you go to White Eagle [I had arranged a sitting for the next day] then will your lord go also. I, too, shall be there, and Frank. Although the latter has not sent word through others for some long time, he will, I think, do so on this occasion. I will get White Eagle to talk concerning the work done through you, mentioning Uvani as one who is also concerned in it. When he has spoken, he will also speak to you of your son's journey. These things will he do; and of your lord will he give proof that he is beside you and able to say much about all those whom he loves. I tell you, dear one, that we are the same living, breathing Uvani, who works here, as he who controls the machine through whom was so much work done for you. Uvani, who talks through his instrument, is well cognizant of the side who controls here."

The following day, before going into trance, Grace Cooke was clairvoyant. She spoke of a journey that someone belonging to me was going on, and that it seemed to be an excellent thing, with most satisfactory results. Then she went on: "I seem to be getting Uvani so strongly. He is beside me, giving me these impressions. I believe this journey will be for one of your boys. You are going to get very great help and strength to undertake something which is necessary, but a little bit difficult for you."

She continued, speaking very steadily, almost as though she were already in trance: "There are two Uvanis; one who knows very much more than the other. There is a higher aspect of him -- that part of Uvani which deals with practical and ordinary things, and the other part, advanced, with a very great deal of knowledge, much more than the ordinary Uvani would convey. I feel he would say a lot to you about this." She broke off here for a moment, and then: "I can hear him talking, and am trying to catch all he says. How fast he talks! He has explained that they are limited so much by the channels through which they work. They are only able to put through just a certain amount which the

channel is able to receive. Then again he says that very often they are dealing with people 'who wouldn't understand if we gave more to them.'"

She remained clairvoyant for a considerable time, and then went into trance, when she was controlled by White Eagle. He spoke for a while on various subjects, and then said that he saw Harry, Uvani and Frank in the room with me, going on to talk again of the work being done between Uvani and me. When he left, Harry took control, and we talked for about twenty minutes, after which Lalla came. The only thing I will quote from her conversation is the one sentence: "Frank, too, sends his love to you."

Ronald's boat was due to sail for Bombay on January 19th, and, a few days before that, both he and I came to grief. One evening I was knocked down by a taxi, and my right foot and leg were badly bruised. I did not think it was anything serious when it happened, and I walked home about a hundred yards; but, by the time I arrived there, my foot was greatly swollen, and before long it became very painful. I looked at it forlornly, for by now I was quite unable to put it to the ground, and every moment the pain grew worse. This time Abdul Latif wrote himself, telling me what to do and how to bind it up. Two hours later it was hurting more than ever, so I took my pencil, and this was written:

"I am here -- Abdul Latif. I will now see what can be done. You are in pain. I will take into my hands the poor foot. Will you lie back and relax, so that some rest may be given you. You will soon be eased. I will ask you now to cease writing. You may feel me, or perchance not."

Then, some minutes later: "I have treated you. I will come again to-night. Abdul Latif."

After this my foot stopped hurting for the time being, and I slept soundly that night. It was painful at intervals during the next two weeks, but I was able to walk in a couple of days, and the swelling subsided steadily as it got better.

Ronald developed influenza the day following my accident, and we were more than dismayed, because his boat was leaving so soon. He was already very



interested in what was happening to me, and decided, as an experiment, that he too would be treated only by Abdul Latif, who told me, three times a day, what to do for him -- treatment which we faithfully carried out.

This gave a chance for a test with Abdul Latif, and, in writing, he arranged to come and speak to me through Nina Francis. The day before I went to her he wrote about this, saying:

"I, Abdul Latif, am speaking. Your boy is on the path of health. When he arises he will feel no ill effect, for the cure is complete. When the temperature has, for some hours, been normal, he may arise, not going out of the house until I deem prudent. This will not be long delayed. Ask him to bear patiently the stop in bed, seeing that care is a necessary thing. While there he gains strength. He will rise freed from trouble; and to-morrow, when my voice speaks through the medium, will I further direct both him and you."

At that time, Nina Francis was doing all her work at the British College of Psychic Science, and I had made arrangements there for my appointment with her, the date being January 20th, 1933. Luccio came first, talking easily and naturally about Ronald and his forthcoming journey, of which, to the very best of my belief, his medium knew nothing at all. He soon left me, saying, just before he went: "Your boy will be put right. Tell him Abdul Latif will see to it." Then he laughed, and said: "Abdul Latif told me not to be too long. I must go."

There was a pause, while the control changed, and then Abdul Latif was there, speaking of Ronald from the start, and immediately picking up the threads.

"You see, I have got here. How did you find him this morning?"

I said: "Abdul Latif, do you know, when speaking here, in what way you have been giving me instructions about him?"

"But of course I know. It is wonderful to me that I can use you for the writing. My hands are your hands, my touch your touch. He will be well enough to leave. He must not be careless, especially when he goes to those parts where there is great heat.

"You know, in my day I travelled much. I was not only a doctor, but, like your son, I made maps. What we have lived remains with us, and the geographical

interest remains with me. In my day I made a great study of the geography of the whole world, and what there was to be known, that I delved into. My whole soul was in it, as his is.

"About your foot, Madame: I desire to speak of this. It was very badly bruised, the nerves also, and it is therefore not surprising that you have suffered much pain. It will, before long, be completely recovered, I, Abdul Latif, promise. I have sent messages through your hand, these days I have been working through you, for the boy. It is now the fifth day, five days since I came. Uvani gave me the call."

No one but Ronald and myself had any knowledge of what had come through me about his illness, or about my foot, or, indeed, that Abdul Latif had been writing. Only Ronald, Bill and myself knew that Harry, Frank and Uvani wrote. and none of us had ever mentioned the writing to others. Occasionally it had been touched upon by various controls who talked to me, but I had never enlarged upon it, even to them. A striking point of evidence was when Abdul Latif spoke of maps at this sitting, and another when he said that it was five days since he had come to treat Ronald, for the influenza had struck him on January 15th.

A few hours after that sitting, Frank asked me if Uvani could speak to me, and I was surprised when, instead of Uvani coming, as I had expected, the following was written: "Abdul Latif is here, for Uvani has with graciousness stood on one side that I may speak. I was rejoiced that opportunity arose of speaking myself to you this morning. It is good in a different manner to verify that it is I myself, Abdul Latif, who comes to write through your hand. I have thereby another means of getting into contact with your plane -- a clear channel into which I pour my words. I take keen pleasure in speaking to you and your son, believe that."

Then he gave me more directions for treatment, and he continued to do this until Ronald left, on January 24th, to catch his boat two days later at Marseilles, instead of at Southampton. Abdul Latif had allowed him to go out on the 21st, and he had no after-effects whatsoever.



On February 3rd, 1933, Uvani wrote: "I have but come to tell you that Abdul Latif has said he will himself come and speak; but first your lord awaits. Will you now write for him?"

I asked: "Are you going at once, Uvani?"

"Yes, Madame, for well I know that to-day you are like a leaf tossed by the wind, wanted by others in all directions; therefore you are not long available for inscriptions."

After my husband left me, this was written:

"I am here -- Abdul Latif. Greetings. Your boy will be safe with the simple precautions such as bewaring of uncooked vegetables, without preliminary washing in disinfected water; no drinking of unboiled water; no eating of raw fruits at night. Yet, these things being at times difficult to avoid, such precautions as inoculation are beneficial to such as are travelling; therefore let him, with caution, embark on such a course. He will do well to have this inoculation performed as soon as he reaches shore, should he not already have so arranged that it be performed in transit."

I replied: "Abdul Latif, when I go again to the medium through whom you work, will you talk to me there of these matters about which you have now written?"

"I, Abdul Latif, say this: make the test through the instrument (that of Luccio) through whom I speak. You shall come. I too will be there, and, knowing what I have here spoken, I will acquaint you with the facts. I should be very glad if you would quickly ask that appointment be made."

I rang up the College of Psychic Science then and there, to find out when Nina Francis would be free, only to be told that she was fully booked up, and that there seemed little likelihood of fitting in another appointment for a considerable time. Soon afterwards, however, they telephoned me to say that she had consented to give an extra sitting.

When he was writing through me, the day after that, I asked Uvani whether he too would come with Abdul Latif.

"No, Madame. Think not that I am ungracious, but seldom do I speak through

Luccio. With Abdul Latif accustomed to dealing direct with the machine, the matter is a simple one."

Then I said: "Uvani, the day following the appointment with Luccio's medium I have one with two sisters, through whom voices are able to come. Will you be there and see if you can speak to me?"

"About these women possessing virtue for the bringing of voices from our sphere to yours, it would interest me to perform through such agency. Your lord has given much through them. His voice was heard. Should it be possible for me to make connection you shall hear me speak. Do this that I tell you -- when your lord has spoken, say unto the control: 'Is there a guide who would speak?'; and, as he pauses for this purpose, I will become apparent to him. It may be that Frank, your brother, will come directly after me. He will, I think, attempt this additional test."

I had the sitting with Nina Francis on the afternoon of February 8th, 1933.

Luccio spoke first and said, with a little smile: "Do you want to see me?"

I answered: "Why do you ask, Luccio?"

"Because Abdul Latif has asked me not to stay long. He said it was most important that he should see you and talk to you."

Luccio did, in fact, speak for only a very short time, and Abdul Latif quickly took control. After talking for some few minutes, wholly about Ronald, he said:

"Now about the inoculation. As a general rule I do not care for it, the putting of a strange, a foreign matter into the system. As I said to you, however, weighing everything together, Abdul Latif would wish he were done. If, however, he has not been vaccinated of recent date -- with conditions as they are in the land to which he goes -- let this be seen to first. If there are not three weeks, when this has been done, in which to wait for inoculation, then this must be left. But do not feel fear."

My appointment with the 'two sisters', the Misses Moore, was for February 9th. The previous evening Harry wrote:

"We will be with you to-morrow, and will try and do all that has been arranged. I shall speak myself, and, if Uvani can, so will he -- also Frank."



I had, by now, become so used to the cross-communications being carried out more or less exactly as arranged through me, that I was not surprised when this one, too, followed the same pattern. The control, Andrew, came first, giving me various small messages from Harry, after which, and very quickly, Harry spoke directly, not using the speaking-trumpet (which Andrew spoke through), but with his voice coming from some distance above my head. We talked together for some time. Then Andrew came again, asking who was Alfred, and saying that there was an Alfred present, who had a son with him anxious to speak to me. My father's name was Alfred; and, immediately after this, Frank spoke, his voice, like Harry's, coming from above me. After Frank had finished talking Andrew returned, and I asked him, in Uvani's words, if there was a guide who wished to speak. He answered: "Wait a wee minute while I will just be seeing"; and then he said: "Is he tall? Very big? An Oriental?" Without any more delay he went on to say that this guide did a great deal of work with me in writing through my hand, and followed this up by talking about my writing in detail, adding the names and particulars of two men, besides the regular four, who occasionally wrote through me at that time.

In the evening this was written:

"Uvani is here. There are two matters upon which to speak. There is the test which has been made by Abdul Latif, and which you have seen carried out. You saw also, this day, fulfilment of yet another test. After your lord spoke, Frank did also. Then did you, asking at my request for search to be made for a guide, get confirmation of Uvani from the control; also of the others who have often written. Much evidence was given, and again big work was done."

It was, as Uvani said, a most successful experiment, with everything occurring as planned, except that Uvani did not speak directly himself.

It was now our usual procedure to arrange to carry out a cross-test whenever I was going to any other medium. The next one (a sitting with Grace Cooke) took place on March 1st, 1933; and Uvani spoke to me, on the previous day, of what he intended to do, writing:

"When you are with White Eagle I shall speak again, also your lord, of many things. Abdul Latif shall be spoken of."

"Will he come himself, Uvani?"

"No, I doubt the coming of Abdul Latif; yet, in a manner, there is possibility. Should it not materialize we will, through White Eagle, acquaint you of his work."

White Eagle took control as soon as his medium was in trance, and, after talking to me for some time, he said: "Uvani is here this afternoon." I waited, thinking that he would continue to give me information about him; but suddenly I found that the control had changed, and that it was Uvani himself who was speaking.

"I greet you, Madame. Your lord and master is here with us. I promised him I would come, just to reassure you that I am still working with you, and taking care of you and the young masters." Then followed some remarkably good evidence of a private nature. He finished by saying: "I have specially attached myself to you because of my respect and love. We work together, and I am well pleased. The blessings of Allah be on you. Good day, Madame."

There was silence for a little, and then Uvani's place was taken by Lalla.

"Lalla has come for the Arab man. He thinks he is very pleased with himself. He nods his head and folds his arms. He says: 'I was not on my own ground just now, and could not say everything; but I promised Madame I would do my best, and am very pleased my brother, White Eagle, permitted the contact and lent his aid.' White Hawk sends his greetings, and another also. He is a man of the East. He comes to you for the writing -- a writing guide. A wise man, and Lalla only sees his form in white robes. He looks as though he were dressed like Uvani. He is attached to you. He has got a rather complicated name."

She hesitated, and was evidently trying hard to make out what this name was. After a while she said, slowly: "Uvani is showing me an L, and now an A and an F, and another A and a T and an L....." She continued like this until she had mentioned all the letters comprising Abdul Latif's name.

When Lalla finally stopped talking, White Eagle returned, saying quietly:



"Uvani came very close and I withdrew. It was all arranged between White Eagle and Uvani."

There was a short silence after he had finished speaking. Harry then came, and the test was complete.

Writing through me afterwards, Uvani gave his version of what had been done.

"It is for the second time within a few hours that I speak. When White Eagle spoke my name, announcing my coming, he stood aside and, with great courtesy, motioned that I should myself control. Madame, it was as I wished; yet, the instrument being strange to my touch, I could not say all I would have wished. If the manner was faltering, the way of expression blunt, you will pardon Uvani. In my heart was there love, and a great wish to fulfil my promise that there should be a clear test made.

"White Eagle now has great knowledge of your work. He sees very clearly, but not so clearly into your heart as does Uvani -- which is but natural, he being in such close touch with you and with your lord. Abdul Latif, on hearing that I desired to make test, said: 'I too shall be present. It is good that there should be no doubt in the heart of Madame that we are those who work in conjunction with her.' Therefore did he come, leaving it to me to make what was in confusion straight. The child who did control was enabled, through my method of doing this, to give you his name. Will you, of your courtesy, allow Abdul Latif to say one small word?"

Madame -- Abdul Latif. Greetings. Well, we did in coming make a fine test yesterday, and, as is ever the case, I am well pleased to have added my small share."

Uvani had now confirmed a test to me in his own person (through Grace Cooke), as opposed to merely passing messages to me through other controls. A few weeks later -- and in spite of what he had once said about his disinclination to work through Luccio's 'machine' -- he told me that he would ask Luccio's permission to control Nina Francis himself, and speak to me directly through her too. Abdul Latif also took a great interest in this, and I arranged an appointment for April 11th. On April 9th, he wrote:

"Madame -- Abdul Latif. Greetings. I have spoken to Luccio. He knows you are coming for further test, that we may again show what it is possible for us to do. He will, therefore, allow Uvani speech. This is understood. Uvani spoke, and I, being better known to Luccio, undertook to arrange that he should assume the control."

Shortly before I left home to go to the sitting, both Abdul Latif and Uvani wrote of their plans, the former saying:

"I am here this morning for this purpose: just to reiterate that I have said concerning what shall be done through the instrument of Luccio this day. We desire a complete test; therefore shall we arrange, accordingly, that all shall be done in order -- Luccio first, stating he cannot remain; Uvani for a short time, with the direct control; and lastly Abdul Latif, who will speak at length."

"Abdul Latif, is there anything you want me to do?"

"Naught, save the careful noting of that which transpires. This is for a test. Valuable is the evidence for documenting that, from the spheres beyond, are clear arrangements made with you. This has been done many times, but with each time is the assurance made more complete. We meet later. Then, speaking with the voice of the instrument, do I talk again."

Immediately after this, Uvani wrote:

"You have seen that Abdul Latif, greatly interesting himself in the test, has himself arranged what shall be done; therefore, Madame, we have to see what transpires. If you bear in mind your desire that Uvani takes direct control, please do not for long talk to Luccio, for interest so aroused would perchance occasion delay, such as has befallen heretofore. Do not ask again that I may myself talk. Wait, rather, seeing what befalls."

"Uvani, how much do you see ahead of what is going to happen?"

"It differs, Madame. At times do I have clear vision: I see, and know I see aright. Again, where trifles are concerned -- big things also -- I have little knowledge. It has no settled fact, simply altering in so many ways; that which I know beforehand being at one time very slight, yet, at another,



certain. Concerning work done by other controls, I can answer for some; but with others I am less sure. Thus with Luccio. We work on different vibrations."

"Will it be difficult for you to show yourself the same Uvani whom I know so well?"

"It will be difficult to get the inflections, the tone to which you are so well accustomed. The words I say shall be the proof."

That afternoon it took several minutes for Nina Francis to go into trance, as I sat and waited for this and for Luccio's customary benediction. Suddenly I heard "Salutations, Madame." For a brief moment I was at a loss, but then I realized that it was Uvani, and not Luccio as had been arranged. He went on: "I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of showing, in this manner, that Uvani still is -- that he comes to you."

He continued, saying that he could stay for a short time only, and that it had been intended that he should come and speak after Luccio, but that the latter, wishing to give me a pleasant surprise, had asked him to take control first: that this being his first experience with Luccio's 'vehicle', he could not say all that he desired: but that the important thing was for him to emphasize that he was the same Uvani, speaking now through Luccio's medium, as the one who wrote through my hand. "It is Uvani: my soul with your soul that speaks."

I said: "Will you come again through this medium, Uvani?"

"Madame, it will be an honour for me to come. I will ask Luccio. Abdul Latif told me he especially wants to speak. All my salutations upon you."

And then Uvani slipped away, and soon after came the change of control; but it was not Abdul Latif who came, it was Luccio. His first words, after the benediction, were: "You see, I have come. I told Uvani to go first, knowing it would surprise you and give you joy. He told me he worked through you. Abdul Latif asked me to let him come."

Luccio stayed for a long time, talking most interestingly on many subjects, personal and otherwise; and then, to my dismay, a knock came on the door, signifying that it was time for the sitting to come to an end. It was seldom that Luccio allowed an extension. On this occasion, however, he simply

remarked that he had stayed too long, but that Abdul Latif was coming nevertheless. He went, and at once Abdul Latif was there in his place, perfectly calm and unhurried. In a short talk he spoke about Harry, Ronald, Bill and myself, almost exclusively, a great deal of what he talked about being in connection with what he had already written in the past few days; in order, as he said, to verify these things through this other medium.

As usual, what had happened was discussed later, and the following morning Uvani wrote:

"With regard to the order of coming did Luccio say: 'Will you, Uvani, go first, that Madame may have complete pleasure.' Thus did I assume control prior to Luccio. You quickly knew Uvani was with you? You realised that the same personality you know so well was there; a different side portrayed, perchance, but without doubt Uvani?"

The writing stopped for a minute, until I replied, and continued:

"I feel one more clear, sounding note has been struck; that we continue to progress, ever causing the distance between these planes to decrease."

Abdul Latif, too, had something to say:

"I am here, just to remark on our work yesterday. You are well pleased? That is good! We managed what we had hoped to do, save that, to give you a glad surprise, Luccio said Uvani should take the first control. He told you he had but little time to remain, yet, during that short space, he gave you much information. I was unable to talk at length, for, Luccio coming next, time fled ere his speech was finished. It did not matter, for I came, the test complete; and in a short space of time did I tell you that which I wished to say."

I had arranged a further sitting with Nina Francis for May 22nd, 1933, and that morning Frank wrote:

"Allie, will you allow Uvani to come? He is here, ready, and very anxious to say something."

"I am here, Madame -- Uvani -- and, as Frank has truly said, I am greatly desirous to speak."

"Since when, Uvani?"



"Since when, Madame? Since you said you will, through Luccio's medium, hold converse. I have seen and arranged with him that it shall be permitted that I speak direct."

"I am so very glad, Uvani."

"I too, for I do always, with each step, further convince you that you have an unusual type of mediumship, for nowhere are more arrangements made than through us (who inscribe through you) and the other sources we go to. We tell you that we will speak, and it happens. You are so closely merged into our vibrations that we are able to hold real speech, and I rejoice greatly to be able to help in these ways."

"No one knows (not even my sons) that you speak to me directly through these mediums."

"I am glad, for in all ways, during these many moons, since you and your lord have known bodily separation, has extreme reticence attended all that has been done. This has enhanced the value. There are none who have known the facts concerning you, and the evidence that has been accumulated is without flaw."

As I waited that afternoon for Nina Francis to go into trance, Uvani wrote that he would come first, and would be followed by Abdul Latif. A moment later he was speaking to me directly, through the medium; but almost his first words were that Luccio would be coming next, in place of Abdul Latif, who would speak last. As it happened, neither came, for Uvani found the medium so easy to control this time that he took up the entire sitting, speaking at length of all he was doing, and of what had already been talked over between us. One characteristic little touch was shown when raps came at the door. Instead of answering at once, as Luccio or Abdul Latif would have done, he took not the slightest notice, any more than he did when controlling Eileen Garrett. I said: "By that alone I should know you, Uvani;" to which he replied, indifferently: "I care not for raps."

The next day, when talking, through the writing, of what he had done, or tried to do, he said: "We spoke much yesterday through the medium whom Luccio, with much kindness, put at our disposal. He said, later: 'When next you talk to your lady, remember do not usurp the entire time.' But as he said it he smiled, for well he knew how much Uvani desired to speak. Will you now let

Abdul Latif come? He too spoke ruefully to Uvani yesterday, saying: 'Happy is he who gets the first word, for it can also be the last.'

We had yet another test with Nina Francis on May 30th, 1933. Before the sitting began, Uvani told me he would take control of the medium, though not for long; but that Luccio would come first, as he wanted to speak to me; and that Abdul Latif would also talk. In the event, however, Uvani himself came first, and then Luccio, who remained until the end, Abdul Latif not coming at all on this occasion either. In his conversation with me Uvani showed the most complete knowledge of what we had been doing, and, from the very beginning, he took up the threads of what had been said previously through me. He spoke also of the 'pictures' given to me of my sons, which I have mentioned briefly in the Introduction, and very much more fully in Chapter XL and later; and, finally: "I have come to say, to reinforce, what has passed between us; to tell you to be sure in your mind that we are communicating clearly."

The day after that, on June 1st, I was to have a sitting with Grace Cooke, and Uvani arranged, beforehand, that he and Abdul Latif would show their presence in a different way -- this time through the medium's own words. As on January 12th, Mrs. Cooke was clairvoyant before going into trance. She began by describing Harry, and then said that with him she saw a man, whom she was certain was an Arab. He had a white band across his head, with drapery at the sides; a perfectly clean-shaven face, and dark eyes. The robe seemed to be voluminous. She said he was making pictures for her to see, in what appeared to be sand; and she went on to describe what the pictures showed -- little scenes of Ronald on his journey. Ronald was in Eastern Tibet at this time. She continued: "I wonder if I am getting a Persian, a very fine spirit; philosopher, teacher, healer. He seems to enter this group. He's taking care of your people for you. This Persian made you a promise, and he's keeping it. That is his message." She spoke also, in some detail, of my writing, and then went into trance, when White Eagle controlled at once.

Presently, after some talk, he said: "Abdul Latif is here. He has been working very hard with, through and for you, and he has accomplished some good



work. I want to confirm the truth, which you have already received, that Abdul Latif helps you and is working with you. You are developing very much. The first months after you were left alone you had to search, get proof, make contact. After that your aura became more elastic, and the guides found that they were able to do more through you. Uvani then decided -- volunteered -- to help you develop yet more in your mediumship, and in the ease with which you can make contact with those in the next sphere."

White Eagle continued to talk for some time, mainly about the boys; then Harry took control, and the sitting finished.

That evening Uvani wrote, saying that he was entirely satisfied with the test that day. He said that, as arranged, White Eagle's instrument had spoken of Abdul Latif and himself, and that she had seen and described the pictures he had made of "the boy who is in the wilderness". He went on: "Later, with unerring touch, did White Eagle speak of the association of Abdul Latif and Uvani with yourself. Now you need never again have any shadow of doubt that the whole personality of Uvani is with you, for I have striven to show you, by all means in my power, that it is so. You shall always have the help of Abdul Latif. This he has promised. He keeps such promises. For myself, I will never leave you, your lord or your sons."

"You know what love and gratitude I have, Uvani?"

"Yes. I too, like Abdul Latif, but perhaps even more, feel the radiance through my heart. It is a beautiful thing, this lovely gratitude of yours, its growth having steadily continued from the time your lord enabled Uvani to give you the first tidings of him. Always has Uvani desire to serve, to work in unison; and this desire will perfect the way. May all blessings be with you. Uvani."

June 16th, 1933, brought the last of these fourteen (pre-Garrett, as it were) cross-tests -- one with Nina Francis. Uvani wrote that, with Luccio's permission, he would take control again; that Abdul Latif would also come; and that, as time was likely to be short, Luccio would not speak at all. He added that he himself would talk about such work as he was doing and intended to do in the future, and also about Harry.

All took place just as he had planned. He took control first and spoke of Harry, and of what he, Abdul Latif and I had been doing and would like to do; and he told me much about the work Eileen Garrett had been engaged on in America -- details which were unwittingly verified by her in the course of conversation later on: unwittingly because, needless to say, I gave her no inkling that I knew them already and was hoping for confirmation. Yet again he impressed upon me to say nothing to her, or anyone, of the fact that he and Abdul Latif had been writing through me now for a year and six months respectively.

Then Abdul Latif took Uvani's place, and talked of my sons and of many subjects about which he had spoken to me before in writing, showing how there was no great difficulty in continuing, though other mediums, discussions which had been begun previously in my home.

Luccio did not come at all this time.

Among these tests, there were three of particular significance to me; those of April 11th, May 22nd and May 30th, all of them with Nina Francis. These were the ones in which the order of taking control, arranged beforehand in writing, was changed after the medium was in trance. Thus, before the sitting of April 11th, I had been told that Luccio would come first, then Uvani and, finally, Abdul Latif; whereas, in fact, Uvani came first and Luccio second. For the sitting on May 22nd, I had first been told that Uvani would come first, to be followed by Abdul Latif; then, at the last moment, that Luccio would come in second place, between the other two; but, as you have seen, this time Uvani came alone. And, for the sitting of May 30th, when it had been decided that Luccio should come first, then Uvani and then Abdul Latif; in the event it was Uvani who came first, Luccio second, and Abdul Latif not at all. Had I needed any further proof that there was no telepathy or thought-transference concerned in these experiments, I had it now, for in every case I had been expecting and awaiting something different to that which actually occurred.



My interest was very great in the cross-tests arranged by Abdul Latif and Uvani through these other five mediums; but it was those they had promised to give through Eileen Garrett that I especially wanted. Abdul Latif had only once spoken to me through her, three years before this; while Uvani, after he began to relinquish control of her in favour of Harry, in the spring of 1932, had only rarely talked to me again during my sittings with her. I was very anxious to see what would happen, for, as both Uvani and Abdul Latif were particularly identified with Eileen Garrett, it was most important that I should receive acknowledgment through her that they controlled me also. She had now been away from England for twenty months, and knew nothing whatever about their association with me during that time. On her return from the States, in the middle of June, 1933, they both assured me, in writing, that they would give me full proof through her of all that they had been doing with me, Abdul Latif stating his intentions quite briefly, and Uvani speaking about them at greater length. He said:

"The time draws near when my instrument will be on these shores, and we will through her hold much converse, for we have many things about which we will speak. When she is available, then will I acquaint you of much that we have done, and which to all others in your earth sphere is unknown, save only to yourself, for even from your boys is much veiled.

"I do know -- from my heart I know -- you believe that I, the same Uvani, am with you; but we will make these tests, for they are valuable. When my instrument reaches these shores she will communicate with you, giving you an early date. Then will you go, and she will quickly enter into trance, so that there shall be little wasted time. This I can manage. When she is entranced, first will your lord speak. This is what will gladden both your hearts. And then I, Uvani, will come, for I greatly desire all that I have done through other sources to be given there; for you know that I have done all that is in my power to show that through you has come no split personality of Uvani, but all that makes up his complete individuality. And thus shall you hear once more the work that I have done, and that I desire to do."

I was in touch with Eileen Garrett almost immediately after her arrival in England, and I had my first sitting of this series with her on June 19th, 1933 -- a wonderful one with Harry, at which neither Uvani nor Abdul Latif spoke, in spite of what Uvani had said. The reason was explained to me later, in writing:

"Madame, Uvani is here, and, if you so permit, will write. I was unable, when you were with my instrument, to talk to you to-day. I did intend the coming, but time is now limited, and seeing that your lord would be made rushed, I said: 'Not for this time shall Uvani speak, for where would benefit prevail?' Therefore I stood on one side, and, though not listening, watched to see his work. At first was the instrument stiff to his touch. Then I saw little by little did it respond unto his firm control, and all those salient matters appertaining to your boys, and to your mediumship, come gradually to his lips. You saw he was able to give readily all that has been and is being done, and nought that mattered to you was left untold.

"Now I would not intrude, yet I too will speak, and you have arranged speedy appointment when I shall, before your lord speaks, take control. Through the lips of my entranced instrument shall I talk to my other -- and arrange much."

Three days later, on June 22nd, I had a second sitting with Eileen Garrett, and before I went to it Uvani wrote:

"You will come, as we have said, to the instrument, and to-day I shall assuredly speak."

I replied: "I wonder if you will appear once again as the very formal Uvani."

"Not always with you was I aloof through the instrument. Sometimes you caught the tender side."

"Yes," I said, "I remember, and how much it impressed me; but for a long time you gave wonderful evidence without showing yourself as you are."

"I was occupied only with the desire, the great desire, to serve your lord and you, but always had I insight -- "

Uvani stopped writing, and I asked: "Into our two selves?"



"Yes. And great understanding, for well did I know all that you and he were enduring."

Again the writing stopped, and, after a moment, Uvani said:

"I did not intend to go further, Madame."

Waiting for him to continue, I had been realizing to the full -- and not for the first time -- the utter immobility of the pencil without his guidance, and I said:

"You are controlling me very firmly."

"We must, of necessity, for it is imperative you should respond to the faintest touch."

"By "touch" you mean: as you control my mind, so must my hand respond instantly?"

"Yes. And in addition you are feeling vividly the presence of us who control. There is no slightest doubt?"

Again there was the familiar pause, and, after I had answered, Uvani continued:

"This is more wearisome, perchance, for you when, instead of swift movement [of the pencil] you are continuously called upon to answer; but it is a rare gift, this form of mediumship, and we work hard desiring to perfect that which is already a beautiful thing.

"Your lord is here, ready to take the helm."

From this talk I was fully prepared for Uvani, at least, to speak to me while I was with Eileen Garrett that afternoon, but again it was Harry alone who came, his control of her being, as always, superb. Knowing as I did that nothing must be said by me that could influence the medium's mind in any way, I did not mention what Uvani's intention had been; but Harry himself spoke about all that Abdul Latif and Uvani had been doing, and that gave me some degree of proof that it was those personalities who spoke through Eileen Garrett who also wrote through me. I was so eager, though, that both should speak to me themselves through her, and confirm what they had been doing with me, in their own words, that still I wondered whether the writing of that

morning might not have come, perhaps, from my own subconscious mind.

Late that night this was written:

"Frank is with you. Uvani is here. Will you write?"

