

FROM THE EDITOR

In the countryside of Tarka and Shallowford and A Clear Water Stream a group of people have met together in their common admiration of and love for the books of Henry Williamson. We recalled the times we had met him, reflected on favourite scenes and episodes in the books, matched the man we remembered with the writings he has left us.

On a sunny early May morning this year we visited the hut at Ox's Cross and looked from it over the Devon countryside; and in the house we heard recordings of Henry's voice and Harry's music evoking Tarka and that clear water stream - wonderfully moving moments.

The stream still flows clear beneath Humpy Bridge at Shallowford where two of us stood later in the day. Salar was conceived here, and travelled far from hence with his chronicler. We have all travelled a long way with him: from Randiswell, past the Golden Virgin in Northern France, on to the Devon village and the Norfolk farm. And back to the Devon village. At midday, in order to finalise plans for the first issue of the Journal, a few of us met in Georgeham, a stone's throw from the churchyard where the simple gravestone stands, itself an arm's-stretch from Skirr Cottage.

The Henry Williamson Society is formed. There is much to look forward to, not least in the forthcoming AGM when we shall meet again in Devon. The Society's Journal is now poised for its work in furthering the understanding of Henry Williamson's work; and it is to be hoped that it will attract many who can contribute to that understanding.

Will Harris
Editor