

CYRIL HENRY HOSKINS—BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS

On January 7, 1958, Marco Pallis, acting on behalf of a group of European experts on Tibet, led by Heinrich Harrer author of "7 years in Tibet", retained the services of Clifford Burgess, a leading Liverpool private detective to discover the 'true identity' of T. Lobsang Rampa.

By the end of the month and three thousand miles of travel, Burgess had produced the following report: *(we have broken this report into segments for clarity and providing facts to the bold reported claims.)*

- **Born 8th April 1910, at Plympton, St. Maurice, Devonshire, England.**
- **Father—Joseph Henry Hoskins, (born 1878 in Plymouth).**
- **Mother—Eva Hoskins (name before marriage—Martin).**
- **Sister—Dorothy Winifred Hoskins, born 21st March 1905, Plympton, St. Maurice, Devonshire.**
- **This sister is now married to the Rev. Illingsworth-Butler, rector of Linby, Nottinghamshire.**
- **On 13th August 1940, he married Sarah Anne Pattinson, a nurse at a Richmond hospital. She is a native of Cumberland.**

(The above report by detective Burgess we do not dispute yet going forward we do with facts to expand on the report. You the reader must make up your own mind after reading.)

Cyril's Grandfather also had quite a thriving business, employing several men and a lot of apprentices. He taught them plumbing—hence the scurrilous tales which later were to arise—tin-smithing, and general engineering. In those days, right at the start of the century, people did not rush to supermarkets to obtain kettles, saucepans, frying pans, and all the rest of it; these things were made by hand, and Grandfather's men made them. Grandfather owned the Fire Brigade and he had horses which drew the fire engines to the scene of the fire. He did all this as a public service, but if businesses or big households were saved from burning down then Grandfather, of course, charged them a reasonable fee. But for poor people he made no charge. The fire engines were very well maintained, and they were manned by volunteers or by his own staff.

Now, I will let Cyril Hoskins himself speak through the following extracts taken from the book "**As it Was**" which he dictated in chapters eight & nine of that book. Therefore, here are the real facts in answer to each and every reported claim:

- **Hoskins' father (Master Plumber) kept a plumber's shop in the Ridgeway, Plympton, Devon.**

Grandfather had two sons as well as a daughter. Both sons were thrust willy-nilly into apprenticeship. They had to learn general engineering, tin-smithing, copper-smithing—

and the ubiquitous plumbing, and they had to stay at their studies until they could pass all the tests and get a certificate of registration. It was therefore my Grandfather that owned the shop. My Father was quite a good engineer but after a time he broke away from Grandfather saying that Grandfather's control was too strict, too domineering. My Father went away to a different house still in St Maurice, but it was called Brick House because it was the only red brick house in that street.

My Father had a crystal set and I thought it was the most marvellous thing I had ever seen in my life. Father studied a lot about radio, and he made vast radio sets with many valves to them, and then he set up in business building radio sets for people and doing electrical work for people.

- **He attended Plympton village school. Left at the age of 15.**

I was sent to my first school to a place called – of all unlikely names – Co-op Fields. It was so named because originally it was property owned by the Plympton Cooperative Wholesale Society. The land had been sold to raise funds for other development and a few houses had been built there, then a few more, and a few more, so that in the end it became a separate community, almost a small village on its own. And here I went to school. It was—well, I think it would be called a Dames School. It was Miss Gillings and her sister. Together they ran what purported to be a school, but really it was more to keep unruly children from plaguing their unwilling parents. The walk from Ridgeway right out to Miss Gillings' school was a terrible ordeal for me in my sickly condition, but there was nothing I could do about it, I just had to go. After a time, though, I was considered too big to go to that school any longer, so I was transferred to a Preparatory School. It was called Mr Beard's school. Mr Beard was a nice old man, a really clever old man but he could not impose discipline.

