

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~~^{to} 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 ^{own} ~~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."

X 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^h for Bill, who had X 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 Lamaserai 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 ^{the} ~~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."