

PSYPIONEER JOURNAL

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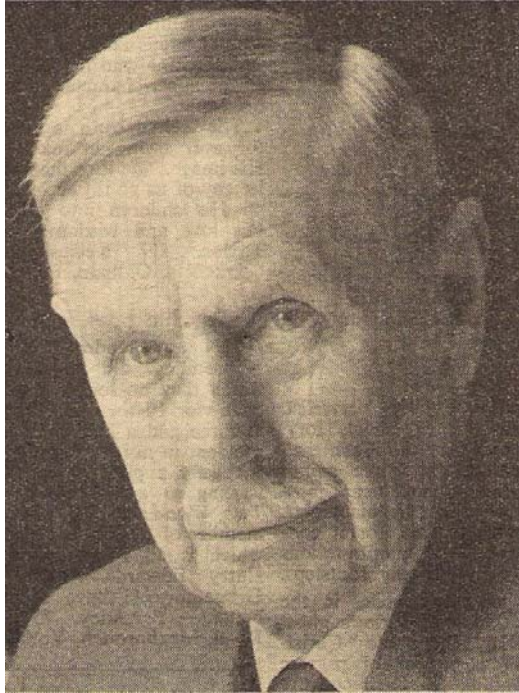
Volume 7, No 12: December 2011

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*Psypioneer would like to extend its best wishes to all
its readers and contributors for the festive season and
the coming New Year*





Lord Dowding

1882-1970

Story by PHILIP PAUL:¹

A MERRY fire danced on the hearth, sending smoky phantoms to float among the autumn leaves nodding near the chimneys. Lolling before the blaze, a plump tabby feline purred sensual pleasure to a larger fellow, of marmalade hue, luxuriating among the cushions of the sofa. Brown-eyed and curly-coated, a faithful old dog rested his chin upon the toe of his master's shoe.

Outside, the county of Kent lay serene in the peace that separates morning bustle from the diversions of the evening. Within, the talk was worlds away—of life after death, of philosophy, of international amity—and of men and machines from outer space. . . .

Air Chief Marshal Hugh Caswall Tremenheere Dowding was born on April 24, 1882. After an education at Winchester and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he joined the Royal Artillery at 18. The military value of wings was then reaching official realisation. He transferred to the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of the First World War.

Distinguished service

An outstanding career ensued. His 1914-18 service earned him mention in despatches. In 1919 he became a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. From 1926 to 1929 he was Director of Training at the Air Ministry; in 1929-30 he commanded the Fighting Area, Air Defence of Great Britain; for three years from 1930 he was Air Member for Research and Development of the Air Council; from 1936 to 1940 he was Air Officer Commanding in Chief of Fighter Command and was Principal Air ADC to the King, 1937-43. Between 1940 and 1941 he was on special duty in America, responsible to the Minister of Aircraft Production.

He became a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1928 was created Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1933, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order in 1937 and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in 1940. He was created a Baron in 1943.

Retirement from the Royal Air Force, in 1942, gave him a long-awaited opportunity to pursue his many personal interests. Not least among these was Spiritualism, a subject upon

¹ *The Two Worlds*, October 22nd, 1955 page 7.

which his imagination had been fired no fewer than 22 years earlier, when he read a “Weekly Dispatch” serialisation of the Rev. G. Vale Owen’s “Revelations From Beyond the Veil.”

Probing death’s mystery

Though he had suffered personal bereavement by the death of his first wife—she presented him with a son and a daughter—this was not the motive behind his interest. He is a man accustomed to the acceptance of challenges. To probe the mysteries beyond death was clearly the greatest—and most irresistible—of them all.

Never was a more penetrating intellect brought to bear upon subject. His findings, and the personal evidence he received of the survival of RAF colleagues killed in the late war, have made him our greatest contemporary champion. In his first book on Spiritualism—“Many Mansions”—he purposely avoided any mention of personal experiences. Since then, he has published two further outstanding works on the psychic scene—“Lychgate” and “The Dark Star.”

He is selective in his judgment of the movement. “People talk about Spiritualism as though it is a homogeneous thing,” he commented drily, “but it isn’t at all. It includes people doing very spiritual work and others who are engaged in pure sensationalism.” He has firm views about Spiritualism’s scope and applicability. “According to my definition, a person is a Spiritualist if he believes (a) in survival after death and (b) that you can communicate with those in the after-life. But that is very wide net indeed. It covers the person who goes to a medium to get a tip for the Derby and it can also embrace a Confucian, a Buddhist or a Hindu.”

To end torture

For years he has striven to awaken human conscience concerning the cruelties visited upon helpless animals in the names of science and sport. His courageous speeches and shocking disclosures in this connection in the House of Lords have been of incalculable value towards the re-education of men who regard tortured, torn and terrified creatures as the triumphant conclusion of commendable recreation fitting victims to the advancement of medicine.

Yet his benevolence does not exclude humanity. He was for a long period an active member of Marylebone Spiritualist Association’s group for the treatment of obsessions. He rejoiced in this work, which saved many victims from incarceration in asylums. He is convinced that a heavy percentage of those whom doctors label as schizophrenics are, in fact, cases of obsession.

Of moderate build and stature, with iron-grey hair and moustache and an expression of sobriety that belies his facile nature, he sat back in his comfortable, floral-covered armchair. The temptation was too great for the purring one, who landed squarely on his lap.

While he stroked the tabby fur, the talk turned to another of his engrossments—the problem of Flying Saucers.

Here, it was soon clear, is an enigma after his own heart. Against the background of the fantastic implications involved in the possibility of vehicular travel between the planets of the universe, the riddle of the Unidentified Flying Objects holds scope for the analyst, the strategist, the linguist, the occultist, the militarist, the scientist—and the romanticist.

But there is nothing romantic about Lord Dowding's approach to UFOs. "I examine the evidence with an open mind," he affirms. Producing the recent works of Messrs. Leslie, Adamski and Keyhoe on the subject, he was unhesitant in announcing his positive convictions from the evidence they offer. He is president of the Tunbridge Wells branch of the Flying Saucer Club.

Because of ignorance

To a question seeking his opinion concerning the effects which the arrival of visitors from other worlds might produce upon international relationships, he declared: "People are always afraid of what they don't understand. Recently, we were studying reports of a landing in Northern Italy. People had disembarked from a saucer and were promptly attacked by a crowd numbering about 200. A newspaper report of the incident included the comment, "Unfortunately, none of the local inhabitants was provided with firearms!"

