

## 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.