The pencil stopped moving, and then went on: "I stopped because Uvani smiled and said: 'Madame is doubtful about Uvani, seeing that, as has aforetimes happened, his plans came to nought. I beg you therefore to ask her if she will permit the coming.'"

I asked: "Is Uvani really saying that, or do I sometimes write all manner of things myself?"

Frank answered: "You know you can't write yourself. Try now."

So I tried, and after I had sat for a little while with an unresponsive pencil, he went on:

"You see, it is impossible. Will you write for Uvani?"

I said: "Of course I will. Will you ask him to come now?"

There was a short pause, and then: "Madame, will you forgive Uvani? It is indeed Uvani who wrote, saying he intended to speak."

"And then?"

"I perceived the inability --"

"That your medium would be unable to sustain too long control?"

"Yes. I saw that she was overtaxed. Therefore I said to your lord: 'The time has come for your talk with her you love.' He then assumed the control."

I replied: "Uvani, I should have been very unhappy if you had come first, and there had been no more power left for him; but I thought something was going wrong with what had been written through me, and was troubled."

"I knew you were troubled. You thought that confusion had arisen; that what was written was through your own volition; that Uvani had not intended the coming. Now listen, for I greatly desire to talk to you. The medium has been doing much work during her sojourn away, of a quite different order. Now she returns to such as was always done; but it takes time for all to regain its smoothness. You yourself perceived yesterday that it was not so easy for your



lord, that the power was waning. It is not good then to change control.

"What we shall do is this: at all times must your lord take precedence, yet shall I come."

"To complete our tests, Uvani?"

"I have said, and what I have said I will perform. Your lord shall always have you to the fullest extent; I coming as I have done heretofore, but staying only a short time. And on occasion, should longer speech be necessary, we will request White Eagle, or perchance Luccio, that they will lend their own. Now I leave you, for there is work to be done. I have left for a brief space my instrument."

"Is she in trance, Uvani?"

"She is, for a short time, controlled by another. With all blessings I leave you."

During the next week we had four cross-tests through the three mediums, Grace Cooke, Nina Francis and Eileen Garrett (twice), and at last both Abdul Latif and Uvani were able to give proof, through the latter, of the work that they and I had been doing. Before the first of these tests, on June 27th, with Grace Cooke, Uvani told me that he would take direct control. Once again this did not happen, but after my husband had had a long talk with me, Uvani transmitted what he wanted to say through White Eagle, referring to the two occasions when he had been unable to speak through Eileen Garrett. White Eagle said:

"Uvani is here. He calls you 'Madame', and says he told you that he would be here and would speak. He says: 'My lord has had his say. I am pleased that he was able to fulfil his promise.' Uvani is saying there is something he wishes to make clear. He has spoken to you through his other medium many times. I think he is trying to say that something has been unfortunate, but that it will be arranged soon. He says you were disappointed, but that you are not to feel so, for it will be worked out; and he wants you not to be influenced or affected by the significance of things with regard to his medium if, when the opportunities come, he is unable to do as he wants. Uvani also says that he has done a good deal of work through you and brought

much evidence."

On June 28th I had my third appointment with Eileen Garrett since her return, and this time Abdul Latif spoke, to my great joy. The previous day he had told me that he would definitely be coming, and, in fact, he took control first, immediately the medium went into trance, being followed later by Harry.

It was thrilling to hear the sonorous, ringing tones of Abdul Latif's voice.

"Madame, it is good indeed to have this opportunity of speaking through the medium -- she who, having just returned from across the mighty ocean, knows nought of what you do, and through whose agency did I first commune with you. I am here to say that through the instrumentality of your hand do I make my own appearance possible. Many times have I come to you through your own mediumship. I am always privileged in being able to assist you. Above all things I have tried to make you feel I could look after the boys, that I am experienced in the countries they are going through, that I can help them in the by-ways of life. I knew you would be so bereft, so lonely, and that anything we might do to bring you nearer one another would be a joy, a pleasure. I desire only good shall come near them; that there shall be no unpleasantness when they go where all manner of strange things exist, and where they come in contact with native life. Your boys are well, well thought of, vigorous, active, and in every way doing credit to you and to their father. I want your elder boy to write; to write of many things of travel and adventure; to produce something of great worth.

"Now I also want to tell you this -- that I am a constant visitor to your abode, and that the promise I made to you and to your children I carry out. In all ways I care for you and for them, and -- you have my word -- I shall ever be with your children and with their children's children."

He went on to speak of what he did when writing through me, and of the proofs he had given through other mediums. I had been very ill for some months a little earlier, and he showed the clearest knowledge of every symptom. Without my leading up to it he gave me details about Ronald and Bill, speaking of the way in which he described their doings in writing; and he left me in no



doubt that it was the same Abdul Latif who had written and talked to me so often during the past eighteen months, who was now speaking to me again, through this most important source.

In addition to these personal matters, he gave the most detailed information about a woman who had died some months earlier, a friend of mine, but of whom no thought was then in my mind. He suddenly spoke of her, and showed the same complete knowledge of her as he does of me and my family -- of her life, her people, her death and the circumstances surrounding it. That ended his talk for that day; but, during the six months that Eileen Garrett remained in England, he spoke to me many times through her, and we had numerous short conversations together.

I had a sitting with Nina Francis on June 30th, 1933, and that morning Uvani wrote simply: "Now, shall I speak with you this day?" I had arranged an appointment with Eileen Garrett for the day following, and this was very much in my mind when I answered:

"Uvani, before we have our tests complete, it will be necessary for you to come through your own medium."

Uvani answered: "I will; but your lord must never be disturbed."

It did not surprise me to find that, when Nina Francis was in trance that afternoon, Uvani controlled throughout. He spoke a great deal of the work he was doing through me, and, when talking of Harry, he did so in exactly the same manner in which he used to speak of him through Eileen Garrett. Suddenly he remarked: "I am looking after the boy who has gone alone. What matter if he be the only one with a skin that is white?"

Bill was just then preparing to leave for Tibet too, and was taking only a Nepali servant with him, so my thoughts flew to him. But, in order to see what would be said, I asked: "Which boy are you speaking of?"

"The boy who is going into the wilds, not the one who is there already. He is guarded. He has within himself the great assurance that nothing can hurt him. I do not mean by that that he is saved from the experiences he must have -- by those experiences his manhood is proved -- but within himself is

that security by which he will have the knowledge that all is well."

Uvani then impressed upon me, as he had done on other occasions when carrying out a cross-test through this medium, that he was using Nina Francis as a channel simply to show that it was possible for him to do so; that it was merely an experiment performed through the courtesy of Luccio; and that he would never speak to anyone else through her agency.

On July 1st, just before my sitting with Eileen Garrett, he wrote:

"You have a prayer in your heart, and this shall have its answer this morning."

"Are you going to do the cross-test to-day?" I asked.

"I have heard and I have understood."

"Uvani, will you see that your medium goes into trance very quickly, so that my husband will have plenty of time?"

"I will arrange."

"And you will be pleased to give this further proof?"

"I shall be glad."

I asked: "Were you happy in speaking yesterday?"

"Madame, I was very happy. I talked long, and spoke to you of many things; yet will I, the Uvani portrayed as first you knew him, have infinite joy."

"You mean, when you come again through your own medium?"

"I shall have joy in giving all I can. Then shall your lord come, for well I know you would be bereft did he not come. I will do this that I have said."

Eileen Garrett went quickly into trance, and Uvani took control at once, remaining a short time only, and going straight to the point. He was, as he had always shown himself through her, his distant and remote self; but at the same time he displayed a complete knowledge of all he had been doing with me. As usual, I took down full notes of what he said.

"It is I -- Uvani. Peace be with you, and in your life, in your walk and on your household.

"Madame, your lord has permitted that I should come and speak, that I may say unto you how happy I have been in being allowed to share your joys and



sorrows, during such time as I have been unable to speak through this, my vehicle. I am rejoiced to know that, partly through my endeavours, you have been able to recover from the annihilated feeling that, bereft of all you love, you would have had; and that you have had brought to you the consciousness of your beloved ones. Not only your beloved in the spirit life, but of your boys in this life.

"I am happy in that I am permitted to speak with you direct. I am able to transmit my thoughts into some of the chambers of your mind, and to get that knowledge transferred unto yourself through the muscular movements of your hand. I have been able to let you know many things.

"Your lord -- a man of blood and strength, proud, determined, allowing none to say him nay -- appeals and ever has appealed to my race. Always has he been very kind to Uvani, tendering ever his gracious thanks for anything that has been done. When the time came for your sons to leave your side, he said: 'Uvani, I know my wife will be very lonely, her two boys, whom she loves, torn from her.' I agreed that this was so. Your lord understands that we are human beings who have worked a little ahead of him. We naturally try to give the woman he loves some little comfort, and have found that, in moving from place to place, time and space do not impede us, and we can give you news. All that we know we let him see, and he is a willing pupil. We have much practice, and he is very competent. For you four, who are all bound together by love, there is no separation. This you now recognize.

"You also well know that I, Uvani, have come to you many, many times, always seeking to give you all aid. It was even so before my instrument left. I tried to let you know I was there, sending word through others .... I will stay no longer, Madame. Your lord is here."

There was an absolute stillness before Harry spoke, after which came one of those perfect talks which were always possible with us through this medium.

Later, in writing, Uvani referred to what he had said through Eileen Garrett.

"It is again Uvani. You have been satisfied. I was able to tell you, though in so cold a guise. You understood my heart spoke more than did the

tongue. Yet have I told what was required; that through different channels have I spoken; that I have given evidence that I control you, writing through your hand; that, with your lord, we acquaint you of your boys; and, Madame, that which I have promised has now been brought to pass."

"Uvani, I was so thankful to hear all you said through your own medium."

"I was aware, and it was necessary that the final proofs were given. You marked, Madame" -- there was a little pause here, and then the writing went on -- "that it was indeed the aloof and cold Uvani who spoke those words?"

"I did indeed."

"Such as was said in the script?"

"That you would be as you first were when I came to you, Uvani?"

"Even so, the same; and, that being so, you now have a long continuance of proofs given not only by Uvani, but by Abdul Latif. Never more will there be doubts."

"Now, Madame, some day when, again speaking through the vehicle, you come to your lord, I, taking with his permission some few moments, shall acquaint you with other matters, for always there is much I would say, would give you....You are thinking?"

I answered: "I was just at that moment thinking of when you spoke through your own medium, telling me coldly and dispassionately what you had been doing; and I was wondering if you felt like that, or purposely appeared to be so."

"I knew that such thoughts were in your mind. Remember, at no time do I show emotion through her instrumentality, especially where such emotion is personal. At times, speaking to you of your lord, endeavouring that you be comforted, did I let softening occur; but the Uvani you first knew was ever cold, ever unmoved. He gave no indication of his feelings, and, doing as had been promised, came to confirm in his own way."

I replied: "Yes, I understand; and I was, and am, very happy. Did you, however, really feel just as aloof as you seemed?"

"I had decided on the action I would take; therefore I spoke those words as I knew they should be given, pleased to the depths of my heart that you were, after all the patient waiting, getting such as you desired -- the complete



confirmation of what I had been doing. There has been full and perfect confirmation given you of the control of you by Uvani.

"For the present I leave you, and may God the Great One guard you, your lord, your sons."

So -- at last I had my final proofs, that the Uvani and Abdul Latif who had been writing through me, and talking to me through other mediums, were indeed the very same who controlled Eileen Garrett -- individuals in their own right, and, in no possible way, merely parts of her own subconscious being.

FOOTNOTE TO PSA(d):

\* While in America, in 1932 and 1933, Eileen Garrett had been engaged almost wholly on psychological and what she herself described as 'normal psychic' experiments, working at Duke University with Professors William McDougall and J.B. Rhine.

## Chapter VI

I have already touched on three stages of development in my work: the first, when it was necessary for my husband to have a control to interpret for him; the second, when he could himself speak directly through Eileen Garrett, and, later, through others; and the third, starting in November, 1931, when Harry, and then Frank, Uvani and Abdul Latif, began writing through my own hand.

Bill had left Cambridge, and the time came for him to go to India. He sailed from England on October 11th, 1932, in H.M.T. Lancashire, to join the Royal Irish Fusiliers, into which he had been commissioned in January of the previous year. Very soon Ronald would also be leaving, going far away to inaccessible places. I thought of the days when we were all four together. Two of us would never be parted again, but I had an aching heart at the prospect of a long separation from the boys; with the certain knowledge, too, of the many weeks and months of suspense when Ronald would be unable to send back any news. I had always been afraid of harm coming to those I loved, and, with a husband who had taken all manner of risks and two sons who did likewise, I had often had much to contend with in this respect.

Harry, fully aware of all these fears, comforted me with the assurance that he would keep me closely in touch with the boys; and it was now that he evolved the plan that was not only to keep me from constant suspense during their wanderings, but which would also provide us later with confirmation that so much of what I was told was correct. Frank, Abdul Latif and Uvani all joined in to give me news; but not for one moment did I imagine the extreme closeness of the link that would be forged, nor the degree of clarity with which events in the lives of my sons would be shown to me.



Shortly after Bill's arrival in Bombay the detailed accounts which we call 'pictures' began to be given to me. One day my husband said he would try and tell me what Bill was doing at the time he was speaking to me. This first attempt contained a correct description of Bill's quarters in Bombay, and it was followed by other little pictures of his activities. To start with, I usually had them given to me at mid-day -- that is, the hour which would coincide with what Bill was doing about five o'clock Bombay time; but presently we found that this was too limiting, and so I took down what was told me at any time of the day or night. Mails, in those days, took about four weeks between England and India, so Bill kept a diary, to enable him to trace the happenings of each day, and to compare them with the descriptions received through me. When Ronald went on his three expeditions, he did the same, and that is how we were able to check the accuracy or otherwise of all that I was told about them. In Ronald's case, mail delays or total lack of postal facilities meant that many of his pictures had to wait for verification until his return home. During his first expedition into Tibet very few letters reached him, and, during his second, none were received at all. It made for easier verification, of course, when the pictures were detailed, and with the passage of time my communicators were able to include many more verifiable points than at the beginning.

I must emphasize that while the pictures are being given through me, it is as though I were listening to someone who, having a better view of the proceedings than myself, is describing what is going on. Pauses will occur, when I usually make some comment, then more details will be given; and the end comes only when the picture fades away from the narrator. For a long time we have adopted a standard procedure: I keep a separate book for each son and, if both are away, Ronald's picture comes first. As soon as that is finished, I start with Bill's. The pictures are nearly always given in the ordinary course of our conversation. I take up the books, write what is told me in them, and we then continue to talk. In the

early days I simply asked my sons about these things in my letters; but, when they became a constant feature of my psychic writing, I started to send them typed copies for comment, retaining originals for myself. All these papers I filed in chronological order. It is a point of interest that while, in the beginning, the pictures tended to be correct in time -- even to the hour -- that soon altered, and they would be given as often before the event, or after it, as on the correct day. At first it was Harry alone who gave me pictures in this manner; but very soon it was done by Uvani, and, a little later, by Abdul Latif and Frank also.

Ronald did not follow Bill to India for about three months, so that the first pictures here are entirely about the latter.

November 29th, 1932.

H.A.K.

"Will you ask Bill this? Was he, this morning, doing something with a horse, and seeing whether it would suit him?"

Bill was at this time in Bombay. He wrote, in answer to this, that on the 29th he was considering buying a horse. All the regimental horses arrived, however, on the following day, the 30th, and the purchase was not completed.

December 5th, 1932. 1 p.m. (i.e 6 p.m. Bombay time). H.A.K.

"I have seen Bill. He was with two men and two women in a car, going to some place where a number of people were to be found."

I asked: "Was that to-day?"

"Yes, to-day; but the time is not very clear, for it was a little while ago. We get things mixed sometimes as to the exact time. This was, however, a very recent thing."

In Bill's reply, he said: "On December 5th I went with two others of the regiment and two girls to a 'thé dansant' at the Taj Mahal Hotel, about six o'clock, so that fits in."

December 22nd, 1932.

H.A.K.

"Billy is in the train going to Calcutta."



When a letter arrived from Billy, it had been written in the train going to Calcutta, on that very day. He had left Bombay the previous night, he said.

December 30th, 1932. 12.30 p.m. (i.e 5.30 a.m. December 31st, Bombay time) H.A.K.

"Bill has left for Bombay. He is on his way back. He had a happy time, and is going back to work cheerfully. When you hear from him he will verify this."

Later, that same evening, some more information was given:

"Bill is safe, and is asleep in the train. I have seen him."

Bill wrote in answer to this, saying: "I left Calcutta on December 30th, and arrived here (that is, Bombay) on January 1st."

Now here is a picture which was wrong, or at least partly so.

January 15th, 1933. 12.35 p.m. H.A.K.

"I have been with Bill. He is away on a journey to the Hills with a detachment of men -- on his way there now -- but he will not remain long. He will return with another detachment of men. Ask him about this when you write. Also he has just been away to the outskirts of Bombay, having a picnic with some people, which he will tell you about."

Bill, in reply, said: "These little pictures are very pleasant to get, and I am keeping them all together. A large number of the things are absolutely correct; but one or two are out, though more often in time than in details -- and that is no wonder. On January 15th I was not off with a detachment of men (I actually left for Deolali with such a detachment on February 7th), but it is true that I had just been for a picnic, with two others, to Juhu beach, some miles away, where we bathed and spent the day."

Uvani's first picture was as follows:

January 18th, 1933. Midday. Uvani.

"He, your young son, does well in all his ways. He prospers, and is manly, wholesome and vigorous. I was near him this day. He was by water, in which he was being rowed to shore by coolies in a boat. In this boat sat two other men with him. Ask him, please, Madame, whether I saw aright."

From Bill's letter: "On January 18th Uvani saw me coming ashore in a rowboat, from one of the warships in the harbour. That's quite correct, and very good too, because usually we go in a pinnace, only this time it had broken down, and we were forced to hire a local craft."

Ronald left England at the end of January, on his way to join Kingdon Ward in India, where, at the last moment, they were joined by Brooks Carrington (always known as B.C.), who was to try and make a colour-film of parts of the journey. I say 'try', because those were still very much experimental days for colour-cinematography.

The party left Calcutta at the end of February, 1933, and travelled by train to Sadiya, the railhead in N.E. Assam, and their true 'jumping-off' place. From there they made their way up the valley of the Lohit (the eastern branch of the Brahmaputra River), through what was called the Unadministered Territory, into Tibet. This Unadministered Territory was the home of the Mishmis, a somewhat truculent tribe, whom they found it hard to love -- although, a few years later, when Ronald passed through their land again, from the other direction, he found, to his amazement, that he actually enjoyed their company.

Almost immediately after leaving Sadiya the road came to an end, and from then on all movement was on foot, much of it over difficult tracks. As a result it became meaningless to talk or think in terms of miles, and one spoke of the distance between two places as being so many hours' or days' march. Post Offices and telephone wires stopped also at Sadiya, and were not to be seen again until Fort Hertz was reached, in Upper Burma, some seven months later. All baggage was carried by coolies, hired as the party went along, each man (or girl) carrying a load of sixty pounds.

It was fifteen marches up the Lohit into Zayul, the most southeasterly province of Tibet, and a further two to Shikathang, the first Tibetan settlement of any note, and cheek by jowl with Rima, the



collection of houses occupied by the Provincial Governor and his entourage on their yearly visit to this part of his province. At Rima the river divides, and the expedition's route took them up the western branch, the Rong Tö Chu ('Chu' meaning River); thence up the Ata Chu, and so (by mid-July) to a snowy pass separating Zayul from the next province, beyond which Ronald had no permission from the Tibetan authorities to go.

Kingdon Ward continued to the north, and Ronald and B.C. returned down the Rong Tö Chu to Rima. By now it was the middle of August; the monsoon, with its torrential rain, was in full blast; and the route down the Lohit Valley was quite impassable. Accordingly they turned south-east, instead of south, over one pass, into the jungles of Upper Burma, and down a tributary of the Irrawaddy, heading for Fort Hertz.

Fort Hertz was the furthest administered outpost in Upper Burma, twenty-two marches from Rima, and with a Post Office (the first since Sadiya), although mails were a little slow from there, as they travelled on by bullock. After a rest there, Ronald and B.C. set off on the last stage -- nine days' march to Sumprabum, at the end of the motor road. From there they were able to arrange for a car to take them the final 130 miles to the railhead at Myitkyina, where they arrived in the middle of November, 1933.

By the time Ronald was on his way into Tibet, I was hearing from Bill about his pictures, and, finding that so much that was given about him was correct, made me feel confident that the pictures of Ron must be fairly accurate also. Further to hearten me, I found, too, that the messages which I received through Grace Cooke and Nina Francis agreed with what came directly through myself, and that, when Eileen Garrett arrived back in the summer of 1933, the same applied to the information obtained through her. Here is one of the first pictures that came about Ronald.

February 11th, 1933. 11.25 a.m.

H.A.K.

"When you write to Ron, tell him I saw him the day he landed at Port Said, with a girl, walking in the street. He stopped and bought various things, and they had some refreshment in a restaurant. Then they walked



again, and soon after I saw him on his boat, leaning over the side. I suddenly remembered I wanted to tell you this, and by some trend of thought I saw the whole thing over again so clearly."

Ronald said: "We reached Port Said on February 2nd, and the picture is absolutely right. The girl was Ruthadèle Williamson, a very charming American. We went ashore together to stretch our legs, bought a few things in Simon Artz's emporium, and refreshed ourselves at the Queen's Hotel, before walking back to the boat."

That same morning, directly after telling me about Ronald, this was written of Bill:

February 11th, 1933. Midday.

H.A.K.

"I have seen Bill, of course, also. This is what is happening now. I have just glimpsed him sitting with four other people. He is dressed in flannels, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and the collar of his shirt is open. He is leaning on a table, speaking to the others, and he is telling them of Ron. Ask him this."

Bill's comment is: "I was seen talking with some people round a table, and telling them of Ron. I was at the Deolali Club, in the Western Ghats, and Ron was due to arrive in India on the 15th. I had arranged to go to Bombay by train to meet him."

February 14th, 1933. 10.14 a.m.

Uvani.

"I see the arrival of the boy, he whom you call Ronald, this day, and that he is well and in good spirits; that the boy Billy is there meeting his brother. They have proceeded to a habitation where the young boy dwells. That have I seen, Madame."

On the 15th, Uvani wrote:

"It may be, in giving news of your boy, that I saw in front of what the time was, but that I saw was truly spoken, and you shall hear. I have great wish to help. I shall do all I can always. I know, too, that they are well, and that your heart may rest content. I pray the Great God may



guard you all."

In his letter, written on March 18th, Bill gives his answer to this: "Uvani saw Ron's arrival a day earlier than it was. The details were quite correct. Ron's ship was lying offshore in the Bombay roads on the 14th, and docked early on the 15th. I didn't see him until about 10 a.m. that day. We then went to my bungalow in the barracks at Colaba, where we spent the night before starting back for Deolali in the morning."

Before Ron left England, Abdul Latif had talked of the wisdom of vaccination and inoculation against various tropical diseases; but Ron had been too busy to have either done before he sailed. Abdul Latif now reverted to this:

February 18th, 1933. 11.45 a.m.

Abdul Latif.

"Madame, Abdul Latif. Greetings. I have come to say that your boy has been vaccinated."

Ronald, writing from Sadiya on March 3rd, said: "I was vaccinated on board ship three days before reaching Bombay. The vaccination didn't take, but I'm not worrying about that."

March 18th, 1933. 11.35 a.m.

H.A.K.

"I have seen Billy. He is at the present time watching some racing which is going on. He has a man beside him. They are very engrossed in all that is happening."

Bill wrote: "Quite right. I was at the races. The General was there with me, and Mrs. ---, and about five others. We had been losing, and I expect I was trying to collect tips. Anyway, my attention was definitely on the spot."

April 8th, 1933. 10.25 a.m.

Uvani.

"I saw concerning the young boy, this: seven men marching in unison. With them was your boy, he whose name is Billy."

There came a dead stop, and I said: "Any more, Uvani?"

"I saw him give a word of command, calling upon them to do his bidding, at which command they turned to one side, with the obedience

\* See pages 69 and 70.

of drilled soldiers. I have seen this but a short time since, but it is of the same day as this on which I speak to you."

Bill said, in his letter of May 3rd, 1933: "I mounted the guard that morning at 7.45, and the numbers were about as stated by Uvani. Very probably that is what he refers to."

The pictures were now starting to become more detailed, as is shown in the next two, given by Uvani.

April 23rd, 1933. 11 a.m. For Ronald. Uvani.

"This I would say concerning your boys, for I have been taking note: will you, in the elder boy's book, inscribe these words?

"Madame, it now being the evening hour with Ronald, he is at rest. The toil for the day being done, he is engaged upon some work which is engrossing him. He has a small animal in his hands, the skin of which is necessary for the purpose of science, which skin he is gently removing from this small creature."

There was a pause, and I said: "Uvani, is this taking place now?"

"As I write, it is taking place. The boy sits on a small chair in the doorway of his tent. Round about him are moving figures, for there are preparations being made for the making of a meal. They are in this place for a short period."

"Anything more, Uvani?"

"No, Madame, save this: ask your boy what sort of a wild creature is it that he deals with."

Ronald says: "This can only refer to March 17th. At that time we were still sleeping in tents in the Lohit Valley. We had no opportunity of collecting on our own then, but, that evening, a Mishmi brought in four small bats, which I killed and skinned, with Kingdon Ward, in front of my tent. We did not obtain another mammal until May 12th, by which time we were living in the wooden village houses. The picture, therefore, is 37 days late."

Then came the picture for Bill, written, of course, in his own book,



April 23rd, 1933. 11.14 a.m.

Uvani.

"This I have seen: the boy Billy, who is in a state of undress, is lying on a long chair. Very hot is he, for he has been taking violent exercise. He has a large white bandage on his brow."

"For what purpose, Uvani?"

"For the purpose only of absorbing streams of water pouring from his head, the perspiration engendered by this exercise being extreme. He talks to another, also hot, who lies near. We see strange glimpses!"

"Is that all?"

"All for the present, Madame. He is well."

Bill remarked about this picture: "I recollect this incident perfectly, but the date escapes me."

Uvani had something to say to me personally:

"I know that if we could not draw near, pulling aside the curtain that veils your loved ones from you, there would be utter loneliness for you. When these things are proved to have veritable fact, then will great value attend this work we strive to do; but primarily is it for love of you, the mother of these boys, that we seek to sustain you with news. This you well know. I am always happy that it is done, knowing so well that desolation would be yours were you left without tidings of the three in whose keeping lies your heart. But at all times do you feel them near."

Now here are some pictures from Abdul Latif:

April 26th, 1933. 11.47 a.m. For Bill.

Abdul Latif.

"I wish to write this about the young lad, he in whom I also have an interest, for to me are you all as the buds upon one branch; seeing one do I see all. I have this moment perceived the boy with a pen, writing in a book, his mind occupied, his fingers moving quickly. He has a large dog near him, and in the room are three others, all men."

Then my pencil stopped, and I asked: "Have you finished, Abdul Latif?"

"No. I paused for further consideration. This has interest for Abdul

Latif. The young boy hurt his knee a day or two ago. Not to any extent, but he has a bruise upon its surface. Say to him, Madame, will he acquaint you with the cause?"

Bill says: "I can't remember the writing incident particularly, but I certainly fell and grazed my knee on the coconut matting -- playing badminton -- about this time. As a matter of fact it has only just properly healed up."

Ronald's picture of this day was late. He says it must have occurred at Shikathang, which they left on April 18th.

Abdul Latif was talking to me (through writing) on the morning of May 16th, when he said: "I have a small matter to speak of, which has reference to your boy, he who is Ronald." He then told me of an injury which Ronald had had to his hand; and when Ron was able to check this, he said it was quite correct, although out in time. He had had a deep cut on his right hand, which was bound up from March 31st to April 10th. Then Abdul Latif gave me a little picture about Bill:

May 16th, 1933. 11.14 a.m. For Bill. Abdul Latif

"I see the young boy, with his white garments, preparing to go forth. He stands deep in thought, wondering shall he proceed with the garment that lies before him, or cast it aside to equip himself with other garb. He has decided."

"In what way, Abdul Latif?"

"That the first he thought of will fit the occasion; and, taking up his coat, he puts it on."

Bill said to the above: "Yes. I had meant to go riding with Mrs. ---, who lives in the next bungalow. But it started raining, and I was in two minds whether to wear my raincoat or not, while I drove round to her to see what she was going to do. We didn't ride after all."



May 23rd, 1933. 11.35 a.m. For Bill. Abdul Latif.

"I have seen this: the young boy seated in a long room. There are men only, and many gathered in a concourse round a table; and on it are choice viands, which are served by men trained for this purpose. The boy Billy, seated between two gay youths, laughs often, for they are all young, and no care sits heavily upon them."

There was a pause, and I asked: "Abdul Latif, is there a special sign to give, so that he can fix the time?"

"Oh! that I could more readily observe! Yet can I give a small detail which may do. Tell him, when robing himself in the ceremonial garments did he discover no clean shirt, such as he had wished for. He called upon a fellow who serves, bidding him at once procure the garment, and in some obscure manner did he obtain it, whereat the boy rejoiced. I was taking note. It caused me amusement."

Billy said: "Yes. The General was up that day having a look at us, and his A.D.C. was an old friend from Bombay. Abdul Latif saw us dining in Mess. There was a lot of joviality. I can just remember the shirt incident."

Ronald said that his picture, on this occasion, was too vague to place, but that it was right in substance, and could have happened several times.

June 2nd, 1933. 11.10 a.m. For Ronald. Uvani.

"I can see your boy. He is now bending over a small table, so small, for it is but a makeshift. On it are papers covered with writings. He is occupying himself. I looked to see what further there was. He is working so hard in every way. He spares himself not. He is well."

"Has there been anything wrong with him?"

"Not of any moment, Madame. Perchance in small ways; but he has been quickly, and at all times, restored. Always have your mind easy. Your son is in good keeping."

To this Ronald says: "Absolutely correct. This was at Ata. It was a villainous day, raining from morning to night, and I seized the  
\* i.e. merry, 'gay' had not then acquired its principal  
modern connotation.



opportunity to get on with the map, using the plane-table to draw on -- very much of a makeshift and very small. I had no proper table, and a stores-box wasn't flat enough. Correct to the day, it is interesting to reflect that this picture could be almost correct to the hour as well. I see that I worked through till 7 p.m., finishing by the light of a lantern, dimly burning; and at that time in Ata it would have been roughly 10.30 a.m. in England. Still, there was no mention of a lantern by Uvani."

In Bill's picture the time was incorrect. He thought it had reference to May 27th.

June 5th, 1933. 6.20 p.m.

H.A.K.

"....I am here....and I am going to talk to you about Ron. He is well, and fast asleep. He has been working at his observations, for his map engrosses him, and he is making headway. Soon he will be moving to another place which lies further west, and which is quite near where they are now. I am so happy about him, and you are also, for you are quite easy in your mind. I am going to try soon to get more actual facts to give you."

Ron Says: "Quite correct in every way. On June 5th we were still in Ata, and it was another pouring wet day, so I worked away at the map indoors. On the 8th we moved six miles west to a small camp in a meadow above the glacier."

June 6th, 1933. 11.36 a.m.

H.A.K.

"it is a very wet day, torrents of rain, and it is hard to see clearly, but Ron is well covered, and he is out with three natives. They are seeing what lies around them, and are with several other people whom they have come across in this place. I see Ron speaking to one of them, but he finds it difficult to make him understand. Then one of Ron's men speaks to him, and the man quickly grasps his meaning. He is showing them something which is hidden by trees, and all four are looking with great interest. Ron will probably remember this. One of his men is very tiny."



