

Editorial

At our Committee meeting before Christmas your Editor, Will Harris, announced that pressure of work (he has obtained a headship, for which many congratulations from everyone, Will) meant that he could not see his way clear to continuing as Editor of the Journal.

With this bombshell in our midst, our Chairman looked at John and Ron, who both shook heads vigorously - both far too busy already - and I then realised that everyone was looking at me. My mind being slow, no convincing excuses would surface, except the proviso that this should be seen as temporary and that Will would take over the reins again when he has got into his stride in his new responsibilities.

A warm vote of thanks was expressed by the entire Committee to Will for all the hard work he had put into the production of the Journal so far, and for the excellence of his work.

To make my immediate task easier, your committee decided that instead of making a separate publication of David Hoyle's important paper *Why I think Henry Williamson is Still Worth Reading* (given at Lewisham last May), it would be included in the Journal and it is thus the focal point of this issue. This will be followed in the next issue by Dr. Wheatley Blench's essay. We are very lucky to have members who can produce work of this high quality. Amongst the other items, I would like particularly to draw your attention to John Homan's excellent little piece '*Beachcomber*' *Rediscovered*, which John so modestly tucked away under 'Secretary's Notes, but which I have taken the liberty (such Editorial power!) to put separately.

My main task in life, as most of you know, is managing the Henry Williamson Literary Estate (alongside my husband, Richard). You will see from the books page in this and previous issues, that many of Henry's books are getting back into print, and although not all the editions are 'best' quality, at least they are available for a new generation of readers, most of whom are totally unaware of the variety and huge output of Henry's writings. The main bane of my life is guarding Copyright, and I would ask that you would all be aware of the fact that permission must be sought, and granted, before HWW's work can be reproduced in any form. I should not, as I sometimes do, see Henry's work in print under other people's names unless it has been cleared with the Literary Estate first, and this applies to photographs and letters also.

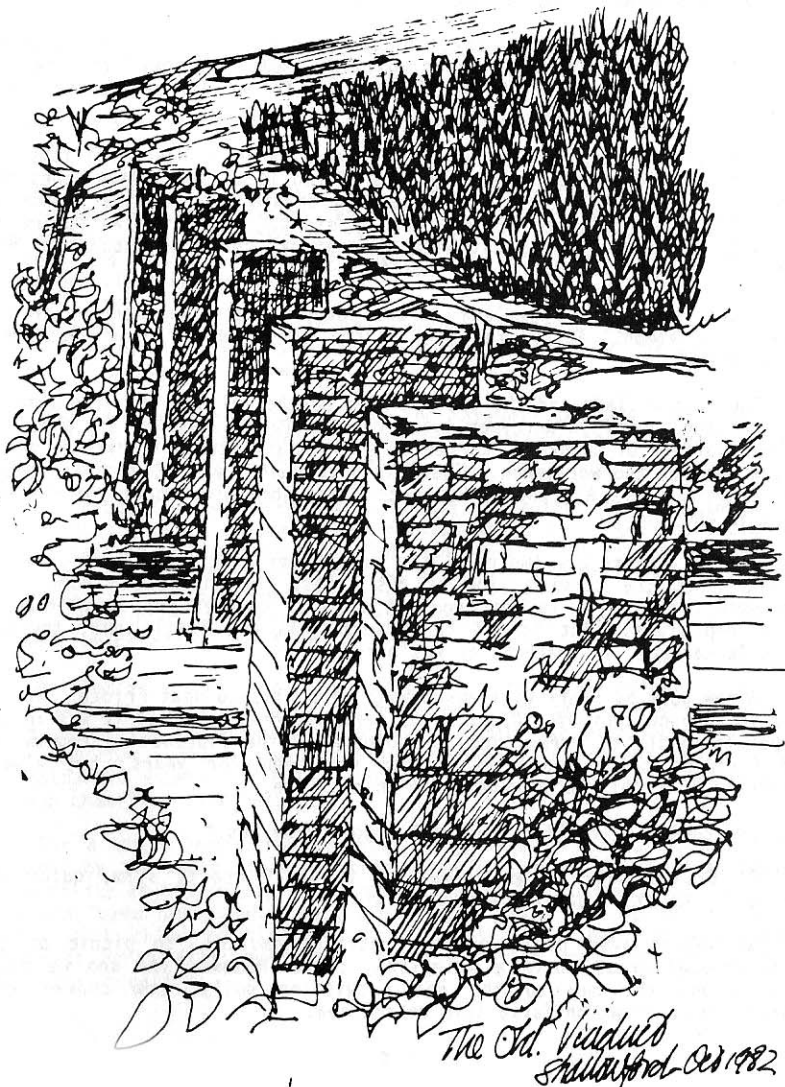
However, anything you would like to produce for inclusion in your Journal will get clearance, I can assure you!

I do have a problem as your Editor: because it is virtually impossible for both Richard and me to get away together and it is more important that your President attends the meetings, I know very few of you outside the Committee, and you don't know me. So I hereby extend an open invitation to you all to bombard me with letters and material.

I see Henry's life and writings as a form of kaleidoscope. Tap it, shake it, turn it; new patterns emerge as the pieces re-arrange themselves, endlessly. Add to that a view of the Journal as a window. Through it the world can look *into* the Society, and the Society can look *out* to the world.

I think these two added together make a powerful and potent force.

Anne Williamson



*The Old Wooded
Shed, Oct. 1982*