He had retired from school life and then, getting bored with retirement, he had opened his own school, and the only premises he could find was a big room attached to the George Hotel. The George Hotel was at the top of George Hill and was quite well known. One entered under an archway and the ground was paved, and then to get to Mr Beard's school one had to go all the way through the courtyard, past all the former stables and coach houses. At the far side of the yard there were wooden steps going up to a room which looked as if it had been an assembly hall. That was the first school where I started to learn anything, and I did not learn much, but that was my fault not the fault of old Beard. Actually, he was far too gentle to be a schoolmaster, people took advantage of him.

After a time, the Plympton Grammar School reopened in a fresh location. Plympton Grammar School was one of the most famous Grammar Schools of England, many famous people had been there including Joshua Reynolds. In the old Grammar School in St Maurice his name and the names of many other very famous people were carved into the desks and into the woodwork, but that school building had had to be closed down because the ravages of time had attacked the building and the upper floors were considered to be unsafe. After a long search, a very large house was secured which was in the shadow of Plympton Castle, in the shadow, actually, of that round part where the circuses used to come.

Vast sums were paid for its conversion, and I was one of the first pupils to be enrolled in that school. I did not like it a bit, I hated the place. Some of the teachers had been demobilised from the forces and instead of treating children as children they treated children as bloody-minded troops. One teacher in particular had a most vicious habit of breaking sticks of chalk in half and throwing each half with all his might at some offender, and although you might think that chalk could not do much damage, I have seen a boy's face lacerated by the impact. Nowadays, I suppose the teacher would have gone to prison for bodily assault, but at least it kept us in order.

For recreation we had to go to the playing fields of the old Grammar School which gave us a walk of about a mile, a mile there, then all the exercise, etcetera, a mile back.

Eventually time came to leave school. I hadn't done anything too good but, then, I hadn't done anything too bad either. In addition to schoolwork, I had to take some correspondence courses, and I got a few little bits of paper saying I was qualified in this, that, or something else. But when the time came to leave school my parents, without any such frivolities as asking me what I would like to be, apprenticed me to a motor engineering firm in Plymouth.

- **He was always a delicate child. People considered him a complete crank. He was always experimenting with electrical things and insects. As a child he never played with other children. He was considered by people who knew him to be a spoilt child. but would lay in bed for days at a time and was considered lazy.**

I was born sickly, and my birth made my mother very ill. She seemed to get some sort of poisoning when I was born, and for some strange reason it was held against me just as if I had poisoned her. There was nothing I could do about it. I was too young to know anything about it. Anyway, she was very ill and so was I, I was ill all my life on Earth, I was sickly.

We had a doctor, Dr Duncan Stamp, he was one of the real doctors, always studying, always getting different letters after his name. He had not much sympathy, but he had plenty of knowledge. He didn't like me, and I didn't like him. But I remember one extraordinary thing; one day I was, well, they said I was dying. This Dr Stamp came along to my bed and he seemed to hang something up from a light fixture and run tubes down to me. To this day I do not know what he did, but I made a recovery, and I always thought of him after as the miracle worker.

One day I could hardly get out of bed, I felt ill, I felt so ill I just wanted to die. It was no good, my Mother insisted on getting me out of bed. So eventually I had to go without any breakfast, the day was wet, and the day was cold. She went with me to the bus stop and shoved me on the old Devon Motor Transport bus so roughly that I fell to my knees.

I got to work, but after about two hours there I fainted and somebody said I ought to be taken home, but the man in charge said they didn't have time to run around after apprentices in trouble, so I was kept there until the end of the day, no breakfast, no lunch, nothing.

At the end of the working day, I made my way most dizzily along the street toward the bus stop in front of St Andrew's church. Fortunately, there was a bus waiting and I

collapsed into a corner seat. When I got home, I just had enough strength to totter into bed. There was not much interest in any welfare, nobody asked how I was feelings, nobody asked why I could not eat my dinner, I just went off to bed.

I had a terrible night, I felt I was on fire and I was wet through with perspiration. In the morning, my Mother came along and awakened me quite roughly—for I had fallen into an exhausted sleep—and even she could see that I was not well. Eventually she phoned Dr Stamp. Half a day later he came. He took one look at me and said, “Hospital!” So, the ambulance came, in those days – the ambulance was run by the local undertaker – and I was taken off to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital. I had very bad lung trouble.