The pencil stopped, and I asked if there was anything more.

"I will just look. Yes, there is a big mound where they are standing, with prayers flying about in streamers on it; but where the place is I don't know."

Ronald's remarks are: "This picture seems to be in two pieces. The first, about the weather, could well be for any day in the first week of June, when we had an amazing spell of heavy rain. The remainder, however, must certainly refer to May 31st, even though that was fine and sunny. That was the day I went up from Ata to look for a camping ground within striking distance of the pass. There were only two men with me, Chumbi (our major-domo) and the headman of Ata, but the latter was a very small man. On the way back we stopped at a mound covered with prayer flags, and I tried, in very poor Tibetan, to find out from a local where a wooded valley led to, on the other side of the glacier. Fortunately Chumbi was there to step into the breach. A little later we were joined by some of the neighbours, curious about me."

Then came Billy's picture:

June 6th, 1933. 11.47 a.m.

H.A.K.

"I can see dear old Bill. He is standing, staring out of a window, and I think he is wondering what he will do with himself. I see him now picking up a book and settling himself down to read, but in his mind is the thought that soon he will go out with another man; that they will get exercise and go to the Club. And so he is only filling in time, that is all."

"Is there something that Billy could mark the time by?"

"Well, I can also see that the bearer is in the room, putting out some clothes which he will change into. That may help him. He is in khaki drill uniform."

Bill's comment is: "This is quite correct. We were choosing clothes for my trip to Tibet, among other things."

I should explain this by saying that Bill had that year decided to spend his leave in Tibet, travelling the old India to Lhasa trade route,

through Sikkim and across the Himalayas, as far north as Gyantse, which lies just to the south of the Tsang Po River. No motor vehicles could cross the mountains in those days, so he planned to travel on foot, with one Nepalese servant and a few pack mules to carry his baggage. Tibet was still officially closed to travel by white men then, but the required permission had been obtained from the authorities, and his journey took him from the first of July until the beginning of August, 1933.

Three days later, before giving me some pictures of the boys, Uvani talked for a little while. He said: "For an instant my control nearly slipped, for your mind had wandered."

I wrote in reply: "I was wondering what you are like, and what you are doing now."

"I am beside you in bodily form, looking the same Uvani as when I was on earth; perchance less earthly, in that the grosser tendencies are through all these years dispersed, yet am I the same outwardly -- rough-hewn, big and of a stern demeanour. Now, Madame, will you thus picture me?"

I answered, and Uvani went on: "I say 'rough-hewn', for to me do I appear to be of harsh visage. There is naught that is gentle about the appearance of Uvani."

I said: "Sometimes you are gentle."

"Yes, inasmuch as at times does a great pity and tenderness touch my inmost being; but this shows not on the exterior. I appear very stern. Perhaps this is racial, for as we were so do we in many ways continue to be. We will talk first about the boys, for I would give you seeings of them. Therefore please write in the books."

So I put down the date and time, and pictures were duly given; but I am omitting them. I will give instead what Abdul Latif told me the next day about Ronald.

June 10th, 1933. 10.25 a.m.

Abdul Latif

Listen, for this is what I can see. Your boy Ronald is now walking over a very high piece of ground. There are vast stretches all round of



flowered growth. On the right lies such huge ---- No matter. We lost grip. All will come right. I give it again. ---- On the right lie such huge mountains. On the left we can see wild forests, with mountains rising all round. The mountains are covered with snow. The air is very cold, but the sun shines, and in the sun all is warm. Ronald walks briskly. He is striving to find that which he desires appertaining to his work. He has with him the large watch to denote correct time, and he is alone."

"Has he gone far away from the camp?"

"No, he is not far removed from the tents. He will shortly return. Naught will harm him. See, you cannot write if Abdul Latif prevents! Again was the pencil immovable!"

"And the writing has come as you wanted it?"

"Except for one moment, when the control became difficult. There are many little things that I could give you about Ronald. This is one: He has been, until a short time ago, playing the small instrument on which is sweet music made. He has put upon him the yellow coat, which is to keep out wind."

"Is it very cold, Abdul Latif?"

"The hour with him is late, and the wind cold. Soon the sun will sink; not quite yet, but shortly. Another small item that I have seen is that the tent in which he is has a corner loose, where the canvas is not pegged down. He has done this with purpose, therefore ask him concerning this. Madame, please now, the young boy's book."

Ronald says to this: "This is a picture of June 22nd, making it twelve days early. We were camped below the pass, at about 13,000 feet, and had been in tents since leaving Ata on the 19th. On the 22nd it was fine and sunny. I left the camp and climbed up to the pass through dwarf rhododendron scrub, all of it in flower. The description of the scenery is also correct. Looking back across the valley, on the left were the thickly forested mountains on the way to Assam, and, to the right, the much higher mountains to the north. The tops of all, left and right,



were covered with snow, and the pass itself was still blocked. I always carried the half-chronometer on me, as it was essential for taking latitudes, and I did not like to leave it anywhere. That evening (and every evening in that camp) I put on my yellow Afghan poshteen, to defeat the cold, and played the balalaika in front of the fire. My tent did indeed have a corner loose, because there was a large rock just at that point, which made it impossible to fix properly."

June 20th, 1933. 11.14 a.m.

H.A.K.

"I have seen Ron on a small pony, riding to some place where there are flowers growing in great profusion, and also innumerable trees stretching far away in the distance. I see Ron taking everything as it comes. He is doing all sorts of odd jobs, which require much time, and he is always very busy. He is alone at the moment. They are working from a central place, and Ron is having a look round."

"I wonder where the pony came from."

"There are some natives round about who are friendly. He gets on well with them. So will Billy."

"And is everything all right?"

"All their arrangements seem to be going as they should. I know that Ron is sound and fit."

There came a pause, and I asked: "Is that all?"

"I have just seen something. When Ron rode -- "

Another pause, so I tentatively asked what was being seen.

"A native suddenly appeared and spoke."

"Could you tell if he was friendly?"

"He seemed to be so. I was looking, and very interested in seeing that Ron was perfectly calm and took it all as a matter of course. You take all these things down easily. I feel no trouble in giving them to you. Now for Billy."

Ronald says: This picture is of June 15th, making it five days late. During the whole of this journey I only rode twice, the other time being



on April 2nd, when the Provincial Governor sent ponies for us and we rode into Shikathang in a small cavalcade. By June 15th we had been in Ata, as a base, for about three weeks. That day I went off by myself, on foot as usual, to visit a village I had heard of, some way up a side-valley. The country was thickly forested, with the trees stretching away to the south for miles; and near Ata there were masses of wild roses on the banks of the river, with rhododendrons in flower high up.

"That village was a lot further away than I had thought, and I stopped at a small monastery on the way back (having already walked twenty-two miles) for a rest. The monks welcomed me; gave me a meal; and insisted on lending me a pony for the last five miles back to Ata. I can't remember the native talking to me, but it is quite possible."

June 20th, 1933. 11.28 a.m.

H.A.K.

"Billy is at present doing Orderly Officer, for I have seen him in the Guard Room and he is in uniform. When he went out it was raining, and he was on a bicycle; but when he arrived the rain had stopped. Then he busied himself, for a time, with papers and talking to men, after which he mounted his bicycle and returned. And the second thing is, that when he was in his own bungalow I saw him lean over the railing of the verandah and pick up something that he had dropped."

"Was this after he had returned?"

"Almost directly after. Then he proceeded to throw himself into a chair, but not until he had removed most of his clothes. He is very well, very happy."

Billy remarks: "The first incident is quite correct. I have nothing to add to it. The second I can't remember about; but the third is correct. It was very hot indeed, as only an Indian summer can be. I was about to take my afternoon siesta, and had rid myself of all except my undergarments."

Abdul Latif came to speak to me just after these pictures were given, and, when he had written his name, he said: "You wrote -- then, of a sudden, deep thought came."

I said: "Yes, Abdul Latif. I was wondering whether, if anything in the nature of a tragedy happened to my boys, I should know at once, and all



sorts of things in connection with that came into my mind."

Abdul Latif answered: "I understand, and knew that your thoughts had travelled to far off lands; but ~~continue~~<sup>to</sup> that which you have shown, that unswerving faith, for there is no need to think of ill-tidings. Your boys will be kept, as by angelic protection, from all harm."

Gradually, as the days passed, the pictures became more detailed, but time always presented a difficulty. The controls told me that it seemed to them that they were seeing the events at the actual moment when they occurred; but, in fact, it soon became clear that the pictures were just as likely to be seen early as late. Quite often the difference was as great as several months, either way; but, to compensate for these vagaries, there were many times when they were exact to the day, and sometimes even to the hour. There appeared to be no particular factor controlling this. Time was unpredictable.

So far as I know, no full explanation has yet been given as to why this should be, this instability of time between here and there. We became accustomed to it, just as one does to the occasionally shimmering picture on a television screen; but it always remained capricious. The nearest I have found to a reasonable analysis of it is possibly the conception of 'serial-time', as given by J.W. Dunne in "An Experiment with Time"; but in my book I am only able to record the phenomenon, not explain it.

At first I was disappointed when time was wrong; but later I was glad, because I realized that this discrepancy could help to remove any idea that telepathy could be responsible.

One day, when Uvani had been writing through me, I asked: "May I talk to you?". He replied: "I shall be honoured," and then waited until I had told him that I had received a batch of pictures back from Bill, with his comments upon them.

Uvani said: "I am very glad. How go they for correctness?"

I answered: "Some quite correct, some partly so, and some in which the time is quite wrong and the facts quite correct."



"Thereby," said Uvani, "showing how difficult a thing it is to synchronize the time. We see, thinking that it has been entrapped at the moment at which we are speaking to you; then, when the verification comes, is it discovered that we saw before or after. Yet this very fact adds interest; and there are also times when the seeing is of extreme correctness. I am so happy when it is the right visioning. Not alone I, but all we who work together rejoice, for not only is it rare that this should be done, but the joy given to you is great."

I said: "Uvani, it is strange that three pictures given, which spoke of Billy riding, should have been wrong. He says, however, that riding was very much in his thoughts just then."

X "I cannot say, Madame. It is as though the happening had occurred; but at times the pictures are, perchance, taken from the mind of the boy and <sup>own</sup> ~~shown~~ to you. And it must therefore be that we strive yet more earnestly that we see but actual deeds, for thoughts are not what we endeavour to collect. Sometimes, too, the visions slip from firm grasp, and we see what is about to be done, perhaps, at some future date. It is not easy grasping time between two places; and, in addition, do we try to grip the different times upon your earth, and therefore on occasion do we sadly err. I am rejoiced, however, that the results are so good."

One reader, commenting on these word-pictures, admitted that he was amazed by their accuracy and by the amount of detail given; but he said that he thought it must be most uncomfortable to have one's actions observed as my sons' were. This gave me something of a shock, the question of discomfort, or distaste, never having entered my mind. As soon as I could I asked the boys for their opinions on this, and these I give here: Bill's is written at some length. He said: "I always enjoyed having these pictures sent out to me. Apart from the feeling of nearness which they produced, I derived great pleasure and interest from checking them against my diaries and seeing how closely they corresponded to the event. There were times, of course, when there was insufficient detail to enable me to pin them down to any special day; but, in the majority of cases, there was



some small incident, quite trivial in itself, which enabled me to check the accuracy of the rest of the description, and also to see how precise it was in time. Sometimes it was exact, but more often it was either before or after -- and this variation in time seemed to follow no obvious rule.

"People have asked me whether it does not give me an uncomfortable feeling to know that my life can be observed in this way. Actually such a thought has never occurred to me, because my private life has never been intruded upon in any way; and I have always felt assured that -- at any rate, where our communicators are concerned -- the same delicacy, only even more so, will be observed as would be the case amongst well-mannered people in this world."

From Ronald came complete agreement: "I have read Bill's views on this, and need only say that I agree with them in every respect."

And, for myself, I will just add that, with my type of mediumship, it would be unforgivable were I to abuse it in any way.

On July 13th, 1933, Uvani's picture of Billy was mostly correct in both time and details, while the one he gave for Ronald was, as the latter said, a good picture of what had happened on May 9th, and was therefore more than two months late. I will give the one seen<sup>h</sup> for Bill, who had<sup>x</sup> by now been travelling for two weeks through Sikkim, over the Himalayas and into Tibet. On this day, July 13th, he was two days out from the old walled town of Phari Dzong, at 18,000 feet, and was slowly descending as he headed northwards across the great Tibetan Plateau.

July 13th, 1933. 10.20 a.m.

Uvani

"Madame, this is what is even now taking place. The boy Billy is looking far away across mighty scenes, mountains, gorges, torrents, precipitous places. He stands rapt. There are others who stand also, patiently waiting his bidding. For a sign by which he will know when I saw him, tell him the man who has the ordering of these others approached him, asking whether they should proceed, to which the boy Billy replied: 'First tell me what is that which lies in the distance'; the other man responding."



There was a long pause, and then I asked: "Is that all, Uvani?"

"No, for this man is given the implements which make all clear when from a distance he gazes through them; and then, with respectful thanks, he returns them unto the boy, who also looks. That will, I think, be sufficient for Billy."

Bill says: "By this morning we were some days' march north of the Himalayas, and I had got up at 4.30 a.m. to try to take some photographs of Chumolhari, a beautiful Matterhorn of a peak rising sheer above the Phari plain to 25,000 feet -- or 17,000 feet straight up from where we were standing. The early morning was the only possible time to take such a photograph as, at that time of year, clouds would gather soon after dawn. So there I was at work when, looking away to the south-west, I saw a distant group of giant snow peaks, towering up over the near-by hills. Calling my Nepalese companion, Nim Temba, and giving him the binoculars, I asked if he could identify them. He looked and said that they must be the Kanchanjunga group on the Sikkim-Nepal border, a good hundred and fifty miles away.

"The scene of 'gorges, torrents and precipitous places', described by Uvani in the second sentence, would well fit our crossing of the mountain chain which we had finally left behind us three days earlier."

On July 16th, Abdul Latif, after talking to me about other matters, wrote: "Would you feel able to take such visions as I can give you of your beloved boys?" I said that I should love to have them, to which he replied: "Then get me the books." I did as he told me, and the following pictures were given. Ronald's, as usual, came first.

July 16th, 1933. 10.30 a.m.

Abdul Latif.

"Madame, this I have correctly seen. The elder boy is busily engaged in taking calculations, the while those with him stand beside him. Four are there, Mongolians. He, your boy, is at the base of some high hills, with flowers round them. Very much are they surrounded with blooming plants, the part in which they are being shaped as it were cup-wise in a valley, hills surrounding. I see Ronald stand with an instrument



through which he takes careful note. He looks well, this boy, thin, virile and active. He has nought wrong. Many are the dangers he encounters, many are the hardships. He brushes them aside as one who sees them not. Truly is he well protected. I see much of this boy. My heart goes out to him."

There was a pause, and I asked: "Abdul Latif, have you finished?"

"No, for I desire to see more. As I looked I saw him move to one  
 x native who stood apart, and, speaking to him, did Ronald bid him bring some part of the instrument such as was required. I think he may remember this, for the man in moving tripped."

"Was he hurt?"

"He, putting out his hand, caught another, and nought occurred. Madame, the young boy's book."

Ronald's comments are: "This must refer to Chutong, a camp surrounded by masses of rhododendrons in flower, and where I noted in my diary that one felt as if one were stuck on the side of a bowl. Abdul Latif is wrong, however, in saying that I was at the 'base' of high hills, Chutong being a good distance up the side of the valley; but it is on a small plateau, with the mountain wall rising steeply beyond, and it might well have seemed to be at the base of hills to someone glimpsing it with his back to the valley. I did actually pass through Chutong on July 16th with B.C., having parted from Kingdon Ward the day before; but the picture must be of either June 25th or 26th, when I used the theodolite up there to take some bearings. The small details I can't remember."

Then came Bill's picture.

July 16th, 1933. 10.45 a.m.

Abdul Latif.

"Let us see what can Abdul give you concerning the young boy."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and I asked if I could answer it without disturbing the picture. Abdul Latif simply wrote: "I await", and as soon as I returned he continued:

"I did, while you were away, give all my attention, desiring that the picture should be of accuracy. Now, this is what I saw. I was at that moment with Billy, this young boy, who stood for some little while



103(a)  
This page to be inserted in p. 104, after l. 20

August 5th, 1933.

11.06 a.m.

Uvani.

"I have this moment seen your young boy toiling wearily. He is with the men and their baggage, which is on the backs of beasts. They are on a very narrow pathway. The one side is precipitous. They place their feet with great caution, for the going needs extreme care. The beasts are sure-footed.

"Your boy has the air of one who has achieved. I perceive the hard, the arduous going has much strengthened him, therefore he is able to take long marches. He is a leader of men, this boy, like unto his brother. Truly has their father left footprints into which they place their feet.

"Now say unto the boy Billy that, looking, did I perceive the worn state of his shoes, he having remarked unto the one who is next in authority to bring him the wherewithal that he might the more securely tie them to his feet."

From Bill: "Excellent. This day I was on my way back from Tibet, having recrossed the Himalayas -- a dreadful seventeen-mile march, down into the Teesta Valley from Gangtok and up the other side to Song. I was dead tired, and we had trouble the whole way with bad mules and coolies. It was a tricky path, and one of the mules fell over the edge; but it wasn't killed and we got it up again, so I was feeling fairly cheerful in spite of everything. Those shoes, held together with string towards the end, gave out entirely a day later, ruined by wear and wet."

deeply pondering, for he did not know whether he would proceed. I saw him look, wondering whether the weather would be kindly or would prove inclement, therefore making it advisable to remain."

"What sort of a place is he in, Abdul Latif?"

"It is, where he is, a place in which there are some small dwellings, and shelter could be afforded, but the boy prefers to push onwards. He says: 'We should make the next encampment without difficulty.'"

"Is he saying that to a man with him?"

"He turned and spoke these words. The man respectfully intimating it would be better to pause, the boy acquiesced, this seeming to Abdul Latif the wise course."

Bill's remarks about this are: "We were at about 14,500 feet, in the valley of the Timbarab Chu, on the road from Phari to Gyantze Dzong, and had obtained shelter for the previous night in a hut, one of two or three such hovels at that spot, full of fleas and bed-bugs. The picture is quite correct. It was bitter cold, with the wind driving off the snow peaks behind us and a sharp storm overhead with large hailstones. The day's march was likely to be a short one; there was not much chance of our being benighted; and I was cogitating as to whether we might not delay our start a little until the weather cleared."

SERT  
103(a)

The next picture I am giving is also for Bill and was quite correct. I was very ill at this period, but whether my own physical condition affects the accuracy of what is told me is something I have not been able to decide.

August 8th, 1933.      5 p.m.      For Bill.      Uvani.

"I have told you, your big boy lies fast asleep. I have turned my eyes to where lies the young lad."

Uvani stopped, and I asked: "Is he asleep too?"

"He too. Yet, as I stood looking upon him (for, Madame, this have I done in one small flash), I saw him rouse from his slumbers. He was in a wooden hut. The rain beating upon it penetrated, and, having caused him



discomfort, he awoke. He for a moment collected his thoughts, then called to one who lay outside the room, bidding him assist. They have moved the bed on which he endeavoured to repose, and once more he lies in some degree of comfort. I heard also strong expletives issuing from the young boy's lips, this being but natural."

"And is he well, Uvani?"

"He is well, hardened to the life, and contented. You may truly feel peace."

From Bill: "We had now left Tibet far behind us and were once more deep in the Himalayas, following the upper slopes of the Teesta valley along the Sikkim-Nepal border, under the shadow of Kanchanjunga. Our makeshift shelter for the night was an ancient wooden hut near the Lamasera of Pamayantoc, and, as bad luck would have it, there was a violent thunderstorm after dark, most of which deluged straight through on to my bed. A loud cry bringing Nim Temba to my aid, we contrived to find, and shift the bed to, a relatively dry spot, but only to expose me to the assaults of thousands of ravening mosquitoes. Uvani has probably not exaggerated at all about my language! It's a good, accurate picture."

Here is a picture for Ronald, showing an event which had occurred three weeks earlier:

August 22nd, 1933.      6 a.m.

Uvani.

"Madame, your boy was busily engaged in making vast preparations. He had in his hand a vessel used for the cooking." Uvani stopped for a moment, as though he were looking further, and then he said: "And by him he had sundry articles ---"

There came another pause, and I prompted him: "Yes, Uvani?" -- after which he said, slowly: " -- which were of food. These he gathered together, making a savoury dish into which he put all that he could think of which would add variety to their diet. He was assisted by three followers, who were much intrigued, laughing gaily, pleased to be pressed into service. Much seriousness, however, was observed over the actual dish. Appetites grows sharp in wild places. Your boy was deeply engrossed. I stood



watching, seeing it all as it took place."

"Were you there for just a little while?"

"Not for very long. The hour was that at which the evening meal is taken. I sought to see while the boy was yet awake."

"Uvani, was it to-day, do you think?"

"I think so. Sometimes you know how difficult co-ordination of his time with yours is. Yet do I think you will find the time corresponds nearly with your own. Except for discomforts which necessarily attend this life, there is nothing wrong. He is well and vigorous."

Ron comments: "An excellent picture of July 29th, making it 24 days late. On our way back, down the valley of the Rong Tö Chu, I left B.C. for a few days and went off to investigate a path I had seen some ten weeks before, which was said to lead, over one pass, to an important village. I took three coolies with me, with whom I shared a small and indifferent shelter on the 29th. We also shared our evening meal, which was basically of rice, glorified with bracken fronds (collected by the three, and similar to the Fiddleheads of North America); some pemmican, which I still had; some mysterious toadstools, vouched for by the coolies; and chillies, provided by them. They were a cheerful trio, and much amused by my tiny cooking pot, which I used for the bracken."

On August 26th, both Abdul Latif and Uvani gave me their versions of seeing Billy in a train -- correct both in time and detail, for he had now finished his journey into Tibet and was on his way back to his regiment. Accounts of the boys' doings continued to come in this way, steadily and regularly, and I give only a fraction of all that was seen in pictures, and told me in the way of ordinary conversation.

The next picture shows how the events of two unconnected days could be seen within a few minutes of each other, as in a news film.

September 6th, 1933. 10.05 a.m. For Ronald. Uvani.

"I see the elder boy who, having arrived at the end of a long journey,



now seeks both rest and refreshment. I see him taking off his boots, his socks."

I felt very anxious at this, and said: "Uvani, are they still serviceable?"; and he replied, as though reluctantly: "I see they are of heavy make. I think, Madame, they have seen much service."

"Then are his feet suffering?"

"I think his feet at times have had suffering. I also feel that by now are they duly hardened. I wonder, would it not be better to allow the feet more freedom? I see the people of the West encasing their feet, so that, when the need arises, they are not ready. I must continue, however. The boy, having removed his footgear, now proceeds to wash his feet, which will greatly help. I see preparations for a meal. There appears to be something which is palatable, and the boy is hungry. He will do justice to this rough fare."

Ronald intervenes at this point: "As far as this the picture is correct to time. This day we were moving down the headwaters of the western branch of the Irrawaddy -- a trying march, over the worst path I have ever come across, composed of rocks, deep mud and tree-roots; and with both sides lined with the huge nettles that the locals swear will sting through an elephant's hide. It was not, in fact, a long journey in distance -- I estimated only about 5 miles -- but it took us nearly 6 hours to cover, and was very exhausting. At the finish I sat in a small bamboo shelter and took off my boots and socks to deal with leeches, and I washed my feet, as much for comfort as to cleanse the leech bites. My boots had indeed seen service, and on this march I had had to cut the outer sole off one of them, after it had come adrift and tripped me, whereby I fell fifteen feet, headfirst, down a steep rock. At the camp, we were able to buy an aged fowl, four eggs and a fish -- making a better meal than we had had for some time."

The picture continued as follows:

"This is the complete picture. The small gathering of wanderers; a bleak hillside, but the little camp is in a spot affording shelter; the boy Ronald sitting apart; some men moving. There is a fire, and round it



are figures. These attend to the making of some repast. Near Ronald sits another, who is white. I see him lying down."

Uvani stopped for a moment, and went on: "They are well. I will see if there is aught else. You will say unto your boy this: that Uvani saw him take his box in which are pictures made, and essay to bring one into being."

"Has that last sentence come correctly, Uvani?"

"It is correct. Now, have you the young boy's book?"

Ronald goes on with his comments: "The second half of the picture is of our first halt after crossing the pass into Burma, on our way south from Tibet. At about 13,000 feet it was bleak indeed, and we made our camp close under the steep side of the valley, in the lee of a clump of rhododendron bushes. The picture can only refer to this place since, from Shikathang on, our camps on the way up to the pass had all been either in forest, or on the edge of it; and afterwards we were in jungle almost to Fort Hertz. We stayed at that camp from August 27th to the morning of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ 31st; but the date for this picture must be August 29th, I think, the only day we had sun. I certainly took some photographs then, and I don't remember doing so on any other day there. The second white man was B.C., of course. This bit of the picture is eight days late."

Bill's picture, given by Uvani a few minutes later, showed him playing a game at this time; but it was not clear enough to fix. Bill was indeed playing a game on September 6th, but it was a game of football, whereas Uvani wrote that it was played with an 'implement', which might well have been a squash racquet, for instance; and Bill played a lot of squash in those days.

When I recall the times when Ronald and Bill were far away from me, I see myself as having been so often beset by sudden fears for their safety. It is true that I was kept happy during those long periods -- sometimes many months' long in the case of Ronald -- when I was without news from my boys; but, none the less, at times I suffered torments of suspense, imagining all sorts of disasters. Always, when this happened,



I heard about them immediately, and then the terror would pass and I could be happy again.

One day this dread feeling came over me when Frank was telling me about Ronald. I was sure the place he was describing was infested with poisonous snakes, and that Ronald was in danger. As you will see in the next picture, Frank reassured me; but on Ronald's return home, when he read what had been written, he quietly remarked: "That was the day on which I was bitten by the Russell's Viper." When he said this, again my heart seemed to stand still, wondering how I had come to be told wrongly. There must have been a veil over Frank's eyes, for when I asked him about it he simply said that he could see nothing wrong, and no snakes; only that Ron was there and that he was being kept safe.

September 13th, 1933. 12.20 p.m.

Frank.

"Ron is well. He is quite sound and safe, but having a very hard time. He is going through very wretched country where they have all sorts of difficulties. He is sometimes struggling for hours to do one small march."

I asked: "How long will that sort of thing continue?"

"Not very much longer. They are making headway. The country just where they are now is very thickly wooded."

"Is it full of dangers?"

"None that will affect him or the other man. I can see, though, that they sometimes have to wade knee-deep."

"In what?"

"Undergrowth."

"I am thinking of snakes."

"There are none."

"But surely where they are, in a dense forest, there must be."

"None which will harm them. They are all right. I can see, and very shortly they will be out of this part. Then the country is much more open. He will be having an easier time."

"Are his legs well protected?"

"Yes. He has them well bound up. They all have. They are all right. Now there is a little bit for Bill."

Ronald says: "Apart from the extreme top -- near the pass we had crossed on August 27th, coming out of Tibet into Burma -- the whole of the valley was thickly forested, with high, steep sides, and dense undergrowth. The path was very bad at the top, but it became better and wider as we went down, and before long we came to large clearings for cultivation near the few villages, and these opened up the place a lot. B.C., Pinzho (our cook) and I were all wearing long trousers and boots. Frank is wrong, though, in stating that there were no snakes about. There were plenty, and on this very day I was bitten on the hand by a viper. Rapid treatment with a knife and a couple of tourniquets did the trick, however, and, apart from ten days with a very swollen hand and arm, and some discomfort, I was none the worse."

On September 20th, Uvani wrote:

"Madame, Uvani is here. You had some thought?"

"Only this: I suddenly wondered what you would talk to me about, and whether you ever wonder what it will be."

"No more than the stream taking its course, talking as it goes. Always do I know that as we begin so does the thought come, and that thought leads on to another. I think we will first have a picture."

There was a short interval while I brought Ronald's book, and then Uvani went on to give me what he saw.

September 20th, 1933. 11.20 a.m. Uvani.

"I have a very vivid, very clear picture. I see the boy Ronald. It is, I think, caught at the same time as this of yours, yet, as you know (time being a great difficulty) it may be slightly varied. He has been marching these many miles. He was traversing the hilly places where many difficulties lay in his path, these taking the steady head, the courage to negotiate. I, however, see him now in such a perfect setting. Madame, would I could make you see your boy with my eyes; yet will I, to the best of my ability, paint this that I see.

"Picture to yourself your loved boy. He is beside a small and crystal



lake -- so beautiful is it. It lies like a sapphire, fringed with growing plants. There are trees mirrored in its depths, and all around are bright flowers. The sun has not yet sunk to rest, and there is, in the heavens, the gorgeous colouring which is seen only in the eastern sky. It is very beautiful. The boy, making part of this picture, accords well. He is in appearance tattered, and his clothes very shabby, yet does the wildness of the scene accord, his followers being part also of the whole. He sits, your boy, resting from the toil. He never spares himself. The white man, his companion, is approaching."

"Are they making camp where they are?"

"I see tents which have been erected. I think this betokens a lingering. Now so clearly do I feel the innate well-being of your boy. Have no care, remembering all goes well."

Ronald writes: "I reached Nogmung, three marches short of Fort Hertz, on September 19th, and this picture, which is certainly of Nogmung, could refer either to the 20th -- when B.C. rejoined me, after staying behind at the last camp to take film shots -- the 21st, or the 22nd. Nogmung is a small and attractive village, towards the back of a semicircular clearing on the river bank. Except for this clearing, both banks were covered with trees and bushes, many of them in flower; and, because of these and a bend a little way up, we could only see a short stretch of the water, without a ripple and as clear as crystal. 'Our' stretch of river did, in fact, look just like a small lake, as B.C. and I remarked, peaceful and very lovely. While we were there we saw the only truly beautiful sunset we had seen till then, and were entranced; but I failed to mark the sunset down in my diary, or we should have been able to fix the date of this picture exactly.

"We were not in tents at the time, but in small huts of bamboo and thatch, a few yards from the bank. However, it does look as though Uvani's mention of tents may have been allegorical. I stayed at Nogmung until the 23rd, and B.C. for a week longer, for the sake of his film."



October 13th, 1933. 10.35 a.m. For Ronald. H.A.K.

"He has been having any amount of exercise. I see that he has returned after a long day's fishing. I can also see that he has been very fortunate."

"Has he brought some back?"

"He has got a huge fish. Two of the natives are carrying it. I know the boy is perfectly happy. He has that wonderful sense of freedom he has always longed for, and, with it, that glad feeling of having been able to get to grips with the world, putting out his strength, making use of all that has gone to give it to him."

Ronald says of this: "This is a picture of the evening of October 20th, and is therefore a week early. I had taken no fishing gear with me on this journey with Kingdon Ward; but I was lent some by my host in Fort Hertz, with whom I had been staying for the past three weeks, and, on the evening of the 20th, I caught my largest mahseer -- a monster to me! This was carried back by two Shan boatmen, hanging from a pole. It wasn't really all that huge as mahseer go (a mere 22 pounds), but it was some way to the hut where I was to spend the night, and this was much the easiest way of transporting it. Lots of exercise, certainly, this sort of fishing requiring particularly energetic work among, and over, the great boulders on the bank of the river."

The picture given by Abdul Latif for Ronald on October 23rd was a month late, but the details given coincided with his two-day march (about 50 miles) from Nogmung to Fort Hertz, on September 23rd and 24th. His picture of Billy, given fourteen minutes after he began Ronald's, was correct.

