

Editorial

AT LAST, I have finished the *Chronicle*. I came near to achieving this several times, but starting the sequence again, or doing something quite different, or, for many years, quite simply not having the final volume, worked against me. So, I have finished. And I'm better for it, no doubt of that. Why, I can't explain, not here. I might try - again - when I meet other Society members: it's a popular topic of conversation. But any work which causes me to reflect on my life, and attitudes, any work which breathes honesty and compassion and total commitment, leaves me better than I was.

I think. I am not the best judge of my own improvement. Perhaps I should tread more carefully. Perhaps it is only I who am aware of improvement anyway, and I am living under a Great Illusion. But there is no illusion in compassion, which Henry had in abundance, nor in understanding, nor in a celebration of the beauty of nature and the awesomeness of being alive. It's all heady stuff; but I must try to show compassion to those who cannot respond to Henry's genius. We live in a world in which the things Henry wrote about are in short supply.

To Bedfordshire again with this issue. We owe a considerable debt to Tom and Joan Skipper for their splendid researches, and their story unfolds further. (There is yet more to come.) We see Henry's hut with a builder's eye, and we share Henry's schoolboy memories, all too closely perhaps. And we take up the scholar's pen with Ronald Walker who penetratingly observes the significance of Henry's writing about 'Victory Day' 1918.

Much of the next issue of the *Journal* is already planned. Contributions are in good supply, but the editorial committee is always pleased to receive them. It is fascinating to think of what lies out there! As for the *Journal*: if we read the signs correctly, we've got it about right. If we are mistaken, please tell us.

But give it a month or two. I want to take up the *Chronicle* again.

W.H.