So it seems that the early arrivals from Mars, Venus, Saturn or points beyond must come prepared for a lively reception. But Lord Dowding remarked: "It does not follow that all these vehicles—and there have been thousands of sightings—come from the same place. Some may be benevolent and some may be rather neutral. We have got to guard against going from the particular to the general. The contacts I have studied all appear to be intensely benevolent. They say they would never take a human life."

However the cynic may view this statement, he must surely agree that, if benevolence be a mark of the moral advancement of a species, the humanity of this world can scarcely anticipate winning an inter planetary championship.

Lord Dowding is unperturbed by "blow hot, blow cold" American Air Force statements about UFOs or the British Government's silence on the subject. "You know what officialdom is. If they can't explain everything that happens, they pretend it doesn't happen.

"Flying Saucers are rather like Spiritualism. A single instance could be put down to fraud or coincidence. But say that there are six cases which need examining. Even though two of them are terrible lies made up to make money or for some motive, if you get one report you can accept the whole case is open. Many people want to be convinced by one particular incident. But the question is one which is built up from many incidents."

Believes in fairies

Preparing for the well-nigh impossible task of telling the Saucers story in an eight-minute Independent Television broadcast, he lamented, “I could give a series of six one-hour lectures on the subject!”

As well as accepting the testimonies which say that men from other worlds travel at fabulous speeds across æons of space to land upon our globe, Lord Dowding is convinced of the existence on earth of little people so small that, for the most part, human beings overlook them.

Again on the basis of his examination of the evidence; he is satisfied that elemental sprites carry out basic functions in the development of flowers, the movement of water and like duties. Here, he has the constant encouragement of a firsthand witness in the person of his charming wife, who clearly recalls her meetings with fairies in child-hood days.

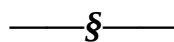
After the warning

Her youthful stories of these encounters so alarmed the adults of her household that they endeavoured to stop her “imaginings” by warning her that, if she did not turn her attention elsewhere, she would be stamped upon her forehead and posted to Sir James Barrie, who knew how to deal with little girls who saw fairies.

The effect of this threat was surprising but logical. After it, she diligently collected pieces of bread and cake at mealtimes and, at suitable opportunities, thrust these offerings into pillar-boxes as sustenance for all the friends of fairies she thought must be waiting within, en route to the creator of Peter Pan.

It was through Spiritualism that Lord Dowding met his delightful, auburn-haired lady. They were introduced by a mutual friend, healer Dorothy Kerin, two years after Lady Dowding, then the widow of a Bomber Command pilot killed on active service, experienced a precognitive dream in which she saw her future husband and involuntarily called his first name. She was puzzled about the identity of the stranger who had invaded her sleep, until her mother gave her a copy of “Many Mansions.” In it, she saw a photograph of the author—the man in her dream.

Convinced reincarnationists, the Dowdings believe that their marriage, in 1951, was the beginning of another partnership to follow many they have shared in earlier lives. Even those who argue against rebirth will grant that, with such a companion awaiting him, no man could have had better reason for seeking repeated earthly personifications.



Beauty ~ Not the Beast

*An Autobiography:*²

[**Introductory note by LP:**—We are reprinting below an account given by Lady Dowding herself, the widow of Max Whiting. Readers will notice it differs from the account quoted in *Two Worlds* above. In *Psypioneer* May 2005 we gave another experience of tea with Lord Dowding,³ in that case involving Col. Lester.]

I received a kindly reply and acknowledgement of my letter to Lord Dowding, seeking information about Max. Then, some months later, I had another letter from the Air Chief Marshal, saying that he rather thought my husband had made contact at a recent spiritualistic sitting. The next time I was coming to London, Lord Dowding said, would I let him know and he would introduce me to his medium. Naturally, still desperate for definite news of Max's fate, I immediately arranged to go to London.

Lord Dowding's invitation was to lunch at the United Services Club in Pall Mall. When I arrived I was only aware of a very thin, tall man in a grey suit and with grey hair, escorting me into the Club lounge. I scarcely glanced at him. My attention was almost entirely fixed upon the medium to whom he introduced me, a Mrs. Hunt. Over lunch, she did practically all the talking and left hurriedly soon after to go to a matinee, she said, with a friend.

It all seemed to happen so quickly that she did not even bother to give me an appointment for a sitting and, when she left, I felt a little downcast. Until that moment, I don't believe I had any particular interest in Lord Dowding, except for the hope that, indirectly, he might help me get news of Max. In fact, I knew very little about the Air Chief Marshal, except that there had been a lot of public indignation when, following the Battle of Britain, he had been dismissed as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Fighter Command in 1940.

After Mrs. Hunt had bustled out, Lord Dowding said: 'If you don't have to go at once, would you care to stay and have tea with me?'

As he came around to move back my chair so that we could return to the lounge, I suppose I looked at him properly for the first time.

In that instantaneous glance, *I knew. He was the person I had known as a little girl, the figure in khaki who calmed me after my nightmares and promised that we would marry. He was the man I had seen balancing the black elephants at the cottage in Kilve.*

In my astonishment at this sudden rush of recognition, I gasped: 'Hugh!'

² *Beauty ~ Not the Beast*, An Autobiography - The Rt. Hon. Muriel, the Lady Dowding, Neville Spearman, Jersey, 1980, pages 86-91.

³ *Psypioneer* Volume 1, No.13:—*A talk over the tea table – Reginald Lester*, pages 149 -150:—http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/Leslie_Price_PP13.pdf

Then, before I could even begin to feel embarrassed at having been so over-familiar, he said, quietly and kindly: 'How charming of you to call me that.'

I looked at him. He was older than I, though by how much I could not have said. He was handsome, distinguished, experienced, a man of obvious fine manners and breeding. I was a young woman, well-dressed, well brought up, it was true, but I was young all the same. A young, somewhat bewildered and distressed war widow, like so many others at that time. And as I looked at him, I realised suddenly that, although I felt I knew him, had known him since I was a child, had felt his comforting presence even later when I received the dreadful telegram about Max ... he didn't know me at all!