October 23rd, 1933. 11.45 a.m. For Billy. Abdul Latif

"He is standing. A letter has been handed him. He has beside him a man who is of inferior station, also a soldier. The man awaits. I see Billy giving the matter thought. He now turns quickly. He goes to a room wherein is a table, upon which are those articles requisite for writing. Sitting down, the lad quickly pens reply. He gives the missive to the man. I now see the man, saluting, has retired."



To this Billy says: "Time and everything is correct. The Mess havildar brought a note to me as I got in from parade, and I hurriedly sat down and answered it. Very good!"

On October 29th, at the end of a short picture for Ronald, Abdul Latif wrote: "I was present when your lord, in his tender way, told you that we, who have so many times inscribed, could never relate to you those dangers, those grave perils through which the boy went; nor when the young boy journeyed. Our pencil would have faltered, for we could not give bruises to that so loving heart. I do wish to tell you that, notwithstanding those perils about which we kept silence, your sons are guarded. This you already know. They have been cared for; they have been given confidence and strength; and our little pictures" -- there was a cessation of writing for a few seconds, and then he went on -- "have kept you happy and at rest. Also, in the seeing we observed truth. At times it may be the vision went awry. Sometimes the focus is dim."

## Chapter VII

One day in the autumn of 1933, Abdul Latif wrote:

"Madame -- Abdul Latif. Greetings. I am come after absence of days. Very pleased am I for having opportunity again to assume control.

"You have been approached seriously by your constant control, Uvani, dear friend to you and yours, saying it were well you no longer kept hidden the knowledge which you have. This I, Abdul Latif, say also. Without doubt can you, in the mediumship that has been vouchsafed to you, hear those things which we bring you from far regions. Through the love you have for the sons you have borne can we, who are attached to you, bring you tidings. There is also undisputed fact that we clearly commune, we who are allowed the privilege of writing through your hand.

"Now you will say: 'But why does Abdul Latif also desire to say this that Uvani has already said?' For this reason do I speak: there is the sure statement of facts that have been proved done through you. This should not be hidden. You have proof that no mortal perceived those things who could, at that same moment, have given you word concerning them.

"I, too, think with Uvani. Let those with wisdom, discretion, discernment, know what does transpire. There is no need for aimless chatter; but you are able easily to commune with us who are in other planes. This is unusual, for we, when you are fully conscious, have no difficulty in giving you much that comes from our inner depths. We talk. We bring verification of what has been said, through others. I say these things, knowing well that you are doubtful; but if, through you, we can make an extra mark, this you will permit?

"Will you that, before leaving, I give you news concerning the boys? Then, Madame, will you please write in the books."

I am not giving these pictures, however, but two which came from Harry,



which are of particular interest to me.

October 31st, 1933. 10.35 a.m.

H.A.K.

"I see Ron getting a man out of a very nasty place. It is precipitous. There are narrow paths, deep ravines with hardly any foothold, just enough for one at a time. I see that in crossing a gorge, not wide but formidable, this man slipped. He was pinned in just a little way down. Fortunately, being narrow, it wasn't possible to fall through; but none the less difficult for him to get out. Ron lay down flat and tugged him out somehow."

"Was the man hurt?"

"He seems very shaken and is lying still. Now he is moving, and I think is perfectly sound."

"How much room is there just there? Can you see?"

"Not much. It is wider than in most of the path. They still have some considerable distance to go over this sort of country. Ron is quite untroubled by heights or by depths. I can feel the sense of security."

Ronald says: "This incident took place on either the 5th or 6th of September, I can't remember which. We had crossed over from Tibet on August 27th, and were now making our way down a narrow, steep and rocky valley in Upper Burma. What is described as a 'gorge' was really more of a crevasse, fifteen feet wide, with a torrent rushing down it some ten feet below. It was crossed by a single log, with a very flimsy handrail, and at this time of year (the monsoon) the log was permanently wet. One of the coolies, having crossed, put down his burden and hurried back, with the praiseworthy object of helping a friend with an awkward load. He slipped off the log in his haste, and fell between two rocks, five or six feet down. I pulled him out. He was only winded. A very good picture."

Here is the one which came directly afterwards, for Bill:

October 31st, 1933. 11.04 a.m.

H.A.K.

"The picture is equally clear about Bill. He has with him a batch of others. I see him shooting. The others are doing the same. There are also".....(Just then there was a long interruption, when a servant

came in on some errand; but, as usual, the writing went straight on as soon as I put my pencil on the paper again.)....."men standing by. I can very plainly distinguish Bill because he is now getting up rather excitedly. He has evidently made a good score. He is holding the score and laughing. The other men are looking over his shoulder and patting him on the back. And so am I!"

Harry had been a very good shot in his lifetime, and I said: "I think he must have thought of you."

"I know. He very often does think of me. I get it so plainly. It is exactly as I told you -- as on earth, when busy in my study, yet being able to turn away from my work, take an interest in my three, and then return to what I was doing. At any time I am with you. The same thing applies to them. Tell Bill I see him and am very proud of him. He is doing well."

Bill remarks: "Yes, this is correct. We were shooting on a miniature range that morning, out of doors. I can remember the incident well, almost as it is described, except that the target was a big landscape one, and we had to walk up to it to discover exactly where our shots had gone."

As soon as my husband stopped writing, Uvani came, and, in the course of conversation, he said:

"I think those pictures which are given by your lord will be found correct, I also having seen."

"The same things as described?"

"The same. I stood striving to see. The same incidents were apparent to me. When recording please note, that we may properly observe all that goes to the making of earnest vision."

"Can you usually tell?"

"Not always. I have said to you on occasion: 'I think this picture will be found correct'; then, on hearing from the young boy, will it be found imperfect. The flaws are many, yet are you kept within the pathway



of these sons. The little pictures have kept you close, always serving to show some insight into their daily lives. I like such work. It is so sweet and gracious. We all rejoice when the tidings are received that the clearness of our vision has not been obstructed; that that which was seen was true."

What interests me so much about these two pictures is that Uvani also saw them, exactly as Harry did, and felt that they were accurate. So they were, in detail (there was a small error in Bill's); but, while one of them was correct to the day, the other was almost two months late. Time seems more and more inexplicable.

November 5th, 1933. 11.38 a.m.

Uvani.

"Ronald is journeying. He has still some distance to go. He is in a boat."

"By himself?"

"There are five others. They are on a wide river. I see that they desire to cross, therefore have they been taken. I see Ronald is looking very well. I also see he carries some packages which he deals with most carefully. He is next to a white man. There are, besides him, three natives; but the coolies, laden, are not with them. They are proceeding by separate routes. Another point which I can see about Ronald is that he has with him a dog. This sits beside him. It may be one that he has befriended. I will tell you something more."

"About Ronald?"

"Yes. He has put on, with his outer garb, some white stuff which hangs at the back of his neck, this being a thin substance which will protect him."

From Ronald: "We left Fort Hertz on October 28th. This picture is of the 29th, and is therefore six days late. B.C., myself, our Sherpa servant (who had been with us from the start of the journey), and two Shan boatmen went down the river in a dug-out canoe for about three quarters of a mile. Not a long trip, but it saved us about three miles of path, and B.C. was

still recovering from a severe bout of malaria. The dog belonged to one of the Shans.

"When Uvani says there were five others in the boat, this is obviously a slip, as, lower down in the paragraph, he makes it quite clear that there were five in all. An excellent picture, apart from the discrepancy in time, and the fact that I cannot recall ever having worn anything on the nape of my neck."

Billy's picture followed immediately.

November 5th, 1933. 11.45 a.m.

Uvani.

"Billy is not, as I see him, with his fellows. He is reposing."

"In what way, Uvani?"

"He has thrown himself across his bed, divested himself of most of his garments, and there he lies. He has with him a book."

I felt a little anxious and asked: "Is he all right?"

"There is nothing wrong, the heat having inclined him to drowse. I think the Western man takes few moments of repose."

"I suppose they do. You mean they have so little time in which to think?"

"Very little. They violently exercise, which is good; but repose of thought is also good. I speak though as one who has learnt much since my life on earth came to its end."

"Do you say this because you are now wondering where your own thoughts on earth led you?"

"Yes. I spoke as I did. Then came to me the wonder, and the trend of my thoughts went thus: 'To what purpose did you meditate when you too lived?' I am unable truthfully to say the purpose was to any benefit, for my thoughts idly wandered, some here, some there, glancing upon the inner recesses of my mind lightly. I think such thoughts were but of small value. None the less, the man who is born in the West lives too much the strenuous life. He would be better could he take what comes less hurriedly, for the beauty of such surroundings as lie around him are thus very often



lost. In this respect can I look back -- seeing the delights of those things viewed -- with reflective eyes: the glories of the colouring, the sun rising, the set of the sun, the flight of a bird, even the butterfly who danced. How sweet the remembrance! But we Arabs sat and gazed, so drinking nectar deep into our souls. These things were good.

"Now once more to give you concerning the young boy. He speaks now unto his servitor. This man has entered. Billy bids him find the raiment which he will shortly wear. Now we write no more in the young boy's book."

Billy sent his comments on this and several other pictures with his letter from Bombay, written on November 24th. At the time the picture was written, however, he was in Central India, at Pachmari, where he had been for a little time, attending a course at the Small Arms School.

He says: "On Saturday night -- November 4th -- I had driven over to Nagpur to visit some people. We had a very weary drive, not starting till after a late parade at 7 p.m., sticking in a river en route, and finally getting in at two or so in the morning. So, on Sunday the 5th, I was fairly tired, as you can imagine, and, after lunching out, took the opportunity of getting some well-earned sleep. The whole thing is correct."

I am putting in this next picture because of what Ronald said in his book "Tibetan Trek", when he remarked that, in one of the letters he received when he reached Myitkyina, I had asked him if he had killed a large snake. This was the reason for my question:

November 7th, 1933. 11.20 a.m.

Uvani.

"I have perceived Ronald, who is now very occupied. They have been going through very jungly country. In the undergrowth was there seen a large serpent. I saw Ronald's men start aside, terrified. The boy, coming forward with the utmost calm, struck one sharp blow, thus breaking its neck. Then, with the same serenity, did he say: 'We will take the skin'. He, having much knowledge of the correct method, then proceeded to do this work, the while those with him watched. I now see the skin carried by a

man, who lets it with freedom be exposed to the sun.

"At present they are again marching. I must tell you that the boy was greatly refreshed by the cessation from toil. He is much healed. There were bites, scratches, sores, of which he took but little notice. Now, with attention, he travels with more comfort. I do indeed rejoice that this son is well."

Ronald says: "This is rather mixed up, but founded on fact. I did not kill a large snake myself at any time on this journey; but, on November 7th, several Kachins came in with a big, fresh python skin. I asked how they had killed the snake, and was told they had struck it on the neck with a spear, being shown the hole. I would have bought the skin from them gladly, for the Museum, but unfortunately they had cut it down the back, instead of along the stomach, making it quite valueless. I improved the occasion by giving them a lecture on how to skin snakes properly in future; but they were discouraged by not making a sale, and I doubt if they took in my words of wisdom.

"We had just halted for a week at a camping ground one march back, as B.C. had fallen sick again, and needed a rest. The stop did me a lot of good too, as I had a big, septic sore on my heel when I arrived there. Bites and scratches, too, needless to say."

November 10th, 1933. 11.45 a.m.

Uvani.

"Madame -- Uvani; and it is pleasant to feel the strings so sweetly in tune. The way is clear; therefore, while we are together, I have the small visions to record.

"Ronald is now just arriving at the end of his journey. He has with him seven. These I have been regarding, seeing the man with whom he has made the complete journey. I mean the white man, He is beside Ronald. I perceive that he has been unable to march with ease. He has, therefore, been taken as far as possible by conveyance. I must, however, give you some sign. He journeyed in a very large sort of car, which carried many. The goods which were needed were placed therein, also the bearers thereof.



Thus was fatigue avoided. The car was driven by a native, his aspect villainous, seeing that his countenance was much disfigured; he having had, in his time, the scourge."

I asked: "What is that?"

"A dread disease also known to you, but by another name, although you would not be likely to come its way, seeing that the illness is rare. Also did this native seek to bind the boy Ronald to overmuch payment, the boy refusing. He has the correct way in which to handle men."

"Uvani, please tell me how he seems."

"He is very fine to look at, his body slim, strong, pliant. Also in his health he is well. Rest happily."

About this, Ronald says: "Another picture which is rather muddled. On November 12th we reached Sumprabum, a small outpost at the end of the unmetalled (i.e. dry weather only) motor road to Myitkyina, 134 miles to the south. B.C., who was still weak from that bad attack of malaria, and unable to walk far, had covered the last seven marches on a pony.

"I had hoped to have been able to get a light lorry to carry us en masse to Myitkyina; but this proved impossible, as the road was still too bad after the monsoon rains, and the many bridges needed repair. They would, in fact, take nothing heavier than a touring car, and that only with careful driving; but there was an aged Chevrolet, ready and willing to be the first car to travel the road since the previous spring. Unhappily there was only room in it for one passenger, with a box and bedding; and, since B.C. did not want to be parted from his film cases, I left first, on November 13th. I don't know what or when Uvani was referring to, when he says I had seven people with me; but in the car, besides myself and the driver, there was only a mechanic, plus tools, shovels, ropes etc., taken along in case of breakdown, and as extra strength when we stuck in the mud, which we did several times. The mechanic, but not the driver, was indeed no beauty, and was badly marked with smallpox. When we reached Myitkyina, after fourteen hours on the road, I tipped both men well; but the mechanic demanded more, and I refused. Uvani is wrong in saying that I was well at

this time, for I was stricken with a sharp go of malaria shortly after leaving Sumprabum, which lasted for three days. The bulk of this picture is three days early."

November 21st, 1933. 11.17 a.m.

Uvani.

"Now we see what the boy Billy does. He has first been busy with military concerns, many things having been attended to by him. He is, as I see him, in the attire which is worn in the East. Yes, he has been on duty. Even now he rises to go forth, for there is more he must do. He has been sitting apart with papers, writing, looking within closed books. Now he rises quickly.

"I saw him stop and, having omitted to place upon himself the belt, return; whereupon he seized it and withdrew. There is to be some gala -- he is going shortly to prepare for this -- but not one to which the presence of women is permitted. This will be but for men."

Then Uvani broke off to say: "I know you have something to ask."

"Yes, it is this: in your lifetime did you ever really talk to women?"

"No, Madame. As you asked me, I saw, and this is what I saw: myself, simply speaking as you would, did you talk to those devoid of understanding. I pleased them, saying words which had sweet meanings and which came readily to me; but for talk -- what Arab would ever talk with women as he talks with men? To him are women playthings -- when beautiful."

"And when no longer beautiful?"

"Then is their lot sad. They are little desired. Sometimes, when they have strength, they have considerable power, more especially towards their sons. They give a certain amount of honour unto her who bore them. But, for the others, no woman is happy. Now, we do not write longer."

From Bill: "This would have been on Monday, November 20th, so Uvani is a day late. It was, as he says, a busy day. The Regiment was due to leave India for the Sudan in only ten days time, and there was still a great deal to do. Uvani saw me at the moment when I was about to change into mess kit preparatory to attending a farewell evening party for the



officers and men, which was being given by the Khan Bahadur, our Indian Regimental Contractor, a most imposing and wealthy character, who had been responsible during our years there for all regimental supply. In return, he rewarded us with a splendid evening."

November 26th, 1933. 10.50 a.m. For Ronald.

Abdul Latif.

"Now, with regard to the one who has been traversing such wild regions, he is well. I state this: he has been having minor afflictions, but nought that is not responding unto treatment. Therefore always be easy. He is within a train. How much have we given you which contains those words, for your boys have done much journeying in these conveyances! More so the young boy, the elder son being in remote places.

"I see now he has been made very comfortable. There are many articles which are placed in this compartment. He is lying full-length. He is, as I see him, fast asleep. In the compartment is one other. He is also sleeping. The day is sultry, and it is good to rest.

"The boy has had acclamation showered upon him. He goes now to the young brother, and their pleasure will be very great. I want you to say unto Ronald this: Abdul Latif desires that he be careful about his leg."

"What is wrong?"

"He had poison, which took its time. I know that this is now infinitely better. Should, however, any trouble arise, let him quickly poultice. He would do well to observe."

Ronald says: "This is a week late, and refers to the three-day train journey from Myitkyina to Rangoon, on my way to meet Bill in Bombay, while B.C. stayed on for a while to take more film. I was very comfortable in the large, two-berth compartment, with all my personal baggage and bedding-roll, and superbly looked after by my (temporary) Kachin servant. As far as Mandalay I was alone, but from then on I had another man with me, also with baggage and bedding-roll, so there were indeed many articles in the compartment. We both slept in the heat of the day; there wasn't much else to do.

"As regards my leg -- for six months I had had a large open sore, almost the whole length of my right shin, due to septic leech bites. This had recently healed, but the young skin over it was still very thin and fragile, almost like tissue paper."

This same morning, after Bill's picture (which I am not including), there came a complete cessation of writing, and I asked: "Are you waiting for me to speak, Abdul Latif?"

"Yes. I noticed a question rising uppermost, then being quenched. I await."

"I thought perhaps that what I was going to say was too obvious. It was that your life was much more flexible than Uvani's, that you had such a diversity of interests."

"I followed such inclinations as came my way. They were many. I had a varied existence, this accounting for the deep interest I still take in all that occurs in this earth world of yours. I left long before I had done what I had hoped to do. I suppose it were strange that I say this, but so often could I wish I had followed those desires, seeing what I could of the further portions, even as has done the lad. I find that interest still remains. It may be the thrill, the danger that is attached. I have with the utmost interest followed your boys."

"Madame, I am very pleased to have had this small talk."

November 28th, 1933. 10.45 a.m. For Ronald. H.A.K.

"I was with Ron, and suddenly Bill appeared. There were great rejoicings. I saw Bill moved to real excitement. I saw, too, that both boys are very well, and that Ron is doing splendidly, Bill too."

Ronald says: "I met Bill in Bombay this day, both very pleased to see each other."

Bill's picture followed immediately.

November 28th, 1933. 10.55 a.m. H.A.K.

"Actually what I have written applies to both boys. I have, however, something definite to say about Bill. I saw him when he awoke this



morning. His mind at once flew to Ron's expected arrival. He hurried through his dressing. Then he went along to see whether everything had been prepared."

"For Ron?"

"Yes. He had a look at a room. Then he sent for his bearer, telling him to do something else. I was near him, knowing very well just what they were both (Ron and Bill) feeling. Then, when Billy had breakfasted, he rushed straight off."

"Where to?"

"To the station. He had some time to wait. Then in came the train with Ron."

From Bill: "This is magnificent. We were in Bombay. The date and everything else is correct, except that I was prevented at the last moment from going myself to meet Ron off the train at the station, and had to send Burkhat Khan, my bearer, to deputise for me, while I hastened to the docks to sort out a muddle. I was baggage officer for the move to the Sudan, and the regiment was due to embark in 48 hours, so time was short, and duty had to displace pleasure. When finally I returned to my bungalow in barracks, Ron had already arrived, bringing with him our old boyhood friend Tom Foulkes, of the Royal Engineers."

November 29th, 1933. 11.40 a.m.

Uvani.

"This is what is seen -- Ronald with his brother. He drives with him. They are not within a vehicle driven by the young boy. They sit together, the one who drives being alone. They are ensconced in the seat which is behind. I see them pausing. There is a large building. They get out, and, after speaking to him who drives, they go within.

"Now I quite plainly see them approach a man who has dark visage, very stout, and whose station is humble, but not dressed as are the servitors. They question him. He listens, then, talking volubly, escorts them. I see they are in a vast emporium where barter goes on. They are now standing in front of a long counter which has many bottles upon it. These, seemingly, are filled with coloured lotions; very pleasing are they.

I would also say that there are small packets neatly tied, many articles placed together, all attractive to the eye. And the elder boy has some purchase that must be made. He does not, however, linger, for seemingly there is much that must be done. Therefore he quickly describes that which he desires. He and the young brother hastily take the wrapped goods and depart.

"I now see that they meet a friend. He stops and exclaims joyfully, seemingly well content. And Billy says (for this I most clearly hear): 'Well met, old man! This is my brother.' He (the one who has greeted them) with great friendliness gives Ronald his hand and proceeds to make much converse, all the time going with them as they walk. They linger not, and I well perceive that time cannot be squandered. They part.

I now see the two lads once more within the vehicle, which goes beside a pathway whence the blue sea lies just beside. Very fair is the vista. Then again can I see the boys stop. This time the abode, before which they have come to a standstill, is not of large size. It is a dwelling -- there is no height -- long, with many adjoining rooms.

"They go in, and wave gaily their hands to one who sees them, calling out salutations. As they enter, I see many men. They are undoubtedly among soldiery. I again see the boys. Now they are in a room which is luxurious. There are many chairs, very soft and much wrapped in fine coverings; sundry tables; all manner of things are here seen by me which are conducive to great comfort. Here, Madame, are things greatly changed. In my day were such luxuries unknown. We had soft couches at times, but the life we led as soldiers was hard. The boy Billy, however, having been accustomed to such things from his extreme youth, pays no heed. To the elder boy all luxury at present seems strange, he having endured life at its hardest.

"You have seen this picture is written equally around the two boys."

Ronald writes: "This refers to November 28th, and is thus one day late. It is extremely good on the whole, though a little muddled here and there. It was not Bill I was out with (he being on duty at the time) but Tom



Foulkes, and he and I took a taxi from the barracks in Colaba to the Army and Navy Stores in Bombay, where Tom, and not I, had to get some medical stores for his forthcoming shooting trip in East Africa. At the door we told the driver to wait, and were led to the right department by a stout and loquacious, but most obliging Indian shop-walker. We were in rather a hurry, with lunch in mind, and, as soon as Tom had bought what he needed, we started back again in the taxi to find Bill, the road running close to the very blue sea.

"The paragraph about meeting a friend is out of place. It happened just as described, but not in Bombay. It was when Bill took us over to the Mess for lunch, and introduced us to a particular friend of his.

The Mess was in a bungalow, as Uvani indicates."

December 1st, 1933. 10.25 p.m.

Uvani.

"We must quickly inscribe for the boy Billy. Madame, in your heart you have a wistful longing."

I answered: "Yes, Uvani."

"That both boys might soon be seen. The young boy will be nearer. I see within his mind. He is about to leave the shores of Ind."

Uvani waited for a second or two, and then continued: "All around there has been much tumult, much overthrown. Many such have ensued, which must inevitably occur when armies move. I have watched the young boy. He has multitudinous tasks. There has been the careful bestowing of his possessions, his raiment; then at times has he been sent forth, seeing to such duties as have come his way. I saw this: he was sent for hurriedly. One bearing his arms came unto him and, giving salutations, said: 'You are wanted, Sir.' The boy, having glanced up, seeing who it was that spoke, queried this; but, receiving satisfactory response, gave heed. I heard him give vent to strong language, such as I have ofttimes been acquainted with before."

"And when you hear it, what do you think?"

"Always do I smile. How well do I not know the hot blood, the impatience, which is the heritage of youth! Middle years bring some

patience; old age, great calm. Such is life.

"Now we write no more, save this, and, as I say this, does tenderness come with it: have no cares. I, who have told you this, can assure you that all goes well. The three, who have your heart, are in safe keeping."

Bill wrote: "This was a very busy day. Uvani has described it well. Not only were we handing over, from early that morning, to the incoming battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, but we had to parade at 3.15 p.m. to march to the ship to embark, Slasher Doyle and I carrying the colours. Finally, I was on baggage duty continuously until 8.15 p.m., when I managed at last to get some rest. I seemed to have been on call all day, and most probably I did indulge in strong language at times. Uvani often seems to catch me at such moments! We sailed for Port Sudan the next morning."

Ronald had spent two nights and the best part of three days with his brother, before sailing for home in the "City of Simla", and on December 5th Uvani gave an excellent picture of his doings on board; but it is a very long picture, and I will only give that which came for Billy.

December 5th, 1933. 10.45 a.m.

Uvani.

"It is remarkable how the footsteps of these boys do so continually run parallel. There again we have the large vessel making steady progress, and again, amongst the throng of those conveyed therein, are my eyes attracted by the young boy.

"These are his doings, different in some respects unto those performed by his brother. There are still the doings which make for life among soldiery, the ship showing signs that it is given over to men who are trained for warfare; therefore it is essential much discipline be observed. The boy Billy is one who has been appointed over them to make supervision. I saw him, in his soldier dress, going below and closely examining into all that these men do. I see he keenly takes note. He is born to lead, this boy.

"Now again do I perceive him having recreation. He is together with four, and they talk, with much laughter interspersing. There are many



people. Much more crowded this vessel than the other. Billy is pleased that he is again knowing change."

From Bill: "Yes, the troopship was crowded, and of course run on strict military discipline, with daily parades and inspections. I was with D Company, and in command of one of the troop decks, responsible for its behaviour and general cleanliness. In the evenings our pipers would play, and there would be dancing; but I mostly amused myself at such times playing poker with three or four brother officers. I think this is what Uvani saw."

December 10th, 1933. 11.45 a.m.

Frank.

"I want to get Ron's time right. This is what he is doing. With a very short girl he is leaning over the side of the boat. They are watching the shores."

I said: "Then they are in the Canal?"

"They have land on either side" -- Frank paused for a moment -- "and it is a familiar scene. Where they are looking I can see camels; there are men; and all along the banks are little things which interest them. Ron is still talking to this girl; but, as I look, there comes an interruption, and he has left her and is talking to a woman who is very much taller. She looks fair. Her hair, which I can't see very well, is certainly light. I see Ron speak to her, but he doesn't remain very long. Then I see him running down the companion-way to his cabin. He is hunting for something, and is in a hurry. The next thing I see is that a steward has come in. He joins Ron in the search, and apparently the missing article is retrieved. Ron took something from him and went up to the deck again. Now I can see him once more with the short girl. I notice that two other girls have come up to them, and they are all talking together. Ron is all right. He looks well."

Ronald says: "This is quite correct, including the date and even the hour, 11.45 a.m. in London being just after lunch in the Canal. The fair-haired woman was the mother of the three girls, of whom the youngest was

noticeably small. I ran down to my cabin to collect my field-glasses, and couldn't find them because the steward had tidied them away. He came and produced them for me."

Only one more actual picture came for Ronald -- another very long one from Uvani -- before he reached England; but I continued to be told of his progress and, on December 16th, 1933, I had him with me again. Occasionally, even after his arrival home, when he was away lecturing or with friends, I did have little pictures about him; but now, and until we come to his next expedition, I will deal only with some of those which were given for Bill.

December 13th, 1933. 12.26 a.m.

Uvani.

"Billy has reached the shores of this land in which he is for some short period to dwell. He has been sent to where there are good buildings. He is well domiciled, having rooms which are spacious, and in which he has done much already which makes them appear homelike. He has some furniture, which is thus placed: the narrow bed; then, beside a long window, there is a chest, which bears upon its surface sundry articles; there are many bottles and also pictures. Then comes a table bearing sundry other articles, and these are mainly books. Also there is a vast cupboard filled with all manner of clothes. I see two chairs. The bed, facing the window, has the door towards the right.

"There is much sunshine, blue sky. The boy is well situated. Trees are seen. There is much yellow dust, but the boy is quite happy. He likes a life containing varied interests. There are many things which are engrossing him. He has duties which take him far afield.

"I will now, with your permission, take leave."

Bill says to this: "Actually, at this time, I was still in the middle of a 24-hour train journey, bringing the regimental Rear Party from Port Sudan to Khartoum, where we arrived on the afternoon of December 14th. But Uvani has managed to see and describe the room I was to occupy in the Mess there very accurately, including my library of



military books, which I put temporarily on the table when I unpacked, and which had to stay there until I could acquire an adequate bookshelf. ~~and he knew~~

January 7th, 1934. 11.13 a.m.

Uvani.

"This is not being inscribed in the boy's recording book?"

"No, Uvani. That is finished. There will be a new one to-morrow."

"It is good. But this also is good, so no matter. The boy Billy has left the district wherein he now sojourns."

"For a little visit somewhere?"

"He has gone in the motor, that which moves swiftly, naught being apparent as to the means; he having, shortly before I wrote, bestowed himself, two others and a vast array of articles within its interior. They consisted of sundry large packages which contained food, also the wherewithal for shooting small game. Then they, making the car to move with speed, turned happily, calling salutations, for there were many standing in the portals of a large building as they went by. There was with Billy, seated near, a large youth, very plump, his face most full of cheer, his hair dark. He radiated pleasure. Then, seated, surrounded by much that encumbered, a much thinner lad, he also being full of pleasure; his mind, like the others', being filled by anticipation. Now this truly have I seen. A little picture, so slight a thing, yet seen."

Billy, writing from Khartoum on January 22nd, sent these comments:

"This is excellent. It was about 5.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, January 7th. Capt. Massy-Westropp, Slasher Doyle and I were going far off into the desert, west of the Blue Nile, to where we had found some flashes of rain water that would be attracting sand-grouse in to drink around dawn. We had set off in my ancient T-model Ford, and the large building might be either the Mess or the Grand Hotel, some distance off, where we stopped to change into a more reliable car for the desert stretch.

"The 'large youth' was Pop Massy-Westropp, who is certainly plumpish; but it's amusing to see him described like this. The other, sitting in

the back, was Slasher Doyle, very thin and literally overwhelmed with gun-cases, cartridge bags and so on. An excellent picture. I enclose a snapshot of my two companions taken in the desert later that day, with our pile of sand-grouse, about forty in all, in front of Slasher."

There was certainly nothing telepathic in the next incident I give, for as soon as I heard that Bill was bending over someone who was hurt I was seized with a fear that he might have run over a man while motoring, and this fear continued until I was reassured that such was not the case.

January 19th, 1934. 10.30 a.m.

Frank.

"I am going to give a picture, so let's have Bill's book. This is what I have just seen, a somewhat unusual sight. Bill, and around him are a number of natives. This seems to be taking place: I see Bill bending over a man who appears to have been hurt. He is lying very still. Now don't let yourself feel in any way anxious. I know that what has happened had nothing to do with Billy. He suddenly came upon it -- a man lying down had evidently been injured. He is a white man. I see Billy looking up from what he is doing. He has called to two natives. They have rushed away. He has taken off his coat and placed it under the man's head. Now I see him bathing the man's head. There is blood upon it."

A long pause came, and I asked: "Can you go on?"

"Yes. I can't see any sign of life in the man, but he is not dead. He must have concussion. There are several more white men. They have lifted the man up and have carried him away.

"And now Billy is doing this: he has wiped his hands with a wet handkerchief. He has started to walk and is going as hard as he can run to some building. I think it is a hospital. Now remember all this had nothing to do with Billy. He was walking by himself."

Bill wrote as follows from Khartoum on January 31st, saying that this event was seen twelve days early:

"There was a game of Rugby football on to-day, and I, not being able to play on account of my damaged knee, went down to watch. Towards the



end of the game their wing three-quarter got away, and, just as our full back (Corporal G.) was about to tackle him, he leapt in the air and caught G. on the top of his head with his boot, tearing open his scalp. G. was knocked unconscious, and his head poured blood. The game was stopped. One of the players dashed across for handkerchiefs to bind up the wound, and then I escorted G. (who by this time had recovered a trifle) to my car, and took him round to the barracks for first aid, and then along to the hospital for stitches. It was two soldiers, not natives, whom I sent for his things, and I didn't put my coat under his head, though this may have been done with someone else's before I came on the scene. I bathed his head later, in barracks, before going on to the hospital. There was a large number of natives about."

