

## 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>C</sup>ertainly 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."

X 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 short-hand); 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."