Was it still, then, just some strange trick of time or psychological make-up, coupled perhaps with a childhood imagination that had lingered later in my life? Was that all the explanation there was for making me connect this distinguished man's appearance with the fantasy-figure of my waking dreams?

Quietly, we sat in the club lounge the whole afternoon. He was speaking quietly of many things. Mostly, he talked of the lost airmen whose families and dependents he so desperately wanted to help, by bringing them positive news of their loved ones, through any available channel, whether by ordinary intelligence reports, or through the vehicle of a spiritualistic medium.

I sat listening quietly, almost embarrassed at my innermost thoughts, turning over in my mind my disappointment at not having gained any positive news about Max from the medium to whom I had been introduced. Part of my mind also wondered about the strange trick of fate, coincidence - or whatever it was - that had superimposed the image of this man on my earlier life in such a haunting and unusual way. And yet, he obviously did not appear to recognise me at all ...

Suddenly, a waiter appeared beside our table.

'Will you be staying to dinner, my Lord?'

Lord Dowding turned to me.

'Do please stay to dinner,' he said.

Suddenly remembering myself, I said rather abruptly:

'Whatever is the time?'

'Seven-thirty.'

'But I have a little boy to put to bed!' I exclaimed. And I got up quickly and, I suppose, rather rudely rushed out of the Club with him running along at my heels. He followed me

as I dashed the short distance to Charing Cross Station and as we got there a Tunbridge Wells train was waiting at the platform. He helped me aboard.

Breathlessly, I apologised for my hasty departure, he closed the carriage door behind me, waved ... and the train pulled out. All the way home I thought about him.

‘That is the nicest person I have ever met,’ I told myself. ‘I shall never see him again ... but what a dear person he is.’

Three days later I received a letter from him, saying that he would arrange a sitting for me with a very good medium. He had, he said, taught himself a type of shorthand and, if I didn’t feel that it was too personal, he could come along as my scribe if I so wished. He knew, he said, how difficult it was to attend a sitting and to try to take notes. Also, would I care to go to the theatre afterwards and, if so, what would I like to see?

What would I like to see? The man I thought I might never see again was asking me what I would like to see! I wanted to see only him ... that would be enough.

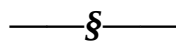
And so, in this rather roundabout and indirect way, the great romance of my life began.

In his book, *Many Mansions*, Hugh had conveyed his belief that, under certain conditions, it was possible to establish communication between this world and the next and, as a result, he had been inundated with letters from widows and mothers with loved ones who had been lost. Some years after we met, I asked him: ‘Did you invite them all out to lunch?’

‘Only you,’ he said. ‘Because your husband asked me to.’ When I asked what he meant, Hugh explained that he believed that my first husband, Max, had actually contacted him through a spiritualist medium - to which he had obliquely referred in his letter inviting me to lunch.

‘When this airman, Max, came through and had identified himself to me, ‘Lord Dowding explained,’ ‘he said, “I wish you would take my wife out to lunch - you will like her.” ’

So it is true to say that, in an indirect sense, it was my father-in-law, Mr Whiting, and Max, who eventually brought about my meeting with Hugh.





R.J. LEES AS HEALER

Testimony to the later healing work of Robert James Lees is included in a new book by Stephen Butt, *Paranormal Leicester*.⁴

Stephen is known to Psypioneer readers as the man who solved the mystery of Georgiana Eagle the clairvoyant girl who demonstrated before Queen Victoria,⁵ and as the leading authority on the life of Lees.⁶

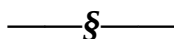
The patient was a distant relative of Lees, to whom he was known in childhood as “Uncle James”. When age 7, the child, whose name was John, and whose life was in doubt, had hands laid on his shoulders by Lees. This was a frightening experience,

but John ceased to be sickly.

“There was no doubt that he was a holy man” John wrote to Stephen in 1986 “but I always felt in terror of him... He was a kindly man and really not to be feared, but his constant communication with the ‘other world’ meant that to be in a house with him could have some very unusual results.”⁷

Stephen also tells the story of two lost caches of Lees papers which he has helped retrieve. His chapter on Lees is the most authoritative account of the medium available. It should be used by Press and other writers on Lees who are often beguiled by Eva, daughter of Lees.

LP.



⁴ Amberley Publishing, (28 September 2011) £9.99 See:—<http://www.stephenbutt.co.uk/paranormal.htm>

⁵ Psypioneer Volume 1, No. 15/16:—*Georgiana Eagle – Queen Victoria’s Clairvoyant Revealed* – By Stephen Butt, pages 174 – 196:— <http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/15-16.PSYPIONEERFoundedbyLesliePrice.pdf>

⁶ Psypioneer Volume 5, No. 12:—*Robert James Lees and the Revd Thomas Ashcroft* – Stephen Butt, pages 384 – 395:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP5%2012December09.pdf> Also the web site:—www.rjlees.co.uk

⁷ See page 58.

(accompanying Photograph Psypioneer archives)

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Grave

Windlesham to Minstead churchyard

Sir Arthur died on July 7th, 1930 at home, at Crowborough, Sussex. Four days later he was buried in the grounds of his beautiful house, Windlesham.

LIGHT July 19th, 1930:

THE flag at the clubhouse on the Crowborough golf links flew at half mast on Friday, July the 11th; it was almost the only outward sign of mourning at the funeral of a great captain of men. For the occasion was one in which death was robbed of its terrors—a Spiritualist Funeral.



On the lawn at the back of Sir Arthur's beautiful house, "Windlesham," a great concourse of men and women of all ranks of life, stood in a square about the massive coffin on which rested a beautiful trophy of red roses.

The service was simple. It was conducted by the Rev. Charles Drayton Thomas and the Rev. C. C. Angell, a relative of the family. The latter read passages from the Scriptures: Psalm CXXI ("I will lift up my eyes unto the hills"), Ecclesiastes XII ("Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken"), Malachi III ("And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels"), and I. Corinthians XIII ("Love suffereth long and is kind"), these being Sir Arthur's favourite passages. Mr. Drayton Thomas offered an impressive impromptu prayer which he followed by reading a paper that was described as "an expression by Lady Conan Doyle and the whole family of their attitude towards death and the larger life," it being also a heartfelt tribute to the splendid and unselfish life of Sir Arthur.