I stayed in that hospital for about eleven weeks, and then there was great discussion as to whether I should be sent to a Sanatorium or not because I had got Tuberculosis.

- **He never did any work after leaving school, except to potter around his father’s shop, supposed to be helping his father. As a teenager he helped in his father’s shop occasionally.**

I was not fit physically enough to undertake manual work because being diagnosed with Tuberculosis, and therefore took various correspondence courses to keep my brain active. At this time, it was decided I should go away for a change, and so, as sick as I was, I was put on an old bicycle and sent with a workman to Lydford where I had an aunt. I often wished that this aunt had been my mother. She was a very good woman indeed, and I loved her as I certainly did not love my Mother. She looked after me, she really treated me as if I were one of her own children, but, as she said, it is not much to have a sick child ride twenty-five miles when he can hardly draw breath. But eventually I had to return home and the journey was much easier this time. Lydford is up in the Devonshire moors, up in Dartmoor beyond Tavistock, not too far from Okehampton, and the air was pure there and the food good.

I studied some more and eventually it was decided that I should try to get training as a radio operator. So, I went to Southampton and outside Southampton there was a special school which trained one to be radio operator aboard aircraft. I stayed there for some time and passed my examinations and got a license as a first-class wireless operator. I had to go to Croydon to take the examination, and I was successful. At the same time, I learned to fly aircraft and managed to get a license at that as well. However, I could not pass the medical examination for a commercial license and so I was grounded before my career started.

At that identical moment, the local sanitary inspector who was very friendly with my parents said there was a great opening for smoke inspectors, particularly in the big cities, people were getting worried about the ecology and there was too much smoke pollution from factories and industrial concerns, so a new category of smoke inspectors had been started. There were, of course, sanitary inspectors and sanitary inspectors who were meat inspectors, but now there was a new category—smoke inspectors. The chief sanitary inspector said it would be just the thing for me, it was a good job, well paid, and I would have to take a special course, naturally. So, a new correspondence course had just been brought out for smoke inspectors. I studied it at home and passed very quickly, in three

months actually, and then I was told I would have to go to London to study with the Royal Sanitary Institute in Buckingham Palace Road. So not too happily my parents advanced the money, and I went to London. Every day I attended classes at the Royal Sanitary Institute, and often we went out on field trips going to factories, power stations, and all manner of queer places. At last, after three months, we had to go to an immense examination hall where there seemed to be thousands of people milling around. We were all in little groups; one who was going to take a particular examination would be isolated from others taking the same type of examination. Anyway, I passed the examination and got a certificate as a smoke inspector.

- **The mother sold the property in Plympton and took Cyril to live at the married daughter's house.**

So, it went on, and after a few years like this in which I did anything that I could do – anything to bring in enough money to keep body and soul together and to keep me in some sort of clothing – my Father died. He had been in very poor health for years. Most of the time he had been in bed, and about a year before he died his business had been sold off and the shop had been made into a doctor's surgery. The glass windows were painted green and the shop itself was the surgery with our living part being used as the consulting room and dispensary. My Mother and I lived in what had been our workrooms. But after Father's death the doctor-combine decided to move to a fresh area and so we would have no income at all. My health was not at all good, so my Mother went to her daughter, my sister.

- **Hoskins was then employed by a Surgical Goods Manufacturing Company and described as a Works Manager.**

I had been a prize student of the correspondence college so I got a job with a surgical appliance firm in Perivale, Middlesex. I was appointed first as works manager, but when the owner of the firm found that I could write good advertising copy then he made me advertising manager as well. I had to take courses in surgical fitting, and after that I became a surgical fitter consultant.

I was considered so good at this work that I was moved from Perivale to the heart of London, and I was the chief fitter in the London offices. Just before I left work at the London offices war was declared between England and Germany. Everything was blacked out and I found the journey to London from Perivale and back every day to be absolutely exhausting, it tried my strength to the utmost, and during this time I got married. Well, I do not propose to say anything about this because I understand that the press on Earth have already said too much, nearly all of it untrue. I have been asked to talk about my life, so I will confine myself strictly to my life.