February 12th, 1934. 10.19 p.m.

Abdul Latif.

"At present, the hour with the young boy being late, he lies asleep; yet ere sleep overtook him did I see him. Early during the day was the picture observed.

"He was occupied within the room which -- being given over to soldiery -- is constantly filled with the members of this army of men. Sitting at a table was one. He had authority over the entire company. He saw first one; then, that man having been dismissed, another took his place; many in their turn, all having that which caused conversation to be forthcoming. Billy was one of those present. He had men concerning whom he had written word. This he read aloud. Then was due consideration given, after which the boy, seating himself, wrote more. All this happened. Is it clearly described? Tell the lad, asking for his interpretation. To Abdul Latif did it appear to be a conference at which grave issues were impending.

"After that it was finished I again had a glimpse of Billy wending his way, walking beside a man tall and slender. They were talking. Billy was going in the car which he drives so often, but was not seen in it by me."

From Bill: "This sounds very much like the Commanding Officer's Orderly Room, trying offenders. I had a case on that morning, which

came before the C.O. A sentry of mine had been found asleep at his post, and I had to give evidence of how I found him, etc. This I had written down.

"I don't remember the tall man. I don't recognize him as one of our officers, and I don't think that I sat down and wrote while I was with the C.O."

February 28th, 1934. 11 a.m. For Bill. Uvani.

"First let me tell you, in brief utterance. The boy, who for the space of some days journeyed across the desert, did these things. Taking with him a large body of men were they continuously moving, marching through wide tracts, reaching the fertile places where good camping grounds were found, water being there in abundance, also shade. They had many ways to traverse which were of rough going, some difficulties to surmount; but the journey was expeditiously performed. The boy, knowing how to lead, did his duties well. Now for the clear picture.

"The boy is within his own chamber. He is writing, and, by him, are two lads. They wait, but are impatient, saying unto him it were well he hastened, seeing time is indeed precious. Billy, unmoved, continues. He shows no perturbation. With calm he pursues his avocation. They stand; then, saying they will depart, leave. For one moment he ponders, then, going to a large chest, he opens a drawer. He looks for some time within. He then extracts an article, which is of apparel. He places this upon him, then, regarding himself in a mirror, he hurriedly goes forth. I see him in swift movement. He pursues the two friends. They are again together and are entering the car."

Bill says in his letter of March 15th: "From Monday 19th Feb. I was away with my platoon on trek up the Nile to Shabluca Gorge, and only returned on Tuesday 27th. We travelled on foot, with camels carrying the baggage, such as it was, and we generally followed the line of the Nile, with its half mile wide strip of cultivation stretching back into the desert on either side, and occasional villages. But we also took short



cuts of some miles across the big bends, and then we were on desert.

Uvani has described it pretty well.

"Wednesday 28th was my first day home, and I had much to do catching up with mail, writing my report, and so on. But some brother officers and I had been invited out to tennis that afternoon, and they were impatient to get going. A good picture."

At that time Uvani wrote: There is a great interest in this method, that I can communicate direct, that the contact made is so complete. With all others must I have an intermediary. With you as medium can my thoughts swiftly reach their goal."

I said: "But some thoughts are impossible to get through me."

"How to explain? Madame, as it is in your world so is it here. There are barriers (is it not so?), many things remaining unsaid, in that the barriers cannot be surmounted. There are far fewer with the bringing of our thoughts to you, yet much from this sphere cannot be transcribed in earth terms."

"I meant, Uvani, that sometimes, when you would like to give me news from other people in your sphere for those belonging to them who are still on earth, it is difficult, isn't it?"

"Yes. For the world are there instruments more fitted for this purpose than are you. For yourself, you have been given a delicate gift. With a vibrant instrument such as yourself, fully conscious while in close touch with this plane, the emotions of those who come are surging uppermost. Thus do you hear much of what lies within the soul of him who speaks; but, save in the case of yourself, your boys, is the same evidence not given. I would we could combine all within the one person, but this cannot be."

## Chapter VIII

It was 1934. Bill's regiment was now in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and he was due for some leave, which he had decided to use travelling across the still partly unexplored South Libyan Desert between the Sudan and the Tibesti Mountains, in what was then called French Equatorial Africa. He planned to avoid the great heat by setting off in April from Kuttum, in north-west Darfur province, taking with him a Sudanese servant, four Sudanese camelmen and eight camels; and I knew that once he had left the Sudan it was most unlikely that he would be able to send me anything more than the scantiest news until his return weeks later.

Planning for the expedition took him all the previous winter. The officials of the Sudanese Government were helpful with permits and advice; the officers of the Camel Corps at El Obeid helped him on his way to Darfur; and there the District Commissioner, Mr. Moore, and his assistant, Wilfrid Thesiger (who was later to make an international name for himself as an explorer) were invaluable in selecting camels and trustworthy camelmen to form Bill's "hamla". Only the French authorities in Cairo were hesitant. Much of Bill's projected route lay across little visited country, ominously labelled either "Régions plates et sablonneuses sans eau ni pâturages permanentes à chameaux", or simply "Terrain inconnu", and the bureaucrats were clearly out to avoid possible trouble. Finally, however, reluctant permission was given and a visa was issued, carefully terminating with the warning "...à ses risques et périls", which they no doubt hoped would exonerate them in case of disaster.

Bill left Khartoum for El Obeid on April 1st, 1934, and thence travelled for three days by Camel Corps lorry across the sands -- there were no roads at that time -- to El Fasher, the capital of Darfur; and finally on to the north-west border hamlet of Kuttum, where for some time past Wilfred Thesiger had kindly been collecting his camels and men



together. From Kuttum Bill headed north-west out into the desert with his servant, four camelmen and eight camels, on a journey which lasted seven weeks and covered more than one thousand miles of desert towards Tibesti and then south to Abesher, in French Equatorial Africa. At Abesher he paid off his camels and returned to El Obeid, a distance of eleven hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, in the company of two French Colonial Army officers, on top of an odoriferous lorry belonging to an itinerant Greek merchant, who happened to be going that way. Bill had been forced to turn south when nearing Tibesti, owing partly to water shortage and partly to the fear of overstaying his leave; but he completed a compass traverse of his route and discovered an extensive area of palaeolithic culture, with rock paintings of animals and hunting scenes, in the Ennedi massif, dating possibly to 5,000 B.C., hitherto unknown and unsuspected so far south in the desert.

Had it not been that I always heard about him, I should have been in a state of continual anxiety; but steadily, faithfully, news was given me in addition to the little pictures of his doings, and, although sometimes I had a terrible fear that he might be lost in the desert or unable to find water, always the fear was taken away.

April 3rd, 1934.

2.47 p.m.

Uvani.

"I am endeavouring to catch the vision of the young boy as you write. The picture comes thus: the boy sitting within an apartment with three men. Very spacious is it, but sparse in its furnishings. There is not much which makes for western comfort. I deem it, Madame, a room more used for the conduct of business. With the boy are three men all engaged in talk -- not upon one subject. I see that all manner of ideas come readily to their minds, and while talk proceeds do they have refreshments. Also they indulge in smoke.

"The boy Billy purposes this journey, and these men are in all manner of ways lending their aid. He goes well equipped. Like his brother, these journeyings give satisfaction to his heart. No son of your lord, their father, could live a life of dull repose. This, being a woman who

was born to be a mother of true men, you will understand; and your reward, Madame, is great, for they have much love for you, therefore are you indeed united.

"Billy is quite sure of his going, calm, resolute. We will do well, and in his going be protected. I have said."

Bill says to this: "This is a good picture. I was in El Obeid on April 3rd, and that evening dined at the Camel Corps Officers' Mess. We were a long way from the comforts of civilization and the building, though large, was fairly spartan in its furnishings. Uvani seems to have seen us when I was discussing my journey with the Commanding Officer, <sup>Hugh</sup> ~~Frank~~ (Major John E.H.) Bowstead, and a couple of other officers after the meal was over, in which case he was an hour or two ahead of time."

April 8th, 1934.

4.20 p.m.

Uvani.

"Behold, I will now give you that which I see concerning the young boy. Truly do his present wanderings carry me back to my earth life -- desert winds, desert sands, the long travelling. I see before me this scene. It comes clear. Billy sitting upon a camel, as one who is well accustomed to the manner of going, so sure he is. There is, upon another camel, a man who is appointed guide. He too rides. Then, upon yet another, is a man who has charge of that which appertains to the feeding of the boy, and who is a servant. I see sundry others. There are several animals, a retinue.

"The boy is quite well, very happy. All that he does is bringing him deep satisfaction. He too derives his happiness from travelling the unbeaten track. I will give constant word. Frank said he brings a picture to-morrow; Abdul Latif and your lord the days following."

Billy says: "This is one day early. We left Kuttum at 4 p.m. on Monday 4th April, to make only a short first march to let us test for any shortcomings before we had gone too far. I had with me a guide, on his camel, whom I had engaged in Kuttum, as he said he had travelled that stretch



of desert before and could find the wells for the next few days. There was Tom, the Sudanese, who was to be my body-servant in charge of my food and other things; and, of course, my four camelmen, of whom Hussein, the leader, was usually mounted. Our practice was to march in single file, as that suited the camels; and we ourselves would most often go on foot, well wrapped up, for the three or four bitterly cold hours before dawn, mounting when the sun rose and the temperature soared into the hundreds. This seems a good picture."

April 9th, 1934.

10.52 a.m.

Frank.

"I am watching Billy now. It must seem strange, in a way, to you, but of course you too are well accustomed to this sort of thing by now. Anyway, this is what I see. A great, enormous stretch of sand everywhere, and hardly anything else to be seen but Bill and a small company of men and beasts, the latter camels. He is riding along and feeling quite cheerful. He has with him, on his right hand side, a man who, I imagine, is a guide, and he is talking to him and apparently quite interested. The remainder of the party are following behind, all animatedly talking, but at a little distance, so as not to disturb Billy. He will be quite safe and sound, so don't have any fears about him. All of us will take care of your boy."

Bill's comments are: "This picture seems correct, but insufficiently detailed to enable me to fix the date. On the 9th and 10th we were crossing flat, gravelly desert, with large patches of sand, and low hills dotted with occasional patches of camel thorn. The guide would be leading, heading for the next well, perhaps two or three days distant, and the rest of the hamla would be following in single file. I sometimes rode with the guide during daylight hours. Our marching speed averaged a little over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour for 10 to 11 hours a day, giving us a distance gained of between 30 and 40 miles a day, varying, of course, according to the terrain."

April 11th, 1934.

10.59 a.m.

Abdul Latif.

"The boy Billy also is clear. He is not moving. They are resting.

He has made a place in which he reclines with ease. There are signs of movement around him. Men are preparing a meal. The animals are at some distance from him -- a scene of peace. The place which the boy now has reached is green, therefore is it oasis -- pleasant to have come to so goodly a spot. It gives great delight, Madame, when, wearied by the sight of a continuous sea of sand, such beautiful places are found. There is great rejoicing, water tasting delicious, and rest to both body and eye. Now have no worries about your boy. It is but slight glimpses which are given, yet do you know full well that we who love you can give protection unto these, the sons you love, and you."

Billy writes: "On Wednesday April 11th we were crossing a vast, sandy plain, and would continue to do so for many hours. There was no greenery and little rest. I have a feeling that Abdul Latif must have been seeing us at the wells called Umm Burru, which we were to reach two days later. There, for the first time, we were to find thorn trees and some greenery, a very welcome change after all that dryness. Once unloaded, our camels were allowed to graze on the sparse camel thorn near the well, before being collected and dropped in a circle around us and our two fires for the night. We had no tents or shelter, but just slept on the ground, as we were. We prepared food only once a day, in the evening, after finishing the day's work; and we would be on the march again by 3 a.m. The thorn trees in the depression where the well was, and the fresh water -- our first for two days -- gave us a feeling of well-being, and Abdul Latif may have gleaned his impression of beauty from this, because the place was no story-book oasis. But all impressions of comfort are comparative."

April 14th, 1934. 12.14 p.m.

H.A.K.

"Billy is at present at a place which is quite big. There are lots of people and a number of little shops. He is sitting with about half a dozen men, and they are dressed in uniform, all talking, and with bottles and glasses beside them. Billy has all sorts of things he wants to know and which he is being given information about. I want to see what these



men are like, whether I can give you some quite clear details. There is one thing I can see which stands out. I have noticed that two of them are very old. They are, none the less, dressed in uniform, but they are decrepit and much bent. Then, one of the younger men has a deep scar on his face, which runs the entire length of his cheek. He looks fairly elderly too. The others seem quite young.

"Now let me see something more. There are palm trees and sand. I see the sun is hot. The old boy is quite well. These details are also right. I hope time is."

Billy says: "This can only be Fada, which we reached on April 23rd. A lovely oasis (the only lovely one I saw), crouched under a rocky hill, with a small blue lake, palm trees, real grass near the water, and a scatter of little reed huts, some of which served as shops. Our haven that day was the French fort, a real Beau Geste affair, garrisoned by colonial troops, with white N.C.Os and officers, some of whom were bearded and may well have appeared older than they were. But the bent and ancient ones seen by Dad are possibly the water-carriers, aged camp-followers dressed in discarded uniform jackets. I cannot recall the scar; but, as the officers and N.C.Os were all long service soldiers, it is very probable that one was marked."

April 15th, 1934. 5.36 p.m.

Uvani.

"The young boy. I see him, and begin by saying: 'Be at peace.' There is nought affecting his health. He is now once more upon the desert. Familiar is it, in its dark, velvety night, to Uvani. Almost could I find that the many years which have elapsed since my earth life finished have never been, for I view him doing what I so many times have done. He is still upon his beast. The little ~~calavade~~ <sup>cavalcade</sup> -- I see them slowly journeying, and the air seems sweet. Night has just fallen, the sun having so short a period past been high in the heavens, and the blessed cool is even now gratefully striking upon them. They will journey some distance further, they having an objective."

There came a pause, and I asked Uvani if he had finished.

"I have two little details. One, that there was slight trouble, a camel having come to disaster. It was quickly remedied, but caused delay. Two, the man who acts as guide is worthy. He seeks to shield the boy from inconvenience. I have perceived, therefore have no alarm."

Bill says: "This day, April 15th, we were still crossing open desert, many marches away from the Oasis of Fada. But that morning we had reached the wells called Furawia, where I encountered an excellent man of the Beni Zirghawi, Sinein Hussein by name, mounted on a fast camel and armed with a sword and five spears. The Beni Zirghawi are great raiders -- the Pathans of the desert. Questioned, he told me that he had lost a camel a year before, near the Ennedi, and was on his way to find it. He said he would recognize it all right, if it were there, and he agreed to join us and guide us to Fada, which lay roughly on his route. But he had come far; his camel's hump was small; it would take time to water properly; and he would follow to join us during the night. We ourselves moved off at 4.20 p.m. in the comparative cool of the evening, and camped some ten miles on to the north-west, not long after sunset. Uvani must have seen us shortly before we made camp. Sinein joined us just before dawn, and was to prove a useful addition to the hamla."

April 18th, 1934.      9.50 a.m.

H.A.K.

"I see a different sight here. A cloudless sky, very hot and seemingly no breath of wind. Billy riding along, his little party with him. He is quite happy, no sense of loneliness. All these things I can feel quite clearly. It is always like looking at a picture when I get these glimpses, but a number of emotions come to me as well. There is nothing to be seen, only desert; but somehow I feel a beauty about it, it is so fascinating in its peace. Again I get this, I think from Billy: he is so contented.

"There seems to be some place he should soon be striking, where they will find water, and where they will rest. Billy has been journeying for



some considerable time, and he is looking forward to it. He talks to a man who rides near him, and has been giving him some instructions, for I see this man give a respectful salute and go back to a man who is riding behind. I wish I could tell you so much. Anyway, I know he is well."

Bill comments: "For some days we had been crossing an arid, undulating plain, with nothing to see but hills some days' march away to the north, and occasional wild ostrich and gazelles. We reached the hills, the Ennedi massif, at noon this day, April 18th, and Sinein Hussein guided us to an ancient well of sweet water hidden in the shadow of cliffs, and invisible if one had not known where to find it. The sky was clear, the sun very hot; but there was a strong northerly wind with driving sand, which made for bad travelling, and we were glad to reach water. My diary for these days says: 'I find this solitary life most invigorating and sharpening to the senses, but there is no doubt it tends rather to bring out the primitive side than otherwise. Apart from this, the feeling of detachment it gives one from all the vanities and hypocrisies of our western life is very delightful. One gets such a bird's eye view of the whole show, and the greater part of our worries and struggles seem so pointless.' Apart from the matter of the wind, this is a good picture."

April 27th, 1934. 6.25 p.m.

Uvani.

"Shall I now give you a seeing for Billy? I have been taking notes. I think the hour is yours.

"A large fire; the darkness falling; much vast stretches of sand; no green to be seen. They are encamped, and the scene is peaceful. A line of camels lying. There are, clustered round yet another blaze, men intent on making ready that which shall stay hunger. By the other fire reclines Billy, satisfied, for he has been given already to eat. He is content, the day's work affording him satisfaction, plenty of exercise, the feeling that achievement is his, and that at close of day he has the sweetness of rest which his endeavours have won. He has beside him his gun. This he keeps ever beside him. Have no qualms, no doubts, for all moves serenely. Your

boy is safe."

Then, when writing for me a few moments later, not in Billy's book, Uvani added: "Make note that it is, we are sure, a picture which will be verified correctly, for I have felt the sight was surpassing clear. Now, having given, I leave you."

Billy's comments on this are: "This is a good description of our camp at night, but it might be at any of a score of sites. A new and perfectly correct item is Uvani noting that I had a gun with me and that I always slept with it beside me."

April 29th, 1934. 11.50 p.m.

Uvani.

"Madame, I would tell you this: the boy Billy, these few hours since, reached a green, fertile spot. Here he is resting at the time I write, cloaked in the mantle of sleep. He lies within, sheltered by a small tent. The servant lyeth near him, and, at a small distance, are stretched the remainder of the company. All is full of peace, the night is still. I see that the journey is progressing favourably and that contentment reigns. All goes well with the boy. I leave you with blessings. Uvani."

Billy remarks: "This night we were at Toukou wells, surrounded by hills with shallow caves in them, their roofs covered with palaeolithic paintings of hunting scenes. There was some greenery near the wells, and we did have a small tent with us; but I cannot remember ever having had it erected."

May 5th, 1934.

12.50 a.m.

Uvani.

"Now I have, while speaking unto you, Madame, been viewing the young boy. He does this, at the time at which I see him: he sits, and, aided by his servant, is engaged in making afresh his toilet. Very hot, very toil-worn is the boy. He has removed his soiled garments, and, gratefully having refreshed his limbs with jets of water which have been poured upon him, is now placing fresh garments upon himself. The feeling is pleasant. When he is once more dressed he purposes sleeping, the midday sun being still at its height; and he will not proceed. He is now at a green and and very lovely spot where he will remain some short period. His servant



is getting food, a light repast, and bringing it unto the boy."

There was a pause, and Uvani went on: "I am trying to see the rest of his small company. They are there, not far removed, sitting with their camels, which are tethered nearby. All is peace. I beg you to be happy."

Bill says: "This picture is ten days late. During our journeyings there was only one occasion on which (a) we came upon a site such as Uvani describes; (b) halted under the midday sun and went no further; and (c) bathed. It was a remarkable canyon deep in the Ennedi massif, called Archei, where once -- perhaps many thousands of years ago -- there must have been a very considerable body of water, judging by the successive shore-lines down the canyon walls. But now what we were looking at were the last remnants -- a series of still, clear pools, each some 40 to 50 yards long, full of delightful little fish nestling under vast boulders. Palm trees, flowering oleanders, reeds and thick foliage of all sorts covered the floor of the canyon, stretching out to the end, where a large pool of black water, full of camel droppings, showed where previous hamlas had watered their beasts. In the upper pools I even saw a diminutive crocodile, a quite remarkable sight in the midst of such a desert. I wanted to photograph it, but it shuffled nervously off into the water as I approached. We watered our camels at the lowest pool, and then drew clear water for ourselves from the upper, and bathed for the first time in weeks. Our march that morning, starting well before dawn, had brought us nearly thirty miles in scorching heat, and we had done most of it on foot, due to the broken nature of the ground through the mountains. So, when Uvani describes us as toil-worn, it's no exaggeration."

May 9th, 1934.

5.47 p.m.

Uvani.

"The young boy is still upon his way. He has been carrying out this journey across the vast desert with unabated interest, never daunted."

Uvani stopped writing, and I asked if he were looking to see what Billy was doing.

"As I spoke I did but get a general sense of his well-being, knowing

he still progressed. Now, however, see with my eyes.

"The boy is in his tent. He is reclining. A short while since he slept. Now he has awakened and there are preparations, for presently he will again commence his wanderings. All around lies the great, wide stretch of desert. When I view him I can smell the sweetness of the desert air, so vividly does it recall my life. How often have I too ridden across its great tracts! And now I can see what lies beside the boy -- a trophy, which looks like some wild beast which has been slain."

"Where, Uvani? Not beside him actually?"

"It is not far removed. I see that he has pride, in that he, with his own hands, did slay it. All this can I feel. The boy is so pleased."

Billy writes: "This must be Thursday, May 5th. We had come a long way, when, shortly after dawn, we saw a herd of Addra gazelles. I took Hussein and Mohammed, two of my camelmen, with me to try to get one. Stalking in open desert requires great cunning, and our chase was long and tiring, but finally I managed to shoot one of the large bucks, which we gutted on the spot, and then took it in turns to carry to rejoin the hamla, which had moved on a long way from where we had left it.

"When Uvani saw us we were evidently at our midday halt. We were very glad to have the meat, being short of food -- and water, too -- just then, and badly in need of anything we could get.

"The mention of the tent, once more, disturbs me. I am sure we never bothered to erect it. I might, however, have been lying in the shade of it, rolled up on the ground. It and the poles made quite a bundle; a good half camel-load."

May 15th, 1934.

9.35 p.m.

Abdul Latif.

"Your young boy, Billy, is now seated. There are others, beside the men who are employed by him, and they appear to be men whom he has come across, and to whom he offers food. I see four beside the boy. They are not of native origin, but are like himself. I see one is old in years



when compared with Billy -- well experienced. The others vary. They all appear to be very cheerful, friendly and pleasant.

"Your boy is speaking. I gather he has recounted the history of his wanderings and is now being listened to with interest. They are, I should, hasten to inform you, in a large room. It is most comfortable, well equipped, and the boy will be housed therein, given a room in which he will have a sleeping couch. This will be luxury."

"Abdul Latif, does he seem just to have arrived there?"

"To me does it seem that he has recently arrived, for there is surrounding all an air of interest, as if they were being made acquainted anew."

Bill says: "The description given here by Abdul Latif refers not to Tuesday, May 15th, but to two days earlier, Sunday the 13th, when I had just arrived back at El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, and been invited by the Governor of the province, Mr. Dupuis, to his house. It was not I who was offering food, therefore, but he. We had met, of course, several weeks earlier, when I was on my way west. With me were Haig, the Acting District Commissioner, who was an old Cambridge friend, and Capitaines Ravel and Chalmel, the two French Colonial Army officers who had joined me in the Equatorial, and who were on their way home on leave via Khartoum.

"There were thus five of us at table, as described. The older, more experienced man would be Dupuis, the Governor. A slight inaccuracy is that I was put up for the night by Haig, and not by Dupuis.

"Abdul Latif remarks that I would be sleeping on a couch, in luxury. Well he might! After weeks of lying on the bare ground it came as a pleasant change; but annoyingly the bed proved too soft after what I was now used to, and I slept badly. I believe others have experienced the same thing."

May 16th, 1934.

9.52 p.m.

Frank.

"Allie, this is what I see. The picture is very clear. There are four white men. I see Billy standing talking. He is dressed in khaki

shorts and a shirt with open front, and he has on long stockings, rolled below the knee. It is late. He seems to be on the point of setting off, as if he were just with these men for a short time. The place where he is has some buildings -- quite a number -- and there appears to be a little community there. I can see all Billy's people and his camels all ready waiting for him. He has had a meal, and is evidently going to travel at night. He is saying he wants to push on, and I see him getting various oddments in the way of food, which are being stowed away by his servant. It is perfectly clear. I see he is well and also happy. I want you to feel completely easy about him." There came a pause.

"Any more, Fanter?"

"Not any more, because I have lost the picture."

Bill's comments are: "This is Biltine, the second French Colonial Army fort at which we stopped. We got there on Saturday evening, the 5th May, and left again the following evening before dark, the only occasion on which we did so from a 'community', so the date is certain; but time has slipped, and Frank is ten days late. Apart from this he has seen well. The description of my dress is very good."

May 20th, 1934.

10.35 a.m.

Uvani.

"How does our young boy comport himself? Thus: he is now journeying."

"In what way, Uvani?"

"At present he is not seated, as has been his wont, on a camel. This is the scene: a hot sun; very much dust; most trying is the whole proceeding, for the boy is in a rough contrivance, which is being propelled by the same method as are motor vehicles which he often uses. The contrivance is not of the same luxurious design. It is roughly hewn, large, containing much. People are within it, also baggage, and there is no shade. It is of the type of carts, but useful in that it saves many miles of toil. The boy is getting now, from out a box, some garment. This he uses as a further protection, placing it upon the bench whereon he is seated. He has turned and spoken to the servitor. I see him also. There are five men."



Uvani stopped writing, and I asked: "Can you see any more?"

"He is well, and happy in his achievement. Now he comes to you. The boy's thoughts are with the homeward journey. Madame, I have no more."

Billy says: "This is a description of the Greek trader's lorry in which my two French officer friends and I travelled from Abesher to El Obeid, from May 11th to 16th inclusive. The picture is therefore at least four days late, and could be as much as ten. The lorry was piled high with merchandise of every description including, unfortunately, a number of four-gallon tins of evil-smelling cooking oil, which leaked over our kit and everything else. Counting the Greek, there were five of us, just as Uvani says. The two French officers and Tom, my servant, who was still with me, travelled mostly on top of the cargo at the back, where they could stretch out, while I usually rode in front, in the cab with the Greek, to stop him falling asleep and ditching us. We drove for six long, uncomfortable days and nights, fourteen to fifteen hours a day, baked by the sun, short of sleep, covered in dust and earnestly praying for it all to end. There were no roads in that part of Africa in those days, only camel tracks through the thorn brush and sand, into which we sank axle-deep too often for words, having each time to dismount, unload, dig and push the vehicle out of the deep drifts. How the Greek would have fared had he not had us as an unpaid working party, defeats the imagination. He'd be there still, being eaten by hyenas or lions, of which we saw a large number.

"Uvani is right when he says 'most trying is the whole proceeding'. He read my thoughts that time! I would much rather have finished the journey with my dear camels; but time had run short and, in Abesher, the Greek and his lorry had seemed a good solution. Better had we heeded the warning: 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes'. Not that the trip was a free gift. He charged us five hundred francs a head for our discomfort!"

May 22nd, 1934.

2.0 p.m.

Uvani.

"Take swiftly the small seeing. Your young boy is safe, he is well, he is happy, once more within the abode whence he made his preparations. He is back."

"Do you know when he arrived, Uvani?"

"To me does it seem that he arrived but some few hours since, for there is much commotion within the apartment. There sundry unpackings, friends who enter, and the exchange of words seems endless. The boy now sits, relating unto his young friends that which has happened, and he affords them envy. I see he purposes immediate departure."

"Absolutely immediate, Uvani?"

"To me it appears so. There is no air of repose. He will again be shortly starting on his way. He is now seen talking to a third man, who, having entered, causes all three young men to rise. This man is one who commands respect, therefore do the boys accord it. Madame, I can also see he has brought written paper. This he gives the boy Billy."

Billy's remarks are: "I had, in fact, arrived back in Khartoum on May 19th, to rejoin my Regiment, and Uvani's description of the first few hours is a good one. The Adjutant came later to hear the news and to give me a copy of an order posting me to Cyprus at the end of my leave. This was a complete surprise, and may be the paper which Uvani mentions. The days up to my departure on May 22nd were hectic with preparations, because I had never imagined, when I set off into the desert, that I would not continue to serve in the Sudan; and now I had little time in which to sell off my polo ponies and other possessions before leaving for good. Uvani seems to have caught a general picture of those days, including the urgency of 'immediate departure' on the 22nd. My train left late that morning."

May 24th, 1934.

9.45 p.m.

Uvani.

"Uvani, I wish I could have a picture of Billy."

"Will you? I strive to see. Then bring to Uvani your young boy's book. You will see what I see. He is within a train, which bears him with



extreme speed, and, before many days have come to their end, you will be reunited. He is still within the land which is familiar to Uvani."

There was a pause, and I said: "Yes, Uvani?"

"The carriage which is -- you understand, Madame -- his for the time being, is, save for one other, given over to the boy. He has much which belongs to him within. He will shortly be asleep, for the hour is late. Now you must not be anxious, nor with any apprehension, for all is well."

Bill says to this: "I left the train from Khartoum at Wadi Halfa, on the evening of May 23rd, and travelled down the Nile on a river steamer to Assouan, arriving there on the 25th to take another train to Cairo, one to Alexandria, and a boat to Genoa. The journey from Khartoum to Cairo, in those days, took all of four days and nights, including the two nights on the river steamer.

"Uvani's picture is accurate, but 24 hours early, and refers to the train journey from Assouan. We boarded the train in the late afternoon, and, as I was short of cash, I didn't take a sleeper but an ordinary compartment, into which I and a planter friend from the Gesira barricaded ourselves for the night with mountains of luggage -- not a difficult thing to do, as of course I had all my worldly possessions with me, and he had plenty too. This ensured us room to stretch out for the night."

May 26th, 1934.

4.30 p.m.

Abdul Latif.

"The boy Billy is now, with many others, alighting from the steam train. He is about to get into a large conveyance. He will journey in this to a dwelling, but within this place he will not remain long, for he is about to make further peregrination. He will be this time in a vessel -- not for long, for shortly he will again, placing himself in a steam train, draw near home.

"I see him now. He stands surrounded by natives who are talking. Wildly excited, chattering and moving rapidly, they seize upon the goods which lie around. The boy now moves, I see him enter a motor. He is seated beside two men having garments like unto his own. They are, however, advanced in years. I see too the place is large."

From Billy: "Our boat train from Cairo arrived at Alexandria at 12.30 p.m. on May 26th. The Lloyd-Triestino vessel which was to take us to Genoa was alongside the quay, due to sail at 2 p.m., so we went straight aboard. Only later, while I was unpacking, did I suddenly remember, with a pang of dismay, that my two heavy trunks had been registered through from Khartoum, and must now be awaiting me at the railway terminus in the centre of the town. I dashed ashore, and, seizing a Thomas Cook's man, explained the gravity of the situation. He, noble fellow, rallied at once, and, hailing a taxi, we raced off. After innumerable encounters with dim-witted authorities, and arguments with the Customs, we finally got the trunks released and arrived back in board with them just as the ship's siren was blowing for departure, amidst the usual hubbub of chattering, gesticulating porters, importunate sellers of filthy pictures, sightseers and gulligulli men that seems inseparable from any ship departure from Port Said or Alexandria. I think Abdul Latif has captured the confusion well."

May 26th, 1934.

9.26 p.m.

H.A.K.