The two well-known hymns, "Open my eyes" and "God be with you till we meet again," were sung with fervour, and then, following the coffin, the great gathering reverently made its way to the grave beside the summer-house which Sir Arthur had used as an outdoor study.

Here Mr. Drayton Thomas read the final passages from the document—an affecting apostrophe to the departed one; and Mr. Ernest Oaten added a few words of simple eloquence.

—§—

Lady Conan Doyle died in 1940 and was buried next to her husband; and in 1955 the bodies were exhumed and moved to Minstead, in the New Forest.

In July 2010, *Psypioneer* marked the 80th Anniversary of his death.⁸ Garth Willey brought us further details of Sir Arthur’s burial and his and Lady Conan Doyle’s re-interment in the following *Psypioneer* issue – complete with a photograph of the grave stone as it stands today.⁹

Now we bring to our readers a report from Maurice Barbanell, then editor of *The Two Worlds*,¹⁰ on the re-interment:

CONAN DOYLE EXHUMATION MAKES FRONT-PAGE NEWS

The Two Worlds:—¹¹

THE bodies of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his wife featured in a story that began almost as a Sherlock Holmes thriller last weekend. When, however, members of the family explained the reasons for the secret exhumation the mystery almost entirely fizzled out. The first account was front-page news in the “Daily Express” last Saturday, quickly followed by the London “Evening News,” which made the story the main feature on its front page.

Thereafter nearly every national and Sunday newspaper featured the happenings—a tribute to the magic of the Conan Doyle name.

“Dawn Mystery in Village” was one “Daily Express” headline. Its reporter said that the villagers of Crowborough, Sussex, were talking about “the last mystery of Sherlock Holmes” because of the secrecy surrounding the exhumation.

⁸ *Psypioneer* Volume 6. No.7:— 80th anniversary of the passing of ACD, pages 179 – 185:—
<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP6.7.July2010.pdf>

⁹ *Psypioneer* Volume 6. No.8:— 80th anniversary of the passing of ACD - Addendum by Garth Willey, pages 214-215:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP6.8August2010.pdf>

¹⁰ Maurice Barbanell (1902-1981), editor of the *Two Worlds* 1957c – 1981

¹¹ *The Two Worlds*, July 9, 1955 page 4.

CLOAKED IN MYSTERY

With the headline, “Diggers Sworn to Secrecy,” the London “Evening News” said “No Sherlock Holmes adventure was ever cloaked in deeper mystery than that which wreathed the exhumation of his creator. “It added erroneously that the memorial garden with its two graves had become a shrine for Spiritualists.

This newspaper referred to Doyle’s Spiritualism and mentioned how throughout her long illness, which preceeded her passing, Lady Doyle was comforted by spirit messages from her husband.

At the end of this account was given one of the reasons for the exhumation. The house, Windlesham, is to be sold. The family had decided that the bodies of Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle, together with the ashes of their son Denis, should be buried together in a new family grave.

The graves, however, do not form part of the ground which is to be sold. They are part of a cottage which was owned by Denis and is now the property of his widow, the former Princess Mdivani.

PERMANENT REST

Then the situation was complicated on Saturday night. A statement was issued by the senior partner of a firm of solicitors acting for the Conan Doyle estate.

“There is no mystery about it at all,” he said. “The bodies are being taken to a permanent resting place in the family vault.” As there is no family vault, his statement did not help to clarify matters. “I cannot say where the family vault is,” he added. Obviously he could not because it does not exist.

On Sunday, Jean, Sir Arthur’s daughter a group-captain in the Women’s Royal Air Force, said that the bodies were exhumed because there were no grandchildren to take over the family house. It was her mother’s last wish that her grandchildren should live at Windlesham.

BODIES IN NEW FOREST

Adrian Conan Doyle who is living in Portugal, explained that he was having the bodies reinterred in Minstead churchyard in the heart of the New Forest. It was there that the Conan Doyles had a cottage. It was also there that Sir Arthur wrote “The White Company,” which Adrian described as his father’s most famous book, with the New Forest as a background.

The “Sunday Express” quoted him as saying that he was sure his father would like to rest there. Adrian, of course, must have been misreported. He knows the difference between his father and his father’s earthly body.

In a later statement Jean Conan Doyle said that the family, for several years, had felt that it would be better to move their parents' bodies to some more permanent place. Eventually the garden where the bodies were buried would pass into other hands.

When I read the hullabaloo concerning the exhumation, my mind went back to the strange burial service of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his garden 25 years ago. This curiously enough, was conducted by a Church of England parson and was almost orthodox.

It was cold, formal, and contained no reference to the positive evidence of survival, the central propaganda to which Sir Arthur devoted so many years of his life.

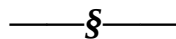
INSPIRED ORATION

When it was over and we were all leaving, feeling puzzled as to why Spiritualism's message had not been stressed, Lady Doyle stopped Ernest Oaten and asked if he would like to say a few words.

The famous Spiritualist closed his eyes for a few moments. The crowd gathered round him. Then, obviously inspired he delivered a panegyric of Conan Doyle which was a perfect epitome of his Spiritualist outlook and struck just the right note for a Spiritualist funeral.

The chagrin of the many Spiritualists who were present was transformed as a result of the inspired words that flowed from the semi-entranced Oaten.

M.B.



A STITCH IN TIME

Timelines are valuable aids to learning, which is why we encounter them on the walls of primary classrooms (reminding us the Romans came before the Anglo-Saxons,) and in daily newspapers to clarify the latest crisis. The SNU has a timeline which with variations it has used for thirty years. It lately appears in a glossy magazine *One Union* sent to individual SNU members.

The problem with timelines, like other reference sources, is that the more detail, the more danger of errors. It is not a good idea to reprint a previous version without checking. Sometimes a typing error can creep in.

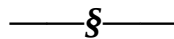
"1949 – Celebration of the Centenary of Modern Spiritualism took place in the Royal Albert Hall" is an example of this, especially as earlier in the table 1848 is given as the year of birth.