One day I was having to go out on a special surgical fitting case and was approaching Charing Cross Station when suddenly a great bomb dropped out of the clouds, went into the station and right through the station to the Underground which was crowded with people. I can see even now the cloud of dust and scattered pieces of – what? – that were blown out of the hole in the station roof.

One night there was a terrific air raid and the place where my wife and I lived was bombed. We had to get out in the night just as we were. For a long time, we wandered about in the darkness, other people were wandering about as well, everything was chaotic. Bombs were dropping and the sky was lurid with the flames of the burning East End. We could see St Paul's Cathedral outlined in flame and great clouds of smoke went up. Every so often we would hear the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, and occasionally spent cartridges would fall down around us. Everywhere there was shrapnel falling and we wore our steel helmets because the smoking fragments hurtling down would have gone through an unprotected body.

At last, the dawn came, and I phoned my employer to say that I had been bombed out. He said, "Never mind about that, you must come to work. Other people are bombed out too." So, dirty and hungry, I got on a train and went to my office. At the approach of our street there I found that it was cordoned off. I tried to go past the barrier, but a most officious policeman came up and accused me of looting – tempers were quite rough at that time. Just at that moment my boss stepped out of a car and came up to me. He showed his identification papers to the policeman and together we crossed the barrier and went to our office.

Water was rushing out of everywhere. The place had been hit by a bomb and the water supply had been broken to shards. From the roof, many floors above, water was cascading over the stock. The basement was neck-deep in water and everywhere there was glass, everywhere there were stone fragments, and we turned and found a bomb casing lodged in a wall.

It was a state of chaos. There was not much worth saving. We managed to get out some records and just a few pieces of equipment and we all set to and tried to clean up the place a bit, but it was hopeless – there was no chance of getting the place working again. Eventually my employer said he was going to move to another part of the country, and he invited me to accompany him. I could not do so because I had not the money. It was very difficult indeed, to buy things, and to have to set up a fresh home in some remote part of the country was an expense which I just could not contemplate. So, because I was unable to go, I was out of a job, unemployed in England in wartime.

- **In 1940 the mother and Cyril left Annesley and went to live at 13, Warwick Avenue, London, W. 2.**

My mother lived with my sister, only I moved to London.

- **Later in 1940, he obtained a job as a Correspondence Clerk for a London firm offering education by correspondence courses.**

I went to various labour exchanges trying to get any employment. I tried to become a wartime policeman, but I could not pass the medical examination. Conditions were becoming desperate; one cannot live on air, and as a last resort I went to the offices of the correspondence school where I had taken so many courses.

It just so happened that they wanted a man, some of their own men had been called up, and I had – so I was told – an enviable record, and so I was told that I could be given a

job in the advisory department. The pay would be five pounds a week, and I would have to live at Weybridge in Surrey.

- **As a result of bombing, this firm moved to Weybridge, Surrey, and Hoskins went there, living in a flat provided by the Company.**

No, they said, they could not advance anything to help me get there. I would have to go there first for interview with one of the directors. So, I made inquiries and found that the cheapest way was by Green Line Bus, so on the appointed day I went to Weybridge but there was a terrific wait, the director had not come in. I was told, "Oh, he never comes in the time he says, he might not be in until four o'clock. You'll just have to wait." Well, eventually the director did come in, he saw me, and he was quite affable, and he offered me the job at five pounds a week. He told me there was an unoccupied flat over the garage and I could have this by paying what was really a high rent, but I was in a hurry to get employment, so I agreed to his terms. I returned to London and we got our poor things, such as they were, to Weybridge, up the worn old wooden steps to the flat above the garages. The next day I started my work as a correspondence clerk, which is what it really was, to a correspondence school.

There are such a lot of high falutin terms; we now have garbage collectors called sanitation experts when all they are is garbage collectors. Some of the correspondence clerks call themselves advisory consultants or careers consultants, but still all we did was correspondence clerks' duties.