"As you asked me, my mind went out to our boy. I longed to see for you. This is what happened. I saw the usual cameo. Billy was in the picture. He is in a small ship. It is smaller than the usual sort that he has been going in. It looks not much larger than a yacht. He is walking up and down the deck. There are several people near him. The boat is going along quietly. There doesn't appear to be any motion. He feels well and he is all right, cheerful and happy."

Billy says: "This must refer to the Nile steamer, which I was in from Wednesday, May 23rd, to the morning of the 25th. Dad is clearly contrasting it with the liners I was seen on in Bombay harbour and the troopship on which we sailed to Port Sudan in December. The boat was the S.R. IBIS, a stern-wheel paddle steamer of about 120 foot waterline, and crowded with passengers. There had been so many on the train at Wadi Halfa that two boats had been required to take us all. The river, which is about a mile wide on that stretch, was as calm as a mill-pond all the way to Assouan."



May 29th, 1934.

6.30 p.m.

Uvani.

"I have seen this. There is a place at which the boy Billy, having travelled many hours by rail, alighted. There were many with him, all intent on the pursuit similar to that on which he was intent. They diligently sought for those garments which had, for the purpose of travelling, been laid within receptacles, and there was infinite confusion. I saw the boy seize first on one article and then upon another which belonged to him, and, having thus extricated them, bade one who attended to carry them. This having been done did one in high authority pass sentence, saying that what was before him was of merit and might proceed. Then the boy was also permitted to accompany his belongings, and was taken to where another train awaited him. There was much talk and much noise, Madame."

"Uvani, do you think all this happened a short time ago?"

"Knowing you would be coming to talk with me, I strove to see. It seemed, Madame, to take place as I came."

"Thank you very much, Uvani. Have you finished?"

"All but a small matter, and that is that Billy had, before stepping within the train again, stopped to purchase viands."

About this, Bill remarks: "Our boat docked at Genoa early in the morning of May 30th, so, although I had certainly been travelling many hours, it had been by sea and not by rail, and Uvani is about ~~twelve~~ hours ahead of time. I disembarked and went through Customs, which Uvani describes with eloquence. I then boarded the Paris express amidst all the din, shouting and gesticulations of an Italian railway station, and found for myself one of those curious half-compartments that there used to be at the end of continental coaches, and which I was able to keep all to myself. There was a restaurant car on the train; but, while I sat waiting for the train to start, a persuasive vendor of lunch baskets came down the platform hawking his wares, and I fell to his blandishments. Luckily too, for the contents were delicious. A container of hot spaghetti in sauce, half a

hot roast chicken with potatoes and salad, bread, butter, cheese, fruit and half a bottle of good wine -- what more could one want? And all for the equivalent of two shillings, or 10p!

"Apart from that one point, this is an accurate picture."

The last letter I had had from Bill had been written from El Fasher, in the Sudan, and posted from there on April 8th, and I did not hear from him again until I got a cable, sent on May 11th, from Abesher in French Equatorial Africa, in which he said that he hoped to be home with us in England on May 30th. No more news came after that, except in pictures, and, when the appointed day arrived, I confidently expected Bill to appear, or at all events to receive a telegram; but the afternoon came and still there was no message. A dread feeling of anxiety came over me, and I was wracked with fears that he might still be somewhere in the desert, and that perhaps everything I had been hearing about him was wrong. Then, almost directly, I was made calm again, for clearly, decisively, my hand moved: it was Harry telling me not to be frightened; that all was well; and that very soon I should have Billy with me again. Immediately following that, word came from Uvani.

May 30th, 1934.

2.10 p.m.

Uvani.

"Madame, in that you have feelings of anxiety about the non-arrival of your boy, I should wish to give you every reassurance. I will again picture. Do not grow troubled. I can tell you somewhat concerning the young boy. What you have been steadily given is correct. He is indeed fast approaching you. Ere long you will all be reunited. That he has not sent you further word is explained in this wise: has he not already announced unto you his arrival?"

I said: "Yes, Uvani, and now I think his idea must be to send me word when he knows the exact time of his arrival."

"That is so. He also says: 'I know my mother will be kept informed.'"

He furthermore says this: 'I know my mother has supreme faith.'"

Uvani stopped, and I asked: "Does it now seem to you that I haven't?"



"Do I not well understand? Great is your faith; great your knowledge; great your understanding." Uvani stopped again, as though he were considering. "But, when waiting for confirmation of that which we have given, do these thoughts come: 'It may be that the words in which I have been told the doings of my well-loved boy have perchance gone astray.'"

"That is what I have been wondering; whether, by any chance, they can be wrong."

"But you will continue please, Madame, strong. I swear to you -- I, Uvani, who for so long time have brought all counsel to you -- that truth has been observed. Your lord (he whose love has, ever since he left you, overcome all obstacles), has also spoken truly; Abdul Iatif also, and also Frank. Now the boy still journeys. This I plainly see.

"He is within the train. He has been many hours within these conveyances, all bearing him on his way, and I think the time swiftly approaches when he will land upon your shores. It may be that he will still continue for the space of some hours. I am unable clearly to know."

"Uvani, the main thing is to know he is coming, and that he is all right."

"He is well, I assure you; robust, full of vigour. He is content and happy. He is rapidly borne upon his way and his thoughts go out to you. I am taking note of what lies within his immediate vicinity."

Nothing happened for a couple of minutes, and I asked: "Is it hard to see?"

"Why should it sometimes be harder, Madame? This is what happens. I look, and like a picture mirrored in clear crystal do all details show. Then, upon another occasion do I attempt to see, and my vision becomes as it were blurred. Then do I give what is difficult to make clear to the boy, so great the difference in my portrayal."

"Is it blurred now?"

"It is not clear. I do, however, visualise this: a crowded interior, many seated side by side; the boy idly reclining, not in posture of lying, but leaning against the cushions, his legs outstretched; and many there

are with him. There is also perpetual movement as people walk beside the apartment, seeking first one thing and then another. The boy himself has risen and gone without, and walks along a narrow corridor, thus affording a limited amount of freedom. The journey is somewhat wearisome. I am pleased you will so soon have him restored unto you."

Bill says: "When Uvani gave this picture I was in my second-class half-compartment, not having money enough to afford a sleeper, and the train would have been passing through the Alps to the French frontier, which we reached at 5 p.m. that afternoon. As Uvani says, I was easy in my mind that Mother would not be unduly bothered at my arriving a day late, and I would be able to announce my arrival by a telegram from Paris the next morning. All the way from Genoa I had managed to keep my half-compartment to myself, and so was able to stretch out during the night and sleep, although the train was fairly crowded. When Uvani says 'and many there are with him', this clearly refers to the carriage as a whole, or I should not have been able to recline as he describes. We reached Paris at 6 a.m. on May 31st. I sent off a telegram to Mother and then took the Calais train from the Gare du Nord. That time the train really was crowded, and we sat jammed like sardines all the way."

That same night, Harry wrote: "You will hear from Bill the first thing to-morrow morning"; and, very early, while I was still abed, a telegram arrived from Paris to say he would be with us in the afternoon. Ronald and I met him at Victoria, safe and sound and none the worse for his adventures. For five weeks I had both my boys with me again, and there were no more pictures until Bill's departure for Cyprus, at the end of his home leave.

When Uvani, more than two years later, was speaking to me through Eileen Garrett, he mentioned that Bill's expedition had gone for some days in the desert without water, and the suffering that I should have gone through had I known about this at the time. There was nothing in the pictures to show what happened; but the dread of this thing had been



constantly in my mind. I asked Bill to write the story for me, and this is what he says:

"The wells at Toukou were deserted now by all but scorpions and enormous wolf spiders, crouching from the heat in the shade of the caves with the rock paintings. The next well was five long marches to the south, as much as the camels could be expected to do in their present condition. We filled every water-tank to the brim, and the next dawn found us already far on our way, with the Ennedi massif fast disappearing over the horizon behind us.

"There was nothing to see ahead except sand and a shimmering heat haze; not even the horizon, for sky and land merged imperceptibly into one another. There was no noise but the soft padding of the camels and the clank,clank, clank of the tanks bumping against their sides. By day the heat was blistering. Mirages were plentiful and the wind, blowing steadily from in front, drove the fine particles of sand into our faces in a most irritating way. Mercifully at night, which was when we covered our greatest distances, it was mostly calm and refreshingly cold, and I would walk at the head of the column, following the guide's lantern as it twinkled away in front. I had picked up this man at Fada oasis, and he preferred to march alone, for all his faculties were needed to keep direction, and any distraction might have led to unhappy consequences. There was little enough in the terrain to assist him, God knows! I thought at the time how aptly the French cartographers had described it: 'Flat, sandy regions, without water or permanent grazing for camels.' It was exact!

"For the first day and a half we hobbled the camels after unsaddling, to discourage them from returning to Toukou with its cooling waters; but, once far enough out into the shiny, they resigned themselves to the future in the fatalistic but loudly complaining manner of their kind. On the third day stones appeared on the desert surface, and the camels' pads became badly torn. One of the men cut up an empty waterskin and stitched patches onto their feet so that we could continue, but the pace was getting

slower. That evening we saw a solitary gazelle, and the next morning a low range of hills, with a single conical peak, appeared to the south, hiding the well we were making for. The sight of the hills seemed to put new life into the camels, and we began to move more quickly. A few thorn trees and acacias appeared. The daytime heat was over 120° in the shade, and our minds were filled with little but thoughts of water and rest. We reached the well that afternoon. It was dry.

"It was an awkward moment. For a minute or so no one spoke a word; but at length the guide turned to me and said calmly: "It is a night and half a day's journey to the next well, and the camels are weak. Who knows if there is water even there?".

"There was one small tank of water left, and I ordered two of my men to give it to the camels. They did this by filling their mouths and blowing it up the creatures' nostrils, which so enlivened them that they began to graze off the nearby thorn trees. We rested for the remainder of daylight, and broke camp as the sun was sinking. Ever since leaving the wells at Toukou we had been walking for the sake of the camels; but my riding camel was now quite hors de combat, and the rest were not much better, and although we made quite good time for the first few hours, the beasts were almost used up. During the night one of them fell and lay. We removed its load and left it to follow if it could. It was the camels which were the chief sufferers. We had been marching hard ever since leaving the oasis of Fada, and they had had no chance to regain their humps and strength. Even the men and I were tired, and I think we slept at times as we walked along, for my memory of what happened on that march is far from clear.

"Dawn found us still moving, the camels dragging their feet; but Mohammed, the guide, assured us that, if we could reach it, the well was not more than some hours distant. We went on, and, as the sun rose, I called a halt for the men to turn to Mecca and say their prayers. The last part of the march was the worst. The sun was scorching and seemed



to drain one of energy, besides adding to one's thirst. At nine o'clock we reached the wells, two deep pits, ages old, going far down; but there was water, thick, dark water, redolent of camel dung. Seldom have men and animals been more delighted to drink! After watering the camels and leaving them to graze, we drank ourselves and then lay down and slept till nightfall. We had marched fifteen hours without water, in great heat, and the camels had gone for almost six days.

"But one should not get the wrong impression from contretemps of this sort. It is not they which come to mind when one recalls one's travels. For this account I have had to refresh my memory, almost entirely, from my diary, written at the time; whereas pleasant and amusing incidents come to one's mind unasked and monopolize the recollections of one's journeys. It's a happy provision of nature that this should be so."

## Chapter IX

Almost as soon as he was back in England after his first Tibetan journey, Ronald began making plans for another. This time his main objective was to be the source of the Salween, one of the great rivers of Asia, which must lie somewhere to the north of Lhasa. He left England on February 27th, 1935, and, with N.J.F. Hanbury-Tracy and three Sherpa servants, went into Tibet through Upper Burma, by the same route he had used on his way back in 1933. At that time there was not a single wheeled vehicle in the whole of Tibet -- not even a wheelbarrow -- and not a road wider than a few feet, except in Lhasa itself, where there were some carts, a few bicycles and one Ford car, which had been carried in pieces over the Himalayas from India, for the use of the Dalai Lama. So, travelling either on pony or on foot, with the baggage mainly mule- or yak-borne, they followed a winding course northwards, reaching the Salween for the first time on October 31st, 1935, a few miles after they had crossed the old Silk Road, from Lhasa to Peking. They followed the river upstream, and, by the beginning of January, 1936, were within about a month's journey of the source, or even less, when they were prevented from moving further towards their goal by order of the Tibetan Government. Finally they turned back towards India, by another route, and reached Assam in December of 1936. By the time Ronald reached England he had been away twenty-three months, of which nineteen had been spent in Tibet; and the party had covered between two and three thousand miles of hitherto unexplored country.

During this expedition it was not only the physical dangers which occupied my mind, for I could not help being deeply apprehensive when I heard, privately, that Ronald and John Hanbury-Tracy were likely to get into serious trouble for having entered Tibet without waiting for



permission from the Lhasa Government. In the summer of 1936 I was told that the India Office had been informed, in April, by the Tibetans, that they were sending the party back to Burma by the way they had come; and I knew the bitter disappointment that this would be to them, and especially to Ronald, whose faith that all would be well was so great. Then, through every source, came comforting words, with Frank, Abdul Latif and Uvani all reassuring me, in addition to Harry, who wrote:

"Don't be sad or afraid. Don't look down. Let the bright light continue to show everyone the pathway around both yourself and the boys. You are feeling the sickening sensation of having got on to a wrong track; yet you have heard, not only through yourself but through everyone else, that Ron will achieve success. He will! That is positive. You cannot understand how this will come about, with trouble having ensued; that, if he and John are sent back and the Government want nothing said, how he will reap material benefit. That you will find all arranged, without any trouble whatever. You wonder whether it can be true that they have been sent back. You feel you would have heard; that long before this they would have been able to send word."

I replied that that was so, and that it was now seven months since the last letter I had received from Ron had been written.

"Yes, and personally I feel certain they pushed on, that they continued. What we all sense is this -- great achievement, and a complete feeling of well-being. Whatever you may hear to the contrary, believe all is well.

"You know, even between ourselves we can't reduce everything which happens to the boys to an altogether printed page; but we do see broad outlines. For yourself I can come nearer. Don't have any apprehension about Ron. I am perfectly certain he is quite safe; that no tribulation of soul has come his way; and that, as we have described to you his doings. so have they been."

I said: "If he has been seized by the Tibetans, wouldn't his maps have

been taken?"

"For my part -- and you know how near I come to our boys -- I have seen no sort of detention, no durance vile, nor any form of wardenship. I have sensed well-being and satisfaction, although there has been perpetual hardship in all manner of ways, rough going, climatic conditions, insects and food. But essentially all you have been told will prove to be correct. Again and again I say, whatever you hear don't be alarmed; but be certain you are being kept acquainted with your boy's doings. He won't get into trouble -- that is another thing."

I said: "If the Tibetans have resented his presence, then what I have heard through every medium has been wrong." And to this Harry answered:

"They won't be proved wrong. I am quite positive. I am not telling you this just to keep you happy. I don't see everything, but I do see the issues interspersed with the closer vision. He makes friends. You will see trouble won't have affected him more than temporarily."

In answer to another big fear, that they might have been physically hurt, Harry wrote: "Thank God, I can swear to you that he has not been, and will not be harmed. John is also unharmed. The servants are about and serene as ever."

It was June 6th, 1936, when I had this talk with Harry, and later I was constantly reassured by him and by the others; but the outside news was ominous. I had a letter from a high official of the Indian Government (not known to me personally, but one who had been very kind to Ronald at the start of this expedition) saying that, on his return, his maps and photographs were likely to be confiscated, and a ban put on writing and lecturing. I wondered what Ronald would do if he should be kept from making use of his work, and again fear came to me that, somehow or other, what I had been told might not be right. It was just as when Bill did not return absolutely on time from his camel journey in the Libyan Desert, and I was desperately afraid that perhaps, all the while I had been told he was perfectly safe, things had really gone very wrong with him.

At a sitting with Eileen Garrett, on July 20th, 1936, -- she having



no idea of my anxieties -- Harry said: "You could never have kept Ron from exploring. I don't see trouble, other than a talking to, being on the mat, a dressing down that won't do him any harm. There may be some restrictions made, perhaps the keeping back of certain details; but, don't you see, this journey of Ron's will be of definite value. They aren't in the least likely to make any real trouble. The results of his expedition will be scientifically of great account."

In April, 1936, Ronald was able to send a batch of letters to me from Tibet, by a courier who was going to Darjeeling. I received these in London in the middle of July, and, in the latest of them -- dated April 5th -- he said that he and his party had been held up by Tibetan officials, in the Upper Salween Valley, for the past three months, on account of their having no permission to be in the country; that they were in no sense of the word imprisoned, and could walk where they wanted, but were politely refused transport for their baggage; that there was no hope of their being given leave to travel further to the west; and that, when they were allowed to move on at all, they hoped to head in the general direction of Assam.

From then on I had no more word from him until the party reached India in December, 1936, when they were able to post letters for themselves; though even then, in those days, and with no Air Mail yet thought of, letters from India took up to about four weeks to reach England. To my joy, matters turned out as I had been told. Ronald's maps, papers and photographs were indeed impounded by the authorities, but for a mere three weeks (as a sort of token punishment), before being returned to him; he was given the predicted dressing down by the India Office, and instructed to leave certain events out of his book and lectures; but he was given a monetary reward by the Government of India for the excellence of his maps, and awarded the Murchison Grant of the Royal Geographical Society for the scientific results of his journey.

Ronald said himself that it was a great blow to them to be prevented from reaching the source of the Salween, which could not have been more than two or three weeks away from where they were held up; but that, by working back into Assam, instead of carrying on westwards across the Great Plateau

as they had originally planned, their maps, and results generally, turned out in the end to be of far greater value than would have been the case otherwise. As a final touch, the then Secretary of State for India (Lord Zetland) was present at the dinner given by the Royal Geographical Society before Ronald's lecture to them. Sitting next to me during the lecture, Lord Zetland evinced so much interest in all that had taken place, and showed so much enthusiasm, that I was left in no doubt that forgiveness was complete over the illegal entry into Tibet.

Ronald's first letter from Tibet, written on May 31st, 1935, reached me on July 22nd, not two months later; but this was record time, never repeated, entirely due to the great kindness of the Tibetan Governor at Shikathang. He sent a special runner, with Ronald's and John's letters, down the Lohit Valley to Sadiya in Assam, in order to get them through to India before the monsoon rains made the route impassable. Ronald wrote again from the same place on June 5th, and this letter took over six months to get to me. At the beginning of the journey, however, and, before they disappeared into the Upper Burmese jungle, he was able to send me back confirmation of fourteen of the detailed accounts I had received about him. The remainder of the two hundred and fifty, or so, pictures I was given about him during this expedition had to wait until his return for his remarks, given with the help of a very detailed diary. Naturally I am giving only a very small selection of them here.

March 20th, 1935.

11 a.m.

Uvani.

"This is the seeing. I suddenly saw a sun-drenched city, the sky blue without a cloud, sunshine upon everything, heat which seemed to shimmer; and over all a stillness, for, though much business was being enacted, quiet appeared to reign, so drowsy does heat make those who are amidst it.

"In a large bungalow, which had steps leading to wide-open doors, I saw Ronald. He was sitting opposite two men who were white, apparently of high status, the room sumptuously apparelled. I saw soft furnishings, costly carpetings, all was rich."

\* See Appendix ...



The writing stopped, and presently I said: "Yes, Uvani?"

"This was seen quickly, and, like a portrait taken rapidly in a box, has dissolved. I mean, Madame, the time which occupies the taking of such a picture is so brief. I cannot get each detail, but I am endeavouring now to catch once more the same scene.

"I have again the boy before me. He is quite easy, happy, not perturbed, talking freely, both men rejoining and seemingly well pleased with him. I see plainly that one is tall, with hair which is thin and of dark hue. He is also somewhat dark in colouring, with a moustache, and he is, I have little doubt, one who wields authority over many men. The other is not so tall -- beside Ronald he appears short -- fairer and younger, I note, than is the other man. The boy is confident, calm, with poise that will not be shaken. He will make progress."

Ronald says: "A good picture of March 21st, the day I arrived in Rawalpindi. It was a clear, very hot and cloudless day, with everything very still. I had tea in the drawing room at Flagstaff House, with Generals Wigram and Robertson, the latter having just arrived. The room was beautifully furnished and full of the most gorgeous Turkestan rugs, which General Wigram had been collecting for years -- everything a joy to the eye. We had a long discussion about what would be my best course of action. General Robertson is the taller one, well described, and General Wigram is quite small; but he must be older than General R. although he looks very young. His hair is white, but I should say he used to be fair, without a doubt."

April 3rd, 1935.

11.02 a.m.

Uvani.

"This is the scene. A long line, stretching far away into space, of men laden, bearing boxes upon their backs, and, as they march, chattering volubly and with mirthfulness. The boy Ronald and his companion are among the throng, and there are natives, superior in every way to those who are burdened, who are directing that which shall be done. Ronald is walking briskly and with purpose, and, as he goes, he talks to his companion.

"The scene has now changed. I see them, arriving at a small hut, place all their goods upon the ground, and, while this happens, do the servants take charge, sorting out that which shall be put to immediate use. The boy and his friend are stretched at full length and rest. I see that one servant is busy erecting a shelter in which they are to eat, while yet another proceeds with the preparation for a meal. They are well equipped. All seems good as I look, all happy."

"Uvani, do you think this is being seen before it has happened? I think Ronald might be in a train to-day."

"I saw it clearly; yet, knowing difficulties are caused by time, it may be that it is yet to take place. I am seeing another detail. There is within the hut -- which is where once before the boy sojourned -- an old man, caretaker, who comes to proffer service. He has recognized the boy and there are acclamations, for he shows himself well pleased. He appears quite old. Ask, that you may receive further enlightenment from Ronald."

Talking to me later that day, on my remarking again that I felt the timing of the picture must be far out, as I did not think that Ronald could have travelled so far by then, Uvani said: "Well, should the time be wrong, I trust none the less you will feel happy, for I can assure you your boy is well, so strong, with nought that ails. Therefore ask for details, seeing whether they coincide, but feeling for now certain that your boy is all right, protected, guarded. Feel with me that you have glimpsed what he does, and be happy."

Ronald writes: "I had sent Mother a cable before leaving Rangoon, and she was quite right in supposing that I was still in a train on April 3rd, on my way to Myitkyina. The picture is twenty-two days early. We reached the Masumzup Rest Hut on April 25th, fifteen marches out from Myitkyina and three more to Fort Hertz. It was the hut where I had spent ten days in 1933 on my way south. A good picture, on the whole, though with a couple of errors. As far as Fort Hertz our baggage was carried on mules, and not by coolies, though the muleteers were certainly chattering volubly enough on the march, banging gongs and singing. I remember that when Bill was in



Tibet, in 1933, several pictures showed his mules as coolies too! All the loads were taken off the mules on arrival, and put in rows on the ground outside the hut, for the night, except for those we needed at the time, which were sorted out by the servants. We ate in the Rest Hut, and not in a shelter. Did Uvani, perhaps, catch a glimpse of mosquito nets being put up, and interpret that wrongly?

"The really clinching detail is the mention of the old man. I was warmly greeted here by an aged Gurkha (the father of the caretaker), the very one who had given me my first meal when I reached Fort Hertz in 1933. We recognized each other with cries of joy, and he was most anxious to take service with us in any capacity, even if unpaid. He was much too old, though, and it could not be."

April 13th, 1935. 10.20 a.m.

H.A.K.

"There is Ron with John, his friend, kneeling down beside a large mound, looking like a pile of earth, as if something was concealed inside. He is calling to someone to bring a basket. I think it is a basket -- anyway, some sort of receptacle. The natives are not very near. They are looking on with interest, but at a respectful distance. The servants, too, are a little way off, talking earnestly."

"What does it seem like to you?"

"Undoubtedly he is catching something, evidently some animal. He wants to get it alive. He has gloves, so don't feel troubled. They show up."

"Anything in his hands?"

"He has a stick. I see that. Probably he is getting hold of a snake. I will watch."

There came a pause of about two minutes, and then the writing went on:

"I have seen. It is a small snake, which was coiled under a large stone. I saw this lifted away, and, right at the back, noticed something was moving. Ron caught it. It is being put into the basket, and he is quite safe. He took all precautions."

From Ronald: "This is a good picture of me catching a certain snake; but, oddly enough, it is nearly sixteen months early. On August 9th, 1936,

in the Ling Chu Valley, S.E. Tibet, I caught a small pit-viper exactly as described here. Dad was quite right in his alteration of 'pile of earth' to 'large stone'. The snake had wriggled under a biggish boulder, which we had to lift in the end. John was close beside me as I knelt, with some of the locals at a little distance, and the servants rather nearer. I did not have gloves, in fact, but one hand was covered with a large cloth, folded several times, while the other held a stick to pin the snake down with. The receptacle was a large mug, used for measuring grain, which Lewa (our head servant) brought me, and which I covered with the cloth when the snake was safely inside."

May 6th, 1935.

2.46 p.m.

Uvani.

"Madame, I will endeavour to give you concerning Ronald. He is having altercation, not greatly incensed, as is sometimes only to be expected when things go wrong, but merely perturbed. There appears difficulties have arisen over the loads, many coolies being necessary and few forthcoming. There is delay because, although some are proceeding on their way, all which must be taken cannot be carried. The party, therefore, must divide, some going as advance guard, the rest remaining. Ronald presses onward, leaving instructions, and as he goes I see he takes with him two, who are servants. He leaves one who is chief with his companion, and they will...."

There came an interruption here, and it was 4.05 p.m. before I could take up the writing again; but Uvani continued with what he had been saying as though nothing had happened,

"....when all is prepared, go too."

A pause, and I asked: "Uvani, is that all?"

"That, for now, is all."

Ronald says: "This picture is twelve days early, and Uvani has got slightly muddled over what the difficulties actually were. When we reached Meting, the last settlement on the Burma side of the pass, on May 18th, our Khanung coolies asked leave to return to their villages to collect rations, and four extra men to carry them, for the journey over the mountains into



Tibet. There was also some doubt as to whether the pass (at 14,280 feet) would yet be open and clear of snow. If not, the coolies, with their very limited clothing, would not be able to wait at the last camp below the pass. Accordingly I left Lewa in Meting, with the bulk of the baggage, while I pushed on up to the pass with the other two servants, to investigate conditions. Lewa was to wait, with the coolies when they came back from their villages, until I sent word for him to bring them on.

The one real error is that John did not stay behind, but came with me."

June 9th, 1935.

10.30 a.m.

Uvani.

"Now to-day do not, while you take down this that I am about to say, give thought as to the purport until later. I am myself doing this work. It has nought to do with you. Therefore feel no responsibility. See, if I choose is the power for writing completely withdrawn."

There came a dead stop, and I said: "I know it, Uvani."

"Then do not feel that perchance what is written may be wrong. Just take, Madame.

"Ronald has been out for many hours. He is walking now, attended by his friend, he who is a fellow-companion called John, and they have with them a servant. They have been to a somewhat large house. Within this house was one who greeted them, asking them many questions; pleased to see them; giving them of fare which was plentiful and satisfying. They had gone upon a mission intent on seeing this man. He was dressed in grand apparel, very rich in texture and hue, and appeared to be of noble birth. He was attended by several, and, while the boys sat with him, had he two who were in constant attendance. The servant taken by the boys talked to them in one language, ascertaining their bidding, and then interpreting it to the gentleman."

The writing stopped, and presently I said: "Yes, Uvani?"

"The boy Ronald it was who spoke. He it is who has the ordering of the affair. He knows what he requires; he feels confident that he will get his will; and he inspires those with whom he comes in contact with much liking. They feel instinctive response."

Another pause came, and I asked a question: "You say they have been

travelling many hours, and have been doing these things. They are not now talking to this man?"

"No. I saw this. They were with him some considerable period. In Eastern countries time is of no account. There is never unseemly haste. They sat and ate, talking at intervals."

"Tell me some more, Uvani."

"While they did so, I could well perceive there was kindly intention in the mind of this nobleman. He will further them, doing what he can to help. He has, though of so different a race from Ronald, also felt his charm. Apart from this, Madame, it is written: Ronald shall follow his path. He but fulfils his destiny. For, though much is left to the individual -- the manner in which he chooses to tread the road -- yet has the pattern he shall ultimately weave been chosen. Ronald has set his feet upon the right way. All shall be well.

"Now, I said that I had seen, and will give the present picture. They are right away from this house, and upon a little plateau, which is surrounded by verdure. There are many trees. They are still inhabiting tents. I see the encampment, and there is a pleasurable feeling...."

There was a long wait at this point, for someone came into the room. When the interruption was over, Uvani went on: "We can continue. There is a pleasurable feeling of peace and comfort. Efficiency reigns, but what conduces most to this atmosphere is happiness. There is contentment, and in the hearts of the servitors, therefore, also gaiety, following the footsteps of their lords."

"What time of day, Uvani?"

"The sun nears the west. I see no preparations for a meal. The hour has not yet come. Madame, believe, your elder son is well."

Ronald says of the above: "The first picture is a good one of June 2nd, at Shikathang, making it just a week late. That day John, I and Lewa paid an official, and very lengthy call (which included dinner in the evening) on the Provincial Governor, with Lewa acting as interpreter, speaking to me



in Hindi, and to the Governor in Tibetan. It is correct that it was I who did the talking, as John was still limited to English at that time. Uvani makes it clear, I think, that we were not travelling that day, but simply 'out'; and when he saw us walking from the 'large house', it can only have been for the couple of hundred yards back to our camp.

"The Governor was dressed in a rich, dark-blue silk robe, reaching to the ground; and, though not actually of noble birth, he was of very good family. He had many servants, but only two who waited on him and us in his room, as described. He could not have been kinder to us or more helpful, both now and when we came into his province again the following year; and I always remember him with affection.

"The second picture, beginning 'They are right away....', is correct to date. June 9th was the one day during our stay in Shikathang when I left the village, going with one of the servants up to a small plateau, with trees all round the edge, to do some survey work. Uvani is quite right in saying that we were still in tents. We were, as there was no available room in the village, with the Governor and his entourage already in residence. This was the only village we stayed in, in Tibet, without sleeping in a house.

"Finally, on June 9th dinner was extremely late, owing to the arrival of numerous messengers in the evening, with farewell presents from the people we knew in the neighbourhood. We were leaving the next day."

July 6th, 1935.

8.50 p.m.

H.A.K.

"It was pouring with rain last time Uvani told you of Ron, and he was unable to leave the house they were in. To-night there is a very different picture; but I see him asleep. It may be that you will find the time right with yours. Anyway, the night is brilliant, and the whole scene unutterably lovely. My darling, how I wish you could see it! There is such gorgeous moonlight, and the sky simply glittering with stars. The whole thing is most beautiful, for the moon and stars make the place so bright, and huge snow-mountains are towering in all their majesty, with great dark patches

showing all round them. The boys seem to be in a little place where there are two or three little houses -- such a quiet, remote spot. It lies within a small valley, hemmed in on all sides by those mountains.

"I see there is a wide river, quite close, with a rope bridge. This is the first time I have told you of one. It is a river which appears to be very swift, the rope on a very decided slant away from Ron's side. I mean he would have to pull himself over.

"I mustn't go without telling you something about Ron. He has a room by himself, and, bless his heart, is lying wrapped in blankets on the floor; and, though this sounds uncomfortable, he is sleeping as soundly and as happily as though he were in the most luxurious bed. The lad John is in a room next to this, and seems to be in a very low bed. Everything is going well, darling. That is all for now."