But what can one say about “1932 *Psychic News* was founded by Arthur Findlay”. Surely the SNU remember their minister Maurice Barbanell, first editor of *Psychic News*? Indeed when they acquired PN in 1995, they reprinted in *New Communicator* an account by Barbanell of the PN origin, which was summarised in *Psypioneer* January 2005.¹² In October 2007,¹³ *Psypioneer* reprinted an earlier article by Barbie in which he set out the sequence. Findlay’s money was indispensable for the survival of PN in 1932, and obviously he is venerated at Stansted, but PN was not his idea.

There are also doubtful dates about Keighley in Yorkshire. “1853—the first Spiritualist church opened in Keighley by David Richmond.” This is a reference to the Spiritual Brotherhood formed there which was not a church—see *Psypioneer* May 2006.¹⁴ The suggestion “1852—the first public demonstration of mediumship by Mrs W.R. Hayden in Great Britain was at Keighley.” cannot be correct. She only arrived in London from the States in October 1852 (see *Psypioneer* October 2006¹⁵) and was based in London during her stay. We can agree that the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph* was started in Keighley in 1855, though none other than the husband of Mrs Hayden brought out one issue of a newspaper *The Spirit World* in 1853.

These examples, which could be supplemented, remind us that timelines are not easy to construct. But reference to back issues of *Psypioneer* can help. Unfortunately psychic websites will often copy historical names and dates without checking, which is one reason why we prefer to reprint original accounts.

LP.



¹² *Psypioneer* Volume 1, No. 9:—*Psychic News in perspective*, pages 96 -97:—
http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/Leslie_Price_PP9.pdf

¹³ *Psypioneer* Volume 3, No. 10:—*Three “Dead” Men Began Psychic News – Maurice Barbanell*, pages 215 – 221:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP3.10October07.pdf>

¹⁴ *Psypioneer* Volume 2, No. 5:—*Keighley celebration 1882*, pages 105 – 106:—
<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/2.5%20PSYPIONEERFoundedbyLesliePrice.pdf>

¹⁵ *Psypioneer* Volume 2, No. 10:—*Mrs. Hayden’s visit to England in 1852-3*, pages 212 – 230:—
<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP2.10October06.pdf>

Henry (Harry) James Edwards

1893-1976

BY PHILIP PAUL.¹⁶

HOPE, the old adage proclaims, has eternal birth within the human breast. Given a healthy breast, the saying is largely true. But when that organ is wrung by pain or distorted by disease, the eternal qualities of hope are apt to become diminished. And when, as sometimes happens, neither medicine nor surgery are of avail, hope's tide is wont to ebb beyond the limits of human view.

LEADER OF ARMY

Yet even then man has arms against the slings and arrows of such outrageous fortune. They are forged, not of steel, but of flesh. Their names number many thousands. They are an army which marches to bring courage to the crucified, amelioration to the maimed and aid to the afflicted. In its vanguard is a silver-haired, rosy-checked 62-year-old. His name is Harry Edwards.



This man is no saintly recluse. He is vital, but human. His life has included its quota of the foibles of *homo sapiens*. Yet through his years has run a priceless thread—compassion for those who suffer.

Born in Lambeth in 1893, he was the eldest of nine children who were raised on his compositor-father's wage of £1 19s. a week. His youthful reputation was such that neighbours instructed their offspring not to associate with him.

This stormy start led to a 6s.-a-week apprenticeship in a publishing house, an active role in the boy scout movement, a passionate belief in Liberalism and a lively abhorrence of vivisection.

COURT-MARTIAL

Once, he silenced a stormy political meeting with the poignant sentence, "There is a *Titantic* disaster every week in the deaths from consumption."

¹⁶ *The Two Worlds*, June 11th, 1955 page 5.

In 1914 he enlisted in the Royal Sussex Territorial Cyclist Battalion, at Brighton. Spying his thin, uniformed figure on the pier, a critical female sniffed. “And a real gun, too!” To enliven a life of watching the Channel for submarines, he caught (and fried) mackerel and speared fruit from traders stalls with his bayonet.

After a court-martial in England—the charge was dismissed—was posted to Bangalore. There, he started an army newspaper and published radical views which earned him another court-martial. Next, he saw service on the North Western Frontier of India, in Baghdad and elsewhere. In Persia he saw the results of Russo-Turkish conflict—dead littered the streets and children fell victims to cannibalism.

Here, his healing began. It took the form of castor oil and carbolic powders administered to the primitive people. Once he was offered gold and carpets in thanks for a cure. He refused them—but accepted 300 eggs for his mess. At his departure the road was lined with weeping people crying, “You are our father and mother, do not leave us!”

IN THE PRINT

Back in England, he opened a printing business with his £800 savings and gratuity, took a mortgage on a house and, with difficulty, bought a wedding ring for his bride. Soon, he was hundreds of pounds in debt and on familiar terms with a summonses and bailiffs. But by 1931 there were a son, three daughters—and better times.

Storming through the political scene as a Liberal orator, he first contacted Spiritualism at the Clements Road, Ilford, Church. His interest developed through membership of a circle and he acquired trance mediumship. His spirit healing began with experiments in his home circle. The early cures included cases of galloping consumption, haemorrhage, pleurisy, cancer of the lung, cataract and even a deformity from birth.

THREE MILLION LETTERS

News of these successes spread and soon began the absent healing which has brought him close on three million letters. He found himself able to “astral travel” and visited many patients in this way. Development and experience taught him to abandon the magnetic healing practices of passes, “flinging away” disease, washing hands between treatments and “blowing power” through handkerchiefs.

Later came friendship with physical medium, Jack Webber. It ended one night when, seated the sick on medium’s bed after giving him healing, Harry sang with him his favourite song—“Danny Boy.” Next day Webber was dead. Two years later, he materialised to friends through another physical medium, Arnold Clare.

FROM A TO Z

Since then, Edwards has travelled a long road of ever-increasing service. Giving up business to devote his life to healing, he moved, 1946, to Burrows Lea, a delightful and

dignified home for his work in the peace of Surrey countryside. Everything from migraine to marital incompatibility has passed through his hands with beneficial results.

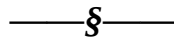
Hundreds of thousands, patient and spectators, have flocked to his sensationallly-successful demonstrations all over the United Kingdom and on the Continent. His works are acclaimed by the Press, envied by men of medicine—he has healed many of them; “the truth is we medicos have failed in both diagnosis and treatment,” wrote one—and examined by the Church.