It seems to be a crime to be of a certain category. I have always been told that my Father was a plumber; actually, he was not, but what if he had been? Certainly, he served an apprenticeship as a plumber but, like me, he had no choice. I served an apprenticeship as a motor engineer. And anyway, how about the famous Mr Crapper, the gentleman who invented water closets as they are today? They have not been improved since the day of old Crapper. Mr Crapper, if you remember, was a plumber, a jolly good one, too, and his invention of the flush tank and the flush toilet endeared him to King Edward who treated Mr Crapper as a personal friend. So, you see, a plumber can be a friend of royalty just as can a grocer; Thomas Lipton was alleged to be a grocer. Certainly, he was, he had a big grocery firm, and he was a friend of King George V. Surely it does not matter what a person's father was, why is it such a disgrace to have a parent who was a tradesman? Nowadays daughters of royalty are married to tradesmen, aren't they? But I am always amused because Jesus, it is said, was the son of a carpenter. How was that a disgrace?

- **During his time with the Correspondence firm at Weybridge, he became more and more peculiar in his manner, and among many strange things he did was, he used to take his cat out for walks on a lead and during this period he began to call himself KUAN-SUO and he had all the hair shaved off his head.**

Changing my name was under the strict instructions of the lama Lobsang Rampa so my physical would be more harmonious for when he takes it over. I had been told sometime before that I would have to grow a beard. Well, I thought, what does it matter? Just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so while I was at Weybridge, I grew this beard and was jeered at quite a bit by my employer and by those who worked with me. Never mind, I thought, I would not be with them much longer.

We moved to Thames Ditton; for a very short time we stayed in a lodging house which was run by a funny old woman who just could not see dirt. She thought she lived in a ducal mansion, or something, and was quite incapable of seeing immense cobwebs high up in the corners of the stairway. But she was too ladylike and so we looked for another place. Down the road there was such a place, a house which was being rented as an upper and lower flat. We took the place, we had not thought of how we were going to get money because I had no job, no job at all. Instead, I was just doing anything to earn odd bits of money to keep us alive. I went to the Unemployment Exchange but because I had left my employment instead of being fired, I was not able to get any unemployment benefit. So that never have I had any unemployment money, I managed without, to this day I do not know how, but I did.

I had an old bicycle and I used to ride around trying to get work, but no, no work was available. The war had ended, men had come back from the Forces, and the labour market was saturated. It was all right for them, they had unemployment benefit and perhaps a pension; I had nothing.

Then one night I was approached by a group of men. They hoiked me out of my body, and talked to me, and they asked me if I still wanted to get out of my body into what I then thought was Paradise. I suppose it is Paradise, but these people called it the astral world. I assured them I wanted to get out even more than before, so they told me that the very next day I must stay at home. One man, he was all done up in a yellow robe, took me to the window and pointed out. He said, "That tree – you must go to that tree and put your hands up on that branch and go to pull yourself up and then let go." He gave me the exact time at which I must do this, telling me it was utterly vital to follow instructions to the letter, otherwise I would have a lot of pain, and so would other people. But worse, for me – I would still be left on the Earth.

The next day my wife thought I had gone bonkers or something because I didn't go out as usual, I potted about. And then a minute or two before the appointed time I went out into the garden and walked over to the tree. I pulled on a branch of ivy, or whatever it is that ivy has, and reached up to the branch as directed. And then I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. I had no need to pretend to fall, I did fall – whack down! I fell down, and then, good gracious me, I saw a silver rope sticking out of me. I went to grab it to see what it was but gently my hands were held away. I lay there on the ground feeling horribly frightened because two people were at that silver rope, and they were doing something to it, and a third person was there with another silver rope in his hand, and, horror of horrors, I could see through the whole bunch of them, so I wondered if I was seeing all this or if I had dashed my brains out, it was all so strange.

And that is how from now on we are having Dr Rampa as Cyril Hoskins.