From Ronald: "A picture of the night of July 4th. Up till then we had had eleven days of unbroken bad weather, but this night was glorious, and we slept, John and I, in one of two small huts which had been hurriedly put up for us by the servants and coolies at the end of the march. The camp was in a narrow valley, with snowy mountains all round, and close to the bank of a swift river. Before we turned in we could see the mountains in the moonlight, stretching up to the stars, and looking quite unreal. The dark patches were bare, black rock-faces.

Near at hand was a rope-bridge, used by no one but hunters. Like all the rope bridges in this part of Tibet, the single cable was made of twisted cane. To cross, you would tie yourself with thongs to a wooden slider, if the slope was right, or pull yourself across, hand over hand, if it wasn't. I can't remember about the slope of this one.

"Dad is wrong when he says that John and I were in separate rooms (there was only one small room in the hut), but right when he says that I was sleeping on the floor, and John on a very low bed. His camp bed was not more than eight inches off the ground."

August 15th, 1935. 12 noon.

Abdul Latif.

"It is with great care that I am regarding this picture. I want to give exactly as I see. There is Ronald seated without a tent, and behind



him stands his servant Lewa, for, as a man outstanding in character and personality, do I know him well. He wears a serious look, for he is engaged in shaving your boy's head, not for any reason of trouble, but because they have arranged that it be clean and sanitary."

"What does it look like, Abdul Latif?"

"It does not add to what are our ideas of beauty, but he is always good to look at, and the beautiful moulding of his head, at all events, stands forth. This is the scene: the barber intent; your boy solemnly being waited upon; some work being done over a fire by the servant who is cook; while another servant is bringing goods to him. Then there is the companion, John, who was not at first visible, but now comes walking along from out a wooded part, which lies on the right. There is a small river also, the camp pitched above it."

"Abdul Latif, do you think it is good for Ronald to have his hair entirely removed?"

"It will do no harm. It is quite a good procedure, and gives an air of familiarity to those ~~strangers~~ with whom he comes into contact. They feel it is a sign of grace. John has not had his hair done in the same manner. It is cropped closely.

"That all goes well is a sure thing. Your mother heart may rest happily. No more at present."

Ronald remarks: "By August 15th I had had my head shaved twice, the last time being on August 11th; but this picture must refer to the first shaving, on May 24th, when we were in tents at the last camp in Burma before crossing the pass into Tibet. On August 11th I was in a village house, and John was five or six marches away to the north.

"The picture is therefore almost twelve weeks late, but it is a good one. It was indeed Lewa who operated in the late afternoon with my cut-throat razor, in front of <sup>my</sup> tent. The barbering was done as a sanitary precaution; but the gleaming dome did give me an unusual air of sanctity, like that of a Buddhist monk. The other two servants, at that time, would have been busy, as cook and dog's body, in starting on preparations for

dinner.

"I don't remember John walking up. but it is quite likely, and the edge of the forest was only a short distance away. Until May, 1936, when he also had his head shaved, he kept his hair cropped short with scissors.

"The camp was close to a small stream, the source of the Seinghku River."

September 12th, 1935.

11.45 a.m.

Uvani.

"We are seeing what happens now. I think, Madame, what occurs is, without a shadow of doubt, even now taking place. I have before me Ronald, looking somewhat thin and worn, having known much responsibility, given great thought to the ordering of his company and their going.

"I now watch this scene. There is a small village where the party rests, and in which place they will remain for several days. The tents are, therefore, not seen. There is a rough-hewn dwelling, looking as though logs of wood had been interlaced, forming good walls but without adornment, standing within a courtyard. Animals abound, walking as they will; and, to your fastidious gaze, Madame, dirt and squalor would seem abundant. There are mitigating features, for, although this be so, yet is the surrounding neighbourhood very open, very beautiful, fresh pure air all around; and our travellers are quite well, quite untroubled by small discomforts.

"I have now to give you a further description of the abode. There are three rooms inhabited by our party. Ronald shares a sleeping abode with his fellow companion, John. There is a room containing a heap of skins, and a species of plankings, called by courtesy a table. Upon this I see numbers of things, and Ronald is engaged in making sundry writings, which will some day be formed into charts. They are not being written yet upon the chart showing the way they travel. He is alone. I now see both John and Lewa approach, the former bearing in his hands a large fowl, which he gives to Lewa, who had not been beside the lad John, but came from the opposite direction.

"John seems very full of gaiety and talks quickly. He has much to say about a peregrination on which he had been, and during which time he had obtained the bird. The boys laugh with much glee, so, Madame, please



believe they are not suffering. They are supremely content with life.

"The servants are, I see, within a small outside room and are preparing a repast. The cheerful, short, stout one has been plucking the bird with great skill and speed.

"Ronald has seized his thick woollen jerkin preparatory to going forth. I should say the sun is even now going to rest. Intense cold creeps upon the land. The abode is warm."

Ronald says: "This picture is correct to date. John and I had separated for a time on July 24th, he to explore a river running to the north-west, while I made a big loop round by the south, over two passes, to rejoin him later in his river valley. I met him again, on the night of September 12th, in a house built of logs caulked with mud-plaster, very plain, with one side of it forming the end of a courtyard. I suppose it certainly was filthy, although we were so used to conditions by then that it would not have struck us as such; but there were ponies, cattle, pigs and fowl wandering about outside, and number of them in and out of the courtyard, especially the pigs. The country round was not very open, for the main valley was thickly wooded there; but from our window there was a grand view up a bare, treeless side-valley to the high mountains I had just crossed. Plenty of fresh air, though!

"We had only two rooms, not three, John's bedding and mine being in the same room as the apology for a table. That did have a heap of skins on it, some of them John's and some mine. The servants and kitchen were in the second room, immediately outside ours. I took readings of the barometer and thermometer on my arrival, which would account for my writing; but I don't understand what Uvani means when he says I was alone. I am quite sure John was talking all the time.

"We were both very cheerful at seeing each other again, after seven weeks, and John was telling me all about his adventures since we had parted. He had a lot to say about a certain fowl which had been given to him by a minor official up the valley, and which, having been plucked and cooked by the 'cheerful, short, stout one', turned out to be so incredibly rubbery

as to defeat the jaw. Not a bird he was still able to produce in person, but it was with us in spirit.

"The last paragraph is wrong. It was midnight when I arrived, and I didn't go out again."

April 6th, 1936.

8.10 p.m.

Uvuni.

"My picture is this. I see it as I speak. A clear, starlit sky, beautiful in its exceeding wonder, for the heavens sparkle with diamonds, and the moon gazes upon them, serene and as a pearl, all unclouded in the firmament.

"The night is clear and cold, without much wind, which is good, for Ronald, wrapped with many coverings, is busy observing and taking calculations. He has before him a table used for this purpose. He arranges many things with exact care, gazing heavenwards as he does so.

"I see the country in which they are now is vast and high -- a great expanse of unprotected land with little vegetation -- and of buildings I see but two. They are mean and small, and seemingly isolated upon this plain. I think they are used by men who are given to the tending of herds. I think in one there are rooms which are being used for the housing of Ronald. His party is within. I see but one other.

"The serving-man Lewa comes up. He makes query. Ronald replies: 'I am done. These articles may be removed.' He seems loath to give up his work. There is contentment, however, within him, for his labour has not been in vain. The servant is a man full of strength, just the sort who would give his all to further his master. There is faithfulness and admiration in his heart, also love. Ronald, to him, is a sahib of great worth. He would do all that lies in his power for him.

"And for the boy himself, I see he is strong, well, and still more finely attuned to all that lies before him. His friend I see not, but I feel he too goes well. He lies within."

From Ronald: "This picture is almost two months late, but is otherwise good. On the night of February 10th, while we were still detained in the



Upper Salween Valley, I took observations for Magnetic Variation from a point a short way from our house. It was the first clear night we had had for weeks, brilliant with stars, and the moon so bright that it was quite difficult to see one of the stars I wanted for my work, which was close to it. I knew all about it being cold, too, for my nose froze twice to the theodolite, and I had to have a fire close by to thaw out my hands from time to time.

"The valley was very shallow, and open to the wind; and, at 13,000 feet, there was little or no vegetation, apart from patches of coarse grass and a few scrubby bushes. It is true that in the dark one could only see two small houses, close together, in one of which were our quarters; although by day several other houses, and a large monastery, were visible about a quarter of a mile away. In a country where the only lights were butter lamps, people went to sleep with the dark. I don't know about the people in the other house, but our landlord certainly owned a large herd of yaks, and seemed to spend most of his time with them.

"Besides the theodolite, I always had a small table with me when I was taking observations, on which were my papers, a light, a chronometer and so on. John was indoors during this observation; but Lewa was always with me at these times, ready to be helpful in any way, and handy, on this occasion, with the fire. It is a true description of his character. He was the most faithful servant imaginable."

May 31st, 1936.

10.55 a.m.

Abdul Latif.

"I was seeking the boy, desirous of getting a vision which would be crystal clear. I did this. He was within a large bare room. There was little furnishing. Ronald seated at a small table doing calculations. There was a brazier beside him. I saw a man enter, placing upon it fuel. There was, in one corner of this room, a large heap of skin rugs. Lying upon it was the companion. He appears to be asleep.

"I saw next the servant, who is trusted above all others, enter, bearing with him a large cauldron. The contents of this he proceeded to

pour into bowls, offering them. He gave first unto Ronald. Then, gently pausing beside the friend, he spoke quietly. I saw the friend stir, then after a moment sit up, taking the liquid. As he drank he talked to Ronald, who turned aside from his work. Now this was plain to me; but there is in the picture nothing out of the ordinary run of doings, which may be frequent. Therefore I waited eagerly, hoping for more. Presently, as though a veil lifted, I felt my sight extending.

"In another room I saw a party of travellers who had been given house-room also. They were talking to a man, short and stout, evidently landlord of this dwelling. These travellers had with them bales of merchandise, and had opened one pack. I saw carpets and coloured silks spread along the floor. They were standing looking upon these articles. Then one, going to Ronald's man, intimated his master might buy. Lewa looked, and shook his head, scornfully disclaiming. He said his master bought only that which was of the best. Were these, he asked, worthy? On thus hearing, the owner indignantly jumped to his feet (for he alone had knelt), saying: 'See you, I have wondrous articles. Look!'"

There was a little pause, and then Abdul Latif went on:

"He hurriedly undid yet another bale. It was small and was wrapped in many coverings. Out of this he took, with very careful handling, three small vases. They were wrapped in silk. He handled them as though they were precious beyond rubies. I gathered his meaning. He said: 'Tell the lord, your master, that which I have cannot be found elsewhere.' Lewa carefully scrutinized these vases. He said: 'I go; but my master, who has travelled all the world, will not be impressed. He is one of the great ones.'"

Abdul Latif stopped, and I asked: "Did you smile?"

"I smiled, knowing the absolute naturalness of the boy."

"And then what happened?"

"The servant -- who has loyalty, devotion, ingrained in him -- went.

I next saw him approach Ronald, who was once more engrossed, tracing the delicate lines on his large paper, and heard him say: 'Sir, there are some men desirous of displaying such articles as they are travelling with. There



are some small urns, beautiful beyond compare. Will you permit?"

I waited a little for Abdul Latif to go on, and asked: "What did Ronald say?"

"'Bring them along.' Then came two men. They gave salaams, and, squatting down, took first one treasure, then another, handing them unto Ronald. He regarded them dispassionately, as are the ways of the East. I perceived all that transpired carried out correctly. Then down came my veil once more, blotting my view. But be assured naught harms your boy."

Ronald says: "This is a composite picture, and, as such, is very good. The first part is undoubtedly of the room we had during our three and a half months' detention in the Upper Salween Valley: large, with two heavy wooden bed-frames (with plank 'mattresses'), raised a little from the floor; a table; two folding chairs; a brazier; and two windows, with the frames covered in paper (glass panes being unknown), to let in a good deal of light and keep out some of the wind and dust. This part would be equally true of almost any time between January and April, when <sup>I</sup> was doing a lot of work on the maps, always close to the brazier, which was kept going on dried yak-dung as fuel. Very often there was not much for John to do, and he used to sleep most afternoons. His bedding, however, like mine, was not of skins, but of woollen rugs and blankets. Eight or ten times a day, Tibetan fashion, a large copper-and-silver teapot was brought in, with buttered tea, which we drank from small, shallow, maplewood bowls, lined with silver.

"The remainder of the picture should be divided into three separate parts -- or, better, be regarded as three pictures merged into one, giving a general impression of what used to take place.

"On March 9th, Lewa went over to the next house (almost semi-detached from ours) to inspect the goods brought by two Ladakhi traders. Among other things, they had rugs and cheap silks, which we did not want, and Lewa said as much.

"The episode of the small bale, wrapped in many coverings, refers to January 4th, as I remember, when Lewa visited a house, about half a mile away, and was shown three gold charm-boxes (not vases) by the owner. Each

was wrapped in several layers of silk and kept in its own wooden box. When Lewa came back, he was loud in his praises of these charm-boxes, and, when we were invited to dinner by their owner, the next day, I saw them, and bargained for one of them -- a lovely piece of Lhasa work, set with garnets, turquoises and glass -- at some length. We came to no agreement that night, but Lewa was invited back on the 6th, and it was he who made the final deal.

"The last paragraph would have been true on a number of occasions, not only in this place but elsewhere.

"To me, one of the most striking things about this picture as a whole is that it is Lewa to the life, and that it shows him behaving exactly as I have known him do so often, when there was anything to be bought."

September 14th, 1936.

7.20 p.m.

Abdul Latif.

"Let us view now for Ronald. I saw, for one thing, bright sunshine. They were walking beside a river, and, as I watched, they crossed over, the bridge formed of swaying bamboos, upon which they bounced perilously, every step having to be taken cautiously. I saw perhaps three of these saplings side by side, suspended through loops. a rail being afforded by ropes, which were very low. They did not reach above Ronald's knees. It is well he has a steady head. But these things did not trouble any of the party. They crossed with ease.

"I next saw the path led upwards over a steep mountain side, which was formed of rock and earth. Flowers were to be seen in patches, growing to a height of some eighteen inches. Their colour appeared to be white only. I also saw an occasional hut, which was built in primitive fashion and did not seem to be inhabited, for no people were to be seen apart from our party. It did not look as though any food was to be found near these huts. I saw no sign of cultivation, no living thing. It was wild, and devoid of anything which was raised by the work of man.

"The party swung along cheerfully, covering many miles -- of this I am sure. I viewed them, and later saw again what was happening; by which time they had reached a place where a number of coolies were waiting. A halt was called. There was much talk, much acrimonious discussion, in which Lewa



played a stirring part. He had some point to raise. The man to whom he spoke dissembled; but, after interminable discussion, some decision was reached. Then once again there was peace.

"I next saw the tents being erected upon ground which was grassy. There was a flat surface around them, and I was sure they would remain. Ronald is well. That is all -- a wandering picture, and, for now, complete."

Ronald says of this: "It is strange that so many of the pictures given about this time refer to events in the following November, or later. This one is obviously of December 1st, 1936, when we were on the last stage of our journey, heading down the Lohit Valley into Assam.

"This day the path -- just as it had since we had left Shikathang on November 20th -- ran close beside the Lohit, and there was a considerable amount of cleared land on both sides of the valley. Bright sun the whole day. Towards the end of the march we crossed a tributary of the Lohit by a long suspension bridge, with a narrow, swaying footpath of three or four bamboos, hanging in cane loops from old steel cables. In the middle of the bridge the cables were about knee height, as Abdul Latif says. These cables were almost the sole relics of the 1st Bn. K.G.O. Sappers and Miners, who had built a mule-track up the valley, to within three marches of Shikathang, in 1912. The mule-track had long since vanished, leaving only a footpath, and sometimes not even that.

"On this march there were small huts along the path in the cleared areas. I don't remember seeing any people in them at all, and it may be that they were only occupied during the growing season, for the villages themselves were all high up on the sides of the valley. Nearly all the cleared land is cultivated, but, at this time of year, all the crops were in and the clearings bare. There was excuse for Abdul Latif thinking that there was no cultivation.

"After the bridge, the path climbed steeply for a short distance to a small, grassy plateau, where we made camp, about 150 feet above the river. Half the coolies had halted at another possible camp ground, half a mile or so back; and Lewa it was who dealt with the matter, and ultimately

brought them on. Not unnaturally we wanted all our baggage to be under our own eyes. We did not put up tents, however, preferring to sleep in the open, as the weather seemed to be set fair."

October 12th, 1936. 7.10 p.m. For Ronald. Uvani.

"I want to grip your mind very firmly. Let me have your complete attention. Do not feel strain, but merely attend as you would were I really apparent to you. If that music disturbs you, Madame, will you cause it to be silent?"

I promptly turned off the wireless, and Uvani remarked: "That is better. This picture I set my gaze on during such time as you held converse with a man concerning fires. Think back as to time. It was, I believe, eleven of your clock."

"I think so, Uvani. It might have been a little earlier."

"It will serve. This was as I viewed Ronald. He held a conclave. There were many men standing around him, clad in outlandish garb, their aspects threatening. They sought to obtain more payment and spoke loudly, saying: 'We will not carry loads.' Then the boy, who had been seated, arose. He spoke with great severity, great firmness of purpose, saying: 'Leave. You are required no longer.'

There came a pause, and I said: "Uvani, will you tell me some more?"

"There had been a chorus of voices, and all who stood about the boy spoke at one time. Then came a silence. These men had no wish for their word to be taken. They desired the boy should parley with them, first offering perchance some slight increase, then, on listening to argument, raising the amount until amicable settlement was arrived at. Ronald, however, knowing what lay in their hearts -- as already, with experience, he had had dealings with these people -- refused to bandy words. He again seated himself, saying: 'Go!' The natives sullenly left him, and, standing without his tent, murmured between themselves. They said: 'He will give us more. Let us try again.'

"A rude fellow, constituting himself leader, thrust his way into Ronald's abode. There was scant ceremony observed, for Ronald, seeing him,



thrust him forth violently, the man falling. He was not hurt, but made a sign that he would show fight. Ronald, springing to the door, told them that if they did not immediately disperse he would show them the same treatment. With him stood the other sahib. Lewa was wielding a stout cudgel, as was the servant who is so worthy, but thick of head. The miscreants retired. Presently one who was superior appeared. He demanded of them what had gone before. They sat, giving (until pressed with threats) few rejoinders. Then one, answering, said: 'It is our due we get more money.'

"At this the patience of the superior one departed. He cursed them roundly for fools, saying: 'Know you not these are overlords under the protection of princes; and, for the pay, what do dogs require more than bones?' Then he turned, and, praying leave to enter, sought Ronald, who, perceiving him, said: 'Where were you, and why had trouble arisen?'; the man replying that he had been called away; that there should be no more trouble; and furthermore, that he would see the work which was promised fulfilled.

"Madame, at one time, it may be, I would not have given this in detail. It might have cause dismay. But take Uvani's word that all is now peace. Ronald is a leader of men. They will now follow him. It is but a trick of these wild races to see how much they can secure."

Ronald says: "This is an excellent picture of some trouble we had with coolies at Shikathang, on November 19th, and it is almost entirely right. We had been due to leave that morning, on our journey down the Lohit Valley to Assam; but, when the time came to go, the coolies refused to start unless they were paid the whole of their seventeen days' wages in advance. It was not that they wanted more money, but that they wanted it all at once. I was not prepared to do this, and, after some heated argument, I told them that I would not employ them at all, but would wait until I could get an official ruling from the Governor, who was then seven marches to the north. I had been willing to pay them half their money in advance, provided they, in their turn, would guarantee to do the journey in a certain number of days; but we were not able to agree.

The most voluble and ill-mannered of the coolies, a big man, then pushed into our room -- we were not in tents, but in a low house -- without ceremony, and I rapidly ejected him. I do not think that he showed fight, however, and we did not band ourselves together in case of trouble. Lewa, and not I, threatened to attack any of them who did not immediately disperse, on the grounds that they were making an unseemly noise in our courtyard.

"The superior native was the headman, who had organized the coolies for us. He had been absent at the time of the discussion, but returned during the afternoon. Once again Uvani is wrong when he implies that the coolies were demanding a higher rate of pay; but, though I can't answer for the actual words of the headman to them, he certainly cursed them for several minutes, just out of earshot, and then came in to me to say that he was sorry they had caused me annoyance, and that they would start the following morning, taking their wages day by day. After that we had no more difficulty."

That picture, for Ronald, was seen more than a month in advance of the actual event; but Bill's, which was given to me directly afterwards, had taken place nearly two weeks earlier. The whole question of time is really most mysterious.

October 12th, 1936.      7.40 p.m.      For Billy.      Uvani.

It interests me, this work, which is in so many ways unique; for, though I see at divers times many incidents for earth-dwellers, never does it come in the same guise. True, we at all manner of times <sup>fail</sup> ~~fail~~ with synchronization; but, though we desire it, yet does the difference also create interest. I will once again grip your mind tightly. This too was seen in the middle of your day.

"It was a dreary spot on which was standing Billy -- a vast expanse of barren land with dust clouds rising; the country, where he was, bereft of verdure. There were many men, all dressed as soldiers, with a number of vehicles, all of which were stationary.

"With Billy stood a group of officers, some of whom were of great importance, for I see him, who is in command of Billy, display much deference. I therefore deem these men are those who are greatly



experienced in warfare, with wide knowledge. There was, however, no warfare around the party. All was still. I am of opinion that they met with a view to reconnoitering the land. Billy stood silently. He was presently called upon. He listened to what was said, then mounted a moving vehicle and went.

"I could see he was well, alert, and as is generally the case, full of vigour."

Billy says: " The 1st Infantry Division under General (Later Field Marshal) Dill was now in Palestine helping to suppress the Fawzi Bey rebellion which had broken out a few months previously, and my regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was responsible for a sector of the Judean hills between Jerusalem and Nablus.

The picture is twelve days late. On September 31st, at about noon, General Dill came to inspect our outlying ~~pickets~~ <sup>pickets</sup> and my Commanding Officer and I, as regimental adjutant, accompanied him. When we reached the last ~~picket~~ <sup>picket</sup>, the General talked with the C.O. for some time and then asked me to accompany him in his car on the final leg of the journey to Nablus. The other vehicles mentioned would have been the Colonel's and mine, and the General's escort. It is a very good picture, bar the time."

Ronald finally reached England on January 23rd 1937 and Bill arrived back from Palestine early the same month. With Ronald's return home all my long months of waiting seemed to become a dream, but I then had the joy of finding out that , quite apart from the pictures, most of the inner knowledge that had come to me throughout that period of nearly two years had been correct.

Chapter ~~IX~~<sup>X</sup>

Bill was appointed adjutant of his battalion in January 1936, and left England with it later the same year for active service in the Fawzi Bey Rebellion in Palestine, as it then was. Uvani gave me the following picture soon after his departure:

September 17th, 1936.      11.21 a.m.      Uvani

"This is a stirring scene in which we view Billy. He is in a ship which is full of soldiery, and consequently there is a great pandemonium of movement. There is bright sunshine.

"I see Billy busily writing. There are three men within this small room beside himself. He looks up from what he is doing, asking questions of one who replies promptly, evidently on account of another; and I see two of these men give a salutation and go forth, leaving Billy with the man to whom he has been speaking.

"There is in this room a table upon which are papers. These Billy picks up, sorting out several which are needed. He goes out, walks across a passage and finds, in another small room, one to whom he gives the papers he carries. These the officer to whom he speaks looks through, notifying his acquiescence.

"I now see Billy, accompanied by the man who was originally with him, mount stairs. He makes his way along the deck, stopping occasionally to speak with others, and finally visits a deck upon which are many men. They sit in groups, hastily arising as Billy comes near. From this deck does Billy enter the interior of the ship, going into a large room, which is the abode of many. I saw him look with a keen scrutiny. He did not stay. Then I saw men streaming into this room with intent to eat; many who jostled each other, talking loudly and laughing, after the manner of men who have not learnt decorum. You smile, Madame?"



"Yes, Uvani. You thought this very different from the ways of Arabs?"

"We were a grim race, always aloof -- true. These men appear to have the irresponsible ways of children, keeping not their own counsel. It would seem that, as a thought filters through their minds, so do they at once give utterance. It is, however, noteworthy that there is much to be said for these men. They are gay, pleasant, staunch in friendship, and revengeful thoughts come not easily to them.

"I can see that Billy has a contented mind. He is well."

Bill says to this: "As I was now Adjutant of my battalion, I was also automatically Ship's Adjutant for the voyage. At 12.30 I would have finished 'Ship's Rounds' and have been ensconced in the Ship's Orderly Room, where I would have had at my beck and call the Orderly Room Quartermaster Sergeant and the Clerk, in addition to the Ship's Company Sergeant-major. As the Commanding Officer left most of the routine business to me, I would first deal with it and then take the papers for approval and signature to his cabin. This was down the passage and at the head of the companionway leading to the dining saloon.

"The rest of the picture I am not clear about; but it might refer to the morning inspection of troop decks at 10.30 -- that is to say, earlier than the above. On the other hand, I might have had cause to go forward to the troop decks later that day, but I can't remember. The men fed in their troop decks, and dinner was at 12 o'clock. We seem to have a composite picture, spanning perhaps one and a half or two hours; but it is essentially correct."

Harry gave the next picture, five days later.

September 22nd, 1936.

10.00 p.m.

H.A.K.

"Just a tiny picture. The ship has arrived. It was stationary, drawn up by a wharf. There were numbers of people on shore, talking, gesticulating and running about. A large number of natives, dressed in white garments of a voluminous make, and a great many officials. Billy moving about the deck among crowds of troops; and the railings and sides of the ship were thronged with men. It was a fairly hot day and quite bright. I don't think I am wrong in time."

From Bill: "We came alongside the wharf at Haifa at about 4 o'clock, local time, on Wednesday the 23rd September, which would be 3 p.m. by British Summer Time. The sun was still high, of course, and no one was allowed ashore except those detailed to unload baggage. There were numbers of Arabs, in their usual flowing dress, on the quay, and particularly noticeable was the large number of Staff Officers, of varying degrees, who were there watching us dock. This was accounted for by the arrival, that morning, of the 'Laurentic', carrying the 1st Division Staff. The troops all lined the side of the ship to watch what was happening on shore. A good picture, seventeen hours ahead of time."

October 14th, 1936. 11.50 a.m.

Frank.

"We must try and get a good picture for Bill, the first I have done for him for a very long time.....I will tell you now what he is doing -- this:

"There is a long building, flat-roofed, quite low, and a biggish sort of place with a lot of windows. This faces a long ridge of hills which lie, apparently, quite close to the building. There is a courtyard, which is adjoining the house, and some rather seedy plants are growing. There are a few small trees.

"I can see Bill walking down a long corridor, and going into a room on the right. About five men are seated there, and there are chairs and tables in it, with various papers. I should think an ante-room. There are a couple of big men, about Bill's age, and as he comes in they call out something to him. I can see him going first to a table, upon which are"-- (I was suddenly interrupted at this point, and had to stop; but Frank went on as soon as I could write again) -- "Billy, on going over to this table, picks up some letters. Then he says something, and goes over to the men who have spoken. I see them laughing and talking. Then a gong sounds, and one by one, or in little groups, they go out of the room.

"As Billy walks down the passage, he meets the Colonel, who has an



elderly man with him. He stops and, calling Billy over to him, tells the other man something about him. Evidently a general. I see a quantity of decorations or, rather, ribbons on his tunic. The actual picture is as clear as can be. I am unable, however, to carry on with it, for it is fading."

Bill says: "Throughout October our Regimental Headquarters was in a requisitioned hotel in Ramallah, some miles north of Jerusalem. I was there, with the other Staff Officers, on October 14th, and Frank has given a good description of the place.

"The building is actually of two stories, but it does have a flat roof, and therefore gives the impression of being low. Outside is a courtyard -- once a hard tennis-court -- with weedy plants around it and a few trees as described. I cannot think who the elderly man could be; but we have a number of official visitors coming and going, and the C.O. has introduced me in the ante-room on many occasions. There is only one mistake: we have no gong to call us to meals."

November 20th, 1936. 12.35 a.m.

Uvani.

"Billy, as usual at this hour, sits busily writing. The room seems more comfortable. There is an air of habitation and of usage. He has just risen and gone to a room in which sits an older man, he who has the command. They are not talking of military matters, but upon some other matter of interest.

"I hear the Colonel (for such is he whom I see) say: 'We could manage to get off to-morrow and should have a good day.' Billy is saying he would like immensely to participate. As they speak -- and I should say Billy is standing while the other is seated -- a man taps at the door and, entering, stands silently until such time as he is commanded to speak. He then produces a paper. He reads what is written. He is then bidden to do something and, acquiescing, retires. During the time he has been in the room the minds of the two men have been switched from off the project of which they have been speaking. Now they revert to it.

"The boy is well. Be happy."

About this Bill says: "This is a good picture, and almost correct to time as well, being only about two hours late. We were still at our Headquarters in Ramallah. The rebellion was petering out, and the Colonel and I were planning to mix business with pleasure by travelling north to Capernaum the next day, and having an early morning duck shoot on the Huleh marshes on the way."

Bill returned to England with his regiment from Palestine in 1937, and it was not until the summer of 1941 that he left once more for the Middle East, on appointment as a Lieutenant Colonel Instructor at the Staff College, which had just been opened at Haifa. He was there for a year, until October 1942, when he was posted to the 7th Armoured Division as second-in-command of the 1st/5th Bn Queen's Royal Regiment, one of the three battalions in the divisional lorried-infantry brigade. He remained with them through the battle of El Alamein and after, until December, when the leading troops of the 8th Army had reached Benghazi. He was then promoted to command the 1st/6th Bn Queen's Royal Regiment in the same brigade, a position which he held until he was wounded in action in front of Mareth in March, 1943.

September 16th, 1942. 9.45 p.m.

H.A.K.

"Bill is sitting on a very wide verandah, overlooking a wide valley, and there are mountains in the distance. I can see some goats. There are quantities of orange trees, and I also see flowers. Very vivid colouring.

"Bill is reading. He is quite alone. Then, as I wrote that, a man came along. He brought Bill a parcel and also some letters. Bill is opening the parcel. He takes out a small book. He seems very pleased. I am under the impression it is yours. The boy is looking well, but I think he is still being kept quiet, and he is certainly feeling restive. Don't worry though. He will be all right."

From Bill: "This must refer to sometime about September 5th, 1942, before I left to join the 7th Armoured Division, and while I was in hospital in Nazareth, suffering from a dreary eczema. There was a



verandah there outside my ward, where I used to sit and read, looking over Nazareth and out across the mountains to the south. Your book arrived about this time, and I opened it while on the verandah, I remember. The orange trees, goats and flowers are all correct. This is a good picture."

November 4th, 1942. 9.50 p.m.

H.A.K.

"I want to tell you that Bill is getting command of a battalion. I am very proud of him. I was with him when he got orders and, when you write, tell him Pop was with him when a message was handed to him.

"Bill had been having breakfast and was on his way back to his own house. An orderly came up, saluted, and handed him a letter. Bill tore it open and exclaimed with pleasure. Then he retraced his steps and went into a room -- evidently a study -- where there was an officer. I think the rank was that of full colonel. Bill showed him his letter, and the other man said: 'I congratulate you, but am very sorry to lose you.'

"Tell the old boy and see if I am right."

Bill's remarks are as follows: "On this day, November 4th, the battle of El Alamein had just reached its climax, and early that morning my division -- the 7th Armoured -- spearheaded the breakthrough and started the pursuit into Cyrenaica. I was then second-in-command of the battalion.