90% SUCCESS

Edwards remains unruffled by the uproar; he is immersed in the betterment of those who, abandoned and condemned by orthodox practitioners, journey to him in coachloads and sometimes from across the world. Young and old, obscure and distinguished, they speak of fearful pain and dread disease. He nods briefly and the plump, pink hands move busily. Invariably, the corner is turned.

The records kept by his secretaries reveal successes of 85 to 90 per cent—most of them the “incurables” of medicine and surgery. In these achievements, he is aided by his faithful lieutenants, Olive and George Burton.

A modern man of “miracles,” this silver-haired saviour has struck a note of hope that echoes around our desperately needy globe.



Whatever happened to Arnold Clare?

In January 1948, the SPR Journal reported on the reactions to its financial offer to physical mediums. Among the names of mediums was Arnold Clare.

“Arnold Clare (direct voice) said he had periods when he could get no phenomena, and we had asked him at such a time.”

In contrast to this sole appearance in psychical research, AC has an assured place in the history of Spiritualism, as one of two physical mediums about whom Harry Edwards wrote books. But whereas Jack Webber died young, Arnold lived on.

In his biography of Harry Edwards *Born to Heal*¹⁷ Paul Miller identifies ways in which Edwards was influenced by Arnold’s work.



“There are several views on the production of physical phenomena—apart from those who declare that they cannot possibly be true—and it is to Peter¹⁸ that Edwards owes the development of his own views, some of which do not agree with opinions put forward by others.” (p.60).

Secondly, Jack Webber materialised at a Clare séance held in Webber’s séance room, the clearest physical manifestation ever seen by Edwards, which he regarded as absolute proof of survival.

In his 1982 biography of Harry Edwards, Ramus Branch speaks of Arnold Clare “whom he often declared had the gift of physical mediumship to an even greater extent than that of Jack.” Branch says of the Webber materialisation through Clare “This was Henry’s first personal proof of survival and it meant a good deal to him....”. (p. 83.)

Peter had some influence on the evolution of the healing philosophy of Edwards, for we read in a footnote by Harry Edwards in his book *The Mediumship of Arnold Clare*:¹⁹

¹⁷ New and revised impression, 1962

¹⁸ Guide of Clare’s circle—LP

¹⁹ Rider 1941/2, page 27

“A further work dealing with the science of healing, spiritual and magnetic, has already been commenced by the author with the collaboration of and explanations by Peter.”

This was *The Science of Spirit Healing* which went through at least three editions and five impressions. It included an appreciation to Clare and his guide Peter for sitting several times and speaking on healing, the content being quoted in the book.

Arnold Clare eventually became a priest in the Liberal Catholic Church. When he retired, a Liberal Catholic Church bishop, John Wheaton wrote a tribute which appeared in an LCC newsletter in summer 1989. The text of this was approved by Arnold. The funeral of Arnold Clare was on 18 June 1991. We are very grateful to John Wheaton for providing a copy of this tribute via Jim Pym, and for giving permission for it to be reprinted below.

RETIREMENT OF FR. ARNOLD CLARE

We hear from Rev. John Wheaton that Fr. Arnold Clare of the Exeter Oratory, now aged 88, has reluctantly decided to stop taking public services, although he still attends the Oratory, giving the benefit of his experience of the inner life. He has led a full and varied life and readers may like to know something of this, and, in particular, the way in which his spiritual life developed to the point where he was ordained in The Liberal Catholic Church in 1961.

Arnold Clare was born in Felixstowe in 1901. He left school at 12 and started working for a grocer. At 15 he went to sea under sail on coastal ships. Shortly after, he joined the Royal Navy. During World War I he saw service as a wireless operator with the Dover Patrol. He also served on destroyers and light cruisers escorting convoys. In 1917 he was given shore duties on Mt. Athos reporting the movements of German submarines.

At this time he met Fr. John, a Greek Orthodox priest and they spent much time together discussing philosophy and mysticism, etc. In 1919 he went overland with a Naval expedition to the Caspian where, on converted merchant ships mounted with guns taken from their own ships, they chased Russian destroyers crewed by Bolshevik forces.

Invited home by the Russian Master of his ship, Arnold was surprised to find that, after the evening meals, the Captain's wife would play the mandolin and then start talking in an odd voice (in Russian, of course). Arnold didn't recognise this as a trance state, but later, when the lady started speaking in English, with the voice of his late friend, Fr. John, and carried on his teaching where he had left off, light started to dawn. Arnold returned home and never went to sea again but worked in Royal Navy wireless stations.

Early in 1920 the Navy sent him to Cambridge to study mathematics as related to magnetism and electricity. Shortly after marrying Vera Lawson in 1921 he started to use a pendulum, again being contacted by Fr. John, who gave him further teachings via automatic writing. At 28, when told he had T.B. he prayed and was told by Fr. John not to worry as he had work to do and would be cured. An examination two months later showed

that he was completely clear. He became associated with a Spiritualist Church in Scarborough and later started a healing circle in Winchester.

1933 found him working at the Admiralty and also studying Astrology in depth becoming a practitioner and lecturer in this field. In 1937 he joined Harry Edwards Balham Spiritualist Church, becoming its Hon. Sec. in 1939, the year after his mediumship became apparent.

Commissioned in the Royal Navy in 1941, he and his wife opened their own church - The Trinity of Spiritual Fellowship. Due to the London blitz an alternative bomb-proof Admiralty was built with Arnold, single-handed, fitting it out with a world-wide wireless capability. Long working hours and continuing healing work resulted in a heart attack and Arnold was medically discharged from the Navy in 1944, with his marriage broken under the strain. He went to live quietly in the country taking up egg production, breeding angora rabbits for bloodstock and wool which he learned to spin. 1941 was also the year that Harry Edwards wrote the book "The Mediumship of Arnold Clare" which caused a rift between them as Edwards had stressed the psychic phenomena at the expense of Arnold's, or rather Fr. John's, teaching. Arnold still worked with Harry Edwards, lecturing and running two healing centres. In 1945 he was told by Fr. John to finish with physical mediumship.

Fr. Arnold was ordained as a priest in the Old Catholic Orthodox Church but resigned shortly afterwards. With his new wife Ruby he bought a run-down restaurant and cake shop in 1949 and managed to build this into a thriving business. He is still a very good cook to this day. In 1951 they moved to Torquay where he had two healing sanctuaries and he joined the Theosophical Society.