- **After which he lived in rooms near Weybridge for some months and then went to South London where his activities between 1950 and 1954 are somewhat vague. He was subsequently seen carrying on business of sorts as a photographer and he was seen by one person who knew him and said that he was "A Criminal and Accident Photographer."**

By this time Dr Rampa had transmigrated into the physical body of Cyril Hoskins. The photography work was stacks of cassettes waiting to be developed, it seemed to me that all the photographers in London had dumped their films here. I worked in the Stygian darkness unloading cassettes, fixing clips to one end, and inserting them in the tanks. ‘Clack-clack-clack’ went the timer clock. Quite suddenly the timer bell went off, to tell me that the films were ready for the stop bath. The unexpected sound made me leap to my feet and bump my head against a low beam. Out with all the films, into the stop bath for a few minutes. Out again and into the fixing bath for a quarter of an hour. Another dip, this time in hypo eliminator, and the films were ready for washing. While this was being done, I switched on the amber light and enlarged up a few proofs.

Two hours later I had the films all developed, fixed, washed, and quick-dried in methylated spirits. Four hours on, and I was making rapid progress with the work. I was also becoming hungry. Looking about me, I could see no means of boiling a kettle. There was not even a kettle to boil, anyway, so I sat down and opened my sandwiches and carefully washed a photographic measure in order to get a drink of water. I thought of the woman upstairs, wondering if she were drinking beautiful hot tea, and wishing that she would bring me a cup.

For night after night, I went to the slovenly house in that drab back street. Often, when Marie was not busy, she would come with a teapot of tea to talk and to listen. Gradually I became aware that beneath her hard exterior, in spite of the life which she led, she was a very kind woman to those in need. She told me about the man who employed me and warned me to be at the house early on the last day of the month.

Night after night I developed and printed and left everything ready for an early morning collection. For a whole month I saw no one but Marie, then on the thirty-first, I stayed on late. About nine o'clock a shifty-looking individual came clattering down the uncarpeted stairs. He stopped at the bottom and looked at me with open hostility. “Think you are going to get paid first, eh?” he snarled. “You are night man, get out of here!”

“I will go when I am ready, not before,” I answered.

“You ***!” he said, “I’ll teach you to give me none of yer lip!”

He snatched up a bottle, knocked off the neck against a wall, and came at me with the raw, jagged edge aimed straight at my face. I was tired, and quite a little cross. I had been taught fighting by some of the greatest Masters of the art in the East. I disarmed the measly little fellow – a simple task – and put him across my knees, giving him the biggest beating, he had ever had. Marie, hearing the screams, dashed out from her bed, and now sat on the stairs enjoying the scene! The fellow was actually weeping, so I shoved his head in the print-washing tank in order to wash away his tears and stop the flow of obscene language. As I let him stand up, I said, “Stand in that corner. If you move until I say you may, I will start all over again!” He did not move.

“My! That was a sight for sore eyes,” said Marie. “The little runt is a leader of one of the Soho gangs. You have got him frightened, thought he was the greatest fighter ever, he did!”

- **He next appears living in Bayswater in 1954 calling himself Dr Kuan-Suo and is about to write “The Third Eye.”**

As foretold within The Rampa Story, chapter Nine.

- **Until he went to live in Dublin there is no evidence of his ever having left the British Isles.**

We know that due to spite, jealousy, and poor health, Dr Rampa was forced to leave the UK.

It is strange how these experts collectively hired Clifford Burgess yet omitted a real expert who was a French Woman by the name of **Alexandra David-Neel** who spent many years living in Tibet and had first-hand experiences that would have corroborated the many things Dr Rampa wrote about.

We would recommend you read her book titled “**Magic & Mystery in Tibet,**” available via <https://www.abebooks.com/> and search by her **full name**, as she wrote many books published in French, English, and German.

Some remarkably interesting facts you can discover are that Alexandra David-Neel was:

1. **The first European women honoured with the rank of Lama.**
2. **The first European women to have met the Great 13th, and was instructed to the following:**
 - a. **Learn Tibetan.**
 - b. **Which remote lamaseries to visit.**
 - c. **Access to restricted documentation.**
 - d. **Wise men and Hermits to converse with.**

There was a purpose for the great 13th Dalai Lama to instruct Alexandra David-Neel directly. Alexandra David-Neel learnt so much which corroborates the many things Dr Rampa wrote about.

If you read chapters eight and nine of “**As it Was**” you will learn the truth directly from Cyril Hoskins, and only then can make your own mind up as to who is telling the truth.