

LET'S LOOK FORWARD... and ignore the rumours

Charles Bowen

DURING the preparation of this issue it has occurred to me that when my typewriter is finally pushed aside with the job done, I will have notched up ten years as Editor of *Flying Saucer Review*. Time-wise this happened way back in October, 1964, for the reins were handed to me after the death of the previous Editor, Waveney Girvan, on October 22, 1964. As it is, all the evils of the last two or three years — postal strike, power crises, paper shortages, 3-day-weeks, peremptory dismissal from our Cecil Court address, and so on — caused a build-up of massive delays in our schedules. As we are only a part-time, spare-time organisation, it has been extremely difficult to get back "on time," but we are winning through.

When writing a few words at the end of my first five year stint as Editor, I believe I made a remark to the effect that the first five years are always the worst. And, of course, I was completely wrong about that, for what I can remember of them they weren't a patch on the second five years! Even so those second five years were well worth-while in terms of results achieved, and the volume of work published, which far exceeded that of the first five years.

With another anniversary in the offing — the completion of twenty years of FSR — it will be better to leave any observations about achievements until then.

A few things remain to be said, however, especially on the score of rumours that seem to abound at this time.

The delays that we have suffered from time to time during the last eighteen months, obviously provided fertile breeding grounds for rumours about the well-being of FSR and its staff. Some of the rumours, however, are quite unpleasant, and one has

the *feeling* that they have been circulated by people who hope to cause distress and unhappiness for those associated with FSR, or to gain from any possible discomfiture or damage to our journal. Aimé Michel is one who was very dismayed to learn of my 'resignation' after he had received information to that effect from a correspondent who had probably acquired it at third hand, and assumed it to be correct, having failed to take the elementary precaution of lifting a telephone to check his facts.

So I will take this opportunity of stating that I am still in harness, and am looking forward hopefully to my third five-year stint; that Eileen Buckle, Enid Guinness and Gordon Creighton, bless their hearts, are still hard at work for FSR; that FSR is not in financial difficulties (the journal was far far worse off, and survived on a shoestring budget through most of the sixties); that we — and that includes our readers — have important work to do, so for heaven's sake let's get on with it, brushing aside petty jealousies and intrigues, and not believing anything without carefully checking the facts.

Yes, you readers each have your part to play. FSR would be nothing without your support, but to ensure that it continues on its way serenely in these unhappy inflationary times, you can give even more support by lending a hand in the matter of recruiting readers. The more regular readers we have, the better the prospects for ufology, and the rosier our future, so, please tell your friends about us, or, better still, buy them a subscription as a present.

In this way your help will ensure that we can look forward to, and participate in everything that leads to, the day when the truth about the UFO mystery is finally unravelled.

THE LIGHT AT SHUTTLEWOOD

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of some intelligence who could clearly perceive any move made against it. One of Thomas Harrison's remarks is quite illuminating:

"When I think now, I feel sure the light could read my thoughts, because it came back to me, which was just what I wanted, even from Shepherd's field, which was some distance."

Postscript

My report is not really complete because after I had typed it Mr. Harrison remembered another strange fact: he could not see the ground when he looked down for a stick and he could not see any wire netting that was near the light. His sister

apparently insists that she never saw him when she saw the light moving away into Robinson's garden. He makes a pregnant comment about this: "I could never understand this because at one time I was within three feet and should have been well lit up — I have come to the conclusion there must have been some kind of blackout mantle or shroud surrounding the UFO, and I must have been standing within this area which must have had a circumference of some forty feet."

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