In 1961 he was ordained into the Liberal Catholic Church and started an Oratory in the Theosophical Lodge with Fr. Richard Hall as priest-in-charge. In 1963 he moved to Trusham where he built an Oratory. In 1972, the year his wife died, he started holding services in Exeter. A year later he married Diana Kerr-Jones, a well known Theosophical lecturer and moved to Milford on Sea where he set up a successful Oratory. 1976 saw them moving back to Devon, again setting up an Oratory and being involved in the new purpose-built Exeter Oratory. In 1982 they moved again to Great Clacton but returned in 1986 to take up work at the Exeter Oratory. In 1983 Arnold's expertise as an Exorcist was recognised in the comprehensive book by Leslie Watkins – *The Real Exorcists*.

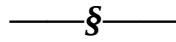
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Leslie Watkins, who wrote *The Real Exorcists* (Methuen, 1983) was an experienced journalist, then living in Devon, and Father Clare was among the exorcists he interviewed about his methods. (Watkins, p. 22-4 especially) which included the use of salt, juniper and laurel. (We have already featured in *Psypioneer* March 2006 another LCC priest with a psychic background, Ernest Butler, who was a prolific exorcist.)

The book by Harry Edwards *The Mediumship of Arnold Clare* has been relatively neglected. It was one of the last treatises to emerge from the inter-war flowering of London Spiritualism, with a challenging mix of evidence and philosophy. In his foreword, Edwards

wrote “Frequently, during these sittings, the air-raid sirens would be heard and the local anti-aircraft guns would be in action”.

LP.



Notes by the Way:

To be a Handmaid

Do you know the name of the most famous medium? Probably not, as she did not have one in the original report. The medium at En Dor in ancient Israel was consulted by the first Israelite King, Saul. The incident appears in the Jewish Bible, 1.Samuel chapter 28, and is therefore known wherever the Bible is read. However, so far as I am aware, this chapter is never read as a Sunday lesson in Christian churches!

Because of his sins, King Saul had been abandoned by God. The prophet Samuel, who had originally anointed him, had disowned him, and passed away. Saul could get no guidance from official diviners.

Therefore, he consulted a medium – even though he had made mediumship illegal, partly because it was also practised by non-Israelites. Saul was in a deadly conflict not only with the Philistines, but also with his anointed successor, the former shepherd David.

Saul was what today we would call a war criminal. Here’s an incident in the fight against David. Saul thought someone had helped David and called in a killer on Saul’s staff, who “fell upon the priests, and slew on that day fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod. And Nob, the city of the priests, smote he with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep, with the edge of the sword.”

The linen ephod was used for divination, so whether we call the first group of victims, priests or official oracles, this was the start of a heinous atrocity. It was this desperate king who turned up at En Dor in disguise. Courageously the medium agreed to sit for him. But when she saw the shade of Samuel, she realised it was Saul himself and that her life was even more in danger. Saul promised her protection.

Saul for his part knew it was Samuel. The prophet appeared in the same mantle he had worn at their last meeting. “Why have you disturbed me” Samuel demanded. He reminded Saul that he was already doomed for his sins, and added that he and his sons would shortly die in battle.

This has to be a strong contender for the most distressing message ever conveyed by mediumship. Naturally it left Saul prostrate. But the medium, helped by his servants, prevailed upon the King to eat something.

This case has been a stumbling block for religious authorities ever since. Some rabbis could not accept the plain statement that Samuel had returned, nor could some Christian theologians. “When the woman saw Samuel” we read, but strangely some who champion scriptural inerrancy on other occasions have denied this. It was fraud they say, or even, it was a demon. Or if it did happen it was because God intervened—just this once! Unflattering words are applied to the medium, of which “witch” is the favourite. She was an old hag, or alternatively, she was a young temptress.

Actually, in later Jewish tradition, she was someone’s mother; she was Zephaniah, mother of Abner, cousin of Saul.

But one person who was once much read by preachers, gave her due credit. This was the Jewish historian Josephus, who in his “Antiquities” retold the story of his people for a non-Jewish audience.

Of the woman he wrote “Now she had one calf that she was very fond of, and one that she took a great deal of care of, and fed it herself; for she was a woman that got her living by the labour of her own hands, and had no other possession but that one calf; this she killed, and made ready its flesh, and set it before his servants and himself.”

Josephus further comments; and I hope you will forgive this long quote because its sentiments are important.

“Now it is but just to recommend the generosity of this woman, because when the king had forbidden her to use that art whence her circumstances were bettered and improved, and when she had never seen the king before, she still did not remember to his disadvantage that he had condemned her sort of learning, and did not refuse him as a stranger, and one that she had had no acquaintance with; but she had compassion upon him, and comforted him, and exhorted him to do what he was greatly averse to, and offered him the only creature she had, as a poor woman, and that earnestly, and with great humanity, while she had no requital made her for her kindness, nor hunted after any future favour from him, for she knew he was to die; whereas men are naturally either ambitious to please those that bestow benefits upon them, or are very ready to serve those from whom they may receive some advantage.”

Here then is an authority, to whom scholars turn for extra information beyond the Bible, on such persons as John the Baptist, James the brother of Jesus, and especially King Herod. Perhaps Josephus was sympathetic to the medium because he too had once seen the future at a critical time. Josephus went over to the Romans during the Jewish revolt and prophesied correctly that their general, Vespasian, would be emperor.

However there was someone else who saw the medium as part of the purposes of God, whereas Saul had become a villain. Always courageous, right down to the last battle against the Philistines, Saul was perhaps chosen king for his military prowess, but power corrupted him. What a contrast between his last meal with the medium, and his first meal with the prophet Samuel, when he was first anointed

It was then that Samuel gave the young Saul a message, and it has to be quoted in detail to appreciate the precision.

“When thou art departed from me today, then thou shalt find two men by Rachel’s sepulchre in the border of Benjamin at Zelzah; and they will say unto thee, The asses which thou wentest to seek are found: and, lo, thy father hath left the care of the asses, and sorroweth for you, saying, What shall I do for my son?