" It was not until a month later, on the 1st of December, that the scene occurred which is here described so well. Early that morning a message arrived from 8th Army Headquarters appointing me to command another battalion in the brigade. I had been hoping for this for some time and was, of course, delighted. We were outside Benghazi then, in bivouac, but the Brigade H.Q. did happen to be in a building, and I went over there to see my late C.O., who was temporarily in command of the brigade; and so, by chance, it was in a room where I told him the news. When I received this message I was not on my way to my 'house' precisely, but returning to my tent; but, apart from this, and that the officer I spoke to was a Lieut. Colonel and not a full Colonel, this picture is very accurate, and some four weeks early."

The next picture is again one of Harry's, given about a week later.

November 12th, 1942. 10.17 p.m.

H.A.K.

"Bill has followed up the enemy for about three weeks, and he is getting on splendidly. I have seen him going along in an armoured car with his men coming along in the same way.

"Bill is driving in a car with one other officer. There are signs of a great rout all round him. I can see a great tract of stony desert -- not fine sand as one might imagine -- and there are old tanks and traces of war everywhere. I can see our boy is as keen as possible, pleased to be in the thick of things, and capable of running his own show. He goes his way confidently and will gain some laurels. Best of all, he is well."

From Bill: "November 12th was the day before our brigade captured Tobruk. We were all motorized and travelling across the stony desert, day after day, in our vehicles. The cars were not armoured, but otherwise it must have looked very much as Dad sees it.

"I was acting as Commanding Officer then (our C.O. being Acting Brigadier), and I used to spend most of the time standing up in the front of my car, so that I could signal easily to the remainder of the regiment and exercise some control. We possessed no radio for this in those early days, and had to use hand-signals or loud-hailers -- both highly unsatisfactory over the wide fronts we had to cover, and faced with the troops' lack of experience. We had only been moving for eight days, after all those months in the trenches of El Alamein, and we were very rusty.

"The description of the desert is good. It was mostly covered with gravel and stones, and there was a generous litter of war debris everywhere."

Here is another small glimpse from Harry:

December 4th, 1942. 3.26 p.m.

H.A.K.

"This is what I see. A great mass of machinery of war. Lines of tanks rolling along; all manner of vehicles; armoured cars; lorries in abundance; and streams of marching men. Along the line of march there are derelict guns, tanks, wagons, with food stuffs lying about, tins of meat and other eatables, pieces of equipment, bottles, belts and armaments.



It is a scene of desolation except for the marching men and machines going along resolutely. The scene is a sandy desert. Bill is in a small armoured car with another man."

Bill says: "We were in the Benghazi area at this time, and just working up for the battle of El Agheila. Dad has obviously got a composite picture of the whole battle scene, as I myself (being in a motorized brigade) was very rarely within sight of marching men, and, in fact, I don't think that even the foot infantry marched a great deal. At this time, though, there was one infantry division, the 51st Highland, with us. War debris from the recent fighting -- as well as that of the past two years -- was all around.

"I may well have been in an armoured car on this occasion. I sometimes did travel that way if I were on reconnaissance with my gunner battery-commander; but more often I used my Jeep, driven very much more quickly by the unimpressible Chalker. The gravel desert was behind us and we were now on sand, as Dad says. We were also short of food and often hungry, so we welcomed the tins of meat, tubes of cheese, and the sour cucumbers which we nearly always found in the German positions after we had captured them."

December 18th, 1942.      Time not noted.      Uvani.

"Your boy is with a mighty army, and they are now encamped, waiting. I can see movement, many moving men. They go by in droves and are, I think, prisoners of war. In an endless stream they are stumbling along. There are motor vehicles, armoured cars, guns and tanks lying derelict upon the roadside. The road is non-existent, but it appears to be a road where the men are, and, as far as eye can see, is desert.

"Billy sits in a small dug-out place with another man. There is a sandy bank in front of him."

Bill comments on this picture: "We were now at 'Marble Arch' -- Mussolini's bombastic monument on the desert road marking the boundary between Cyrenaica and Tripolitania -- and I had temporarily occupied a very pleasant little German dug-out in the side of a deep wadi, with a

sandy bank in front of the opening.

"The battle of El Agheila had just been fought and won, and we were hot on Fritz's tail heading west; so things were pretty well much as Uvani describes, although we ourselves were now well beyond the battlefield and the lines of captives. There wasn't a great deal either in the way of debris near us -- just occasional tanks and burnt-out vehicles from our scraps with the German rear-guards -- but the main road to Tripoli was only about a mile to the north of my final position that day, and it may be that Uvani was getting a wide picture and taking that in."

Bill had a lot to say about this next picture, from Harry:

February 15th, 1943. 10.30 p.m.

H.A.K.

"I am seeing Bill. It is a desolate scene. There are innumerable weapons of war, in the shape of armoured cars, tanks and guns, thundering along a long road, with troops of men marching wearily, and rain falling, and a gale of wind blowing.

"All around are great masses of guns grouped about, as though in expectation of a great battle. I can see them everywhere, with heaps of hand-grenades in readiness. There are sentries posted in all directions. You realise I am seeing over a vast piece of country.

"Bill is with his battalion and is walking. He looks quite well and very keen and alert. There are a whole lot of men coming along in lorries. Evidently there's a battle in progress.

"I see stretcher-bearers and there are wounded men on the stretchers, and every now and then I hear the roaring of guns and the high notes of a bomb exploding.

"But remember what I have said. Bill has a charmed life and won't be mutilated in any way, though he never spares himself and is in the thick of all that's going on.

"There's going to be a very big battle."

"This morning, February 15th, we captured Ben Gardane, a small -- and incidentally the first -- town that we met with on entering Tunisia, following the capture of Tripoli on the first of January. The town was



held by units of the 90th Light Armoured Division of the Afrikakorps, and the attack was carried out by the battalion under my command, spearheading the rest of the 7th Armoured Division. We moved up fast in our vehicles early in the morning, to within range of the German guns, and then, when their artillery fire became too heavy, we debussed and continued the assault on foot. By 1.30 in the afternoon it was all over and we had dug in on the west side of the town to receive the counter-attack -- which never came. The weather was foul; soaking rain and bitter, cold wind. We had had no shelter for weeks past, and the desert behind us was so waterlogged that supply was difficult. As a result we had been short of food for days, and were weary and cold.

"But this was not a great battle; hardly, indeed, more than a skirmish. Fritz was there in no strength, and was careful to pull out before we could corner him. He left a handful of dead behind and we captured about a score; but on our side -- at least amongst my own men; and we did all the fighting that there was -- there were no casualties at all.

"Comparing this with Dad's description, it seems clear to me that we have here a composite picture, made up of this small action on the 15th and of what was to follow about four weeks later, when the two armies met face to face at Medenine and Mareth. The first paragraph sees us on the 15th, and so does the third. The second and fourth are clearly concerned with the much larger canvas of what was shortly to follow when we closed up on the Mareth Line, and when, after Rommel's unsuccessful attack at Medenine on March 15th, the big battle of Mareth opened with the full strength of both armies engaged. Note that Dad says: 'You realise I am seeing over a vast piece of country'; and his final 'There's going to be a very big battle.' His main description fits very well with this. I note particularly his 'great masses of guns' in the second paragraph. At Mareth, for the first time since El Alamein, we did have this great mass of guns to support us. Such a description could not apply to any other of our battles from October 1942 to March 1943. Note also his 'heaps of



hand-grenades in readiness.' The Germans, and to an even greater extent the Italians, made great use of these in defence when they had time to prepare their positions, as they had at Mareth, but not at Ben Gardane. We made comparatively little use of our much heavier Mills Grenades, and certainly in my battalion never carried them in an attack at all.

"A most interesting point is the description of hearing, besides the gunfire, 'the high notes of a bomb exploding'. Of course Dad (who had plenty of experience in the Great War) does not mean that a bomb actually detonates with a high note, because it doesn't. He is obviously referring to the distinctive sound of a bomb falling from an aircraft before it hits the ground and explodes. It was the Germans who started using bombing aircraft, the Stuka, in close support of attacking troops; but by 1943 the Stukas were obsolete and no longer being used. We, on the other hand, had been experimenting with close-support aircraft, and we made use of them for the first time at Mareth. So, in this battle, and only in this battle, could aircraft bombs and shells have been heard together.

"I have a definite impression, therefore, that the picture of our skirmish on the 15th, when Dad was writing this, was overlaid by the menace of the much greater events which were to involve us all such a short time after. Dad was seeing two scenes at once; one actually happening and the other to come. That makes this a most interesting example of the evident difficulty of pinning down time, once one is slightly removed from earth's happenings."

The next picture from Harry which I am giving is, perhaps, an example of the way in which events, that had previously occurred, could be picked up and spoken of as taking place at the very moment they were being described to me.

June 23rd, 1943. 6.25 p.m.

H.A.K.

"Bill is where there is a great expanse of sand, with hills rising all round the back, while in front there is sea. There are a lot of huts, and quite a large one, in which he is. In the foreground about fifty or more huts. Men are moving briskly, and there is a hospital, I think, for I see rows of beds with occupants, and there are certainly nurses and



orderlies among the beds. I can see, quite plainly, men having wounds dressed. Also there are ambulances about.

"I can see Bill, dressed in uniform, sitting at a table, writing. He still has dark glasses, and seems to be very well and cheerful. He is writing busily. There is a very great deal of sunshine about, and everything very hot."

Bill says: "This is clearly El Arish, in Sinai, where I had been sent after leaving hospital, to convalesce and to instruct a group of Greek Staff Officers. It is a very good picture of the place, hot, sandy and desolate. The camp where I was had been a convalescent one until about three weeks before my arrival; but there were no patients left there in June. I expect their memory lingered, and Dad picked it up.

"The mention of dark glasses is significant. I had lost the sight of my right eye at Mareth, and had to avoid bright sunlight, so I wore dark glasses for some time."

After Bill was wounded in 1943, and when Ronald was on active service in Burma, I received no more actual pictures; but I was given constant news of them by all four of my controls, and Harry once wrote: "Abdul tells me to say both boys will bear charmed lives. They will be safeguarded."

That remark of Abdul Latif's was, thank God, a true one, and Ronald and Bill came safely home again when the war ended; Bill admittedly lacking the sight of one eye, but Ronald quite unscathed. I was distressed about Bill's eye, but, later on, when he was talking to me, he said: "I had several other close shaves during those two years when I was commanding my battalion at the front; but somehow I always managed to escape being hit, in spite of the heavy casualties around me. I really was astonishingly lucky."

I appreciated then how comparatively little was the loss of the sight of one eye, when so very much worse might have occurred.

## Chapter XI

On July 23rd, 1936, Eileen Garrett gave a lecture, at the British College of Psychic Science, on her experiences during the previous two and a half years in America. I listened with great interest while she described the work done with her there by doctors and scientists, trying -- among other experiments, such as many concerned with Extra Sensory Perception -- unavailingly to prove that Abdul Latif and Uvani were facets of her own personality. The chairman at this meeting was a Dr. Elmer Lindsay, an American recently over from the States. I did not meet him until August 17th.

On August 4th, Uvani talked to me again through Eileen Garrett. He said:

"I am happy to come to you in this way, to give you some account of what we have done since last we spoke through this instrument. \* You have been kept in comfort, happiness, understanding and without undue alarm. Is that not so? And our worthy Abdul Latif has ministered not only to the body, but has also given ministration of spirit."

I asked: "And what has Uvani done?"

"I think he has tried, in his very practical way, always to provide that you have peace and protection for your awareness. I think you will agree, too, that I have elevated myself into the position of devoted friend, adviser, helper. I have been gratified by your understanding, your trust, and the affection you give me. For long now you have been

\* Uvani is referring to the whole period since Eileen Garrett left England in December, 1933; not merely to the gap since July 1st, when he had last talked to me through this source.



given the ways, the means, of drawing close to your beloved one. You have been permitted this nearness that he, with his great desire to bring to you the thoughts, the doings of your loved sons, may be enabled to accomplish that which he longs to do. It has been given also to Abdul Latif, myself and Frank, your brother, this nearness of thought. This that has come to you is different from what comes to others. Having had all these wonders given to you, can you not see that, did others know, there would be awakened in their minds possibilities of what love can do?

"I have used those other controls that you might know, by every means in my power, I am able to do as I have said. I have given proof after proof that I come to you. I then wait for the moment when I can say, through my own instrument, just what I have promised, just what I have done. You may speak now, yes, to my instrument. She would, with useful purpose, speak to some concerning it. The American doctor\* -- it were well he were told."

Without going into any details I told Eileen Garrett, therefore, about the constant control of myself by Uvani and Abdul Latif, and she passed on a request to Dr. Lindsay that he should be present at my next sitting with her, on August 17th, 1936.

On this occasion Uvani alone came, and for most of the time he talked to Dr. Lindsay, while I took down the conversation. Uvani gave a close account of what had taken place with me during the past years; but I am including here only that part of the sitting in which he gave the names of the different controls with whom he had made arrangements to speak to me through their mediums. Eileen Garrett knew nothing about the cross-tests, and this was the first time that Uvani had spoken about them through her or any other medium. He said:

"I desire to state that we have done much with Madame; to emphasize the fact that rigid training ~~has~~ been employed over many years under strictest secrecy. We have taken these years in which to prove our own individuality, and I speak here, in this moment, of ways in which this has been done.

\* Dr. Lindsay.

"I have come through the French <sup>\*</sup>mademoiselle" -- Uvani turned enquiringly to me -- "she with the monk. White Hawk. White Eagle. The little girl."

Uvani turned to me again, and, after stopping to think who it was that he meant, I answered "Lalla." He continued:

"Also Lily. There may have been others. All this may be disputed, but, through my own instrument, I desire to record it. I have done it with remembrance. I have not only told you I would do this, but, after having done it, I have come back and discussed with you my ability or non-ability to speak with you through other controls and mediums. It would have been all useless had I not had remembrance of this that I have done. It is necessary that I tell you this to show you I do remember, and that there is naught that is purposeless in that I do."

Until Uvani spoke of Nina Francis like this, I had forgotten that she was French by birth, and was known here by the English equivalent of one of her names. It had also escaped my memory that, as far back as 1930, Glover Botham's control, who was known as Lily, had mentioned Uvani's association with me. Cross-references were sometimes made between Uvani and this little control; but, as that was long before he started to write through me, no test had ever been arranged through her.

As he had promised, Dr. Lindsay sent me the following memorandum, under covering letter, when he returned to America:

26 East 36 Street,

New York City,

September 3rd, 1936.

"On August 17th, 1936, Mrs. Alice Kaulback and I had a sitting with Eileen Garrett, at 134 Piccadilly, London, England. I had received a request from Uvani, through Mrs. Kaulback, to sit in on Mrs. Kaulback's session.

"Uvani greeted us in his usual gracious manner, expressing his thanks for my presence and saying he was happy to again contact me after so long

<sup>\*</sup> Nina Francis.



period of absence. I had not spoken to him for over a year, altho I had sittings with Eileen Garrett during that interval in New York City.

"He wished to say that he requested my presence for the following reasons:-

"Having come from America; being an outsider and unconnected with any English organisation; having no 'ax to grind'; and knowing that I was deeply interested in the work entailed in the possible proof of survival, it was his wish that I be present when he spoke to Mrs. Kaulback through his own instrument (Eileen Garrett) with regard to the work Mrs. Kaulback has been doing for the past seven years, and of which work she has not been permitted thus far to speak.

"He explained to me that he had been in touch and communication with Mrs. Kaulback during the entire time, first contacting her through Eileen Garrett, then through her own 'Automatic Writing' mediumship, for which he had put her through a rigorous training.

"During this seven years period of contact with Mrs. Kaulback through her own automatic-writings, as well as through other mediums, Uvani and Abdul kept a definite line of thought and procedure with constant cross references and checkings from one medium to another. Both he and Abdul Latif gave her 'pictures' of occurrences and happenings to her sons who were at distant places such as India and Tibet.

"For example, Uvani or Abdul would tell her of these happenings through her own automatic-writing and then when she had a sitting with any of the other mediums, he would either continue these pictures, or make such reference to them as would show her his consecutive connection with the subject and her, even though manifesting through six or seven different persons.

"That not only he, but Abdul Latif as well, followed through with these experiments.

"That Mrs. Kaulback had been put through the severest kind of training with regard to her own writing, as well as with regard to services she had rendered during the period of this work.

\*  
\* Outside the scope of this book.

"That the ban of silence had been laid on her so that during the whole period of over seven years no one, except her sons, knew what was going on, and therefore could not have possibly aided or interfered with the experiments.

"She has been keeping amazing, minute records of every sitting and every writing, with cross references to letters received from her sons in corroboration, or denial, of the accuracy of the pictures.

"And then, when his own instrument, Eileen Garrett, was again in England, he would have a session with Mrs. Kaulback and give her corroborative evidence of all that had occurred through the other mediums.

"That this long and arduous procedure was for the definite purpose of proving the INDIVIDUAL IDENTITIES of himself and Abdul Latif.

"So that there could be no question of him, or Abdul Latif, being a split personality of Eileen Garrett's, if he could appear through other instruments and continue his identical procedure.

"That therefore he wished that the essence of the records kept for over seven years be compiled into a book, which would incontrovertibly prove the individualities. That there was also the subject matter of still another book contained in these records, which would present other than only the scientific aspect."

Elmer A. Lindsay.

It is impressive that Uvani was able to speak so strongly through Eileen Garrett of the proofs of his and Abdul Latif's individualities, which she herself refused to credit. It showed her complete withdrawal when in trance.

At the end of 1936, just before Eileen Garrett left England once more for America, Uvani talked to me again through her. He said:

"The primary object of my desire to speak through the lips of my entranced instrument before she leaves this country is this: our work is about to be put into book form. There should be value in such a book, giving plainly, accurately, simply, evidence of work done by those who are discarnate with one who is incarnate; evidence of people who are in places that are inaccessible, where no transport of any description can bring



word of their doings. My wish is very great that, in the reading of this document, people may have some distinct knowledge of what is essential in obtaining clear communication.

"First and foremost, an understanding, comprehensive, sympathetic attitude, whereby they realize that, without these attributes, they cannot obtain the link which binds.

"When they come looking for information solely from curiosity or a desire to obtain material benefit, there is no open door, no signpost; a barrier which is more immovable than any brick wall hides what lies beyond. When they have love, which gives only desire to find the one loved, the one who has passed beyond their earthly vision, even this may not be sufficient. There must be self-control, selflessness, in order that any excess of emotion will not impede the way and make blurred what might be given by the one who controls the instrument. They must realize patience is a factor which is very necessary; that if he whom they wish to find is not immediately described, it may be that, for some reason, another and yet another is seen before the desired one. There must be no objection, no sullyng of the sight of the control, or he will find his vision becomes so obliterated that he may be unable to see anything more. If only it could be clearly understood that when material things obtrude the way of communication is almost an impossibility, how good it would be!

"There are many who think they can make investigation in the manner shown by a detector of crime on earth, rigid and critical in their attitude, suspicious, hard; and, when little or perchance nothing comes their way, they triumphantly make loud acclamation, saying: 'This is a thing impossible, for I have tested this medium and find her wanting.'

"It is not given to all to have the flame of pure love which, reaching out, blends with the love of the one who has gone; yet, did those who desire to learn show patience, tolerance, sympathy, they would not be sent empty away. I do want this point made clear. Such will do far more to

enable those desiring information to get it, than aught else.

"Now you require elucidation in other matters. You have had your pictures given in many ways, and you have recognized this: that time is not always a measurable quantity. In the beginning we limited ourselves to give you time which corresponded with that of yours, and it was noticeable that those pictures which were very small were more often correct. It was then comparatively easy to grasp the time of your boys with your time. Then came pictures on a larger canvas, which were frequently incorrect with your time. The interest, however, still remains, that we gave you pictures, and that actually what we saw was correct. What you wanted was news. We saw as much as possible, enabling you also to see, and, at the same time, giving you a description of what came before us. When a man takes a record, he does not confine himself to one small item. What he sees he strings together. So with us. We also wished to make clear that time is as nothing, for yesterday, to-day and to-morrow are one.

"You have had your pictures given in many ways. There were moments when we took what passed in the minds of the boys for actual occurrences. It was taken by us, at times, to be the vision of what would make the concrete action later. We could not always foresee.

"It was necessary sometimes to divert your vision, to ensure that, from having opened a loophole in your mind, you would not suffer a great shock. It being imperative to deflect your sight, we gave you something which would not hurt your mother heart. Instead of seeing your children undergoing great hardships, great sufferings, you were shown, perchance, another glimpse, of what later occurred when all was again peace. You wondered sometimes why you were told little of the troubles that were inevitable, especially during the earlier stages of our work. Do you think we could have allowed you to suffer? At the time your boy was bitten by the snake, do you, for one moment, suppose your brother would have been allowed to see what was happening, so that you also would have known and been rent with the torment of suspense? There was the time when your



young boy went many hours searching for water in the desert -- that too. I tell you, even though we had reassured you and given of our word, time and time again you would have been agonized, fearing worse things.

"So we did our best, telling you much, enabling you to see, yet preserving your soul from being seared. You have, long ere this, become conscious that the two worlds are one, as indeed they are. As the mind is inclined to this idea so do the impediments depart; and very definitely do you realize this, as you go back over our evidence and see what has taken place with you. The more you go over it the more you are able to see the wonderful results.

"You have walked the arduous way. You have received much. Now you have paused to review all that has been given, and you are able to perceive the truth. There is no distance between this state and that which to most appears unknown. It is only people themselves who come between."

I have found these things to be true. I have tried to show the means taken to convince me, and the ways in which those who have worked through my mediumship have arranged to speak through other sources, in order to give evidence of their ability to do what they had promised. Ever since Harry left me I have had constant and undeniable proof of his survival, and I think that Abdul Latif and Uvani have clearly shown that they are not merely fragments of a woman's personality (as was the opinion of their wonderful medium, Eileen Garrett), but complete and distinct persons, with characters as emphatically their own as when they lived on earth.

With their help, Harry and Frank have shown me that where there is great love, not only is it possible to keep in touch with those separated from us by death, but also with those from whom we are temporarily parted in this world, however far they may from 'normal' means of communication.

I know now that life continues after death, unchanged in its essentials, and that, when our physical bodies are shed and we enter the next state of being, we still retain our own personalities, with all our powers of understanding and thought, but clarified and intensified beyond all imagining.

## Appendix I

In a study such as this, the personalities and reliability of those taking part in the narrative are of such importance that I have thought it necessary to include these brief biographies. Notes on Abdul Latif and Uvani are included elsewhere in the text.

KAULBACK      Lieut. Colonel Henry Albert (Harry), O.B.E.  
Born 1878, son of the Ven. Archdeacon James Albert Kaulbach, D.D., M.A., and Mary Sophia, née Bradshaw.  
Died November 19th, 1929, at Swinbridge Muir, Dalry, Ayrshire, as the delayed result of war wounds (1915).  
Educated: King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.  
First Commission as 2nd Lieutenant 6th Foot (R. Warwickshire Regiment) 1899. Served with his regiment in the South African War 1899-1901. Wounded at Diamond Hill, June 11th, 1900.  
Queen's South African Medal and six bars. Mentioned in despatches 1900.  
Transferred to 4th Foot (King's Own Royal Regiment) 1907, on promotion to Captain. Appointed Superintendent of Gymnasia, Ireland, 1907, and Captain and Adjutant at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, 1907-11. Served with his regiment in India 1912-14.  
Served with his regiment in the First World War 1914-15. Wounded during the 1st Battle of Ypres while leading his Company in an attack on Hill 60, near the village of Verbrandenmolen, February 20th, 1915, and lost his left arm. Promoted Major 1916, and appointed D.A.A. & Q.M.G. Northern Command. Promoted Brevet Lieut. Colonel 1918.



1914-15 Star, G.S. Medal and Victory Medal with Oak Leaves.  
Appointed Officer of the Order of the British Empire 1919.  
Mentioned in Despatches 1917 and 1918.

Promoted Substantive Lieut. Colonel 1927, and commanded the  
1st Battalion King's Own Royal Regiment 1927-29.

Recreations: Athletics, Mountain Climbing, Shooting and Fox  
Hunting.

#### TOWNEND

Captain Frank Whitchurch (Frank), Royal Engineers.

Born 1885, son of the Rev. Alfred John Townend, M.A., C.F.,  
and Margaret Wiseman, née Stairs.

Died March 29th, 1915, of wounds received in battle at Neuve  
Chapelle, Flanders.

Educated: Dulwich College and the Royal Military Academy,  
Woolwich, into which he passed, by competitive examination,  
at the age of sixteen.

First Commission as 2nd Lieutenant Royal Engineers 1904.

Served with the Bombay Sappers and Miners in India 1906-14.

Commended for gallantry 1914, for repeatedly diving into  
shark-infested waters to locate and rescue a drowning native.

Served in the First World War in France and Flanders with the  
Meerut Brigade Signal Company, and was appointed Brigade Signals  
Officer, Dehra Dun Brigade, and promoted Captain 1914. Fought  
at the battles of La Bassée and Neuve Chapelle, and was  
mortally wounded during the latter on March 28th, 1915. He  
died of wounds at 3.05 a.m. on March 29th, 1915, and is buried  
in the Military War Cemetery at Béthune.

1914-15 Star, and Mentioned in Despatches 1915.

Recreations: He was good at all games, and gained his Blue for  
Association Football and Cricket at the R.M.A. Played football

for the Royal Engineers 1904-06, and football, cricket and Rugby football for the Bombay Presidency 1906-14. He was one of the earliest specialists in radio communication.

KAULBACK

Lieut.Colonel Ronald John Henry, O.B.E., B.A., F.R.G.S.

Born 1909, son of Captain Henry Albert Kaulback and Alice Mary, née Townend.

Educated: Rugby School and Pembroke College, Cambridge.

B.A. 1931, F.R.G.S. 1932.

In 1933 journeyed through Assam and Eastern Tibet with Captain F. Kingdon Ward. Returned to Tibet 1935-37 with John (N.J.F.) Hanbury-Tracy, in an attempt to discover the source of the Salween River. In 1938-39 spent eighteen months in Upper Burma, hunting and collecting zoological specimens for the British Museum (Natural History). Awarded the Murchison Grant by the Royal Geographical Society 1937 for his explorations.

Served in the Second World War 1939-45. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Intelligence Corps, 1939. On Directing Staff of the Small Arms School, Netheravon, 1940-43. Promoted Captain 1941; Major and Chief Instructor (Mortar Wing) 1942. Served in Burma with Force 136, 1943-45. Promoted Lieut.Colonel in 1944, and commanded an Intelligence Party in the Lashio area 1944-45. In 1945 was attached to H.Q. 14th Army as Officer Commanding the Tactical H.Q. of Force 136. Demobilised 1945. 1939-45 Star, Burma Star, Defence Medal, 1939-45 G.S. Medal. Appointed Officer of the Order of the British Empire 1946.

Recreations: Athletics, Rugby Football (represented Cambridge University 1928 and Harlequins 1928-29), Shooting, Skin-diving, Sailing, Fishing.



KAULBACK

Lieut.colonel Roy James Alfred (Bill), D.S.O., M.A., F.R.G.S.

Born 1911, son of Captain Henry Albert Kaulback and Alice Mary, née Townend.

Educated: Rugby School; Pembroke College, Cambridge, B.A. 1932, M.A. 1947; Army Staff College 1941-42; Royal Naval Staff College, Greenwich 1946-47; Joint Services Staff College 1947. F.R.G.S. 1934.

First Commission as 2nd Lieutenant The Royal Irish Fusiliers 1932, and served in India, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Cyprus and Egypt 1932-35.

Travelled alone through Sikkim, across the Himalayas and in Southern Tibet 1933. Led his own expedition to explore the South Libyan Desert by camel 1934.

Appointed Regimental Adjutant 1936-38. On active service with his regiment in Palestine 1936. G.S. Medal and bar. Staff Officer with H.Q. 5th Anti-Aircraft Division, for special duties, 1938. Promoted Captain 1939. Adjutant Small Arms School, Netheravon, 1939-40.

Served in the Second World War 1939-45. Promoted Major 1941. Brigade Major, 168 Infantry Brigade 1941. Promoted Lieut. Colonel 1941. On Directing Staff, Army Staff College, 1941-42. Commanded 1/6th Bn. The Queen's Royal Regiment, 7th Armoured Division (The Desert Rats) in the Western Desert 1942-43. Fought at El Alamein, Tobruk and El Agheila 1942, and at Buerat, Tarhuna, Castel Benito, Zuara, Ben Gardane and Medenine 1943. He was wounded at Medenine and lost his right eye.

Commanded the 1st Bn. The York and Lancaster Regiment, 5th Infantry Division, in the Italian campaign 1944, and in North West Europe 1945, fighting at the Garigliano River, Minturno, the Anzio Beachhead and the capture of Rome; and then at the river Rhine, Ülzen, Lauenburg, the river Elbe and Müssendorf.

1939-45 Star, N. Africa Star with 8th Army bar, Italy Star, France and Germany Star, Defence Medal, 1939-45 G.S. Medal with Oak Leaves. Mentioned in Despatches 1943 and 1944. D.S.O. 1945.

Chief of Staff 1st Infantry Division 1945-46, and served in Egypt and Palestine. M.E. bar to G.S. Medal.

Retired to civilian life at own request 1947, and was executive with Iraq Petroleum and Shell Oil companies 1947-62 in Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Persian Gulf and Iran.

Recreations: Athletics (Cambridge Alveston 1932), Rugby football (Cambridge LX Club 1929 and Harlequins 1935), Polo, Fencing, Shooting, Skin-diving, Sailing, Boxing (Inter-services Light-Heavyweight Champion, India 1932), Archaeology and Chess.



## Appendix II

Showing the time taken between the despatch of Ronald's letters,  
in 1935 and 1936, and their receipt by me.

<u>Sent from Tibet</u>	<u>Received</u>	<u>Delay</u>
May 31st, 1935	July 22nd, 1935	7 weeks
June 5th, do	January 14th, 1936	7 months
June 23rd, do	March 3rd, do	8½ months
July 12th, do	March 14th, do	8 months
August 7th, do	February 17th, do	6 months
August 16th, do	March 9th, do	7 months
October 10th, do	February 24th, do	4 months
March 9th, 1936	July 13th, do	4 months

### Appendix III

#### Definitions of Mediumistic Terms

<u>Automatic Writing</u>	Involuntary writing under psychic control.
<u>Clairaudience</u>	The power of hearing sounds inaudible to the physical ear.
<u>Clairvoyance</u>	The power of seeing what is invisible to the physical eye; or the power to see visions of the future.
<u>Control</u>	A disembodied spirit who speaks through a medium, transmitting messages from others in the spirit world to people still in the physical world; and who acts, in a sense, as a "doorkeeper", protecting the medium from use by other, perhaps undesirable, spirits. Often called a Guide.
<u>Direct Control</u>	When a spirit, other than the Control, is permitted to speak directly through a medium.
<u>Direct Voice</u>	Voices heard independently, which do not come from the medium's vocal chords.
<u>Medium</u>	<p>A person of supernormal sensibility, through whom spirits can communicate with the material world.</p> <p>With a mental medium the communication comes either through her (or his) vocal chords, or through automatic writing. In the case of a physical medium there is direct voice, often accompanied by the appearance of human figures or faces capable of speech and movement, in a more or less darkened room; and/or by the levitation of physical objects.</p>
<u>Seance</u>	A term usually applied when several people meet with a medium for <del>physic</del> <sup>psychic</sup> purposes.
<u>Sitting</u>	A private appointment made with a medium.
<u>Trance</u>	A condition of coma, sometimes deep, in which a medium's vocal chords are used by a Control.