Then shalt thou go on forward from thence, and thou shalt come to the plain of Tabor, and there shall meet thee three men going up to God to Bethel, one carrying three kids, and another carrying three loaves of bread, and another carrying a bottle of wine: And they will salute thee, and give thee two loaves of bread; which thou shalt receive of their hands.

After that thou shalt come to the hill of God, where is the garrison of the Philistines: and it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city, that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them; and they shall prophesy: And the Spirit of the LORD will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man. And let it be, when these signs are come unto thee, that thou do as occasion serve thee; for God is with thee. “

Such detail in an evidential prophetic message is rare indeed.

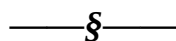
But to return to the medium of En Dor. The medium describes herself to Saul as his handmaid. She is not the only handmaid in that book of the Bible. There was the childless Hannah, for example.

“And she vowed a vow, and said, O LORD of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thine handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then I will give him unto the LORD all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head.”

That child was the prophet Samuel. And then there was Abigail, who interceded with David “Let thine handmaid, I pray thee, speak in thine audience, and hear the words of thine handmaid.” Abigail saved her family, and saved David himself, shortly marrying him. So to be a handmaid may be to play a part in divine purpose. This theme is worked out in a valuable paper. Susan Pigott, “1 Samuel 28-Saul and the Not so Wicked Witch of Endor,” *Review and Expositor* 95 (1998):

There’s an even better known “handmaid” case involving an awesome message of a different kind, in the Gospel of Luke, delivered by Gabriel. “And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.”

Leslie Price



CHRISTMAS QUIZ

Around 400 people receive Psypioneer. No one, including the editorial team, can remember all the 10,000 + words each month in each issue! Our annual quiz offers a chance to refresh our memory – each question is from a month, starting with January 2011, and finishing with December 2011. All issues are on the web site of www.woodlandway.org. Answers in January 2012 issue.

1).-Who saw in the same vision Harry Edwards, Gordon Higginson, Harold Vigurs, and his own father?

2).-Who, numbers of times, before he was ten years old, sat on his little stool considering what eternity for the “lost” meant?

3).-Who attributed the possible bones of a peddler to a chicken?

4).-Why did Mrs Britten forbear to comment on certain portions of the life and conduct of A. J. Davis, and that of the late Mrs. Anna Kingsford?

5).-What was the real name of Bill Silver?

6).-Who said “We possess to-day valuable assets of historical value and interest, and there are many people who are anxious to place valuable records of spirit activity, books, slates, apports, photographs, signed affidavits, etc., etc., in the Union’s custody if only suitable provision were made to keep and exhibit them. I have just had some 40 volumes handed me for the Union. I do not know where to put them, without making them inaccessible. There is the valuable library of Mrs. Britten lying idle.”

7).-Why did two young women in Newcastle receive “some trifling remuneration”?

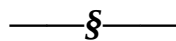
8).-What made Merthyr Tydfil a strong centre of Spiritualism?

9).-Who was the MP for Spiritualism?

10).-Who asked a man possessed by a demon to come back a week later?

11).-What was the relationship between Mrs Marshall – and the other Mrs Marshall?

12).-Why did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle not immediately rest in peace?



SOME BOOKS WE HAVE REVIEWED

If you have any problems locating a copy we can contact the author

An Extraordinary Journey:—The Memoirs of a Physical Medium, by Stewart Alexander, published by Saturday Night Press Publications, England, 2010. Paperback ISBN:—978-0-9557050-6-9., available at Amazon. Psypioneer review, by Leslie Price pages 294-296:—<http://woodlandway.org/PDF/PP6.11November2010.pdf>

Helen Duncan The Mystery Show Trial, by Robert Hartley published by H Pr (Publishing), London 2007. Paperback ISBN:—978-0-9553420-8-0. Psypioneer review, by Paul J. Gaunt pages 244-247:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP3.11November07..pdf>

Aquarian Evangelist: The Age of Aquarius as It Dawned in the Mind of Levi Dowling, by John Benedict Buescher Theosophical History Volume XI available at:—<http://www.theohistory.org> then—Occasional Papers. Psypioneer references by Leslie Price page 7:—<http://woodlandway.org/PDF/PP4.1January08.pdf>

Dead Men's Embers, by Gerald O'Hara, published by Saturday Night Press Publications, England 2006. Large Paperback ISBN:—978-0-9514534-6-9., available at Amazon. Psypioneer review, by Leslie Price pages 1-2:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP3.1January07..pdf>

Mrs Miller's Gift' - a Celebration of 75 Years of the Edinburgh College of Parapsychology formerly Edinburgh Psychic College & Library, by Gerald O'Hara & Ann Harrison, published by Saturday Night Press Publications, England 2007. Paperback ISBN: 978-0-951-4534-9-0., available at Amazon. Psypioneer review, by Paul J. Gaunt pages 1-4:—<http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP4.1January08..pdf>

Mrs Miller's Gift CD:—Helen Duncan Séance, Ernest Oaten and Harry Edwards, Written and produced by Gerald O'Hara B.Sc. Psypioneer review, by Paul J. Gaunt pages 106-107:—<http://woodlandway.org/PDF/PP5.4April09.pdf>

The Indescribable Phenomena – The Life and Mysteries of Anna Eva Fay, by Barry H. Wiley published by Hermetic Press, Inc., Seattle Washington 2005. ISBN: 0-945296-50-9., available at:—http://www.hermeticpress.com/product_info.php?products_id=45 Psypioneer references by Leslie Price pages 39-42:— <http://www.woodlandway.org/PDF/PP5.2February09.pdf>

Immortal Longings – FWH Myers and the Victorian Search for Life After Death, by Trevor Hamilton published by Imprint Academic in Exeter, U.K (also VA, U.S.A) 2009. ISBN: 9-781845- 401238 H.B, 9-781845-402488 PB, available at Amazon. Psypioneer review, by Leslie Price pages 157-148:—<http://woodlandway.org/PDF/PP5.6June09.pdf>

Talking to the Dead – Kate and Maggie Fox and the Rise of Spiritualism, by Barbara Weisberg published by HarperSanFrancisco New York 2004. Hardback ISBN: 0-06-056667-1., available at Amazon. Psypioneer review, by Paul J. Gaunt pages 9-10:—http://woodlandway.org/PDF/Leslie_Price_PP2.pdf

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Paul J. Gaunt

